

**BYRON'S CORRESPONDENCE AND JOURNALS 02:  
FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN, JULY 1809-JULY 1811**

*Edited by Peter Cochran*

**Work in progress, with frequent updates [indicated]. Letters not in the seventeen main files may be found in those containing the correspondences *Byron / Annabella*, *Byron / Murray*, *Byron / Hobhouse*, *Byron / Moore*, *Byron / Scott*, *Byron / Kinnaird*, *Byron / The Shelleys*, or *Byron / Hoppner*.**

**UPDATED November 2010.**

**Abbreviations**

B.: Byron; H.: Hobhouse

1922: *Lord Byron's Correspondence Chiefly with Lady Melbourne, Mr Hobhouse, The Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, and P.B.Shelley* (2 vols., John Murray 1922).

BB: *Byron's Bulldog: The Letters of John Cam Hobhouse to Lord Byron*, ed. Peter W.Graham (Columbus Ohio 1984)

BLJ: Byron, George Gordon, Lord. *Byron's Letters and Journals*. Ed. Leslie A. Marchand, 13 vols. London: John Murray 1973-94.

LJ: *The Works of Lord Byron, Letters and Journals*. Ed. R. E. Prothero, 6 vols. London: John Murray, 1899-1904.

**I am very grateful to John and Virginia Murray for permission to quote texts from *Byron's Letters and Journals*, ed. Leslie A. Marchand (John Murray 1973-1994).**

NLS: National Library of Scotland.

Q: *Byron: A Self-Portrait; Letters and Diaries 1798 to 1824*. Ed. Peter Quennell, 2 vols, John Murray, 1950.

**READER!**

This edition gives you a raw version of Byron's correspondence. As far as can be done in linear print, it conveys what he wrote and how he wrote it, before any editor got to it to neutralise him. **FEEL FREE TO MAKE IT MORE ACCOMMODATING BY EDITING IT YOURSELF.** Once you've shaded and copied it, you can: run through his page-breaks; expand his contractions and ampersands; delete his deletions; regularise his interlineations ... would you? dare you? *modernise his spelling?* (I hope not!); *regularise his capitalisation, so that students feel less bewildered than usual?* (I hope not!) – P.C.

**POSTAGE**

The recipient, not the sender, normally paid the postage: but as a peer, Byron used a frank, so in England his recipients got his letters free. However, I believe several of his "letters" to Murray from St James's Street, the Albany, or Piccadilly Terrace, are notes taken round by servants (as are those of Murray to him). He does not have the franking privilege when abroad, and as the cost of postage is calculated by weight, he only uses an envelope when he is enclosing a manuscript. The address is written on side four, the sheet is folded and the wax stamped ("wafered"), and then Fletcher takes it to the post office.



In all cases except the last, where the whole word is underlined, we have tried to keep to his usage, underlining with a single understroke, with two under strokes, with a heavy underlining, or with a decorative line.

Signatures: As time goes on, Byron's signature becomes less careful, but then recovers. Few of his ways of signing off can be conveyed in print.

"Byron" indicates a word whose second syllable is both underlined and overlined.

"BN" indicates those two letters with different degrees of dash-decoration around them. Sometimes they appear Greek.

"[swirl signature]" indicates a bird's-nest effect which can with charity be read as a capital "B".

"[scrawl]" is a long wavy line, often starting as "y<sup>rs</sup>" but with no other letters decipherable.

After the death of Lady Noel, Byron regains pride in his name, and often signs "N. B." with a decorative underlining.

### Byron's Most Important Correspondents in this Section

**Ali Pacha (1741-1822: not a correspondent)**, ruler of Albania in the name of Turkey

**Augusta Byron, later Augusta Leigh (1783-1851)**, Byron's half-sister; the most important woman in his life

**Catherine Gordon Byron (1765-1811)**, Byron's mother

**Charles Skinner Matthews (17??-1811)**, gay Cambridge friend of Byron

**Constance Spencer Smith (17??-18??)** the "Florence" of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage

**Francis Hodgson (1781-1852)**, Cambridge friend of Byron

**Henry Drury (1778-1841)**, another Harrow friend of Byron

**John Cam Hobhouse (1786-1869)**, Byron's close friend and travelling companion; during this section his family have no idea where he is

**John Hanson (1755-1841)**, Byron's solicitor and surrogate father

**Robert Charles Dallas (1754-1824)**, Byron's early literary adviser, who introduces him to John Murray in Section 03

**Scrope Berdmore Davies (1782-1852)**, close Cambridge friend of Byron who has lent him money for his Mediterranean travels and is now regretting it

**William Martin Leake (1777-1860)**, English Consul at Ioannina

**The Marquis of Sligo (1788-1845)**, Cambridge friend of Byron, who is also travelling in the Levant; he shares with Michael Bruce the favours of Lady Hester Stanhope

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### THE CORRESPONDENCE

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**With John Cam Hobhouse, Byron leaves England on July 2nd for a tour of the Mediterranean. They visit Portugal (July 7th-20th), Spain (July 20th-August 3rd), Gibraltar (August 4th-16th), Sardinia, and Malta (August 31st). On Malta, English naval and diplomatic intelligence persuades them to visit Ali Pacha at Tepellene in Albania. They land in Greece (at Patras) on September 26th, and visit Ali's headquarters, October 19th-23rd. On about October 31st, Byron begins *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage I*. On December 15th they pass through Delphi, and on Christmas Day arrive at Athens.**

**Charles Skinner Matthews to Byron, from London, June 30th 1809:**  
 (Source: NLS 12604 / 4247G)

London. Saturday June 30. 1809

In transmitting my dispatches to Hobhouse, *mi carissime βυρον*<sup>1</sup> I cannot refrain from addressing a few lines to yourself: chiefly to congratulate you on the splendid success of your first efforts in the mysterious, that style in which more is meant than meets the Eye.<sup>2</sup> I shall have at you in that style before I fold up this sheet.

Hobhouse too is uncommonly well, but I must recommend that he do not in future put a dash under his mysterious significances, such a practise would go near to letting the cat out of the bag, should the tabellarians<sup>3</sup> be inclined to peep: And I positively decree that every one who professes *ma methode* do spell the term w<sup>th</sup>. designates his calling with an e at the end of it – *methodiste*, not *methodist*; and pronounce the word in the French fashion. Every one's taste must revolt at confounding ourselves with that sect of horrible, snivelling, fanatics.

As to your Botanical pursuits, I take it that the flowers you will be most desirous of culling will be of the class polyandria,<sup>4</sup> and not monogynia<sup>5</sup> but nogynia.<sup>6</sup> However so as you do not cut them it will all do very well.

A word or two about hyacinths. Hyacinth, you may remember, was killed by a Coit.<sup>7</sup>  
but not that “full and to-be-wished-for Coit.”

have a care then that your Abbey Hyacinth<sup>8</sup> be not injured by either sort of coit. If you should find anything remarkable in the botanical line, pray send me word of it, who take an extreme interest in your anthology; and specify the class & if possible the name of each production. Tomorrow morning I am going to Cambridge to invest myself with the magisterial hat, to drink ale, & eventually, to play at Coits. It is not auditable (though from it's auricular qualities it might almost be called so) which I am so eager to obtain, but some which comes from a more northern part of the kingdom. You who are so well acquainted with the topography of our cellar will immediately comprehend the sort I mean, when I tell you that I mean to broach one of two butts which I have often pointed out to your notice; not the tall one. And of the pl&optC,<sup>9</sup> should I be so happy as to obtain one, or of the progress towards it, you shall be fully informed.

I have not yet seen the hero of that Treatise on the Bathos which you promised me, but were too much engaged to execute; But, in another point, I have been admitted behind the scenes & was very much disappointed on a rear inspection of the Palma.

I admire the stoical unconcern & Christian resignation with which both of you seem to bear your disappointment of the Packet; & the consequent prolongation of your stay in this country. From which I readily infer that there must be something in Falmouth not a little delectable, and deplore my lot that I am not sharing your delights. I enclose with this the frontispiece to the Trial of Cap. Sutherland: which I bought yesterday thinking that it might contain quelque chose de la methode: but nothing of the kind appears. The face & right thumb of the negro are the principal features in the picture: which I send you on account of it's oddity: and think that you, Hobhouse, & M. l'Abbé Hyacinth<sup>10</sup> might represent the scene with much effect, taking the parts of the Captain, the negro, & the cabin boy, respectively.

I cannot conclude without exhorting & beseeching you, as I have besought Hobhouse, to oblige me with frequent favours in the epistolary way both before & after your leaving England. Adieu my dear Lord; I wish you, not as D<sup>r</sup> Johnson wished M<sup>r</sup> Burke, all the success which an honest man can or ought to wish you,<sup>11</sup> but as grand founder and arch-Patriarch of the Methode I give your undertaking my benediction, and wish you, Byron of Byzantium, and you, Cam of Constantinople, jointly & severally, all the success which in your most methodistical fantasies you can wish yourselves.

So sail along with happy auspices & believe me  
Your's very sincerely

1: “Byron” (Greek).

2: Matthews refers to the coded style of B.'s letter of June 22nd.

3: Postmen.

4: “hermaphrodite”.

5: “having only a single stigma”.

6: “nogynia” is Matthews' coinage.

7: Hyacinth was killed when a discus he with which he was practising in a contest with Apollo, his lover, was flung back at him by the jealous West Wind.

8: Robert Rushton.

9: “Coitum plenum et optabilem” – “full and highly satisfactory sex”. From Petronius' *Satyricon*.

10: Robert Rushton.

11: “When the general election broke up the delightful society in which we had spent some time at Beconsfield, Dr. Johnson shook the hospitable master of the house [*Burke*] kindly by the hand, and said, “Farewell my dear Sir, and remember that I wish you all the success which ought to be wished you, which can possibly be wished you indeed – *by an honest man.*”” – Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, p.242.

C.S.M.

**Byron to Francis Hodgson, from off Falmouth, Cornwall, June 30th 1809:**

(Source: Harry Ransom Center, Texas, photocopy from microfilm; LJ I 230; BLJ I 211-13)

**Seemingly spontaneous, the letter is an fair copy, with one stanza to a page – though that doesn't spoil the fun.**Falmouth Roads –  
June 30<sup>th</sup>. 1809

1.

Huzza! Hodgson, we are going,  
 Our embargo's off at last  
 Favourable Breezes blowing  
 Bend the canvass oer the mast,  
 From aloft the signal's streaming  
 Hark! the farewell gun is fired,  
 Women screeching, Tars blaspheming,  
 Tells us that our time's expired  
 Here's a rascal  
 Come to task all  
 Prying from the custom house,  
 Trunks unpacking  
 Cases cracking  
 Not a corner for a mouse  
 Scapes unsearched amid the racket  
 Ere we sail on board the Packet. –

1:2

2.

Now our boatmen quit their mooring  
 And all hands must ply the oar;  
 Baggage from the quay is lowering,  
 We're impatient – push from shore –  
 “Have a care! that Case holds liquor –  
 “Stop the boat – I'm sick – oh Lord!  
 “Sick Maam! damme, you'll be sicker  
 Ere you've been an hour on board  
 Thus are screaming  
 Men & women  
 Gemmen, Ladies, servants, Jacks,  
 Here entangling  
 All are wrangling  
 Stuck together close as wax,  
 Such the genial noise & racket  
 Ere we reach the Lisbon Packet,

1:3

3.

Now we've reached her, lo! the Captain  
Gallant Kidd commands the crew  
Note X  
 Passengers now their berths are clapt in  
 Some to grumble, some to spew,  
 Heyday! call you that a Cabin?  
 Why tis hardly three feet square  
 Not enough to stow Queen Mab in,  
 Who the deuce can harbour there?  
 Who Sir? plenty  
 Nobles twenty  
 Did at once my vessel fill

Did they – Jesus!  
 How you squeeze us  
 Would to God, they did so still,  
 Then I'd scape the heat & racket  
 Of the good ship, Lisbon Packet.

Note + Erratum –  
 For "gallant" read "gallows." –

1:4

4.  
 Fletcher, Murray, Bob, where are you?  
 Stretched along the deck like logs  
 Bear a hand – you jolly tar you!  
 Here's a rope's end for the dogs,  
 Hobhouse muttering fearful curses  
 As the hatchway down he rolls  
 Now his breakfast, now his verses  
 Vomits forth – & damns our souls,  
 Here's a stanza  
 On Braganza  
 Help! – a couplet – no, a cup  
 Of warm water,  
 What's the matter?  
 Zounds! my liver's coming up,  
 I shall not survive the racket  
 Of this brutal Lisbon Packet. –

2:1

5.  
 Now at length we're off for Turkey,  
 Lord knows when we shall come back,  
 Breezes foul, & tempests murkey,  
 May unship us in a crack,  
 But <as> {since} life at most a jest is  
 As Philosophers allow  
 Still to laugh by far the best is,  
 Then laugh on – as I do now,  
 Laugh at all things  
 Great & small things,  
 Sick or well, at sea or shore,  
 While we're quaffing  
 Let's have laughing  
 Who the Devil cares<'> for more?  
 Save good wine, & who would lack it?  
 Even on board the Lisbon Packet.

Byron

**John Cam Hobhouse to Charles Skinner Matthews, from Lisbon, July 8th 1809:**

(Source: text from BL Add.Mss. 47226 ff.8-10)

[Lisbon / July eight 1809 / C.S.Matthews Esq<sup>r</sup> / Belmont House / Hereford / G.B. / Byron]

Lisbon. July 8. 1809. Saturday

Dear Matthews

I take advantage of the English packet which sails tomorrow morning to tell you that after a short passage, as it is accounted, of 4 days from Falmouth we arrived at this capital yesterday morning. The sailing from the rock of Lisbon to the city, about 15 miles, is a very pretty scene, the Tagus being quite full of ships, and nearly two miles and a half broad up to the city, where it widens again and



becomes so large as to appear rather like an arm of the sea than a river. There is I think more bustle on the Tagus than on any part of the Thames, tho' to be sure some confusion is to be expected at this time, when there are upwards of 150 transports from England in the port. If you should ever read an account of Lisbon that represents it as insufferably dirty & striking, believe it all; for nothing can surpass the stench with which you are every where saluted, or the frequent collections of filth, consisting for the most part of human excrements, which you must paddle in if you chuse to walk at all.<sup>12</sup> But the appearance of the city, which reminded me a good deal of Bristol in its dirtiest parts, is not so bad, as that of the inhabitants, all of whom, & of all the ranks that I have yet seen, are eternally at least 100 years behind the English in all the improvements of civilised & comfortable life – what strikes most perhaps, is that almost every <xxxx> man, but the lowest orders especially, wear cocked hats of the opera fashion, *not shut up ones* The rest of their dress is the same as our's, except that the middling class have a large great coat which they tie on their backs without putting their arms thro', and generally roll round them carrying the cloak or coat close up to their chins which gives them the appearance of carrying something before them which they want to hide. They are middle sized, thin, hollow ey'd, sallow and seldom well made. I cannot say that even their working men, except a few boatmen, appear stout after the manner of English strength. They are horridly nasty – yesterday sitting on the steps of the pedestal of a large equestrian statue in a square, we were hurried away by observing that on the other side of the pedestal, a man was pulling lice & fleas, chiefly lice, from his bosom & breeches, and cracking them by tens on the step – the women, who are the ugliest race of animals, really frightful, are as nasty, and being dress'd after a strange fashion with stays & hoods, resembling the ill-drest in England in the beginning of the last century, seem as if they were masquerading as likewise do the monks & nuns, to an English eye. No article either of dress or any manufacture, is well or neatly made, indeed, the shops are very small mean looking & ill furnish'd, I see no booksellers shops, only stalls with a few dirty books. There is a licenser of every thing printed here, and books are not allowed to be imported, indeed there is some difficulty <of/>in taking even two or three for private use – ours we have not taken on shore – As to payments of money in Lisbon, the common people such as the boatmen, & the drivers of the boro's, neddies, are dreadfully roguish, nothing will satisfy them, tho' I own I was a good deal astonished last night to find that the driver of a calash, with two wheels only, & the only carriage seen in their city, refus'd to carry three of us to the playhouse, tho' we were seated & offer'd him an additional premium, and accordingly drove away without us tho' he had come on purpose from some distance. There is <a> {a} handsome theatre,<sup>13</sup> as I am told, here for the performance of Italian operas and *ballets*, but the performers are not, they say, good, as directly as they show any talents they are exported to England. You know Catalani<sup>14</sup> was here. There is also a Portugese playhouse not so large, of which I inclose a bill giving account of the exhibition of to night. (There is not a shit-house in the City) The eating here cannot be very good – for they have no fresh butter, and as far as I have seen in one day's feeding, they do not dress their meat well. There is no French wine except a little Champagne, & that only at one Tavern in Lisbon, the port is good but they cannot cool it, the Calcavalca is not bad – but these two wines, I understand are the best and indeed the only good ones – I have seen many Coffee Houses here, which are for coffee, lemonade, liqueurs, & cakes only. The Hotels appear dirty in the extreme, we are at [an] English one, of which there are several, kept by one Barnwell at a quarter of the town called Buenos Ayres, situate on a hill where the English used to reside before the irruption of the French. I do not yet know whether things are dear, a glass of lemonade costs two pence, an orange a penny – The fruit, notwithstanding all you may hear, is not certainly, not even the grape, so good as the English forced or common fruit. The coffee houses stink have no separate boxes but little tables – the one where I was near the exchange one of the best put me in mind of the Turk's Head (save the boxes) in the Strand. Of the manners of the people I know nothing, except that the beggars bow & pull off their cocked hats very ceremoniously to each other; the Portugese see English & other foreigners staring & laughing at them, without seeming to take notice or

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12: B. wrote:           But whoso entereth within this town,  
                               That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,  
                               Disconsolate will wander up and down,  
                               'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee;  
                               For hut and palace show like filthily:  
                               The dingy denizens are reared in dirt;  
                               Ne personage of high or mean degree  
                               Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt;  
                               Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwashed, unhurt. (CHP I st.17)

13: The Teatro Sao Carlos, built in 1792.

14: Angelica Catalani (1780-1849) famous soprano, now working in London.

care at all for it.<sup>15</sup> When they address us they say signor or Capitan, and grin like monkies, tho' they appear grave enough to one another – Sir Arthur Wellesley who is now on the Frontiers & who swears that he will be in Madrid in a month, is the god of this city. the French are hated to a great extreme, & it is almost suspicious and dangerous even to talk French, at this time. Most of the hats carry a little image <xxxxx> {of the} Regent, and a red ribbon round it, and the most sanguine hopes are entertained of the final expulsion of the French from this & the neighbouring kingdom. Nothing however is known here except that Corunna & Ferrol are in the hands of the patriot troops. – if the Portugese soldiers are as bad in the field as they are in appearance nothing can be expected from them – they amount it is said to 40,000 – This is all written, as you see, in a sad hurry, as the packet sails directly and I wish'd to write to you by the first opportunity. Do give me a letter directed to Gibraltar, to which place we think of sailing on Tuesday next, there to remain for the English packet which touches at that place from Falmouth to Malta – A<n> Portugese, a clever man, talking of Fonthill. B[eckfor]<sup>d</sup>.<sup>16</sup> assur'd me that he liv'd here in a style better as he thought than that of any crown'd head in Europe, surrounded by handsome youths of all countries, & much liked. He added that the Portugese have no disgust at all, at the propensity which he is so famous for! I have no anecdote to add. I hope this will go free, tho' I fear that it will not. Adieu my best remembrances to Baillie & all friends particularly Davies when you see him. Farewell. – your most sincere

John C. Hobhouse

L<sup>d</sup> Byron sends his very best regards.

**Byron to John Hanson, from Lisbon, July 13th 1809:**

(Source: text from B.L.Egerton 2611 ff.137-6; BLJ I 213-14)

[Lisbon July fifteenth / 1809 / J. Hanson Esqr. / 6. Chancery Lane / Temple Bar / London / J H / Byron

Lisbon. July 13<sup>th</sup>. 1809

Sir,

I have been purchasing a few things of the Hon<sup>ble</sup>. J. Ward, who as he is proceeding to England prefers a draft on London, you will pay him on demand thirty pounds sterling. – – – I suppose you have by this time arranged the Norfolk sale & the rest of Col. Sawbridge's business. – I proceed to Gibraltar immediately, & on to Malta & Constantinople. – I do not suppose I shall want money for some time but in case of accidents, it will be as well to enable Hammersley to make further remittances against next Spring, when I presume Rochdale will be sold. –

1:2

I hope your family are all well, if you address to me at Malta, a letter will find me or be forwarded. – I have no intention of returning to England, unless compelled so to do, I only regret I did not quit it sooner. – – This country is in a state of great disorder, but beautiful in itself, the army is in Spain, and a battle is daily expected. I remain

y<sup>r</sup>. very obed<sup>t</sup>. Serv<sup>t</sup>.

Byron

J.Hanson Esq<sup>r</sup>.  
6 Chancery Lane

1:3

The Draft is dated London, as no stamps are to be had here. – –

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**15:** Contrast B.: “I am very happy here, because I loves oranges, and talks bad Latin to the monks, who understand it, as it is like their own, – and I goes into society (with my pocket-pistols), and I swims in the Tagus all across at once, and I rides on an ass or a mule, and swears Portugese, and have got a diarrhea and bites from the mosquitoes. But what of that? Comfort must not be expected by folks that go a pleasuring. / When the Portuguese are pertinacious, I say, *Carracho!* – the great oath of the grandees, that very well supplies the place of ‘Damme,’ – and, when dissatisfied with my neighbour, I pronounce him *Ambra di merdo*. With these two phrases, and a third, *Avra bouro*, which signifieth ‘Get an ass,’ I am universally understood to be a person of degree and a master of languages. How merrily we lives that travellers be! – if we had food and raiment. But, in sober sadness, any thing is better than England, and I am infinitely amused with my pilgrimage as far as it has gone” (letter to Francis Hodgson, July 16th 1809)

**16:** Fonthill Abbey, William Beckford's Gothic country house in Wiltshire.

**Byron to Francis Hodgson, from Lisbon, July 16th 1809:**

(Source: Ms. not found; text from Moore's Life I 193-4; QI 51-2; BLJ I 215-16)

Lisbon, July 16. 1809.

Thus far have we pursued our route, and seen all sorts of marvellous sights, palaces, convents, &c.;—which, being to be heard in my friend Hobhouse's forthcoming Book of Travels, I shall not anticipate by smuggling any account whatsoever to you in a private and clandestine manner. I must just observe, that the village of Cintra in Estremadura is the most beautiful, perhaps, in the world. \* \* \*

I am very happy here, because I loves oranges, and talk bad Latin to the monks, who understand it, as it is like their own,—and I goes into society (with my pocket-pistols), and I swims in the Tagus all across at once, and I rides on an ass or a mule, and swears Portuguese, and have got a diarrhoea and bites from the musquitoes. But what of that? Comfort must not be expected by folks that go a pleasuring. \* \* \*

When the Portuguese are pertinacious, I say, 'Carracho!'—the great oath of the grandees, that very well supplies the place of 'Damme,'—and, when dissatisfied with my neighbour, I pronounce him 'Ambra di merdo.' With these two phrases, and a third, 'Avra bouro,' which signifieth 'Get an ass,' I am universally understood to be a person of degree and a master of languages. How merrily we lives that travellers be!—if we had food and raiment. But in sober sadness, any thing is better than England, and I am infinitely amused with my pilgrimage as far as it has gone.

To-morrow we start to ride post near 400 miles as far as Gibraltar, where we embark for Melita and Byzantium. A letter to Malta will find me, or to be forwarded, if I am absent. Pray embrace the Drury and Dwyer, and all the Ephesians<sup>17</sup> you encounter. I am writing with Butler's donative pencil, which makes my bad hand worse. Excuse illegibility.

Hodgson! send me the news, and the deaths and defeats and capital crimes and the misfortunes of one's friends; and let us hear of literary matters, and the controversies and the criticisms. All this will be pleasant—'Suave mari magno,' &c. Talking of that, I have been sea-sick, and sick of the sea.

Adieu. Yours faithfully, &c.

**Byron to Francis Hodgson, from Gibraltar, August 6th 1809:**

(Source: Ms. not found; text from Moore's Life I 194-6; LJ I 234-6; BLJ I 215-16)

Gibraltar, August 6. 1809.

I have just arrived at this place after a journey through Portugal, and a part of Spain, of nearly 500 miles. We left Lisbon and travelled on horseback to Seville and Cadiz, and thence in the Hyperion frigate to Gibraltar. The horses are excellent—we rode seventy miles a day. Eggs and wine, and hard beds, are all the accommodation we found, and, in such torrid weather, quite enough. My health is better than in England. \* \* \*

Seville is a fine town, and the Sierra Morena, part of which we crossed, a very sufficient mountain; but damn description, it is always disgusting. Cadiz, sweet Cadiz!—it is the first spot in the creation. \* \* \* The beauty of its streets and mansions is only excelled by the loveliness of its inhabitants. For, with all national prejudice, I must confess the women of Cadiz are as far superior to the English women in beauty as the Spaniards are inferior to the English in every quality that dignifies the name of man. \* \* \* Just as I began to know the principal persons of the city, I was obliged to sail.

You will not expect a long letter after my riding so far 'on hollow pampered jades of Asia.'<sup>18</sup> Talking of Asia puts me in mind of Africa, which is within five miles of my present residence. I am going over before I go on to Constantinople.

\* \* \* Cadiz is a complete Cythera. Many of the grandees who have left Madrid during the troubles reside there, and I do believe it is the prettiest and cleanest town in Europe. London is filthy in the comparison. \* \* \* The Spanish women are all alike, their education the same. The wife of a duke is, in information, as the wife of a peasant,—the wife of a peasant, in manner, equal to a duchess. Certainly they are fascinating; but their minds have only one idea, and the business of their lives is intrigue. \* \* \*

I have seen Sir John Carr at Seville and Cadiz, and, like Swift's barber, have been down on my knees to beg he would not put me into black and white. Pray remember me to the Drurys and the Davies, and all of that stamp who are yet extant. Send me a letter and news to Malta. My next epistle shall be from Mount Caucasus or Mount Sion. I shall return to Spain before I see England, for I am enamoured of the country.

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17: Shakespeare, *Henry IV* II, II ii 143.

18: Shakespeare, *Henry IV* II, II iv 155.

Adieu, and believe me, &c.

**Byron to John Hanson, from Gibraltar, August 7th 1809:**

(Source: text from B.L.Egerton 2611 ff.141-2; BLJ I 217-18)

Gibraltar August 7<sup>th</sup>.  
1809

Sir,

I have just ridden between four & five hundred miles across the country from Lisbon to Cadiz, and thence by sea to Gibraltar. I shall pursue my voyage the first opportunity I have been at Seville where the Spanish Government is at present, of course you have by this time received intelligence of the battle near Madrid. – As I rode seventy miles a day during this intense heat, you will conclude I am rather fatigued, though the journey has been pleasant. – –

I send you this, as it is probable you may wish to ascertain my movements, a

1:2

letter addressed to Malta will find me. – Spain is all in arms, and the French have every thing to do over again, the barbarities on both sides are shocking. I passed some French prisoners on the road from Badajoz to Seville, and saw a spy who was condemned to be shot, you will be surprised to hear that the Spanish roads are far superior to the best English Turnpikes, and the horses excellent, eggs & wine always to be had, no meat or milk, but every thing else very fair. – – Cadiz is the prettiest town in Europe, Seville a large & fine city, Gibraltar the dirtiest most detestable spot in

1:3

existence, Lisbon nearly as bad, the Spaniards are far superior to the Portuguese, and the English abroad are very different from their countrymen. Pray inform M<sup>rs</sup>. Byron that I am well, tell her I will write from Malta, at present I have not time to write to her as I could wish. –

I remain your very obed<sup>t</sup>. Ser<sup>t</sup>.  
Byron

[1:4 contains only Hanson's note: 7<sup>th</sup> Aug: 1809 / Lord Byron.]

**Byron to Catherine Gordon Byron, from Gibraltar, August 11th 1809:**

(Source: text from Morgan Library, photocopy from microfilm; LJ I 236-42; QI 52-6; BLJ I 218-22)

[The Hon<sup>ble</sup> / M<sup>rs</sup> Byron / Newstead Abbey / Notts / Byron]

Gibraltar August 11<sup>th</sup>. 1809

Dear Mother,

I have been so much occupied since my departure from England that till I could <I> address you a little at length, I have forborn writing altogether. – As I have now passed through Portugal & a considerable part of Spain, & have <a short> leisure at this place I shall endeavour to give you a short detail of my movements. – We sailed from Falmouth on the 2<sup>d</sup>. of July, <and> reached Lisbon after a very favourable passage of four days and a half, and took up our abode for a time in that city. – It has been often described without being worthy of description, for, except the view from the Tagus which is beautiful, and some

1:2

fine churches & convents it contains little but filthy streets & more filthy inhabitants. – To make amends for this the village of Cintra<sup>19</sup> about fifteen miles from the capital is perhaps in every respect the most delightful in Europe, it contains beauties of every description natural & artificial, Palaces and gardens rising in the midst of rocks, cataracts, and precipices, <convents> {convents} on stupendous heights a distant view of the sea and the Tagus, and besides (though that is a secondary consideration) is remarkable as the scene of Sir H. D's<sup>20</sup> convention. – It unites in itself all the wildness of the Western Highlands with the verdure of the South of France.

1:3

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19: See CHP I st.14.

20: Sir Hew Dalrymple.

Near this place about 10 miles to the right is the palace of Mafra the boast of Portugal,<sup>21</sup> as it might be of any country, in point of magnificence without elegance, there is a convent annexed, the monks who possess large revenues are courteous enough, & understand Latin, so that we had a long conversation, they have a large Library & asked if the English had any books in their country. -- I sent my <baggage> baggage & part of the servants by sea to Gibraltar, and travelled on horseback from Aldea Gallega (the first stage from Lisbon which is only accessible by water) to Seville (one of the most famous cities in Spain where the Government called the Junta is now held) the distance

1:4

to Seville is nearly four hundred miles & to Cadiz about 90 further towards the Coast. -- I had orders from the Government & <had> every possible accommodation on the road, as an English nobleman in an English uniform is a very respectable personage in Spain at present. The horses are remarkably good, and the roads (I assure you upon my honour for you will hardly believe it) very far superior to the best British roads, without the smallest toll or turn pike, you will suppose this when I rode post to Seville in four days, through this parching country in the midst of summer, without fatigue or annoyance. --

Seville is a beautiful town, though the streets are narrow they are clean, we lodged in the house of two Spanish

2:1

2) unmarried ladies, who possess six houses in Seville, and gave me a curious specimen of Spanish manners. -- They are women of character, and the eldest a fine woman, the youngest pretty but not so good a figure as Donna Joseplia, the freedom of women<sup>22</sup> which is general here astonished me not a little, and in the course of further observation I find that reserve is not the charac=~~teristil~~{teristic} of the Spanish belles, who are in general very <pretty> {handsome,} with large black eyes, and very fine forms. -- The eldest honoured your unworthy son with very particular attention, embracing him with great tenderness at parting (I was there but 3 days) after cutting off a lock of his hair, & presenting him with one of her own a=

2:2

=bout three feet in length, which I send, and beg you will retain till my return. -- Her last words were "Adio <hermoso>! tu {hermoso!} me gusto mucho" "Adieu, you pretty fellow you please {me} much." -- She offered a share of her apartment which my virtue induced me to decline, she laughed and said I had some English "Amante," (lover) and <said> {added, that} she was going to be married to an officer in the Spanish army. --

I left Seville and rode on to Cadiz through a beautiful country, at Xeres where the Sherry we drink is made I met a great merchant a M<sup>r</sup> Gordon of Scotland, who was extremely polite and favoured me with the Inspection of his vaults & cellars so that I quaffed at the Fountain

2:3

head. -- Cadiz, sweet Cadiz! is the most delightful town I ever beheld, very different from our English cities in every respect except cleanliness (and it is as clean as London) but still beautiful and full of the finest women in Spain, the Cadiz belles being the Lancashire witches of their land. -- Just as I was introduced and began to like the grandees I was forced to leave it for this cursed place, but before I return to England I will visit it again. -- The night before I left it, I sat in the box {at the opera} with Admiral Cordova's family, he is the commander whom L<sup>d</sup>. S<sup>t</sup>. Vincent defeated in 1797, and has an aged wife and a fine daughter. -- --

Signorita Cordova the girl is very pretty in the Spanish style, in my

2:4

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21: See CHP I st.29.

22: This word could be "manner".

{opinion} by no means inferior {to the English} in charms, and certainly superior in fascination. – Long black hair, dark languishing eyes, clear olive complexions, and forms more graceful in motion than can be conceived by an Englishman used to the drowsy listless air of his countrywomen, added to the most becoming dress & at the same time the most decent in the world, render a Spanish beauty irresistible. – I beg leave to observe that Intrigue here is the business of life, when a woman marries she throws off all restraint, but I believe their conduct is chaste enough before. – If you make a proposal which in England would bring a box on the ear from the meekest of virgins, to a Spanish girl, she thanks you for the honour you intend her, and replies “wait till I am mar=

3:1

3)

=ried, & I shall be too happy.” – This is literally & strictly true. – Miss C. & <&> her little brother understood a little French, and after regretting my ignorance of the Spanish she proposed to become my preceptress in that language; I could only reply by a <long> low bow, and express my regret that I quitted Cadiz too soon to permit me to make the progress which would doubtless attend my studies under so charming a directress; I was standing at the back of the box which resembles our opera boxes (the theatre is large and finely decorated, the music admirable) in the manner which Englishmen generally adopt for fear of incommoding the ladies in front, when this fair Spaniard dispossessed an old woman (an aunt or a duenna) of her chair, and commanded {me} to be seated next herself, <each> {at} a tolerable distance from her mamma. – –

3:2

At the close of the performance I withdrew and was lounging with a party of men in the passage, when “en passant” the Lady turned round and called me, & I had the honour of attending her to the Admiral’s mansion. – I have an invitation on my return to Cadiz which I shall accept, if I repass through the country on my way from Asia. –

I have met Sir John Carr Knight errant at Seville & Cadiz, he is a pleasant man. – I like the Spaniards much, you have heard of the battle near Madrid, & in England they will call it a victory, a pretty victory! two hundred officers and 5000 men killed all English, and the French in as great force as ever. – I should have joined the army but we have no time

3:3

to lose before we get up the {Mediterranean &} Archipelago, – I am going over to Africa tomorrow, it is only six miles from this Fortress. – My next stage is Cagliari in Sardinia where I shall be presented to his {S} Majesty, I have a most superb uniform {as a court dress,} indispensable in travelling. –

August 18<sup>th</sup>

I have not yet been to Africa, the wind is contrary, but I dined yesterday at Algesiras with Lady Westmoreland where I met General Castanos the celebrated Spanish leader in the late & present war, today I dine with him, he has offered me letters to Tetuan in Barbary for the principal Moors, & I am to have the house for a few days of one of their great men, which was intended for Lady W, whose health will

3:4

not permit her to cross the Straits. –

August 15<sup>th</sup>

I could not dine with Castanos yesterday, but this afternoon I had that honour, he is pleasant, & for aught I know to the contrary, clever, – I cannot go to Barbary, the Malta packet sails tomorrow & myself in it, Admiral Purvis with whom I dined at Cadiz gave me {a passage} in a frigate to Gibraltar, but we have no ship of war destined for Malta at present, the Packets sail fast & have good accommodations, you shall hear from me on our route, Joe Murray delivers this, I have sent him & the

boy back, pray shew the lad any kindness as he is my great favourite, I would have taken him on <but you know boys are not safe amongst the Turks. -> Say this to his

4:1

4) father, who may otherwise think he has behaved ill. –  
This will find you well, believe me yours ever sincerely

Byron

P.S.

So L<sup>d</sup>. Grey is married to a rustic, well done! if I wed I will bring you home a sultana with half a score cities for a dowry, and reconcile you to an Ottoman daughter in law with a bushel of pearls not larger than ostrich eggs or smaller than Walnuts. – – – – –

**Byron to John Hanson, from Gibraltar, August 13th 1809:**

(Source: text from B.L.Egerton 2611 ff.143-4; BLJ I 222)

[J Hanson Esq<sup>r</sup>. / 6. Chancery Lane / Temple Bar / London / Byron // 13<sup>th</sup>. Aug. 1809 / Lord Byron]

Gibraltar August 13<sup>th</sup>. 1809

Sir,

I have sent Robert Rushton home, because Turkey is in too dangerous a state for boys to enter, & I beg he may still be considered as my servant, so that in case of my death he may be entitled to his legacy. –

I remain  
yours &<sup>c</sup>.  
Byron

P.S. – I hope the drafts are paid out of the different monies from Norfolk & <Seabright xx> Sawbridge

[1:2 and 1:3 blank.]

**Byron to Mr Rushton, from Gibraltar, August 14th 1809:**

(Source: NLS Acc.12604/ 4219A or C; LJ I 242-3; BLJ I 222)

Gibraltar August 14<sup>th</sup> 1809

M<sup>r</sup>. Rushton, – I have sent Robert home with M<sup>r</sup>. Murray, because the country which I am now about to travel through, is in a state which renders it unsafe, particularly for one so young. – I allow [you] to deduct five and twenty pounds a year for his education for three years provided I do not return before that time, & I desire he may be considered as in my service, let every care be taken of him, & let him be sent to school; in case of my death I have provided enough in my will to render him independent. –  
– He has behaved extremely well, & has travelled a great deal for the time of his absence. – Deduct the expense of his education from your rent. –

Byron

**Byron to John Hanson, from Malta, August 31st 1809:**

(Source: text from B.L.Egerton 2611 ff.146-8; BLJ I 223)

[John Hanson Esq<sup>r</sup> / 6. Chancery Lane / Temple Bar / London / Byron // 30<sup>th</sup>. Aug<sup>t</sup> 1809 / Lord Byron]

Malta August 31<sup>st</sup>. 1809

Sir,

It is rather singular you have not addressed any letter to this place since my departure from England; I have crossed Portugal, travelled through the South of Spain, been in Sardinia & Sicily, & on my arrival here fully expected to hear some account of the sale of Wymondham &<sup>c</sup>. – several packets have touched with dispatches & as it is probable I proceed to Constantinople immediately the disappointment is greater. –

I request that whatever money can be

1:2

spared may be forwarded in letters of credit to Malta, & Constantinople. -- If Sawbridge's money is paid, another thousand was to have been advanced to Hammersley by this time, & when convenient I request that remittances may gradually be made, <if not> more or less, and next Spring when Rochdale is sold you will forward an account of the overplus after the deductions are made for debts &<sup>c</sup>. --- I do not speak from any present necessity, but I wish to have all that can be spared, remitted, as I shall remain long abroad, provided no accidents occur. -- I have <dismissed> {sent back}

1:3

all my English servants but one. --

You will remember that remittances travel slowly to Constantinople, consequently the earlier they are made the better, letters are sometimes 6 months on their passage. -- As to my affairs you must manage them as you best can, I have full confidence in your integrity, but expect & desire no favours, indeed I need not. -- Whatever distress I may encounter, I will not sell Newstead, and whether further monies can be advanced or not, I expect at least a letter on the subject, addressed to this place, from whence it will be forwarded to me, wherever I may be. --  
You have doubtless received my letters through

1:4

different channels, & I once more beg they may be answered as they relate to Business. Pray present my remembrances to M<sup>rs</sup>. Hanson & the family. -- I remain

y<sup>r</sup>. very obed<sup>t</sup>. Serv<sup>t</sup>.  
Byron

J.Hanson Esq<sup>r</sup>.  
6 Chancery {Lane} London

[2 :1 blank.]

**Byron to Catherine Gordon Byron, from Malta, September 15th 1809:**

(Source: text from Morgan Library, photocopy from microfilm; LJ I 243-6; QI 56-7; BLJ I 223-4)

Malta Sept<sup>r</sup>. 15<sup>th</sup>. 1809.

Dear Mother,

Though I have a very short time to spare, being to sail immediately for Greece, I cannot avoid taking an opportunity of telling you that I am well, I have been in Malta a short time & have found the inhabitants hospitable and pleasant. --

This letter is committed to the charge of a very extraordinary woman whom you have doubtless heard of, M<sup>rs</sup> Spencer Smith, of whose escape the Marquis de Salvo published a narrative a few years ago, she has since been shipwrecked, and

1:2

her life has been from its commencement so fertile in remarkable incidents, that in a romance they would appear improbable, She was born at Constantinople, {where} her father Baron Herbert was Austrian Ambassador, married unhappily, yet has never been impeached in point of character; excited the vengeance of Buonaparte by a part in some conspiracy; several times risked her life; & is not yet twenty five. --

She is here on her way to England to join her husband, being obliged to leave Trieste, where she was paying a visit to her mother {by the approach of the French,} and embarks soon in a ship of war, since my arrival here I have had scarcely any other companion, I have

1:3

found her very pretty, very accomplished, and extremely eccentric. -- Buonaparte is even now so incensed against her, that her life would be in some danger if she were taken prisoner a second time. -- You have seen Murray and Robert by this time and received my letter, little has happened since that <time> date, I have touched at Cagliari in Sardinia, and at Girgenti in Sicily, and embark tomorrow for Patras from whence I proceed to Yanina where Ali Pacha holds his court. So I shall soon be among the Mussulmen. -- Adieu believe me with sincerity



17  
y<sup>rs</sup> ever  
Byron

**Byron to Captain Cary, from 3 Strada di Torni, Malta, September 18th 1809:**

(Source: NLS Acc.12604 / 4246; 1922 I 5-6; QI 57-8; BLJ I 224-5)

**The first of four challenges which Byron issues at different times. No duels are fought.**

[Cap<sup>t</sup>. Cary / Private]

3 Strada di Torni  
September 18<sup>th</sup>. 1809

Sir,

The marked insolence of your behaviour to me the first time I had the honour of meeting you at table, I should have passed over from respect to the General, had I not been informed {that} you have since mentioned my name in a public company with comments <that are> not to be tolerated, <after> more particularly after the circumstance to which I allude. – I have only just heard

1:2

this, or I should not have postponed this letter to so late a period. – As the vessel in which I am to embark must sail the first change of wind, the sooner our business is arranged the better. Tomorrow morning at 6 will be the best hour, at any place you think proper, as I do not know where the officers and gentlemen settle these affairs in your Island. – The favour of an immediate answer will oblige

your obed<sup>t</sup>. Ser<sup>t</sup>.  
Byron

Capt. Cary

[1:3 blank.]

**Byron to John Hanson, from Prevesa, September 29th 1809:**

(Source: text from B.L.Egerton 2611 ff.149-51; BLJ I 225)

[J. Hanson Esq<sup>t</sup> / 6 Chancery Lane / Temple Bar / London / Great Britain / Byron // 29<sup>th</sup>: Sept: 1809 / Lord Byron]

Prevesa in Albania.  
Sep<sup>t</sup>. 29<sup>th</sup>. 1809

Sir,

I write merely on the old topic, to put you in mind in time to forward what remittances you can, through Hammersley to the same Bankers at Gibraltar, Malta, & Constantinople. – Address your own letters to the latter city to the care of Messrs Barbauld & Co. Bankers. – I am now in Greece where I shall travel some time, & so on to Constantinople. – I am going tomorrow to Yanina the court of

1:2

Ali Pacha the Turkish Governor of this country. – I was well received at Malta by the Governor &<sup>c</sup> who gave me a passage in a ship of war to this port. – We went from Cadiz to Gibraltar in a frigate, and thence to Sardinia, Sicily,<sup>23</sup> & Malta. – The Consul has gotten me a house here and when I have viewed the ruins of Nicopolis, I {shall} proceed to Ali Pacha up the interior. – The bay where we now lie was the scene of the famous battle of Actium. – I have seen Ithaca & touched in the Morea at Patras where I found the Greeks polite &

1:3

hospitable. – In a few weeks we shall be at Athens, cross the sea to Smyrna & thence to Constantinople is three days journey. – There I expect to hear from you, you are very remiss. Remember me to all your family, particularly to M<sup>rs</sup> Hanson, but do not expect to see me soon, I am now above three thousand miles from Chancery Lane. – <Abbov> Above all, remember the remittances, & tell M<sup>rs</sup> Byron you have heard from me, you have doubtless seen Murray & the boy. –

y<sup>rs</sup>. truly

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23: The word "Sicily" is cut through as if with a knife, but remains legible.

Byron

P.S.

You should write two or three letters, one may miscarry, two have a better chance.

[1:4 and 2:1 blank.]

**Catherine Gordon Byron to John Hanson, from Newstead Abbey, October 4th 1809:**

(Source: text from B.L.Egerton 2611 ff.183-4)

[John Hanson Esq<sup>r</sup>. / N<sup>o</sup> 6 Chancery Lane / London / single / if not there to be forwarded immediately // 4<sup>th</sup> Oct: 1809 / M<sup>rs</sup>. Byron]

Newstead Abbey 4<sup>th</sup> Octr  
1809

Dear Sir

I received yours, and have just had the pleasure of hearing from my Son from Gibraltar dated the 18<sup>th</sup> he {is} about to sail for Malta, he seems delighted with Spain and the Spanish Ladies. As to the farms it is my opinion & that of <xx> many others that the best way is to grant leases, but it is not <done> {done} in this county and the idea of granting leases is much disliked here, I have no objection to your sending down a Person to value this Estate I agree with you that it ought to be done. I again reject I never will deprive Lord Byron of the three thousand pounds that remains by sinking the principal in an annuity for my life, and the money is very much at his service on these conditions, that Mrs Byron the Miss Parkyns's & Mr Wyld are paid out of this money, and that I am to have good security for the

1:2

interest of the money I lend which I must receive myself from the Farmers, and also security for the Principal to be paid me back in case of my Sons death without Children (which God forbid) all expenses concerning this business he must pay, which the borrower always does, and I must also receive interest for the money from the day it is paid in Scotland otherwise I should lose about fifteen or twenty pounds by this transaction as they send me up bills, at forty fifty & sixty days date, Don't you think I ought to <renew> <rene> reserve five hundred pounds for myself? to purchase a Cottage or for any other purpose I may want. I hope the People that repaired this House, and Brothers of Nottingham who furnished it and also several tradesmen of that place will be paid before the Jews. As I before stated I have received twenty one pounds from Bowman, and twenty <thirty> {two} from Davy, which must be allowed them out of their rents, but in future I have no objection to receive the <rents> {interest} from you, M<sup>r</sup> Wylde has never received any interest

1:3

yet & <ther> there will be twenty pounds due to him in four months. As to what is wanted to be done at the Hut you are the best judge of that & I never will oppose any think that you think is for Lord Byrons advantage. I can assure you I keep a very strict <eye> {eye} over every thing here and the expenses of the Wild Beasts is not so much as I thought, Murray is in England & will soon be here & I am sure if he will be economical (which I am told he is) he can live on much less than could be allowed him for Board wages, a Servant that I left here for three weeks when I was at Southwell, only cost me two shillings during that time, had I given her board wages I could not have allowed her less than a Guinea. Chaworth is certainly mad; he abuses the Keeper on Lord Byrons own Manor, assaults & threatens the lives of the Tenants, breaks down <Fence> Fences, rides through fields of standing corn with his Hounds, his Foxes have nearly destroyed all the game on the Manor, in short his conduct is such that I neither can nor will bear it, and proper steps shall be taken to bring him to order.

1:4

I am much better D<sup>r</sup> Marsden of Nottingham has been of great service to me, I wish I could hear the same accounts of you with best of kindest wishes to you M<sup>rs</sup> Hanson & all your family I remain D<sup>r</sup> Sir

&c &c &c &c C G Byron

P.S. I go to the [ ]<sup>24</sup> meeting at Nottingham this day —————

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24: Looks like "gay".

Also on October 4th, Mrs Byron writes to her son, thanking for his of August 11th. She warns him ironically against Mediterranean women, and tells him to avoid the Turkish harems as well, unless by going to one he can marry a rich sultana. She gives him political news, and tells him about the Old Price Riots at Covent Garden. She complains about the misbehaviour of Chaworth, their neighbour. *English Bards* is in its third edition. Robert Rushton is back at Newstead and is flourishing.

From Hobhouse's diary, Tuesday October 31st 1809: Byron is writing a long poem in the Spenserian stanza ... **Byron starts *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage I*.**

**Byron to Catherine Gordon Byron, from Prevesa, November 12th 1809:**

(Source: text from Morgan Library, photocopy from microfilm; LJ I 246-57; QI 58-63; BLJ I 226-31)  
[The Hon<sup>ble</sup> / M<sup>ts</sup> Byron / Newstead Abbey / near Nottingham / England / Byron]

Prevesa. Nov<sup>r</sup>. 12th. 1809.

