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 June 2012. My thanks to Paul Curtis for several contributions.

Abbreviations

B.: Byron; Mo: Moore; H.: Hobhouse; K.: Kinnaird; Mu.: Murray; Sh.: Shelley


NLS: National Library of Scotland.


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).

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.

A letter from Byron is usually a bifolium, with the following shape:

Sheet 1 side 4:
Text continued from side 3, above address
AD
DR
ES
S {written at right angles}
Text continued below address
Signature {sometimes}

Sheet 1 side 1:
Address and Date
Salutation
TEXT

Sheet 1 side 2:
TEXT

Sheet 1 side 3:
TEXT
Signature {sometimes}
P.S. {sometimes}

Sometimes the letter goes on to a second or even third sheet, which is either enclosed in the first
bifolium, or placed at last in an envelope. The longest Byron letter that I have encountered so far is the
one to John Murray, from Ravenna, August 1st 1819, which is on five sheets.

If he has too little paper to write all that he wants, Byron writes around the margin of side 3,
starting at the bottom right-hand corner, curling up the right-hand side, and sometimes continuing
inverted across the top and down the left-hand side. Sometimes he adds messages parallel to the
address, either above it or below. I have always indicated these things.

Not all letters from Byron are the linear communications previous editors have seemed to indicate,
but contain several discrete bundles of text in different places and at different angles.

If Byron leaves much of a letter blank, it’s often a sign that he’s angry with his addressee.

Codes: Names of writer and recipient are in bold type, with location from which sent, and date.
(Source is given in round brackets beneath the title: “text from” indicates that the actual source has
been seen).

Where the manuscript is the source, the text is left-justified only.
Where the source is a book, the text is left- and right-justified.
[The address, if there is one, is given in square brackets beneath the source]
“1:2” and so on indicates a page-turn on the bifolium.
“1:2 and 1:3 blank” shows that not all the paper has been used.
If Byron goes on to a second bifolium, or a second sheet, it’s an occasion.
The address, if there is no envelope, is normally in the centre of 1:4.
<Authorial deletion>
<xxxxxx> Irrecoverable authorial deletion
<deleted> Infra-red and ultra-violet might reveal something interesting
{Interlineated word or phrase}
{editorial} Addition
[ ] Illegible

Hyphens: where Byron has split a word over two sides, and used a double hyphen, the effect has been
re= / =tained. But, as the text is not transcribed on a line-for-line basis (except in the case of Susan
Vaughan’s letters (for reasons explained at January 12th 1812), hyphens are not used when he splits a
word over two lines. See April 3rd 1819 for another letter transcribed line-for-line.
Underlining: sometimes Byron underlines a whole word, sometimes single syllables (for comical effect, as in “Quarterlyers”), sometimes an entire phrase, and sometimes part of a word (from haste). 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 understrokes, 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 “yrs” 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

Annabella Milbanke (1792-1860), Lady Byron
Augusta Byron, now Augusta Leigh (1783-1851) Byron’s half-sister; the most important woman in his life
Claire Clairmont (1798-1879), Byron’s mistress; to be mother of his illegitimate daughter Allegra
Douglas Kinnaird (1788-1830), Byron’s Cambridge friend; now his banker and London agent
Gentleman John Jackson (1769-1845), heavyweight champion of England, Byron’s boxing instructor
John Cam Hobhouse (1786-1869), Byron’s close friend and travelling companion
John Murray II (1778-1843), Byron’s publisher, 1812-23
Madame de Staël (1766-1817), French authoress
Matthew Gregory Lewis (1775-1818), author of The Monk and The Castle Spectre
Samuel Rogers (1763-1855), English poet, friend of Byron

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THE CORRESPONDENCE

1816: After a separation agreement has been signed, Byron leaves England on April 25th. He never returns. Douglas Kinnaird acts as his literary agent. From now on, Byron is happy to receive large fees for his poetry. Accompanied by Dr Polidori, he travels via Brussels and the field of Waterloo down the Rhine valley to Geneva in Switzerland. He goes in a replica of Napoleon’s travelling coach – for which he never pays. In Geneva he meets Shelley, Mary Godwin, and Claire Claremont, who is already pregnant by him. He writes Childe Harold III, The Prisoner of Chillon, Darkness, and The Dream. He begins Manfred. Again he meets Madame de Staël. On August 26th, Hobhouse arrives in Geneva with Scrope Davies. Two days later, Shelley, Mary Godwin, and Claire Claremont leave. In September Byron and Hobhouse go on an Alpine tour, then, on October 5th, they cross the Alps and enter Italy.
April 26th 1816: Byron starts *Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage* III; finishes it June 28th.

**Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Ostende, April 27th 1816:**

(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4123B; 1922 II 2-3; BLJ V 71-2)

[A Monsieur / Monsieur Hobhouse / Whitton Park / Hounslow / London / Angleterre. –]

Ostend. – –

April 27th, 1816. –

My dear Hobhouse – We got in last night very well – though it blew freshly & contrary all the way¹ – but we tacked & tided in about midnight. – All are – and every thing is – landed – & tonight we design for Ghent. – As a veteran I stomached the sea pretty well – till a damned “Merchant of Bruges”² capsized his breakfast close by me – & made me sick by contagion: – but I soon got well – & we were landed at least ten hours sooner than expected – and our Inn

1:2

(the “Cure imperial” as Fletcher calls it –) furnished us with beds & a “flaggon of Rhenish”³ – which – by the blessing of Scrope’s absence – the only blessing his absence could confer – was not indulged in to the extent of the “light wine” of our parting potations. – – Don’t forget the Cundums – and will you tell Manton that he has put a very bad brush into the pistol case – & to send me two good new ones by your servant (when you come) for cleaning the locks of my pistols. – – You are in town by this time – having dined at Canterbury or Sittingbourne – pitying us “poor mariners

1:3

that sail upon the seas” – we are in the agonies of furnishing Berger with stivalli to march en Courier before us – & the last I saw of Fletcher was with two eggs in his mouth. – – The sick Dutchman set off per packet for Bruges this morning; – – the custom house was very polite – and all things very fair – I don’t know why you vituperated Ostend: – it seems a very tolerable town – better than Dover – better than the Spanish & Portuguese ordinary towns – or any of our Oriental – at least in the Caravansera department. – I shall lay to for you at Geneva – – you have perhaps examined my late Piccadilly premises – and

1:4

I hope recovered your personals. – – My best luck – or rather his own – to Scrope – all remembrances to Kinnaird & the rest of “us youth”⁴ and ever

υ⁷. most truly

Byron

P.S. – If you hear anything of my little daughter tell it me – good I hope. – As to the rest – as the Irishman said in the Dublin Theatre when Wellesley Pole was there – – “Here’s <a> three times three for Lord Wellington and Silence for the rest of the family.” –

Tell Scrope that Mr. Levi did us about the Ducats – by ninepence each – I will<llick> { thrash} him as I come back. – Mind you write – & fix a time for coming – or’ Sdeath and Pin money! – I shall be very indignant. –

[vertically crosswise up right-hand side:] Dr. Day is a very good sailor – & is doing very well – I hope nothing was left at Dover – the Gods go with us! Addio – à reviderlo –

**John Cam Hobhouse to Augusta Leigh, from Whitton Park Hounslow, May 1st 1816:**

(Source: text from B.L.Add.Mss.39672 ff.18-19)

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1: Compare CHP III, st.1.
2: B. jokes about *The Merchant of Bruges*, K.’s version of Beaumont and Fletcher’s *The Beggar’s Bush*.
4: Falstaff at Shakespeare, *Henry IV* I, II ii 85; compare Jan 17 1813 (to H.); Nov 10 1813 (to Annabella); Mar 15 1814 (London Journal); May 8 1814 (to Mo.); July 15 1818 (to K.); Aug 3 1819 (to H.); and Nov 19 1820 (to Mu.) Falstaff at Shakespeare, *Henry IV* I, II ii 85; compare Jan 17 1813 (to H.); Nov 10 1813 (to Annabella); Mar 15 1814 (London Journal); May 8 1814 (to Mo.); July 15 1818 (to K.); Aug 3 1819 (to H.); and Nov 19 1820 (to Mu.) B.’s favourite Shakespeare quotation.
Hobhouse conveys to Augusta an edited version of the previous item.
[To / The Honorable M's Leigh / Six Mile Bottom / Newmarket]

Whitton Park

My Dear Mrs Leigh

In case you should not have heard I think it right to let you know that I have had a letter from Ostend from Lord Byron who appears in vast spirits and who arrived at that place on the night of the 26th, having suffered very little indeed by the sea – He desires me to let him know how his daughter is, in health – if therefore you should know pray be good enough to give me a line that I may transmit the intelligence to him – If there is any one thing in earth that I can do for you, pray let me know \footnote{5: H. does not tell Augusta that he plans to join B. in Switzerland.} & feel assured that you have not a more truly faithful sert: than your very sincere & obd: John Hobhouse

[pages 2 and 3 blank.]

