

Marx Hardy Machiavelli Joyce Austen
Defoe Abbot Melville Montaigne Cooper Emerson Hugo
Stoker Wilde Christie Maupassant Haggard Chesterton Molière Eliot Grimm
Garnett Engels Schiller Byron Molière
Goethe Hawthorne Smith Kafka
Cotton Dostoyevsky Kipling Doyle
Baum Henry Flaubert Nietzsche Willis
Leslie Dumas Stockton Vatsyayana Crane
Burroughs Verne
Curtis Tocqueville Gogol Busch
Homer Tolstoy Whitman Twain
Darwin Zola Lawrence Dickens Plato
Potter Freud Jowett Stevenson Andersen Burton Harte
Kant London Descartes Cervantes Voltaire Cooke
Poe Aristotle Wells Bunner Shakespeare Chambers Irving
Hale James Hastings Richter Chekhov da Shaw Wodehouse
Doré Dante Pushkin Alcott
Swift



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**The Greville Memoirs A Journal
of the Reigns of King George IV
and King William IV, Vol. III**

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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**A JOURNAL
OF THE
REIGN OF KING WILLIAM THE FOURTH**

CHAPTER XXI.

[1] Dinner at Greenwich – Monk Lewis – The King's Letter – Lord Althorp's Finance – Salutes to the Royal Family – Death of Lord Dover – His Character – Lyndhurst and Brougham on the Local Courts Bill – Charles Napier captures the Miguelite Fleet – The Irish Church Bill – The Duke of Wellington and the Bonapartes – Blount's preaching – Sir Robert Peel on Political Unions – Mr. George Villiers appointed to Madrid – Duke of Richmond – Suspension Clause in Irish Church Bill – Apprenticeship Clause in West India Bill – State of House of Commons – Lucien and Joseph Bonaparte – Lord Plunket – Denis Lemarchant – Brougham and Sugden – Princess Lieven – Anecdotes of the Emperor Nicholas – Affairs of Portugal – Don Miguel at Strathfieldsaye – Prorogation of Parliament – Results of the Reform Bill.

June 29th, 1833

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

We dined yesterday at Greenwich, the dinner given by Sefton, who took the whole party in his omnibus, and his great open carriage; Talleyrand, Madame de Dino, Standish, Neumann, and the Molyneux family; dined in a room called 'the Apollo' at the Crown and Sceptre. I thought we should never get Talleyrand up two narrow perpendicular staircases, but he sidles and wriggles himself somehow into every place he pleases. A capital dinner, tolerably pleasant, and a divine evening. Went afterwards to the 'Travellers,'

and played at whist, and read the new edition of 'Horace Walpole's Letters [2] to Sir Horace Mann.' There is something I don't like in his style; his letters don't amuse me so much as they ought to do.

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

Charles Wood came into my room yesterday, and talked of the King's letter, said he understood the Archbishop had imparted it to the seven Bishops who had voted, that nothing would come of it, for it was a private letter which nobody had a right to take up. I see the Government are not displeased at such an evidence of the King's goodwill. The King and Taylor both love letter-writing, and both are voluminously inclined. Wood told me that last year Lord Grey got one letter from them (for Taylor writes and the King approves) of seven sheets; what a mass of silly verbiage there must have been to wade through. [1]

[1] [This is not just. The published correspondence of King William IV. and Earl Grey proves that the King's letters were written by Sir Herbert Taylor with the greatest ability.]

July 3rd, 1833

Nothing to put down these last two days, unless I go back to my old practice of recording what I read, and which I rather think I left off because I read nothing, and had nothing to put down; but in the last two days I have read a little of Cicero's 'Second Philippic,' Voltaire's 'Siècle de Louis XIV.,' Coleridge's 'Journey to the West Indies,' bought some books, went to the opera to hear Bellini's 'Norma,' and thought it heavy, Pasta's voice not what it was. [3] SA-

LUTES TO THE ROYAL FAMILY. Everybody talking yesterday of Althorp's exhibition in the House of Commons the night before (for particulars of which see newspapers and Parliamentary debates). It is too ludicrous, too melancholy, to think of the finances of this country being *managed* by such a man: what will not people endure? What a strange medley politics produce: a wretched clerk in an office who makes some unimportant blunder, some clerical error, or who exhibits signs of incapacity for work, which it does not much signify whether it be well or ill done, is got rid of, and here this man, this good-natured, popular, liked-and-laughed-at good fellow, more of a grazier than a statesman, blurts out his utter ignorance before a Reformed Parliament, and people lift up their eyes, shrug their shoulders, and laugh and chuckle, but still on he goes.