My dear Mother,

I have now been some time in Turkey: this place is on the coast but I have <been in> {traversed} the interior of the province of Albania on a visit to the Pasha. – I left Malta in the Spider a brig of war on the 21<sup>st</sup>. of Sept<sup>r</sup> & arrived in eight days at Prevesa. – I thence have been about 150 miles as far as Tepaleen his highness's country palace where I staid three days. – The name of the Pasha is Ali, & he is considered a man of the first abilities, he governs the whole of Albania (the ancient Illyricum) Epirus, & part of Macedonia, his Son Velly Pasha to whom he has given me letters governs the Morea & he has great influence in Egypt, in short he is one of the most powerful men in the Ottoman empire. –

1:2

When I reached Yanina the capital after a journey of three days over the mountains through a country of the most picturesque beauty, I found that Ali Pasha was with his army in Illyricum besieging Ibrahim Pasha in the castle of Berat. – He had heard that an Englishman of rank was in his dominions<sup>25</sup> & had left orders in Yanina with the Commandant to provide a house & supply me with every kind of necessary, gratis, & though I have been allowed to make presents to the slaves &<sup>c</sup>. I have not been permitted to pay for single article of household consumption. – I rode out on the viziers horses & saw the palaces of himself & grandsons, they are splendid but too much ornamented with silk & gold. –

1:3

I then went over the mountains through Zitza a village with a Greek monastery (where I slept on my return) in the most beautiful Situation (always excepting Cintra in Portugal) I ever beheld. – In nine days I reached Tepaleen, our Journey was much prolonged by the torrents that had fallen from the mountains & intersected the roads. I shall never forget the singular scene on entering Tepaleen at five in the afternoon as the Sun was going down, it brought to my recollection (with <the> {some} change of dress however) Scott's description of Branksome Castle in his lay, & the feudal system. – The Albanians in their dresses (the most magnificent in the world, consisting of a long white kilt, gold worked cloak, crimson velvet gold laced jacket & waistcoat, silver mounted pistols & daggers,) the Tartars with their high caps, the

1:4

Turks in their vast pelises & turbans, the soldiers & black slaves with the horses, {the former stretched} in groupes in an immense open gallery in front of the palace, {the latter placed} in a kind of cloister below it, <several> {two hundred}<sup>26</sup> steeds ready caparisoned to move in a moment, couriers entering or passing out with dispatches, the kettle drums beating, boys calling the hour from the minaret of the mosque, altogether, with the singular appearance of the building itself, formed a new &

<sup>25</sup>: When the Marquis of Sligo visited Veli Pasha the following year, and was mistaken for B., he found that Veli had been told that he was a nephew of George III.

<sup>26</sup>: "two hundred" steeds is a lot more than "several" steeds.

delightful spectacle to a stranger. – I was conducted to a very handsome apartment & my health enquired after by the vizier's secretary "a la mode de Turque." – The next day I was introduced to Ali Pasha, I was dressed in a full suit of Staff uniform with a very magnificent sabre &<sup>c</sup>. – –

2:1

2) The Vizier received me in a large room paved with marble, a fountain {was} playing in the centre, {the apartment was} surrounded by scarlet Ottomans, he received me standing, a wonderful compliment from a Mussulman, & made me sit down on his right hand. – I have a Greek interpreter for general use, but a Physician {of Ali's} named Seculario who <speaks &> understands Latin acted for me on this occasion. – His first question was why at so early an age I left my country? (the Turks have no idea of travelling for amusement) he then said the English Minister Cap<sup>t</sup> Leake had told him I was of a great family, & desired his respects to my mother, which I now in the name of Ali Pasha present to you. He said he was certain I was a man of birth because I had small ears, curling

2:2

hair, & little white hands, and expressed himself pleased with my appearance & garb. – He told me to consider <me> him as <his> {a} father whilst I was in Turkey, & said he looked on me as his son. – Indeed he treated me like a child, sending me almonds & sugared sherbet, fruit & sweetmeats 20 times a day. – He begged me to visit him often, and at night when he was more at leisure – I then after coffee & pipes retired for the first time. I saw him thrice afterwards. – It is singular that the Turks who have no hereditary dignities & few great families except the Sultan's pay so much respect to birth, for I found my pedigree more regarded than even my title. – His Highness is 60 years old, very fat & not tall, but with a fine face, light blue eyes

2:3

& a white beard, his manner is very kind & at the same time he possesses that dignity which I find universal amongst the Turks. – –

He has the appearance of any thing but his real character, for he is a remorseless tyrant, guilty of the most horrible cruelties, very brave & so good a general, {that} they call him the Mahometan Buonaparte. – Napoleon has twice offered to make him King of Epirus, but he prefers the English interest & abhors the French as he {himself} told me, he is of so much consequence that he is much courted by both, the Albanians being the most <unl> warlike subjects of the Sultan, though Ali is only nominally dependent on the Porte. He has been a mighty warrior, but is as barbarous as he is successful, roasting rebels &<sup>c</sup>. &<sup>c</sup>. –

Bonaparte sent him a snuffbox with his picture he

2:4

said the snuffbox was very well, but the picture he could excuse, as he neither liked it nor the original. – His ideas of judging of a man's birth from ears, hands &<sup>c</sup>. were curious enough. – To me he was <indedd> indeed a father, giving me letters, guards, & every possible accommodation. – Our next conversations were of war & travelling, politics & England. – He called my Albanian soldier who attends me, and told him to protect me at all hazards. – His name is Viscillie & like all the Albanians he is brave, rigidly honest, & faithful, but they are cruel though not <treach> treacherous, & have several vices, but no meannesses. – They are perhaps the most beautiful race in point of countenance in the world, their women are sometimes handsome also, but they are treated like slaves, beaten & in short complete beasts of burthen, they plough, dig & sow, I

3:1

3)

found them carrying wood & actually repairing the highways, the men are all soldiers, & war & the chase their sole occupations, the women are the labourers, which after all is no great hardship in so delightful a climate, yesterday the 11<sup>th</sup>. Nov. I bathed in the sea, today It is so hot that I am writing in a shady room of the English Consul's with three doors wide open no fire or even fireplace in the house except for culinary purposes. – The Albanians

<eleven lines crossed out: these words have been deciphered: "either the ... of the East ... page who ... loved an Albanian girl ... girl ... beautiful. Ali Pacha ... to ... from ... her lover ... her ...">

3:2

<erasure concludes>

Today I saw the remains of {the town of} Actium, {near} which Anthony lost the world in a small bay where two frigates could hardly manouvre, a broken wall is the sole remnant. – On another part of the gulph stand the ruins of Nicopolis built by Augustus in honour of his victory. – – – Last night I was at a Greek marriage, but this & 1000 things more I have neither time or space to describe. – I am going {tomorrow} with a guard of fifty men to Patras in the Morea, & thence to Athens where I shall winter. – Two days ago I was nearly lost in a Turkish ship of war owing to the ignorance of the captain & crew though the storm was not violent. – Fletcher

3:3

yelled after his wife, the Greeks called on all the Saints, the Mussulmen on Alla, the Captain burst into tears & ran below deck telling us to call on God, the sails were split, the mainyard shivered, the wind blowing fresh, the night setting in, & all our chance was {to make} Corfu which is in possession of the French, or (as Fletcher {pathetically} termed it) "a watery grave." – I did what I could to console Fletcher but finding him incorrigible wrapped myself up in my Albanian capote (an immense cloak) & lay down on deck to wait the worst, I have learnt to philosophize on my travels, & if I had not, complaint was useless. – Luckily the wind abated & only drove us on the coast of Suli {on the main land} where we landed & proceeded by the help of the natives to Prevesa again; but I shall not trust Turkish Sailors

3:4

in future, though the Pacha had ordered one of his own galleots to take me to Patras, I am therefore going as far as Missalunghi by land & there have only to cross a small gulph to get to Patras. – Fletcher's next epistle will be full of marvels, we were one night lost for nine hours in the mountains in a thunder storm, & since nearly wrecked, in both cases Fletcher was sorely bewildered, from apprehensions of famine & banditti in the first, & drowning in the second instance. – His eyes were a little hurt by the lightning or crying (I dont know which) but are now recovered. – When you write address to me at M<sup>r</sup>. Strané's English Consul, Patras, Morea. – – – I could tell you I know not how many incidents that I think would amuse you, but they crowd on my mind as much as would

4:1

4) swell my paper, & I can neither arrange them in the one, or put them down on the other, except in the greatest confusion & in my usual horrible hand. – I like the Albanians much, they are not all Turks, some tribes are Christians, but their religion makes little difference in their manner or conduct; they are esteemed the best troops in the Turkish service. – I lived on my route two days {at} once, & three days again in a Barrack at Salora, & never found soldiers so tolerable, though I have been in the garrisons of Gibraltar & Malta & seen Spanish, French, Sicilian & British troops in abundance, I have had nothing stolen, & was always welcome to their provision & milk. – Not a week ago, an Albanian chief (every village has its chief who is called Primate)

4:2

after helping us out of the Turkish Galley in her distress, feeding us & lodging my suite consisting of Fletcher, a Greek, Two Albanians, a Greek Priest and my companion M<sup>r</sup>. Hobhouse,<sup>27</sup> refused any compensation but a written paper stating that I was well received, & when I pressed him to accept a few sequins, "no, he replied, I wish you to love me, not to pay me." These were his words. – It is

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27: A rare reference to H., whose father had not been told where he was.

astonishing how far money goes in this country, while I was in the capital, I had nothing to pay by the vizier's order, but since, though I have generally had sixteen horses & generally 6 or 7 men, the expence has not been half as much as staying only 3 weeks in Malta, though Sir A. Ball

4:3

the governor gave me a house for nothing, & I had only one servant. – By the bye I expect Hanson to remit regularly, for I am not about to stay in this province for ever, let him write to {me at} M<sup>r</sup>. Strané's, English Consul, Patras. – – The fact is, the fertility of the plains are wonderful, & specie is scarce, which makes this remarkable cheapness. – – I am now going to Athens to study modern Greek which differs much from the ancient though radically similar. – I have no desire to return to England, nor shall I unless compelled by absolute want & Hanson's neglect, but I shall not enter Asia for a year or two as I have much to see in Greece & I may perhaps cross into Africa at least {the} Ægyptian part.

–

4:4

Fletcher like all Englishmen is very much dissatisfied, though a little reconciled to the Turks by a present of 80 piastres from the vizier, which if you consider every thing {& the value of specie here} is nearly worth ten guineas English. – He has suffered nothing but from cold, heat, & vermin which those who lie in cottages & cross mountains in a wild country must undergo, & of which I have equally partaken with himself, but he is not valiant,<sup>28</sup> & is afraid of robbers & tempests. – I have no one to be remembered to in England, & wish to hear nothing from it but that you are well, & a letter or two on business from Hanson, whom you may tell to write. – – I will write when I can, & beg you to believe me,

y<sup>r</sup> affec<sup>t</sup>. Son  
Byron

5:1 [*a folded scrap*]

P.S.

I have some very “magnifique” Albanian dresses the only expensive articles in this country they cost 50 guineas each & have so much gold they would cost in England two hundred. – I have been introduced to Hussein Bey, & Mahmout Pacha both little boys grandchildren of Ali at Yanina they are totally unlike our lads, have painted complexions like rouged dowagers, large black eyes & features perfectly regular. They are the prettiest little animals I ever saw, & [*Ms. tear*: “are broken”] into the court ceremonies a [*Ms. tear*: “Iready, the”] Turkish salute is a slight inclinati [*Ms. tear*: “on of the head”]<sup>29</sup> with the hand on the breast, intimates always kiss,

[*vertically on other side of fold:*]

Mahmout is ten years old & hopes to see me again, we are friends without understanding each other, like {many} other folks, though from a different cause; – he has given me a letter to his father in the Morea, to whom I have also letters from Ali Pacha. –

**Byron to John Hanson, from Prevesa, November 12th 1809:**

(Source: text from B.L.Egerton 2611; BLJ I 231-3)

[John Hanson Esq<sup>r</sup> / 6. Chancery Lane / near Temple Bar / London / Byron // 12<sup>th</sup>. Nov<sup>r</sup> 1809 / Lord Byron]

Prevesa. Nov<sup>r</sup>. 12<sup>th</sup>.  
1809

Sir,

I have just written to M<sup>rs</sup> Byron a long letter, she will inform you of all my late movements if they chance to interest you – I write to you pursuant to my intention at every possible convenient opportunity to inform you I am alive, & the reason I write frequently is that some letters probably may not reach their destination. I have been travelling in the interior on a visit to the Pacha who received

<sup>28</sup>: Shakespeare, *The Tempest*, III ii 23.

<sup>29</sup>: The missing words are written to the right, in B.'s hand.

me with great distinction but of this & other matters M<sup>rs</sup>. B. can inform you, I find Turkey better than Spain & Portugal

1:2

though I was not displeas'd with them. – I have been nearly wrecked in a Turkish vessel, the Captain gave all up for lost, but the wind changed & saved us. –

I have also been lost in the mountains a whole night in a thunder storm, & if these petty adventures afford you any amusement M<sup>rs</sup> B. (if she receives my letter) can give you a full detail. – I am going to pass a year in Greece before I enter Asia, if you write, address to me at **Mr. Strane's English Consul Patras, Morea.** – – I have no wish to return to England, nor

1:3

shall I do so unless compelled by necessity. – I am now going to Athens to study the modern Greek which differs from the ancient. Now for my affairs, – I have received not a single letter since I left England, – my copyholds I presume are sold, & my <aff> debts in some train, what surplus may be of Rochdale, I should wish to convert into annuities for my own life on good security & tolerable interest, <or> {or on} good mortgages, if nothing remains, sorry as I should be & much as I should regret it Newstead must go for the sake of justice to all parties, & the surplus be disposed of in like manner in annuities or mortgage. – I still wish to preserve it, though I never may see it again, I

1:4

never will revisit England if I can avoid it, it is possible I may be oblig'd to do so lest it should be said I left it to avoid the consequences of my Satire, but I will soon satisfy any doubts on that head if necessary & quit it again, for it is no country for me. – Why I say this is best known to myself, you recollect my impatience to leave it, you also know by what I then & still write that it was not to defraud my creditors, I believe you know me well enough to think no motive of personal fear of any kind would induce me to such a measure; it certainly was none of these considerations, but I never will live

2:1

in England if I can avoid {it,} why must remain a secret, but the farther I proceed the less I regret quitting it. The country I am now in is extremely cheap from the scarcity of specie & great fertility of the lands in the plains. – I expect to hear from you, & as I have already told you to have fresh remittances as there must be funds long ere now, I also expect some account of my affairs & wish to know what you think Newstead & Rochdale would fetch at a fair price, and what <sum> income would accrue from the produce if laid out in the purchase of annuities for my life, or good mortgages. – I beg to be remembered to M<sup>rs</sup>. H. & the family

& remain y<sup>r</sup>. obed<sup>t</sup>. &<sup>c</sup>.

Byron

[2:2 and 2:3 blank.]

**Byron to John Hanson, from Patras, November 24th 1809:**

(Source: text from B.L.Egerton 2611 ff.159-61; BLJ I 233-4)

[John Hanson Esq<sup>r</sup>. / No. 6. / Chancery Lane / Temple Bar / London / England // 24 Nov<sup>r</sup> 1809 / Lord Byron]

Patras. Nov<sup>r</sup>. 24<sup>th</sup>. 1809

Sir,

You will probably receive more letters from me than you expect or wish, but I seize the opportunity of every seaport to acquaint you with my movements. – I have written to you from Prevesa, & if you have not received that letter before this, you will soon have it as will M<sup>rs</sup>. Byron one from the same place. – I have only one subject to write upon, which is the old one of remittances, if none have been already made I expect some to be forwarded immediately, – The sale of the copyholds

& the remainder of the 6000£ must have furnished a tolerable floating sum, for my purpose, till the Lancashire business can be arranged & sold, & if that is

1:2

insufficient, much as I regret it, Newstead must follow the rest, & the produce be laid out either in mortgage or well secured annuities for my own life. – This would secure me after all is paid a good income for my own life at least, but I should be loath to have recourse to such an expedient, however, time must determine that point. – I have no intention or wish to return to your country & necessity alone will compel me to do it. – M<sup>rs</sup>. B. can acquaint you with my movements if my last letter has reached her. – If not I will just state I have been travelling in Turkey through Epirus, Albania, Acarnania, Ætolia, & am now in the Morea, on my way to Athens, where I shall winter. –

1:3

I have been on a visit to the Pacha who gave me a guard of forty men through the dangerous defiles of the mountains; I was driven ashore by a gale in a Turkish vessel on the coast of Suli, & proceeded by land after crossing the Ambracian Gulph to Missologia, & by sea to Patras, whence I now write. – Address to me at Mr. Strané's British Consul, Patras, Morea. – I hope to hear of you through my Bankers at Constantinople or at least from Hammersley. – I trust your family prosper, & believe me their well wisher. – I shall expect to hear of marriages, & grandchildren. – I wish you would order the rents of Newstead to be raised, or at least regularly paid. –

1:4

However I dont wish to oppress the rascals, but I must live “as the saying is”. – Pray get rid of Rochdale as soon as possible, & do not think of my return except from mere necessity, I dislike England, & the farther I go the less regret leaving it. –

I remain y<sup>r</sup>.  
obed<sup>t</sup>. Ser<sup>t</sup>.  
Byron

[2:1 blank.]

**December 30th 1809: Byron finishes drafting *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage I*, starts *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage II*.**

**1810: Byron is in Athens with Hobhouse until March 5th, when they travel to Smyrna [Izmir]. At Ephesus on March 13th. Byron finishes *Childe Harold II*, March 28th. On April 11th, Byron leaves for Constantinople [Istanbul]. Byron swims the Hellespont, May 3rd. At Constantinople, May 13th–July 14th. Arrives back in Athens (without Hobhouse), July 18th. On July 21st, goes to the Morea. In August, is back in Athens, staying at the Capuchin monastery. Very friendly with the boy scholars there. In September, to the Morea again. In October, returns to Athens. Visits Sunium again in December.**

**1810: third edition of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* published.**

**Thomas Moore to Byron, from 22 Molesworth Street, Dublin, January 1st 1810:**

(Sourec: Ms. not found; text from Moore's Life)

**Moore does not know that Byron is out of the country.**

Dublin, January 1. 1810.

My Lord,

Having just seen the name of 'Lord Byron' prefixed to a work entitled 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' in which, as it appears to me, the lie is given to a public statement of mine, respecting an affair with Mr. Jeffrey some years since,<sup>30</sup> I beg you will have the goodness to inform me whether I may consider your Lordship as the author of this publication.

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**30:** See EBSR, 490 et seq.



I shall not, I fear, be able to return to London for a week or two; but, in the mean time, I trust your Lordship will not deny me the satisfaction of knowing whether you avow the insult contained in the passages alluded to.

It is needless to suggest to your Lordship the propriety of keeping our correspondence secret.

I have the honour to be

Your Lordship's very humble servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

22. Molesworth Street.

**George Foresti<sup>31</sup> to Hudson Lowe, January 5th 1810:<sup>32</sup>**

(Source of text: B.L.Add.Mss. 20183 ff.3-4; my thanks to Valeria Vallucci)

**Evidence of the positive effect Byron's visit to Ali Pacha had on Anglo-Albanian relations.**

Colonel Lowe &c &c &c

Premeti January 5. 1810

My dear Sir

I cannot allow to pass a Courier going from this Place to Joannina, without acknowledging the Honour of your Letter received by Aly Pacha's Tartar, & assuring you, at the sametime, how very sensible & grateful I am, for the kindness with which you have expressed your Feelings upon Aly Pacha's extraordinary Proposition,<sup>33</sup> which I confess has surprised Me exceedingly, & would have mortified me still more, if It had not given Me the occasion to receive from you & from General Oswald, Marks of your Regard & Interest that you take in my welfare, far beyond what I can ever hope to deserve, & exceeding my own most flattering Expectations It is impossible not to believe that he must have had some personal & forcible Motive for making this Proposition, and as I can hardly suspect it to have {been} the Effect of his recent Visitors<sup>34</sup> – I conclude that Mr. Canning must have made some strong Remonstrance to His High<sup>s</sup>. Agent at Constantinople, upon M<sup>r</sup>. Manthos' late Mission to Zante, of which I felt it my Duty to Him as well of the Nature & subject of It as of the Extent of M<sup>r</sup>. Manthos' Commission and the Reasons which occasioned his not going any farther than Zante – I told him, at the sametime, that It had been done without any previous Communication of It to me & in direct Contradiction to my Representations respecting the Channel through which His H.<sup>s</sup> should send his Addresses & Applications to the British Gov<sup>t</sup> and Military & Naval Comm.<sup>ts</sup>, – or It was done as an Artifice which I will defer explaining to you till I shall have the Pleasure of seeing You, which I trust will not be Many Days. Whatever May have been his Motive, few Days will now disclose to me the whole at least I hope so.

I enclose to you a packet for General Oswald, which as it relates to myself personally I cannot take the Liberty of saying more than that I should be happy if you should have an early opportunity of sending It to Him –

The reports of the precipitate retreat of the Russians are now verified for I have ascertained that many forts abandoned by them, have been reoccupied by the Turks – Prince Kurakins has left Varis & M. D'Italinsky the last Russian Ambassador at the Porte has been sent from Petersburg upon a Mission to Bucharest.

I hope, my dear Sir, you will favour me with all the News you receive that I may have something acceptable for his unacceptable Highness – By the Bey your Letter about the Privateer must have given more Insight of British Justice & British way of transacting Business than he has probably ever had before –

Wishing You every Happiness

I remain –

My dear Sir

Your most faithful

& affectionate Servant

George Foresti –

**31:** George Foresti is son to Spiridion Foresti, sometime English Consul on Corfu; it was at Spiridion's suggestion that B. and H. visited Ali Pacha at Tepellene in October 1809.

**32:** I am grateful to Valeria Vallucci for bringing this letter to my attention.

**33:** Santa Maura has not yet fallen to the English. Ali has offered to help them capture it, and perhaps made suggestions as to how Corfu might be taken.

**34:** B. and H., who had, encouraged by Foresti and his father Spridion, visited Ali Pacha at Tepellene in October 1810.

**Catherine Gordon Byron to John Hanson, from Newstead Abbey, February 3rd 1810:**

(Source: text from B.L.Egerton 2611 f.162)

[John Hanson Esq<sup>r</sup>. / N<sup>o</sup> 6 Chancery Lane / London / If M<sup>r</sup> Hanson is not in town this letter is to be opened by M<sup>r</sup> Birch // 3<sup>d</sup> Feb<sup>y</sup> 1810 / M<sup>rs</sup>. Byron]Newstead Abbey 3<sup>d</sup> Feb<sup>y</sup>.  
1810

Dear Sir

The inclosed was brought here this day by two Bailiffs, Brothers is the Upholsterer that furnished the Abbey, I much fear there will be more of this sort of proceedings from others. I do not know what I am to do unless sending the Paper to you, as you will know what it means and how to act. I think it is time the Estate was valued. I remain

Sir  
&c &c &c C G Byron

P.S. M<sup>rs</sup> Byron begs of M<sup>r</sup> Birch if M<sup>r</sup> Hanson is not in Town, to attend to this business himself and to do what is necessary.

[One sheet only.]

**Catherine Gordon Byron to John Hanson, from Newstead Abbey, February 5th 1810:**

(Source: text from B.L.Egerton 2611 ff.163-4)

Newstead Abbey 5<sup>th</sup> Feby  
1810

Dear Sir

I forgot to mention in my last that the two Bailiffs that brought the paper here that I sent to you on the third, stuck up another on the outside of the great Hall Door exactly the same, May I take it off? I dare not do it without advise, but it is extremely disagreeable to me as you may suppose.

What am I to do in case

1:2

{of an} execution in the House, concerning my own property, as I have a good deal here, Plate, linen, Wardrobe, and some furniture from my {late} House at Southwell &c &c &c I would not answer for what may happen from others that Byron is in debt to, as you may be sure this business is known and will doubtless be the talk of the country

I remain  
Sir  
&c &c &c  
C G Byron

**Catherine Gordon Byron to John Hanson, from Newstead Abbey, February 10th 1810:**

(Source: text from B.L.Egerton 2611 ff.165-6)

[John Hanson Esq<sup>r</sup>. / N<sup>o</sup> 6 Chancery Lane / London / to be put to the Post Office // 10<sup>th</sup>. Feb<sup>y</sup>. 1810 / M<sup>rs</sup>. Byron]Newstead Abbey 10<sup>th</sup> Feb<sup>y</sup>  
1810

Dear Sir

I make no doubt but Brothers bill will not at all bear inspection as he would not send it to you, I have it not nor did I ever see it, and I am greatly surprised that the amount should be two thousand one hundred pounds, which it is as the summons is for sixteen hundred pounds, I think you ought to see that there is no imposition, Lord Byron had great part of his furniture from Cambridge, & Bennet of Nottingham furnished a great many things in this House, and I really dont see that Brothers bill can fairly amount to so much money, I hear also that he is very poor. I shall have no objection to let Byron have my money if I can do it with any degree of safety to myself.

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Byron lent Lady <Falkherd> {Falkland} five hundred pounds and I dont see as she has got a pension of five hundred pounds a year, why she should not now repay the money. English Bards is now in the second edition, and will be in the third next month and when <xxx> {the <that> third} is sold, that Book will have fetched seven hundred & fifty pound, tho' that will not be clear but the Bookseller will and ought to have a good deal of money to give you. I have not heard from my Son since he was at Malta, but his servant wrote to his Wife after they had arrived in Turkey. Let me know before the Person comes to survey the Estate, & also <before> before you come yourself, I was much better <be> but am now ill again as all this trouble does me no good, I shall do as you desire concerning the business I remain D<sup>r</sup> Sir &c &c &c C G Byron

[1:3 blank.]

**On February 4th and 9th and March 9th Mrs Byron composes another letter to Byron. She tells him of Napoleon's repudiation of Josephine, and that the Covent Garden riots are over. Walcheren has been evacuated. *English Bards* is now in its second edition, with its postscript suppressed. Brougham has been returned for Camelford. It is to this letter than we owe our understanding that Hobhouse left England without telling his father where he was going. In her next section she says that *English Bards* is at its third printing: her pride in her son's poetic achievement is clear. In her last section she expresses worry at the absence of any news of Byron; she asks him to tell Fletcher that his family are well, but also worried.**

**Byron to John Hanson, from Athens, March 3rd 1810:**

(Source: text from B.L.Egerton 2611 ff.171-2; BLJ I 234)

[J<sup>n</sup>. Hanson Esq<sup>r</sup> / 6 Chancery Lane / near Temple Bar / London / Great Britain / Byron // 38 Shiptres & Albion Smyria<sup>35</sup> // March 3<sup>d</sup>. 1810 / Lord Byron]

Athens. – March 3<sup>d</sup>. 1810

Sir,

I have written often, – in vain, – {neither} letters nor (what is of more importance) further remittances have arrived. – I have no redress but to write again, & again, a merry task to one, who hates writing as I do. – Letters to Malta or Constantinople if addressed to my Bankers will be forwarded to me, wherever I am. – Remittances ought to have come long ago from my {Norfolk} copyholds; <x>from the money raised before I left England, {from Newstead,} or from my Lancashire Sale, – but I say no more, – for it is useless, – I shall however remember your kindness, in hopes one day to repay it, if I am obliged to visit your country once more, which I <hope> {trust} to avoid for some time. –

y<sup>r</sup>. very obed<sup>t</sup>. Ser<sup>t</sup>.  
Byron

P.S.

If you write, address to Malta, or Messrs Barbaud Bankers Constantinople as above. –

[1:2 and 1:3 blank.]

**Byron to Catherine Gordon Byron, from Smyrna, March 19th 1810:**

(Source: text from Morgan Library, photocopy from microfilm; LJ I 257-9; BLJ I 234-5)

[The Hon<sup>ble</sup> M<sup>rs</sup> Byron / Newstead Abbey / Nottingham / England / Byron]

Smyrna. March 19<sup>th</sup>. 1810

Dear Mother,

I cannot write you a long letter; but as I know you will not be sorry to receive any intelligence of my movements, pray accept what I can give. – I have traversed the greatest part of Greece {besides Epirus {{&<sup>c</sup>.}} <& (Etolia)} &<sup>c</sup>. <and> resided ten weeks at Athens, and am now on the Asiatic side on my way to Constantinople. – I have just returned from viewing the ruins of Ephesus a day's journey from Smyrna. – I presume you have received a long letter I wrote from Albania with an account of my reception by the Pashaw of the Province. – When I arrive at Constantinople I shall determine whether to proceed into Persia, or return, which latter I do not wish if I can avoid it. – But I have no intelligence from {M<sup>r</sup>.} Hanson, and but one

1:2

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35: The strange “38 Shiptres & Albion Smyria” seems a redirection for the letter. “Smyria” is not “Smyrna”.

letter from yourself. – I shall stand in need of remittances whether I proceed or return. I have written to him repeatedly that he may not plead ignorance of my situation for neglect. – I can give you no account of any thing for I have not time or opportunity, the frigate sailing immediately. – Indeed the further I go the more my laziness increases, and my aversion to letter writing becomes more confirmed. I have written to no one but to yourself and M<sup>r</sup>. Hanson, and these are communications of business and duty rather than of Inclination. – Fletcher is very much disgusted with his fatigues, though he has undergone nothing that I have not shared, & he is a poor creature; indeed English servants are detestable travellers. – I have, besides him, two Albanian soldiers and a Greek interpreter;

1:3

all excellent in their way. – Greece, particularly in the vicinity of Athens, is delightful, cloudless skies and lovely landscapes. – But I must reserve all account of my adventures till we meet. I keep no journal, but my friend Hobhouse scribbles incessantly. – Pray take care of Murray and Robert, and tell the boy it is the most fortunate thing for him that he did not accompany me to Turkey Consider this as merely a notice of my safety, and believe me

yours, &<sup>c</sup>. &<sup>c</sup>  
Byron

P.S. – If you address to Malta, your letters will be forwarded. –

**Ali Pacha to William Martin Leake, March 27th 1810:**

(Source: translated and in part annotated by Nora Liasis from F. H. Marshall, “Four Letters of Ali Pasha to William Martin Leake” in *Byzantinischer-Neugriechische Jahrbucher* 9 1932-3. Paragraphs introduced.)

**Ali’s letter, part threat, part appeal, shows the perpetual insecurity in which he lived, and the political reality which, unknown as it seems to Byron and Hobhouse, lay beneath his friendly welcome in October 1809.**

[no address]

My administration can get very upset because of your inefficiencies<sup>36</sup> and that of the nearby enemies. It could at the end get upset enough against its will to submit to the wishes of France and inevitably have to disrupt the friendship between it<sup>37</sup> and Britain. This is a conclusion of my own on the side. When this happens – and France out of a sense of honour would want to dominate its ally, my administration – if this happens as a result there will be a cooling off of relations between this administration and the Russians. Accordingly then nothing else is a feasible alternative except the alliance with Britain. And I am always without doubt that in such a treaty there must be one article relinquishing the islands to this administration’s authority. This handing over would benefit the Russians very much for their own purposes and the British Crown would perhaps concur for her increased revenues. If this<sup>38</sup> follows it would be disastrous for me and my whole situation<sup>39</sup> because it is known to you that most of my territory is inhabited by Romaioi who since the past ages of their residence here have been manoeuvred against me, dragging under their influence all the klephtes and the bad people,<sup>40</sup> using them as objects of insurgence. This and many other causes resulted in so many infamies<sup>41</sup> between us and often in those many instances when they used the mediation of the English. They, though, were always inexorable so much is their hatred towards me. Therefore, there is no doubt that where these people

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**36:** That is, the English generally. Ali is angry that the coveted Santa Maura is now (as from March 22nd 1810) in English hands too.

**37:** That is, Ali’s “administration.”

**38:** That is, his French “alliance.”

**39:** Ali’s clever distancing of the personal relationship by the shift to “administration” at the start, and in the threatening tone, is not sustained as he slips back to the personal. The length of the letter impresses on us his close emotional tie to Leake (which he cannot establish with Foresti – who is, however, Greek) and secondly his fear and concern for escape routes at a time, during Byron’s months in Albania, when we are led to believe that Ali was at the height of his power. Of course it could be a pose, but it seems too long-winded to be only that.

**40:** Ali’s reference to the opposition is confusing – in some cases it’s certainly the French, otherwise Pashas of the area (see for example BLJ I 226 for B.’s description of his wars in Berat); not the Porte, though, at this stage.

**41:** Or “scandals”, “reproaches.”

come close to these parts their first concern would be my destruction. Let us say that such a conclusion of mine cannot be realized.

Your lordship, from the daily observations that you have made during your stay here and from my own explanations on all my affairs, you have understood sufficiently that my attachment to your race has attracted all the hatred of the enemies against me in such a way that I would be unable to be certain perhaps that amongst them are not some of my own people.

Now if I boast that I can resist successfully any eventuality, it is obvious that I would be lying, because everybody knows that my own situation cannot stand against and be compared with the strength and force of the opposition. My boasting, though in protection of your race and the basis of my hopes on the words and the promises that you gave me on behalf of the British Crown right from our very first encounter, made me take a stand against everything with the devotion of my whole being – and so too many hundreds and thousands of souls that are dependent on my word – in the protection of Britain. I myself in all my insignificance have reached the conclusion that a correct forecast and help on your part according to the level of my needs and to the circumstances could make me useful to your interests and to the situation in which I find myself.

Of course you do not forget that I have explained to you the reasons that forced me to act against the will of my superiors and capture certain places in my area that were very necessary for the increase of my power and my security, strategies different from those who had those two places under their command. My strategy on the matter of Ayia Mavra and Parga is the main means of guaranteeing the safety of my rule in these parts, my peace and freedom from any possible suspicions, and above all ensures in all ways our own communication. Your kindness to the initiative that I have taken towards this problem reassured my hopes and me personally. Because I have no doubts on anything on which you have given me your word, I cannot doubt this one either. With the exception of some of those appointed in certain official positions. Until now I had not noticed such a point because of what you and I were able to speak on and agree together. Particularly, until this moment, I still have not been able to achieve such a personal understanding with Mr Foresti.<sup>42</sup>

I hope you from your part feel that you have had a satisfactory enough briefing in everything, and this is what saddens me most about your transfer far away from me,<sup>43</sup> that you comforted my worries and gave every instruction for my actions in these circumstances that look so tight and troublesome for me. I, my treasured friend, did not keep to my soul anything secret without entrusting it to your

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**42:** Spiridion Foresti (17??-1822) is now, to Ali's annoyance, once again English Consul for the Ionians. Between September 3rd and 16th 1809 he and his son George had cultivated the company of B. and H. at Malta, and persuaded them to visit Ali at Tepellene, as a "sweetener" for the English occupation of the Islands. It is not clear that B. or H. knew how they had been manipulated.

Foresti had been in constant contact with Ali since at least late 1808. In a letter of November 21st / December 3rd, received by Foresti in February, Ali reports the death of Sultan Mustapha, and the massacre of Mustafa Bairactar and his party in Constantinople. He confesses his admiration for the English, his determination at such an uncertain time to place himself under their protection, and, as if by way of afterthought, asks for the secession of Santa Maura and Parga to himself in perpetuity:

I pointed out, through Said Acmet Effendi, All that would be requisite to be afforded to me towards enabling me to secure my Authority and to promote the Interests of your Nation in these Parts – I proposed first that a written Instrument should be sent to me stating that whatever may be the Result of the Negotiations between England and my Nation, I should always receive the Protection and Support of your Government – secondly that I should be provided with Money, Artillery and Ammunition – Thirdly that as the Island of *Santa Maura* is like a Peninsula to the Territories under my Authority It should, with *Parga*, be given up to me and remain always mine as well in time of Peace as of War with my Nation. On my part I proposed to give an obligatory Document binding myself with all my Family and Fortune to be united with the Cause of England whether in Peace or War. These arrangements were to remain always in strict Secrecy.

Foresti had already written to Ali in a friendly but guarded way on January 24th 1809, and on February 20th – news of Adair's Peace of the Dardanelles having arrived in the meantime – was able to report triumphantly the departure of the French Consul Pouqueville (rival of Leake and, later, of H.) from Joannina to Corfu. On February 9th / 21st Ali, expressing great delight in the company of Captain Brisbane, of the Adriatic squadron, requests 40 or 50 cannon, two mortars, and 500 casks of powder "for the defence of these castles". On September 14th Foresti writes to Canning (George, not Stratford) saying that the inhabitants of Zante and "Ceffalonia" are ready to rise against their French oppressors. On September 22nd he writes to Canning again, reporting the receipt by Ball of Collingwood's invasion orders, and expressing happiness at being able to accompany and advise the expedition. On October 17th he reports the expedition's success in detail (Public Record Office Foreign Office 42 / 11).

**43:** Leake was replaced by George Foresti as English Consul at Joannina in May 1810, eight months after the visit of B. and H.

wisdom and I dedicated myself to your clear conscience. In particular I remind you, for your full information, that it is impossible for me to be separated from your race until my dying moment. And I then proposed that you must have ready near me ships where I could take refuge with all my family, when there was no hope left for me in these parts. Well, knowing that this is my final decision you should rally yourself to the immediate need now and make sure of your quickest possible return close by me with all the necessary proposals according to what we have agreed and what you have promised, and with the assurance that these two acquisitions are now under my command for the safety of myself and all the rest of my territories from every danger.

Please do not leave me for too long in this anxiety. Do your best with all possible means to put everything in practice, and arrive here the soonest because there might be a time when you will be limited to give me this or any other help, or then such help could be useless both for your interests and for myself.

I have given you this long explanation because my apprehension and the circumstances are pressing me. Your lordship, use your wisdom in a way that would be most beneficial. I do not know of anything else to write to you. This is all that I can tell you and I have no patience until I see you close by me.

1810 March 27<sup>th</sup>  
[no signature]

**March 28th 1810: Byron finishes drafting *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage II*.**

**Byron to Catherine Gordon Byron, from Smyrna, April 10th 1810:**

(Source: text from Morgan Library, photocopy from microfilm; LJ I 259-61; BLJ I 235)

Smyrna. April 10<sup>th</sup>.  
1810

Dear Mother,

Tomorrow, or this evening I sail for Constantinople in the Salsette 36 gun frigate, she returns to England with our Ambassador whom she is going up on purpose to receive. – I have written to you short letters from Athens, Smyrna, & a long one from Albania. I have not yet mustered courage for a second large epistle, and you must not be angry, since I take all opportunities of apprising you of my safety, but even that is an effort, writing is so irksome. – I have been traversing Greece, and Epirus, Illyria &<sup>c</sup>. &<sup>c</sup>. and you see by my date have got into Asia, I have made but one excursion lately, to the Ruins of Ephesus. – Malta is

1:2

the rendezvous of my letters, so address to that Island. – M<sup>f</sup>. Hanson has not written, though I wished to hear of the Norfolk sale, the Lancashire Lawsuit, &<sup>c</sup>. &<sup>c</sup>: – I am anxiously expecting fresh remittances. I believe you will like Nottinghamshire, at least my share of it. – Pray accept my good wishes in lieu of a long letter and believe me

yours sincerely  
& affectionately  
Byron

The Hon<sup>ble</sup>  
M<sup>rs</sup>. Byron  
Newstead Abbey  
Nottinghamshire

**Byron to John Hanson, from Smyrna, April 10th 1810:**

(Source: text from B.L.Egerton 2611 ff.173-4; BLJ I 236)

[J<sup>n</sup>. Hanson Esq<sup>r</sup> / 6. Chancery Lane / n<sup>r</sup>. Temple Bar / London / Byron // 10<sup>th</sup>. April 1810 / Lord Byron]

Smyrna. April 10<sup>th</sup>. 1810

Sir,

It has been my custom to write to you from every seaport on my arrival & previous to my departure, & though (Notwithstanding my repeated requests since the moment I arrived at Lisbon to the present day no answer has been returned) I shall still remind you of my existence. – I

have always told you to address to me at Malta whence any letters will be forwarded to me by my correspondents in that Island. – Tomorrow or tonight I sail for Constantinople in the Salsette frigate, which is to return to England with M<sup>r</sup>. Adair our Ambassador at the Porte. – I have the honour to be  
 &<sup>c</sup>. &<sup>c</sup>. your obed<sup>t</sup>. Ser<sup>t</sup>.  
Byron

P.S. I request to be remembered to M<sup>rs</sup>. Hanson & those of the family who favour me with their recollection. I shall always be happy to hear of their welfare. –

[1:2 and 1:3 blank.]

**Byron to Catherine Gordon Byron, Dardanelles, April 17th 1810:**

(Source: text from Morgan Library, photocopy from microfilm; LJ I 262; BLJ I 236)

Salsette Frigate off the Dardanelles  
 April 17<sup>th</sup>. 1810

Dear Madam,

I write at anchor (on our way to Constantinople) off the Troad which I traversed two days ago, all the<t> remains of Troy are the tombs of her destroyers, amongst which I see that of Antilochus from my cabin window. – These are huge mounds of earth like the barrows of the Danes in your Island, the marble and granite have long perished. – There are several monuments about 12 miles <off> {distant} of the Alexandrian Troas which I also examined, but by no means to be compared with the remnants of Athens & Ephesus. –

This will be sent in a ship of war bound with dispatches for Malta; in a few days we shall be at Constantinople, barring accidents, I have also written from Smyrna, & shall from time to time transmit short accounts

1:2

of my movements, but I feel totally unequal to long letters. – Believe me

yours very sincerely  
Byron

The Hon<sup>ble</sup>  
 M<sup>rs</sup> Byron  
 Newstead Abbey

P.S. – No accounts from Hanson!!! – Do not complain of short letters, I write to nobody but yourself, and M<sup>r</sup>. H.

**Byron to Henry Drury, from the Salsette, off the Dardanelles, May 3rd 1810:**

(Source: text from Wren Library R2 40<sup>a</sup>, Trinity College Cambridge; LJ I 262-9; QI 63-7; BLJ I 237-40)

Salsette frigate. May 3<sup>d</sup>. 1810  
 in the Dardanelles off Abydos.

My dear Drury, – When I left England nearly a year ago you requested me to write to you. – I will do so. – I have crossed Portugal, traversed the South of Spain, visited Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, and thence passed into Turkey where I am still wandering. – I first landed in Albania the ancient Epirus where we penetrated as far as Mount Tomerit, excellently treated by the Chief Ali Pacha, and after journeying through Illyria, Chaonia, {&ctr,} crossed the Gulph of Actium with a guard of 50 Albanians and passed the Achelous in our route through Acarnania and Ætolia. – We stopped a short time in the Morea, crossed the gulph of Lepanto <(i e Corinth)> and landed at the foot of Parnassus, saw all that Delphi retains and so on to Thebes and Athens at which last we remained ten weeks. – His majesty's ship Pylades brought us to Smyrna but not before we had topographised Attica including of course Marathon, and the Sunian Promontory. – From Smyrna to the Troad which we visited when at anchor for a fortnight off the Tomb of

1:2

Antilochus, was our next stage, and now we are in the Dardanelles waiting for a wind to proceed to Constantinople. – This morning I swam from Sestos to Abydos, the immediate distance is not above a mile but the current renders it hazardous, so much so, that I doubt whether Leander's conjugal powers must not have been exhausted in his passage to Paradise. – I attempted it a week ago and failed owing to the North wind and the wonderful rapidity of the tide, though I have been from my childhood a strong swimmer, but this morning being calmer I succeeded and crossed the "broad Hellespont" in an hour and ten minutes. – Well, my dear Sir, I have left my home, and seen part of Africa & Asia and a tolerable portion of Europe. – I have been with Generals, and Admirals, Princes and Pachas, Governors and Ungovernables, but I have not time or paper to expatiate. – I wish to let you know that I live with a friendly remembrance of you and a hope to meet you again,

1:3

and if I do this as shortly as possible, attribute it to any – thing but forgetfulness. – Greece ancient and modern you know too well to require description. Albania indeed I have seen more of than any Englishman (but a M<sup>r</sup>. Leake) for it is a country rarely visited from the savage character of the natives, though abounding in more natural beauties than the <more> classical regions {of Greece,} which however are still eminently beautiful, particularly <about> Delphi, and Cape Colonna in Attica. – Yet these are nothing to parts of Illyria, and Epirus, where places without a name, and rivers not laid down in maps, may one day when more known be justly esteemed superior subjects for the pencil, and the pen, than the dry ditch of the Ilissus, and the bogs of Bœotia. – The Troad is a fine field for conjecture and Snipe=shooting, and a good sportsman and an ingenious scholar may exercise their feet and faculties to great advantage upon the spot, or if they prefer riding lose their way {(as I did)} in a cursed quagmire of the Scamander who wriggles about as if the

1:4

Dardan virgins still offered their wonted tribute. The only vestige of Troy, or her destroyers, are the barrows supposed to contain the carcasses of Achilles Antilochus, Ajax &<sup>c</sup>. but M<sup>r</sup>. Ida is still in high feather, though the Shepherds are nowadays not much like Ganymede. – But why should I say more of these things? are they not written in the Boke of Gell? and has not Hobby got a journal? I keep none as I have renounced scribbling. – I see not much difference between ourselves & the Turks, save that we have foreskins and they none, that they have long dresses and we short, and that we talk much and they little. – In England the vices in fashion are whoring & drinking, in Turkey, Sodomy & smoking, we prefer a girl and a bottle, they a pipe and pathic. – They are sensible people, Ali Pacha told me he was sure I was a man of rank because I had small ears and hands and curling hair.<sup>44</sup> – By the bye, I speak the<ir> Romaic or Modern Greek tolerably, it does not differ from the ancient dialects so much as you

2:1

2) would conceive, but the pronunciation is diametrically opposite, of verse except in rhyme they have no idea. – I like the Greeks, who are plausible rascals, with all the Turkish vices without their courage. – However some are brave and all are beautiful, very much resembling the busts of Alcibiades, the women not quite so handsome. – I can swear in Turkish, but except one horrible oath, and "pimp" and "bread" and "water" I have got no great vocabulary in that language. – They are extremely polite to strangers of any rank properly protected, and as I have got 2 servants and two soldiers we get on with great eclât. We have been occasionally in danger of thieves & once of shipwreck but always escaped. – At Malta I fell in love with a married woman and challenged an aid du camp of Gen<sup>l</sup>. Oakes (a rude fellow who grinned at something, I never rightly knew what,) but he explained and apologised, and the lady embarked for Cadiz, & so I escaped murder and adultery. – Of Spain I sent some account to our Hodgson, but I have subsequently written to no one save

2:2

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**44:** Compare B.'s prose note to *Don Juan* V st.106: There is perhaps nothing more distinctive of birth than the hand – it is almost the only sign of blood which Aristocracy can generate. – I remember a Pacha's remarking that he knew that a certain Englishman was *nobly born* – because "he had *small ears* – *small hands*, & *curling silky hair*. –



notes to relations and lawyers to keep them out of my premises. – I mean to give up all connection on my return with many of my best friends as I supposed them, and to snarl all my life, but I hope to have one good humoured laugh with you, and to embrace Dwyer and pledge Hodgson, before I commence Cynicism. – Tell D<sup>f</sup>. Butler I am now writing with the gold pen he gave me before I left England, which is the reason my scrawl is more unentelligible than usual. – I have been at Athens and seen plenty of those reeds for scribbling, some of which he refused to bestow upon me because topographer Gell had brought them from Attica. – –

But I will not describe, no, you must be satisfied with simple detail till my return, and then we will unfold the floodgates of Colloquy. – I am in a 36 gun frigate going up to fetch Bob Adair from Constantinople, who will have the honour to carry this letter. – And so Hobby's boke is out, with some sentimental singsong of mine own to fill up, and how

2:3

does it take? eh! and where the devil is the 2<sup>d</sup> Edition of my Satire with additions? and my name on the title page? and more lines tagged to the end with a new exordium and what not, hot from my anvil before I cleared the Channel? – The Mediterranean and the Atlantic roll between me and Criticism, and the thunders of the Hyberborean Review are deafened by the roan of the Hellespont. – Remember me to Claridge if not translated to College, and present to Hodgson assurances of my high consideration. – Now, you will ask, what shall I do next? and I answer I do not know, I may return in a few months, but I have intents and projects after visiting Constantinople, Hobhouse however will probably be back in September. – On the 2<sup>d</sup>. of July we have left Albion one year, “oblitus meorum, obliviscendus et illis,” I was sick of my own country, and not much prepossessed in favour of any other, but I drag on “my chain” without “lengthening it at each remove”. – I am like the jolly miller caring for nobody and not cared for.