Byron to Augusta Leigh, from Brussells, May 1st 1816:

(Source: text from LJ III 330-3)

Bruxelles, [Wednesday,] May 1st, 1816

MY HEART,—We are detained here for some petty carriage repairs, having come out of our way to the Rhine on purpose, after passing through Ghent, Antwerp, and Mechlin. I have written to you twice,—once from Ostend, and again from Ghent. I hope most truly that you will receive my letters, not as important in themselves, but because you wish it, and so do I. It would be difficult for me to write anything amusing; this country has been so frequently described, and has so little for description, though a good deal for observation, that I know not what to say of it, and one don’t like talking only of oneself. We saw at Antwerp the famous basons of Bonaparte for his navy, which are very superb—as all his undertakings were, and as for churches, and pictures, I have stared at them till my brains are like a guide-book:—the last (though it is heresy to say so) don’t please me at all. I think Rubens a very great dauber, and prefer Vandyke a hundred times over (but then I know nothing about the matter). Rubens’ women have all red gums and red shoulders—to say nothing of necks, of which they are more liberal than charming; it may all be very fine, and I suppose it may be Art, for ’tis not Nature.

As the low Countries did not make part of my plan (except as a route), I feel a little anxious to get out of them. Level roads don’t suit me, as thou knowest; it must be up hill or down, and then I am more au fait. Imagine to yourself a succession of avenues with a Dutch Spire at the end of each, and you see the road;—an accompaniment of highly cultivated farms on each side, intersected with small canals or ditches, and sprinkled with very neat and clean cottages, a village every two miles,—and you see the country; not a rise from Ostend to Antwerp—a molehill would make the inhabitants think that the Alps had come here on a visit; it is a perpetuity of plain and an eternity of pavement (on the road), but it is a country of great apparent comfort, and of singular though tame beauty, and, were it not out of my way, I should like to survey it less cursorily. The towns are wonderfully fine. The approach to Brussels is beautiful, and there is a fine palace to the right in coming.

Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Brussells, May 1st 1816:

(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4123B; 1922 II 3-6; BLJ V 72-4)

Bruxelles – May 1\(^{\text{st}}\), 1816. –

My dear Hf’ – You will be surprized that we are not more “en avant” <but> and so am I – but M’. Baxter’s wheels and springs have not done their duty – for which I beg that you will abuse him like a pickpocket (that is – He – the said Baxter being the pickpocket) and say that I expect a deduction – having been obliged to come out of the way to this place – which was not in my route – for repairs – which however I hope to have accomplished so as to put us in motion in a day or two. – – We passed through Ghent – Antwerp – and

1:2

Mechlin – & thence diverged here – having seen all the sights – pictures – docks – basins – [& having] climbed up steeples &\(^\)\(^{c}\). & so forth – – the first thing – after the flatness & fertility of the country which struck me was the beauty of the towns – Bruges first – where you may tell Douglas Kinnaird – on entering at Sunset – I overtook a crew of beggarly looking gentlemen not unlike Oxberry – headed by a Monarch with a Staff the very facsimile of King Clause in the said D. K’s
revived drama. — We lost our way in the dark – or rather twilight – not far from Ghent – by the stupidity of the

postilion (one {only} by the way to 4 horses) which produced an alarm of {intended} robbery among the uninitiated – whom I could not convince – that four or five well-armed people were not immediately to be plundered and anatomized by a single person fortified with a horsewhip to be sure but nevertheless a little encumbered with {large} jack boots – and a tight jacket that did not fit him – The way was found again without loss of life or limb: – – I thought the learned Fletcher at least would have known better after our Turkish expeditions – and defiles – and banditti – & guards &c. &c. than to have been so valourously alert without at least a better pretext for his superfluous courage.

I don’t mean to say that they were frightened but they were vastly suspicious without any cause. – At Ghent we stared at pictures – & climbed up a steeple 450 steps in altitude – from which I had a good view & notion of these “paese bassi.” – –

Next day we broke down – by a damned wheel (on which Baxter should be broken) pertinaciously refusing it’s stipulated rotation – this becalmed us at Lo=Kristi – (2 <leagues> 2 leagues from Ghent) – & obliged us to return for repairs – At Lo Kristi I came to anchor in the house of a Flemish Blacksmith (who was ill of a fever for which D. Dori physicked him – I dare say he is dead by now) and saw some=

2:1

2) =what of Lo=Kristi – Low=country – low life – which regaled us much – besides {it} being a Sunday – all the world were in their way to Mass – & I had the pleasure of seeing a number of very ordinary women in <th> <as> extraordinary garments: – we found the “Contadini” however very goodnatured & obliging though not at all useful. – – At Antwerp we pictured – churched – and steepled again – {but} the principal Street and hason pleased me most – <however> – poor dear Bonaparte!!! – and the foundries &c. – as for Rubens – I was glad to see his tomb on account of that ridiculous description (in Smollet’s P. Pickle –) of Pallet’s absurdity at his monument – but as for his works –

2:2

and his superb “tableaux” – he seems to me (who {by the way} know nothing of the matter) the most glaring – flaring – staring – harlotry impostor that ever passed a trick upon the senses of mankind – it is not nature – it is not art – with the exception of some linen (which hangs over the cross in {one} his pictures) which to do it justice looked like a very handsome table cloth – I never saw <a m> such an assemblage of florid night=mares as his canvas contains – his portraits seem clothed in pulpit cushions. – – – –

<At> {On the way to} Mechlin – a wheel – & a spring too gave way – that is – the one went – & the

2:3

other would not go – so we came off here to get into dock – I hope we shall sail shortly. – – – –

On to Geneva. – Will you have the goodness – to get at my account at Hoares – (my bankers) I believe there must be a balance in my favour – as I did not draw a great deal previously to going: – whatever there may be over the two thousand five hundred – they can send by you {to me} in a further credit when you come out: – I wish you to enquire (for fear any tricks <were> {might be} played with my drafts) my bankers books left with you – will show you exactly what I have drawn – and

2:4

you can let them have the book to make out the remainder of the account. All I have to urge to Hanson – or to our friend Douglas K – is to sell if possible. – – – – –

6: The Merchant of Bruges, K.’s version of Beaumont and Fletcher’s The Beggar’s Bush.
All kind things to Scrope – and the rest –

ever y°, most truly
& obligedly

P.S. – If you hear of my child – let me know any good of her health – & well doing. – Will you bring out παζανιας (Taylor’s ditto)¹ when you come – I shall bring to for you at Geneva – don’t forget to urge Scrope into our crew – we will buy females and found a colony – provided Scrope does not find those ossified barriers to “the fore=

[facing page]

write at your leisure – or “ipse veni”. – – –

Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Brussels, May 2nd 1816:
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4123B; not in 1922 II; QI 335-8; BLJ V 75-6)

Brussels –
May 2d. 1816.

My dear H° – I sent you a long epistle yesterday from this place – and merely write today to request you to supply an omission of mine – by giving a character (for me & from me) to my late Coachman & footman – Everett & Bayman by name – they lived with me {more than} four years & discharged their duties honestly & faithfully – the Coachman came a few months before the other – both left me at the same time – they were discharged with the rest of my establishment

1:2

on my leaving England. – – –

I believe {that} I mentioned this to Douglas K – (to whom & to M°. K. I beg my remembrances) & referred the servants to him in my absence to give their characters – I can only say – that I believe they both deserve very good ones – & I hope they will get places – or at any rate not be left out of them owing to my forgetfulness in not having written out a “charta of bon Servizio” – as the Sieur Demetrio used to break it into English. – Will you have the goodness to excuse all this trouble from y°. ever

Byron

1:3 [written vertically:] P.S. – For particulars of journey &°. I refer you to my yesterday’s epistle – today all the same – & very well – I have written to you twice: once from Ostend – once from hence – this scrawl is the third but that’s nothing. – We hope to set out for Switzerland in a day or two. Don’t be long for I should like to get to Rome or Venice before the Autumn. – – – – – – –

[1:4 blank.]

Claire Clairmont to Byron, from Paris, May 6th 1816:
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12607 / 4177B; Stocking, I, 43-4)

Rue Richelieu
Paris

So far am I on my Journey – Now will you believe? And where have you been? Every day I ask myself this question & wonder whether amidst all the novelties you behold you ever think once of me. But no I do not expect it: I have no doubt you think my affection all a pretence? Or that you are handsome & my passions excited; first I have no passions; I had ten times rather be your male friend

7: The notes to Thomas Taylor’s translation of Pausanias are an important source for the demonology of Manfred, the composition of which B. seems already to be planning.
8: Shakespeare, King Lear, V i 11.
than your mistress. And as to the fickleness or falsehood of my attachment is it likely that I should travel merely for the pleasure of seeing you, eight hundred miles.

I have been extremely unhappy: you bade me not come without protection: “the whole tribe of the Otaheite philosopher’s are come;”5 Shelley’s chancery suit was decided against him: he had therefore nothing to detain him & yielded to my pressing solicitations; you will suppose I wish to see Mary who talks, & looks at you with admiration; you will I <will> dare say fall in love with her; she is very handsome & very amiable & you will no doubt be blessed in your attachment; nothing can afford me such pleasure as to see you happy in any of your attachments. If it should be so I will redouble my attentions to please her; I will do every thing she tells me whether it be good or bad for I would not stand low in the affections of the person so beyond blest as to be beloved of you.10

1:2

I should have written to you before but I feared: you so hate letters11 & I have nothing to tell you but that I was unhappy because you were gone & wished myself dead. In five or six days I shall be at Geneva. I entreat you on receipt of this to write a little note for me directed as Madame Clairville, Poste Restante, saying where you are, and how you are. I have taken the name of Clairville because you said you liked the name of Claire but could not bear mont because of that very ugly woman.12 And I chuse to be married because I am so & Madames have their full liberty abroad. Pray pray do not forget to send the little note; day after day I shall travel the weary road; every hour that brings me nearer to Geneva will render me more wretchedly anxious & inquiet & if on enquiry I shall not find a note from you I know not will become of me.