July 4th, 1833

At Court yesterday, and Council for a foolish business. The King has been (not unnaturally) disgusted at the Duchess of Kent's progresses with her daughter through the kingdom, and amongst the rest with her sailings at the Isle of Wight, and the continual popping in the shape of salutes to Her Royal Highness. He did not choose that this latter practice should go on, and he signified his pleasure to Sir James Graham and Lord Hill, for salutes are matter of general order, both to army and navy. They (and Lord Grey) thought it better to make no order on the subject, and they opened a negotiation with the Duchess of Kent, to induce her of her own accord to waive the salutes, and when she went to the Isle of Wight to send word that as she was sailing about for her amusement she had rather they did not salute her whenever she appeared. The negotiation failed, for the Duchess insisted upon her right to be saluted, and would not give it up. Kemp told me he had heard that Conroy (who is a ridiculous fellow, a compound of 'Great Hussy' and the Chamberlain of the Princess of Navarre [2]) had said, 'that as Her Royal Highness's *confidential adviser*, he could not recommend her to give way on this point.' As she declined to accede to the proposals, nothing remained [4] but to alter the regulations, and accordingly yesterday, by an Order in Council, the King changed them, and from this time the Royal Standard is only to be saluted when the King or the Queen is on board.

[2] See Sir C. Hanbury Williams' Poems.

Friday, July 12th, 1833

Went to Newmarket on Sunday, came back yesterday, got back at half-past nine, went to Crockford's, and heard on the steps of the house that poor Dover had died that morning. The accounts I had received at Newmarket confirmed my previous impression that there was no hope; and, indeed, the sanguine expectations of his family are only to be accounted for by that disposition in the human mind to look at the most favourable side, and to cling with pertinacity to hope when reason bids us despair. There has seldom been destroyed a fairer scene of happiness and domestic prosperity than by this event. He dies in the flower of his age, surrounded with all the elements of happiness, and with no drawback but that of weak health, which until within the last few months was not sufficiently important to counterbalance the good, and only amounted to feebleness and delicacy of constitution; and it is the breaking up of a house replete with social enjoyment, six or seven children deprived of their father, and a young wife and his old father overwhelmed with a grief which the former may, but the latter never can get over, for to him time sufficient cannot in the course of nature be allotted. Few men could be more generally regretted than Lord Dover will be by an immense circle of connections and friends for his really amiable and endearing qualities, by the world at large for the serious loss which society sustains, and the disappointment of the expectations of what he one day might have been. He occupied as large a space in society as his talents (which were by no means first-rate) permitted; but he was clever, lively, agreeable, good-tempered, good-natured, hospitable, liberal and rich, a zealous friend, an eager political partisan, full of activity and vivacity, enjoying life, and anxious that the circle of his enjoyment should be widely extended. George Agar Ellis was the only son of Lord Clifden, and obtained early the reputation of being a prodigy of youthful talent and information. [5] CHARACTER OF LORD DOVER. He was quick, lively, and had a very retentive memory, and having entered the world with this reputation, and his great expectations besides, he speedily became one of the most conspicuous youths of the day. Having imbibed a great admiration for Lord Orford (Horace Walpole), he evinced a

disposition to make him his model, and took pains to store his mind with that sort of light miscellaneous literature in which Lord Orford delighted. He got into the House of Commons, but never was able to speak, never attempted to say more than a few words, and from the beginning gave up all idea of oratorical distinction. After running about the world for a few years he resolved to marry, and as his heart had nothing to do with this determination, he pitched upon a daughter of the Duke of Beaufort's, who he thought would suit his purpose, and confer upon him a very agreeable family connection. Being on a tour in the North, he intended to finish it at Badminton, and there to propose to Lady Georgiana Somerset, with full assurance that he should not be rejected; but having stopped for a few days at Lord Carlisle's at Castle Howard, he there found a girl who spared him the trouble of going any further, and at the expiration of three or four days he proposed in form to Lord Morpeth's second daughter, Georgiana Howard, who, not less surprised than pleased and proud at the conquest she found she had so unconsciously made, immediately accepted him. There never was a less romantic attachment, or more business-like engagement, nor was there ever a more fortunate choice or a happier union. Mild, gentle, and amiable, full of devotion to, and admiration of her husband, her soft and feminine qualities were harmoniously blended with his vivacity and animal spirits, and produced together results not more felicitous for themselves than agreeable to all who belonged to their society. Soon after his marriage, Ellis, who had never been vicious or profligate, but who was free from anything like severity or austerity, began to show symptoms of a devout propensity, and not contented with an ordinary discharge of religious duties, he read tracts and sermons, frequented churches and preachings, gave up driving on Sundays, and [6] appeared in considerable danger of falling into the gulf of methodism; but this turn did not last long, and whatever induced him to take it up, he apparently became bored with his self-imposed restrictions, and after a little while he threw off his short-lived sanctity, and resumed his worldly habits and irreverent language, for he was always a loose talker. Active and ambitious in his pursuits, and magnificent in his tastes, he devoted himself to literature, politics, and society; to the two first with greater success than would be expected of a man whose talents for composition were below mediocrity, and for public speaking none