2:4

All countries are much the same in my eyes, I smoke and stare at mountains, and twirl my mustachios very independently, I miss no comforts, and the Musquitoes that rack the morbid frame of Hobhouse, have luckily for me little effect on mine because I live more temperately. – I omitted <e/>Ephesus in my Catalogue, which I visited during my sojourn at Smyrna, but the temple has almost perished, and S<sup>t</sup>. Paul need not trouble himself to epistolize the present brood of Ephesians who have converted a large church built entirely of marble into a Mosque, and I dont know that the edifice looks the worse for it. – – My paper is full, and my ink ebbing, Good Afternoon! – If you address to me at Malta, the letter will be forwarded wherever I may be. – Hobhouse greets you, he pines for his poetry, at least some tidings of it. – I almost forgot to tell you that I am dying for love of three Greek Girls at Athens, sisters, two of whom have promised to accompany me to England, I lived in the same house, Teresa, Mariana, and Kattinka, are the names of these divinities all of them under 15. – your ταπεινοτατος δουλός<sup>45</sup> Byron

**Byron to Francis Hodgson, from the *Salsette*, May 5th 1810:**

(Source: text of letter from Newstead Abbey Collection RB D1 ALS; Ms. of P.S. not found; text from *Memoir of the Rev. Francis Hodgson, B.D.* (Macmillan, 1878), I pp.166-7; LJ I 270-3; QI 67-9; BLJ I 240-1)

Salsette Frigate. –  
in the Dardanelles off  
Abydos. May 5<sup>th</sup>. 1810

My dear Hodgson,

I am on my way to Constantinople after a turn through Greece Epirus &<sup>c</sup> and part of Asia minor, some particulars of which I have just communicated to our friend & Host H. Drury, with these then I shall not trouble you. –

But as you will perhaps be pleased to hear that I am well &<sup>c</sup>. I take the opportunity of our Ambassador's return to forward the few lines I have now time to dispatch. – We have undergone some inconveniences and incurred partial perils, but no events worthy of commemoration unless you will deem it one that two days ago I swam from Sestos to Abydos. – This with a few alarms from robbers,

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45: “most humble servant”.

and some danger of shipwreck in a Turkish Galliot six months ago, a visit to a Pacha, a passion for a married wo=

1:2

=man at Malta, a challenge to an officer, an attachment to three Greek Girls at Athens, with a great deal of buffoonery and fine prospects, form all that has distinguished my progress since my departure from Spain. – Hobhouse rhymes and journalizes. I stare and do nothing, unless smoking can be deemed an active amusement. – The Turks take too much care of their women to permit them to be scrutinized, but I have lived a good deal with the Greeks, whose modern dialect I can converse in enough for my purposes. – With the Turks I have also some male acquaintances, female society is out of the question. – I have been very well treated by the Pachas and Governors, and have no complaints to make of any kind. Hobhouse will one day inform you of all our adventures, were I to attempt the recital, neither my paper nor your patience would hold during the operation. – Nobody, save yourself has

1:3

written to me since I left England, but indeed I did not request it, I except my relations who write quite as often as I wish – Of Hobhouse's volume I know nothing except that it is out, and of my 2<sup>d</sup>. Edition I do not even know that, and certainly do not at this distance interest myself in the matter. – My friend H. is naturally anxious on the head of his rhymes, which I think will succeed or at least deserve success, but he has not yet acquired the “calm indifference” (as Sir Fretful has it),<sup>46</sup> of us old Authors. – I hope you and Bland roll down the stream of Sale, with rapidity, and that you have produced a new poem, and M<sup>rs</sup>. H. Drury a new child. Of my return I cannot positively speak, but think it probable Hobhouse will precede me in that respect, we have now been very nearly one year abroad. – I should wish to gaze away

1:4

another at least in these evergreen climates, but I fear Business, Law business, the worst of employments, will recall me previous to that period if not very quickly. – If so, you shall have due notice, I hope you will find me an altered personage, I do not mean in body, but in manner, for I begin to find out that nothing but virtue will do in this damned world. I am tolerably sick of vice which I have tried in its agreeable varieties, and mean on my return to cut all my dissolute acquaintance, leave off wine and “carnal company”, and betake myself to politics and Decorum. – I am very serious and cynical, and a good deal disposed to moralize, but fortunately for you the coming homily is cut off by default of pen, and defection of paper. Good morrow! if you write, address to me at Malta, whence your letters will be forwarded. You need not remember me to anybody but believe

me yours with all faith  
Byron

Constantinople: May 15, 1810.

P.S.—My dear H.—The date of my postscript will ‘prate to you of my whereabouts.’<sup>47</sup> We anchored between the Seven Towers and the Seraglio on the 13th, and yesterday settled ashore. The ambassador is laid up; but the secretary does the honours of the palace, and we have a general invitation to his table. In a short time he has his leave of audience, and we accompany him in our uniforms to the Sultan &c. and in a few days I am to visit the Captain Pasha with the commander of our frigate. I have seen enough of their Pashas already; but I wish to have a view of the Sultan, the last of the Ottoman race. Of Constantinople you have Gibbon's description, very correct as far as I have seen. The mosques I shall have a firman to visit. I shall most probably (Deo volente), after a full inspection of Stamboul, bend my course homewards; but this is uncertain. I have seen the most interesting parts, particularly Albania, where few Franks have ever been, and all the most celebrated ruins of Greece and Ionia. Of England I know nothing, hear nothing, and can find no person better informed on the subject than myself. I this moment drink your health in a bumper of hock; Hobhouse fills and empties to the same; do you and Drury pledge us in a pint of any liquid you please—vinegar will bear the nearest

<sup>46</sup>: Sir Fretful Plagiary at Sheridan, *The Critic*, I i.

<sup>47</sup>: Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, II ii 58.

resemblance to that which I have just swallowed to your name; but when we meet again the draught shall be mended and the wine also.

Yours ever,  
B.

**In May 1810 Mrs Byron writes thanking Byron for his of November 12th. She thanks Ali Pacha for his respects, and asks Byron to return them should the opportunity arise. She laments the irregularity of their communications. Napoleon has married Marie Louise, and Sir Francis Burdett is in the Tower. *English Bards* is in its third printing, and is being compared to Pope. Augusta's husband, Colonel Leigh, is in trouble with the Prince Regent over the sale of a horse.**

**Byron to Catherine Gordon Byron, from Constantinople, May 18th 1810:**

(Source: text from Morgan Library, photocopy from microfilm; LJ I 274-5; BLJ I 242-3)  
[Not Dated / The Hon<sup>ble</sup> M<sup>rs</sup> Byron / Newstead Abbey / n<sup>f</sup>. Nottingham / England / Byron]

Constantinople . – May 18<sup>th</sup>.  
1810

Dear Madam,

I arrived here in an English frigate from Smyrna a few days ago without any events worth mentioning except landing to view the plains of Troy, and afterwards when we were at anchor in the Dardanelles, swimming from Sestos to Abydos, in imitation of Monsieur Leander whose story you no doubt know too well for me to add any thing on the subject except that I crossed the Hellespont without so good a motive for the undertaking. – As I am just going to visit the Capitan Pacha you will excuse the brevity of my letter, when M<sup>r</sup>. Adair takes leave I am to see the

1:2

Sultan & the Mosques &<sup>c</sup>.

believe me  
y<sup>rs</sup> ever  
Byron

**Byron to John Hanson, from Constantinople, May 23rd 1810**

(Source: text from B.L.Egerton 2611 ff.181-2; BLJ I 243)

[J<sup>n</sup> Hanson Esq<sup>r</sup> / 6. Chancery Lane / near Temple Bar / London // 23 May 1810 / Lord Byron / recv<sup>d</sup> 4 Sep<sup>r</sup> 1810 JH]

Constantinople. May 23<sup>d</sup>.  
1810

Sir,

I wrote to you the other day but another conveyance offering, I shall trouble you once more in hopes of at least extorting a reply. – I shall return to Greece when M<sup>r</sup>. Adair takes his leave, I am to accompany him to the Sultan, you will address to Malta whence my letters are forwarded. – I shall probably pass my summer in the Morea, and expect occasional remittances as circumstances may occur, if M<sup>rs</sup>. Byron requires any supply, pray let her have it at my expence, and at all events whatever becomes of me, do not allow her to suffer any unpleasant privation. – I believe I mentioned in my last that I had visited the plains of

1:2

<of> Troy, and swam from Sestos to Abydos in the Dardanelles, any of your classical men (Hargreaves or Charles) will explain the meaning of the last performance and the old story connected with it. – I came up in an English Frigate, but we were detained in the Hellespont ten days for a wind. – Here I am at last, I refer you for descriptions of Constantinople to the various travellers who have scribbled on the subject. – I am anxiously expecting intelligence from your quarter, I suppose you are now at Rochdale. – Present my respects and remembrances to all your family & believe me yours &<sup>c</sup>. &<sup>c</sup>.

Byron

J. Hanson Esq<sup>r</sup>.  
&<sup>c</sup>. Chancery Lane. – London.

[1:3 blank.]

**Byron to Catherine Gordon Byron, from Constantinople, May 24th 1810:**

(Source: text from Morgan Library, photocopy from microfilm; LJ I 275-6; BLJ I 243-4)

[The Hon<sup>ble</sup> M<sup>rs</sup>. Byron / Newstead Abbey / near Nottingham / England / Byron]

Constantinople May 24<sup>th</sup>.

1810

Dear Mother,

I wrote to you very shortly the other day on my arrival here, and as another opportunity avails take up my pen again that the frequency of my letters may atone for their brevity. — Pray did you ever receive a picture of me in oil by Sanders in Vigo Lane London? (a noted limner,) if not, write for it immediately, it was paid for except the frame (if frame there be) before I left England. — I believe I mentioned to you in my last that my only notable exploit lately, has been swimming from Sestos to Abydos on the 3<sup>d</sup>. of this month, in humble imitation of Leander of amorous memory, though I had no Hero to receive me on the other shore of the Hellespont. —

1:2

Of Constantinople you have of course read fifty descriptions by sundry travellers, which are in general so correct that I have nothing to add on the Subject. — When our Ambassador takes his <Salts> leave I shall accompany him to see the Sultan, and afterwards probably return to Greece, I have heard nothing of {M<sup>f</sup>.} Hanson but one remittance without any letter from that legal gentleman. — If you have occasion for any pecuniary supply, pray use my funds as far as they go without reserve, and lest this should not be enough, in my next to M<sup>f</sup>. H. I will direct him to advance any sum you may want, leaving it to your discretion how much in the present state of my affairs you may think proper to require. — I have already seen the most interesting parts of Turkey in Europe and Asia Minor, but shall not proceed further till

1:3

I hear from England, in the mean time I expect occasional supplies according to circumstances, and shall pass my summer amongst my friends the Greeks of the Morea. — You will direct to Malta, whence my letters are forwarded and believe me to be with great sincerity

yrs ever  
Byron

The Hon<sup>ble</sup>  
M<sup>rs</sup>. Byron  
&<sup>c</sup>.

P.S.

Fletcher is well, pray take care of my boy Robert, and the old man Murray. — It is fortunate they returned, neither the youth of the one or age of the other, would have suited the changes of climate and fatigues of travelling. —

**Byron to Captain Walter Bathurst, from Pera, May 29th 1810:**

(Source: this text from BLJ I 244-5)

**Byron wants a midshipman as substitute for Fletcher.**

*Pera, May 29th 1810*

Dear Sir,—My only *English* servant proving refractory, I am under the necessity of giving him a “mittamus” to his own Country—As I do not wish to be entirely without an Englishman I venture to beg of you (if my request is not improper) to permit me to take a youngster from your ship as a substitute.—I should be very sorry to deprive you of an able-bodied seaman, but if you would be good enough to allow me one of the lads,<sup>48</sup> you will confer an additional obligation on your already

much obliged and very obed<sup>t</sup> Serv<sup>t</sup>.

BYRON

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48: Bathurst did not accede to this request, as, England being at war, he couldn't in any case.

P.S.—I hope you were amused with the ceremony and pleased with your *garment* of yesterday.—

**Catherine Gordon Byron to John Hanson, from Newstead Abbey, June 11th 1810:**

(Source: text from B.L.Egerton 2611 ff.195-6)

[To / John Hanson Esq<sup>r</sup> / N<sup>o</sup> 6 Chancery Lane / London // 11<sup>th</sup>. June 1810 / M<sup>rs</sup>. Byron // 28<sup>th</sup>. June note by M<sup>r</sup>. Mealey – JH]

Newstead Abbey 11 June  
1810

Dear Sir

I have sent you the Keepers receipt we have no stamps here. I would struggle with every difficulty to keep things together & God knows I have difficulties enough to struggle with besides bad health I am [*squirled erasure*] hardly able to sit up to write this letter having a slow fever ——— [*double squirled erasure*]

What does Brothers mean? by saying every thing is to be sold up in a fortnight that is in about a week from this date ease my mind on this subject, I never drop a word of my sons affairs to any one and I hope you are equally careful, I suppose [1:2] you have received my letter with Fanny Parkyns's inclosed

C G Byron

P.S. if this letter is nonsense you must not be surprised as I hardly know what I am <yor> doing. —  
—

[1:3 blank.]

**Byron to John Hanson, from Constantinople, June 15th 1810**

(Source: text from B.L.Egerton 2611 ff.197-8; BLJ I 245)

[J<sup>n</sup>. Hanson Esq<sup>r</sup> / 6. Chancery Lane / N<sup>r</sup>. Temple Bar / London / Byron // 15<sup>th</sup> June 1810 / Lord Byron]

Constantinople. June 15<sup>th</sup>.  
1810

Sir,

This letter will be delivered by M<sup>r</sup>. Hobhouse;<sup>49</sup> I find by Hammersley that it was the sum of £1000 & not £500 as I supposed which was added to my credit last December, but half of this being lodged at Malta & half at Constantinople, I conceive it better in future either to place the entire sum (whatever it may be) with one Banker, or to send me a general credit for the same on both as was the case in my letters of Credit when I left England. I should also have deemed it as well for you to have written at the same time in reply to my repeated requests to that effect. – Perhaps you have done so, but your letters have never reached me, which they would if addressed to Malta. M<sup>r</sup>. H will

1:2

inform you as <on any point you may> to my progress, and present my respects to the family.

I remain Sir  
your very obed<sup>t</sup>. Serv<sup>t</sup>.  
Byron

J. Hanson Esq<sup>r</sup>.  
&<sup>c</sup>. &<sup>c</sup>.

[1:3 blank.]

**Byron to Henry Drury, from Constantinople, June 17th 1810:**

(Source: Ms. not found; text from Moore's Life I 227-9; LJ I 276-9; BLJ I 245-7)

Constantinople, June 17. 1810.

Though I wrote to you so recently, I break in upon you again to congratulate you on a child being born, as a letter from Hodgson apprizes me of that event, in which I rejoice.

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**49:** The only mention of H. in all B's letters to Hanson from abroad. H.'s family did not know that he was travelling with B.

I am just come from an expedition through the Bosphorus to the Black Sea and the Cyanean Symplegades, up which last I scrambled with as great risk as ever the Argonauts escaped in their hoy. You remember the beginning of the nurse's dole in the Medea, of which I beg you to take the following translation, done on the summit:—

Oh how I wish that an embargo  
Had kept in port the good ship Argo!  
Who, still unlaunch'd from Grecian docks,  
Had never passed the Azure rocks;  
But now I fear her trip will be a  
Damn'd business for my Miss Medea, &c. &c.,

as it very nearly was to me;—for, had not this sublime passage been in my head, I should never have dreamed of ascending the said rocks, and bruising my carcass in honour of the ancients.

I have now sat on the Cyaneans, swam from Sestos to Abydos (as I trumpeted in my last), and, after passing through the Morea again, shall set sail for Santo Maura, and toss myself from the Leucadian promontory;—surviving which operation, I shall probably join you in England. H., who will deliver this, is bound straight for these parts; and, as he is bursting with his travels, I shall not anticipate his narratives, but merely beg you not to believe one word he says, but reserve your ear for me, if you have any desire to be acquainted with the truth.

I am bound for Athens once more, and thence to the Morea; but my stay depends so much on my caprice, that I can say nothing of its probable duration. I have been out a year already, and may stay another; but I am quicksilver, and say nothing positively. We are all very much occupied doing nothing, at present. We have seen every thing but the mosques, which we are to view with a firman on Tuesday next. But of these and other sundries let H. relate with this proviso, that I am to be referred to for authenticity; and I beg leave to contradict all those things whereon he lays particular stress. But, if he soars at any time into wit, I give you leave to applaud, because that is necessarily stolen from his fellow-pilgrim. Tell Davies that H. has made excellent use of his best jokes in many of his Majesty's ships of war; but add, also, that I always took care to restore them to the right owner; in consequence of which he (Davies) is no less famous by water than by land, and reigns unrivalled in the cabin as in the 'Cocoa Tree.'

And Hodgson has been publishing more poesy—I wish he would send me his 'Sir Edgar,' and 'Bland's Anthology,' to Malta, where they will be forwarded. In my last, which I hope you received, I gave an outline of the ground we have covered. If you have not been overtaken by this despatch, H.'s tongue is at your service. Remember me to Dwyer, who owes me eleven guineas. Tell him to put them in my banker's hands at Gibraltar or Constantinople. I believe he paid them once, but that goes for nothing, as it was an annuity.

I wish you would write. I have heard from Hodgson frequently. Malta is my post-office. I mean to be with you by next Montem. You remember the last,—I hope for such another; but after having swam across the 'broad Hellespont,' I disdain Datchett. Good afternoon!

I am yours, very sincerely,  
Byron.

**Byron to an unknown "Doctor",<sup>50</sup> from Constantinople, June 20th 1810:**

(Source: this text from BLJ I 247)

June 20th, 1810

Dear Doctor,—They tell me the wind is too high for our expedition to Seraglio point, & I cannot think of putting your precious life in peril, but I hope to have the pleasure another day & beg you to believe me

yrs. very sincerely  
BYRON

**Byron to R.C.Dallas, from Constantinople, June 23rd 1810:**

(Source: Ms. not found; text from Dallas, *Correspondence of Lord Byron, with a Friend*, Galignani 1825, I pp.70-4; BLJ I 247-9)

*Constantinople, June 23d, 1810*

Dear Sir,

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<sup>50</sup>: In his diary entries for May 16th and 23rd 1810, H. mentions a "Dr. Bates". His entry for June 20th just reads, "Blowing a hurricane from the north, so could not cross the water, as intended, to Scutari – stayed at home all day except at the Palace in the evening".

I seize the opportunity of Mr. Hobhouse's return to England to write a few lines, in the hope that they will find you well and as happy as philosophers are, and men ought to be. I have since my departure from your country (a year ago) been in Portugal, Spain, Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, all the most interesting parts of Turkey in Europe, and Asia Minor, including Athens, etc. in the former, and the Troad and Ephesus in the latter, and have at last reached my headquarters, the capital. I have, of course, seen some variety, but I shall content myself with stating my only remarkable personal achievement, namely swimming from Sestos to Abydos, which I did on the 3d of May, as we lay at anchor in the Dardanelles, in the Salsette frigate. You will smile at this exploit, but as it made an ancient immortal, I see no reason why a modern may not be permitted to boast of it, particularly as I had no mistress to comfort me at landing, and my labour was even to be its own reward. Mr. Hobhouse, our brother author, will narrate, no doubt, all our adventures, if you seriously incline that way. We have, moreover, been very high up into Albania, the wildest province in Europe, where very few Englishmen have ever been: but I say no more on this head, as my companion will be ready to gratify your inquiries.

I received your letter and request of a prologue at Lisbon, but it was too late; I have ever since been in motion, or I would have prologuized with pleasure. I presume you have had your run by this time. I need not add my good wishes for your drama. If I rightly recollect, you stated something about Murray's publishing my rhymes all together, including my Satire. Upon second thoughts, he had better let them alone; and if they are not begun on, pray suspend the operation till my return. I heard the other day that my Satire was in a third edition; that is but a poor progress, but Cawthorn published too many copies in the first. However, this circumstance will not interrupt my tranquillity beneath the blue skies of Greece, where I return to spend my summer, and perhaps the winter. I am alike distant from praise or censure, which tends to make both very indifferent to me, and so good night to scribbling. Hobhouse's book has been out some time I hear; but more we know not, except in a letter from my friend \*\*, who says the Reviews have attacked it for indecency. I suppose the few stanzas of my writing in the volume have been bedeviled, and indeed they deserve little better. Has your friend Wright galloped on the highway of letters? and what have you done yourself? I thirst for intelligence; if you have nothing better to do some afternoon, remember that Malta is my post office.

I refer you to Mr. Hobhouse for detail, and having now discharged a duty, I will trouble you no more at present, except to state that all climates and nations are equally interesting to me; that mankind are every where despicable in different absurdities; that the farther I proceed from your country the less I regret leaving it, and the only advantage you have over the rest of mankind is the sea, that divides you from your foes; your other superiorities are merely imaginary. I would be a citizen of the world, but I fear some indispensable affairs will soon call me back; and as I left the land without regret, I shall return without pleasure. The only person whom I expected to have grieved took leave of me with a coolness which, had I not known the heart of man, would have surprised me; I should have attributed it to offence, had I ever been guilty in that instance of any thing but affection. But what is all this to you? nothing. Good night!

Believe me,  
Yours very truly,  
BYRON

P.S. I again repeat my request that you will write to Malta. I expect a world of news, not political, for we have the papers up to May. If you tear one another to pieces for a continuance, I must come back and share the carrion. Have the military murdered any more mechanics? and is the flower of chivalry released? We are not very quiet here, the Russians have drubbed the Mussulmen, but we talk of peace.

**Mrs Pigot to Mrs Byron, before October 1810:**

(Source: Ms not found; text from LJ I 33n)

Indeed, my dear Mrs. Byron, you have given me a very *great treat* in sending me *English Bards* to look at; you know how very highly I thought of the *first* edition, and this is certainly much improved;<sup>51</sup> indeed, I do not think anybody but Lord Byron could (in these our days) have produced such a work, for it has all the fire of ancient genius. I have always been accustomed to tell you my thoughts most sincerely, and I cannot say that I like that addition to the part where *Bowles* is mentioned; it wants that *brilliant spirit* which almost invariably accompanies Lord B.'s writings. Maurice, too, and his granite

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**51:** One would like to know how much of the criticism in this letter is by Mrs Pigot, and how much echoes what Elizabeth has said.

weight of leaves, is in truth a heavy comparison. But I turn with pleasure from these specks in the sun to notice “Vice and folly, Greville and Argyle;” it is *most admirable*; the *same pen* may *equal*, but I think it is not in the power of human abilities to *exceed* it. As to Lord Carlisle, I think he well deserves the Note Lord B. has put in; I am *very much* pleased with it, and the little word *Amen* at the end, gives a point *indescribably good*. The whole of the conclusion is excellent, and the Postscript I think must entertain everybody except *Jeffrey*. I hope the poor Bear is well; I wish you could make him understand that he is *immortalized*, for, if *four-leg’d Bears* have any vanity, it would certainly delight him. Walter Scott, too (I really do not mean to call him a Bear), will be highly gratified: the compliment to him is very elegant: in short, I look upon it as a most *highly finished* work, and Lord Byron as certainly taken the Palm from *all our Poets* ... A good account of yourself I assure you will always give the most sincere pleasure to my dear Mrs. Byron’s very affectionate friend, Margt. Pigot. Elizabeth begs her compts.

**Byron to Catherine Gordon Byron, from Constantinople, June 28th 1810:**

(Source: text from Morgan Library, photocopy from microfilm; LJ I 279-84; QI 69-73; BLJ I 249-52)  
[The Hon<sup>ble</sup> M<sup>rs</sup> Byron / Newstead Abbey / n<sup>f</sup>. Nottingham / England. / Byron]

Constantinople. June 28<sup>th</sup>.  
1810

My dear Mother,

I regret to perceive by your last letter, that several of mine have not arrived, particularly a very long one written in November last from Albania, when I was on a visit to the Pacha of that province. – Fletcher has also written to his spouse perpetually. M<sup>r</sup>. Hobhouse who will forward or deliver {this} and is on his return to England, can inform you of our different movements, but I am very uncertain as to my own return. He will probably be down in Notts some time or other, but Fletcher whom I send back as an Incumbrance, (English servants are sad travellers) will supply his place in the Interim, and describe our travels which have been tolerably extensive. – I have written twice briefly from this capital, from Smyrna, from Athens and other parts of Greece, from

1:2

Albania, the Pacha of which province desired his respects to my mother, and said he was sure I was a man of high birth because I had “small ears, curling hair, and white hands”!!!<sup>52</sup> – He was very kind to me, begged me to consider him as a father, and gave me a guard of forty soldiers through the forests of Acarnania. – But of this and other circumstances I have written to you at large, and yet hope you will receive my letters. – I remember Mahmout Pacha, the grandson of Ali Pacha at Yanina, (a little fellow of ten years of age, with large black eyes which our ladies would purchase at any price, and those regular features which distinguish the Turks) asked me how I came to travel about so young, without any body to take care of me, this question was put by the little man with all the gravity of threescore. – I cannot now write copiously, I have only time to tell you that I have passed many a fatiguing but never a tedious moment, and that all I am

1:3

afraid of is, that I shall contract a Gipsy-like wandering disposition, which will make home tiresome to me, this I am told is very common with men in the habit of peregrination, and indeed I feel <it> it so. – On the third of May I swam from Sestos to Abydos, you know the story of Leander, but I had no Hero to receive me at landing. – I also passed a fortnight in the Troad, the tombs of Achilles and Æsietes &<sup>c</sup>. still exist in large barrows similar to those you have doubtless seen in the North. – The other day I was at Belgrade (a village in these environs) to see the house built on the same site as Lady Mary Wortley’s, by the bye, her Ladyship, as far as I can judge, has lied, but not half so much as any other woman would have done in the same situation. – I have been in all the principal Mosques by

1:4

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**52:** Compare B.’s prose note to *Don Juan* V st.106: ‘There is perhaps nothing more distinctive of birth than the hand – it is almost the only sign of blood which Aristocracy can generate. – I remember a Pacha’s remarking that he knew that a certain Englishman was *nobly born* – because “he had *small ears* – *small hands*, & *curling silky hair*. –’



virtue of a firman, this is a favour rarely permitted to infidels, but the Ambassador's departure obtained it for us. I have been up the Bosphorus into the Black Sea, round the walls of the city, and indeed I know more of it by sight than I do of London. – I hope to amaze you some winter's evening with the details but at present you must excuse me, I am not able to write long letters in June. – I return to spend my summer in Greece, I shall not proceed farther into Asia, as I have visited Smyrna, Ephesus, and the Troad. – I write often but you must not be alarmed when you do not receive my letters, consider we have no regular post farther than Malta where I beg you will in future send yo<y/>ur letters, & not to this city. – Fletcher is a poor creature, and requires comforts that I can dispense with, he is very sick of his travels, but you must not believe his account of the

2:1

country, he sighs for Ale, and Idleness, and a wife and the Devil knows what besides. – I have not been disappointed or disgusted, I have lived with the highest and the lowest, I have been for days in a Pacha's palace, and have passed many a night in a cowhouse, and I find the people inoffensive and kind, I have also passed some time with the principal Greeks in the Morea & Livadia, and though inferior to the Turks, they are better than the Spaniards, who in their turn excel the Portuguese. Of Constantinople you will find many correct descriptions in different travels, but Lady Wortley errs strangely when she says "S<sup>t</sup>. Paul's would cut a poor figure by S<sup>t</sup>. Sophia's". I have been in both, surveyed them inside & out attentively, S<sup>t</sup>. Sophia's is undoubtedly the most interesting from its immense antiquity, and the circumstance of all the Greek Emperors from Justinian having been crowned there, and several murdered at the Altar, besides

2:2

the Turkish Sultans who attend it regularly, but it is inferior in beauty & size to some of the other Mosques, particularly "Suleyman Ec" and not to be mentioned in the same page with S<sup>t</sup>. P's (I speak like a cockney) however, I prefer the Gothic Cathedral of Seville to S<sup>t</sup>. P's, S<sup>t</sup>. Sophia's and any religious building I have ever seen. – The walls of the Seraglio are like the walls of Newstead Gardens only higher, and much in the same order, but the ride by the walls of the city on the land side is beautiful, imagine, four miles of immense triple battlements covered with Ivy, surmounted with 218 towers, and on the other side of the road Turkish burying grounds (the loveliest spots on earth) full of enormous cypresses, I have seen the ruins of Athens, of Ephesus, and Delphi, I have traversed great part of Turkey and many other parts of Europe {and some of Asia,} but I never

2:3

beheld a work of Nature or Art, which yielded an impression like <extent of wall> {the prospect on each side,} from the Seven Towers to the End of the Golden Horn. – Now for England, you have not received my friend Hobhouse's volume of Poesy,<sup>53</sup> it has been published several months, you ought to read it. – I am glad to hear of the progress of E. Bards &<sup>c</sup>. of course you observed I have made great additions to the new Edition. – Have you received my picture from Sanders in Vigo lane London? it was finished and paid for long before I left England, pray send for it. – You seem to be a mighty reader of magazines, where do you pick up all this intelligence? quotations &<sup>c</sup>. &<sup>c</sup>.? – Though I was happy to obtain my seat without L<sup>d</sup>. C's assistance, I had no measures to keep with a man who declined interfering as my relation on that occasion, and I have done with him, though I regret distressing M<sup>rs</sup>. Leigh, poor thing! I hope she is happy. –

2:4

It is my opinion that M<sup>r</sup>. Bowman ought to marry Miss Rushton, our first {duty} is not to do evil, but alas! that is impossible, our next is to repair it, if in our power, the girl is his equal, if she were his inferior a sum of money and provision for the child would be some, though a poor compensation, as it is, he should marry her. I will <allow> {have} no gay deceivers on my Estate, and I shall not allow my tenants a privilege I do not permit myself, viz – that, of debauching <their> ?{each other's} daughters.

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53: *Imitations and Translations*: it contains some poetry by B.

– God knows, I have been guilty of many excesses, but as I have laid down a resolution to reform, and lately kept it, I expect this Lothario to follow the example, and begin by restoring this girl to society, or, by the Beard of my Father! he shall hear of it. –  
 Pray, take some notice of Robert, who will miss his master, poor boy, he was very unwilling to return.  
 – I trust you are well & happy, it will be a pleasure to hear from you, believe me

yours ever sincerely  
Byron

P.S. – – How is Joe Murray? –

3:1

P.S. – July 6th. 1810

Dear M<sup>r</sup>,

I open my letter to tell you that Fletcher having petitioned [*Ms tear: "to"*] accompany me into the Morea, I have taken him with me contrary to the intention expressed in my letter. –

yours ever  
Byron

**Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Patras, July 29th 1810:**

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43438 f.14; 1922 I 10-12, censored; QI 74-7; BLJ II 5-8)

**Byron writes his first letter to Hobhouse eleven days after they part.**

Patras. July 29<sup>th</sup>. 1810

Dear Hobhouse,

The same day, which saw me ashore on Zea, set me forth once more upon the high seas, where I had the pleasure of seeing the frigate in the Doldrums by the light of Sun and Moon. – Before daybreak I got into the Attics at Thaskalio whence I dispatched men to Keratia for horses and in ten hours from landing I was at Athens. – There I was greeted by my L<sup>d</sup> Sligo, and next day Messrs North, Knight, and Fazakerly paid me formal visits. – Sligo has a brig with 50 men who wont work, 12 guns that refuse to go off, and sails that have cut every wind except a contrary one, and then they are as willing as may be. – He is sick of the concern but an Engagement of six months prevents him from parting with this precious Ark. – He would travel with me to Corinth, though as you may suppose I was already heartily disgusted with travelling {in} company. –

1:2

He has “en suite” a painter, a captain, a Gentleman misinterpreter (who boxes with the painter) besides sundry idle English Varlets. – We were obliged to have 29 horses in all. – The Captain and the Drogueman were left at Athens to kill bullocks for the crew, and the Marquis & the limner with a ragged Turk by way of Tartar, and the ship’s carpenter in the capacity of linguist, with two servants (one of whom had the gripes) clothed both in leather breeches (the Thermometer 125!!) followed over the hills and far away. – – On our route, the poor limner in these gentle latitudes was ever and anon condemned to bask for half an hour that he might produce what he himself termed a “bellissimo sketche” (pardon the orthography of the last word) of the surrounding country. – You may also suppose that a man of the Marchesa’s kidney was not very easy in his seat, as for the servants they and their leather breeches were equally immoveable at the end of the first stage. – Fletcher too with his usual acuteness

1:3

contrived at Megara to ram his damned clumsy foot into a boiling teakettle. – At Corinth we separated, the M. for Tripolitza, I for Patras. – Thus far the ridiculous part of my narrative belongs to others, now comes my turn. – At Vostitza I found my dearly-beloved Eustathius<sup>54</sup> – ready to follow me not only to England, but to Terra Incognita, if so be my compass pointed that way. – This was four days ago, at present affairs are a little changed. – The next morning I found the dear soul upon horseback clothed very sprucely in Greek Garments, with those ambrosial curls hanging down his amiable back, and to my utter astonishment and the great abomination of Fletcher, a parasol in his hand to save his complexion from the heat. – However in spite of the Parasol on we travelled very much enamoured, as

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**54:** Eustathius Georgiou was the first of B.’s Greek boyfriends.

it should seem, till we got to Patras, where Stranè<sup>55</sup> received us into his new house where I now scribble. –

Next day he went to visit some accursed <cousin> {cousin} and the day after we had a grand <quarrel> {quarrel}, Stranè

1:4

said I spoilt him, I said nothing, the child was as froward as an unbroken colt, and Stranè's Janizary said I must not be surprised, for he was too true a Greek not to be disagreeable. – I think I never in my life took so much pains to please any one, or succeeded so ill, I particularly avoided every thing which could possibly give the least offence in any manner, somebody says that those who try to please will please, this I know not; but I am sure that no one likes to fail in the attempt. – At present he goes back to his father, though he is now become more tractable. – Our parting was vastly pathetic, as many kisses as would have sufficed for a boarding school, and embraces enough to have ruined the character of a county in England, besides tears (not on my part) and expressions of “Tenerezza” to a vast amount. – All this and the warmth of the weather has quite overcome me, tomorrow I will continue, at present “to bed, “to bed, “to bed”. – The youth insists on seeing me tomorrow, the issue of which interview you shall hear. – I wish you a pleasant sleep. –

2:1

Sheet second. July 30<sup>th</sup>. 1810 – – – –

I hope you have slept well, I have only dosed, for this last six days I have slept little and eaten less, the heat has burnt me brown, and as for Fletcher he is a walking Cinder. – My new Greek acquaintance has called thrice, and we improve vastly, in good truth, so it ought to be, for I have quite exhausted my poor powers of pleasing, which God knows are little enough, Lord help me! – We are to go on to Tripolitza and Athens together, I do not know what has put him into such good humour unless it is some Sal Volatile I administered for his headach, and a green shade instead of that effeminate parasol, but so it is, we have redint<g>egrated (a new word for you) our affections at a great rate. – Now is not all this very ridiculous? pray tell Matthews it would do his heart good to see me travelling with my Tartar, Albanians, Buffo, Fletcher and this amiable παιδί<sup>56</sup> prancing by my side. –

2:2

Stranè hath got a steed which I have bought, full of spirit, I assure you, and very handsome accoutrements, my account with him was as I stated on board the Salsette. – Here hath just arrived the Chirurgeon of the Spider from Zante who will take this letter to Malta. – I hope it will find you warm. – You cannot conceive what a delightful companion you are now you are gone. – Sligo has told me some things, that ought to set you and me by the ears, but they shan't, and as a proof of it, I wont tell you what they are till we meet, but in the mean time I exhort you to behave well in polite society. – His Lordship has been very kind, and as I crossed the <Isthmus> Isthmus of Corinth, offered if I chose to take me to that of Darien <if> {but} I liked it not, for you have cured me of “villainous company”.<sup>57</sup> – I am about, after a Giro of the

2:3

Morea, to move to Athens again, and thence I know not where, perhaps to Englonde, Malta Sicily, Ægypt, or the Low Countries. – I suppose you are at Malta, or Palermo,<sup>58</sup> I amuse myself alone very much to my satisfaction riding, bathing, sweating, hearing M<sup>r</sup>. Paul's musical clock, looking at his red breeches, we visit him every evening, there he is, playing at Stopper with the old Cogia Bachi, when these amusements fail there is my Greek to quarrel with, and a Sofa to tumble upon. – Nourse and Darwin had been at Athens scribbling all sorts of ribaldry over my old apartment, where Sligo before my arrival had added to your B.A. an A.S.S. and scrawled the compliments of Jackson, Devville, Miss

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**55:** Samuel Strané, English Consul-General in the Morea.

**56:** “boy”.

**57:** Falstaff at *Henry IV I III iii* 10.

**58:** On July 29<sup>th</sup> H. is indeed on Malta.

Cameron, and “I am very unappy, Sam Jennings.” – Wallace is incarcerated, and wanted Sligo to bail him, at the Bell and Savage Fleet Rules. – The news are not surprising. What think you?

2:4

Write to me from Malta, the Mediterranean or Ingliterra, to the care of ο κονσολος Στρανέ<sup>59</sup> Have you cleansed my pistols? and dined with the “Gineral”? My compts. to the church of St. Johns, and peace to the ashes of Ball. How is the Skipper? I have drank his cherry Brandy, and his Rum has floated over half the Morea. – Plaudite et Valete.

yours ever  
Byrone

J.C.Hobhouse Esq<sup>f</sup>.

**Byron to John Hanson, from Constantinople, June 30th 1810**

(Source: text from B.L.Egerton 2611 ff.201-2; BLJ I 252)

[J<sup>n</sup>. Hanson Esq<sup>f</sup>. / 6. Chancery Lane / London / Byron // 30<sup>th</sup>. June 1810 / Lord Byron]

Constantinople. June 30<sup>th</sup>. 1810

Sir,

In case of any accident befalling the letter which M<sup>f</sup>. Hobhouse has in charge for you, I send a second merely to state that my own return will not take place for some time, and to request you will continue to remit regularly, according to circumstances, but I think it better instead of dividing the sum between two bankers, either to lodge it entire with one, or to send me a general letter of credit for the amount, as when I left England. – You will present my best regards to your family & believe me

yours very sincerely  
Byron

J. Hanson Esq<sup>f</sup>.

6. Chancery Lane. Address to Malta.

P.S. I shall not return to England for <two> {two} years at least (from this date) except in case of war.

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[1:2 and 1:3 blank.]

**Byron to Francis Hodgson, from Constantinople, July 4th 1810:**

(Source: Ms. not found; text from *Memoir of the Rev. Francis Hodgson, B.D.* (Macmillan, 1878) I pp.168-70; LJ I 285-7; BLJ I 252-4)

My dear Hodgson,—Twice have I written—once in answer to your last, and a former letter when I arrived here in May. That I may have nothing to reproach myself with, I will write once more – a very superfluous task, seeing that Hobhouse is bound for your parts full of talk and wonderment. My first letter went by an ambassadorial express; my second by the ‘Black John’ lugger; my third will be conveyed by Cam, the miscellanist. I shall begin by telling you, having only told it you twice before, that I swam from Sestos to Abydos. I do this that you may be impressed with proper respect for me, the performer; for I plume myself on this achievement more than I could possibly do on any kind of glory, political, poetical, or rhetorical. Having told you this I will tell you nothing more, because it would be cruel to curtail Cam’s narrative, which, by-the-bye, you must not believe till confirmed by me, the eye-witness. I promise myself much pleasure from contradicting the greatest part of it. He has been plaguily pleased by the intelligence contained in your last to me respecting the reviews of his hymns. I refreshed him with that paragraph immediately, together with the tidings of my own third edition, which added to his recreation. But then he has had a letter from a Lincoln’s Inn Bencher full of praise of his harpings, and vituperation of the other contributions to his *Missellingany*, which that sagacious person is pleased to say must have been put in as FOILS (horresco referens!);<sup>60</sup> furthermore he adds that Cam ‘is a genuine pupil of Dryden,’ concluding with a comparison rather to the disadvantage of Pope. . . I have written to Drury by Hobhouse; a letter is also from me on its way to England intended for that

<sup>59</sup>: “the Consul Strané”.

<sup>60</sup>: Virgil, *Aeneid* II 204: ... *horresco referens – immensis orbibus angues / incumbent pelago* ... [“I shudder as I tell the tale”].

matrimonial man. Before it is very, long I hope we shall again be together; the moment I set out for England you shall have intelligence, that we may meet as soon as possible. Next week the frigate sails with Adair; I am for Greece, Hobhouse for England. A year together on the 2nd July since we sailed from Falmouth. I have known a hundred instances of men setting out in couples, but not one of a similar return. Aberdeen's party split; several voyagers at present have done the same. I am confident that twelve months of any given individual is perfect ipecacuanha.

The Russians and Turks are at it, and the Sultan in person is soon to head the army. The Captain Pasha cuts off heads every day, and a Frenchman's ears; the last is a serious affair. By-the-bye I like the Pashas in general. Ali Pasha called me his son, desired his compliments to my mother, and said lie was sure I was a man of birth, because I had "small ears and curling hair."<sup>61</sup> He is Pasha of Albania six hundred miles off where I was in October – a fine portly person. His grandson Mahmout, a little fellow ten years old, with large black eyes as big as pigeon's eggs, and all the gravity of sixty, asked me what I did travelling so young without a Lala? (tutor).

Good night, dear H. I have crammed my paper and crave your indulgence. Write to me at Malta.

I am, with all sincerity, yours affectionately,  
BYRON.

**Robert Adair (English Ambassador to the Porte), to Byron, from Pera, Constantinople, July 4th 1810:**

(Source: text from NLS Ac.12604 / 4247 A)

**Byron thought that as a peer he should outrank the ambassador in the procession to the Seraglio, and had refused to go on the previous occasion.**

Pera July 4<sup>th</sup>. 1810

My lord,

I have the honour of informing your lordship that my audience in the Seraglio is finally fixed for Tuesday next.

Since our conversation with regard to your lordship's rank and precedence, I have had the opinions both of Count Ludolf and the [ ]nuncio on the point on which I had the misfortune of differing from your lordship. As they both concur in the sentiments I had the honour of expressing to your lordship, I should hope, (if you should have any curio-

-sity

1:2

-sity to see the Sultan and the rest of the spectacle of the day) that your lordship would wave a ceremony of distinction which many other occasion I should be happy in the opportunity of shewing to your lordship.

I have the honour to be

mylord,

your lordship's most obedient

and most humble servant

Robert Adair

**Catherine Gordon Byron to John Hanson, mid-July 1810:**

(Source: text from B.L.Egerton 2611 f.167)

[John Hanson Esq<sup>r</sup> / N<sup>o</sup> 6 Chancery Lane / London // 13<sup>th</sup>. July 1819 / M<sup>rs</sup>. Byron]

M<sup>rs</sup> Byron informs M<sup>r</sup> Hanson that she has an idea that People fancy Lord Byrons Estates are entailed which makes them so troublesome, and no doubt the step Brothers has taken has spread an alarm among others ———

**Scrope Berdmore Davies to Byron, July 17th 1810:**

(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4178A)

Dear Byron

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**61:** Compare B.'s prose note to *Don Juan* V st.106: "There is perhaps nothing more distinctive of birth than the hand – it is almost the only sign of blood which Aristocracy can generate. – I remember a Pacha's remarking that he knew that a certain Englishman was *nobly born* – because "he had *small ears – small hands, & curling silky hair.* –"

I was happy to hear from you,<sup>62</sup> but should be more happy to see you – I not only am not relieved from responsibility, but am obliged to pay the [ ]<sup>63</sup> –  
Your Agent<sup>64</sup> must have concealed all these things from you, or I am sure, you would long since have returned to England –

<He says>

I can say no more at present, but that I am subject to an anxiety day after day and nothing but your return can relieve me –<sup>65</sup>

God bless you –  
ever yours  
Scrope Davies

Lemmen's Hotel  
July 17<sup>th</sup>. 1810 –

**Byron to Catherine Gordon Byron, from Athens, July 20th 1810:**

(Source: text from Morgan Library, photocopy from microfilm; LJ I 287-92; BLJ II 3-4)

Athens. July 20<sup>th</sup>. 1810

Dear Mother.

I have arrived here in four days from Constantinople which is considered as singularly quick particularly for the season of the year; you Northern Gentry can have no conception of a Greek Summer, which however is a perfect Frost compared with Malta, and Gibraltar, where I reposed myself in the shade last year after a gentle Gallop of four hundred miles without intermission through Portugal & Spain. – You see by my date that I am at Athens again, a place which I think I prefer upon the whole to any I have seen. – I left Constantinople with Adair at whose audience {of leave} I saw Sultan Mahmout, and obtained a firman to visit the Mosques of which I think I gave you some description in my last letter, now voyaging towards England in

1:2

the Salsette frigate in which I visited the plains of Troy, and Constantinople. – My next movement is tomorrow into the Morea, where I shall probably remain a month or two, and then return to winter here if I do not change my plans, which however are very variable as you may suppose, but none of them verge to England. – The Marquis of Sligo my old fellow collegian is here, and wishes to accompany me into the Morea, we shall go together for that purpose, but I am already <wofully> woefully sick of travelling companions after a years experience of M<sup>r</sup>. Hobhouse who is on his way to Great Britain. – L<sup>d</sup>. S. will afterwards pursue his way to the Capitol, and L<sup>d</sup>. B. having seen all the wonders in that quarter, will let you know what he does next, of which at present he is not quite certain. – Malta is my perpetual post-office

1:3

from which my letters are forwarded to all parts of the habitable Globe, by the bye, I have now been in Asia, Africa, and the East of Europe,<sup>66</sup> and indeed made the most of my time, without hurrying over the most interesting scenes of the ancient world. – Fletcher, after having been toasted and roasted, and baked and grilled, and eaten by all sorts of creeping things begins to philosophise, is grown a refined as well as resigned character, and promises at his return to become an ornament to his own parish, and a very prominent person in the future family pedigree of the Fletchers whom I take to be Goths by their accomplishments, Greeks by their acuteness, and ancient <Brit> Saxons by their <appet> appetite. – He (Fletcher) begs leave to send half a dozen sighs to Sally his spouse, and wonders (though I do not) that his ill written and worse spelt letters have never come to hand, as for that matter there is no great loss in either of our letters, saving and except, that I wish you to know we are well and warm enough at this present writing

**62:** B.'s previous extant letter to Davies is dated June 22nd 1809 (BLJ XI 156); and as that is posted from Falmouth, it cannot be the one referred to here.

**63:** Indecipherable word implies "interest". Davies has raised a huge sum of money from lenders, which is enabling B. to travel.

**64:** John Hanson.

**65:** B. eventually pays Davies £7,104 12s 4d (£1,500 on November 10th 1812 + £800 on August 5th 1813 + £4,804 12s 4d on March 28th 1814).

**66:** In aspiration only. B. had set foot neither in Africa nor Eastern Europe.

1:4

God knows. – You must not expect long letters at present for they are written with the sweat of my brow, I assure you. – It is rather singular that M<sup>r</sup>. Hanson has not written a syllable since my departure, your letters I have mostly received, as well as others, from which I conjecture that the man of law is either angry or busy. – I trust you like Newstead and agree with your neighbours, but you know you are a vixen, is not that a dutiful appellation? – Pray take care of my Books, and several boxes of papers in the hands of Joseph, and pray leave me a few bottles of Champagne to drink for I am very thirsty, but I do not insist on the last article without you like it. – I suppose you have your house full of silly women, prating scandalous things; have you ever received my picture in oil from Sanders London? it has been paid for these 16 months, why do you not get it? – My Suite consisting of two Turks, two Greeks, a Lutheran, and the nondescript Fletcher, are making so much noise that I am glad to sign myself yours &<sup>c</sup>,

Byron

**Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Patras, July 29th 1810:**

(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4123A; 1922 I 10-12, censored; QI 74-7; BLJ II 5-8)

Patras. July 29<sup>th</sup>. 1810

Dear Hobhouse,

The same day, which saw me ashore on Zea, set me forth once more upon the high seas, where I had the pleasure of seeing the frigate in the Doldrums by the light of Sun and Moon. – Before daybreak I got into the Attics at Thaskalio whence I dispatched men to Keratia for horses and in ten hours from landing I was at Athens. – There I was greeted by my L<sup>d</sup> Sligo, and next day Messrs North, Knight, and Fazakerly paid me formal visits. – Sligo has a brig with 50 men who wont work, 12 guns that refuse to go off, and sails that have cut every wind except a contrary one, and then they are as willing as may be. – He is sick of the concern but an Engagement of six months prevents him from parting with this precious Ark. – He would travel with me to Corinth, though as you may suppose I was already heartily disgusted with travelling {in} company. –

1:2

He has “en suite” a painter, a captain, a Gentleman misinterpreter (who boxes with the painter) besides sundry idle English Varlets. – We were obliged to have 29 horses in all. – The Captain and the Drogue were left at Athens to kill bullocks for the crew, and the Marquis & the limner with a ragged Turk by way of Tartar, and the ship’s carpenter in the capacity of linguist, with two servants (one of whom had the gripes) clothed both in leather breeches (the Thermometer 125!!) followed over the hills and far away. – – On our route, the poor limner in these gentle latitudes was ever and anon condemned to bask for half an hour that he might produce what he himself termed a “bellissimo sketche” (pardon the orthography of the last word) of the surrounding country. – You may also suppose that a man of the Marchesa’s kidney was not very easy in his seat, as for the servants they and their leather breeches were equally immoveable at the end of the first stage. – Fletcher too with his usual acuteness

1:3

contrived at Megara to ram his damned clumsy foot into a boiling teakettle. – At Corinth we separated, the M. for Tripolitza, I for Patras. – Thus far the ridiculous part of my narrative belongs to others, now comes my turn. – At Vostitza I found my dearly-beloved Eustathius – ready to follow me not only to England, but to Terra Incognita, if so be my compass pointed that way. – This was four days ago, at present affairs are a little changed. – The next morning I found the dear soul upon horseback clothed very sprucely in Greek Garments, with those ambrosial curls hanging down his amiable back, and to my utter astonishment and the great abomination of Fletcher, a parasol in his hand to save his complexion from the heat. – However in spite of the Parasol on we travelled very much enamoured, as it should seem, till we got to Patras, where Stranè received us into his new house where I now scribble.