Do not fear I will prove <my cost> <hot> troublesome to you; you shall “come, go, depart”13 when you please: only do not say you will not see me; you do not know how I feel for you; you have left your native land; your household gods,14 your friends & now you travel about with only a physician;15 does he take care of you; is he attached to you? How all your friends loved you; which I do not wonder at; Leigh Hunt addressed a very pretty poem to you16 the Sunday after your <depart> departure but more affectionate than clever. He talks about “your

1:3

haughty lamps of blue”; I think your eye is more an eye of sorrow than of pride.

I know not how to address you; I cannot call you friend for though I love you yet you do not feel even interest for me; fate has ordained that the slightest accident that should befall you should be agony to me; but were I to float by your window drowned all you would say would be “Ah voila!” I half thought to begin my letter with “honoured Sir” because I honour you; & because the little familiarity your coldness allows ought to prevent any expressions from me of any thing but reverence. All then I ask is to believe me; I few days ago I was eighteen; people of eighteen always love truly & tenderly; & I who was educated by Godwin however erroneous my creed have the highest adoratio[Ms. tear: “n”] for truth. Farewell dear, kind, Lord Byron: how I wish you had any such happiness in store for you as I have for I hope I trust I shall shortly see you. I have been reading all your poems & I <almost> almost fear to think of your reading this stupid letter but I love you

Clara

Monday May 6th. 1816

On May 9th, Caroline Lamb’s Glenarvon is published.

John Murray to John Cam Hobhouse, from 50, Albemarle Street, London, May 11th 1816:
(Source: text from B.L.Add.Mss. 36456 ff.343-4)

Murray has overseen the publication of Letters; now his Quarterly has given it a hostile review.

9: Tahiti, indeed, all of Polynesia, was seen in Europe as a paradisal place of sexual freedom.
10: C.C. seems to be offering her half-step-sister to B. should be desire her.
11: B. may say that he hates letters; but he preserved every scrap.
12: Mrs Clermont.
13: Biblical; Matthew 8:9.
14: Compare BLJ V, 150; DJ I 36, 6; DJ II sts. 51-2; CMP 97; and Marino Faliero, III ii 361-4.
15: Dr. John William Polidori (1795-1821).
16: To the Right Honourable Lord Byron, on his Departure for Italy and Greece, Examiner, April 28th 1816.
Dear Sir

If you knew the business that has occupied every moment of my time since I received your most kind & obliging note – I venture to think that you would pardon my delay in answering it – and more particularly if you could be aware of the singular regret which I feel in still concerning myself unable to avail myself of your truly liberal and most friendly offer – I am so near a neighbour of Ridgway (who is jealous of my migration to this end of the town) that if I were to publish a work which he had began – he would never believe but that I had circumvented him and he would be an annoying enemy for life.

I am most happy to tell you that I have succeeded compleatly in obtaining an injunction against Cawthorne & that it was served upon him in the very nick of time – They describe him as perfectly furious and astounded at this unexpected Blow from an invisible [ ] [?? - “Arrow”] – as yet he has not been able to set aside the injunction.

I have sent you the Quarterly – &

The Lord have mercy upon you!!!

Jno Murray

Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Carlsruhe, May 16th 1816:
(Source: NLS Acc.12604 / 4123B; 1922 II 6-8; BLJ V 76-7)

Carlsruhe – May 16th. 1816. –

My dear Hobhouse /

We are this far by the Rhenish route on our way to Switzerland – where I shall wait to hear of your intentions as to junction before I go to Italy. – – –

I have written to you three times – and mention the number – in case of any non=arrival of epistles. –

We were obliged to diverge from Anvers & Mechlin to Brussels – for some wheel repairs – & in course seized the opportunity to visit Mont S. Jean & c. where I had a gallop over the field on a Cossac horse (left by some of the Don gentlemen at Brussels) and after a tolerably minute investigation – returned by Soignies – having purchased a quantity of helmets sabres & c. all of which are consigned to

the care of a M'. Gordon at B'ls (an old acquaintance) who desired to forward them to M'. Murray – in whose keeping I hope to find them safe some day or other. – – – Our route by the Rhine has been beautiful – & much surpassing my expectation – though very much answering in it’s outlines to my previous conceptions. – – The Plain at Waterloo is a fine one – but not much after Marathon & Troy – Cheronea – & Platea. – – –

Perhaps there is something of prejudice in this – but I detest the cause & the victors – & the victory – including Blucher & the Bourbons. – – – – – –

From Bonn to Coblenz – & Coblenz again to Bingen & Mayence – nothing can exceed the

prospects at every point – not even – any of the old scenes – though this is in a different style: – what it most reminded me of were parts of Cintra – & the valley which leads from Delvinachi – by Libochabo and Argyrocastro (on the opposite mountains) to Tepaleni – the last resemblance struck even the learned Fletcher – who seems to thrive upon his present expedition & is full of comparisons & preferences of the present to the last – particularly in the articles of provision & Caravanseras. – – – Poor Polidori is devilish ill – I do not know with what – nor does he – but he seems to have a slight constitution – & is seriously laid up – if he does not get well soon – he will be totally unfit for travelling – his complaints are headaches & feverishness: – all the rest are well –

for the present – nor has he had any patients except a Belgian Blacksmith (at Lo Kristi a village where our wheels stuck) and himself. – At Cologne I had a ludicrous adventure – the <landlord> host of our hotel mistook a German Chambermaid – whose red cheeks & white teeth had made me venture upon

17: The Quarterly Review reviewed Letters sarcastically on pp.443-52 of its “January 1816” number, which came out on May 17th. Mu. is sending H. an advance copy.
{her} carnally – for his wife – & stood swearing at the door like a Squadron of Cavalry – to the
amusement <&> [or] consternation of all his audience – till the mystery was developed by his wife
walking out of her own room – & the girl out of mine. – We have seen all the sights – churches & so
forth – & at Coblenz crossed the Rhine – and scrambled up the fortress of <Eheh> Ehrenbreitstein¹⁸
now a ruin – we also saw on the road

2:1

2.) the sepulchres – & monuments of [Generals] Marceau & Hoche¹⁹ & <got> went up to examine
them – they are simple & striking – but – now much neglected if not [to say] defaced by the change of
times & this cursed after= crop of rectilignes & legitimacy. – At Manheim we crossed the Rhine &
keep on this side to avoid the French segment of Territory at Strasburg – as we have not French
passports – & no desire to view a degraded country – & <disast> oppressed people. – This town (a
very pretty one) is the seat of the court of the Grand Duke of Baden: – tomorrow I mean to proceed (if
Polidori is well enough) on our journey. – At Geneva I expect to hear from you – tell me of Scrope and
his intentions – and of all or any things or persons – saving and

2:2

except one subject – which I particularly beg never to have mentioned {again} – unless as far as
regards my child – & my child only. – – – –
If Scrope comes out – tell him there [are] some “light wines” which will bring to his recollection “the
day of Pentecost” & other branches of his vinous thirty nine articles. – I have solaced myself
moderately with such “flaggons of Rhenish”²⁰ as have fallen in my way – but without our Yorick –
they are nothing. – I hope your book of letters is not slack in sale – <though> {and} I can’t see why
Ridgway should not pay “a few pounands”²¹ for the 2ª Edition unless it be that I did not pay him his
bill – & that he thinks therefore you should. – –
I trust that you will give Spoomey a jog

2:3

as to selling & so forth – & tell my Potestas (Kinnaird) to come the committee over him. – I suppose
poor K—— will be devilishly bothered with his Drury Lane speech this year – how does Mathurin’s
play²² go on – or rather go off – of course the prologue has fallen to your lot – & the Comedy eh? – m
– – –
I hope you executed the ten thousand petty commissions I saddled you withal. – – pray remember me
to all the remembering – & not less to the superb Murray – who is now enjoying inglorious ease at his
green table – & wishing for somebody to keep him in hot water. – –
Wishing you all prosperity – I am ever

yª. most truly

Byron

[2:4 blank.]

Claire Clairmont to Byron, from Montalègre, May 17th 1816:
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12607 / 4177B; Stocking I 46)
[Right Honorable / Lord Byron / Poste Restante / Geneva]

We arrived here last Monday 13th – I expected to have found you here before us;²³ we reached Geneva
& I began to think, that you must have purposely deceived me in saying you should instantly proceed
to Geneva; but I find I <u> wronged you for to day I saw at the Post Office a letter directed to M.

¹⁸: Compare CHP III st.58.
¹⁹: Compare CHP III st.56 and B.’s note to st.57.
²⁰: Shakespeare, Hamlet, V i 174.
²¹: B. writes in Nottinghamshire dialect.
²²: Maturin’s Bertram, with a prologue by H.; it was a great success.
²³: C.C. and the Shelleys had crossed the Channel the week after B.; but had gone straight to Geneva. B., having
travelled across Belgium and down the Rhine, arrives on May 25th.
Polidori lying there. This has reassured me. You will no doubt soon be here. In the mean while I leave this for you that you may write me a little note when you do arrive. I wrote to you from Paris, that unfortunate letter I see every day marooned at the Post Office. Direct to me M\textsuperscript{2} Clairville as above.