at all. He became the patron of various literary institutions and undertakings connected with the arts, he took the chair at public meetings for literary or scientific purposes, he read a good deal and wrote a little. The only work which he put forth of any consequence was 'The Life of Frederick II.,' which contained scarcely any original matter, and was remarkably barren of original ideas; but as it was a compilation from several very amusing writers, was not devoid of entertainment. [3] Though unable to speak in Parliament, he entered warmly into politics, formed several political intimacies, especially with the Chancellor (Brougham), and undertook much of the minor Government work of keeping proxies, making houses (in the House of Lords), and managing the local details of the House itself. But however contracted his sphere both in literature and politics, in society his merits were conspicuous and his success unquestionable. Without a strong understanding, destitute of fancy and imagination, and with neither eloquence nor wit, he was a remarkably agreeable man. He was hospitable, courteous, and cordial; he collected about him the most distinguished persons in every rank and condition of life. He had a constant flow of animal spirits, much miscellaneous information, an excellent memory, a great enjoyment of fun and humour, a refined taste and [7] THE LOCAL COURTS BILL DEFEATED. perfect good breeding. But his more solid merit was the thorough goodness of his heart, and the strong and durable nature of his friendships and early attachments. To the friends of his youth he was bound to the last moment of his life with unremitting kindness and never-cooling affection; no greater connections or more ambitious interests cancelled those early ties, and though he was not unnaturally dazzled and flattered by the later intimacies he contracted, this never for a moment made him forgetful of or indifferent to his first and less distinguished friends.

[3] [Lord Dover's volume on the 'Man in the Iron Mask' deserves not to be altogether forgotten, though more recent researches have proved that his theory identifying the 'Iron Mask' with Mathioli, the captured agent of the Duke of Parma, cannot be supported.]

The Local Courts Bill was thrown out by twelve. His party made the *amende honorable* to Lyndhurst, and went down in a body to back him. He and Brougham each spoke for two hours or more, and both with consummate skill, the latter especially in his very best style,

and with extraordinary power and eloquence. It would not perhaps be easy to decide which made the ablest speech; that of Lyndhurst was clear, logical, and profound, replete with a sort of judicial weight and dignity, with a fine and cutting vein of sarcasm constantly peeping from behind a thick veil of complimentary phraseology. Brougham more various, more imaginative, more impassioned, more eloquent, and exceedingly dexterous. Unable to crush Lyndhurst, he resembled one of Homer's heroes, who, missing his great antagonist, wreaked his fury on some ignominious foe, and he fell upon Wynford with overpowering severity. As somebody told me who heard him, 'He flayed him alive, and kept rubbing salt upon his back.' It appears to have been a great exhibition. There was Lyndhurst after his speech, drinking tea, not a bit tired, elated and chuckling: 'Well, how long will the Chancellor speak, do you think, eh? we shall have some good fun from him. What lies he will tell, and how he will misrepresent everything! come, let's have done our tea, that we mayn't miss him, eh?' The truth seems to be that the Bill is not a good Bill, and is condemned by the lawyers, that some such measure is required, but that this is nothing more than a gigantic job, conferring enormous patronage upon the Chancellor. [8] The debate, however, appears to have afforded a grand display of talent. [4]

[4] [The successful efforts of the Tories to [4] prevent the establishment of a system of Local Courts of limited jurisdiction, retarded for many years that important measure to which we, at last, owe the County Courts—now an institution of the utmost social utility. Nothing can be more characteristic of the blind bigotry of the Tory party at that time, and the party spirit of Lord Lyndhurst; for the measure had no bearing upon politics, and was simply a cheap and easy mode of recovering small debts.]