–

Next day he went to visit some accursed <cousin> {cousin} and the day after we had a grand <quarrel> {quarrel}, Stranè

1:4

said I spoilt him, I said nothing, the child was as froward as an unbroken colt, and Stranè's Janizary said I must not be surprised, for he was too true a Greek not to be disagreeable. – I think I never in my life took so much pains to please any one, or succeeded so ill, I particularly avoided every thing which could possibly give the least offence in any manner, somebody says that those who try to please will please, this I know not; but I am sure that no one likes to fail in the attempt. – At present he goes back to his father, though he is now become more tractable. – Our parting was vastly pathetic, as many kisses as would have sufficed for a boarding school, and embraces enough to have ruined the character of a county in England, besides tears (not on my part) and expressions of “Tenerazza” to a vast amount. – All this and the warmth of the weather has quite overcome me, tomorrow I will continue, at present “to bed, “to bed, “to bed”. – The youth insists on seeing me tomorrow, the issue of which interview you shall hear. – I wish you a pleasant sleep. –

2:1

Sheet second. July 30<sup>th</sup>. 1810 – – – –

I hope you have slept well, I have only dosed, for this last six days I have slept little and eaten less, the heat has burnt me brown, and as for Fletcher he is a walking Cinder. – My new Greek acquaintance has called thrice, and we improve vastly, in good truth, so it ought to be, for I have quite exhausted my poor powers of pleasing, which God knows are little enough, Lord help me! – We are to go on to Tripolitza and Athens together, I do not know what has put hint into such good humour unless it is some Sal Volatile I administered for his headach, and a green shade instead of that effeminate parasol, but so it is, we have redint<g>egrated (a new word for you) our affections at a great rate. – Now is not all this very ridiculous? pray tell Matthews it would do his heart good to see me travelling with my Tartar, Albanians, Buffo, Fletcher and this amiable παιδι<sup>67</sup> prancing by my side. –

2:2

Stranè hath got a steed which I have bought, full of spirit, I assure you, and very handsome accoutrements, my account with him was as I stated on board the Salsette. – Here hath just arrived the Chirurgeon of the Spider from Zante who will take this letter to Malta. – I hope it will find you warm. – You cannot conceive what a delightful companion you are now you are gone. – Sligo has told me some things, that ought to set you and me by the ears, but they shan't, and as a proof of it, I wont tell you what they are till we meet, but in the mean time I exhort you to behave well in polite society. – His Lordship has been very kind, and as I crossed the <Isthmus> Isthmus of Corinth, offered if I chose to take me to that of Darien <if> {but} I liked it not, for you have cured me of “villainous company”.<sup>68</sup> – I am about, after a Giro of the

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Morea, to move to Athens again, and thence I know not where, perhaps to Englonde, Malta Sicily, Ægypt, or the Low Countries. – I suppose you are at Malta, or Palermo, I amuse myself alone very much to my satisfaction riding, bathing, sweating, hearing M<sup>r</sup>. Paul's musical clock, looking at his red breeches, we visit him every evening, there he is, playing at Stopper with the old Cogia Bachi, when these amusements fail there is my Greek to quarrel with, and a Sofa to tumble upon. – Nourse and Darwin had been at Athens scribbling all sorts of ribaldry over my old apartment, where Sligo before my arrival had added to your B.A. an A.S.S. and scrawled the compliments of Jackson, Devville, Miss Cameron, and “I am very unappy, Sam Jennings.” – Wallace is incarcerated, and wanted Sligo to bail him, at the Bell and Savage Fleet Rules. – The news are not surprising. What think you?

2:4

Write to me from Malta, the Mediterranean or Ingliterra, to the care of ο κονσολος Στρανέ<sup>69</sup> Have you cleansed my pistols? and dined with the “Gineral”? My compts. to the church of St. Johns, and peace

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67: “boy”.

68: Falstaff at *Henry IV* I III iii 10.

69: “the Consul Strané”.



to the ashes of Ball. How is the Skipper? I have drank his cherry Brandy, and his Rum has floated over half the Morea. – Plaudite et Valet.

yours ever  
Byrone

J.C.Hobhouse Esq<sup>r</sup>.

**Byron to Catherine Gordon Byron, from Patras, July 30th 1810:**

(Source: text from Morgan Library, photocopy from microfilm; LJ I 294-5; BLJ II 8-9)

Patras. July 30<sup>th</sup>. 1810

Dear Madam,

In four days {from Constantinople} with a favourable wind I arrived in the frigate at the island of Zea, from whence I took a boat to Athens where I met my friend the Marquis of Sligo who expressed a wish to proceed with me as far as Corinth. – At Corinth we separated he for Tripolitza I for Patras where I had some business with the Consul M<sup>r</sup>. Stranè in whose house I now write, he has rendered me every service in his power since I quitted Malta on my way to Constantinople, whence I have written to you twice or thrice. –

In a few days I visit the Pacha at Tripolitza, make the tour of the Morea, and return again to Athens, which <are> at present is my headquarters. – The heat is at present intense, in England if it reaches

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98 you are all on fire, the other day in travelling between Athens and Megara the thermometer was at 125!! – Yet I feel no inconvenience, of course I am much bronzed, but I live temperately, and never enjoyed better health. – Before I left Constantinople I saw the Sultan (with M<sup>r</sup>. Adair) and the interior of the Mosques, things which rarely happen to travellers. – M<sup>r</sup>. Hobhouse is gone to England. – I am in no hurry to return, but have no particular communications for your country, except my surprise at M<sup>r</sup>. Hanson's silence, and my desire that he will remit regularly. – I suppose some arrangement has been made with regard to Wymondham and Rochdale.<sup>70</sup> – M<sup>r</sup>. Hobhouse has letters for you from me. – Malta is my post office, or to M<sup>r</sup>. Stranè Consul General Patras, Morea. –

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You complain of my silence, I have written twenty or thirty times within the last year, never less than twice a month, and often more. If my letters {do not arrive} you must not conclude that we are eaten, or that there is a war, or a pestilence, or famine, neither must you credit silly reports, which I dare say, you have in Notts as usual. – I am very well, and neither more or less happy than I usually am, except that I am very glad to be once more alone, for I was sick of my companion (not that he was a bad one) but because my nature leads me to solitude, and that every day adds to this disposition. – If I chose, here are many men who would wish to join me, one wants me to go to Ægypt, another to Asia, of which I have seen enough, the greater part of Greece is already my own, so that I shall only go over my old ground, and look upon my old

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seas and mountains, the only acquaintances I ever found improve upon me. – –

I have a tolerable suite, a Tartar, two Albanians, and interpreter, besides Fletcher, but in this country, these are easily maintained. – Adair received me wonderfully well, and indeed I have no complaints against any one, hospital<bly>{lity} here is necessary, for inns are not. – I have lived in the houses of Turks, Greeks, Italians, and English, today in a palace, tomorrow in a cowhouse, this day with the Pacha, and the next with a Shepherd. – I shall continue to write briefly but frequently, and am glad to hear from you, but you fill your letters, with things from the papers, as if English papers were not found all over the world, I have at this moment a dozen before me. –

Pray take care of my books, and believe me

my dear Mother yours very faithfully  
Byrone

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**70:** Wishful thinking. Hanson's silence is caused by the fact that, neither Wymondham nor Rochdale having been sold, there is no money available to keep B. abroad.

**Byron to Scrope Berdmore Davies, from Patras, July 31st 1810:**

(Source: text from B.L.Loan 70 / 1 ff.4-6; BLJ XI 157-8)

Patras. Morea.

July 31<sup>st</sup>. 1810

My dear Davies,

Lord Sligo, who travelled with me a few days ago from Athens to Corinth, informs me that previous to his departure he saw you in London. – Though I do not think you have used me very well in not writing after my very frequent requests to that effect, I shall not give you an opportunity of recriminating, but fill this sheet to remind you of my existence and assure you of my regard, which you may accept without scruple, as, God knows, it is no very valuable present. – As I do suppose that before this time my agents have released you from every responsibility,<sup>71</sup> I shall say nothing on that head, excepting, that if they have not, it is proper I should know it immediately, that I may return for that purpose. – Since I left England, I have rambled through Portugal, the South of Spain, touched at Sardinia, Sicily, and Malta, been in the most interesting parts of Turkey in Europe, seen the Troad and Ephesus, Smyrna, &<sup>c</sup>. in Asia, swam on the 3<sup>d</sup>. of May from Sestos

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to Abydos, and finally sojourned at Constantinople, where I saw the Sultan and visited the interior of the Mosques, <been> went into the Black Sea, and got rid of Hobhouse.<sup>72</sup> I determined after one years purgatory to part with that amiable soul, for though I like him, and always shall, though I give him almost as much credit for his good qualities as he does himself, there is something in his manner &<sup>c</sup>. in short he will never be any thing but the “Sow’s Ear”. – I am also perfectly aware that I have nothing to recommend me as a Companion, which is an additional reason for voyaging alone. – Besides, I feel happier, I feel free. “I can go and I can fly” “freely to the Green Earths end<sup>73</sup> – and at present I believe myself to be as comfortable as I ever shall be, and certainly as I ever have been. – My apparatus for “flying” consists of a Tartar, two Albanian soldiers, a Dragoman, and Fletcher, besides sundry sumpter horses, a Tent, beds and Canteen. –

I have moreover a young Greek in my suite for the purpose of keeping up and increasing my knowledge of the modern dialect, in which I can swear fluently, and talk tolerably. – I am almost a Denizen of

1:3

Athens, residing there principally when not on the highway. – My next increment from hence is to visit the Pacha at Tripolitza,<sup>74</sup> and so on to headquarters. – Hobhouse will arrive in England before this, to him I refer you for all marvels, he is bursting to communicate, hear him for pity’s sake. – He is also in search of tidings after that bitter “miscellany”,<sup>75</sup> of which we hear nothing, Seaton to be sure compared him in a letter to Dryden, and somebody else (a Welch physician I believe) to Pope, and this is all that Hobby has yet got by his book. – I see by the papers {15<sup>th</sup> May} my Satire is in a third Edition, if I cared much about the matter, I should say this was poor work, but at present the Thermometer is 125!! and I keep myself as cool as possible. – In these parts is my Lord of Sligo with a most innavigable ship, which pertinaciously rejects the addresses of Libs, Notus, and Auster,<sup>76</sup> talking of ships induces me to inform you that in November last, we were in peril by sea in a Galliot of the Pacha of Albania, masts by the board, sails split, captain crying, crew below, wind blowing, Fletcher groaning, Hobhouse

1:4

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**71:** B. assumes incorrectly that his debt to Davies has been paid by Hanson.

**72:** On Friday June 1st 1810, the day after the trip to the Black Sea, to which B. hadn’t been invited, H. records: *This morning in bed received a letter from a friend dissolving partnership, to which replied in pencil as well as my surprise would suffer me to do. Again reason to remember “expertus metuit”.* He quotes Horace, Epistles I 18 88-

**73:** Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici: / Expertus metuit. (To those who have not tried, it looks pleasant to court a friend in power: those who have tried, dread it). The two later made up.

**74:** Quotation[s] unidentified.

**75:** Veli Pacha, son of Ali Pacha, whom B. visits in August 1810.

**76:** *Imitations and Translations.*

**76:** Libs is the south-west wind, Notus and Auster the south wind. See Shenstone, *The School-mistress*, l.57.

despairing, and myself with my upper garments ready thrown open, to swim to a spar in case of accidents; {but} it pleased the Gods to land us safe on the coast of Suli. – My plans are very uncertain, I may return soon, or perhaps not for another year. – Whenever I do come back it will please me to see you in good plight. I think of you frequently, and whenever Hobhouse unlawfully passed off any of your good things as his own, I immediately asserted your claim in all cabins of Ships of war, at tables of Admirals and Generals, Consuls and Ambassadors, so that he has not pilfered a single pun with impunity. – I tell you with great sincerity that I know no person, whom I shall meet with more cordiality. – Address to me at Malta, whence my letters are forwarded to the Levant. – When I was at Malta last, – I fell in love with a married woman,<sup>77</sup> and challenged an officer, but the Lady was chaste, and the gentleman explanatory, and thus I broke no commandments. – I desire to be remembered to no one, I have no friends any where, and my acquaintances are I do suppose either incarcerated or made immortal in the Peninsula of Spain. – I lost five guineas by the demise of H. Parker. – Believe me yours most truly

Byron

[Scrope Berdmore Davies Esqre / Cocoa Tree / St. James's Street / London / Μπουρον]

[*on other side from address:*]

P.S.

I believe I have already described my suite, six and myself, as M<sup>f</sup>. Wordsworth has it “we are seven”. – Tell M<sup>f</sup>. E. Ellice that Adair has a letter for him from me to be left at Brookes's. – Adio! I place my name in modern Greek on the direction of this letter for your edification. –

**John Cam Hobhouse to Byron, from Malta, July 31st 1810:**

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43441 f.4; BB 35-9)

**Hobhouse has kept a record of their expenditure abroad, Byron not.**

Malta. July 31. Tuesday. 1810

Dear Byron,

This letter will be forwarded to you thro' M Bruce who is travelling with Lady Hester Stanhope, a grand daughter, you know, of the first Lord Chatham, and, what you do not know, the most superior woman, as B. says, of all the wo{r}ld. I think you will like Bruce – as he is like yourself much upon the “nil admirari” plan; he is not quite the “Nireus” he was formerly but still, in my mind, very handsome. The moment you left us we had light and contrary winds and did not arrive at Malta untill last Saturday. The Capt: contrary to expectation and the wishes of M<sup>f</sup>. Adair<sup>78</sup> would go to this place in preference to Syracuse that he might procure some letters which he expected from his moitie four days sooner than he would upon the other plan. I fancy poor M<sup>f</sup>. A: would have expired “lord preserve him” had not Gen: Oakes got us out of Quarantine in 24 hours, which he did, and gave M<sup>f</sup>. A: the Capt: & myself a breakfast & dinner on Sunday. I have no Malta news for you except that every one makes particular enquiries after you, especially the Frasers to whom I have given your letters. Your

1:2

pistols wanted cleaning sadly and are now in the requisite hands to put them in order. Every thing is very undecided with respect to M<sup>f</sup>. Adair. No answer is arrived from the Fleet, so that Capt: Bathurst and his Excell:<sup>y</sup> have resolved between them to sail off the latter end of this week to the Medd:<sup>n</sup> Fleet, and there see what Sir Charles Cotton intends to do in forwarding the Ex-ambassador. The Capt: has offer'd me again this opportunity, which I shall accept if M<sup>f</sup>. A says nothing to the contrary and does not think that the circumstance of there being another Cabbin passenger besides himself might embarrass his chance into another ship. I fear I shall not know my destiny untill this letter is gone, as the “Belle Poule” sails early tomorrow – I have read a great many English papers tho' some much later than those you have seen; they inform me that M<sup>f</sup> Windham is dead, chiefly in consequence of a blow received in rescuing some of M<sup>f</sup> North's musty Mss. from the flames – that M<sup>f</sup> Peele and M<sup>f</sup> Golbourne are appointed “under-Secs: of State” and have kissed hands on the occasion. The Marquis Sligo has the ribbon of the order of S<sup>t</sup> Patrick which perhaps you know – Miss Beckford has married the Marquis Douglass and has together with

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77: Constance Spencer Smith.

78: Sir Robert Adair, retiring English Ambassafor to Turkey.

1:3

her sister and father the Measles rather violently.

The Mobility were preparing a triumphal car for Sir Francis Burdett upon his exit from the Tower and all the tailors in London were at work in making up Green cloathes for his partisans – Launder says that the blackguards will be in baize sooner than he out of uniform. the said L is as <plump and> good humour'd as ever and has given {me} a whole suite of rooms in his house, which is much better accommodation than I could have met with at the palace, whither, however, by Gen: Oake's kindness (he has also invited me to his table every day) I might have gone on the 2<sup>nd</sup> day of my arrival. The last Edinborough Reviews concern neither you nor me nor do I see any literary intelligence here that would interest you. Galt is here & I have seen him, he talks about his tomes in a manner that makes me suspect him to be deranged. he did not expect his poem to have been seturised. Poor Galton died in circumstances of peculiar distress, quite mad – and vowing that all his family were visited by God on account of some great sin – D Darwin & a M<sup>f</sup>. Car dressed up a Midshipman as an angel to undeceive him on this head – but the scheme had no effect. the angel was not a good one or did not know his part –

This story Galt begged me not to tell to any one, so knowing

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your discretion I have only confided it to you.

Graham, Tom Graham's successor is travelling about in Sicily and has been here with an old Bart: Sir Mark Sykes, to be sure he must also be mad. Pearce & Taylor a Harrow man, and Stanhope, son of MP. for Carlisle are coming out by the next packet to tourify here and in Greece, so pray come home, as one would not choose to be doing the same thing at the same time with such gentry (I except Pearse) The parliament was prorogued on the 21. June. Affairs go on tolerably well at Cadiz; and Sicily, altho the French fixed the 18 of this month positively for the last time of invading, is still in our hands – many people, indeed, suspect that Murat's large army in Calabria is destined either for Corfu or the Morea. I have just seen Dominus Macgill – you may be sure that I asked him about the character of Andreas Zantachi who you know was his servant – His answer was one that concerns me very much – he says that he is a very great rogue indeed, that he stole half his cloathes, that he broke open his desk at Constantinople and took all his money out, that his getting into a scrape with some woman was the occasion of his dishonesty – I am in the utmost anxiety that this report should

2:1

reach you immediately, as from M<sup>f</sup> Macgill's manner, I have not the least doubt of its being too true. If you should not dismiss the rascal you will of course keep a very sharp took out upon him and prevent his profiting again by his villainy. If he robbed during my time he must have taken the money out of my trunk, which I can not think possible – and yet the deficiency in my accounts makes me almost suspect as much. I have looked again & again and still find that 900 Piastres have gone some way which I know not. Some men are born to be cheated as much as some to cheat – you have money enough to loose a little by this inevitable destiny, but for myself, it is another thing. However unless I can make out this sum to my satisfaction I shall put the 900 P. to my account by which, altho' "good words butter no parsnips," I shall satisfy myself in some measure for this loss having occurred during my stewardship –

I dare say you will think me <xxxxxx><xxxxxx> {scarce anything} <like> {better than} the unjust steward in the Gospel, who rectified his accts: much in <the><same> {as effectual} a way. "And how much owest thou unto my Lord? 50 sacks of barley – take thy pen & write down 100." he should have said, but in the text it is – 25<sup>79</sup> – You will see by the annexed short account that you have not expended a large sum during the last year but with your experience on the subject you will see that it would be very easy to live abroad very handsomely for a great deal less –

2:2

The acct: in £. s. d. is as follows:

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79: See Luke 16: 1-9.

	£	s	d	
Ld. B.	757.	13.	6.	and 5328 Piastres at 17 5/8 and 9206 Piastres at 16.½
J. C. H.	425	12	0.	and 4240 Piastres at 17.5/8 and 2508 at 16.½

	Piastres	=	£	s	d
L <sup>d</sup> B }	5328 at 17 5/8	=	302.	5.	11
}	9206 at 16½	=	<u>557.</u>	<u>18.</u>	<u>9</u>
			<u>860.</u>	<u>4.</u>	<u>8</u>

J. C. H. }	4240 at 175/8	=	240.	11.	4
}	2508 at 16½	=	<u>152.</u>	<u>0.</u>	<u>0</u>
			<u>392.</u>	<u>11.</u>	<u>4</u>

Total L <sup>d</sup> B.			£.	s.	d
			757.	13.	6
			<u>860.</u>	<u>4.</u>	<u>8</u>
			<u>1617.</u>	<u>8.</u>	<u>2</u>

Total J. C. H.			£	s	d
			415.	12.	0
			<u>392.</u>	<u>11.</u>	<u>4</u>
			<u>818.</u>	<u>3.</u>	<u>4</u>

£	s	d	£	s	d
1617.	18.	2	818.	3.	4.

Now, this sum of 1617. 18. 2 is no great thing for you tho' the 818. 3. 4. is much more than I thought at first the other sum of mine amounted to. I know you hate acc<sup>ts</sup> but these were necessary.

I have your pistols now before me they are in the most prime order. I have just come from dining with Colonel Dickens – M<sup>rs</sup> Bruce {his daughter} was there with her belly up to her chin and very languid – she was order'd not to eat cucumber. They talk'd a great deal of L<sup>d</sup> Rendleshams, but are still vastly good humor'd and desired a most particular remembrance to you.

2:3

M<sup>rs</sup> Bruce picked out a pretty picture of a woman in a fashionable dress in Ackerman's Repository and observed it was vastly like L<sup>d</sup> Byron – I give you warning of this for fear you should make another conquest and return to England without a curl upon your head – surely the ladies copy Dalilah when they crop their lovers after this fashion

“Successful Youth! why mourn thy ravished hair  
Since each lost lock bespeaks a conquer'd fair  
And young and old conspire to make thee bare.”

This makes me think of my poor Miscellany<sup>80</sup> which is quite dead, if indeed that can be said to be dead which was never alive; not a soul knows, or knowing will speak of it. You have made Bathurst believe that I am a distrest scribbler – and I believe he begins to pity me – he asked me the other day if I was not translating the Greek Homer I stared & said, no – I thought, added he, that L<sup>d</sup> Byron said something about your writing verses out of Homer the other day see what mischief you have done. Capt: Close, the handsome artillery man whom you may recollect to have seen here, is Gen: Oake's aide camp – and the other morning he butter'd the muffins at breakfast whilst Parson Miller boiled the eggs – a sad revolution has taken place in the army uniform – none under the rank of Capt:

2:4

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<sup>80</sup>: *Imitations and Translations from the Ancient and Modern Classics, together with original Poems never before published.* (Longman, 1809). The volume contains 29 pieces by Hobhouse, 9 by Byron, and 27 by other writers.

are to wear any but fringe epaulets instead of bullion – this will apply to Lieutenants of Marines. This is the last piece of news either interesting or affecting that I have been able to collect for you – and now in return for this letter let me beg of you to keep a journal of all principal occurrences, particularly of such as may occur during your visit to Veli Pacha, as these minutes would very much forward a design that I entertain against the public.

Do not forget to set down the revolutions in your household, especially such things as concern “Sally’s grumbling Half.”

Seriously a letter from you will, you know, make me very happy, and if you have any thing to be done for you in London or elsewhere depend on a very zealous and active if not useful partizan in your very obliged

and sincere

John C. Hobhouse

P.S. I kept the half of your little nosegay till it withered entirely and even then I could not bear to throw it away.<sup>81</sup> I cant account for this, nor can you either, I dare say – – –

**The Marquis of Sligo to the Marchioness of Sligo, from Tripolitza, August 3rd 1810:**

(Source: text from Yale Beinecke, OSB MSS 74 Box 1, Folder 1)

[pencilled: AGO (“Agosto”) 3 – 1810]

Stamp: Foreign / ON / 1810

[Trippolizza<sup>82</sup> & Patrass / August 3<sup>d</sup>. 4<sup>th</sup>. & 6<sup>th</sup>. 1810 / Nov<sup>r</sup>. 22 –

To / The Marchioness of Sligo / No 11 Grafton St / Bond St / London / England

Sligo]

**Sligo reveals that, at Tripolizta in the Morea, he was taken (a) for Byron and (b) for George III’s nephew.**

Trippolizza August 3<sup>d</sup> 1810 1

[22]

My Dearest Mother

I begin here a letter to you but do not know either when I shall have an opportunity of sending it or whether it will reach you, the conveyance of letters is so uncertain in this country. As you see by the date of this letter I am at the capital of the <m/>Morea where Veli Pacha,<sup>83</sup> the son of the celebrated Ali Pacha,<sup>84</sup> reigns supereminent indeed he is infinitely greater than the Grand Signior in this country. About two hours after I closed my letter to you from Athens, I took it into my head to make a tour of the Morea and accordingly packed up a Portmanteau and put it on a horse with my bed on the other side and away I went accompanied by two servants a Dragoman who is a sailor aboard, and the Painter.<sup>85</sup> After three or four days journey we reached this place or rather the outside of it without interruption About two hours from the Town I sent my <Turk> Turk on to get a house for me as is the custom in travelling in this country and came on myself slowly. Just as I was coming in at the Gates I was stopped by a Messenger to say that the Pacha was going to send out all his suite and Troops to give

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me a Triumphal Entry. After keeping me about an hour waiting he sent me word there was some difficulty in collecting the troops and that therefore he would not detain me so long at the gate. In therefore I came and was lodged at the house of the principal Dragoman who was to have his head cut

**81:** H.’s diary for July 17th 1810 reads, “Took leave, *non sine lacrymis*, of this singular young person on a little stone terrace near some paltry magazines at the end of the bay, dividing with him a little nosegay of flowers, the last thing perhaps I shall ever divide with him”.

**82:** Tripolitza was the Turkish administrative centre for southern Greece.

**83:** Veli Pasha ruled the Morea (Greece below the Gulf of Corinth) in the name of his father, Ali.

**84:** Ali Pacha (1741-1822) ruled Albania and much of northern Greece, nominally for the Sultan in Constantinople, but in fact for himself.

**85:** B. is satirical: “He [S.] has ‘en suite’ a painter, a captain, a Gentleman misinterpreter (who boxes with the painter) besides sundry idle English varlets ... The Captain and the *Drogueman* were left at Athens to kill bullocks for the crew, and the Marquis & the limner with a raggedy Turk by way of Tartar, and ship’s carpenter in the capacity of linguist, with two servants (one of whom had the gripes) clothed both in *leather breeches* (the *Thermometer* 125!!) followed over the hills and far away” (letter of July 29th 1810).

off if I had not every thing in the highest order.<sup>86</sup> This was yesterday, this morning – I should first however tell you that I had about fifty Messages from him by his Prime Minister in the course of the Evening<sup>87</sup> and the painter found out in conversation the [*sic: for “he”*] took me for the Kings Nephew<sup>88</sup> and that I was come on a secret mission of importance, accordingly he said that if My Mission was of importance & secrecy that I should come at night secretly but I assured him of the contrary that it was merely a visit to show my respect to him, well this morning I applied for horses to take a ride but was informed that such a high Personage as myself should not go out without having seen him first. Here then am I a prisoner till four O Clock when all his suite come to fetch me. There <is/>are nothing but Albanians to be seen in the street in short it appears

1:3

that he governs merely from the strength of his Army. From hence, my present intention is, to go to see Sparta and two or three of the other principal places in this Quarter, and then return to Athens where [*I shall*] <take Shipping> {embark} and return to Malta. From Malta I shall go to Sicily and should I find Palermo stupid I shall go and take a house amongst some of the Antiquities and amuse myself till Gell<sup>89</sup> comes out, with excavating in search of Antiquities: but I am so uncertain a personage that there is no knowing what I shall do. one thing only I am quite determined in and that is to part from Barthold<sup>90</sup> as he is a great incumbrance to me and no sort of use for I find almost everyone speak[s] Italian I can jabber it so as to be understood with the greatest fluency, and I am beginning to understand a little of the Greek. I have had a terrible loss since I left Athens, A Greek <who> wanted to steal my Thermometer and as he was concealing it in his breast I saw him and accordingly gave him a tremendous beating for which he was very thankful, for had I instead of that complained to the Pacha he

1:4

would have bastinadoed him which would have been much worse than any beating I could give him. During the operation however he threw down the Thermometer and broke it to Atoms. I shall therefore beg of you to send me out 6 of the wooden cased ones as they are the greatest present possible. When I have got rid of this accursed brig which is ruining me I find that I shall be able to live splendidly and carry out all my excavations with the greatest ease for two thousand a year including my companions <and> Artists & Se[rva]nts wages. Byron has only spent that tho he has been travelling about with fifteen horses in his train and I don't know how many Albanians and Ser[van]ts. – August 4<sup>th</sup>. About four O Clock in the Evening yesterday came a long procession of people with bells suspended from long rods, two men with golden armour all studded with precious stones. [*Next came*] his Vizier,<sup>91</sup> and a lot of Turks in fine dresses, with two most superb horses covered over with gold & Silver harness for Me & the Painter to ride. Accordingly away we went in grand stile With about a thousand

1:5

Albanian soldiers besides Falstaff's ragged regiment<sup>92</sup> and a whole he<a/>rd of children. After parading for about an hour we arrived at the Palace and were ushered thro three suits of apartments into a superb room where his Highness did me the honour to receive me standing which he had never done to any one before.<sup>93</sup> He then made me sit down and they turned every one out and two pipes were

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**86:** Ali Pacha threatens B.'s Albanians in this way; so does Veli Pacha when he meets B. (BLJ II 10, quoted below, 1:5n).

**87:** Of Ali Pacha, B. writes to his mother: “Indeed he treated me like a child, sending me almonds & sugared sherbet, fruit & sweetmeats 20 times a day. – He begged me to visit him often, and at night when he was more at leisure ...” (letter of November 12th 1809).

**88:** It looks as if both Ali and Veli Pacha were confused as to which was S. and which was B., and in any case overestimated the rank of both.

**89:** William Gell (1777-1836) classical topographer: B. called him “rapid Gell” (*EBSR* 1034) because he surveyed the Plain of Troy in three days. He never comes out to S.

**90:** We never learn exactly wherein the unsatisfactoriness of Barthold lies.

**91:** S. must mean “Veli Pacha's Vizier”.

**92:** See Shakespeare, *Henry IV I*, IV ii.

**93:** Ali Pacha had in October 1809 also received B. standing; B. also imagined the compliment to be unique. S.'s account compares with B.'s account of his meeting with Veli, which occurred soon after his, in August 1810; see letter to H., August 16th 1810 (below).

brought about ten or twelve foot long each all studded with Jewels, after two minutes they brought in coffee & changed our pipes for two others if possible more magnificent. After talking for an hour & asking a number of questions about my family evidently wanting to know what I was, he concluded by desiring me to present his respects to you,<sup>94</sup> and begged my friendship and I withdrew, & was paraded home in state as I came. in about two hours in came his Secretary with a present of a superb Gun brace of Pistols & Sword, belt &c in the Albanese fashion all covered with Gold and informed {me} that his Highness sent his orders to me, to desist from buying an Albanese dress (which I had ordered from a tailor in the morning) and which was to cost about one hundred & fifty pounds without the arms

1:6

which would have cost an hundred more and which I had determined therefore not to buy. In short he had found out that I had been in the morning looking at Some patterns of Albanese dresses some Arms and some pipes, and he sent this man to order me to desist for that he reserved for himself the pleasure of making them a present to me; and before the Secretary had done his speech in came the Principal Equerry to tell me that he had brought me a horse as a present from his Highness which proved to be the very identical horse I had ridden in state only four year old and the most beautiful creature you ever saw, of a dark grey <xxxxx/>colour, at the same time requesting as a favor that I would stop a day longer in order to be present at a feast he would give to me the next day. Of course I expressed my consent in terms of gratitude &c. Accordingly next day about 4 O Clock a fresh state equipage came for me, and brought me out to a Kiosque of his in the country where the feast was to be. When I came in he apologized for giving me a feast without knives & forks, according to the custom of the Europeans

1:7

which he declared to be much more civilized than those of his own country. He then asked me again about my family, I told him I was not English but an Irish man, that I used to come over every year to the Divan &c &c,<sup>95</sup> and he said he would come & see me if ever he came as Ambassador to England. I then told him that I had two long fourteen pound Guns in the ship<sup>96</sup> which were much at his Service He said that he would have nothing from me but my friendship, but afterwards accepted them he then declared that he had long written in search of four guns but that no notice had been taken of his letters and that he found that he was much better treated by a<n> {private} individual than by a nation, {to} which he had always been a faithful ally, to, meaning us. He then begged me to write and see if I could get him two more I told him I must beg to disobey him in that respect for that, the pleasure of presenting them to him, I should reserve to myself. He made many words about it and really wanted to refuse them but I told him if he did not accept of them I would not accept <of> what he had sent me

1:8

He then thanked me asked for my picture and told me that I must instantly go & embark six columns of Verd antique<sup>97</sup> that he had found and some other Trifles which he said would last longer than the horse or clothes would and that when I ever looked at them I would think of him. I then told him, that I would with permission take a small tour first<sup>98</sup> and then take off the Columns and so the matter ended. The festival commenced by our sitting in a circle, and 87 dishes were brought on in succession of every one of which politeness obliged me to eat some till at last my nose burst out a bleeding & I gave over, about the 83d. After the ceremonies of Pipes and Coffee we had Turkish Music, Singing & Dancing boys until about Eleven O Clock when I withdrew was escorted home by about twenty people with large Iron Gratings full of fire. The next morning I set out for Patrass and went 8 hours to a stable outside which in the yard we all slept for the quantities of vermin in the Stables would not allow us to sleep inside. I am now writing in a most superb

**94:** Ali had presented his compliments to Mrs Byron (BLJ I 227, 249).

**95:** By "the Divan" S. means the Court of St James in London.

**96:** B. writes (BLJ II 5, quoted above) that S. had twelve guns on his ship.

**97:** These fragments of columns were found in a cellar nearly a century later and donated by S.'s grandson to the British Museum in 1906. Replicas still decorate Westport House. See Christine Finn, *The Marquess and the Mycenaean Columns*, *Oxford Journal of Archaeology*, 21 (1) 1-12, 2002.

**98:** See 1:5n for B.'s report that S. "asked leave to accompany him [*Velî*] to the Danube".



1:9

house in a village called Calavuta and tomorrow I shall conclude my journey to Patrass where also I shall conclude my letter if I have any thing more to say. By the bye I think it is long enough to tire you with decyphering for as I have not seen a table since I left <Eleusis> Athens I have written all of it on my knee, and {as} at the best of times I do not excel much in the act of Penmanship I think it will require some extraordinary skill to make out my meaning in this jumble of letters. Patrass 6<sup>th</sup>. Here I am and am going to return to Trippolizza immediately: on my arrival here I found Byron & Strane the British Consul<sup>99</sup> here going to that place or rather intending to go tomorrow. I shall therefore accompany them back go & get my horse & columns &c off & go back to Malta and so save a considerable expense of mens wages during the time that I am obliged to keep the brig. I have just had a sight of a number of English Papers by which I see that we<sup>100</sup> are still in which surprises me but amongst the names of the majority I don't see the name of my Uncle Dennis.<sup>101</sup> Remember should any

1:10

thing happen to him<sup>102</sup> Henry Browne is to succeed him in the county. You must I am sorry to say prepare yourself for large drafts from me when I give up my brig for I cant Help it If I could I would not indeed. Until I got the brig I had only spent 800 pounds in five months as soon as I got her expenses which I cant account for ran away with all my Hermes & Farquhars Bills, I strongly suspect Barthold of some unfair dealing about some part of it. The more I see of him the more determined I am against Keeping him. He never was out of Constantinople in his life except in going to England & back, and he is so perfectly disgusting & disagreeable that I cant bear him; he tells every one that he is a man of fortune has horses & carriages &c at home, and that he only came out to oblige you {&} to take care of me, and that he did not find things so well as he expected, but that to oblige you he would put up with them. Behind my back he has been speaking insultingly of me in terms too indelicate to be mentioned he replied when somebody asked him if I <had/>did not pay him for his work that <he/>I did not. As soon as I arrive at Malta I will write to acquaint you of my arrival there

1:11

till when Adieu –

P.S. Send to N<sup>o</sup>. 19 Blandford Mews Blandford St London and ask for a M<sup>rs</sup>. Elizabeth Niddin; the Sister of a most excellent servant of mine and have the goodness to give her twenty pounds a year while I stay abroad: he allowing that to her out of the thirty pounds a year he has from me: a thing which does not a little raise him in my estimations.

**Elizabeth Massingberd to John Hanson, August 9th 1810:**

(Source: text from B.L.Egerton 2611 ff.203-4)

[John Hanson Esq<sup>r</sup> / Chancery Lane]

Sir /

The contents of the enclosed letter<sup>103</sup> must be my apology for again intruding upon your patience, the little favour I am to expect from the Annuitants is fully explained in the letter. It certainly appears very extraordinary that Lord Byron should not have made a sufficient provision for the payment of those people, not even for one year, his Lordships promises to me were very different, whatever disgrace I may suffer from these people it will avail them little since I could as soon pay the National debt as discharge their Account. I hope Sir you will take into Consideration this business and prevent by being brought to disgrace and Shame. I

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**99:** Samuel Strani (or Strané) was English Consul-General in the Morea.

**100:** “we” are the Tories.

**101:** S.'s uncle the Rt. Hon. Denis Browne had been High Sheriff of County Mayo at the time of the French landings in 1798. He was known as “Soap-the-rope” (*Domcha an rópa*), and instituted a reign of terror in which many innocents were lynched. The great Gaelic poet Anthony Raftery had written verses against him, threatening him with death.

**102:** S. is afraid that his uncle might be assassinated.

**103:** Enclosed letter not identifiable.

1:2

I am Sir  
 your most ob<sup>t</sup> Humble Ser<sup>t</sup>  
 E M Massingberd

August 9<sup>th</sup> 1810

[1:3 blank.]

**John Cam Hobhouse to Byron, from Cagliari, August 15th 1810:**

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43441 f.5; BB 42-4)

[*letter ends at top of first page:*] tales all of which were put down, that he asked the K of Sardinia for the order of S<sup>t</sup> Maurice and was refused – that he has got the order of Constantine in Sicily which is given to the <the> King's tooth drawer in general and this he calls the order of Constantinian – that he has, in fine, been quizzed almost out of his senses and is gone home still determined to write

August 15, 1810

Dear Byron,

This letter comes from Cagliari, from which place most probably I should not have written to you had it not been for one of the most stupid instances of forgetfulness on my part that I ever heard of. you must know then, that being as it were obliged to dine with D<sup>r</sup> Sewel, a name therefore for ever to be accursed by me, on the sunday on which I left Monday (i e. August 6) I absolutely forgot my boxes of marbles (henceforth to be ever accursed by you) until the instant before I set off to go to the damn'd Doctor's country House 50 miles off, I fancy, in the country – In vain did I send a note and two verbal messages to M<sup>r</sup> Launder's Major Domo, (Launder himself being with a whore at his country house too) for when I came on board the Salsette at 10 oclock at night the marbles were not come. – I took to my bed immediately and never got up till – next morning having in the night by the way of punishing myself taken an oath against drinking wine – a resolution to which I have as yet adhered and which with the blessing of God I intend to keep eternally. Now my request to your L<sup>d</sup>-ship is, that you will be pleased to increase my many obligations to you by taking a determination, and by ordering your man W. Fletcher to put you in mind, to take the said forgotten boxes three (or 4) with you to England. With the persuasion that you will not refuse me this favour I have taken the liberty to desire three several persons to put you in mind of my damn'd boxes –

1:2

which three persons are – M<sup>r</sup> Close, a very good humoured young fellow tho' the Gen:<sup>s</sup> Aide de camp, M<sup>rs</sup> Dickens, and M<sup>r</sup> Launder – in whose house I recommend you to live when you shall visit Malta. Now for other things. The black Joke lugger, Moses Kennedy, commander, was hoarded by two French Privateers in a calm off Algiers and carried, but not until seven men of the lugger had been killed, and allmost all wounded. It is hoped that all the dispatches were thrown over board. No doubt your letters and my packet to Matthews suffered amongst the rest. Lucien Bonaparte is in this port of Cagliari on board an American vessel, and has made application to M<sup>r</sup> Hill<sup>104</sup> to give him passports to Plymouth in England, as he is obliged to fly from his brother Napoleon, who, as he says, gave him only 24 hours to consider on this dilemma, “either to accept the title and office of King of Rome” or to leave “the Continent immediately.” Lucien decided instantly and fled to Civita Vecchia, whence he sent to Cagliari to M<sup>r</sup> Hill for a safe passport to Cagliari – M<sup>r</sup> Hill returned for answer that he could not do it, but Lucien came hither without a passport accompanied by his whole family and a suite of about 40 Frenchmen.

Hill is in the utmost diplomatic agony and is delighted to have the assistance of M<sup>r</sup> Adair in such an emergency The King of Sardinia will not consent to his landing in the

1:3

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**104:** William Noel Hill, English Minister at Genoa; he is still there in 1822.

island, and Capt: Barry (the Capt: Barry) who is at anchor here with the Pomone Frigate, avers that the instant the American gets under weigh, he must board her and seize Lucien and his Frenchmen, and take them prisoners to Malta .....

Lucien says, “very well. I must throw myself on your mercy” – but begs very hard for a free passport to Plymouth. M<sup>f</sup> Adair is for granting him this, as he knows the pucker Oakes would be in were he to have him at Malta. M<sup>f</sup> Hill and the Capt:s Barry and Bathurst are for sending him by the Pomone to Civita Vecchia or to Malta. how it will he decided God knows. M<sup>f</sup> A. and M<sup>f</sup> H are to have another audience of Lucien today. He is a handsome tallish youngish looking man but wears spectacles. I have not seen him, but will if I can. I have seen for the first time a copy of the second edition of “English Bards &c” at M<sup>f</sup> Hill’s. M<sup>f</sup> Smith, whom you remember here tells me that every body whom he has seen agrees in praising it very much and also in talking a good deal about it. Every body also says that you will most probably have to fight some body. this suspicion I have always ridiculed, and asked whom? M<sup>f</sup> Jeffery’s and Lord Paget’s names were mentioned now it seems to me that had the first intended any such thing, you would have heard of it before this time and as to Lord P. you have only alluded to a well-known fact, which I presume every one has a right to do – It is true that you have got the word “cartel” in your postscript,<sup>105</sup> which seems to allude to an expectation of a challenge, not to say, an invitation of such a thing –

The book itself looks very handsome and is on good paper with

l:4

a large neat clean type – I object to no one earthly thing in the volume, but an expression in the Preface, where you say that the 14 lines on Bowles were inserted at the “request” of an “ingenious” friend who has a volume of poems in the press.<sup>106</sup> Now this looks as if your ingenious friend were so seriously angry with Bowles, and so terribly in a hurry tho he had a volume in the press, to appear in print, that he could not {stay} wait, but requested you to afford him an early opportunity of showing his rage and his wit – However this don’t signify a pin’s head, and I should not have mention’d it, had it not been for a clumsy joke of Bathurst’s directed to me yesterday as he was reading the preface – I wish you would empower me to omit your postscript, which is very violent to be sure, in your next edition; for I have no doubt to find Cawthorne preparing another when I get home, as I hear the satire is in great Circulation – I forgot to mention that the Salsette is going to the Fleet off Toulon where we shall see in what manner Sir Ch. Cotton intends to forward M<sup>f</sup> Adair to England, by the way of Cadiz , whither M<sup>f</sup> A. is obliged to go. King Louis of Holland is laid on the shelf and that country joined to France – Sir John Carr staid at Cagliari and in the island three months – M<sup>f</sup> Smith tells me that the perpetual fun of which he was the sole object and butt was inconceivable – that he was the most profound of ninnies, that they used to get at his notes and alter the figures and numbers so that the public will see “that a Sardinian galley is 750 feet long,” that they told him the most improbable [*letter concludes at top of first page*]

**Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Tripolitza, August 16th 1810:**

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43438 f.15; 1922 I 12-13, cut; QI 77-82; BLJ II 9-11)

**Byron’s account of his meeting with Veli Pacha.**

Tripolitza August 16<sup>th</sup>.  
1810

Dear Hobhouse,

I am on the rack of setting off for Argos amidst the usual creaking swearing loading and neighing of sixteen horses and as many men serrugees included. – You have probably received one letter dated Patras and I send this at a venture. – Vely Pacha received me even better than his Father did, though he is to join the Sultan, and the city is full of troops and confusion, which as he said, prevents him from paying proper attention. – He has given me a very pretty horse and a most particular invitation to meet him at Larissa, which last is singular enough as he recommended a different route to

**105:** “I have been mostly in London, ready to answer for my transgressions, and in daily expectation of sundry cartels” – EBSR, postscript to second edn.

**106:** “In the First Edition of this Satire, published anonymously, fourteen lines on the subject of Bowles’s Pope were written by, and inserted at the request of, an ingenious friend of mine, who has now in the press a volume of Poetry. In the present Edition they are erased, and some of my own substituted in their stead; my only reason for this being that which I conceive would operate with any other person in the same manner, – a determination not to publish with my name any production which was not entirely and exclusively my own composition” – EBSR, Preface to second edn.

L<sup>d</sup>. Sligo who asked leave to accompany him to the Danube. – I asked no such thing, but on his enquiring where I meant to go, and receiving for answer that I was about to return to Albania for the purpose of penetrating higher up the country, he replied, “no you must not take that route, but go round by Larissa where I shall remain some time on

1:2

my way. I will send to Athens, and you shall join me, we will eat and drink well, and go a hunting.” – He said he wished all the old men (specifying under that epithet North, Forresti, and Stranè) to go to his father, but the young ones to come to him, to use his own expression “vecchio con vecchio, Giovane con Giovane.” – He honored me with the appellations of his friend and brother, and hoped that we should be on good terms not for a few days but for Life. – All this is very well, but he has an awkward manner of throwing his arm round one’s waist, and squeezing one’s hand in public, which is a high compliment, but very much embarrasses “ingenuous youth”. – The first time I saw him he received me standing, accompanied me at my departure to the door of the audience chamber, and told me I was a παλικαρι<sup>107</sup> and an εὐμορφω παιδι.<sup>108</sup> – He asked if I did not think it very proper that as young men (he has a beard down to his middle) we should live together, with a variety of other sayings, which made

1:3

Stranè <|>tare, and puzzled me in my replies. – He was very facetious with Andreas and Viscillie, and recommended that my Albanians’ heads should be cut off if they behaved ill. – I shall write to you from Larissa, and inform you of our proceedings in that city. – In the mean time I sojourn at Athens. – I have sent Eustathius back to his home, he plagued my soul out with his whims, and is besides subject to <epilep> epileptic fits (tell M. this)<sup>109</sup> which made him a perplexing companion, in other matters he was very tolerable, I mean as to his learning, being well versed in the Ellenics. You remember Nicolo at Athens Lusieri’s wife’s brother. – Give my compliments to Matthews from whom I expect a congratulatory letter. – I have a thousand anecdotes for him and you, but at present Τί να κάμω?<sup>110</sup> I have neither time nor space, but in the words of Dawes, “I have things in store.” – I have scribbled thus much, where shall I send it, why to Malta or Paternoster Row. –

2:4

Hobby you wretch how is the Miscellany? that damned and damnable work, “what has the learned world said to your paradoxes?”<sup>111</sup> I hope you did not forget the importance of Monogamy.” – Stranè has just arrived with bags of piastres, so that I must conclude by the usual phrase of

yours &<sup>c</sup>. &<sup>c</sup>  
Byron

P.S.