God grant I may see you soon in perfect health. \[no signature\]

Friday May 17\textsuperscript{th} 1816.

[1:2 and 3 blank.]

**John Cam Hobhouse to John Murray, May 22nd 1816:**

(Source: text from John Murray Archive, 50 Albemarle Street)

Dear Sir –

I regret your fears which are to deprive me of the only liberal publisher in London – Lord have mercy on me – indeed – However I think I should have more want [qu: need?] of the Lord’s mercy if your critic\textsuperscript{25} had not been merciful & considerate enough not to answer a single argument nor to attempt even to invalidate a single fact\textsuperscript{26} – I suppose his name is a secret – I do not care so as it was not written by M’ Gifford who I would fain think does not really believe me to be a rogue, a fool, an atheist, a wag, and a murderer, which as far as I can make out from the pleasantry of the article is the only charge made against me.\textsuperscript{27}

Some of my friends – (but then the Dogs are Whigs) tell me that the attack is the clumsiest and most unwarrantable both as to its misquotations and false inferences that has ever appeared even in these days of caustic criticism –

One correspondent (I suppose he meant to vex me) tells me that he thinks the mention of my name is unjustifiable & mischievous and that I have a right to return an answer to the anonymous editor of the Quarterly Review – as “a being of the name of Gifford” such, you may recollect, was his own designation (from some stupid fellow that attacked him) of himself – Between ourselves I do not think your gentleman was right to attack my father who could not help getting such [qu: no “such”?\] a wag and assassin of a son – Though I may be neither accomplished nor amiable – he certainly is <respectable> worthy.

But now to business – Pray let me ask you to do a little job for your friend Lord Byron and when you do this job not to let any body know any thing of the matter – It is this – Let one of your young men write out the little article below & do you get it inserted in the Courier. – I do not send to the other paper\textsuperscript{28} for reasons you know – but I should wish you to inclose the article also to the Morning Chronicle. You recollect the carriage story in the Brussels gazette – and you may now have seen that in one newspaper Glenarvon is attributed to Lord B – which M’ Leigh is very anxious should be contradicted & has written to me to deny –

“No article from the Brussell’s gazette <having been> published in a London journal having mentioned the seizure of a carriage belonging to Lord Byron in lieu of the purchase money of another carriage, bought by the noble Lord at that place we have authority to state that the difference between the fact as represented in the gazette and the real transaction is merely thus – that instead of his Lordship’s endeavouring to defraud the coachmaker of one thousand francs – it was the coachmaker who <cheated> {unfairly procured from} his Lordship <out of> eight hundred, by taking that sum for a chariot which Lord Byron was to try by a day’s journey, to Waterloo, which broke down on that journey, & which together with the 800 francs was left for the honest tradesman, who came to take by force what was given to him voluntarily – His Lordship made no effort to recover any portion of his 800 francs, but leaving him that sum as an

\[24:\] For the date, see LJ IV 53n.
\[25:\] H. has just read the review of his *Letters from Paris* which has appeared in the *Quarterly* for “January 1816”, which came out on May 17th. It is by John Wilson Croker, with Gifford “embellishing”.
\[26:\] The reviewer affects to interpret it as an exercise in Rabelaisian irony, parodying the language and posturings of a sincere Bonapartist: “…it is not possible to imitate with more force and accuracy the style of these wretched fools and rogues, than Mr Hobhouse has done; the very anger with which we perused the greater part of his book, is one of the best proofs we can adduce of the success of his satire, and the perfect illusion which his irony created”. Croker maintains this artifice for nine pages; but finally says that even such a skilful satire sickens at last, and calls it “…tedious, dull, and laboriously impudent”.
\[27:\] H. to B., 26 May 1816: “The Quarterly is out – you are not in it but the letter writer is, and is called an atheist a murderer a rogue a fool a wag and a stay maker – not an argument answered not a fact invalidated[,] My friends tell me it does not signify a damn, perhaps they mean, not to them” (BB 222).
\[28:\] The *Morning Chronicle*. 
indemnity for a damage which it might cost the coachmaker {no more than a hundred francs to repair, departed from Brussells in a carriage purchased from an English traveller – In addition to the correction of this misrepresentation we are also authorised to state – that London newspaper having ascribed a novel lately published by M’ Coburn of Conduit Street to the pen of Lord Byron, it may be necessary to inform the public, that his Lordship not only had no share in the composition of that novel, but is totally ignorant of the existence of any such production – We may add that the poem now published under the name of Lord Byron’s farewell to England is not written by the noble Lord <and> that M’ Murray of Albemarle Street is on the only publisher of any work authorized by his Lordship to appear under the name of his Lordship.

I hope you can read my writing – and I trust you will have no difficulty in getting such a paragraph into the Courier – you will certainly have none in sending it to Perry – but I should much prefer both – Again let me beg you not to name me to any one – you know how necessary it is that Lord B should keep clear of the newspapers – But the set they are making against him is really too bad & seems to have no end – I heard from him yesterday dated Coblenz29 – I trust you have written to Geneva poste Restante where he is by this time – I do not mean at the post – he is recovering himself very fast – I am glad you trounced the British Librarian – if you have a cause subpoena me by all means – when do the poems30 come out?

Yours truly – John Hobhouse

Claire Clairmont to Byron, from Montalègre, May 25th 1816:
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12607 / 4177B; Stocking I 46)

Dear Lord Byron,

I am sorry you are grown so old,31 indeed I suspected you were 200, from the slowness of your journey I suppose your venerable age could not bear quicker travelling. Well, heaven send you sweet sleep – I am so happy

Clare
direct under cover to Shelley for I do not wish to appear either in love32 or curious.

[1:2 and 3 blank.]

Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Secheron, May 26th 1816:
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4123B; 1922 II 8-10; BLJ V 78-9)

Secheron – May 26th, 1816. –

My dear Hobhouse / No letter from you – is this miscarriage by the way? – or are you coming? – Never mind which – as there is no remedy – but I shall wait here till I hear from you: – All the other epistles I expected have arrived. – –

There is an epistle from Hoares who tell me they have given in an account to you of my {banking} concerns: – I hope you saw or will see (as I believe I <shut> {locked up} my draft book in my desk & you cannot get to it) the drafts at Hoares – which I drew immediately previous to my departure – as the holders might possibly take advantage of my absence to alter or play tricks with them – {they} being Servants or tradesmen – & not much used to resist temptation – I put this as a possibility – which it is best to ascertain and avoid – & you & I know of human nature & so forth – not to trust to anything but one’s optics & these only in very clear weather. – – –

Hoares will shew you them – as they always keep them in case of accidents – & it would be a satisfaction to me to know you have looked over them – as I could not do so myself – –

Perhaps you have written to me by way of France – & there letters are rather more carefully investigated than delivered. – – –

29: This letter is missing. The only letter known from B. to H. from German territory is of 16 May 1816 and is from Carlsruhe. No known letter from B. to H. asks him to contradict the coachmaker story.
30: Poems 1816. The date of their publication is not clear.
31: Upon checking in at the Hotel d’Angleterre B. had registered his age as one hundred.
32: This word looks like “loop”.
I wrote to you three times from Flanders – & once from Bonn – and once from Carlsruhe – the Rhine (from Bonn to Mayence) is the perfection of mixed Beauty; – from Basle to Geneva we were five days – arriving here last night – Nothing has disappointed me on my way or out of it – except not hearing from you – but I trust to see you

& the “forefender” Scrope according to compact – and do not like to begin my Alpine scrambles without you. – – We went over the site of Aventicum – where there is some beautiful Mosaic of some extent & preservation – a few inscriptions – a column or two down – several scattered <pieces> {shafts –} & one solitary pillar in the midst of a field – the last of it’s family – besides extensive traces of wall & amphitheatre. – From Morat I brought away the leg and wing of a Burgundian: – the descendants of the vanquished – when [last] here in the service of France buried or carried away the greater part of the heap – except what the Swiss had made into knife=handles – but there are still a few left – and with <one> some of these relics I made free though for a less sordid purpose. – – –

I do not like boring you with descriptions of what I hope you will see – and shall only say that all my expectations have been gratified – & there are things – not inferior to what we have seen elsewhere – & one or two superior – – such as Mont Blanc – & the Rhine. – – –

Polidori has been ill – but is much better – a little experience will make him a very good traveller – if his health can stand it. – In the hope of seeing you soon – I shall scribble no further – I believe the best way is to write frequently & briefly – both on account of weight – & the chance of letters reaching their destination – you must excuse repetitions (as uncertainty induces them) and amongst others the repetition of my being very much

& ever y’s.

Byron

P.S –

Remembrances to all – particularly to Kinn – Hunt – & Davies. –

[vertically up right-hand side:] P.S. I have written to M’s. Leigh – but pray let her know when you hear – as she will be glad of it. – – – –

Byron to Mrs Rawdon, from Geneva, May 27th 1816:

(Source: Harry Ransom Center, Texas, photocopy from microfilm; BLJ V 79)

[To The / M’s. Rawdon / &c. &c.]

L’d. Byron presents his compliments to M’s. Rawdon. – He took the liberty of requesting permission to wait upon her for the purpose (after paying his respects) of asking the favour <to> {of Mrs. R.} to convey a letter part of the way to England – to a friend of his – M’. Hobhouse – for the fate of which by the common post (though it contains no politics) he has some apprehension. – If this request is too great a presumption on former acquaintance – L’d. B – will of course feel sorry in having made it – & still more so should it appear to occasion the least trouble to M’s. Rawdon. – Lord Byron hopes that M’s. & Miss Rawdon are both well.