Macaulay is said to have made an admirable speech last night on the Indian question in the House of Commons. I observe, by the bye, that very few of the Bishops voted the other night, but all who did voted with Government; even Exeter went away before the division, so the King's letter seems to have produced some effect. I have had a squabble with Lady Holland about some nonsense, but she was insolent, so I was fierce, and then she was civil, as she usually is to those who won't be bullied by her.

July 12th, 1833

It is extraordinary how little sensation the defeat of Government in the House of Lords has caused. Everybody talks of the debate, nobody thinks of the event, but I find several people expect that the Church Bill will be thrown out, which would be a much more serious thing. I betted Stanley five pounds to one yesterday that they were not beaten on the second reading of the Irish Church Bill. I have concluded a bargain with Murray for Lewis's journal and sold it him for 400 guineas, the MSS. to be returned to Lushington, and fifteen copies for him, and five for me, gratis.

July 14th, 1833

Wharncliffe told me yesterday that the Duke and the Opposition do not mean to throw out the Irish Church Bill on the second reading. He had been in great alarm himself after the Duke's speech lest they should, but had since heard what satisfied him they would not; he said that Sir John Wrottesley's motion for a call of the House had given them great offence, and was an extreme piece of folly, for it was obviously for the purpose of bullying the House of Lords, who would not be bullied, and this species of menace only increased the obstinacy of the majority there, but that [9] IRISH CHURCH BILL. the Duke could command the greater number, and though there might be a division (as some cannot be restrained from dividing) there would be no endeavour to throw it out. Thus it is that one folly produces another: the Duke's silly speech about the Coronation Oath (a piece of nonsense quite unworthy of his straightforward, manly sense) produced Wrottesley's bravado in the other House. But Wharncliffe says he is persuaded nothing can prevent a collision between the two Houses ultimately. There is a great idea that the Government will fall to pieces before the end of this year. Tavistock told me that Althorp would certainly go out in a very few months, and *that he would go on the turf!* Tom Duncombe is found guilty at Hertford (of a libel), and recommended to mercy, to the infinite diversion of his friends.

July 15th, 1833

Yesterday came the news of Captain Napier having captured the whole of Don Miguel's fleet, to the great delight of the Whigs, and

equal mortification of the Tories. It appears to have been a dashing affair, and very cowardly on the part of the Miguelites. The day before the news came, Napier had been struck out of the British Navy.

Met Duncannon in the morning, who was very gloomy about Wednesday, at the same time saying he rather hoped the Tories would throw out the Irish Church Bill, for it was impossible to go on as they were now doing; that if they did, two motions would infallibly be made in the House of Commons, an address to the Crown to make Peers, and a vote for the expulsion of the Bishops, and that both would be carried by great majorities. He talked much of the Irish Church, and of the abominations that had been going on even under his own eyes. One case he mentions of a man who holds a living of 1,000*l.* a year close to Bessborough, whom he knows. There is no house, no church, and there are no Protestants in the parish. He went there to be inducted, and dined with Duncannon at Bessborough the day after. Duncannon asked him how he had managed the necessary form, and he said he had been obliged to borrow the clerk and three Protestants from a neighbouring parish, and had [10] read the morning and evening service to them within the ruined walls of the old Abbey, and they signed a certificate that he had complied with the forms prescribed by law; he added that people would no longer endure such things, that no existing interests were to be touched, and that if remedial measures were still opposed, the whole fabric would be pulled down. He was still persuaded that the Opposition meant to throw out the Bill.

In the evening I dined at the Duke of Richmond's, and found Stanley informed of the result of the meeting at the Duke of Wellington's in the morning, which was decisive on the question. The Duke, after his extraordinary speech in the House of Lords, when he mounted the old broken-down hobby of the Coronation Oath and cut a curvet that alarmed his friends and his enemies, assembled the Tories at Apsley House, and there, resuming his own good sense, though not very consistently, made them a speech, and told them that some such measure must be passed, for nothing else could save the Irish Church: that there were things in this Bill that he did not approve of at all, but he could not resist its going into committee, and he finished by announcing that he should either vote for it or

not vote at all, according to circumstances. Lyndhurst goes on the circuit on Wednesday, so that though there will be a division there will be a large majority for the Bill, which is the best thing that could happen. Stanley said there would be a great speech from Lord Grey, talked of his power in that line, thought his reply at five in the morning on the Catholic question the most perfect speech that ever was made. He would rather have made it than four of Brougham's. He gave the following instance of Lord Grey's readiness and clear-headed accuracy. In one of the debates on the West India question, he went to Stanley, who was standing under the gallery, and asked him on what calculation he had allotted the sum of twenty millions. Stanley explained to him a complicated series of figures, of terms of years, interest, compound interest, value of labour, etc., after which Lord Grey went back to his place, rose, and went through the whole with as much [11] DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND THE BONA-PARTES. clearness and precision as if all these details had been all along familiar to his mind. It is very extraordinary that he should unite so much oratorical and Parliamentary power with such weakness of character. He is a long way from a great man altogether.