You knew young Bossari at Yanina, he is a piece of Ali Pacha’s!! well did Horace write “Nil Admirari”

### John Cam Hobhouse to Byron, at sea, August 16th–24th 1810

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43441; BB 47)

[For / The Right Honorable. / Lord. Byron / Mes<sup>srs</sup>. Chabot & Co. / Malta // Received at Athens Nov<sup>r</sup>. 1<sup>st</sup>. 1810]

**An envelope with the letter missing.**

[on reverse of envelope:]

I trust that the letter which I sent to you from Malta has come to hand. If you see Bruce before it reaches you he will have told you, all the political news which it contains – Your pistols and key I remanded to Commissioner Frasers by the hands of M<sup>r</sup> Launder’s servant. Do not fail to write to me,

**107:** “a brave young man”.

**108:** “a handsome boy”.

**109:** Why should Matthews be especially interested in the fact that Georgiou wasepaleptic?

**110:** “What to do?”

**111:** Goldsmith, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, Ch.20: “the learned world said nothing to my paradoxes”.

especially to tell me when you fix for your return, and should you see Cockerel put him in mind of his picture of Athens for me as I am half determined to scribble. You will most probably see poor mad Galt – he burst in on M<sup>f</sup> A: and frightened him out of his wits – be kind <him> enough to give him my direction (but not to Grub S<sup>u</sup>). Do keep a journal and do what you can to eke out my “letters from a foreign land” as you call them in your copy of verses to me,<sup>112</sup> which I have read again & again & really think the best you ever wrote no line excepted not even the Eagle which is much admir’d by all and every body.

Farewell, dear B. and believe me  
or ever your very sincere  
J. C. H. b. e.

[at right angles on envelope reverse:]

In some directions for seamen on board the Ajax the letters, which Bathurst has on board, have this variety in the spelling. A-jacks. Eayex – Agax. Ajex of Toloun. Ajix – Ajux – Ajects – Ajx – Hedjecks – the two last must have been dreadfully put to it – Sardinia – is Sir Denia and Centaur, Sinter. –

It is settled that Lucien goes to Malta. – – Captain Bathurst desires his best respects .....

**Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Athens, August 23rd 1810:**

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43438 f.1; 1922 I 13-17; BLJ II 11-14)

**Byron’s account of his life at the Athenian convent.**

The Convent. Athens.

August 23<sup>d</sup>. 1810

My dear Hobhouse, – L<sup>d</sup> Sligo’s unmanageable Brig being remanded to Malta with a large quantity of vases amounting in value (according to the depreciation of Fauvel) to one hundred and fifty piastres, I cannot resist the temptation of assailing you in this third letter, which I trust will find you better than your deserts, and no worse than my wishes can make you. – – I have girated the Morea, and was presented with a very fine horse (a stallion) and honoured with a number of squeezes and speeches by Velly Pacha, besides a most pressing invitation to visit him at Larissa in his way to the wars. – But of these things I have written already. – I returned to Athens by Argos where I found L<sup>d</sup>. Sligo with a painter who has got a fever with sketching

1:2

at mid day, and a dragoman who has actually lied himself into a lockjaw, I grieve to say the Marchesa has done a number of young things, because I believe him to be a clever, and I am sure he is a good man. – I am most auspiciously settled in the Convent, which is more commodious than any tenement I have yet occupied, with room for my suite, and it is by no means solitary, seeing there is not only “il Padre Abbate” but his “schuola” consisting of six “Regatzi” all my most particular allies. – These Gentlemen being almost (saving Fauvel and Lusieri) my only associates it is but proper their character religion and morals should be described. – Of this goodly company three are Catholics and three are Greeks, which Schismatics I have already set a boxing to the great amusement of the Father who rejoices to see the Catholics

1:3

conquer. – Their names are, Barthelemi, Giuseppe, Nicolo, Yani, and two anonymous at least in my memory. – Of these Barthelemi is a “simplice Fanciullo” according to the account of the Father, whose favourite is Guiseppe who sleeps in the lantern of Demosthenes. – We have nothing but riot from Noon till night. – The first time I mingled with these Sylphs, after about two minutes reconnoitering, the amiable Signor Barthelemi without any previous notice seated himself by me, and after observing by way of compliment, that my “Signoria” was the “più bello” of his English acquaintances saluted me on the left cheek, for which freedom being reproved by Giuseppe, who very properly informed him that I was “μεγαλοσ”<sup>113</sup> he told him I was his “φιλοσ”<sup>114</sup> and “by his beard,” he would do so again, adding in

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**112:** Farewell Petition to J.C.H. Esq., Constantinople, June 7th 1810.

**113:** “a great lord”.

**114:** “friend”.

reply to the question of “διατι ασπασετε?”<sup>115</sup> you see he laughs, as in good truth I did very heartily.  
– But my

1:4

friend as you may easily imagine is Nicolo, who by the bye, is my Italian master, and we are already very philosophical. – I am his “Padrone” and his “amico” and the Lord knows what besides, it is about two hours since that after <telling> {informing} me he was most desirous to follow him (that is me) over the world, he concluded by telling me it was proper for us not only to live but “morire insieme.” – The latter I hope to avoid, as much of the former as he pleases. – I am awakened in the morning by these imps shouting “venite abasso” and the friar gravely observes it is “bisogno bastonare” every body before the studies can possibly commence. – Besides these lads, my suite, to which I have added a Tartar and a youth to look after my two new saddle horses, my suite I say<s>, are very obstreperous and drink skinfuls of Zean wine at 8 paras the oke daily. – Then we have several

2:1

Albanian women washing in the “giardino” whose hours of relaxation are spent in running pins into Fletcher’s backside. – “Damnata di mi if I have seen such a spectaculo in my way from Viterbo.” – In short what with the women, and the boys, and the suite, we are very disorderly. – But I am vastly happy and childish, and shall have a world of anecdotes for you and the “Citoyen.” – – Intrigue flourishes, the old woman Teresa’s mother was mad enough to imagine I was going to marry the girl, but I have better amusement, Andreas is fooling with Dudu as usual, and Mariana has made a conquest of Dervise Tahiri, Viscillie Fletcher and Sullee my new Tartar have each a mistress, “Vive l’Amour! –

–  
I am learning Italian, and this day translated an ode of Horace “Exegi monumentum” <into> {into that language} I chatter with every body good or bad and tradute prayers out of the Mass Ritual, but my lessons though very long are sadly interrupted by scamperings and eating fruit

2:2

and peltings and playings and I am in fact at school again, and make as little improvement now as I did then, my time being wasted in the same way. – However it is too good to last, I am going to make a second tour of Attica with Lusieri who is a new ally of mine, and Nicolo goes with me at his own most pressing solicitation “per mare, per terras” – “Forse” you may see us in Inghilterra, but “non so, come &<sup>c</sup>.” – For the present, Good even, Buona sera a vos signoria, Bacio le mani.

– August 24<sup>th</sup>. 1810. –

I am about to take my daily ride to the Piræus where I swim for an hour despite of the heat, here hath been an Englishman ycleped Watson, who died and is buried in the Tempio of Theseus. I knew him not, but I am told that the Surgeon of L<sup>d</sup>. Sligo’s brig slew him with an improper potion and a cold bath. – L<sup>d</sup> Sligo’s crew are sadly addicted to liquor. – He is in some

2:3

apprehension of a scrape with the Navy concerning certain mariners of the King’s ships. – – He himself is now at Argos with his hospital but intends to winter in Athens. I think he will be sick of it, poor soul he has all the indecision of your humble servant, without the relish for the ridiculous which makes my life supportable. – – I wish you were here to partake of a number of waggeries which you can hardly find in the Gunroom or in Grub=street, but then you are so very crabbed and disagreeable that when the laugh is over, I rejoice in your absence. – After all I do love thee, Hobby, thou hast so many good qualities and so many bad ones it is impossible to live with or without thee.

Nine in the Evening. –

I have as usual swum across the Piræus, the Signore Nicolo also laved, but he makes as bad a hand in the water as L’ Abbe Hyacinth at Falmouth, it is a curious thing that the Turks when

2:4

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115: “Why did you embrace him?”

they bathe wear their lower garments as<the> your humble servant always doth, but the Greeks {not,} however questo Giovane e vergogno. – L<sup>d</sup>. Sligo's surgeon has assisted very materially the malignant fever now fashionable here, another man dead to day, two men a week like fighting Bob Acres in the country.<sup>116</sup> – Fauvel says he is like the Surgeon whom the Venetians fitted out against the Turks with whom they were then at war. – I have been employed the greater part of today in conjugating the verb “ασπαζω”<sup>117</sup> (which word being Ellenic as well as Romaic may find a place in the Citoyen's Lexicon) I assure you my progress is rapid, but like Cæsar “nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendum”<sup>118</sup> I {must} arrive at the pl&optC, and then I will write to ——. I hope to escape the fever, at least till I finish this affair, and then it is welcome to try, I dont think without its friend the drunken Poticary it has any chance, take a quotation. – “Et Lycam nigris oculis, nigroque Crine decorum.”<sup>119</sup> –

yours & the Sieur's ever  
B. –

**Catherine Gordon Byron to John Hanson, from Newstead Abbey, September 9th 1810:**

(Source: text from B.L.Egerton 2611 ff.209-19)

Newstead Abbey  
9<sup>th</sup> Sept<sup>r</sup> 1810

Dear Sir

I have had a letter from Lord Byron dated the <xxx> 24<sup>th</sup> may from Constantinople, he says he has had no letter from you and but one remittance.

He talked of returning to pass the summer among the Greeks in the Morea, but that I am to direct my letters to Malta.

I now have to desire that

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you will send your Son or some Person that will be attended to, to M<sup>r</sup> Saunders of Vigo Lane Piccadilly, a celebrated Portrait Painter, and desire that he will send down Lord Byrons Picture to this place immediately. I have written him three letters concerning {it} but have had no answer to any of them; it ought to have been here a year and a half ago, Lord Byron paid for it before he left England, had I known

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that sooner I would not have waited so long but his Lordship only mentions thus in his last letter  
C G Byron

I have received no answer to my former letter from you ———

**The Marquis of Sligo to the Marchioness of Sligo, from Athens, September 15th 1810:**

(Source: text from Yale Beinecke, OSB MSS 74 Box 1, Folder 2): [pencilled: SEP. 5 – 1810]

[To / The Marchioness of Sligo / No 11 Grafton St / London / England / Sligo / Athens / September 15<sup>th</sup>. 1810]

**Sligo's disgust at Byron's behaviour is lightly expressed.**

Athens September 15<sup>th</sup> 1810

My Dearest Mother

Here I am settled at last for some [*time*] how long God only knows, As you know by my last letter from Patrass I went there in order to accompany Lady Hester Stanhope from thence to Athens thinking that from my having been in this country a little time and having run about a good deal in that time I should be able to be of some service to her. Accordingly I accompanied her hal[f]way up the Gulf of Lepanto to Bostizza<sup>120</sup> where I left her to proceed on by water and took horses myself and rode on to Corinth and got a house &c ready for her before she came. We stayed there some days and then proceeded by water to Athens. It is really quite a delightful thing travelling with such a woman; for altho' in extreme ill health she requires much less trouble & attendance than half of her servants do.

**116:** Sheridan, *The Rivals*.

**117:** “to embrace”.

**118:** Lucan, Phars. II 657 (“... believed nothing had been done while anything was left to be done”).

**119:** Hor. Od. I xxxii 11-12 (“And Lycus beautiful for black eyes and raven locks”).

**120:** Normally “Vostizza”.

Besides which she is so clever a woman that no moment hangs heavy on our hands in her presence. Bruce, whom you may recollect seeing one day in Grafton St is accompanying her and what I may be induced to do I don't know. She intends stopping here a month and then proceeding on to Constantinople

4:2

by way of Smyrna, <which> {this} journey she has pressed me much to accompany her in I suppose finding me to be useful to her, for Bruce is so little a man of business and *I* am so *completely* one that I do every thing for her: I hire her Servants for her, I <do> act the part of interpreter in short without me she would be cheated abominably. She has undertaken (she says) to make me a smart man God knows whether she will ever succeed for I am tired of her lectures and desired her to give them over which she accordingly has done. I have had the greatest possible success in digging for vases having found an immense quantity and some very good ones, I have here some rivals but my good fortune has rendered me much more successful than they have been. There are two Scotchmen by the name of Galt<sup>121</sup> & Munro<sup>122</sup> who have lately come who have [*made*] a considerable addition to our society: Lord Byron is not here now; but he is no loss: *His* Character is completely done up even the Pacha has been speaking about it tho himself he participates in *crimes* of the same *nature*. I have detected him in many dirty meanesses and lies in order to conceal his conduct.<sup>123</sup> All my servants have been very ill with fevers in short every one about me

4:3

appears to have suffered with myself only as exception. I have got on wonderfully both with my Italian and my Greek, the former I speak as fluently as I do English tho of course very barbarously, and {in} the latter I scarcely require an interpreter. I mean should I stop here {long} to set down to learn Turkish & Arabic I hope you have been able to succeed in sending out Gell to me He will be of immense service to me I trust that the main body of my expences are passed over & that I shall be able to be more moderate in my drafts than I have been lately. This letter goes by an express tomorrow to Patras should I have time I will write to Caldwell and should I not pray remember me to him.

Athens September 15<sup>th</sup> 1810  
January 12<sup>th</sup> 1810

**C.S.Matthews to J.C.Hobhouse, September 25th 1809:**

(Source: BL.Add.Mss.47226 ff.13-14)

[J.C.Hobhouse Esq<sup>r</sup> / Malta / Mediterranean]

Lowestoft Monday 25 September 1809

Dear Hobhouse

I received last month your letter of July 8, from Lisbon, and had prepared one for you, as I thought, exactly in time for the very next Malta packet; (for as to directing to you at Gibraltar as you desired, I thought that quite out of the question) but from the miscalculation of a day, conceiving Wednesday, instead of Tuesday, to have been the first day of the month, with great vexation found myself a week too late, and have consequently been thrown a month behindhand. I shall direct this to Malta, though you may long since have left that place, as the likeliest method of finding you. And I write purely in obedience to your commands, as I am conscious how little I have to communicate w<sup>ch</sup> you will think worth receiving.

What you w<sup>d</sup> be most interested to hear w<sup>d</sup> be the progress of your *Miss-Sell-Any*: but of this I am unable to inform you further than that M<sup>f</sup> Davison sent me the sheets to Cambridge, that I corrected the Preface & Cancels, and made out a Table of Contents & Errata Page. This was done long before I left Cambridge but I have not heard from M<sup>f</sup> D. since. And I find that when one is at a distance from the Press a great loss of time is occasioned by the miscarriage of letters & the stupidity of Printers, who require repeated letters before you can get a categorical answer to your enquiries. I have not heard of it's making it's appearance in the world. (possibly there may be certain seasons more proper than

**121:** John Galt (1779-1839), merchant and novelist. He wrote a life of Byron.

**122:** Munro unidentified.

**123:** S.'s distaste for Byron's homosexual habits may account for their not being together for very long periods in Greece. Byron indulged his gay side only after Hobhouse had left, finding that Hobhouse's uptight style cramped his.



others for this purpose, & the book [*may*] have been therefore delayed) However I have announced it in Trinity College, & have enjoined others to bespeak it the attention of the Cambridge world By the time that I write again I shall be able to read you tidings of it's success.

I wish you had intrusted the correction of the Mss. to me or to any one who w<sup>d</sup>. have paid attention to the minutiaë, as those sheets w<sup>ch</sup>. you inspected contain innumerable errors in orthography & punctuation, I ventured one correction on my own authority, not having your Ms. to refer to. In the "I. of J." it is printed "Nor tremble lest this taste of ease of day should steal &<sup>c</sup>"<sup>124</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> I concluded to have been written 'to-day' & so corrected it. In the Maunciple's tale there is a line about w<sup>ch</sup> I should have wished to consult the M.S. – "Strong was the witness certain as, in short"<sup>125</sup> &c Now this sounds clumsy, but I cannot take any liberties with your text unless the error appears to be clearly typographical.

Baillie has revoked two or three things of his contributing: and in your ode addressed to him I have directed the Printer to change B — to a mere —, at Baillie's earnest demand, and the communication of the name not appearing to be in the slightest degree a material part of your design.

Your fear of not having sufficient materials for a volume were entirely groundless, as there are 255 pages exclusive of the Preface.

I think the whole volume will be read with pleasure. With regard to your own part, with w<sup>ch</sup>. my present business lies, I find it all extremely good with very few exceptions. I cannot describe the astonishment with which I discovered the Loving Lady's Complaint,<sup>126</sup> or the mirth with w<sup>ch</sup>. I read it. Many other passages in your text & notes produced loud bursts of merriment, w<sup>ch</sup>. bursts the recollection of them often renews. And if the public are as much delighted with the book as I was you will have no reason to complain of it's success.

Pray tell me who are the remaining contributors, E.B. I.Z. I.H.B &<sup>c</sup>.<sup>127</sup>

The closing ditty, apparently on H. Bankes,<sup>128</sup> might better I think have been left out.

As your contributions are partly in ten and partly in eight syllable measure, I will venture an opinion that you are infinitely more happy in the former than in the latter. When you condescend to adopt the manner of M<sup>f</sup> Pope nothing can be better; but when you try the manner of D<sup>f</sup> Swift it seems to me that you fail. And hence I conclude that either the eight syllable is by far the more difficult of the two, or that you have not studied it with equal pains. In this I think you will easily be induced to agree with me, & therefore as B<sup>p</sup> Atterbury told M<sup>f</sup> Pope, Now you know wherein your strength lies, stick to it. Not that I w<sup>d</sup> extend this observation universally, as some of your octosyllabics are eminently happy, & some of your decasyllabics such as, had I been at your elbow, I should have urged you to return to the anvil. For instance, you deface your version from Boileau<sup>129</sup> with a miserable botch – "Nor quite content w<sup>d</sup>. hide behind a shelf" &c – hide behind a shelf.

Before I quit this subject I shall not omit to mention that I have looked in vain for the piece which you said you had addressed to your most obsequious humble servant. Nor can I find aught that I can apply to myself. At this I am somewhat chagrined, and will beg leave to apply what Augustus said to Horace. "Iratum me tibi scito quod non in plurisque epismodi scriptes mecum potissimum loquaris. An veneris ne apud posteros infama ut quod vidiaris familiaris nobis ipse?" In short ..... Rise, honest Muse, and sing the Man of Ross. And let this mine expostulation extort from you some piece, I care not if it be no longer or better than that w<sup>ch</sup> Augustus extorted from Horace, so that it be politely written & contain nothing offensive to Religion & good morals.

What think you by the bye of a poetical Epistle from some of the countries where you may sojourn during y<sup>f</sup>. travels? You remember A. Philips's from Copenhagen, & Addison's from Italy. Your happier Muse inspired by grander scenes may, I am sure, produce something splendid. As for myself a glut of society has thrown me upon reading & retirement. For this purpose I have betaken myself to this place, w<sup>ch</sup>. is a little Town on the Easternmost point of Great Britain, & which I selected as being the maritime town which lay nearest to Cambridge. I have been here some days & I shall remain here some weeks. Here I have {my} time entirely to myself, keep good hours, live temperate, & take measures for repairing my shattered constitution: into w<sup>ch</sup>. it is my aim to "infuse a potion of new

**124:** "Imitation of Juvenal": the first poem in the anthology. The line is on p.39.

**125:** *Imitations*, p.105. The line is printed "Strong was the witness certain, as, in short,"

**126:** *Imitations*, pp.130-5; a nymph complains by the Cam of the coldness of her loved Amoret. Not obviously comical: perhaps a private metaphor for Byron and Edelstone.

**127:** Five poems are credited to "E.B.", one to "I.Z.", and four to "I.H.B". Eleven more are credited to "L.T.", and two to "T.L."

**128:** *To the Memory of a British Officer, who was lost in the Athenienne Man of War, Feb. 1807*: final poem in the book. The name of the deceased is Harry. "Bankes" does not occur.

**129:** *Imitations*, p.233; penultimate line.

health, that it may be able to support it's infirmities". Since the first of July I have been leading the revels amongst the monks of Trinity, swilling & surfeiting with a total disregard of those reducing plans to which I was formerly so much addicted.<sup>130</sup> And I thought at one time that I had effected the complete destruction of my stomach. Immediately on my arrival I was invested with the degree M.A., & was unable to depart before I had tasted the sweets of my magisterial dignity. This certainly gives a new turn to one's collegiate life. Invested with this I enjoy commersality with the fellows of Trinity, crack my jokes & bottles in the Combination room, wear a hat instead of a cap, have the command of the University Library, & have no academic authority to controul me. However, notwithstanding these ample privileges & immunities the sensation of fatigue was at length felt & here I am.

Scarcely anything worthy notice has happened at Cambridge. Adams the porter of S<sup>t</sup>. John's, whose singular gust you were acquainted with before you left England, has vacated the place, & gone to that sink of everything flagitious, London. Your old friends the Stainses tout morts! She, some time since – He, during my late visit. He waited at our Table a very short time before his visit, making a very ghostly appearance, but “one morn I miss'd him in th'accustom'd hall”, & very shortly after the sable garbs of his brother gyps proclaimed his fate. The chief occurrence at Trinity is the change of the cook. When Leach vacated the fellows were for raising Hopkins of Trin: Aul: but the master who must have a finger in every pie, & who was somewhat indebted to the undercook (that nasty fellow Robert Purl whom you remember) chose to pay off the reckoning by giving him his patronage, & actually gained over one or two of the Seniors to his party: to his great obloquy among our universal collegiate body, & <to> the great detriment of our culinary interests.

I am almost inclined to lament that instead of passing all this time at Cambridge I did not rather make an excursion somewhere beyond seas. I have lately felt a strong inclination to see a little of Spain, & when I consider in how short a time this may be done (in time w<sup>ch</sup> one otherwise spends in lounging without doing or seeing anything) I almost resolve, spite of the equinoctial winds, to take a trip to Lisbon, thence to Cadiz, thence overland to Gibraltar, & so back again. And between Cadiz & Gibraltar I suppose one might contrive to see a good deal of the Spaniards. You who have possibly gone this very route (as I think you told me, from Falmouth, was your intention) will be able to give me some information on this subject. Oblige me then by mentioning what w<sup>d</sup>. be the probable time & expence of such a tour. How far, for instance, w<sup>d</sup>. a hundred pounds, that is to say œconomically used, go, including all expenses both by land & sea?

I was delighted with your account of Lisbon. it must be much such another place as C[Ms. tear: “ambridge. I”] suppose they supply the want of [ ]ace as at [ ]bro? but I was amazed [Ms. tear: “at your”] not entering into this interesting detail.

On the last day of June I wrote two letters, one for you, the other for L<sup>d</sup>. B, both directed to him at the Post Office Falmouth, but of these you have made no mention. I hope you received them, as they enriched the language of the Methode with several terms & figures to w<sup>ch</sup> I may frequently have occasion to allude. In future pray always mention the letters of mine you receive, with their dates. Pray write to me *perpetually*. If you have enlarged your information concerning the Methode tant mieux – but write from whatever place you touch at. As for my methode, I have made no further advances. I came to Cambridge with an *Amoretii* diloge: but I wasted the time aliud agendo, till alas! the bird flew away, & left me to curse my unhappy stars, & rue my listlessness & inactivity. But I live in the hope of better fortune.

The last paper teemed with methodic information. An ex-parson who, it seems, was deprived of his gown propter conatum [Ms. scratched] παιδι ραλικον<sup>131</sup> in persona quondam was charged at Marlbro' Street for a similar *conatus* by a coachman: who being bound over to prosecute was prevailed upon by the friends of the ex P. to absent himself: wherefore a warrant is now out against the Coachman. And at the O[ld] B[ailey] a sieur nommé W<sup>m</sup>. Oakden {aged 50} was cast & condemned in that he had vidam obtained a pl.c. from one Thos. Segur who (I quote the words of y<sup>c</sup> newspaper) is puer simplex quindecennis.<sup>132</sup> On my return to London I shall endeavour to obtain a sight of the Sieur if he has not taken his leave of mankind before that time.

You will make my remembrances to the L<sup>d</sup>. B. By the way, if he “can never love but one”<sup>133</sup> I presume he means not more than one at a time, as I take him to be a pretty general lover. At least in that quarter of the world w<sup>ch</sup>. he has selected for his erotic .. A passage in his part of the letter from Falmouth

130: CSM, like B, seems to have had a weight problem.

131: “Sex with a pretty boy”. On August 16th 1810 B. reports Veli Pacha as describing him as “εὐμορφῶ παιδὶ” – “a beautiful youth” (BLJ II 10).

132: “A simple fifteen-year-old boy”.

133: At CHP I st.5 B. has, “For he through Sin's long labyrinth had run, / Nor made atonement when he did amiss, / Had sighed to many though he loved but one ...” CHP is, however, not yet written.

raised my curiosity & expectation considerably. I hope he will remember his promise of writing to me. Adieu, & believe me  
 very sincerely your's C.S.M.

I conclude that you receive news of all public events regularly, & sooner than you could from me, wherefore I make no mention of them, but have confined myself to that very important subject myself.

P.S. /

When I write next I shall have been in London and will not fail to give you an account of your Miscellany, as far as I can learn it. As also of the 2<sup>d</sup> edition of Lord B's satire, which I heard mentioned among some of the fellows with commendation. You don't tell me how both of you bear your sea voyage.

Il Marchese di Spineto desired to be remembered to you when I told him that we corresponded.

**Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Patras, September 25th 1810:**

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43438 f.17; 1922 I 17-18; QI 82-3; BLJ II 14-17)

Patras. Sept<sup>r</sup>. 25<sup>th</sup>. 1810:

My Dear Hobhouse – I am at present in a very ridiculous situation, under the hands of D<sup>r</sup>. Romanelli and a fever which hath confined me to my bed for these three days past, but by the blessing of God and two glysters, I am now able to sit up, but much debilitated. – I will describe my situation in a parody on Pope's lines on the Duke of Buckingham, the which I composed during an Interval for your edification. –

On a cold room's floor, within a bed  
 Of iron, with three coverlids like lead,  
 A coat and breeches dangling o'er a nook,  
 Where sits a doctor, and prescribes a puke,  
 Poor B – r – n sweats – alas! how changed from him  
 So plump in feature, and so round in limb,  
 Grinning and gay in Newstead's monkish fane  
 The scene of profanation and Champagne,  
 Or just as gay with scribblers in a ring  
 Of twenty hungry authors banqueting,  
 No whore to fondle left of half a score,  
 Yet one thing left him, which he values more,  
 Here victor of a fever and it's friends  
 Physicians and their art, his lordship mends.<sup>134</sup>

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I have been vomited and purged according to rule, and as my fever has almost subsided, I hope to weather this bout, which has been pretty tight I assure you. – Yet if I do fall by the Glyster pipe of Romanelli, recollect my injunction.

Odious! in boards, twould any Bard provoke,

---

**134:** B. parodies Pope, *Epistle to Bathurst*, ll.299-14:

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,  
 The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung,  
 On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,  
 With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,  
 The George and Garter dangling from that bed  
 Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,  
 Great Villiers lies – alas! how changed from him,  
 That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!  
 Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,  
 The bower of wanton Shrewsbury, and love;  
 Or just as gay, at Council, in a ring  
 Of mimick'd Statesmen, and their merry King.  
 No Wit to flatter, left of all his store;  
 No Fool to laugh at, which he valued more.  
 There, Victor of his health, of fortune, friends,  
 And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

(Were the last words that dying Byron spoke)  
 No let some charming cuts and frontispiece  
 Adorn my volume, and the sale increase,  
 One would not be unpublished when one's dead  
 And, Hobhouse, let my works be bound in Red.<sup>135</sup>

Patras. October 2<sup>d</sup>. 1810

Dear Yani,

By this second date you will perceive that I have been again ill, indeed I have had this fever very violently, and five days bedriding with Emetics glysters, Bark, and all the host of Physic showed how vain were my former hopes of complete recovery. – But being well toasted and watered &<sup>c</sup>. I shall endeavour to conclude this letter of two beginnings, which I must do quickly and attend poor Nicolo who has waited on me day and night till he is worse than I was and is now undergoing the same

1:3

process for his recovery. – I believe you recollect him, he is the brother of Lusieri's spouse, and has been with me nearly two months, at his own particular request. – He is now my sole dragoman (I have commenced Italian) for the moment I received yours, Andreas was dismissed at the instance of Dominus Macgill. –) – I have made a tolerable tour of the Morea, and visited Vely Pacha who gave me a very pretty horse. – The other day I went to Olympia. – Argos, Napoli and Mantinea I saw in my route to and from Tripolitza. – I have seen a good deal of L<sup>d</sup>. Sligo, by the bye, there is a silly report all over the Morea that he and I quarreled fought and were wounded at Argos, there is not a word of truth in it from beginning to end. – If I kept any journal, your request would be immediately complied with, but I have none. – Vely is gone to the Danube. – I have been here on business with Stranè, but the moment Nicolo and myself are enough recovered to set out, I shall proceed again to Athens. – I lodge in the Convent. – Perhaps I am in possession of anecdotes that would amuse you and the Citoyen, but I must defer the detail till we meet. – I have written to you three times since I left you in Zea, and direct my letters to Ridgeway's where I presume you will be found on Sundays. – You are now in England. –

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What you tell me of the Miscellany grieves me (in spite of Rochefoucault)<sup>136</sup> I commend your design of not letting the Public off so easily, come out as a tourist, prose must go down. – But dont ask half a guinea for your next book, consider half a guinea carries a man to the opera, and if he goes to Hookham's tis odds but he buys more tickets than books, aye and cheaper too, try seven shillings, M<sup>f</sup>. Hobhouse, seven shillings, Sir, stick to that, and let me tell you, when you have received seven hundred seven shilling pieces, they will cut a figure on your little deal writing table, I have a regard for you, Sir, a regard, and <it> {is} out of it I beg you to strike off the odd three and sixpence. – – I have nothing to request in England, every body with whom I am at all connected seems asleep, as far as regards me, and I shant awake them. – Hanson you may just fillip on the nose, and ask him from me if he is insane, not to have answered my letters. – As to the others, their conduct is optional, and I have nothing to say. I shall certainly be in England, in a few months, perhaps before, but I do not wish this to go forth, as it will only make Hanson more dilatory. – If you hear any thing you will write, and I will apprise you of my intentions as they rise and subside, for it would be very absurd in me to pretend to any regular plan. – You have no doubt a deal to do and say and hear and reply, wishing you well through it I am yours

very sincerely &<sup>c</sup>.  
 B. –

**Byron to Catherine Gordon Byron, from Patras, October 2nd 1810:**

<sup>135</sup>: B. parodies Pope, *Epistle to Cobham*, 242-7:

“Odious! in woollen! ’twould a saint provoke,”  
 (Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke),  
 “No, let a charming Chintz, and Brussels lace  
 Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:  
 One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead –  
 And – Betty – give this Cheek a little Red.”

<sup>136</sup>: “Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui nous ne déplaît pas ” (La Rochefoucauld, Maximes).

(Source: text from Morgan Library, photocopy from microfilm; LJ I 296-7; BLJ II 17-18)  
[The Hon<sup>ble</sup> M<sup>rs</sup> Byron / Newstead Abbey / n<sup>r</sup>. Nottingham / Notts / England / Byron]

Patras. October second. 1810

Dear Madam,

It is now several months since I have received any communication from you, but at this I am not surprised, nor indeed have I any complaint to make <for> {since} you have written frequently, for which I thank you. But I very much condemn M<sup>r</sup>. Hanson, who has not taken the smallest notice of my many letters, nor of my request before I left England, which I sailed from on this very day fifteen months ago. – Thus one year and a quarter have passed away, without my receiving the least intelligence on the state of my affairs, and they were not in a posture to admit of neglect, and I do conceive and declare that M<sup>r</sup>. H. has acted negligently and culpably in not apprising me of his proceedings, I will also add uncivilly. – His letters were there any could not easily miscarry, the communications with the Levant are slow but tolerably secure, at least as far as Malta, and there I left proper directions which I know would be observed. – I have written to you several times from Constantinople and Smyrna, you will perceive by my date I am returned into the Morea, of which I have been ma=

1:2

=king the tour and visiting the Pacha, who gave me a fine horse, and paid me all possible honours and attention. – I have now seen a good portion of Turkey in Europe and Asia Minor, and shall remain at Athens and in the vicinity till I hear from England. – I have punctually obeyed your injunctions of writing frequently, but I shall not pretend to describe countries which have been already amply treated of, I believe before this time M<sup>r</sup>. Hobhouse will have arrived in England, and he brings letters from me written at Constantinople. – In these I mention having seen the Sultan & the Mosques, and that I swam from Sestos to Abydos an exploit of which I take care to boast. – I am here on business, at present, but Athens is my head quarters, where I am very pleasantly situated in a Franciscan convent. – Believe me to be with great sincerity

y<sup>rs</sup>. very affect<sup>ly</sup>.  
Byron

P.S.

Fletcher is well and discontented as usual. – his wife dont write, at least her scrawls have not arrived. – You will address to Malta Pray have you never received my picture in oil from Sanders, Vigo Lane, London? –

**Byron to John Hanson, from Patras, October 2nd 1810:**

(Source: text from B.L.Egerton 2611 ff.207-8; BLJ II 18)

[J<sup>n</sup>. Hanson Esq<sup>r</sup>. / 6. Chancery Lane / near Temple Bar / London / Byron // 2<sup>d</sup>. Octr. 1810 / Lord Byron / 14<sup>th</sup> Jany 1811 recv<sup>d</sup>. // 23 June / July / Aug<sup>t</sup> / Sept<sup>t</sup> / Oct<sup>t</sup> / Nov<sup>r</sup> / Dec<sup>t</sup> / Jany<sup>137</sup>]

Patras. Morea. October 2<sup>d</sup>.  
1810<sup>138</sup>

Sir,

On this day fifteen months ago I sailed from England, and since that period I have not been favoured with the slightest intimation from you or any of your family. – I am willing to think your letters must have miscarried, yet I have received some from other quarters, but I wish to suppose anything rather than that you are negligent and uncivil, both of which terms might be applied to such an instance of wilful neglect. – I have written from Spain, Malta, Athens, Yanina, Smyrna, Constantinople and the Morea, and I write once more to enforce the former request of

your very obed<sup>t</sup>.  
humble Ser<sup>t</sup>.  
Byron

P.S. Address to Malta. – I return to Athens in a few days. –

<sup>137</sup>: Months listed in hand of Hanson's secretary.

<sup>138</sup>: For no obvious reason (he is using a larger paper than usual), B writes the address in enormous letters.

[1:2 and 1:3 blank.]

**Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Patras, October 4th 1810:**

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43438 f.18; LJ I 301-5; QI 85-7; BLJ II 21-3)

Patras. Morea. October 4<sup>th</sup>.  
1810

My dear Hobhouse,

I wrote to you two days ago, but the weather and my friend Stranè's conversation being much the same, and my ally Nicolo in bed with a fever, I think I may as well talk to you, the rather, as you cant answer me and excite my wrath with impatient observations, at least for 3 months to come. – I will try not to say the same things I have set down in my other letter of the 2<sup>d</sup>. but I cant promise, as my poor head is still giddy with my late fever. – I saw the Lady Hesther Stanhope at Athens, and do not admire “that dangerous thing a female wit.”<sup>139</sup> – She told me (take her own words) that she had given you a good set down at Malta, in some disputation about the Navy, from this <of> of course I readily inferred the contrary, or in the words of an acquaintance of ours, that “you had the best of it.” – She evinced a similar disposition to argufy with me, which I avoided by either laughing, or yielding, I despise the sex too much to squabble with them, and I rather wonder you should allow a woman to draw you into a contest, in which however I am sure you had the advantage she abuses you so bitterly.<sup>140</sup> – I have seen too little of the Lady to form any decisive opinion, but I have discovered nothing different from other shethings, except a great disregard of received notions in her conversation as well as conduct. –

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I dont know whether this will recommend her to our sex, but I am sure it won't to her own. – She is going on to Constantinople. – Ali Pacha is in a scrape, Ibrahim Pacha, and the Pacha of Scutari have come down upon him with 20000 Gegdes and Albanians, retaken Berat, and threaten Tepaleni, Adam Bey is dead, Vely Pacha was on his way to the Danube, but has gone off suddenly to Yanina, and all Albania is in an uproar. – The Mountains we crossed last year are the Scene of warfare, and there is nothing but carnage and cutting of throats. – In my other letter I mentioned that Vely had given me a fine horse on my late visit, he received me with great pomp, standing, conducted me to the door with his arm round my waist, and a variety of civilities, invited me to meet him at Larissa and see his army, which I should have accepted, had not this rupture with Ibrahim taken place. – Sultan Mahmout is in a phrenzy because Vely has not <joined> {joined} the army, we have a report here that the Russians have beaten the Turks and taken Muchtar Pacha prisoner, but it is a Greek Bazar rumour and not to be believed. – I have now treated you with a dish of Turkish politics, you have by this time gotten into England,<sup>141</sup> and your ears and mouth are full of “Reform Burdett, Gale Jones, minority, last night's division, dissolution of parliament, battle in Portugal,” and all the cream of forty newspapers. – In my t'other letter to

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which I am perpetually obliged to refer, I have offer{ed} some moving topics on the head of your Miscellany, the neglect of which I attribute to the halfguinea annexed as the indispensable equivalent for the said volume. – Now I do hope notwithstanding that exorbitant demand, that on your return you will find it selling, or, what is better, sold, in consequence of which you will be able to face the public with your new volume, if that intention still subsists. – My journal, did I keep one, should be yours, as it is I can only offer my sincere wishes for your success, if you will believe it possible for a brother scribbler to be sincere on such an occasion. Will you execute a commission for me? L<sup>d</sup>. Sligo tells me it was the intention of Miller in Albemarle {Street} to send by him a letter to me, which he stated to be of consequence, now, I have no concern with M<sup>f</sup>. M. except a bill which I hope is paid before <now> {this time,} will you visit the said M. and if it be a pecuniary matter, refer him to Hanson, and if not, tell me<, > what he means, or forward his letter. – I have just received an epistle from Galt with a Candiot poem which it seems I am to forward to you, this I would willingly do, but it is too large for a

**139:** Pope, *Prologue to the Satires* (variant).

**140:** Stanhope is not to H.'s conservative taste. He describes her in his diary as “a masculine lady who says she would as soon live with Pack-Horses as women” and as “a violent vulgar woman”.

**141:** By October 4th H. has as only got as far as Cadiz.

letter and too small for a parcel, and besides appears to be damned nonsense, from all which considerations I will deliver it in person. – It is entitled the “fair Shepherdess” or

1:4

rather “Herdsman” if you don’t like the translation take the original title “η βοσκοπουλα”.<sup>142</sup> – Galt also writes something not very intelligible about a “Spartan state paper” which by his account is anything but Laconic, now the said Sparta having some years ceased to be a state, what the devil does he mean<?> by a paper? he also adds mysteriously that the affair not being concluded he cannot at present apply for it. – Now, Hobhouse, are you mad? or is he? are these documents for Longman & C<sup>o</sup>.? Spartan state papers! and Cretan rhymes! indeed these circumstances superadded to his house at Mycone (whither I am invited) and his Levant wines, make me suspect his sanity. – Athens is at present infested with English people, but they are moving, Dio benedetto! – I am returning to pass a month of two, I think the Spring will see me in England, but do not let this transpire, nor cease to urge the most dilatory of mortals, Hanson. I have some idea of purchasing the Island of Ithaca, I suppose you will add me to the Levant Lunatics. – I shall be glad to hear from your Signoria of your welfare, politics and Literature. – Tell M. that I have obtained above two hundred pl&optC’s and am almost tired of them, for the history of these he must wait my return, as after many attempts I have given up the idea of conveying information on paper. – You know the monastery of Mendele, it was there I made myself master of the first. – Your last letter closes pathetically with a postscript about a nosegay, I advise you to introduce that into your next sentimental novel – I am sure I did not suspect you of any fine feelings, and I believe you are laughing, but you are welcome. – Vale, I can no more like L<sup>d</sup>. Grizzle<sup>143</sup> – y<sup>rs</sup>. μπαρω

**John Cam Hobhouse to Byron, from Cadiz, October 6th 1810:**

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43441 f.7; BB 49-54)

[To / The Right Honorable / Lord Byron / Post-Office / Malta // To be forwarded by the first opportunity]

**Hobhouse’s enthusiasm for the new Spanish parliament awakens nothing corresponding in Byron’s letters back.**

Cadiz. Oct. 6, 1810

Dear Byron,

I have delay’d to write to you till I could speak for certain as to my manner of proceeding to England which has been only settled to day, and is after all my hopes a Packet! The Nocton Packet Capt: Vinicombe!!! The Salsette was not allowed to proceed with M<sup>f</sup> Adair further than this place and returned to rejoin the Fleet off Toulon. Bathurst has got the Fame 74. No ship of war in which it was possible for me to get a passage has sail’d for England since I have been here, and as nothing seems likely to go for God knows how long I have been obliged to settle on going to morrow for fear of that irritament of evil, money, failing me as I took only 90£ from Malta and have been here a month to morrow every thing being at a beseiged price here – There is no fun for your scarcity neither, no burning of houses, screaming of children nor any of the harrowing accompaniments of a regular close seige – you have all the horrors of a garrison also, the town being literally full of epaulets – Spanish by 1000 nds. English by 100 ds. and no body is ever kill’d or wounded – However the French have found out a way of throwing shot as far as our shipping, and as these shot are red-hot – it is said Adm: Keates will order the English men of war out of reach – which is certainly a very allowable measure – Yesterday news arrived of a battle in Portugal in which the French have been defeated with the loss of 6000. men the English 700 – The French have also been beaten in Catalonia by O.Donnel – Cadiz is at present more occupied by the Cortese than by the French – These Cortes are not yet all arrived, but on the 24 ult:<sup>o</sup> they met to the number of 103 in a hall prepared for them, with a throne where is Ferdinand’s picture guarded by a

1:2

soldier on each side with a drawn sword – There are two tiers of galleries for strangers – a bar – a table a president’s chair and a silver bell for the same. In order to prevent a multitude delivering there

<sup>142</sup>: This 1627 Cretan romance contains the germ of *Don Juan II*. A translation is printed as appendix to *Three Cretan Plays*, tr. F.H.Marshall, int. J. Mavrogordato (Oxford 1929).

<sup>143</sup>: In Fielding’s *Tom Thumb*.

sentiments at once there is a Tribune or open desk at each side of the house so that only two can speak at a time. I was at the Cortes the two first days – they had not got quite in the way of it, but I assure you that they did a great deal of business in a very little time – they have indeed done the business of the Regency, having made them quite underlings to themselves with the title of Highness only – whilst the Cortes themselves are always to be call'd – Your Majesty – there are several priests amongst them, and all of them seem very liberal and of the right side if indeed one can talk of sides in an assembly where I truly believe every individual to be determin'd to do his duty honourably – The second night we were all turn'd out by a Disputado – who, upon a member hinting he wanted to say something secretly, exclaim'd, “that the People do submit to the Majesty of the Cortes” – and out we walk'd – Something like a report of their proceedings is daily publish'd, and they talk of establishing the liberty of the Press – They are very decisive – The Duke of Orleans, who had been given the command of the army in Catalonia by the Regency, requested an audience of them – which request being back'd by some awkward friend of the Duke's, One Mexia the dep. for Lima ask'd the hon<sup>le</sup> deputy if he had not concertated that speech with the Duke. The Dep:<sup>y</sup> said nothing – there was a kind of an uproar

1:3

and the Duke instead of having an audience was ordered to Cadiz (The Cortes sit at Leon 7 miles off) a guard was placed over him and a frigate order'd to convey him out of the Spanish dominions in 30 hours – He is gone to Sicily, like a malefactor, to the place from which he came – They have ordain'd themselves the Executive and Legislative Power – You will see by this short acc<sup>t</sup>: what manner of men they are – now for more important concerns – Your Satire is most wonderfully talk'd of – at a dinner of M<sup>r</sup> Wellesley's the Ambassador here, C. Wynne {M.P.}<sup>144</sup> was going on talking about it and also, which is surprising, of some passages in our travels (indeed, our manner of passing our time at Athens has got into the Papers) without knowing I had been with you, and as he began to talk a little sillily M<sup>r</sup> Ad—addressed himself to me with some question which show'd my connexions with you, which stopp'd M<sup>r</sup> W. I do not think the said was going to say any thing rude, but he esteems himself a wag, talks a great deal and sputters like his elder Taffy the Bart: Let us see. “Wynne.” “Grin” “Skin”. “Thin”. Spin. Tin. binn. kin pin and din – cum mult: ali<sup>s</sup>.<sup>145</sup>

I have intelligence from England that you are in a fourth Edition. You are much admir'd here, and there. M<sup>r</sup>: Jeffery said of the book – This is vastly superior indeed to his other pieces, tho' he has help'd me to a rope (laughing) a minute or two after l<sup>he</sup> added, “seriously, however, I do think that if L<sup>d</sup> B could only say of me that I ought to be hang'd he need not have said any thing at all –” and seriously – my dear B. I have no doubt you will own there is some

1:4

truth in the Judge's observation – tho' the world think that the best part of the Poem, as the person who told me this story confess'd – Only think of that ninny Ekenhead! When he was reading the Satire, and came to that note where you talk about Haley and call him M<sup>r</sup> H.<sup>146</sup> he said “ah ah so he has got a slap at you too,” and, I fancy, he thinks that M<sup>r</sup> H means M<sup>r</sup> Hobhouse to this moment – Therefore “te per Deos oro et obtestor”<sup>147</sup> – never fail to fill up that unhappy initial. The Poor Mis..y!! I pray you come home and puff it and make every man to whom you speak a word buy a copy; and sell me this first edition and indeed, indeed, I will do so no more. It is absolutely “unseen unknown unheard of unabused” by this time it is familiar with tart and trunk makers.

[written down the middle to avoid the sealing-wax (which was then not used):]

“Ye Gods must every saying smart”  
 “Loose all its points to fit a tart.”  
 “Or when preserv'd entire be sunk”  
 “To line the bottom of a trunk.”

**144:** Wynne is a friend of Southey, who is insulted in EBSR.

**145:** When H. is in jail (1819-20) Wynne will argue that he should be forbidden books, pen and paper.

**146:** EBSR 310-18 and authorial note.

**147:** “I pray and beg you in the name of the gods”.



[to the left of the previous item:]

On Sir C. Cotton Little Boney may fret  
Till a navy he get  
He may fret till his belly be busted  
What's the good of a fleet  
That's sure to get beat?  
Since Cotton can never be worsted (La Bagatelle)

[to the right:]

<Hadson> Hodgson is on the town again with serious imitations from the ancients and humourous imitations from the Moderns.

