

Mr. Murray has offered me one thousand guineas for the "Giaour" and the "Bride of Abydos." I won't—it is too much, though I am strongly tempted, merely for the *szj* of it. No bad price for a fortnight's (a week each) what—the gods know—it was intended to be called Poetry.

I have dined regularly to-day, for the first time since Sunday last—this being Sabbath, too. All the rest, tea and dry biscuits—*six per diem*. I wish to God I had not dined now!—It kills me with heaviness, stupor, and horrible dreams;—and yet it was but a pint of bucellas, and fish. Meat I never touch,—nor much vegetable diet. I wish I were in the country, to take exercise,—instead of being obliged to *cool* by absence, in lieu of it. I should not so much mind a little accession of flesh,—my bones can well bear it. But the worst is, the devil always came with it,—till I starve him out;—and I will *not* be the slave of *any* appetite. If I do err, it shall be my heart, at least, that heralds the way. Oh my head—how it aches?—the horrors of digestion! I wonder how Buonaparte's dinner agrees with him?

Mem. I must write to-morrow to "Master Shallow," * * [Webster], who owes me a thousand pounds," and seems, in his letter, afraid I should ask him for it;—as if I would—I don't want it (just now, at least,) to begin with; and though I have often wanted that sum, I never asked for the repayment of £10 in my life—from a friend. His bond is not due this year, and I told him when it was, I should not enforce it. How often must he make me say the same thing?

I am wrong—I did once ask * * * [Hobhouse] to repay me. But it was under circumstances that excused me *to him*, and would to any one. I took no interest, nor required security. He paid me soon,—at least, his *padre*. My head! I believe it was given me to ache with. Good even.

Nov. 22d. 1813

"Orange Boven!" So the bees have expelled the bear that broke open their hive. Well,—if we are to have new De Witts and De Ruyters, I God speed the little republic! I should like to see the Hague and the village of Broek, where they have such primitive habits. Yet, I don't know,—their canals would cut a poor figure by the memory of the Bosphorus; and the Zuyder Zee look awkwardly after "Ak-
1 For the revolution in Holland, see Nov. 29, 1813, to Annabella Milbanke. De Witt and De [van] Ruyter were fighters for Dutch freedom in the 17th century. Two brothers, Cornelie and Jean de Witt were executed, victims of calumny and popular furore, for having attempted to oppose the establishment of absolute power in their country. Michel-Adriaan van Ruyter (1607-1676) was accused of complicity in their plot, but he continued his battles for freedom and became enshrined as a popular hero.

Dignity [Denizi].² No matter,—the bluff burghers, puffing freedom out of their short tobacco-pipes, might be worth seeing; though I prefer a cigar, or a hooka, with the rose-leaf mixed with the milder herb of the Levant. I don't know what liberty means,—never having seen it,—but wealth is power all over the world; and as a shilling performs the duty of a pound (besides sun and sky and beauty for nothing) in the East,—*that* is the country. How I envy Herodes Atticus!—more than Pomponius.³ And yet a little *tumult*, now and then, is an agreeable quickener of sensation; such as a revolution, a battle, or an *aventure* of any lively description. I think I rather would have been Bonneval, Ripperda, Alberoni, Hayreddin, or Hornc Barbarossa, or even Wortley Montague [*sic*],⁴ than Mahomet himself.
Rogers will be in town soon?—the 23d is fixed for our Middleton visit. Shall I go? umph!—In this island, where one can't ride out without overtaking the sea, it don't much matter where one goes.

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I remember the effect of the *first* Edinburgh Review on me. I heard of it six weeks before,—read it the day of its denunciation,—dined and drank three bottles of claret, (with S. B. Davies, I think,) neither ate nor slept the less, but, nevertheless, was not easy till I had vented my wrath and my rhyme, in the same pages against every thing and every body. Like George, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, "the fate of my paradoxes" would allow me to perceive no merit in another.⁵ I remembered only the maxim of my boxing-master, which, in my youth, was found useful in all general riots,—"Whoever is not for you is against you—*mill* away right and left," and so I did;—like Ishmael, my hand was against all men, and all men's ament me. I did wonder, to be sure, at my own success—

"And marvels so much wit is all his own."¹

² The Lake of Ak-Deniz, northeast of Antioch.

³ A typically wealthy Greek and Roman.

⁴ Prothero gives the following summary account of these adventurers: "Bonneval (1675-1747) was a French soldier of fortune, who served successively in the Austrian, Russian, and Turkish armies. Ripperda (died 1737), a Dutch adventurer, became Prime Minister of Spain under Philip V, and after his fall turned Mohammedan. Alberoni (1664-1752) was an Italian adventurer, who became Prime Minister of Spain in 1714. Hayreddin (died 1547) and Hornc Barbarossa (died 1518) were Algerine pirates. Edward Wortley Montague [*sic*] (1713-1776), son of Lady Mary, saw the inside of several prisons, served at Fontenoy, sat in the British Parliament, was received into the Roman Catholic Church at Jerusalem (1764), lived at Rosetta as a Mohammedan with his mistress, Caroline Dormer, till 1772, and died at Padua, from swallowing a fish-bone." (*LJ*, II, 329-330n.)