I met the Duke in the evening at the Duchess of Cannizzaro's, talked of Napier's affair, at which he was extremely amused, though he thinks it a very bad thing, and not the least bad part of it that Napier should be lost to the service, so distinguished as he is. It was he who in 1803 (I believe) was the cause of the capture of a French squadron by Sir Alexander Cochrane. The English fell in with and cleared the French fleet, but Napier in a sloop outsailed the rest, and firing upon the stern of the French Admiral's flagship, so damaged her (contriving by skilful evolutions to avoid being hurt himself) that the rest of the ships were obliged to haul to, to save the Admiral's ship, which gave time to the British squadron to come up, when they took four out of the five sail. The Whigs all talk of this action as decisive of the Portuguese contest; the Duke says it is impossible to say what the moral effect may be, but in a military point of view it will not have much influence upon it. Lucien Bonaparte was there, and was introduced to the Duke. He laughed and said, 'He shook hands with me, and we were as intimate as if we had known each other all our lives!' He said he had likewise called on Joseph, who had called on him, but they had never met: he add-

ed that some civilities had passed between them in Spain. Before the battle of Salamanca he had regularly intercepted the French correspondence, and as one of the King's daughters was ill at Paris, and daily intelligence came of her health, he always sent it to him. He did not forward the letters, because they contained other matters, but he sent a flag every day to the outposts, who said, 'Allez dire au Roi que sa fille se porte mieux,' or as it might be. There was Lucien running downstairs to look for his carriage, one brother of Napoleon who refused to be a king, and another who was King of Naples, and afterwards King of Spain, both living as private gentlemen in England!

July 16th, 1833

[12] The Cabinet met at the instance of Lord John Russell to take into consideration Lord Hill's *not voting* on Brougham's Local Courts Bill. Nothing came of it, and it is extremely absurd when their own people continually vote as they please—Duncannon, Ellice, Charles Grey, etc. On Sunday I went to hear Mr. Blount preach. He is very popular, and has a great deal of merit, not so clever as Thorpe, not so eloquent as Anderson, but with a great appearance of zeal and sincerity, and he is very conscientious and disinterested, for he refused the living of Chelsea (which Lord Cadogan offered him) because he thought he could not discharge the duties belonging to it together with those of his present cure. Went last night to hear Malibran in the 'Sonnambula,' a fine piece of acting and fine singing.

July 18th, 1833

I fell in with Sir Robert Peel yesterday in the Park, and rode with him for an hour or two, never having had so much conversation with him before in my life. He was very agreeable, told me that he had just come from the Police Committee, when a member of one of the political unions had been under examination, who had acknowledged that they were provided with arms, and exercised themselves in their use, to be ready for the struggle which they thought was fast approaching. This evidence will appear in the Report to the House of Commons, but what will not appear is that an attempt was made (by Mr. Charles Buller especially) to prevent

its being elicited, and the aforesaid gentleman endeavoured to put down Peel, who drew it out. The room was cleared, and they had an angry discussion, but Peel insisted upon asking his question, and carried his point, even in this Radical Committee. It seems to have been very curious, and the man was nothing loth to say all he knew. Peel thinks very ill of everything. I asked him if there was no way of putting down the Repeal Union. He said none, and that they had found the impossibility of doing so in Ireland, except by investing the Lord Lieutenant with extraordinary powers; talked of the Government and its strange way of going on, spoke highly of Stanley in all ways.