There is in the commisariat department here a Dallas a son of your Dallas my Dallas every body's Dallas<sup>148</sup> – he is good humour'd in the extreme and thinks you the Prince of Poets in your times – “I have, as Davies would say, I have Sir taken care to undecieve him.” He is well inform'd – knows a great deal of literary intelligence and writes occasional verses. He is really a charming fellow and takes poetry with great patience. Pratt has come out with his Poem about Brutes, he got a 100 – copies for it. Dallas says it is very like Pope – Blackett, the shoe maker<sup>149</sup> is dying of a consumption – when he first began to talk

2:1

in the gentlemanly world he said one day, “Damn – me Miss Dallas do you sing? – Gracious Powers! this comes of encouraging shoemakers – he calls Miss Milbank<sup>150</sup> in the park of whose father Sir Ralph M. he has a tenement, “the dear little Marianne.” now it seems he and Marianne make verses together for which purpose no doubt this Poor Sutor ultra crepidam<sup>151</sup> has been seduced into his ready furnished cottage. The town is so full of these follies if one were to take the trouble to hunt for them, that a perpetual fund of merriment might be carved out by the members of such a club as we have talked about, and a constant fire of – bites and Quizzes be kept up upon the reading world – I have been thinking that we may call our society – “La Bagatelle” that we may wear a green coat with a black velvet collar and a yellow button with a comic mask and vive la bagatelle inscribed round the rim – that we may employ a printer to publish our bites and Quizzes, which must chiefly be serious lies in prose – abusive satires with names of sober citizens to them, such as “the City”

a Satire

by Al.d.n S.r J.n Sh.we<sup>152</sup>

and in short a thousand little things, which would be the delight of our lives, would give an honest employment to such idle fellows as yourself and who else shall I say? and would also put every person of respectability in fear of his character – I am afraid what I told you of your friend Peele in a former letter may have inform'd your mind and given you a bent to dirty politics but think what it must be to be an underling to such a pettifogger as

2:2

is Percival, and a compeer of cock eye'd Golbourne – why places went a begging and Milnes refused to be chancellor of the Exchequer – which I believe to be a very great lie – .. General Graham commander in chief here has seen your full length at Saunder's<sup>153</sup> – he was praising it very much indeed – I could not help saying I am glad you like that Picture so much for it is mine” – which you know it is, for you gave it me and I will have it tho' you may keep it till you are shot. Your {1st} satire was thought at Cambridge to be Hodgson's nay Monk, Davies great enemy, said to a company at Ionic Wrights<sup>154</sup> “have you seen Hodgson's new Satire? The Ionian said it was your's (the 1<sup>st</sup> edition) nay, said Monk, I know it is Hodgson's – he never contradicted it. The said M. is a great teller of lies and I

**148:** Shakespeare, *Much Ado About Nothing*, III ii 93. Refers to R.C.Dallas, who will introduce B. to Murray.

**149:** See EBSR 765-74; Joseph Blackett, the cobbler-poet patronised by

**150:** Annabella Milbanke, the future Lady Byron.

**151:** “Cobbler removed from his last”.

**152:** “Alderman Sir James Shawe”, Lord Mayor of London.

**153:** Peach fig. 10.

**154:** Waller Rodwell Wright, author of *Horæ Ionicæ*, a model for CHP I and II.

have no doubt never asked Hodgson a word about it, or if he did only receiv'd such an answer as a man would give who did not think himself at liberty to tell the author's name: I hope you keep a short journal, it will be vastly amusing to you at a future period – if you wish such a thing I will get one journal of my travels with you copied out – Pray do not forget to nudge Cockerel about my picture of Athens – and let me intreat by all the hours we have pass'd together, not to

2:3

forget my boxes at Malta – and thy Panca too. –

oh may the worst of Pera's poxes  
Light on him if he loose my boxes –

Tell that “man of woes” that I have his letter safe but that he has made it up with so damn'd small a rim at the turn-down, that the seal, impress'd tho' it he with two arrows pierced thru his faithful heart, will not hold his communication inviolate from the vulgar eye of the post-boy of Southwell who will read, provided the said can read, every tender line and heart-rending complaint.. Let me conclude by begging, you will come home directly, indeed your literary interests require it; for altho you may command me to the last drop of my ink, yet you know that “the master's eye hath not its fellow” I and what your publishers and printers &ci, will not do for any one else they will instantly do for you – You must expect when you return to London to be pointed out – “digito monstrarier – hic est”<sup>155</sup> and to have a great demand for your wares at all our London Soirees. You will just come home as the “lady of the Lake” ceases to be a novelty – then you can come out “by the author of “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.” what I tell you is very serious that I have heard more about your Satire than I have of any other work, whereas by G d I have not heard one

2:4 [*above address*:]

word of Miss: I believe the name is dull for I am sure the body of the book is very meritorious – O lord – I shall have Hodgson saying “we first edition men” – I forgot to tell you that I have been living in great misery here at M<sup>rs</sup> Baillie's the great Cadiz talker who has lost 800 dollars by a female swindler [*below address*:] one M<sup>rs</sup> Riley an Irish-Woman – this loss occasion'd her such violent conversation that she is in a fit of what she calls the Joinders, however its' an ill wind that blows no one any good, for her Jaundice has sav'd my life, tho' it has caus'd another evil in giving me time this evening to write you this tittle tattle letter – farewell – write soon and constantly, all Your commissions shall be executed – ever your's faithfully,

J. C. Hobhouse

**John Cam Hobhouse to Charles Skinner Matthews, from The White Lion, Bath, October 21st 1810:**

(Source: text from B.L.Add.Mss.47226 ff.15-16)

[To / Charles Skinner Matthews Esqr / Belmont House / n<sup>r</sup> Hereford / J.C.H. Bath Oct. 21]

[*letter concludes at top of first page*:] There is not one of them that had not better be omitted – this seems to me bad grammar, “no more us'd – but what may be &c” <se>int<sup>n</sup> to ye Manciple's tale – you must leave out “*more*” or else insert “*than*” instead of “*but what*” – Farewell dear M. give me a line acknowledging the receipt of this and containing some plan for my having the pleasure of meeting you.

ever yours &c  
J.C.Hobhouse

[*letter starts*:]

White Lion. Bath. October 21. 1810 –

Dear Matthews:

I do not loose a moment to inform you of my return to England<sup>156</sup> – I left Constantinople, with M<sup>r</sup>: Adair,<sup>157</sup> in the Salsette Frigate, late in July, proceeded to Malta, staid a week, went on by some

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**155:** “Fingers will point at you – that's him!”

**156:** H. docked at Falmouth on October 16th.

**157:** Robert Adair, English ambassador to the Porte, was invalided home on the *Salsette*.

conveyance to the Fleet off Toulon, touch'd at Gibraltar arrived and stopp'd <to/>at Cadiz a month, left that place this day fortnight, arrived at Falmouth in the Nocton Packet the 16.<sup>ins</sup>: set out thence the next day and came to Bath <yesterd> Friday evening – Now I see you stamping and biting and hear<ing> you damning my eyes limbs and soul for not giving you notice of my intention to return whilst at Const.<sup>le</sup> and preventing you thereby from the pains of letter-writing which you may have been so good as to undergo on my account – But forbear and learn what has befallen – If you receiv'd a packet in two parcels one containing 4 the other 3 long sheets of scribbling from me {whilst} at Const.<sup>le158</sup> you will {have} seen that the said seven sheets were only half of my letter!!! and that the remainder was to follow when finish'd by the next opportunity. In fact the Black Joke lugger 27 men, 6 guns comm<sup>f</sup> Lieut:<sup>t</sup> <Ca>{Ca}nnady came to Constantinople soon after with dispatches for M<sup>f</sup>: Adair, and I sat up a whole night a-finishing of 8 similar sheets for you, in which I told you I was coming home directly, and begg'd you not to write again to me abroad as your letter would not reach me – My packet of letters was inclosd by M<sup>f</sup> Adair under cover to the Foreign office – The Black Joke sailed; I thought I had hit you with my bundle sure enough – and continued to think so, till <arriving> {touching} in the course of the voyage at the harbour in Cagliari, Capt:<sup>n</sup> Barry of the Pomone Frig:<sup>te</sup> came on board the Salsette and inform'd us of two important events one, that Lucien Bonaparte<sup>159</sup> was on board an American ship that lay at that time close to us in the harbour, the other that the Black Joke lugger after a desperate action, in which 7 of her men had been killed, was taken by two French Privateers off the north end of Sardinia – Capt:<sup>n</sup> Barry did not know whether the dispatches had been thrown over board or not, so for a time I thought it very probable that some of my good things to you might figure off in a column of the *Moniteur*,<sup>160</sup> however, on arriving off Toulon we were informed that the bag had certainly been sunk just before Lieut:<sup>t</sup> Cannady struck his colours – M<sup>f</sup> A lost 40 private letters besides public dispatches. I lost 3 besides my dispatches to you. His <e/>Excell:y when I told him of this calamity swore more than ever I heard you in my life, indeed he put me much in mind of you when suffering under some great and sudden evil – tho' the keenest politician in the world he scarcely paid attention to the fact of Lucien B's being within hail of him, but rav'd about without his breeches on (it was 8 in the morning) in an extasy of rage – I forgot my own misery in the contemplation of his overwhelming distress, and was afraid that I had done some mischief in communicating the story so abruptly – I believe that at his death, the words, “Black Joke” will be found engrav'd upon his heart, such an impression did the loss of the said lugger make upon him. This story will be a sufficient excuse even to you for my supposed dereliction of duty to my correspondent – I should indeed have written from Cadiz, had I not expected to leave that place every day. If you have written to me since your letter of Nov: last, nothing has yet reach'd me, but as I have left orders at Malta to have any letters for me return'd immediately to England, there can be little fear of the loss of any of my literary property – Had you receiv'd my bundle you would have had to wade thro' a deal of perilous stuff. I had brought you along {with} me from Malta up to Albania<sup>161</sup> thence down to the Morea, pass'd Delphos, Livadia, & Thebes – detain'd you a long time at Athens, crossd over to Smyrna draggd you to Ephesus, and from those places to Troy Town where I kept you 3 weeks, then had I convey'd you up the Hellespont to Constantinople and finish'd your fatiguing journey by taking you all over that city, into the markets, shops, kebab-houses boy-bawdy houses moschs, and even into the seraglio. I was tolerably, you would perhaps have said intolerably, minute: I push'd you into every creek and cranny – all this you have escap'd and now I think on't I congratulate you, for I suppose, that you would have found that you had taken the same tour with two or 3 other travellers before me. You will naturally ask me after Byron – we took him down with us from Constantin:<sup>le</sup> in the Salsette and landed him on the island of Zea whence it was his intention to proceed to Athens again, and afterwards to visit some parts of the Morea which we did not see before: as we did not go to give Gen:<sup>l</sup> Costanos' compliments to the king of Persia, but determined to return homewards, the going back in the Salsette was an opportunity that I could not afford to loose – I am charg'd by B—n to with the most particular and kindest remembrances to you. I do not think he will remain abroad much longer, tho' he is much more delighted with Turkey and the Turks than I was, who found after all that, the first sight and novelty being past, it is a sad dull thing travelling amongst barbarians with whose character and customs you become as well acquainted with in a week as you can {be} in a year. Notwithstanding this I tried in my {lost} sheets to persuade

**158:** H. records in his diary for May 19th 1810, “Sent off a packet in two parts to Matthews by a Tartar to Smyrna, and one to Seton” (B.L. Add. Mss. 56529).

**159:** Lucien Bonaparte (1775-1840), third brother after Joseph and Napoleon. Trying to get to America to escape Napoleon, he has been captured, and spends the next four years in England.

**160:** The official French government newspaper.

**161:** The letter may have given us more details about their meeting with Ali Pacha at Tepellene.

you to come to Athens by many arguments and statements of facts, which I will repeat when I see you. I have the Mis—y before me: I am asham'd at the no<sup>s</sup> of errata, and thank you kindly for your little note which indeed was very much wanted. The book is neatly printed, but there is a shameful margin and almost whole pages are thrown away: the types are often gigantic, should it ever come to a 2<sup>nd</sup> ed.<sup>n</sup> (which seems to me impossible) I would have, instead, a duod.<sup>o</sup> like the little Pope you gave me. The translations and imitations are all very mediocre indeed, but the Preface shows that the author has taken some good advice in writing his prose and is more than a tolerable performer – is not Amoret a man's name? I do not wonder you burst with laughter [*continued on cover:*] at the reading and even the recollection of the names they astonish me as I look at them now (turn to page 1.) [*continued at top of first sheet*]

**Mrs Byron writes to Byron on October 26th. She has received Sanders' portrait. Joe Murray, Rushton, and the Fletcher family are all well. Bowman, one of the Newstead tenants, has got a Miss Roushton pregnant. Hobhouse's Miscellany has been badly received by the Pigots at Southwell. Mrs Byron approves of some of the new passages in *English Bards*.**

**Byron to John Hanson, from Athens, November 4th 1810:**

(Source: text from B.L.Egerton 2611 ff.213-14; BLJ II 25)

Athens. Nov<sup>r</sup>. 4<sup>th</sup>.  
1810

Dear Sir,

The Bearer of this, William Fletcher, has lived with me some years and served me very faithfully; the whole sum I owe him for wages and other accounts is two hundred and fifty pounds which I desire may be paid him as soon as possible. – As he was brought up originally to farming, if anything falls at Newstead which may chance to suit, let him have the refusal. –

Believe me d<sup>r</sup>. Sir  
y<sup>rs</sup>. very truly  
Byron

J<sup>n</sup>. Hanson Esq<sup>r</sup>.  
6. Chancery Lane  
London

[1:2, 1:3 and 1:4 blank.]

**The Marquis of Sligo to Byron, from Constantinople, November 5th 1810:**

(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 104)

[To the Rt Honble / The Lord Byron / Athens / [in Greek: “To Milord Byron, eklese (‘inglese’, Englishman), at the monastery of the Frakopateras (Frankish father)] in Athens.”<sup>162</sup> / Sligo]

Constantinople November 5<sup>th</sup> 1810

My Dear Byron

I write to you a line to beg that you would take the trouble of sending your servant to the Waywode or Logotheti<e> to enquire for any letters that may have come for me, indeed Mr. Canning<sup>163</sup> has informed me that he had forwarded to me a Firman which I much wish to get back as I purpose going a tour to the Troad & Smyrna in a short time after the depth of Winter has passed I purpose going into Persia having found out that it is a perfectly practicable journey and that an Englishman is received there so well that he will find it better travelling there than in Turkey. I have delivered your letter concerning Nouri Bey to Mr. Canning,<sup>164</sup> and have confined my testimony to that contained in your letter, the effect of which will be a certain reprimand to the aforesaid Nouri Bey.<sup>165</sup> There has certainly been an attack on Sicily in which the French lost 1200 men out of 4000 their whole number, and the French have entirely evacuated Calabria; Cobbet is in prison for a year for a libel; Sir Francis Burdett has deserted his party; Berthier {is} declared King of <Sweden> {Prussia} &

**162:** Translation by David Holton. This refers to the Capuchin monastery B. stayed at: “monastery of the Frankish father”.

**163:** Stratford Canning (1786-1880) Under-Secretary to the English Ambassador at Constantinople, Sir Robert Adair. He was George Canning's cousin.

**164:** BLJ II 21-2 (letter to Stratford Canning, October 13th 1810).

**165:** Nouri Bey's apology was printed as a fold-out facsimile in CHP I and II: see BaO, pp.283-4.

Bernadotte Crown Prince of Sweden. So there is all the news of the place that I can pick up to send to you.

Yours very sincerely  
Sligo

**Byron to John Hanson, from Athens, November 11th 1810:**

(Source: text from B.L.Egerton 2611 ff.214-15; BLJ II 25)

[11. Nov<sup>r</sup> 1810 / Lord Byron / NB. I did not think it prudent to send the power in Case of accidents — —]

Athens. Nov<sup>r</sup>. 11<sup>th</sup>. 1810

Dear Sir,

Yours arrived on the first Ins<sup>t</sup>. it tells me I am ruined.<sup>166</sup> – It is in the power of God, the Devil, and Man, to make me poor and miserable, but neither the second nor third shall make me sell Newstead, and by the aid of the first I will persevere in this resolution. – My “father’s house shall not be made a den of thieves.”<sup>167</sup> – Newstead shall not be sold. – – I am some thousand miles from home with few resources, and the prospect of their daily becoming less, I have neither friend nor counsellor, my only English servant departs with this letter, my situation is forlorn enough for a man of my birth and former expectations; – do not mistake this for complaint however, I state the simple fact, and will never degrade myself by lamentations. You have my answer. – – Commend me to your family, I perceive

1:2

Hargreaves is your partner, he always promised to turn out well, and Charles I am sure is a very fine fellow. – As for the others I can’t pretend to prophecy, I present my respects to all the ladies, and I suppose I may kiss Harriet as you or M<sup>rs</sup>. Hanson will be my proxy, provided she is not grown too tall for such a token of remembrance. –

I must not forget M<sup>rs</sup>. Hanson who has often been a mother to me, and as you have always been a friend I beg you to believe me with all sincerity

yours  
Byron<sup>168</sup>

J<sup>n</sup>. Hanson Esq<sup>r</sup>.  
6. Chancery Lane  
London.

1:3 and 1:4 (Hanson markings apart) blank.]

**Constance Spencer Smith to Byron, from Malta, November 12th 1810:**

(Source: text from NLS 12604 /4247 I)

**Mrs Spencer Smith’s three letters to Byron are of necessity veiled in tone.**

Malta 12<sup>th</sup>. Nov: 1810

Conceiving a promise always to be sacred I never forgot the conversation you had with me last year on the 16<sup>th</sup>. of Sept. You made me give you my word to keep it in my mind and to remember well what you had said to me – and I did. In consequence of this I consider myself obliged to speak to you if possible as I have something to say upon that subject which I cannot write.

I wrote to your friend Foresti<sup>169</sup> two months past requesting him to let you know of my being at Malta, but having received no answer from him I am induced to believe he did not get the letter, or did not chuse to get it. Therefore I took the resolution to aprise you of it myself, alltho’ I refused writing you last year; but circumstances compelling me to proceed to my native Country I may never find another opportunity of seing you again.

In case your thoughts are still the same as they were on the 16<sup>th</sup>. Sept: 1809,<sup>170</sup> then set out for Malta by the very first opportunity, as I cannot stay here much longer without injuring my own

**166:** I have not yet located this, Hanson’s first – and most unwelcome – letter to B on his tour.

**167:** Biblical; Matthew 21:13.

**168:** The terminal “e” is very clear.

**169:** Either George or Spiridion Foresti, British diplomats on Malta and in the Ionians.

**170:** B. and H. were then at Malta. H. describes B. as “gallanting at Mrs Frazer’s” on September 11th 1809. They had met CSS on September 4th.

interest. But if you have changed your mind, if you are not in the same intentions you was, then send me back this letter with your answer; in every case I beg you will answer immediately.

Is the Seal still in your possession, or did you throw it into the Sea? –

If you decide upon coming I need not I trust recommend you to give to your friends about you any other reason you chuse to give, but the real one, for your sudden departure.

Believe me most sincerely yours

&c

**Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Athens, November 12th 1810:**

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.19; 1922 I 19-20; BLJ II 26)

[J.C.Hobhouse Esq<sup>r</sup>. / <Mr. Ridgway's / Bookstore / Piccadilly / London> / Royal Cornish Miners / Dover / Byron]

Athens. Nov<sup>r</sup>. 12<sup>th</sup>.

1810

Dear Hobhouse,

I wrote to you to apprise M<sup>r</sup>. Hanson (as I have done in a letter, but wish you to repeat my refusal) that I will not sell Newstead according to his suggestion. – I shall enter into no details but state the sum total, viz, that I am ruined. – For further particulars enquire at N<sup>o</sup>. 6. – My compts to Matthews and Davies, send M<sup>rs</sup>. Pigot a copy of your miscellany, and believe me

yours very truly

Byron

P.S. I beg you will repeat very seriously for me, that let the consequence be as it may, ruin to myself and all connected with me (D. and the old women inclusive)<sup>171</sup> I will not sell Newstead, No, oXt, yok, yeo (Albanesico) Noa ( Nottinghamshirico)

1:2

Naw, {un, oXk,} having now given my negative in all the tongues I can refuse in, I call Christ, Mahomet, Confucius and Zoroaster to witness my sincerity and Cam Hobhouse to make it manifest to the ears and eyes of men, and I further ask his pardon for a long postscript to a short letter.

P.S. 2<sup>d</sup>. –

If any body is savage and wants satisfaction for my satire, write, that <my> {I} may return, and give it. –

[1:3 blank. 1:4, the address, is covered with learned notes in Hobhouse's hand.]

**Byron to Francis Hodgson, from Athens, November 14th 1810:**

(Source: Harry Ransom Center, Texas, photocopy from microfilm; LJ I 306; BLJ II 26)

**This letter has been cut for polite publication, but not so as to make the text illegible.**

Athens Nov<sup>r</sup>. 14<sup>th</sup>. 1810

My dear Hodgson, –

This will arrive with an English servant whom I send homewards with some papers of consequence. – I have been journeying in different parts of Greece for these last four months, and you may expect me in England somewhere about April, but this is very dubious. – Hobhouse you have doubtless seen, he went home in August to [look after his Miscellany, and to]<sup>172</sup> arrange materials for a tour he talks of publishing. – You will find him well and scribbling, that is scribbling if well, and <f> well if scribbling. – I suppose you have a score of new works, all of which I hope to see flourishing, with a hecatomb of reviews. – My works are likely to have a powerful effect with a vengeance, as I hear of divers angry people, whom it is proper I should shoot at, by way of satisfaction. – Be it so, the same impulse which made “Otho a warrior,” will make me one also. – My domestic affairs being moreover considerably deranged, my appetite for travelling pretty well satiated with my late peregrinations, my various hopes in this world almost extinct, and not very brilliant in the next,

1:2

<sup>171</sup>: “D. and the old women inclusive” are Scrope Davies, Mrs Massingberd, and Mrs Byron.

<sup>172</sup>: Section in square brackets deleted subsequently.

I trust I shall go through the process with a creditable “sang froid” and not disgrace a line of <cuthr> cut=throat ancestors. – [I regret in one of your letters to hear you talk of domestic embarrassments, indeed I am at present very well calculated to sympathise with you on that point. – I suppose I must take to dram drinking as a succedaneum for philosophy, though as I am happily not married I have very little occasion for either just yet. – Talking of marriage puts me in mind of Drury, who I suppose has a dozen children by this time all fine fretful brats; I will never forgive Matrimony for having spoiled such an excellent Bachelor.]<sup>173</sup> If any body honours my name with an enquiry tell them of “my whereabouts”<sup>174</sup> and write if you like it. – I am living alone in the Franciscan monastery with one Friar (a Capuchin of course) and one Friar (a bandy legged Turkish Cook) two Albanian savages, a Tartar, and a Dragoman, my only Englishman departs with this and other letters. – The day before yesterday, the Waywode (or Governor of Athens) with the Mufti of Thebes (a sort of Mussulman Bishop) supped {here} and made themselves beastly with raw Rum, and the Padre of the convent being as drunk as we, my Attic

1:3

feast went off with great éclât. – I have had a present of a stallion from the Pacha of the Morea. – I caught a fever going to Olympia. – I was blown ashore on the Island of Salamis, in my way to Corinth through the gulph of Ægina. – I have kicked an Athenian postmaster, I have a friendship with the French Consul, and an Italian painter, and am on good terms with five Teutones & Cimbri, Danes and Germans, who are travelling lot – an Academy. – Vale!

yrs. ever,

μπαίρων

**Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Athens, November 26th 1810:**

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.20; 1922 I 20-25; BLJ II 27-31)

[*letter concludes at top of first side:*] the Salsette song, believe me dear Yani, yours ever

B ... x ... x ...x ... n –

Athens. Nov<sup>r</sup>. 26<sup>th</sup>. 1810

Dear Hobhouse, – Five or six letters are already on their passage, or perhaps arrived, since July, and I suppose after all your delays, they will find you in London. – I have in my former sheets told you where I have been and what I have been doing, or rather not doing, for my life has, with the exception of a very few moments, never been anything but a yawn. – Here ha<th/>ve been Lords and Ladies with many others of good report. – Some have seen you at Malta & some have not. – They tell me sad news of my good for nothing acquaintances; Sir G. W.<sup>175</sup> & Sir B. G. are ruined (by the bye so am I but I wrote you that news by Fletcher) and Wallace is incarcerated; your friend Baillie is the only lucky man I hear of, his stepmother is dead, can't you inoculate yours with the same disorder?<sup>176</sup> – – Letters I have had, yours of Cagliari; and two billets from Hanson, he wants me to sell Newstead, but I wont, and pray repeat my negative as strongly as possible. – – My affairs are greatly embarrassed, & I see no prospect of their ever being better, but I will <sell> {not sell} my abbey for man or the Devil. – Tell Davies, in a very few months I shall be at home to relieve him from his responsibility which he would never have incurred so long, had I been aware “of the law's delay”<sup>177</sup> and the (not Insolence) but “Indolence of office.”<sup>178</sup> – I presume he is very wroth and in that mood, to use his frequent quotation, in which the “Dove would peck the Estridge.”<sup>179</sup> – I shall

1:2

be glad to meet him on friendly terms, & it will not be my fault if we meet on others, but I cannot “truckle to his maudlin humours.” – – You refresh me greatly with the tidings of my Satire, if there be

**173:** Section in square brackets deleted subsequently.

**174:** Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, II i 58.

**175:** “Sir Godfrey Webster”??

**176:** Indicates that H.'s motive for going abroad was a difference with his stepmptner.

**177:** Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, III i 72.

**178:** Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, III i 73.

**179:** Shakespeare, *Anthony and Cleopatra*, III xiii 196.

any of that martial spirit to require trial by combat, you will inform me which be they, the same impulse which made “Otho a warrior” will make me one too. – And so Lucien B. is “lagged” to Malta, he is really a Philosopher. – I have now seen the World, that is the most ancient of the ancient part, I have spent my little all, I have tasted of all sorts of pleasure (so tell the Citoyen) I have nothing more to hope, and may begin to consider of the most eligible way of walking out of it, probably I may find in England, somebody inclined to save me the trouble. – Mention to M, that I have found so many of his antiques on this classical soil, that I am tired of pl&optCs, the last thing I could be tired of, I wish I could find some of Socrates’s Hemlock, but Lusieri tells me it dont poison people nowadays. – I had a fever in the Morea, but my Constitution beat both it & the Doctors. – – You talk of a tour (in print) I have told Cockerell to paint for you, but I have no Journal or any thing worth journalising. – Why <m/>Man! you have materials enow without ramming in my damned nonsense, as Diggory says.<sup>180</sup> – Here is a Scotch

1:3

Surgeon going to write on Greece, you must be before hand with him; his will be very heavy work I am sure if I may judge by his jargon; it will make admirable subject for a review <if> {should} you feel venomous. – I expect to find you in the press, pray what’s become of the Miscellany? – Where is Hodgson, where Dallas? your prize essay? and the 40 pounds annexed? – That timber-head Fletcher is sent home with a paper of some consequence to my mother. – I dont miss him at all, Viscillie and Dervise are admirable waiters, I have a bandy legged Turkish Cook, and Nicolà Giraud is my Dragoman and Major Domo. – I have preferred your petition of marbles to Fletcher, who hath consented to take them, but he hath an ill memory, Heaven help him! – You will write to Malta, till you hear of my arrival, and I will answer as well as I can. — — — Sandford Graham whom you remember at Trinity dines with me tomorrow (the 28<sup>th</sup>.) He tells me that Davies is to be married to an heiress whom he picked up at Bath. – – I am now an Italoquist having been taught that tongue by necessity and Nicola Giro the brother of Lusieri’s should=be wife. – Andreas Zantachi I sent off after your Malta letter, so I had no choice left between pantomime or silence, except gabbling Romaic and Italian in which last I am intelligible, my Greek is ετρη και ετρη,<sup>181</sup> and my Latin of course walked of with the late dragoman of Dominus Macgill. – Cockerell, Foster, Graham,

1:4

Baron Haller (a Teutonic and Cimbric traveller) Lusieri, and myself are to <sel> {set} off μεθ’αυριον<sup>182</sup> for Cape Colonna in great force. – A Bolognese physician is to be presented to me tomorrow at his own petition having heard that I <was> {am} the celebrated aquatic genius who swam across the Hellespont when he was at Abydos. – I believe the fellow wants to make experiments with me in diving. – – – You are now, Yani Hobhouse, digesting your remarks for Lintot or Jacob Tonson, and anticipating publication with your tongue to Matthews, or some such patient listener. – I suppose you have made the tour of Longman’s back=shop, and sunned yourself in the smiles of M<sup>rs</sup>. Ridgway. – If you hear any thing of your own or my works good or bad, let us have it. – I shall {be} glad to hear that they are all alive. – You have {sailed} so long in the Salsette you must be quite a Tarpaulin. – Kill your stepmother and reconcile yourself to your father,<sup>183</sup> I hope your brother was not in that damned advance Guard which has lately taken up its everlasting position at some place in Portugal according to the Frankfort Gazette. – Fletcher I have sent home with dispatches, he is in great tribulation with his numskull full of Gales of wind, French privateers, Galliois, Black joke lugger pressing at home, thieves in the Morea, row at his castle with Sally, and a world of woes. – As for me I am finished, for I will not sell, and have nothing left for the “Gemman as goes round for the tax upon income” according to

[the postscript is on different paper]

**180:** Diggory is a servant in Goldsmith’s *She Stoops to Conquer*, but has no lines like this.

**181:** “So-so”; correct Greek should be “ἔτσι και ἔτσι”.

**182:** “The day after tomorrow”.

**183:** Further evidence that H. hates his stepmother. In his diary he rarely mentions her.



P. S. – Dec<sup>r</sup>. 5<sup>th</sup>. 1810.

Dear Cam, – I open my letter to mention an escape; Graham, Cockerell, Lusieri, myself, and a Bavarian Baron, went to Cape Colonna where we spent a day. – At that time five and twenty Mainnotes (pirates) were in the caves at the foot of the cliff with some Greek boatmen their prisoners. – They demanded of these who were the Franks above? one of the Greeks knew me, and they were preparing to attack us, when seeing my Albanians and conjecturing there were others in the vicinity, they were seized with a panic and marched off. – We were all armed (about 12 with our attendants) some with fusils & all with pistols and ataghans, but though we were prepared for resistance, I am inclined to think we are rather better without a battle. – Some of the Greeks whom they had taken, told me {afterwards} they saw me with my double barrell mounted on a chestnut horse, and described the rest of our party very accurately. –

2:2

Two of them arrived yesterday, released, but stripped of every thing by the Mainnotes. – – These {last} deliberated some time, but as we were in a very advantageous position among the columns, ignorant of our numbers, and alarmed by some balls which whizzed over their heads by accident, they kept m the shore, and permitted us to depart in peace. – The Albanians, my Turkish bandy legged Cook, a servant of Lusieri's & myself had guns and pistols, the rest side arms and pistols, but how we should have carried on the war is very doubtful, I rather think we should have been taen like Billy Taylor and carried off to Sea. – We are all snug in our winter quarters after the same tour we made last year. – Graham and myself got drunk at Keratia, <and> the former in his Bacchanism decapitated a large pig with a Highland Broadsword to the horror of Lusieri, and after all we could not eat him. – Good bye, Yani, y<sup>rs</sup>. a second time

B x x x x x x x x , , , , , , , // - - , , , . N. –<sup>184</sup>

**Byron to Francis Werry, from Athens, December 10th 1810:**

(Source: this text from BLJ XI 177)

**Wherry was English Consul-General at Smyrna. His wife had a soft spot for Byron.**

Athens. Dec. 10th. 1810

Dear Sir,—I have to thank you for a packet of letters by the hands of Mr. Hume.—As it appears that most of my letters are forwarded to Smyrna, I have sent a boat to receive any others which may now be in your possession, and to request that if there be none at present, whenever they arrive you will be kind enough to forward them by a caicque to Athens, and I will with great pleasure pay all the necessary expences.—If you have any news, or a tattered newspaper, it will be a very grateful present to myself and the rest of my countrymen now at Athens.—I beg leave to present my best respects to Mrs. Werry, and with a warm recollection of your kind hospitality I have the honour to be dear Sir

yr. obliged & very obedt. Sert.

BYRON

P.S.—Be good enough to forward my letter to Hobhouse by the first ship.

**John Cam Hobhouse to Byron, from Chepstow, December 10th 1810:**

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43441 f.8; BB 57-62)

[For / The Right Honorable / Lord Byron / Malta / Mediterranean]

**Hobhouse has written in every cranny of this sheet (40.4 x 32cm), including where the sealing-wax might, if ripped, destroy the text.**

December 10, 1810

Dear Byron,

I trust you have received my three former letters – the last from Cadiz gave you notice that it was my intention to go to Falmouth in the Nocton Packet, Capt: Vinicombe. In the said packet I did go together with Drummond and Sir Mark Sykes, the first of whom I like most excessively he being very quick spirited and good humoured, and the second of whom I was also pleas'd with, tho it seemed something odd for a bald headed man of between 40 & 50 to be travelling about for his pleasure. We came home in a gale of wind the first part of the voyage, and made the Scilly lighty House on the next Sunday morning but did not arrive in Falmouth untill Tuesday morning having had an eight day's passage, which was very good and very lucky for latterly our victuals grew scarce our drinkables were

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**184:** A seemingly random line of meaningless characters between “B” and “N”, going right across the page.

quite out and we, Sir M Sykes Drummond and myself being ringleaders, all mutinous to a most contumacious degree. Capt Vinicombe must, however, be entirely exculpated from the heinous charge of attempt at starvation, for it seems the Nocton Packet was running for a widow, as they called it. So beware of the Nocton, nay, beware of all packers, for one of them has lately been taken, & two have been fiercely attacked, and a passenger and three sailors killed in one of them. What do you think of my entrusting some attar of Roses that I was carrying home from Cockerel to his family to the Doctor, the oddest of all Doctors even in your & my way, of the Nocton to smuggle into Falmouth in [*Ms. tear*] hest, and his refusing afterwards to deliver up my goods [*Ms. tear*] when I desired him to deliver them – This beats any thing in my experience. I have written to him, but he may be at the world's end by this time. I assure you that I was much struck and delighted with the cultivated appearance of the country even about Falmouth, it appeared a complete garden, and your friend Clinton's Wood where we used to try our pistols seemed the prettiest nook in the world. –I think that even you will be pleased with the contrast of England with all the other countries you have ever seen –

I came to Bath on the 29<sup>th</sup> October from Falmouth and in that place I have been staying, save & except a trip to Bristol, ever since, so that I have not yet seen the Matthews nor the Davies, tho' I have heard from both; nor of course have I come across Dallas or Spoony or any of your friends – However, all your letters have been sent to their respective places of destination. I have been laid up with a quinsy.<sup>185</sup> I found my uncle my father's elder and only brother just dead when I came to Bath, and I have been engaged in a most unpleasant correspondence with my honored progenitor, so you may conceive me to have had no very great leisure or pleasure since I return'd. I can give you the very best news of your English Bards. three complete editions are sold and a fourth which is much called for will be out immediately – the third edition is printed in a much larger type than the second – The first bookseller in Bath told me that it had sold better than any thing of its kind since the Baviad and Mæviad – I had a letter from M<sup>r</sup> Ward<sup>186</sup> the other day, and he mentions it in the highest terms; it is as commonly talked of as any literary subject, as I have found myself, so here is intelligence for you to smile at, my voting gentleman! Your smile will

1:2

be stretched into a laugh when I tell you that the Miscellany is the most damned of any given work of the present day – I do not mean damn'd by the Critics for they have said nothing to my paradoxes,<sup>187</sup> but damned by its own indelicacy which is really too gross, but principally in a tale of mine taken from Boccace<sup>188</sup> which the Devil the father of all damnation must have prompted me to insert. The eclectic Review has tried to be exceedingly severe and somewhat jocose but that is on account of my daring to wag the tongue, as they call it, against M<sup>r</sup> Wilberforce. They say your poems are the best in the collection. The Critical is very fair, that is, after censuring the indecency, it allows that there is here and there a good line – but, as I said before, the critics, by which I mean the Edinborough and the Quarterly, have said nothing to my paradoxes, nothing at all Sir – Longman will loose a mint of money by the job, which, considering that the poor fellow has only about 6000£ per an<sup>m</sup> will be a hard thing upon him. To balance all this, I have only the compliments of two or three friends & the information from a certain quarter, that a certain fellow of a certain college in Oxford declared that my imitations were equal to any thing of the kind in Pope. I know what you will say to my pitiful story, you will tell me that you warned me before hand of the impossibility of making these broad terms of mine go down; and you will tell me what is very true, for you did warn me –

So much for the Miscellany, which for my sins I have sent into the world.

The Edinborough has lately received a complete set down by one Cobblen – a fellow of Oxford, on the subject of the attack made by that Review upon the Oxford Strabo. All hands agree that the critics are completely worsted and proved to have been not only ignorant but equivocating in this business – And yet the last Edinborough was all sold off, i e the first edition of 10.000, in a week – The Quarterly has appear'd to take the judge upon itself, but is decidedly, of course, against the Scotchmen – it sells about 3000. still, you see, infinitely below the Edinborough. Hodgson has published something else, “serious imitations of the ancients <nor> and humorous imitations of the moderns. I have not seen it, neither have I heard of it except by name & I fear that the world is not awake to his merits – Colman has a farce coming out called X.Y.Z. May he not have taken this name from a line in your Satire?

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**185:** Tonsillitis.

**186:** John William Ward, later Canning's Foreign Secretary.

**187:** Goldsmith, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, Ch.20.

**188:** H.'s translation of Boccaccio (*Decameron*, Day Three, first story: the “dumb” gardener in the convent).

Blackett the shoe maker and poet is no more – he died in his cottage in Sir F. Millman’s park, and Miss Millman<sup>189</sup> after cramming his carcass into a coffin is going to erect over him what she calls a cenotaph with an inscription from her own poems, learnt in the cobbler’s school of versemaking. If you will put two lines to make a beginning, for these two shall serve as an ending for something that we may send her instead of her own nonsense –

“Yet spare him, ye critics! his follies are past  
For the cobbler is come, as he ought, to his last

with a dash to show where the point is or ought to be – Paul Methuen has published a volume of poetry, and I hear that Goldbourne has done the same thing, but of the truth of this last report I know nothing: I have not seen his

1:3

{production} but somebody, I forget whom, spoke to me highly in praise of it. Walter Scott’s *Lady of the Lake* cannot be printed fast enough for the demands made upon the booksellers for it in every quarter of G Britain. it is written in the regular 8 syllable metre interspersed with songs the burthen of one of which is “Roderick vich Alpine Dhu hoe, iroe”<sup>190</sup> now what is this? what is vich and what are dhu hoe iroe? tis a highland boat song so probably you can tell – Clarke’s travels, vo1 1<sup>st</sup> from Perersburgh to Constantinople,<sup>191</sup> are come out; they are reviewed both in the *Edinb. and Quarterly*; rather more favourably in the first than the last, but in both favorably: indeed they seem to me most excellent – his next vol. is to take in Turkey and Greece, which will render my other book on that subject<sup>192</sup> quite superfluous. Gell’s new book about Greece<sup>193</sup> is not much talked of – I have not seen it yet. The *London Review* by Cumberland is dead – Valpey of Reading has set up a new Review called the *Classical journal* for considering Latin, Greek Hebrew and other easy publications: he has puzzled the learned by having this figure [*gallows-like figure*] on his title page. I am told that it is a printer’s private mark, but having never seen the like before I can not speak to the point. A Miss Palmer of Bath sent a sum of money to the *Quarterly Reviewers* desiring them to lay it out in charitable institutions for her; and to review a forth coming novel of her’s the <Baron’s> *Daughters of Isinberg*. What do these gentlemen do, they ridicule the “daughters” &c. beyond anything, and at the end of the article tell the world what Miss Palmer has done, stating that after hesitating a good deal between the foundling and lying-in Hospitals they at last gave the donation to the latter hoping the lady approves of their decision, but begging leave to decline being her Almoner for the future – Now this is being unnecessarily severe and determined to show the world their incorruptibility; ’tis like L<sup>d</sup> Sidmouth’s prosecuting the Cornwall Tinker for offering him a bribe. But to leave these topics; you will not believe me when I tell you that Robert Coates the Robert Coates<sup>194</sup> acted the part of Romeo on the Bath stage last winter to the most crowded house ever known in that Town. I need not tell you how he burlesqued the character – he would have his dress fit very tight so that he insisted that there should be no pockets to it; in consequence of which he always flirted his handkerchief in every direction without a moment’s rest for that little utensil; peals of repeated clapping and laughter drew from him repeated bows. The <lady> actress playing <Romeo> Juliet said “Romeo Romeo wherefore art thou Romeo”? just before he was going to die he said half aloud to the orchestra, “don’t forget the music” for he had resolved to die to slow music – however when he had fallen down and the music did not play he would not die, but sat up. Gallery pit and boxes were in a thunder of laughter. Juliet said, “do die Sir! pray die Sir!” but all in vain – Romeo would speak his last speech over again and again, till at last M<sup>r</sup> Dimond the manager step’d down from his box behind the scenes, and called out to Coates: “I desire you would die directly” and the reluctant Bob fell backwards – He told a gentleman the next

1:4 [*above address*:]

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**189:** Should be “Milbanke”.

**190:** Scott, *The Lady of the Lake*, Canto II.

**191:** *Travels in Various Countries of Europe, Asia and Africa* (1810). Clarke was a traveller highly respected by B.

**192:** H.’s first reference to the book that will be *A Journey through some Provinces of Turkey*.

**193:** William Gell, *Itinerary of Greece* (1810).

**194:** Coates was a rich “actor” much famed for his lack of professional scruple.

day, who told it me, that he had seen three Romeos and that he would play against either of them for fifty pounds. He is now playing at Brighton I hear. It is now time to acknowledge the receipt of and to thank you very sincerely for your two letters, the one dated "Patrass," the other "Tripolitza" 26. August. I beg you will continue to let me hear from you, for when I am reading your lively descriptions I really fancy myself again with you and Darvis and Vasillur, as Fletcher calls them, and with Andrew and the great man himself poor fellow with his leg in a tea kettle – I thought it, of course, right to give you the intelligence I received at Malta about Andrew: but, now that you find from Stranè that my accounts were all correct, perhaps you may chuse to continue him in your service, having at the same time a sharp look out after him. I am delighted with your parting from Strane's effeminate relation, [*below address:*] but then I am alarmed at the preference shown you by his highness ο Βυζερτ ο Βελή πασας.<sup>195</sup> I pray you may not be ravished downright. Do you know that his Majesty has been insane ever since the death of the Princess Amelia, and that the parliament has met and adjourned three times in hopes of his getting better, and that if he be {not} well by Thursday next they say that the P of W will be made sole regent, and will not turn out the K's ministers but only make room for L<sup>d</sup> Moira, and that the P of W. is turned rank Methodist. It is indeed thought that there will soon be a coronation – so do come home and walk in the procession. M<sup>r</sup> H. has at last agreed to settle all my concerns. I have given in the debits in your quarter amounting to 1325£. 10s. 0d, which I believe you will find correct from a view of the items. If, however, you can add any thing, you will be conferring the greatest favour on me to mention it.

London, June 1808.....	100.0.0	Whilst abroad ...	818.0.0
Brighton, July 1808 .....	10.0.0	Returning home .	100.0.0
Horse, Oct <sup>r</sup> . 1808 ....	157.10.0		
London, Ap. 1809	20.0.0	Total	1325.10.0
Newstead, May 1809	10.0.0		
At sundry times plays, operas, &c	10.0.0		
London June 1809	100.0.0		

I have taken the liberty to Mention your name to M<sup>r</sup> H. because he desir'd me to give him a particular account of every thing. When he has [*parallel to address:*] fixed a precise time for the discharge of this I shall let you know. I am going prancing in to the Militia<sup>196</sup> till I can get an opportunity of going abroad again. If there be any books for me at Malta I give 'em to you. Pray, if you can, bring home the marbles or I shall loose them certainly. Farewell – most truly yours

J. C. Hobhouse

[*sideways on 1:3:*] Do not go and join the Turkish army, but send Fletcher guarded by Dervis and Delhic Achmet. If you see Cockerell, remember me. How is his bed? L<sup>d</sup> Wellington is not doing much tho' Massena is retreating with a very inferior force. Baxter of Cambridge is dead. Claridge is at Christ Church, Oxford.

[*sideways opposite:*] Belsham the historian has turned out a man of the Methode!!!

**The Marquis of Sligo to Byron, from Constantinople, December 10th 1810:**

(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 104)

Constantinople December 10th 1810

My Dear Byron

I take the opportunity of sending this letter & your Ferman<sup>197</sup> by a boat which will convey to Athens a bevy of my servants coming to carry off all my clothes vases &c which I left at that place when I came up here. Many thanks to you for your very entertaining letter<sup>198</sup> part of which viz that very laughable discussion concerning the reliques of the Celebrissimo Signior Nobody,<sup>199</sup> has highly amused our little circle here. I should certainly have endeavoured to obey your orders as to homing Mr Zorab had it not been that I am now on the Eve of my departure for Malta having been called there to

**195:** "The Vizier Vely Pasha".

**196:** Being reconciled with his father (a fact he doesn't mention to B.) H. is joining the Royal Cornwall and Devon Miners' militia as penance.

**197:** This firman (travel permit) is now in the Bodleian: DLB 155-6, f.157. For a translation, see *Byron and Orientalism*, pp.295-6.

**198:** This letter is not known. None of B's letters to Sligo are known.

**199:** Signior Nobody unidentified.

be invested with my Ribbon of St Patric; as soon however as I have undergone that ceremony I shall return here most probably by way of Egypt & Syria so that I shall have a chance of meeting your Lordship on some part of that journey. My servants will join me at Smyrna and I shall immediately depart for Malta on their arrival. A Tartar is just arrived from Persia who is said to have announced the arrival of Sir Gore Ouseley<sup>200</sup> at Basheer; Whether true or not I dont know for His Excellency is confounded full of his Damned diplomatic Mystery that there is no knowing even when a Tartar sets off for Smyrna. I find that I inhabit the same house that you did the Signora Onuppria's, opposite some very pretty girls who are always at the windows. I have a dead flirtation with one of them tho I don't know her to speak to.<sup>201</sup>

Friday 14th –

Lady Hester has taken a house at Serapia to which she went yesterday attended by her faithful Squire Bruce<sup>202</sup> and on Sunday next he & I set off accompanied by your friend Delli for the Troad and a short tour thro' Asia Minor: at Smyrna we separate, he returns here & off I set post haste for Malta. Lord Plymouth &c is arrived at last after having been confined a fortnight at Salonica and is now very ill again. Fazakerley & Knight are gone to pass the winter at Aleppo so that if you set off soon you will see them there. Mr Lyttleton, the wit, Mr Henry Williams Wynne, Lord Holland & Co, Sir R[obert] Wilson, L<sup>d</sup> G Grenville, and about twenty others are daily expected here; My opinion is that we mean to take Pera by storm, and as there may be some danger attending the experiment, I think better to be off. Ferdinand the 7th is (they say here) going to be married to a sister in law of Bonaparte's, Old Pisani<sup>203</sup> is dangerously ill & England is going to the Devil as fast as it Can: so there is all the news now afloat here: Should I hear any more I will put it in before I close the letter.

Sunday 16th Francfort papers lately come in announce the suicide of Abram Golsmid, so there are both of those [**Lord Sligo 1811**] brothers who were imagined to be actual Pillars of the City have come to such a situation as to commit Suicide – Lucien Bonaparte is gone to England in the President Frigate to have the choice of four towns in the interior of England for his residence The treaty for Exchange of Prisoners is broken off & I am afraid that their number will be much increased soon by the capture of L<sup>d</sup> Wellington. I have just got your Ferman which I have paid the enormous sum of 12 Piastres which will pretty nearly balance the 18 Shillings &c which I owe you for our supper at the Masquerade Shop

Believe me My Dear Byron

Yours most sincerely

Sligo

I have desired my Drumsticks to apply to you in case of any difficulty. From some circumstances that have occurred I think it not at all unlikely that you may see me at Athens on my way to Zante & so to Malta: The Salsette<sup>204</sup> is arrived in Smyrna

Yours S.

**1811: Byron is in Athens from January 1st to June 2nd. Writes *Hints from Horace* and starts *The Curse of Minerva*. Returns to England on July 14th. On August 1st his mother dies. From October 28th, lives at 8 St James's Street, London. Meets Samuel Rogers and Thomas Moore. John Murray agrees to publish *Childe Harold I and II*. At Newstead, Byron falls in love with the Welsh servant girl, Susan Vaughan, who betrays him with Robert Rushton, his page.**

**1811: fourth edition of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* published.**

**Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Athens, January 10th–14th 1811:**

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.22; 1922 I 25-8; QI 87-9; BLJ II 27-31)

[J.C.Hobhouse Esq<sup>r</sup>. / <M<sup>r</sup>. Ridgway's / Bookseller / Piccadilly / London // Byron> Hounslow April fourteenth / Captain Hobhouse // Royal Miners / Dover]

**200:** Ouseley (1770-1844) was English Ambassador to Persia, and an expert in oriental languages.

**201:** B. had assumed the place was a brothel, and had got as far as trying to approach the girls before being thrown out.