⁵ *Vicar of Wakefield*, Chapter 20.

¹ "From Boileau", Hobhouse, *Imitations and Translations*, p. 233.

as Hobhouse sarcastically says of somebody (not unlikely myself, as we are old friends);—but were it to come over again, I would *not*. I have since redded the cause of my couplets, and it is not adequate to the effect. [Caroline] told me that it was believed I alluded to poor Lord Carlisle's nervous disorder in one of the lines. I thank Heaven I did not know it—and would not, could not, if I had. I must naturally be the last person to be pointed on defects or maladies.

Rogers is silent,—and, it is said, severe. When he does talk, he talks well; and, on all subjects of taste, his delicacy of expression is pure as his poetry. If you enter his house—his drawing-room—his library—you of yourself say, this is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor. But this very delicacy must be the misery of his existence. Oh the jarrings his disposition must have encountered through life!

Southey, I have not seen much of. His appearance is *Epic*: and he is the only existing entire man of letters. All the others have some pursuits annexed to their authorship. His manners are mild, but not those of a man of the world, and his talents of the first order. His prose is perfect. Of his poetry there are various opinions: there is, perhaps, too much of it for the present generation; posterity will probably select. He has *passages* equal to any thing. At present, he has a *party*, but no *public*—except for his prose writings. The life of Nelson is beautiful.

* * [Sotheby] is a *Littérateur*, the Oracle of the Coteries, of the * *² [Lydia] [White] (Sydney Smith's "Tory Virgin"),³ Mrs. Wilmot⁴ (she, at least, is a swan, and might frequent a purer stream,) Lady Beaumont,⁵ and all the Blues, with Lady [Charlemont]⁶ at their head—but I say nothing of *her*—"look in her face and you forget

² Possibly the Berry sisters.

³ Miss Lydia White was a wealthy Irish "blue-stocking" well known for her dinners and conversation parties. At one of her dinners, the desperate prospects of the Whig party was being discussed and Sydney Smith, one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review* and a brilliant wit, said: "we are in a most deplorable condition; we must do something to help ourselves. I think," he said, looking at Lydia White, "we had better sacrifice a Tory Virgin." (Lady Morgan's *Memoirs*, Vol. II, p. 236.) Lydia White, was the "Miss Diddle" of Byron's *The Blues*.

⁴ Mrs. Wilmot (née Barberina Ogle) was the widow of Valerita Wilmot. She later wrote a number of dramas, translations, and poems.

⁵ Lady Beaumont was the wife of Sir George Beaumont, painter, collector, and founder of the National Gallery, and a friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, and Wordsworth.

⁶ Lady Charlemont was an Irish beauty, wife of the 2nd Earl of Charlemont.

them all,"⁷ and every thing else. Oh that face!—by "te Diva potens Cyprî" I would, to be beloved by that woman, build and burn another Troy.

M[oor]e 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—every thing, in the "Post-Bag!" There is nothing M[oor]e 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 * * * speaks "trumpet-tongued." He has but one fault—and that one I daily regret—he is not *here*.

Nov. 23d

Ward—I like Ward. By Mahomet! I begin to think I like every body;—a disposition, not to be encouraged;—a sort of social gluttony, that swallows every thing set before it. But I like Ward. He is *piquant*; and, in my opinion, will stand *very* high in the House, and every where else, if he applies *regularly*. By the by, I dine with him to-morrow, which may have some influence on my opinion. It is as well not to trust one's gratitude *after* dinner. I have heard many a host libelled by his guests, with his burgundy yet reeking on their rascally lips.

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I have taken Lord Salisbury's box at Covent Garden for the season;—and now I must go and prepare to join Lady Holland and party, in theirs, at Drury Lane, *questa sera*.

Holland doesn't think the man *is Junius*; but that the yet unpublished journal throws great light on the obscurities of that part of George the Second's reign.—What is this to George the Third's? I don't know what to think. Why should Junius be yet dead? If suddenly apoplexed, would he rest in his grave without sending his *édouor* to shout in the ears of posterity, "Junius was X. Y. Z., Esq., buried in the parish of * * *. Repair his monument, ye churchwardens! Print a new edition of his Letters, ye booksellers!" Impossible,—the man must be alive, and will never die without disclosure. I like him;—he was a good hater.

Came home unwell and went to bed,—not so sleepy as might be desirable.

⁷ Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, II, 18.

⁸ Horace, *Odes*, I, iii, 1.