May 27th. –

Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Geneva, May 27th 1816:

(Source: NLS Acc.12604 / 4123B; 1922 II 10; BLJ V 79)

Geneva – May 27th. 1816. –

33: Shakespeare, King Lear, V i 11.
34: Compare CHP III st.63.
My dear Hobhouse – I have written to you several times & merely wish to say that I have not had a line since we parted – from you in return: – but that I shall stay here some time in the expectation of seeing or hearing from you. – – I have had an agreeable journey – & no disappointments in point of scenery – &c. Mme. Rawdon is here whom I mean to request to take this part of the way for me – as I doubt the French posts are very negligent – or even interceptive of English letters – even those not of a political aspect – which Heaven knows – mine are not disposed to be. – – – – I see by the French papers that Mathurin’s tragedy has been successful – I am truly glad of it – as any one must be who desires to see merit rise in “these costermonger days,”35 – – I have written to you so frequently & fully – that I will not tire you with any further repetitions than that of my being ever truly y’rs.

[1:4 blank.]

Claire Clairmont to Byron, from Geneva, May 27th 1816:
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12607/4177B; Stocking I 47)

How can you be so very unkind – I did not expect you to answer my note last Evening because I supposed you to be so tired. But this morning: I am sure you can’t say as you used in London that you are overwhelm’d with affairs & have not an instant to yourself. I have been in this weary hotel this fortnight & it seems so unkind, so cruel, of you to treat me with such marked indifference. Will you go straight up to the top of the house this evening at ½ past seven & I will infallibly be on the landing place & shew you the room. Pray do not ask any servants to conduct you for they might take you to Shelley which would be very awkward.36 I will be sure to be waiting for you & nobody will observe you walking up stairs. Write to me, pray do, directed to Shelley immediately if it is only three words. Pray pray write. you know how much I love you, & I am sure can guess what anxiety I am in to hear whether you think kindly of me and to receive the slightest vestige of your hand writing.

Clare

¼ past two
Sunday Morning.

Byron to Pryce Gordon (with context), from Geneva, June 1816:
(Source: Mss. not found; text from Pryce Gordon, Personal Memoirs, Henry Colbourn 1830, II pp.327-8; BLJ V 80)

Gordon writes: There is a curious circumstance relative to his own verses written in this scrap-book, which exhibits the poet’s modesty and good humour. A few weeks after he had written them, the well-known artist R.R.Reinagle, a friend of mine, arrived in Brussels, when I invited him to dine with me and showed him the lines, requesting him to embellish them with an appropriate vignette to the following passage:

“Here his last flight the haughty Eagle flew,
Then tore, with bloody beak, the fatal plain,
Pierced with the shaft of banded nations through,
Ambition’s life, and labours, all were vain –
He wears the shattered links of the world’s broken chain.”37

35: Shakespeare, Henry IV II, i 2 160: in fact, “these costermongers’ times”.
36: Within days of his arrival B. was subject to speculation and rumour among the English at Geneva.
37: CHP III 18, 5-9 (first edition).
Mr. Reinagle sketched with a pencil a spirited chained eagle, grasping the earth with his talons.

I had occasion to write to his lordship, and mentioned having got this clever artist to draw a vignette to his beautiful lines, and the liberty he had taken by altering the action of the eagle. In reply to this, he wrote to me — “Reinagle is a better poet and a better ornithologist than I am; eagles and birds of prey attack with their talons, and not with their beaks, and I have altered the line thus —

‘Then tore, with bloody talon, the rent plain.’

This is, I think, a better line, besides its poetical justice.”

I happened to have a copy of the “Novelle Amorosi” of Casti, a severe satire on the monks, which Lord Byron had never seen. I presented him with it, and in his letter to me from Geneva he writes, “I cannot tell you what a treat your gift of Casti has been to me; I have almost got him by heart. I had read his ‘Animali Parlanti,’ but I think these ‘Novelle’ much better. I long to go to Venice to see the manners so admirably described.

A year afterwards he published “Beppo,” which certainly looks like an imitation of the “Novelle Amorose;” though I have heard that the perusal of Mr. Frere’s “Monks and Giants” gave birth to this lively jeu d’esprit.

John Cam Hobhouse to Byron, from Whitton Park, Hounslow, June 8th 1816:

(letter concludes at top of first sheet:) the Spenserian measure – Further I know not – our possets have been drugged a good deal from the East of late. Your child is well and very large – remember me to D’ Polidori – and to D. Baillie if you see him – telling him that he owes me a letter – Good fortune attend you and believe me ever your’s, J.C.H.

Whitton June 8, 1816.

My dear Byron,

I shall be exceedingly vexed if this shall prove the first letter you receive from me – I wrote more than a fortnight ago at very considerable length and do hope to have that communication acknowledged in your next – In that letter I told you every thing necessary for you to know. I repeat by this occasion that what you desired has been & will be done, as it was in Piccadilly, is now & ever shall be, world without end, amen – The drafts I have got a note of in your draft book which you gave me not locked up – The corresponding drafts at Hoares shall be examined – I will bring out your money with me – My brother from India is not yet arrived but I expect him every day and after shaking hands with him shall set off to your quarters – Do not stay at Geneva – but leave word where you go and when exactly so that we may not miss you – I say we

1:2

because Scrope will come – he has reduced his body pecuniary of late at the Union – “sleek as he came he must go out” & he has brought himself round to the point whence he started this season – However he comes in search of you and light French wines – All your letters have come to hand, and most acceptable they are – The drafts I have got a note of in your draft book which you gave me not locked up – The corresponding drafts at Hoares shall be examined – I will bring out your money with me – My brother from India is not yet arrived but I expect him every day and after shaking hands with him shall set off to your quarters – Do not stay at Geneva – but leave word where you go and when exactly so that we may not miss you – I say we

1:3

I myself was against including it, but the Superb Murray tells me that you are at a rising premium and he will tell you so in his journal which he is keeping for you – Glenarvon has done nothing but render the little vicious author more odious if possible than ever – she is excluded from the Greys & Jerseys & other decent houses and has dropt down to Lady Asgol. Things go very hard with

38: Shakespeare, Macbeth, II ii 6.
39: H.’s younger brother Henry.
40: “Proceed” (not “purge”).
her at home I can tell you and if she comes on her legs this time she is more feline and felicitous than ever. The Antiquary is decidedly worse than Waverly & the Guy – so told me classic Hallam & more classic Heber whom I met at Henry Drury’s Thursday last – Speech Day – An immense party dined with him, and after dinner, after drinking Harrow he gave Lord Byron – these were the only toasts – he

1:4 [above address:] is a glorious fellow and I need not add tui amantissimus – both his toasts were equally well received – Do you know they are selling Coleridge’s cursed Cristabel with an advertisement [below address:] consisting solely of your ipse dixit, (“that wild and singularly beautiful {visionary} poem” – L 3 Byron) “Sir Leoline the Baron rich” Hath a toothless mastiff bitch -,41 are the opening lines, Why bitch Mr. Wild?42 wild indeed – Galley Knight is out with the Ilderim – it is in [letter concludes at top of first sheet]

Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Evian, June 23rd 1816:

(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4123B; 1922 II 10-12; QI 338-9; BLJ V 80-1)

Writing to Hobhouse, Byron avoids mentioning Shelley, Mary Godwin, or Claire Clairmont.

[À – Monsieur / Monsieur Hobhouse / Whitton Park / Hounslow / London / Angleterre]

Evian – June 234, 1816 –

My dear H/ – Despite of this date – address as usual to the Genevese Poste – which awaits your answers as I await your arrival – with that of Scrope – whose pocket appears (by your late letter of revolutions at the Union) to have become as “light” as his “wines” – though I suppose on the whole he is still worth at least 50-000 p.d.s – being what is called here a “Millionaire” that is in Francs & such Lilliputian coinage. I have taken a very pretty villa in a vineyard – with the Alps behind – & M. Jura and the Lake before – it is called Diodati – from the name of the Proprietor – who is a descendant of the <cri> critical & illustrissimi Diodati – and has an agreeable house which he

1:2

lets at a reasonable rate per season or annum as suits the lessée – when you come out – don’t go to an Inn – not even to Secheron – but come on to head=quarters – where I have rooms ready for you – and Scrope – and all “appliances & means to boot”.43 – Bring with you also for me – some bottles of Calcined Magnesia – a new Sword cane – procured by Jackson – he alone knows the sort – (my last tumbled into this lake –) some of Waite’s red tooth=powder – & tooth=brushes – a Taylor’s Pawrsanias44 – and – I forget the other things. – – –

Tell Murray I have a 35. Canto of Childe Harold finished – it is the longest of the three – being one hundred & eleven Stanzas – – I shall send it by the first plausible conveyance. –

1:3

At the present writing I am on my way on a water=tour round the Lake Leman45 – and am thus far proceeded in a pretty open boat {which} I bought & navigate – it is an English one & was brought {lately} from Bordeaux – I am on shore for the Night – and have just had a row with the Syndic of this town who wanted my passports which I left at Diodati not thinking they would be wanted except in grand route – but it seems this is Savoy and the dominion of his Cagliari Majesty whom we saw at his own Opera – in his own city – in 1809 – however by dint of references to Geneva – & other corroborations – together with being in a very ill humour – Truth has prevailed – wonderful to relate they actually take one’s word for

1:4

a fact – although it is credible and indubitable. – – Tomorrow we46 go to Meillerai – & Clarens – & Vevey – with Rousseau in hand – to see his scenery – according to his delineation in his Heloise now

41: Coleridge, Christabel, II.6-7.
43: Shakespeare, Henry IV II, III i 29.
44: B.’s second request for Thomas Taylor’s translation of Pausanias, which are an important source for the demonology of Manfred, the composition of which he seems already to be planning.
45: B. is touring the lake with Shelley, a fact which he withholds from H.
46: H. is at liberty to conclude that “we” are B., Polidori, and Robert Rushton.
before me. – The views have hitherto been very fine – but I should conceive less {so} than those of the remainder of the lake. – – All your letters (that is two) have arrived – thanks & greetings: – <but> what – & who – the devil is “Glenarvon?” I know nothing – nor ever heard of such a person – and what do you mean by a brother in India? – you have none in India – it is Scrope who has a brother in India. – my remembrances to Kinnaird – & Mrs. Kinn & to all & every body – & Hunt in particular – & Scrope – & M. Murray – and believe me

yours ever most truly

B

P.S.