**202:** Sligo doesn't say so, but he too is one of Lady Hester Stanhope's squires.

**203:** Pisani was chief dragoman to the English Embassy in Constantinople.

**204:** The *Salsette* (Captain Bathurst) carried B. and H. to and from Constantinople.

**Ridgway has redirected this letter to Hobhouse, who is now in the militia.**Capuchin Convent, Athens, January 10<sup>th</sup>. 1811

Dear Hobhouse,

I have written at intervals several letters, some of which it is probable you have received. – Two have arrived of yours dated Malta and Cagliari, & I conceive there be others on the Sea or in it, for you must have been months in England. – Since your departure from the Cyclades, I have been principally in Attica, which I have traversed more than once, besides two tours in the Morea of the particulars of which M<sup>r</sup>. Fletcher now on his voyage with dispatches will apprise you. – Here be many English, and there have been more, with all of whom I have been and am on dining terms, & we have had balls and a variety of fooleries with the females of Athens. – I am very undecided in my intentions, though stationary enough as you perceive by my date. – I sometimes think of moving homewards in Spring & sometimes of not moving at all till I have worn out my shoes which are all as good as new. – Hanson has at last written, and wants me to sell Newstead. I will not, and though I have in more than one letter to you requested you to corroborate and assist this negative, I beg in this and all subsequent communications to entreat you to tell

1:2

him and all whom it may concern, that I will not sell my patrimony. – I suppose however the adjustment of that and other damned affairs will drag me to England. – Well, Sir, & so I suppose you are holding forth to your acquaintance on the subject of your travels, and they are all very glad to see you, and you have been tipsy and loquacious as usual <and> on such occasions, and are just beginning to subside into the old track of living after shaking about sixty pair of hands, and seeing the play & such like all of which must be very new to a voyager from the Levant. –

You will present my respects to Matthews and Davies who is I hear about to throw himself {away} on a rich wife, and none of the seemliest according to my reporter. – Pray what profits make ye of the Miscellany? ey, ey, I warrant you now, you are preparing a tome of travel for the press. – I have no journal or you should have it to abet your design. – I am now tolerable in Italian, and am studying the Romaic under a Master, being obliged to cashier my Latin with my last Dragoman, and betake myself to the moderns. – I have sent a

1:3

bark to Smyrna in the faint hope of letters, & shall not fill up this sheet till it's return. – January 14<sup>th</sup>. 1811. – My boat is returned with some newspapers & duplicates of letters already received. – None from you, but all in good time. – I shall certainly not (without something very novel occurs) move towards your Island till Spring, nor even then if I receive any further remittances, a business which I hope you did not fail to urge to my agent. – You have I humbly presume forwarded all my epistles to their respective destinations. – I certainly wish to hear how you go on, and what plan you have chalked out, five and twenty is almost too late in life for anything but the Senate or the <c/>Church, I wish you was a parson, or a counsellor at law, by the bye L<sup>d</sup>. Erskine did not commence till nearly thirty. – I do not think your Sire so blameable, the fault lies of course with the Stepdame, the old story, Baillie has got rid of his “injusta Noverca”<sup>205</sup> see what it is to have luck! – As you are fond of scribbling, and are said to have a talent that

1:4

Way, why dont you, and Matthews & some other wits, undertake some periodical, hebdomadal, or diurnal concern, I leave you to find out what, but I think you might bring such a <sh> scheme to bear. – Fyott is this day arrived from M<sup>t</sup>. Athos (“ἅγιον ὄρος”) he has discovered nothing to signify in the manuscript way. – Graham & Haygarth are to depart shortly, one for Stambol, Haygarth for Sicily. – I shall send this by the latter. – Galt is in Pera full of his Sour Wine Company speculation. I shall look at him in Mycone in the “Prima Vera”. – He sent me a Candiot poem for you, but being the worst Romaic & the vilest nonsense ever seen, it was not worth the carriage.<sup>206</sup> – As you know Athens and all its

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**205:** Virgil, Eclogue III 33 (“harsh stepmother”).

**206:** B's second reference to the 1627 Cretan romance which contains the germ of *Don Juan* II.

peculiarities, I shall not afflict you with description. – I have three horses (one a gift of Vely Pacha)<sup>207</sup> and live rather better and cheaper than last winter. – I see a good deal of the English & Lusieri, chiefly of late, and have had no disputes with any one. – I am tranquil & as contented as I suppose one can be in any situation. I have also a Bavarian Baron & celebrated painter, taking views for me. – yrs. very affec<sup>ty</sup>. & truly B. –

2:2 [*behind address*]

P.S.

This goes by Haygarth who moves in a few days to Malta by way of the Morea & Zante. – Graham is off too. – I stay till Spring, at all events till I receive letters, which as usual take their time on the way. – Good night, you Port-drinking fellow, I am just returned from dining with Haygarth. January 17<sup>th</sup>. 1811 ———

**Charles Skinner Matthews to Byron, January 13th 1811:**

(Source: text from NLS 12604 / 4247G)

[To / The right hon<sup>bic</sup> Lord Byron / Post office / Malta]

Trin Coll: Cambridge Sunday 13 January 1811

My dear Lord Byron

I am very happy to hear<sup>208</sup> that you have been so well amused in Greece; and your plans for the future are so promising that I have no doubt your amusement will be progressive. A thousand thanks for your letter; of which I had given up all hopes. Cam<sup>209</sup> did me great injustice when he said I was particular. Twould be the height of impudence in me, who am so indulgent towards myself. In one sense of the word, I would you were a little more particular; that is to say, minute. In some of your passages I desiderate volumes of commentary. Not that there is any obscurity – the commentary I should require would be illustrative not explanatory. I ought to recollect however, as you justly remind me, that Cam will prove a living commentary. And what he cannot fill up of your outline I shall hope for from you yourself when you gratify my eyes by your return.

My eyes have yet to be gratified with Cam, who is still at Bath.<sup>210</sup> He sent me notice of his arrival at the end of October, just as I was leaving Herefordshire for this place, to assist in the election of a fellow of Downing College. He sent me your letter some weeks after. Some letters have passed between us. I have endeavoured to persuade him to join me here, & have succeeded so far as to prevail on him to consider of the scheme. I took root at this place, & have continued here ever since the election (with the exception of a fortnight or so in London) not unpleasantly. Feasting, in which I am sorry to say I have frequently exceeded, Card playing in which I am generally successful, Reading for which I have lately taken a turn, and hunting of which I am passionately fond, being my chief occupations. But no quoits,<sup>211</sup> the lack of w<sup>ch</sup>. I feel acutely. however, ye sports I have mentioned, the tranquillity of academic bowers, & the congeniality of old scenes eke me out a tolerable existence. Quant à ma methode, my botanical studies have been sadly at a stand. I have however added a specimen or two to my anthology, but I have contemplated them only at a distance. So you see I am still as ignorant as when you left me.<sup>212</sup>

And now, to pass from myself (on w<sup>ch</sup>. subject I am ashamed to have detained you so long) to things in general, or rather to things in England. Of w<sup>ch</sup>. if I am to furnish you out a gazette the difficulty will be how to chuse. As to public aff<sup>s</sup>. you have doubtless heard that our old blind King has for the last three months, been mad. Mad indeed you will say he has been for the last three and twenty years, but the madness I am now speaking of has been such as was too great to conceal. I have heard few particulars of his behaviour. they say he at first cried oysters & mackerel all day long. Lately he has fancied himself a clock, & has moved his arm about, as the pendulum. How the Prince has been appointed Regent, with what limitations & restrictions, & of the contentions of the two factions thereon, I must leave you to conceive or to consult the papers thereon. In the pugilistic world, in w<sup>ch</sup>. I know you take an interest, nothing of any moment has taken place since your departure. The most considerable passage is the fight betw. y<sup>r</sup> old

**207:** This is the fifth time B. has told H. about the horse given him by Veli Pacha.

**208:** The letter to which Matthews refers has not been found.

**209:** John Cam Hobhouse.

**210:** In fact H. is at St. Arvans, near Chepstow. He is hiding from his father.

**211:** “coits” or coitus.

**212:** It’s possible that Matthews died a virgin.

acquaintance Crib,<sup>213</sup> & one Molyneux,<sup>214</sup> a black, who was stimulated, by a few successes, to dispute the championship. He is a prodigiously stout strong fellow, 14 st., 5{f} 8½{i}, his pectorals, arms, & back, the most muscular I ever beheld. but his method of hitting bad; – down & chopping. The day was extremely rainy & the ground woefully slippery. I went upw<sup>ds</sup>. of eighty miles from this place merely on this pursuit. It was a stupid fight, consisted mostly of hard contested rounds, punch for punch. Crib, who was in a very bad condition, made himself too sure of conquest, however he won it after 55 minutes fighting. They are matched again for May the 27<sup>th</sup>, & Dutch Sam<sup>215</sup> & Tom Belcher<sup>216</sup> on the same day. Dogherty fought a day or two ago with a Tothill Fields gent of the name of Silverthorn, & appears to have been terribly beaten.

But the grand feature, I take it, in the last year of our history, is the enormous increase of Παιδεραστία<sup>217</sup> (that damn'd vice). Good God! were the good old times of Sodom & Gomorrah to return, fire not water w<sup>d</sup>. be the Englishman's element. At no place or time I suppose, since ye creation of the world, has Sodomy been so rife. With your friends the Turcomans to be sure it's value (compared with fornication) is as 5 to 2. But that w<sup>ch</sup>. you get for 5£ we must risque our necks for; and are content to risque them.

Your Lordship's delicacy w<sup>d</sup>. I know be shocked by the pillorification (in ye HayM.) of a club of gents who were wont to meet in Vere Street (S<sup>t</sup>. Clement's)<sup>218</sup> – how all London was in an uproar on that day, & how ye said gents were bemired and beordured ... Every Newsp. that one casts one's eye upon, presents one with some instance. Take a few that just occur to my recollection. – A sandman for pedicating one of his boys. A sailor at Falmouth for forcible ditto of a boy. John Cary Cole, usher of a school, for ditto with some of his pupils, some of the “victims to his brutal passion” being under age of admissibility to take an oath. An officer was s<sup>d</sup>. to have cut his throat on a charge of this kind. Lastly I will mention a lieutenant Hepburn, for amusing himself with Thomas White (16), a drummer boy. These two last I saw in Newgate, where they lie under sentence of death. Davies, who accompanied me, agreed with me that the lieutenant's piece was scarcely worth hanging for. there are a few curious circumstances relating to this last affair. Ye lieut. was first smitten in ye Park, employed another drummer boy to bring T.W. to him. T.W., who appears to have been a practised cinæd (ready made to his hand) answered him “that if he wished to do anything with him he had better meet him at a house in Vere Street”. And the constupration actually appears to have taken place in ye very room where the above mentioned friends were dining, nor does s<sup>d</sup> Hep<sup>n</sup>. appear to have at all regarded them. We also saw Pol Fox and Pol Lane (two of the Vere St. coterie) Such is the depraved state of our island. Nay, I am even informed, & yr lordship will hear with horror, that even the women rival our sex in irregularity of passion & that there are many among them, in the higher classes, who find in their own gender all that they wish for. A Lady of very high rank is mentioned to be very strongly thus addicted.<sup>219</sup>

By the way I should mention a report current this last day or two that L<sup>d</sup>. Courtenay<sup>220</sup> has set sail on his Yacht for America. His Devonshire exploits have become so notorious that the magistrates have intimated to him that he is in considerable danger.

As to the Literary world I have nothing worth telling. Walter Scott has brought forth another Lay, to wit, the Lady of the Lake.<sup>221</sup> D<sup>r</sup> Clarke has published a vol. of his travels.<sup>222</sup> in this he abuses the Russians, both as to their manners & their political importance. To this Sir R. Wilson replies in much heat in a vindicatory quarto.<sup>223</sup>

So much for the memorable things of the literary, the political, the pugilistic and the pederastic world. As for private & miscellaneous matters, your satire w<sup>ch</sup> you tell you tell me you heard of in a 3<sup>d</sup> edit. is now out of print. The Miscellany<sup>224</sup> has not yet been reviewed, that I have heard of. Certainly not in the Edinb. the quarterly, or the monthly. I am told that Jeffrey has expressed his intention of reviewing it.

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**213:** Tom Crib (1781-1848) world champion.

**214:** Tom Molyneux (1784-1818) black contender.

**215:** Dutch Sam (1775-1816) stood only 5ft 6ins, but took on bigger men.

**216:** Tom or Jim Belcher (1781-1811).

**217:** “Pederastia”.

**218:** The Vere Street gang or coterie was a gay group which met originally in Exeter: the term became a generic.

**219:** Refers to the Duchess[es] of Devonshire.

**220:** Lord Courtenay was the companion of William Beckford.

**221:** *The Lady of the Lake* was published in 1810.

**222:** B.'s friend Edward Daniel Clarke published the first volume of his eleven-volume *Travels in various parts of Europe, Asia and Africa* in 1810.

**223:** Sir Robert Wilson, *Brief Remarks on the Character and Composition of the Russian Army* (1810).

**224:** *Imitations and Translations* (“The Miss-sell-any”) edited by Hobhouse.



Your old friend W<sup>m</sup> Bankes<sup>225</sup> is most prosperous gentleman.<sup>226</sup> he is M.P. for Truro. put in by L<sup>d</sup>. Falmouth, who married one of his sisters. When this latter event took place (for w<sup>ch</sup>. the good management of M<sup>rs</sup> Bankes has been much extolled) there passed a merry saying amongst the gallants – to wit – that the Falmouth packet has foundered on the Mother Bank. Scrope Davies increaseth in brilliance and facetiousness. Henry Cavendish (lately came into 6000£ p ann. by ye death of an uncle) keepeth a piece. So doth Kinnaird. (I believe Scrope has lately passed a Septennial Bill with regard to his venereal indulgences) L<sup>d</sup> Delaware, w<sup>m</sup>. I think I have heard you mention as a schoolfellow,<sup>227</sup> is at Brasenose Coll: The Claridge<sup>228</sup> I have not heard of, nor seen the Bathyllus. And who of all people in the world do you think has taken unto himself a wife? Our little blackguard friend Wedderburn Webster!!! the happy lady is a sister of L<sup>d</sup>. Valentia. He has become an author as well as a husband, & has published letters to the Comm<sup>r</sup> in chief &c. While I have yet room let me add a word as to the lateness of this my letter. I have been so distracted with various accounts of you that I know not how to proceed. You have arrived in several packets. You have left your name at S<sup>t</sup>. James's, among the enquirers after the King. You have walked & talked in London streets with a friend of a friend of mine. &c &c So that I might well hesitate as to the worthwhileness of writing. And very lately I heard (from Jackson who heard it from one of Dorant's men) that part of your luggage had arrived. However I send this at a venture. Excuse it's inordinate length, I began without any design of laying so heavy a tax upon your patience, but I conclude I own with much left unsaid. Let me assure you of the pleasure I shall feel for any further communications with which you may favour me, and believe me my dear  $\mu\pi\alpha\rho\nu\upsilon\nu$ <sup>229</sup> very sincerely your's

C.S.M.<sup>230</sup>

**Byron to Catherine Gordon Byron, from Athens, January 14th 1811:**

(Source: text from Morgan Library, photocopy from microfilm; LJ I 308-10; QI 90-1; BLJ II 34-5)

Athens January 14<sup>th</sup>. 1811.

My dear Madam,

I seize an occasion to write as usual shortly but frequently, as the arrival of letters where there exists no regular communication is of course very precarious. – I have received at different intervals several of yours, but generally six months after date, some sooner, some later, and though lately tolerably stationary, the delays appear just the same. – I have lately made several small tours of some hundred or two miles about the Morea, Attica &c. as I have finished my grand Giro by the Troad, Constantinople, &c. and am returned down again to Athens. I believe I have mentioned to you more than once that I swam (in imitation of Leander, though without his lady) across the Hellespont from Sestos to Abydos. Of this and all other particulars Fletcher whom I have sent home with papers &c. will apprise you. – I cannot find that he is any

1:2

loss; being tolerably master of the Italian and modern Greek languages, which last I am also studying with a master, I can order and discourse more than enough for a reasonable man. – Besides, the perpetual lamentations after beef and beer, the stupid bigoted contempt for every thing foreign, and insurmountable incapacity of acquiring even a few words of any language, rendered him like all other English servants, <am> an incumbrance. – I do assure you the plague of speaking for him, the comforts he required (more than myself by far), the pilaus (a Turkish dish of rice & meat) which he could not eat, the wines which he could not drink, the beds where he could not sleep, and the long list of calamities, such as stumbling horses, want of tea!!! &c. which assailed him, would have made a lasting source of laughter to a spectator, and inconvenience to a Master. – After all the man is honest enough, and, in Christendom capable enough; but in Turkey – Lord forgive me! my Albanian soldiers, my Tartars & Janizary, worked for him & us too as my friend Hobhouse can

1:3

**225:** B. calls Bankes “my collegiate pastor and master” and “the father of all mischiefs” BLJ VII 230-1.

**226:** *Macbeth*, I iii 73.

**227:** George John, fifth Earl Delawarr, was one of B.'s Harrow friends: see BLJ I 53-5.

**228:** John Thomas Claridge, another of B.'s Harrow friends.

**229:** “Mpyron”.

**230:** Matthews drowned early on August 2nd 1811.

testify. -- It is probable I may steer homewards in Spring, but to enable me to do that, I must have remittances. -- My own funds would have lasted me very well; but I was obliged to assist a friend,<sup>231</sup> who I know will pay me; but, in the mean time, I am out of pocket. -- At present, I do not care to venture a winters' voyage, even if I were otherwise tired of travelling; but I am so convinced of the advantages of looking at mankind instead of reading about them, and of the bitter effects of staying at home with all the narrow prejudices of an Islander, that I <am convinced> {think} there should be a law amongst us to set our young men abroad for a term among the few allies our wars have left us. -- Here I see and have conversed with French, Italians, Germans, Danes, Greeks, Turks, Americans, &<sup>c</sup>. &<sup>c</sup>. &<sup>c</sup>. and without losing sight of my own, I can judge of the countries and manners of others. -- Where I see the superiority of England (which by the bye we are a good deal mistaken about in many things) I am pleased, and where I find her inferior I am at least enlightened. -- Now I might have stayed smoked in your towns or fogged in your

1:4

country a century without being sure of this, and without acquiring anything more useful or amusing at home. -- I keep no journal, nor have I any intention of scribbling my travels. -- I have done with authorship, and if, in my last production I have convinced the critics or the world I was something more than they took me for, I am satisfied; nor will I hazard that reputation by a future effort. -- It is true I have some others in manuscript, but I leave them for those who come after me; and, if deemed worth publishing, they may serve to prolong my memory, when I myself shall cease to remember. -- I have a famous Bavarian artist taking some views of Athens &<sup>c</sup>. &<sup>c</sup>. for me. -- This will be better than scribbling, a disease I hope myself cured of. -- I hope on my return to lead a quiet and recluse life, but God knows and does best for us all; at least so they say, and I have nothing to object as on the whole I have no reason to complain of my lot. -- I am convinced however that men do more harm to themselves than ever the Devil could do to them. -- I trust this will find you well and as happy as we can be; you will at <pleased> {least} be pleased to hear I am so & yours

ever Byron. --

**Byron to John Hanson, from Athens, January 18th 1811:**

(Source: text from B.L. Egerton 2611 ff.221-3; BLJ II 35-6)

[J<sup>n</sup>. Hanson Esq<sup>r</sup> / 6. Chancery Lane / Temple Bar / London / Byron // 18<sup>th</sup>. Jany 1811 / recv<sup>d</sup> 11 Apr<sup>l</sup>. 1811]

Athens. January 18<sup>th</sup>. 1811

Dear Sir,

I have written my negative to your proposal on the subject of Newstead, by my servant Fletcher, which I presume is delivered by this time, and I write now for the purpose of repeating it. -- will not sell Newstead, come what may! -- -- As I am distressed for money, you will send me remittances if you can, if you cannot, I must stem the tide as well as possible, I however cannot return to England without a further supply. -- -- You perceive I have made my principal tour i.e. to Constantinople &<sup>c</sup>. -- & am returned into Greece again, I am now very undecided, but determined not to return if I can help it. -- -- You will present my respects to all your family, but I

1:2

suppose there are others in it not of my acquaintance since my departure. -- You will be good enough when you hear from me always to apprise M<sup>rs</sup> Byron, as she will be anxious, and the arrival of my letters to her is uncertain. -- I write when I can, but you will glance at the Map, and perceive that it is a long voyage for a "single Sheet". -- You wont expect a long letter from these outlandish places, & as you are a man of business it would be wrong to take up your time with observations on Turks, and Greeks. -- -- I have travelled a good deal, and seen a good deal, & shall be very glad some of these days to take a bottle of your port in Chancery Lane, and hear how your live stocks go on at Farleigh, and how much Bacon your hinds consume, which article you see I have not forgotten, though I am in a country where it is a damnable sin to

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231: Friend unidentified.

1:3

think of it. – It is a pity you can't make a Mussulman of Manchester, who would then swallow less of that expensive dainty, by the bye, [*Ms. damaged*: "I"] hope that his master dont take so <much> {many} of D<sup>r</sup>. Hill's diet=draughts as formerly & that he leaves off business (to Hargreaves ) & grows fat & farmerlike. – I hope when I do arrive to find you all well, the old ones married, the new ones christened,<sup>232</sup> what can I say more?

y<sup>rs</sup>. very truly  
Byron

J. Hanson Esq<sup>r</sup>.  
6. Chancery Lane  
London

[1:4 and 2:1 blank.]

**William Fletcher to Byron, from Malta, January 28th 1811:**

(Source: text from copy in NLS Acc.12604 / 4180; my thanks to Ralph Lloyd Jones for his help)

**Fletcher's description of his suffering while trying to locate the money which Byron thinks Hanson must have sent, and which he needs for further travel, makes painful reading.**

[Rt Hon<sup>ble</sup> Lord Byron / Athens]

Malta Jan<sup>ry</sup> 28<sup>th</sup> 1811 –

My Lord

I take the Liberty of wrighting to Your Lordship By Your Lordships Permission To inform Your Lordship of my Many & Dreadfull Disasters 24<sup>th</sup> Nov<sup>er</sup> Left Patrass for Zantea with a fair wind & was to arrive thier in eight hours but Contrarey winds that his allways my misfortune since I Left Your Lordship Took us their in 30 hours was obliged to remain in Zantea a week Before aney Ship Left their as the Packets have done Coming their it Did not answer. {Dec<sup>br</sup>th} I went in a small Greek Ship for Malta but Contrary winds Came & obliged us to Put in Caffalonia after 24 houres Highest<xxxxx> Wind & the Greeks Terebley frighted their i found a nother Ship at Caffalonia that was to Part from their in three days & forunat{eley} Left the Other but Could Not Get out in less then two days being allways Contrary winds when out of the harbour the wind Changed and we had Bad winds for 20 Days when we got in sight of Malta but Could Not get in and Remained in sight for 5 days & then was Drove a way by a Terable Gale of Wind which Continued for six Days & nights most thought every day was our last we had 2 Gales of wind before that which Broke our Boom & Tore siverell of the Sailes the other little Greek ship that i left Zantea in was near foundering at sea & thay was obliged to throw their Cargo over bord And their was some of the Crew lost i herd, we was drove twice to Caffalonia<sup>233</sup>

1:2

But when we got to the mouth of the harbour was Drove away again By the wind Changing but Could not Get in Malta then we Strove to Get in to Seregasea<sup>234</sup> but when at the mouth of the harbour the wind changed again, then we was obliged to make for Messeanea<sup>235</sup> but und{er} Mount Etna we was Becalmed for a day and a night & was verry near Being took by the Currant to the French<sup>236</sup> on the shores of Calabria {But a wind sprung up and took us in Port} We was all Terebley Distressed having no water for 5 Days & Nothing to eat for a fortnight oneley what Cap<sup>n</sup> Wilder Pleased to give us which was Turkeys that he did mean to take to his wife at malta When dieing for want of water we killed them and eat them I living so verry Bad and Being frequently obliged to be on deck {to assist pulling Ropes} got a Voilent Cold that Brought on a Bowell Complaint that Continued for 3 wee{ks} And No Doctor Nor any Medinsons Nor even Nesearys of life When arrived in Messenia was Put in Qarintun for 20 Days more We was in all 7 weeks & 3 days in getting from Zantea to malta & never went on shore at Messeanea & had one day & night to Continue in Qurintun in malta before it was finished I hope Your Lordship Rec<sup>d</sup> my letter from Zantea, I have informed Your L<sup>d</sup>ship of all my Adventures so far, But i am verry sorry to be obliged to draw so much money But contrary winds not my misconduct

**232:** Marchand has "cherished".

**233:** Fletcher probably means Catania.

**234:** Syracuse.

**235:** Messina.

**236:** If Fletcher had been captured by the French, B. would have had to find a new valet until 1814.

have ocasioned {it} I hope Your L<sup>d</sup>ship When you Come to Reckon my Time from Athens will not be Angerey, for i have not spent one Para that i could avoid I must Inform Your L<sup>d</sup>ship that Captain Bathurst Did not go To england but was appointed to a 74 I think the same now gone Convoy to england, and I must inform your L<sup>d</sup>ship that i saw in a Paper something that I think Your {L<sup>d</sup>ship} will be Pleased to heare Captain Byron appointed to the Belvedere Frigate {40 guns}<sup>237</sup> Bound for Halifax i hope their is no more Mr Byrons in the Navey i never herd of aney

1:3

I am verry sorry that their Have not been aney money Placed in Your Bankers hands at Malta as you<sup>238</sup> Expected But they was verry Sivell and said thay did not much Mind a bout it oneley for the Mistake, Your Lordships Pistoles is in Good Condition at M<sup>f</sup> Frasers, M<sup>f</sup> Frasers wanted to Procure me a Passage in the Warrior 74 but it was full of French Prisoners & i Could not Get a Passage I have Got a Passage on Bord the Woolwich Stone Ship She Takes an Extrea Mail for Gibralter & England And Therefore will make the Best of her way to Englan{d} Their have been a Mutiney at falmouth with the Packet Men which I think have ocasioned your L<sup>d</sup>ship not Receiving Your Letters Regular the Packets all now go to Plymouth M<sup>f</sup> Higgins & C<sup>o</sup> will write Your Lordship a Pertickler Account of what money hath been Drawn on your L<sup>d</sup>ships account M<sup>f</sup> Hobhouse oneley Drew 20 Spanish Dollars I have Drawn <2/>35 {35} Pound, My Lord I hope I shall be able to give Your Lordship a satisfactory account when I have the Honour of seeing Your L<sup>d</sup>ship, Pray My L<sup>d</sup> Do Not Trust to aney Greek ships but Pray Get an English man of war then your L<sup>d</sup>ship is safe My L<sup>d</sup> I am at Thorns at the New hotell & they Charge me verry Reason{able} thay have got verry fine accomodations for your L<sup>d</sup>ship M<sup>f</sup>. hobhouses Box of Marble is not to be found i have been all over malta after it it is not at Mr Landers Mr Landers – over

1:4 [*above address*:] Rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from Mr Hobhouse from Caleria on Bord the Salsette But he says he do not know aney Thing of them nor M<sup>f</sup> Fras{ers}

Do not no aney thing of them, their is 2 Books at the Bankers i have given them Proper Directions for them to be forwarded to you Ldship No letters at Malta for your L<sup>d</sup>ship Pray my L<sup>d</sup> if aney letters are for me your L<sup>d</sup>ship will be so kind as to take Care of them for me Pray my L<sup>d</sup> Give me your Commands & i will indavour to fullfill it with as much speed as Posable I Remain your L<sup>d</sup>ships Most Obedent Humble St

W<sup>m</sup>Fletcher

[*inverted below address*:] My Lord I shall Inform M<sup>f</sup> Hanson that their is no money Placed in M<sup>f</sup> Higgins & C<sup>o</sup> Bankers {hands} & that he must forward it as Quick as Posable, Through M<sup>ts</sup> Hammersleys & C<sup>o</sup>

**Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Athens, February 1st 1811:**

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.23; BLJ II 39)

[J.C.Hobhouse Esq<sup>r</sup> / M<sup>f</sup>. Ridgway's Bookseller / Piccadilly / London // Byron]

Athens. February 1<sup>st</sup>. 1811

Dear Cam,

My firman for Syria & Ægypt<sup>239</sup> being arrived I am off in Spring for Mount Sion, Damascus, Tyre & Sidon, Cairo & Thebes. –

Pray whisper in Hanson's ear the word remittance, as I shall soon be run out if you dont urge that worthy but snail paced man. – I have written to you by various vessels, & for fear of accidents, a duplicate of this letter, or something like it. –

yours ever  
Byron

P.S. – Letters to Malta, but let the cash go on to Pera. –

**237:** In fact the *Belvidera* (36 guns).

**238:** This may have been the reason why Fletcher was sent home – to try and find B.'s "missing funds"; see his letter to H., April 9th 1811: "the Reason for me leaving his Lordship was to Bring a Bond that had been sent from Mr Hanson {for my L & 2 English witnesses to sign} for a large sum of money that me Ld was not willing to trust to the unsertintey of Posting ..."

**239:** Translated at *Byron and Orientalism* (ed. Cochran, 2006), pp.308-9.

[1:2 and 3 blank.]

**Byron to John Hanson, from Athens, February 2nd 1811:**

(Source: text from B.L. Egerton 2611 ff.224-5; BLJ II 38-9)

[J<sup>n</sup>. Hanson Esq<sup>f</sup> / 6. Chancery Lane / Temple Bar / London / Byron // Received 21 May 1811 JH // [ ]<sup>th</sup> Octr 1811 / Ld. Byron / Rec<sup>d</sup> & Send by Jameson Hunter Malta 4 Augt 1811]

Athens February 1<sup>st</sup>.  
1811

Dear Sir,

As I have just received a firman from the Porte enabling me to proceed to Ægypt & Syria I shall not return to England before I have seen Jerusalem & Grand Cairo. – I have therefore to request you will remit, my credit being nearly out, & I suppose the return of my servant with M<sup>rs</sup>. B's Scotch papers will enable you so to do, even if you have not received the Wymondham purchase money. – You may sell Rochdale if you can but I will not hear of the sale of Newstead. – With my best remembrances to your house I remain

y<sup>rs</sup>. very truly  
Byron

J. Hanson Esq<sup>c</sup>  
6. Chancery Lane  
London –

P.S. – Direct your letters to Malta, but let my credit be on Constantinople. –

[1:2 and 1:3 blank.]

**Byron to Catherine Gordon Byron, from Athens, February 2nd 1811:**

(Source: text from B.L.Egerton 2611 f.226; BLJ II 39-40)

[To / The Hon<sup>ble</sup> M<sup>rs</sup> Byron / Newstead Abbey / Near Nottingham / Notts / England // Rec<sup>d</sup> & forwarded by y<sup>r</sup> ob<sup>d</sup> / Jameson Hunter / Malta 4<sup>th</sup> April / 1811]

Athens. February 2<sup>d</sup>.  
1811

Dear Mother,

Being enabled by a firman from the Porte to proceed to Jerusalem & Ægypt, I shall visit the Pyramids & Palestine before I return. – You will be good enough to remind M<sup>r</sup>. Hanson of remittances & not allow him to leave me three thousand miles from England without cash on credit. – Fletcher being arrived by this time I say no more but send a duplicate of this letter; I have also written at intervals. –

y<sup>rs</sup> ever  
Byron

P.S. –

Direct your letters to Malta, but let my money be sent to Constantinople. –

**Byron to John Hanson, from Athens, February 1st 1811:**

(Source: Harry Ransom Center, Texas, photocopy from microfilm; BLJ II 38)

Athens. – February 1<sup>st</sup>.  
1811

Sir,

As I have just received a firman enabling {me} to proceed to Ægypt & Syria, I shall not return to England before I have visited Jerusalem & Grand Cairo.<sup>240</sup> – I have therefore to request, as by the return of my servant with the papers you will be enabled so to do; to remit immediately, as I have nearly finished my credit. – With my best remembrances to your family I remain

y<sup>rs</sup>. very truly  
Byron

J. Hanson Esq<sup>f</sup>.  
S<sup>f</sup>. Chancery Lane  
London

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240: He never goes there.

P.S.

Direct your letters to Malta, but let my credit be on Constantinople.<sup>241</sup> –

**Byron to John Hanson, from Athens, February 2nd 1811:**

(Source: text from B.L. Egerton 2611 ff.229-30; BLJ II 41)

[J<sup>n</sup>. Hanson Esq<sup>r</sup>. / 6. Chancery Lane / Temple Bar / London / Byron // 28<sup>th</sup>. Feby 1811 / L<sup>d</sup> Byron]

Athens February 28<sup>th</sup>. 1811

Dear Sir,

An opportunity occurring I write to mention that having received a firman for Ægypt &<sup>c</sup>. I shall proceed to that quarter in the spring. – You will if possible remit, as that is equally necessary for coming or going. – I beg leave to repeat my negative to your proposal about Newstead. – If we must sell, sell Rochdale. – – I have no opinion of funded property, admitting that there were no other reasons against selling. – – One thing is certain, if I should ever be induced to sell N. — I will pass my life abroad. – If I retain it, I return, if not, I stay where I am. –  
With my best remembrances to your family I remain, yours ever

Byron

J.Hanson Esq<sup>r</sup>.  
&<sup>c</sup>. &<sup>c</sup>. &<sup>c</sup>.

[1:2 and 1:3 blank.]

**The Bey of Corinth to Byron, February 11th 1811 (translation only):**

(Source: facsimile at CHP I-II, seventh edition, 1814, pp.262-3: translation by Professor David Holton and Dr Mehtin Kunt, assisted by a literal translation into modern Greek by Professor Vasiles Katsaros.)

**Translation:** Most excellent, most eminent, most highly noble, and desired friend of mine milord Byron, I salute you affectionately and in friendship, and request your kind favour.

After my friendly greetings and inquiry about your health which is dear to me, I announce to you that, finding myself in Corinth at this time, there came suddenly to me an order from the most glorious and distinguished *kaymekam bey efendi*, and they conducted me to Tripolitsa, subjecting me to a great scolding and reprimand, on account of the displeasure which your eminence received from me while passing through Corinth,<sup>242</sup> and at this I was amazed and much sorrowed, without having the least idea about it. I assure you, excellency, that as far as I myself have known and as long as I have been in our *khan*, I am not aware of ever having failed to receive or attend to any one of those travellers, English milords, who have passed through here. On the contrary: and especially to such persons as your eminence, whom it would have been my greatest pleasure to see, and to become acquainted with your worthy self; however, my ill fortune determined that I should not be in Corinth, but in Tripolitsa, where at that time the baggage and retinue of my supreme master were leaving. There the armies of his highness, with great haste and impatience, were setting forth. Amidst great confusion they began seizing the horses and going on their way. And on account of this, and my own absence from Corinth, your complaint followed, without any fault on my part, but in consequence of my sins. For all this, I have not ceased to punish severely the agents and my commissaries, which I had in Corinth. Therefore, my most eminent friend, in as much as my fault was unintentional, without my being aware, I pray you to forgive me, and to assign me to your noble friendship and affection, by writing to me of your good health, in which I shall rejoice, and by recognising me as your sincere friend.<sup>243</sup> This much in friendship, and I remain: 1812 : February : 20:

[signature in Turkish]

[Ottoman date corresponding to 11 February 1811 in the Julian calendar]

To the most eminent and most noble milord Byron. Most courteously –  
at Athens –

<sup>241</sup>: There is no credit left for him.

<sup>242</sup>: For B.'s complaint to the Porte about the lack of hospitality he received when crossing the Corinth isthmus, see BLJ II 21-2 (letter to Stratford Canning, October 13th 1810).

<sup>243</sup>: For B.'s satisfaction at the answer, see BLJ II 40 (letter to Stratford Canning, February 26th, 1811).

**Catherine Gordon Byron to Mr France, from Newstead Abbey, February 13th 1811:**

(Source: text from B.L.Egerton 2611 ff.227-8)

[M<sup>f</sup> France / at John Hanson Esq<sup>r</sup>. / N<sup>o</sup> 6 Chancery Lane / London / single // 13<sup>th</sup>. Feby / M<sup>rs</sup>. Byron]Newstead Abbey 13 Feby  
1811

Sir

As you was here so lately I prefer writing to you on this subject, you will of course show this letter to M<sup>f</sup> Hanson.

M<sup>f</sup> Bolton informs me that if M<sup>f</sup> Hanson had accepted the bills he would have saved a poor Man, his Wife, and eight children, from ruin, but that Brothers must either now go to Prison, or be made a Bankrupt {perhaps both} and that all that has been done in this affair from the beginning throughout has been solely the arts of his creditors, therefore the Man is not to blame as he gave up every thing to them, this is a very disagreeable business, as my Son will be represented as the cause of this Mans ruin whether it be true or not. Brothers lawyers say they can and will bring an action against the high sheriff, they also say that M<sup>f</sup> Hanson cannot grant a bill of sale to any Person unless Lord [1:2] Lord Byron gave him power of Attorney for this special purpose, and that a general power of attorney is not sufficient, and that they firmly believe his Lordship gave M<sup>f</sup> Hanson no such power. These gentlemen say as that is the case they will sue out another execution, and sell the effects immediately, I believe they will give all the trouble they possibly can, therefore I hope and expect that M<sup>f</sup> Hanson and you will be on the alert to <xxxx> prevent my being sold out, and as M<sup>f</sup> Bolton will be out of office in a few days there is no knowing what a new Sherriff may do.

As M<sup>f</sup> Hanson has not accepted the bills they will not believe that there is any money to receive, at least not soon otherwise they say he would have accepted them, this I know to be false, at the same time I am not surprised at their thinking so as it appears probable. How are these difficulties [1:3] to be surmounted perhaps it would be proper to consign the property here to me, or I wish M<sup>f</sup> Hanson would take it to himself and accept the bills I remain

Sir

&amp;c &amp;c &amp;c

C G Byron

P.S.

Bolton and one of the Brothers lawyers (I forget his name) came here on Tuesday the 12<sup>th</sup> to look at the bill of sale, Bolton on seeing it declined acting and withdrew the Man in the House, Brothers lawyer said nothing to me only that he did not believe there was any money to receive or M<sup>f</sup> Hanson would have accepted the bills. M<sup>f</sup> Bolton informed me privately that this business might all be gone over again, and that a new execution might be sued out, and that another Sherriff by seeing <xxx> things in a different light from what he did might perhaps act tho' he did not. [1:4] Indeed all the information contained in this letter he informed me of but he does not wish it to be mentioned and I desire that neither M<sup>f</sup> Hanson or yourself will say one word about it, indeed he desired me not to write about it as he says M<sup>f</sup> Hanson knows about all this and is well aware that they can proceed in the manner herein <xxxx> mentioned ———

I could not however be easy in my mind without informing you of all this that M<sup>f</sup> Hanson may be guarded against them and to prevent if possible any thing farther that is disagreeable being done in this business ———

**Byron to Messrs the English Gentlemen, now in Athens, February 26th 1811:**

(Source: this text from BLJ Supp 10)

**Nothing further is known about Dr Almirante.***Feby 26th. 1811*

The bearer of this is an unfortunate Phycian, whose Medicine chest being pawned & business at a stand-still, has applied to me for assistance, as he is under the protection of our Government.— —His name is Almirante, and his detail of disasters is too long for my paper and your patience. I have furnished him with a small sum, & further take this liberty of presenting him to your notice, leaving it to yourselves to assist him or no as may seem most proper when you hear his case. I have the honour to be with great respect, Gentlemen

Your most obedt. Humble Servant  
BYRON

**Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Athens, February 28th 1811:**(Source: Ms. not found; text from *The Independent*: not in 1922, LJ or BLJ)

My mother sends me a pack of stale newspaper extracts, which one sees in every seaport town – Hanson a damnable account of my affairs though I can't tell if he tells truth or not, his letter being quite facetious, a pretty time for joking when a man is in Greece and his property involved. Hodgson and you send me nothing at all, and unless indeed, you can say something more to the purpose than the others, I am very much obliged to you.

I have been ill and well, quick and sorry, and glad, and coming, going and staying, like the rest of mankind, without gaining a step towards improvement except in languages, and even there my head is but a Babel of bad sounds. For want of better employment I began several plans of scribbling, but have been wise enough to destroy them all except the poem of which you recollect I had finished two cantos, to which I have added nothing ...

**Byron to Catherine Gordon Byron, from Athens, February 28th 1811:**

(Source: text from Morgan Library, photocopy from microfilm; LJ I 310-11; BLJ II 40-1)

Athens. February 28<sup>th</sup>.  
1811

Dear Madam,

As I have received a firman for Ægypt &c. – I shall proceed to that quarter in the Spring, & I beg you will state to M<sup>r</sup>. Hanson that it is necessary to further remittances. – On the subject of Newstead I answer as before – No. – If it is necessary to sell, sell Rochdale. – Fletcher will have arrived by this time with my letters to that purport. – I will tell you fairly, I have in the first place no opinion of funded property. – – If, by any particular circumstances I shall be led to adopt such a determination, I will at all events, pass my life abroad, as my only tie to England is Newstead, & that once gone neither interest or inclination lead me northward. – Competence in your country is ample Wealth in the East such is the difference in the value of money & the abundance

1:2

of the necessaries of life, & I feel myself so much a citizen of the world, that the spot where I can enjoy a delicious climate, & every luxury at <th> a less expense than a common college life in England, will always be a country to me, and such are in fact the shores of the Archipelago. – This then is the alternative, if I preserve Newstead, I return, if I sell it, I stay away. – – I have had no letters since yours of June, but I have written several times, & shall continue as usual on the same plan, believe me

y<sup>rs</sup>. ever  
Byron

P.S.

I shall most likely see you in the course of the summer but of course at such a distance I cannot <speck> {specify} any particular month. ———

**March 1811: Byron drafts *The Curse of Minerva*.****March 2nd-11th 1811: Byron drafts *Hints from Horace*.****Constance Spencer Smith to Byron, from Malta, March 3rd 1811:**

(Source: text from NLS 12604 /4247 I)

Malta 3<sup>d</sup>. March 1811

In order to have nothing to reproch myself I write another letter having some reason to suppose the first was lost. I did write to you on November last to tell you Milord of my being at Malta, and wishing very much to speak to you if possible. Recollecting our conversation on Sept. 1809 I thought myself bound to talk to you on that subject and my being obliged to leave this place in the spring makes me fearful of missing you if you do not come soon. However if your plan and sentiments are changed have the goodness to answer in sending back this letter. I wrote a short note to you not long ago by Captain Ferguson<sup>244</sup> but I did not chuse to let him know that I had previously wrote. He told me you was in

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**244:** Ferguson was captain of the *Pylades*, which had carried B. and H. from Athens to Smyrna.



perfect health and I trust I shall soon be able to judge of it myself. I should feel happy to repeat to you how much I am sincerely yours

C. S.

**Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Athens, March 5th 1811:**

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.24; BLJ II 41-3)

Athens – March 5<sup>th</sup>. 1811

Dear Hobhouse,

Two English gentlemen after 7 years captivity in France having made their escape through Bosnia, and being arrived here on their way home I shall follow up my last letter with the present, which will be conveyed by these runaways whose names are Cazenove. – I am this moment come out of the Turkish Bath, which is an immense luxury to me, though I am afraid it would not suit you at all, their being a great deal of rubbing, sweating, & washing (your aversion) to go through, which I indulge in every other day. – I cannot sufficiently admire the punctuality & success with which you have written to me in reward <with> for my numerous communications, the last of which must have arrived with the nincompoop Fletcher. – Since my last letter 27 U<sup>l</sup>. I have begun an Imitation of the “De Arte Poetica” of Horace (in rhyme of course) & have translated or rather varied about 200 lines and shall

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probably finish it for lack of other argument.<sup>245</sup> – The Horace I found in the convent where I have sojourned some months. – Ever since my fever in the Morea in Sept<sup>r</sup>. of which I wrote you an account, my health has been changing in the most tramontane way. I have been fat, & thin (as I am at present) a had a cough & a catarrh & the piles and be damned to them, and I have had pains in my side & left off animal food, which last has done me some service, but I expect great things from the coming summer & if well & wealthy shall go to Jerusalem, for which I have a firman. – Dun Hanson, & tell him, he wont persuade me to sell Newstead, unless something particular occurs. – If I sell it, I live abroad, if not, I come home, & I have no intention of selling it, but <on> the contrary. – The English here & myself are on very good terms, we have balls & dinners frequently. – As I told you before, no letters have arrived from anybody, consequently I know nothing of you, or Matthews, or the Miscellany, I have seen English papers of October,

1:3

which say little or nothing, but I have lately sent a Battello to Smyrna in hopes of hearing from my vagabond connections. – I don't think you will see me before July, and if things go on to my wish, not for another year. – I took it for granted all this time, that you are arrived in England, as the Salsette has returned these six months to Smyrna, but your silence makes me rather doubt it. – You see you were mistaken in your conjectures on the subject of my return, & I have <also> remanded Fletcher, whom I by no means miss, unless it be by having less confusion than usual in my wardrobe & household. I got your Malta & Cagliari letters, but I expected you would have written from England, though I can excuse a little delay & drunkenness on your first arrival. I feel also interested in your plans, I want to know what you are doing, saying, & writing, whether your domestic affairs go on to your satisfaction, & having heard all this, I should be glad to be informed of Matthieu, who I suppose was pleased to see you again. – As for my own affairs I dont want to hear

1:4

of them unless they shine a little brighter than in June last, when I received a jocose account of their inextricability from M<sup>r</sup>. H. – who might as well have kept his good things for a better opportunity. – If he remits a round sum I will take that and his wit in good part, but I can't allow any waggery from Temple Bar without an adequate remuneration, particularly as three thousand miles (according to <Fletch> Fletcher's invariable calculation from the moment he cleared the channel) are too long for a repatee. – I am at present out of spirits having just lost a particular friend, poor dear D<sup>r</sup>. Bronstedt of

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245: Shakespeare, *Henry V*, III i 21.

Copenhagen (who lost half his rix dollars by our cursed bombardment)<sup>246</sup> is lately gone to Constantinople, we used to tipple punch and talk politics; Sandford Graham is also gone, but then there are more coming. – Pray have you sent M<sup>rs</sup>. Pigot a copy of the Miscellany? – Have you sent my letters to their proper places? – Have you fulfilled my commissions? And How dye do?

y<sup>rs</sup>. ever very truly  
Byron

**The Marquis of Sligo to Byron, from Smyrna, March 10th 1811:**

(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 104)

Smirna March 10th 1811

My Dear Byron

I have just heard of the arrival and intended immediate departure of your boat, but as I wished to give you all the news now afloat here I have taken the liberty of stopping it, not indeed that it really delays it one moment as the little wind there is, is right against her, and as you well know, the boatmen of these regions are not over anxious to sail with a foul wind. The Pylades<sup>247</sup> arrived here a few days ago to fetch down Lord Plymouth; She brought up two letters for you but as one was from your fair Friend at Malta<sup>248</sup> and the other from your Servant Fletcher I did not think it worth while to send a boat off with them to you: the King is dangerously ill and the Prince of Wales is appointed Sole regent with the restriction of not making any new Peers or granting Places or Pensions for life except for acts of Valour. The Ministry are changed Percival out, L<sup>d</sup> Wellesley & Grenville in; <and> we have lost six Frigates at the Isle of France and a line of battleship <at> in the North Sea in short almost every thing is going on as badly as possible so much so that I have been pretty nearly obliged to give up my intended journey into Persia and think of returning to England post haste should letters which we expect up every day by the Weazle confirm this intelligence You will see me shortly at Athens, for I intend to go that way home: No man of war will have any thing to say to me now so that I must get home as well as I can without them.<sup>249</sup> I have to express a thousand thanks to you for your very kind conduct towards my servants while at Athens and have only to add that I hope I may be able to repay it some day or other and that of course where ever I am, my services are at your command. I congratulate you on the letter from a certain person and hope that the one which accompanies this will afford you as much pleasure as the first did. Here I must beg leave to correct your Lordship: the Ribbon of St Patrick is Blue not Green Your letters are all on their way to England in company with a large bundle of my own.

I am quite tired of this place having been here for two months and shall set off soon for Constantinople. Tho we have had a great deal of quality too: All the latter part of the Carnival we have had nothing but balls and Masquerades: L<sup>d</sup> Plymouth & the humbler of your Slaves, gave a masquerade here but from all the people being Turks & turkesses we had very little fun. We have also had two days races, ten races a day. What with all these gaities, playing the Djirit<sup>250</sup> in the Morning & Loo with Mrs W.<sup>251</sup> at night we manage to get thro the day tolerably well upon the whole.

Wishing you Sūccēss (the Irishmans blessing) I remain

Yours very sincerely

Sligo

P.S. I forgot to tell you that Massena has retreated, most people beleive quite out of Portugal

**Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Athens, March 18th 1811:**

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.25; BLJ II 43-4)

[<J/>B.C.Hobhouse Esq<sup>re</sup>. M.P. / <Ridgway's / Bookseller / Piccadilly / London> Witton Park / N<sup>r</sup>. Hounslow – // Byron]

Athens, March 18<sup>th</sup>. 1811

**246:** The English bombardment of Constantinople of January 1807. H. gives twelve pages to this in his book (pp.1111-22).

**247:** The *Pylades* had earlier been sent to Smyrna to escort Lord Elgin's Hydriote ship, with what was hoped would be the last shipment of the Marbles.

**248:** Constance Spencer Smith.

**249:** Sligo was in the Navy's bad books because he had abducted some seamen to serve on his yacht. He was prosecuted, fined, and imprisoned on his return to England.