Althorp's retirement seems certain, and if the Government [13] STANLEY AND ALTHORP. goes on Stanley will be leader, but unless he puts it all on a different footing it must break up, and unless the Government people can be brought under better discipline it will fall to pieces, for nobody will support it on that motion of Wrottesley's for a call of the House. Both Stanley and Althorp deprecated it in the strongest way, in the name of their colleagues as well as their own, with whom Stanley said they had consulted, and that they felt it would materially embarrass the Government if persisted in, and after this Duncannon, Kennedy, and Charles Grey voted for the call, Ellice and Poulett Thomson stayed away. The other night (I forget on what question) Ellice voted one way and Stanley the other, and the former said to the latter as he was going out of the house, 'You will see if the boys don't go with me instead of with you.' The vote of the night before last against sinecures was carried in a thin house, only one Cabinet Minister present (Althorp), no pains taken to secure a majority, and he (Althorp) saying that it signified more to the Tories than to him, and they ought to have come down and rejected it. Peel thinks it of great importance, and very difficult to get out of. However, it will be got out of by some particular case being tried, on which Hume, or whoever brings it forward, will be beaten, and then it will sleep for a time; but there stands and will stand the resolution on the journals, and the House of Commons has admitted the principle of dealing with actual vested interests, and not confining their operation to the future.

There seems every probability of Stanley's West India Bill being thrown out. The Saints, who at first had agreed to support it, object

to pay the twenty millions for emancipation to take place twelve years hence, and the present condition of the question seems to be that all parties are dissatisfied with it, and there is nearly a certainty that it will be received with horror by the planters, while the slaves will no longer work when they find the fiat of their freedom (however conditional or distant the final consummation may be) has at length gone forth.

July 20th, 1833

I dropped into the House of Lords last night, [14] and heard the Bishop of London reply severally to the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Winchilsea, the first of whom muttered, and the latter bel- lowed something I could not hear, but I gathered that the last was on the subject of the King's letter to the Bishops. The Bishop made very pertinent answers to both, but the Duke of Wellington got up after Winchilsea, and entreated nothing might be said upon the subject, and put down discussion with that authority which the Tories dare not resist, and which he exercised on this occasion with the good sense and, above all, consideration for public convenience and disdain of party rancour which distinguish him above all men I have ever seen, and which compel one to admire him in spite of the extraordinary things he occasionally says and does.

George Villiers is going Minister to Madrid, instead of Addington, who is so inefficient they are obliged to recall him, and at this moment Madrid is the most important diplomatic mission, with reference to the existing and the prospective state of things. The Portuguese contest, the chance of the King of Spain's death and a disputed succession, the recognition of the South American colonies, and commercial arrangements with this country, present a mass of interests which demand considerable dexterity and judgment; besides, Addington is a Tory, and does not act in the spirit of this Government, so they will recall him without ceremony. There is another Ambassador (Frederic Lamb) whose principles are equally at variance with those of Palmerston, and who is completely be- Metternich'd, but his removal is out of the question; he knows it, and no doubt conducts himself accordingly. George Villiers told me that he touched incidentally one day with Palmerston on Lamb's conduct in some matter relating to Lord Granville, and he found

that it was sacred ground, and he only got, 'Ah, aw — yes, *Metternich* is, I suppose, too old to mend now.'

July 21st, 1853

The Duke of Wellington did not vote on Friday night, but he made a bitter speech against Government, and attacked Lord Anglesey very unnecessarily, when Melbourne retorted on him very well. Lord Grey's reply [15] DUKE OF RICHMOND. appears to have been exceedingly good. I met the Duke of Richmond last night, and talked to him about the prospects of Government, and suggested that if Stanley (when Althorp retires) does not make it a *sine quâ non* that better discipline should be observed in their ranks, the Government cannot go on. He agreed, and said Stanley would, but he thought the House of Lords were going on in such a way that before three years there would be none. It appears to me totally impossible for Stanley or anybody to go on without remodelling the Government, and one of his difficulties would be in getting rid of Richmond himself. He is utterly incapable, entirely ignorant, and his pert smartness, saying sharp things, cheering offensively, have greatly exasperated many people against him in the House of Commons, and these feelings of anger have been heightened by his taking frequent opportunities of comporting himself with acrimony towards the Duke of Wellington, though he always professes great veneration for him, and talks as if he had constantly abstained from anything like incivility or disrespect towards him. It is remarkable certainly that his colleagues appear to entertain a higher opinion of him than he deserves, and you hear of one or another saying, 'Oh, you don't know the Duke of Richmond.' He has, in fact, that weight which a man can derive from being positive, obstinate, pertinacious, and busy, but his understanding lies in a nutshell, and his information in a pin's head. He is, however, good-humoured, a good fellow, and personally liked, particularly by Stanley and Graham, who are of his own age, and have both the same taste for sporting and gay occupations. The Tories threaten mighty things in the Committee, but I don't think they will attempt much.