I left the Doctor at Diodati – he sprained his ancle. – – –

P.S. Will you particularly remember to bring me a largish bottle of the strongest Pot Ash – as before – M. Le Mann47 will furnish it – that Child and Childish D. Pollydolly contrived to find it broken, or to break it at Carlsruhe – so that I am in a fuss – the Genevese make it badly – it effervesces in the Sulphuric acid, and it ought not – – bring me some of a more quiescent character.

June 27th -29th 1816: Byron drafts The Prisoner of Chillon.

Byron to John Murray, from Ouchy, June 27th 1816:

(Source: NLS Acc.12604 / 4160B; LJ III 333-7; QI 339-40; BLJ V 81-2)

Byron’s first letter to Murray from abroad. The paper on which it is written is identical to Sheet 1 of the first draft of The Prisoner of Chillon (Yale, Beinecke): blue, laid, 18.9 x 23.1 cm. The Prisoner has just been rough-outed.

Ouchy n. Lausanne –
June 27th, 1816.

Dear Sir –

I am thus far (kept by stress of weather) on my way back to Diodati (near Geneva) from a voyage in my boat round the lake – & I enclose you a <leaf> {sprig} of Gibbon’s Acacia & <a flower> {some rose leaves} from his garden – <both of> which <&> {with} part of his house I have just seen – you will find honourable mention in his life made of this “Acacia” when he walked out on the night of concluding his history. – The garden – & summerhouse where he composed are neglected – & the last utterly decayed – but they still show it as his “Cabinet” & seem perfectly aware of his memory. – – –

My route – through Flanders – & by the Rhine to Switzerland <has been> {was} all I expected & more. – –

Ith have traversed all Rousseau’s ground – with the Heloise before me – & am struck to a degree with the force & accuracy of his descriptions – & the beauty of their reality: – Meillerie – Clarens – & Vevey – (& the Chateau de Chillon) are places of which I had no I shall say little – because all I could say must fall short of the impressions they stamp. – – –

Three days ago – we were most nearly wrecked in a Squall off Meillerie – & driven {to} <a>shore – – I ran no risk being so near <bei> the rocks and a good swimmer – but our party were wet – & incommoded a good deal: – {the wind was strong enough to blow down some trees as we found at landing} – however all is righted & right – & we are thus far on return. – –

D. Polidori is not here49 – – but at Diodati –

left behind in hospital with a sprained ancle acquired in tumbling from a wall – he can’t jump. – – –

I shall be glad to hear you are well – & have received for me certain helms & swords sent from Waterloo – which I rode over with pain & pleasure. – – –

I have finished a third Canto of Childe Harold (consisting of one hundred & seventeen stanzas) {<and>} longer than either of the two former, – & in some parts – it may be – better – but of course on that I cannot determine, – I shall send it by the first safe= {looking} opportunity.

ever very truly yours.

47: Should be “Le Mann”.
48: Should be “Shelley and I”, but B. does not want Mu. to know that.
49: Having said that Polidori is not here, B. does not say who is.
Byron to an unidentified correspondent, from Ouchy, June 29th 1816:
(Source: text from Morgan Library, LHMS, PML 52349; not in BLJ)
Transcription by Paul Curtis, modified
Absence of names suggests a forgery.

My Dear Sir
I must thank you for favouring me with a line on Saturday – I have no news for in return – but am vain enough to imagine you will not be displeased at receiving a slight effusion from me – Have you in your library any account of the Bernese Alps or could you do me the great favour to borrow one for

me of any of your book loving friends ? – I am going to look up all sorts of books on the subject – Our friend is at [?] — so I suppose he is on his way home, but until he returns you must make up with yours sincerely

Byron
June 29th

Claire Clairmont to Byron, from Montalègre, June or July 1816:
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12607 / 4177B; Stocking I 51)
By now Claire is fair-copying *Childe Harold III.*

Pray if you can send M. Polidori either to write another dictionary or to the lady he loves. I hope this last may be his pillow. & then he will go to sleep; for I cannot come at this hour of the night & be seen by him; it is so extremely suspicious. I have not seen you all day. I know you must be home by ten because Geneva shuts at that hour & I will be with you at a ¼ past ten, so remember.

[No signature]

Douglas Kinnaird to Byron, from London, July 9th 1816:
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4135)

My dear Byron,
D. L. Theatre closed for the Season on the 29th June, and poor Sheridan’s eyes for ever the day before yesterday – I have not classed these events in the order in which they will interest you or even his less-admiring Friends –
The object of this letter being purely theatrical, I shall rush in medias res –

50: Dictionary unidentified; and Polidori loved no lady.
51: Geneva was a walled town, with gates.
It has occurred to me, & G. Lamb strongly favors the idea, of our opening the Theatre on the 7th Sept' next with a monody or address on poor Sheridan – to be spoken by M's Davison as the Comic Muse in Mourning – such address or monody to be written by you – and this we should follow, by playing all his pieces in succession – I trust you will not refuse – The subject is not unworthy your Pen –

It has struck me that a sort of Temple or other Structure sh'd be represented on the Stage, & large pictures around representing the best Scene of each of his best pieces –

If you chose to point out the particular scene[s], & meant to allude to it in the lines, we will set Greenwood to work – Pray give this your earliest & earnest attention, for I really think you can bring us both honor & profit – Will not the very titles of his three best pieces suggest Stage-points?

There is one other subject I implore you to satisfy me upon – when shall I receive a Tragedy from you – Never was there a moment when you could try it on the stage with such a certainty of the author being unknown – you will of course have read & heard how pertinaciously one half of the public believe you to be the conceal’d author of Bertram – I have ever treated the question mysteriously with a view to the power it w'd afford you of producing a play with the certainty of your name being conceal’d – No one but myself need know the secret – & I would be rogue enough to have it believ’d to be Maturin’s who is known to be employ’d about another – If you wish’d it, I s'd not hesitate to come to Geneva to receive your directions about it in Person; when it is done – Pray, pray, pray finish what you have begun.

Miss Somerville, who made her debut in Bertram, is too tall for a Juliet, but is after Miss O'Neill unquestionably the most interesting Tragic actress – She really is very good where energy is required.

I shall open your reply to this with the utmost agitation – for your refusal to either of these requests will damp half the ardour with which I shall re-commence the Campaign –

Kean finish’d the Season with the utmost success –

He is to play Timon & King John –

Adieu, My dear Byron –

P.S. The effect of the Monody might be heighten’d by a previous music –

John Cam Hobhouse to Byron, July 9th 1816:

(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604; 4124B; BB 228-9)

Hobhouse and Davies have yet to set out from London.

My dear Byron –

I have received your letter of the 23d of June and all your letters for which “ago tibi gratias Domine” – Your commissions shall be punctually fulfilled whether as to muniments for the mind or body – pistol brushes, cundum, potash Prafsanias’ tooth powder <pistol brushes> and sword stick – Your potash shall not ferment – but if it does nor I dare say you will immediately at the want of it – Sulphuric acid indeed!! What the deuce does one such as you do with brimstone and sorrel sauce? These are pretty times for you to look out for something hot and sour. However to what ever degree you may effervesce for God’s sake do not think of cooling yourself in the Genfer See of which report says that there is considerable danger during the course of your Argonautics upon the lake – Nothing of that or any other curious kind

1:2

52: George Lamb, Caroline’s brother-in-law, on the Drury Lane Management Committee with K.
53: B. rejects many of these ideas – see BLJ V 82-3.
54: Two words are written simultaneously here – I am unable to decipher one of them.
55: The tragedy by Maturin (set in “Manfredonia”), premiered on May 9th with Kean in the title-role and a prologue by H.
56: Juv. Sat. II 22: “’Know thyself’ comes down to us from heaven”.
57: “Pausanias”.
is to be done until we come up with you to see fair play and a proper record thereof – for be assured that whatever you do now comes so distorted through the prism of prattling ignorance & the fogs of the Jura that it will require some efforts of credible eye witnesses to put it into the straight line of truth & reason – I have some delectable things to tell you when we meet, things, which, though they now form the modes of action of that ειδιολον 58 which passes for yourself, you have I dare say never as yet heard of – Your having written so much goodly verse is to me a sufficient security for your conduct being at least seemly and decent – Scrope Davies & I set off on or about the 20th of this month and I think I shall be your Jack Rugby 59 as your steps seem worth following – My brother will come with me as far as Geneva and then return to a