**250:** The djereed – a short lance, for throwing. Normally a Turkish sport.

**251:** Mr Wherry was English Consul at Smyrna. His wife had swooned for B.

Dear Hobhouse -- Though I neither know where you are or how you are, I write at a venture by way of Zante, as I have already done many times, indeed so often that I can't afford you more than this present sheet --

I have just finished an imitation in English verse (rhyme of course) of Horace's "[Art of Poetry](#)"<sup>252</sup> which I intend as a sequel to my "E. Bards," as I have adapted it entirely to our new school of Poetry, though always keeping pretty close to the original. -- This poem I have addressed, & shall dedicate to you, in it you fill the same part that the "Pisones" do in Horace, & if published it must be with the Latin subjoined. -- I am now at the "Limæ Labor"<sup>253</sup> though I shant keep my piece nine years, indeed I question if Horace himself kept to his own precept. -- I am at present very fond of this bantling, as the youngest

1:2

offspring of authors, like that of mothers, is generally most cherished, because 'tis the weakest. -- Pray what are you doing? have you no literary projects in hand? can't you & Matthieu, & some of our wits, commence some literary journal, political, critical or or what not? I dont mean however like a common magazine or review, but some respectable novelty, which I recommend & leave to your own brilliant considerations. -- You see my scribbling propensities though "expelled with a fork" are coming on again. --

I am living here very amiably with English, French, Turks & Greeks, and tomorrow evening I give a supper to all the Franks in the place. -- You know Athens so well, I shall say no more about it. --- As you have been so sparing, and myself so liberal in late communications, I shall fold

1:3

up this rag of paper, which I send tomorrow by a snail to Patras. -- However it is more than you deserve from

yours very angry

B.

P.S.

Have you sent M<sup>rs</sup>. Pigot a copy of the Miscellany? ---

**Constance Spencer Smith to Byron, from Malta, March 1811:**

(Source: text from NLS 12604 /4247 I)

*in Byron's hand: Received at Athens March 24<sup>th</sup>. 1811 / Byron*

Mylord

Capitaine Ferguson tells me that he will perhaps touch Athens, in that case I hope he will bring me a letter of yours as he said you did mean to write to me before. If he brought yourself that would be a charming resolution of yours, Malta is rather more brilliant than it was and you would perhaps like it. Captain Ferguson does not allow me more time to write, he is in a great hurry, therefore I must leave the Pen.

Believe me most sincerely yours

Constance Smith

**Mrs Byron writes to her son on March 16th, thanking him for his of February 28th. She tells him that *English Bards* has reached its fourth edition. She is glad Byron is refusing to sell Newstead, though she queries his firmness. Her anxiety over her son's financial difficulties is acute.**

**No sooner has Byron returned to England but she is dead.**

**William Fletcher to John Cam Hobhouse, from Newstead Abbey, April 9th 1811:**

(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4180; my thanks to Ralph Lloyd Jones for his help)

[To / J.C.Hobhouse Esq<sup>r</sup>. / Royal Miners / Dover]

Newstead April 9<sup>th</sup> 1811

Sir,

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252: HfH.

253: Horace, *Ars Poetica* 291.

I was Much Disappointed in Not seeing you in Town Not that I had any Particular Message from his Lordship But his Lordship Desired that I must see you if Possible, for he said that you would most Probable want to make inquiries of his Lordships Travels after your Departure from his Lordship, which I was Sir to acquaint you with, as my Lord wrote but a very short letter to you for he Rote two or three and then tore them up again And said I must tell you all that I was acquainted with that My Lord had neglected in his letter that I Brought his L<sup>d</sup>ship And Got Mr C Davies<sup>254</sup> to forward it, he knowing your Address Sir I Did Not leave your letter at Ridgway's as was Directed they did not know your address My L<sup>d</sup> said I should find you by inquiry Sir I am not acquainted with what my L<sup>d</sup> hath informed you, but any thing that you want to know I will inform you As far as I can, Sir in answer to your Letter the Reason for my leaving his Lordship was to Bring a Bond that had been sent from Mr Hanson {for my L & 2 English witnesses to sign} for a large sum of money that my L<sup>d</sup> was not willing to trust to the uncertainty of Posting he so often Being Disappointed By them Being a most villainous Set

But in answer to your other Request Concerning my Lords Return I can Only Say that I have every reason to believe that it will Be this Summer – But when I asked his L<sup>d</sup>ship his answer was

1:2

That it all Depended on some letters that his Lordship was in Expectation of – his Lordship Told me he thought of making a Journey over to Jerusalem<sup>255</sup> which will certainly Detain him some Months Longer if Performed – he some times said that I must not be surprised if his Lordship was at home first – but only he thought he should not like a winters Passage which I think his Lordship was Perfectly right to Miss – I had a Most Terrible Bad Passage – I Being 4 Months on the Seas with Constant {Gales} Wind & 5 Days Without water and Nothing but biscuit to eat –

Sir for fear My Lord should have omitted in his letter The Elegant Style in which Villa Pacha Kissed him was by Them thought very Polite – He presented Me L<sup>d</sup> with a {black} stallion Very handsome indeed – Sir if there should be any thing More that you would wish to know that I can Possibly acquaint You with – I shall be most happy to Do by a line from You Giving Your Commands – My Lord have been most Dangerous ill of a fever was Quite Dellarious for several days but is Quite Recovered Now – and am Your Most Hum<sup>bl</sup> St WFletcher

PS Sir in Regard to the Money You had the Kindness To Present me with I Perfectly Now it is as safe as if I had it in my hands, And I hope you'll Give Your Self No Trouble But when it is Convenient Be Kind enough To Put it in Mr Hansons hands which I can have remitted

[address on 1:3; 1:4 blank.]

**Suleiman Aga to Byron, April 19th 1811:**

(Source: text translated by Hassan Toussoun at *Byron and Orientalism*, ed. Cochran, CSP 2006, pp.292-4)

**Suleiman Aga seems to have lent Byron some money. Byron purchased some guns and a gold watch (the watch cost £31.10s) in London in 1813, in preparation for a Levantine journey that never transpired; so Suleiman Aga may have waited in vain.**

[*In Byron's hand:*] **Received from Suleyman Aga Waywode<sup>256</sup> of Thebes this Letter <March> April 17<sup>th</sup> 1811 / B. / Athens**

[*Envelope:*] To the English Beyzâde<sup>257</sup> now residing in Athens, the reverend, honourable, intelligent, and my affectionate friend, your Honour, Lord Byron.

May it [*the letter*] reach him with the help of God.

[*Letter:*] Reverend, honourable, intelligent, shrewd, Excellency, lord of high rank, my dear friend.<sup>258</sup>

As our affection to your Excellency is at its highest point of perfection, you must expect us always to ask news of your health.<sup>259</sup>

**254:** Fletcher refers to S.B.Davies.

**255:** H. quotes this in the next item as "my Lord thinks of making a tower to Jerusalem".

**256:** A Waywode ("Voyevode") was a Turkish governor.

**257:** "nobleman, gentleman".

**258:** This was the usual salutation among the Turkish upper classes.

The hearty letter you have sent me through the means of your agent has reached me. As the friendly words and expressions contained in it consist of what obligation and friendship is all about, they have strengthened still more the affectionate relations that exist between us. May it always be so.

Lately, a thousand piastres were sent and remitted to our friend the *Beyzâde*, and your agent remitted the receipt. I was very happy, because the henna which was sent has also arrived.

May God grant you safety and facilitate your journey so as to enable you to reach home<sup>260</sup> with health and security.

On the other hand, my faithful friend, you write in your letter that if we desire something we should let you know, and you will be happy to send it from your country. As it is useless to point out that between us there is no place for ceremony, when, thanks to God, you arrive, we should like a pair of pistols of the best quality, sumptuous and ornamented with gold, and long enough to receive bullets of ten *dirhem*.<sup>261</sup> We desire also a watch<sup>262</sup> made of gold. We should like the size of the gun to be equal to the piece of cord we put in our letter. [*The last paragraph is then repeated.*]

I am ready to pay up to five hundred piastres for the two pistols. If God wills, when you arrive I shall send you the money wherever you want.

My dear friend, I write you this letter to let you know that I shall never forget in the slightest way the obligation and friendship which has existed until now between us, and to tell you that every time you depart, whether it is to a faraway destination or not, my friendship to you will always increase.

If God wills, when my letter reaches you, and when you are acquainted with its contents, I hope that in the future you will never forget to express your friendly thoughts to me.

Suleiman

25 Rebi'-ül-evvel 1226 [Friday April 19th 1811]

[*Bottom postscript:*] My dear friend, as I have been for a long time on sociable and friendly terms with Ibrahim Effendi, the Seal-keeper of our Lord the Governor of Cairo, Egypt, I have written and sent you a letter. If God wills, when you have an interview with the Effendi, you will remit it to him. You will be very satisfied with the meeting you will have with him.

I beg you: the watch and the pistols mentioned in the letter must be of the finest quality. I shall pay the price, wherever you desire: at Athens, at Izmir,<sup>263</sup> at the capital,<sup>264</sup> or at any place you wish.

I expect that you, at all times, to pay particular attention to the fact that they should be of the best quality.

[*Upper postscript:*] My faithful and sincere friend, as I write to you in my letter, if I did not need the pistols and the watch badly I should not have disturbed you. Knowing the character of your Excellency, I have not the least doubt that you would satisfy our demand. As you are going to England, I dared to ask you to perform this commission. As I mentioned in the addendum to my letter, please be sure that, with God's will, I shall without fail send the money, to wherever you wish. There is no problem at all, my dear.

**Suleiman Aga to Ibrahim Effendi, April 19th 1811:**

(Source: translated by Hassan Toussoun at *Byron and Orientalism*, ed. Cochran, CSP 2006, pp.294-5)

**Byron never made the journey to Cairo for which this introductory letter was intended.**

[The address is on an envelope with three red sealing-wax blobs.]

To the ruler of the province of Cairo, Egypt, our benefactor, member of the imperial diwan [*council*] and seal-keeper of our Master the Sultan, our Lord, the generous Ibrahim Effendi.

Illustrious, generous, kind, benignant, noble and generous, my Lord, high in dignity ...

I have the honour to write this letter because I should like to let you know that according to the impulse of my sincere heart I continuously express my best wishes towards you. I should like also to inform you that I have, at the city of Athens, been for more than a year on friendly and familiar terms with an English *Beyzâde*, the revered and intelligent Lord Byron, my friend, who is now longing to travel to Egypt, in order to visit Cairo, and, having recently left for that destination, I told him that between us there exist relations of friendship to the degree of brotherhood.

**259:** Ibid.

**260:** "your province / principality".

**261:** A measure of weight. Metric equivalent not clear.

**262:** "saat" is either a clock or a watch; wristwatches did not exist at that time, only fob-watches.

**263:** Smyrna.

**264:** Constantinople.

As a matter of fact, my friend the Lord is influential, and considered so by his peers. As such, he merits a friendly welcome on your part. When you meet him, you shall receive him accordingly.

I took the liberty to write this letter to you because I am confident that you will take all the steps necessary for this purpose, and you will be content and satisfied at having had a meeting with him.

With God's will, when our friend the lord shall arrive, there is no doubt that you will welcome him, and treat him warmly and in the best manner possible.

Suleiman

25 Rebi-ül-evvel 1226 [Friday April 19th 1811]

**John Cam Hobhouse to John Hanson, from Dover, April 23rd 1811:**

(Source: text from BL.Egerton 2611 ff.231-2)

Dover – April 23. 1811 –

My Dear Sir /

Since the long visit I paid you in Chancery Lane,<sup>265</sup> I have heard three times from Lord Byron – From what he says, and which, indeed, he has requested me to communicate to you, he will not now or at any time sell his Newtsead Estate, although he allows, and seems to feel very much the deficit of his ways and means even for present emergencies.

I am informed by his last, received this morning, that he and a party of Englishmen have had a very narrow escape of being surprised by pirates on a visit they had to the famous temple of Minerva on Cape Colonna in Attica<sup>266</sup> – they were twelve, the Pirates were twenty five, and whilst our friend was with his party surveying the ruins, the rogues were in a cave below concerting how and whether they should attack them, the debate at last fortunately ending in the gentry abandoning the scheme and lying snug. This L<sup>d</sup> B. learnt afterwards from a Greek who was at that time in the hands of these ruffians, and who after being well stripped and striped was turned ashore and came to Athens.

Fletcher writes to me that "me Lord thinks of meaking a tower to Gerusalem" The last tower that we read of was made at Bable.

However, joking apart, I do not think that his Lordship will make the said tower; and, indeed, I very much wonder that he should like staying so long amongst such misinformed misinforming barbarians as the Turks. I was sick of them long before I came to the resolution of leaving their country –<sup>267</sup>

However, I will not any longer obtrude upon your time but with best compliments to M<sup>rs</sup> Hanson and family conclude with dear Sir

Your obliged humble ser<sup>t</sup> &c  
John C. Hobhouse

**Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Malta, May 15th 1811:**

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.26; BLJ II 44-7)

[To / <J./B.>C.Hobhouse Esqr. / <Mr. Ridgway's / Bookseller / Piccadilly / London> Whitton Park / Hounslow // Byron]

Malta. May 15<sup>th</sup>. 1811

Dear Hobhouse,

Your last 2 letters of 1810 I have just received, they find me on my way homewards, in the beginning of June I sail in the Volage frigate with French prizes and other English ships of war in all I believe 6 or 7 frigates. – – –

I must egotize a little. – I am in bad health & worse spirits, being afflicted in body with what Hostess Quickly in Henry 5<sup>th</sup>. calls a villainous "Quotidian Tertian."<sup>268</sup> It killed Falstaff & may me. I had it first in the Morea last year, and it returned in Quarantine in this infernal oven, and the fit <returns> {comes on} every other day, reducing me first to the chattering penance of Harry Gill,<sup>269</sup> and then mounting me up to a Vesuvian pitch of fever, lastly quitting me

1:2

with sweats that render it necessary for me to have a man and horse all night to change my linen. – – Of course I am pulled down with a murrain, and as I hear nothing but croaking from H. I am hastening homewards to adjust (if possible) my inadjustable affairs. He wants me to sell N – partly I believe

**265:** H.'s diary records no meetings with Hanson during this period.

**266:** B. relates this story to H. in a letter of November 26th / December 5th 1810 (BLJ II 27-31).

**267:** H. had a bad experience of Turkish ill-manners on his visit to Egrippo (without B.) on February 9th 1810.

**268:** Shakespeare, *Henry V* II i 115.

**269:** From *Lyrical Ballads*.

because he thinks it might serve me, and partly I suspect because some of his clients want to purchase it. – I will see them d – d first. I told you I never would sell it in a former letter and I beg to repeat that Negative. – –

I have told him fifty times to sell Rochdale & he evades and excuses in a very lawyerlike & laudable way. – Tell Davies it is with the greatest regret I see him in such a Situation from which he shall be at all events & at all expence relieved, for if money is not ready I will take the securities on myself.<sup>270</sup> –

1:3

I have looked, asked, and raved after your marbles, and am still looking, asking, & raving, till people think they are my own. – Fletcher was my precursor. – Close, Lander, M<sup>rs</sup>. D. have all been examined and declared “Ignoramus.” – And yet it is so odd that so many packages should have vanished that I shall (in the intervals of my malady) search the surface of the Island. – I am sorry to hear the stationary propensities of your “Miscellany” and attribute them – firstly – to the dead=weight of extraneous productions with which you loaded your own Pegasus, secondly – to the half guinea (one may buy an opera ticket for less at Hookham’s) and thirdly to that “Walsh-ean” preface from which you & Matththews predicted such unutterable things. – Now what would I do? – cut away the lumber of L<sup>d</sup>. Byron, the Hon<sup>ble</sup>. G. Lambe, M<sup>f</sup>. Bent the Counsellor at Law, and the rest of your

1:4

contributory friends, castrate that Boccacian tale, expunge the Walshean preface (no offence to Matthieu) add some smart things of your own, change the title, and charge only seven & sixpence. – – I bear that Jeffrey has promised to review you, this will lift you into life, and seriously speaking, I think your own production would have done much better alone, and the “Imitations of Juvenal” are certainly as good in their kind as any in our language. – –

I have completed an Imitation of Horace “De Arte Poetica” in which you perform the part of both the “Pisos.” I have taken a good <d> deal of pains with it, but wish you to see it before I print, particularly as it is addressed to you. – In one part (I deviate and adapt from the original) I have apostrophized you as a lover of (“Vive la Bagatelle”) and it is curious that I should afterwards receive a

2:1

2) letter from you on the subject of y<sup>r</sup>. projected society with that Motto. –

I had written {the lines} without being at all aware of such an intention, and of course am pleased with the coincidence as well as your idea. But more of this in England. – I wish you would fill up your outline with your friends I have nobody to recommend or to object against, but shall be happy to make a joint in the tail of your Comet! – – I have heard from Matthews, remember me to him most socially, he tells me you have thoughts of betaking shortly to Cambridge, surely this is better than the Militia, – why go abroad again? five and twenty is too late to ring bells and write notes for a Minister of legation? don’t think of such a thing, read, read, read, and depend upon it in two years time Fortune or your Father will come round again. – –

2:2

My picture of which you speak is gone to my mother, and if not, it was {& is} my intention not to be shot for a long time, and therefore Thou False and foul Insinuator! I repel your surmise, as “De Wilton” did the Adjuration of the voice from High Cross Edinburgh (see 4<sup>th</sup>., 5<sup>th</sup>., or 6<sup>th</sup>. Canto of Marmion), and as it succeeded with him I trust it will with me, you Unnatural (not Supernatural) Croaker! Avaunt thee Cam! I retort & repel your hint, and hope you yourself will be – shooter of a great many Ptarmigans (or men if you like it better), but don’t draw me into your parties to shoot or be shotten! for I am determined to come off Conqueror on all such occasions. – I expect letters from you by next packet. –

2:3

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**270:** But B. had promised to “take the securities on himself” when Davies first borrowed the money.

My fantastical adventures I reserve for you and Matthieu and a bottle of Champagne. – I parted as I lived friends with all the English & French in Attica, and we had balls, dinners, and amours without number. – I bring you a letter from Cockerell. – Lusieri is also in Malta, and Nicolà whom you remember, who is gone to School here, he was very useful to me at Athens, and it is chiefly through him that I have acquired some knowledge of the Italian & Romaic languages. – –  
I was near bringing away Theresa but the mother asked 3 0 0 0 piastres! – I had a number of Greek and Turkish women, and I believe the rest {of the English} were equally lucky, for we were all clapped. – – I am nearly well again of that distemper, & wish I was as well

2:4

rid of my “Quotidian Tertian” – –

I must go down to Newstead & Rochdale and my mother in a late letter tells me {that my} property is estimated at above a hundred thousand pounds {even} after all <delbts> {debts} &<sup>c</sup>. are paid off. – And yet I am embarrassed and do not know where to raise a Shilling. – – –  
With regard to our acc<sup>t</sup>. dont think of it or let your Father think of it, for I will not hear of it till you are in a state to pay it as easily as so many shillings. – I have fifty resources, & besides my person is parliamentary, – pay your tradesmen, – I am None. – I know your suspicions past & present, but they are ill founded. – – Will you meet me in London in July & go down to Rochdale & Notts by way of Cambridge to see Matthieu leave a direction at Ridgways. – Believe yours

Indelibly B. ———

[*On envelope:*]

Malta. May sixteenth, eighteen hundred & eleven

Li Marmi sono trovati; – dopo cercando tutta la Citta, furono scoperti insieme col’li altri [*Ms. tear*]

Milordo Elgin Li portaro al’ [*Ms. tear: “Inghilte”*] rra / May 17<sup>th</sup>. 1811<sup>271</sup>

**Elizabeth Massingberd to John Hanson, May 16th 1811:**

(Source: text from B.L.Egerton 2613 ff.134-5)

[John Hanson Esq<sup>r</sup> / Chancery Lane // 16 May 1811 / M<sup>rs</sup> Massingberd]

Sir

Mr Jones one of Lord Byrons Annuitants has arrested me, and myself and my Daughter are now at a Spunging House in Whych Street No. 51. as I am perfectly at a loss to know what Steps to take to be released from so disgraceful a Situation, which I am certain would hurt Lord Byron if he knew it, – it is possible Jones might be contented to wait, if he knew for certain

1:2

that Lord B: was returning home, soon;

I am Sir,  
Yours most Obd<sup>t</sup>.  
H<sup>ble</sup> Serv<sup>t</sup>.  
E Massingberd

Half past 8 O Clock

May 16

The expenses ocured upon this Occasion I conclude you can have no objection to discharge, as the Disgrace is sufficient without the Expense.

[1:3 blank.]

**Catherine Gordon Byron to John Hanson, from Newstead Abbey, May 23rd 1811:**

(Source: B.L.Egerton 2611 f.233)

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**271:** “The marbles are found; after searching the whole town they were discovered with the other [ ] Lord Elgin will carry them to England – May 17th 1811”. This envelope is nowhere near as indecipherable as BLJ says it is.



[M<sup>r</sup> Hanson / N<sup>o</sup> 6 Chancery Lane / London / single // 25<sup>th</sup>. May 1811 / M<sup>rs</sup>. Byron // to be sent into the post office]

23<sup>d</sup> May 1811

Dear Sir

I did not intend to say any thing as I had nothing to say but when inclosing this letter, <there is two of his Men and> Hutton the Bailiff and two of his men arrived from Nottingham, how is this? I thought this business would have been all settled as Fletcher brought the paper signed by Byron some time ago at least I suppose so I did not think you would let this come on me is the bill of sale of no use, they say the things must be sold off immediately

C G Byron

P.S. for God sake do not let me live in this state something must be done immediately —

[1:2 and 3 blank.]

**Catherine Gordon Byron to John Hanson, from Newstead Abbey, May 25th 1811:**

(Source: text from B.L.Egerton 2611 f.234)

[M<sup>r</sup> Hanson / N<sup>o</sup> 6 Chancery Lane / London / single // 25<sup>th</sup>. May 1811 / M<sup>rs</sup>. Byron // to be put into the post office]

Newstead Abbey 25<sup>th</sup>. May  
1811

Sir

In case M<sup>r</sup> Hanson is from home I have only to inform you that M<sup>r</sup> Hutton and three of his men are now in the House, and the goods will be sold off immediately, unless I can produce a delay (till I hear from M<sup>r</sup> Hanson) from Mr W<sup>m</sup>. Barrow of Southwell who officiates as M<sup>r</sup> Hodgkinsons the undersheriffs Deputy who is now in London I remain

Sir

&c &c &c

C G Byron

P.S.

I sent a letter on Thursday to Mr Hanson

**William Fletcher to John Hanson, from Newstead Abbey, May 30th 1811:**

(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4180; my thanks to Ralph Lloyd Jones for his help)

Newstead May 30<sup>th</sup> 1811

Sir

I Beg Your Pardon for the Liberty i Take in Wrihting But the unpleasant letter M<sup>rs</sup> Byron Rec<sup>d</sup> from His Lordship, Stateing that he was not likeley to return this long time, made me take this liberty and more over M<sup>rs</sup> Byron Says that I shall not Receive a farthing more wages then Till I arrived in London, Lord Byron when i Parted from Him Told me he should Expect me to Remain at his sarvice Till I should Get something better meaning a small farm Or mill which he Promissed me before i went a broad which of the 2 I Pleased. And if i Did not get them Directly He should send for me as soon as he arrived at the first Sea Port, for me, and should consider me just the same as if i was with him, as i was obliged to Come home on his Lordships Busness, as he said he had no bodey Else to send but was much against his wish. I Told M<sup>rs</sup> Byron that i had no objection To work in the Garding as it was in so Ruinous Condition but she was not ageeable and as for my money She was Prettey Shure i should not Get it this six months if then –

I Think Mrs Byrons mode of Turning Servants away is a New One, with out Either wages or warning, I never gave My Lord No Reason to use me this way, and I know his honnor will not let him do a Rong thing to Injure a Servant – Sir I should be much obliged if you will give me an order To Draw all or Part of My Money as i must be doing something And Nothing Can be done with out money. I should be verry Glad to have your approbation how to act in my verry Chritical situation Lord Byron Told me he thought that Publick house at Rochdale Might Suite me if I liked it, But i shall be glad of it or any thing Else at either Rochdale or Newstead if Sir you will be so kind as to let me have any thing i shall allways take care to Pay my Rent as soon as any of his L<sup>d</sup>ships Tenants. I understand by M<sup>rs</sup> Byron That you have not Rec<sup>d</sup> the money out of scotland that i was to be Paid out of, Therefore i fear i shall not get it all now. but I hope You'l be Kind annoughf to let me have a Part out of my Rents or something And Please Sir to Inform me if i shall send my Bill of my Expenses To England as i have

near 20 Pound to Receive for that the Greater Part of the 20 Pound owing before I Recd it for Coach fare from Portsmouth and Baggage. and what I Borrowed of a Passenger at Gibraltar. Pray Sir be so kind as to inform me how to Proceed for i am Quite at a Loss to Now. I Remain Sir

Your Most Obedient Hum<sup>le</sup>  
 Servant WFletcher

**The Marquis of Sligo to Byron, June 1st 1811:**

(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 104)

[To / The Rt Honble / Lord Byron . & . & & / H.M.S. Volage / if not at 106 Strada Reale]

Lazaretto June 1st 1811

My Dear Byron

I have just heard that the Frigates will sail tomorrow morning early, and as I shall not therefore have an opportunity of seeing you before we meet in England I write you a line to wish you a pleasant voyage, & to beg that you will inform all good people who may inquire after me that I am on my way home: Will you have the goodness also on your arrival in London to send to my rooms in Albany Buildings and say that I was to sail about a fortnight after you, and that they may prepare for me.

Believe me

Very sincerely Yours

Sligo

**Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from the Volage frigate, at Sea, June 19th 1811:**<sup>272</sup>

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.27; BLJ II 48-51)

Volage Frigate, at Sea, June 19<sup>th</sup>.  
 1811

My dear Hobhouse – In the gentle dullness of a Summer voyage I shall converse with you for half an hour. – We left Malta on the 2<sup>d</sup>. with three other frigates, inclusive of the Lissa prizes, and are on our way, they to Glory, and I to what God pleases. – I am recovered from my Tertian, but neither my Health or my hitherto hoydenish Spirits, are so rampant as usual. – I received at Malta your letters which I have answered, and I have succeeded in the discovery and embarkation of your memorable marbles, they shall be brought to town, or left in proper care at Portsmouth till you can arrange their removal. –

1:2

I am accompanied by two Greek servants both middle aged men, & one {is} Demetrius your old misinterpreter. – I have letters for you from Cockerell whom I left {well} with other Franks, my own antiquities consist of four tortoises, and four Skulls, all taken out of ancient Sarcophagi. – Our health is very lackadaisycal, I have a clap, & S<sup>r</sup>. Demetrius a swoln testicle the fatal consequence of some forty “Sculamente”. –

I shall put off all account of my Winter in Athens, which was most social & fantastical, as also all my marchings and countermarchings, till our meeting, and indulge in speculation on my prospects in your Country. –

1:3

I shall first endeavour to repair my irreparable affairs, and it seems I must set out for Lancashire, for I shall neither have coals or comfort till I visit Rochdale in person. – I wish you would meet me or tell me where to meet you, as I wish to consult you on various subjects, besides the pleasure I shall experience in your society. –

With regard to all Dross business between us, dont think of it, till it is most perfectly convenient, I would rather you did not think of it at all, but as I know your Sentiments on the subject, I shall not annoy you by such a proposition. – You tell me fine things – very fine things – on the literary “lay” I suppose from your

1:4

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**272:** On this date H. is at Dover.

natural knowledge of our weak side, and with a view to set me marble-hunting by dint of compliment. -- I have as I told you before, completed an Imitation of Horace "Ad Pisones" addressed to you, and to be published forthwith as you will readily conjecture. -- I hope the Miscellany mends in sale, it's failure must be attributed to that accursed "Walsh-ean" preface, which the Citoyen M. would recommend, and you see what it has come to. -- M.<sup>ws</sup> has written to me, thank him, and say further, I shall have great pleasure in gratifying his curiosity, which however he must not raise too high. --

You talk of the Militia, -- Santissimi Coglioni! the Militia at five & twenty, <Boys> Boys

2:1

2) over your head, brutes under you, Mess, Country quarters, Courts martial, and quelling of Riots. -- If you will be mad or martial ('tis the same thing) go to Portugal {again} & I'll go with you (for I have some serious thoughts of it if matters are intricate at home) but don't waste your time in mere holiday soldiering as Major Sturgeon would call it.<sup>273</sup> -- -- I am writing all this time without knowing your address, however I shall send as usual to Ridgways who will forward my present as he has done the other letters. --

Fletcher must have arrived some time, I sent him off in November, he was useless and in the way, and in every

2:2

respect, I did better without him. -- How goes on "La Bagatelle"? have you met with any clubable persons with a sufficient tincture of Literature for your purpose? -- You have not been in London it should seem, I shall proceed there from Portsmouth to Reddish's <&> or Dorant's, for a few days, and afterwards to Newstead, and most probably abroad again as soon as my arrangements will admit. -- L<sup>d</sup>. Sligo is on his way home, I left him at Malta in Quarantine. -- Bruce is gone or going to Persia, he is a singular being, on the night he left Athens he made me a profession

2:3

of Friendship, on the extremity of the Piræus, the only one I ever received in my life, and certainly very unexpected, for I had done nothing to deserve it. -- Whitbread (in Peter Pindar's visit from George Guelph) says, he is too old for a Knight,<sup>274</sup> and I am too old for a Friend, at least a new one, tell M. I have bade adieu to every species of affection, and may say with Horace "Me jam nec fæmina" &<sup>c</sup>.<sup>275</sup> -- he will finish the lines. -- -- Seriously I can't think for the soul of me, what possessed Michael, for like the Rovers "a sudden thought struck him"<sup>276</sup> we had dined together so I know

2:4

he was not drunk, but the truth is, he is a little chivalrous & romantic, and is smitten with unimaginable fantasies ever since his connection with Lady H. Stanhope. --

However both her Ladyship & He were very polite, and asked me to go on with them a 2<sup>d</sup>. time to Constantinople, but having been there once, and preferring philosophy at Athens, I staid in my Convent. --

Matthews tells me that Jeffrey means to review your Book, if he does, it will do you good one way or the other, but I think it probable he will praise you. -- Have<ing> you nothing new for the Press? -- Dont be discouraged by the Miscellany, but throw the blame on your friends, & the preface, and Matthews, & me, and the damned trash of your auxiliaries. -- --

3:1

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**273:** Samuel Foote, *The Mayor Of Garratt*.

**274:** Peter Pindar, *Birth-Day Ode*.

**275:** Hor. Od. IV, i 29-32): me nec femina nec puer / iam nec spes animi credula mutui / nec certare iuvat mero / nec vincere novis tempora floribus: I now no longer take delight either in woman or in boy, or in the trustful hope of requited love, or in drinking bouts, or in binding my head with flowers. See DJ I, st.197, authorial note.

**276:** *The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, pp.172-3: MATILDA: A sudden thought strikes me -- Let us swear an eternal friendship. CECILIA: Let us agree to live together! MAT.: Willingly. CEC.: Let us embrace.

3<sup>d</sup>) There is something very impudent in my offering this pert consolation, but I hope you will stand in no need of it, <but> {&} begin to receive half guineas at a great rate, by the bye would not seven & sixpence have sold & sounded better? – M. has been advising you to philosophize at Cambridge, do, & I'll join you for a time, and we will tittle, and talk M. to death with our travels, and jest and squabble and be as insipid as the best of them. – Bold Webster (by way of keeping up that epithet I suppose) has married, and holder still a Sister of L<sup>d</sup>. V<sup>t</sup> Valentia, and holdest of all – has published letters to the Comm<sup>f</sup>. in chief! Corpo de Caio Mario!<sup>277</sup> what will the world

3:2

come to? I take this to be one of the newest events “under the Sun”.<sup>278</sup> – – Had he no friend, no relation, no pitying monitor to snatch the manuscript from <the reluctant> {one} Devil to save it from the other? pray are the letters in prose or verse? – – –  
I have gossiped away till we are off Cape S<sup>t</sup>. Vincent, and I am puzzled what to say next, or rather to ask, for my letter is a string of questions, quite forgetting you cant answer my Catechism. I am dull “dull as the last new Comedy” (Vide Goldsmith’s Goodnatured Man)<sup>279</sup> though Cap<sup>t</sup>. Hornby is a gentlemanly & pleasant man & a Salamander in his pro=

3:3

=fession, fight anything, but as I have got all the particulars of his late action out of him, I don’t know what to ask him next any more than you. – – – But we are infested in the Cabin by another passenger, a teller of tough stories, all about himself, I could laugh at him were there any body to laugh with, as it is, I yawn and swear to myself, & take refuge in the quarter Gallery, thank God he is now asleep, or I should be worried with impertinence. – – His name is Thomas and he is Staff {or Stuff} Apothecary to Gen<sup>l</sup>. Oakes, who has rammed him down our throats for the voyage, and a bitter Bolus he is, that’s the truth on’t. – –

3:4

But I long for land, and then for a post chaise, and – I believe my enjoyments will end there, for I have no other pleasure to expect, that I know of. – – We have had a tedious passage, all except the Straits where we had an Easterly Gale, and glided <f> through the Gut like an oil Glyster. –  
Dear Hobby, you must excuse all this facetiousness which I should not have let loose, if I knew what the Devil to do, but I am so out of Spirits, & hopes, & humour, & pocket, & health, that you must bear with my merriment, my only resource against a Calenture.<sup>280</sup> – Write to me, I am now going to patrole the melancholy deck, God be w’ye! y<sup>rs</sup>. always,

B. —

[on reverse of cover:]

P.S. – Take a mouthful of Salt=water poetry by a tar on the late Lissa Victory. –

“If I had an Edication  
“I’d sing your praise more large,  
“But I’m only a common foremast Jack  
“On Board of the Le Volage!!!!

[on cover, beneath address:]

Il Bastimento è ordinato partire dimane per la bocia dell’fiume, (Nore) dunque andaro da la alla Città per terra dove spero incontrare Vos=Signoria. – κάλλη σου ημέρα. –<sup>281</sup>

**277:** Compare DJ IV 82 4.

**278:** Ecclesiastes 1: 9-14.

**279:** Goldsmith, *The Good-Natur’d Man*, II.

**280:** Illness in which sailors imagine the sea to be a green field; see *The Two Foscari*, III i 172-6.

**281:** BLJ’s assertion that this macaronic message is only partially legible because of manuscript tears is not true: “The ship is ordered to sail tomorrow for the mouth of the river (the Nore) so I shall go from thence to the city [London] by land, where I hope to meet your Lordship. – Good day to you”.

**Byron to Catherine Gordon Byron, from the *Volage*, June 25th 1811:**

(Source: text from Morgan Library, photocopy from microfilm; LJ I 311-13; BLJ II 51-2)

[*letter ends at top of first sheet:*] a wary hand. – To drop my metaphor, I beg leave to subscribe myself  
yrs. ever

B. –

Volage Frigate. At Sea.  
June 25<sup>th</sup>. 1811

Dear Mother,

This letter which will be forwarded on our arrival at Portsmouth (probably about the 4<sup>th</sup> of July) is begun about 23 days after our departure from Malta. – I have just been two years (to a day on the 2<sup>d</sup>. of July) absent from England, and I return to it with much the same feelings which prevailed on my departure, viz. indifference, but within that apathy I certainly do not comprise yourself, as I will prove by every means in my power. – You will be good enough to get my apartments ready at Newstead, but don't disturb yourself on any account, particularly mine, nor consider me in any other light than as a

1:2

visitor. – I must only inform you that for a long time I have been restricted to an entire vegetable diet neither fish or flesh coming within my regimen, so I expect a powerful stock of potatoes, greens, & biscuit, I drink no wine. – I have two servants middle aged men, & both Greeks; – it is my intention to proceed first to town to see M<sup>r</sup>. Hanson, & thence to Newstead on my way to Rochdale. – I have only to beg you will not forget my diet, which it is <very> {very} necessary for me to observe. – I am well in health, as I have generally been, with the exception of two agues, both of which I quickly got over. – My plans will so much depend on circumstances that I shall not venture to lay down an opinion

1:3

on the subject. – My prospects are not very promising, but I suppose we shall wrestle through life like our Neighbours. Indeed by H's last advices I have some apprehensions of finding N — d dismantled by Messrs Brothers &<sup>c</sup>. and he seems determined to force me into selling it, but he will be baffled. – I don't suppose I shall be much pestered with visitors, but if I am, you must receive them, for I am determined to have nobody breaking in upon my retirement. – You know that I never was fond of society, & I am less so than before. – I have brought you a shawl, & a quantity of Ottar of Roses, but {these} I must smuggle if possible. – I trust to find my library in tolerable order, Flet=

1:4

=cher is no doubt arrived, I shall separate the Mill from M<sup>r</sup>. Bowman's farm (for his son is too "gay a deceiver" to inherit both) & place Fletcher in it, who has served me faithfully, & whose wife is a good woman. Besides, it is necessary to sober young Mr. Bowman, or he will people the parish with bastards. – In a word, if he had seduced a dairy-maid, he might have found something like an apology, but the Girl is his equal, & in high life or low life, reparation is made in such circumstances. – But I shall not interfere further (than like Buonaparte) by diminishing M<sup>r</sup>. B's kingdom, and erecting part of it into a principality for Field Marshal Fletcher! – I hope you govern my little empire & it's sad load of national debt, with [*letter ends at top of first sheet*]

[*note on envelope:*] B) This letter was written to be sent from Portsmouth but on arriving the Squadron was ordered to the Nore, from whence I shall forward it, tho' I have not done before supposing you [*Ms. tear*] might be alarmed by the interval [*Ms. tear*] ntianed in the letter being longer than expected between our arrival in Port & my appearance at Newstead. B. July 14<sup>th</sup>. 1811. —————

**Byron to R.C.Dallas, from the *Volage*, June 28th 1811:**(Source: Ms. not found; text from Dallas, *Correspondence of Lord Byron, with a Friend*, Galignani 1825, II pp.40-3; LJ I 313-16; BLJ II 52-4)

*Volage Frigate, at Sea, June 28th, 1811.*

MY DEAR SIR,

AFTER two years' absence (to a day, on the 2d of July before which we shall not arrive at Portsmouth,) I am retracing my way to England. I have, as you know, spent the greater part of that period in Turkey, except two months in Spain and Portugal, which were then accessible. I have seen every thing most remarkable in Turkey, particularly the Troad, Greece, Constantinople, and Albania, into which last region very few have penetrated so high as Hobhouse and myself. I don't know that I have done any thing to distinguish me from other voyagers, unless you will reckon my swimming from Sestos to Abydos, on May 3d, 1810, a tolerable feat for a modern.

I am coming back with little prospect of pleasure at home, and with a body a little shaken by one or two smart fevers, but a spirit I hope yet unbroken. My affairs, it seems, are considerably involved, and much business must be done with lawyers, colliers, farmers, and creditors. Now this to a man who hates bustle as he hates a bishop, is a serious concern. But enough of my home department.

I find I have been scolding Cawthorn without a cause, as I found two parcels with two letters from you on my return to Malta. By these it appears you have not received a letter from Constantinople, addressed to Longman's, but it was of no consequence.

My Satire it seems is in a fourth edition, a success rather above the middling run, but not much for a production which, from its topics, must be temporary, and of course be successful at first, or not at all. At this period, when I can think and act more coolly, I regret that I have written it, though I shall probably find it forgotten by all except those whom it has offended. My friend \*\*'s Miscellany has not succeeded, but he himself writes so good-humouredly on the subject, I don't know whether to laugh or cry with him. He met with your son at Cadiz, of whom he speaks highly.

Your's and Pratt's protege, Blackett the cobbler, is dead, in spite of his rhymes, and is probably one of the instances where death has saved a man from damnation. You were the ruin of that poor fellow amongst you: had it not been for his patrons he might now have been in very good plight, shoe-(not verse-)making: but you have made him immortal with a vengeance. I write this, supposing poetry, patronage, and strong waters to have been the death of him. If you are in town in or about the beginning of July, you will find me at Dorant's, in Albemarle-street, glad to see you. I have an imitation of *Horace's Art of Poetry* ready for Cawthorn, but don't let that deter you, for I shan't inflict it upon you. You know I never read my rhymes to visitors. I shall quit town in a few days for Notts, and thence to Rochdale. I shall send this the moment we arrive in harbour, that is a week hence.

Yours ever sincerely,  
BYRON

**Byron to Francis Hodgson, from the *Volage*, June 29th 1811:**

(Source: Morgan Library; LJ I 316-17; BLJ II 54-5)

Volage Frigate At Sea June 29<sup>th</sup>. 1811

My dear Hodgson – In a week with a fair wind we shall be in Portsmouth, & on the 2<sup>d</sup>. July I shall have completed (to a day) two years of peregrination, from which I am returning with as little emotion as I set out. – I think, upon the whole, I was more grieved at leaving Greece, than England, which I am impatient to see, simply because I am tired of a long voyage. – Indeed my prospects are not very pleasant, embarrassed in my private affairs, indifferent to public, solitary without the wish to be social, with a body a little enfeebled by a succession of fevers, but a spirit I trust yet unbroken, I am returning home, without a hope, & almost without a desire. – – The first thing I shall have to encounter, will be a Lawyer, the next a Creditor, then Colliers, farmers, surveyors, & all the agreeable attachments to Estates out of repair, & Contested Coalpits. – In short I am sick, & sorry, & when I have a little repaired my irreparable affairs, away I shall march, either to campaign in Spain, or back again to the East, where I can at least have cloudless skies, & a cessation from impertinence. – – I trust to meet, or see you in town, or at Newstead whenever you can make it Convenient, I suppose you are in Love, & in Poetry, as usual. That husband H. Drury, has never written to me, albeit I have sent him more than one letter, but I dare say the poor man has a family, & of course all his cares are confined to his circle

“For children fresh expences yet  
“And Dickey now for school is fit.

Warton

If you see him, tell him I have a letter for him from Tucker a regimental Chirurgion & friend of his, who prescribed for me in a ~~two lines crossed out~~ & is a very worthy man, but too fond of hard words. – – I shall be too late for a speechday, or I should probably go down to Harrow. – Hobhouse is either abroad again, or in the Militia!!! so he writes, or perhaps at Cambridge, he has sent me a most

humourous account of the failure of the Miscellany, which he attributes to Bawdry, but I always have said that if it fell, it must be owing to the preface, which Matthews swore was like Walsh. I regretted much in Greece, having omitted to carry the Anthology with me. -- I mean Bland & Merival[e]'s. -- I trust something will weigh up H[obhouse]'s book again, I wish he had only asked seven shillings, I thought he Would split on the odd three & sixpence. -- What has Sir Edgar done? & the Imitations and Translations? where are they? I suppose you don't mean to let the public off so easily, but charge them home with a Quarto. -- For me, I am "sick of Fops, & Poesy, & Prate"<sup>282</sup> & shall leave the "whole Castalian State"<sup>283</sup> to Bufo or any body else, but you are a Sentimental & Sensibilitous person, & will rhyme to the end of the Chapter. -- Howbeit I have written some 4000 lines of one kind or another on my travels. -- I need not repeat that I shall be happy to see you, I shall be in town about the 8<sup>th</sup>. at Dorant's Hotel in Albewarle S<sup>t</sup>. & proceed in a few days to Notts, & thence to Rochdale on business. -- I am here, & there,

y<sup>rs</sup>. very sincerely  
B.

**Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from the Volage frigate, at sea, July 2nd 1811:**<sup>284</sup>

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.28; BLJ II 55-6)

Volage Frigate – Bay of Biscay  
July 2<sup>d</sup>. 1811 –

My dear Hobhouse This very day two years we sailed from Inghilterra, so that I have completed the period I expected to be absent, though my wishes were originally more <extended> {extensive}. When we shall arrive, God knows! but till then I continue scribbling to you, for lack of other Argument.<sup>285</sup> – My Situation is one you have been used to, so you will feel without further description, but I must do Cap<sup>t</sup>. Hornby the Justice to say, he is one of the best Marine productions in my recollection. There is another Cabin passenger, an elderly, prosing, pestiferous, Staff Surgeon, of Oakes's, who has almost slain me with a thousand & one tales all about himself,

1:2

& "Gen<sup>l</sup>. This," and "Lord That," and "says Hes" & "says Is," – & the worst of it is, I have no friend with me to laugh at the fellow, though he is too common a character for mirth. – Damn him, – I can make no more of him than a Hedgehog, he is too dull to be ridiculous. -- We have been beating about with hazy weather this last Fortnight, and today is foggy as the Isle of Man. -- -- I have been thinking again & again of a literary project we have at times started, to wit – a periodical paper, something in the Spectator or Observer way. There certainly is no such thing at present. – Why not get one, Tuesdays & Saturdays. – You must be Editor, as you have more taste and diligence than either Matthews or myself (I beg M's pardon for lowering him to the same line with me) and I dont think we shall want other contributors if

1:3

we set seriously about it. -- We must have for each day, one or two essays, miscellaneous, according to Circumstances, but now & then politics, and always a piece of poetry of one kind or other. – I give you these hints to digest the scheme at leisure, – it would be pleasant, and with success, in some degree profitable. – Above all we must be secret – at least at first. -- "Cosa pensate? Perpend, pronounce, Respond? -- We can call it "La Bagatelle" (according to your Idea) or Lillibulero, if you like it, the name wont matter so that the Contents are palatable. -- But I am writing, & projecting without knowing where you are, in Country or College Quarters, <but> {though} I hope you have abandoned your Militia Scheme. Matthews gave me hopes that Arms would give way to the Gown, as you had visions of returning to Granta. –

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<sup>282</sup>: Pope, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, l.229.

<sup>283</sup>: Pope, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, l.230.

<sup>284</sup>: On July 2nd H. is at Cambridge taking his M.A.

<sup>285</sup>: Shakespeare, *Henry V*, III i 21.

God keep bad port out of your Carcase! you would certainly fall a victim to Messing the very first Campaign. I have brought your marbles, which I shall leave at Portsmouth till you can settle where to put them. I shall be in town a very short time, meaning to proceed to Notts, & thence to Rochdale. -- I am tolerably well in Health, that is to say, instead of an Ague, & a Clap, and the Piles, all at once, I have only the two last. I wrote to you from Malta, during my Fever, my Terzana, or rather Quotidiana, for it was called intermittent "a Non Intermittendo." -- I am as I say well, but in bitter bad spirits, skies -- foggy, head -- muzzy, Capt. <S/>sulky, ship lazy. -- The accursed Pharmacopole is at present on deck, -- the only pleasure I have had these three weeks. -- But I hope to tell you in person how truly I am y<sup>rs</sup> B. --

**Byron to John Hanson, from the *Volage*, July 4th 1811:**  
(Source: text from B.L. Egerton 2611 ff.236-8; BLJ II 56-7)

[Portsmouth. July [*Ms. tear*]venth eighteen hundred & eleven / To. / John Hanson Esq<sup>r</sup> / 6. Chancery Lane / London / Byron // 11<sup>th</sup>. July 1811 / Lord Byron]

Volage. Frigate. July 4<sup>th</sup>. 1811  
Bay of Biscay

Dear Sir,

Expecting to arrive in a day or two, & wishing to have a dispatch ready the moment of arrival I write to apprise you of my return. -- On the 2<sup>d</sup>. Ins<sup>t</sup>. (two days ago) I completed exactly two years of absence from England, -- from London three weeks more. -- -- I wrote to you (by W<sup>m</sup>. Fletcher) my determination with regard to Newstead, viz -- not to sell it, by this I shall abide, Come what May! nor shall I listen to an opinion on the subject. -- My affairs, I must own, seem desperate enough, I shall adjust them as far as in my power, & (after procuring a recommendation & appointment on L<sup>d</sup>. Wellingtons or Gen<sup>l</sup>. Grahams supernumerary staff, which I am

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told I can easily obtain) I shall join one of the armies. -- In the mean time I am compelled to draw on you for 20 or 30 pounds to enable me to proceed from Port to London & pay the custom house duties. -- There is a Bill of Miller's in Albemarle's which also must be paid immediately, on my arrival; I do not mean to reproach you, but I certainly thought there were funds to answer so small a draft when I left London, however it has remained in his hands dishonoured more than two years. -- However when I consider the sums I owe you professionally, I have nothing further to observe, I have made up my mind to bear the ills of Poverty, Two years travel has tolerably seasoned me to privations. -- I have one question which must be resolved, is Rochdale mine, or not? can I not sell it? & why, if it will bring a sum to clear

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my debts is it not sold? -- Newstead is out of the Question, & I do assure you, that if any other person had made such a proposal, I should have looked on it as an Insult. -- The Annuities must be discussed, as they best can, at least I shall relieve my securities by taking them on myself, if <n/>other means of accommodation fail. -- -- -- I enclose you Miller's bill, which I am most anxious to discharge, as he is a most respectable man independent of his profession, & if he were not, the affair of the draft is very disgraceful. -- -- It shall be paid if I sell my watch, or strip myself of every sou to answer it, and also the two years interest. -- Indeed he has behaved so well in the business, & his letters to me are so forbearing, that I shall never be easy till I settle the business. -- I remain with my best respects to all yrs very truly

Byron

[1:4 blank.]

**July 14th 1811: Byron lands at Sheerness.**