1:3

lady whose company he will quit for that time, and who, though she happens to be his wife, is so far from disconcerted at his projected absence that she commends his design mightily. I have no news for you except that Sheridan is dead and has had more handsome things said of him in four & twenty hours than were before predicated of him in four & twenty years – “Who hath honor? He that died on Wednesday” 60 There is as yet no talk of any one helping to bury him but the Prince has sent his wife 240£. Not his own wife, who by the way it is positively asserted has been brought to bed of a thriving infant in the harem of the Dey of Tunis to which place she resorted {alone,} say they, upon the persuasion that no Moslem evidence is admissable in our courts. She is out there however. <It is to be hoped that the Dey will seize from the foreskin of the young Brunswick and keep it as a trophy of his own hospitality and the frailty of the Christian world> The gentleman with whom you tell me you are completely unacquainted is your

1:4 [above address:] own sweet self – joy! although I must say that it seems to me you were ill used, like the Irishman, and charged at nurse. – Glenarvon however on the strength of the resemblance is come [below address:] to a second edition in the preface to which the innocent author talks of having written the novel under affliction. If her broken headed page had written it there might have been some sense in such an excuse. You should read it for as the poet says [letter concludes at top of first sheet]

Gentleman John Jackson to Byron, from 4 Grosvenor Street West, London, July 16th 1816:
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4234)

Grosvenor Place
Pimlico
4 Grosvenor Street West

My Dear Lord

I regret exceedingly that I had not the pleasure of seeing your Lordship before you left England, I did myself the honor to call on the Saturday, Sunday, & Monday, but you had left Town by eight O’Clock in the morning, I hope you have been quite well, & have had a pleasant Tour –
There is nothing going on in England, worth telling you about, everything is very dull, & every body complaining of the distress of the times, which I believe is beyond example, some of the first houses in the City have failed, & most of the Country banks are going –
And I think boxing is also on the decline, there is no first rate men, Oliver, is certainly the best of the day. he is about to be match’d to fight with Carter at Carlisle Races, which will take Place in October, the match is to be for a Hundred guineas aside, & a purse of fifty P, is to be given to the winner. by the Gentlemen who reside there –
I had a note from Mr Murray, informing me that your Lordship wish’d me to get you a Cane, which I feel very much pleasure in doing, it is the very best I could get. 61 I hope you will like it: pray let me have the honor of hearing from you –

I am

July 16th 1816

My Dear Lord
with the very highest respect
Your Lordships Most
Devoted Servant
Jno Jackson

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58: “Phantom”.
59: Shakespeare; Dr Caius’ servant in The Merry Wives of Windsor.
60: Shakespeare; Falstaff at Henry IV I V i: 135.
61: B. refers to the cane in a letter to H. of June 23rd 1816 (BLJ V 80).
We go I believe in two days – Are you satisfied? –
It would make me happy to finish Chillon for you. It is said that you expressed yourself decisively last Evening that it is impossible to see you at Diodati; If you will trust it down here62 I will take the greatest possible care of it; & finish it in an hour or two. Remember how short a time I have to teize you and that you will soon be left to your dear= bought freedom. Let me have Chillon, then pray do – and one of your own Servants with it & some pens. Tell me one thing else? – Shall I never see you again? Not once again.

When you had such bad news to announce <I> was it not a little cruel to behave so harshly all the day. Pray send me an answer directly – I cannot wait.63

[1:2 and 3 blank.]

July 17th 1816: Byron writes the Monody on Sheridan.

Byron to Douglas Kinnaird, from Geneva, July 20th 1816:
(Source: Ms Lord Kinnaird; QI 340-1; BLJ V 82-3)

Diodati – Geneva – July 20th. 1816
Dear Kinnaird / – I send you – not what you want – but all I can give64 – and such as it is I give it with good will. – – It may be too long & if so – whatever may be cut in speaking – at least let it be published entire – as it is written so as not very well to condone curtailment without the sense suffering also. – Let Miss Somerville – (& none else) deliver it – if she has energy that’s the woman I want – I mean for spouting. – I protest against Mrs. Davison – I protest against the temple – or anything but an Urn on the scene – and above all I protest against the “Comic Muse in Mourning.” – If she is Comic she should not be in Mourning – if she is in mourning she ought not to be in Mourning – but should she be comic & in mourning too – the verses & Sheridan’s memory (for that occasion at least) will go to the devil together – – No – I say an Urn (not a tea urn) and Miss Somerville with a little teaching as to “Energy” I have spiced it with Cayenne all through – except a small infusion of the pathetic at starting. – I send the lines (118 in Number) in a separate sheet by the post – & will send a duplicate in a day or two – for fear of your not receiving this copy in time. – Tragedy – I have none, – an act – a first act of one – I had nearly finished some time before my departure from England65 – when events occurred which furnished me with so many real passions for time to come – that I had no attention for fictitious ones: – The scenes I had scrawled are thrown with other papers & sketches into one of my trunks now in England – but into which I know not – nor care not – except that I should have been glad to have done anything you wished in my power, – but I have no power nor will to recommence – & surely – Maturin is your man – not I: – of what has passed in England I know but little – & have no desire to know more – except that you & any other friends are well. I have written a third Canto of Childe Harold (of 118 Stanzas) and a (not long) poem on the Castle of Chillon – both of which I mean to send to England soon for publication – during which I could wish to ask you to correct the proofs and arrange with Murray for me: – I merely wait a good opportunity to convey these to your care – if you can afford leisure & patience – perhaps G[orge] Lamb – or some other good natured fellow would halve it with you – though I have hardly the conscience to ask either them or you. – – I have now answered you and arrived at my Sheet’s end – with my best remembrances to Mrs. K – (whose silk kerchief is as precious as Othello’s) believe me

ever yrs.

BN

Byron to John Murray, from Diodati, July 22nd 1816:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.43488; BLJ V 84-5)

July 22d. 1816 –

62: At Campagne Chapuis, the cottage she shared with Mary Godwin and Shelley.
63: A discussion of the circumstances surrounding Claire’s fair-copying of The Prisoner will be found at Marchand, II 633; Marchand’s book was written before the discovery of the Scrope Davies papers revealed another copy by Mary Godwin.
64: The Monody on Sheridan.
65: The first act of Werner, written late in 1815.
Dear Sir –

I wrote to you a few weeks ago – and Dr. P. received your letter – but y. packet has not made its appearance nor y. epistle {of} which you gave notice therein. – I enclose you an advertisement – which was copied by Dr. P – & which appears to be about the most impudent imposition that ever issued from Grub Street. – I need hardly say that I know nothing of all this trash – (nor) whence it may spring – “Odes to St. Helena – Farewells to England – &c. &c. – and if it can be disavowed – or is worth disavowing you have full authority to do so. – I never wrote nor conceived a line of any thing of the kind – any more than of two

other things with which I was saddled – something about “Gaul” and another about “M’s La Valette” – and as to the “Lily of France” I should as soon think of celebrating a turnip. – – –

On the “morning of my Daughter’s birth” I had other things to think of than verses – and should never have dreamed of such an invention – till M. Johnston and his pamphlet’s advertisement broke in upon me with a new light on the Crafts & subtleties of the Demon of printing – or rather publishing. – – –

I did hope that some succeeding lie would have <offered> {superseded} the thousand and one which were accumulated during last winter – I can forgive whatever may be said of or against me – but not what they make me say or sing for myself – it is enough to answer for what I have written – but it were too much

for Job [himself] to bear what one has not – I suspect that when the Arab Patriarch wished that “his Enemy had written a book” he did not anticipate his own name on the title page. – – –

I feel quite as much bored with this foolery as it deserves – and more than I should be – if I had not a headache. – – –

Of Glenarvon – Madame de Stael told me (ten days ago at Copêt) marvellous & grievous things – but I have seen nothing of it but the Motto – which promises amiably “For us & for our tragedy” – if such be the posy what should the ring be?: “a name to all succeeding &c.” – the generous moment selected for the publication is probably its kindest accompaniment – and truth to say – the time was well chosen – I have not even a guess at the contents – except for the very vague accounts

I have heard – <now do> {and} I know but one thing which a woman can say to the purpose on such occasions – and that she might as well {for her own sake} keep to herself – which by the way they very rarely can – that old reproach against their admirers of “kiss and tell” bad as it is – is surely somewhat less than _____ and publish. –

I ought to be ashamed of the Egotism of this letter – it is not my fault altogether – and I shall be but too happy to drop the subject when others will allow me. – I am in tolerable plight – and in my last letters told you what I had done in the way of all rhyme – I trust that you prosper – and that your authors are in good condition – I should suppose your Stud has received some increase – by what I hear – Bertram68 must be a good horse – does he run next meeting? and does the Quarterly cover still at so much the mare and the groom? I hope you will beat the Row – yrs alway & [scrawl]

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Byron to Douglas Kinnaird, from Geneva, July 22nd 1816:

(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4135; 1922 II 13-14; BLJ V 83-4)

Diodati n’. Geneva. –

July 22d. 1816

Dear Kinnaird –

A few days ago I answered your letter – and sent in a separate cover the lines you requested – which – whether they answer <y>/the purpose or not – will at least prove my attention to

66: Job 31: 35.
67: Shakespeare, Hamlet III.
68: Charles Maturin’s tragedy.
your request – & my respect for the memory of Sheridan. – Perhaps the author’s {name} had better be
made secret – at least I should prefer this – for the present. – – –
<You do not say a word> I {now} send you a Duplicate – <and> [a] corrected & correct one – of the
same – to “make assurance dou=

1:2

ble sure.”

= in case the former letter and copy should not arrive. – I fear the postage will be heavy –
as the letters are so – but that you must excuse – part I have paid – & would willingly pay the rest – (as
I am out of the country of Franking for you) but I can only pay to a certain distance. – –
Pray send me a few lines acknowledging the receipt of one – or both of these dispatches – & believe
me

yours ever most truly

[swirl signature]

P.S.

Miss Somerville should be your declaimer. – – – –

[vertically in left-hand margin of 1:3]

I have not put the “Stagepoints” you wot of – because that is trick & below the subject and unfit for it –
we should be as sad & simple as possible.

Percy Bysshe Shelley to Byron, from Chamounix, July 22nd 1816:
(Source: text from 1922 II 14-15; Jones I 494-5)
Shelley’s first surviving letter to Byron.

Chamouni, Hotel de Ville de Londres
July 22, 1816

My dear Lord Byron

We have this moment arrived at Chamouni – the evening of the day after our departure. An
opportunity chances to offer itself of sending a letter. I shall not attempt to describe to you the scenes
through which we have passed. I hope soon to see in poetry the feelings with which they will inspire
you.\[60] The Valley of the Arve (strictly speaking it extends to that of Chamouni) gradually increases in
magnificence and beauty, until, at a place called Servoz, where Mont Blanc and its connected
mountains limit one side of the valley, it exceeds and renders insignificant all that I had before seen, or
imagined. It is not alone that these mountains are immense in size, that their forests are of so
immeasurable an extent; there is grandeur in the very shapes and colours which could not fail to
impress, even on a smaller scale. I write in the hope – may I say so? – that we possibly shall see you
here before our return.\[71] No sooner had we entered this magnificent valley than we decided to remain
several days. An avalanche fell as we entered it. We heard the thunder of its fall, and in a few minutes
more the smoke of its path was visible, and a torrent which it had forced from its bed overflowed the
ravine which enclosed it. I wish the wonders and graces of these “palaces of Nature”\[72] would induce
you to visit them whilst we, who so much value your society, remain yet near them. How is our little
William? Is he well?

Clare sends her love to you, and Mary desires to be kindly remembered.

Yours faithfully,

P. B. Shelley.

P.S. The roads are excellent, and every facility is accumulated for the traveller. You can go as far as
Sallanches in a carriage, after which, although it is possible to accomplish the rest of the journey in a
char du pays, I would advise you, as we have done, to hire mules. A guide is not absolutely
necessary, although we took one; for the road, with one insignificant exception, is perfectly plain
and good. There is apparently a very trifling ascent from Geneva to Chamouni.

Byron to Madame de Staël, from Diodati, July 27th 1816:

69: Shakespeare, Macbeth, IV i 83.
70: B., unlike Sh., wrote nothing about Chamounix, though Manfred Act I is full of Alpine scenery.
71: B. did not see Chamounix until August 30th, when he visited with Scrope Davies and H. It was in an inn here
that he erased Sh.’s self-description in the guest-book as dimokritos, philanthropotos kai atheos – which Sh. Must
have written about now.
72: Sh. quotes the as yet unpublished CHP III 62, 2
Dear Madam –

I send the MS. which you had the kindness to express a wish to see – besides the book – there are two detached pieces – which will fall out on opening it. – – To prevent any mistakes which my readers are sometimes disposed to slip into in their applications – I wish to observe that of the smaller poems (except such as are local) none are addressed but to one person now in England – and she is a [near] relation. – I know now how to reply to the <the> {kind} things in your note<s> – I value your praise too highly to attempt to return it – and can only thank you. – Believe me ever and with great truth

y’. obliged

& very affect’ Ser’.

Byron

1:2

Madame de Staël to Byron, from Coppet, August 1816:

(Author: de Staël; Source: NLS Acc.12604 / 4247F)

Hitherto unpublished.

[C / Mylord Byron / Cologny]

Coppet ce jeudi –

La Duchess d’Yorck m’a copié de la main des vers de vous à votre sœur My lord, elle a cru que j’y serais plus sensible que personne et elle a eu raison car je les ai trouvé ravissants – c’est une chose bien singulière que votre étonnante faculté d’émotion et il me semble que jamais un poète ne l’a porté plus loin je me suis fait fort avec lady jersey que vous dineriez chez moi mardi prochain avec elle à son retour de chamouny – emenez je vous prie m’ hobhaus dont la conversation m’a paru très piquante – il y a bien loin d’ici à mardi ou je voudrais que vous abordiez plutot à coppet – ayez la bonté de m’apporter l’antiquaire

N. St.

P.S. – Do me the favour to present my best compliments –

Byron to an unnamed recipient, perhaps Karl Victor von Bonstetten, from Diodati, July 30th 1816: (Source: Harry Ransom Center, Texas, photocopy from microfilm; BLJ V 87)

Diodati. –

July 30th. 1816

Dear Sir –

I feel truly obliged by the details with regard to Bonnivard which you have been good enough to send me – and have only to regret that I did not possess them before – though I feel that any thing that I could say would fall very [far] short of the subject. – – On Sunday I sent a servant over to <Cop> Coppet with the M.S.S. – which the Baroness had expressed a wish to read – and I hope that she received them in safety. – I will not detain your messenger longer than to say how much & an {I have ye honour to be}

y’. obliged and most obed’.

humble Ser’.

Byron

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Byron to an unnamed recipient, perhaps Karl Victor von Bonstetten, from Diodati, July 30th 1816: (Source: text from scan, Biblioteka Jagiellońska, Cracow; BLJ Supp 45; my thanks for Monika Coghen for her help)


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Diodati. –

July 30th. 1816

Dear Sir –

I feel truly obliged by the details with regard to Bonnivard which you have been good enough to send me – and have only to regret that I did not possess them before – though I feel that any thing that I could say would fall very [far] short of the subject. – – On Sunday I sent a servant over to <Cop> Coppet with the M.S.S. – which the Baroness had expressed a wish to read – and I hope that she received them in safety. – I will not detain your messenger longer than to say how much & an {I have ye honour to be}

y’. obliged and most obed’.

humble Ser’.

Byron

P.S. – Do me the favour to present my best compliments –

Madame de Staël to Byron, from Coppet, August 1816:

(Author: Madame de Staël; Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4247F)

Hitherto unpublished.

[C / Mylord Byron / Cologny]

Coppet ce jeudi –

La Duchess d’Yorck m’a copié de la main des vers de vous à votre sœur My lord, elle a cru que j’y serais plus sensible que personne et elle a eu raison car je les ai trouvé ravissants – c’est une chose bien singulière que votre étonnante faculté d’émotion et il me semble que jamais un poète ne l’a porté plus loin je me suis fait fort avec lady jersey que vous dineriez chez moi mardi prochain avec elle à son retour de chamouny – emenez je vous prie m’ hobhaus dont la conversation m’a paru très piquante – il y a bien loin d’ici à mardi ou je voudrais que vous abordiez plutot à coppet – ayez la bonté de m’apporter l’antiquaire

N. St.

[1:2 and 3 blank.]

Translation: Coppet, Thursday: The Duchess of York herself copied for me your verses to your sister, my Lord, she believed that I would appreciate them more than anyone else, and she was right for I

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73: “The book” is Claire Clairmont’s fair copy of CHP III; one of the “detached pieces” is the the Epistle to Augusta.

74: The Epistle to Augusta.

75: B. knew nothing about the real history of Bonivard before he wrote PoC. Despite what he says here, it’s to be doubted whether the poem would have been any better had he done so.
found them delightful. This astonishing emotional faculty of yours is truly singular, and it seems to me that no poet has ever been able to transport me so. I assured Lady Jersey that you would dine with me on Monday next with her, on her return from Chamouni."76 – please, bring Mr Hobhouse, whose conversation seemed to me very piccant – it’s a long time until Monday, or I’d wish you to come to Coppet sooner. Have the goodness to bring me The Antiquary.77 Necker de Staël.

**Byron to Samuel Rogers, from Diodati, July 29th 1816:**
(Source: text from UCL Library Sharpe Papers 18 ff.139-40; LJ III 340-3; BLJ V 85-7)

July 29th, 1816 –
Diodati – {n’} Geneva

Dear Rogers –

Do you recollect a book? Mathison’s letters – which you lent me – which I have still – & yet hope to return to your library? – well – I have encountered at Copet and elsewhere Gray’s Correspondent (in its’ Appendix) that same Bonstetten – (to whom I lent y°, translation of his Correspondent’s epistles for a few days) – but all he could remember of Gray amounts to little – except that he was the most “melancholy and gentlemanlike” of all possible poets. –

Bonstetten himself is a fine & very lively old man – and much esteemed by his Com= 1:2

=patriots – he is <himself> {also} a litterateur of good repute – and all his friends have a mania of addressing to him volumes of letters – Mathison – Muller the historian &c. &c. He is a good deal at Copet – where I have met him a few times. – All there are well – except Rocca – who I am sorry to say – looks in a very bad state of health the Duchess seems grown taller – but – as yet – no rounder since her marriage – Schlegel78 is in high force – and Madame as brilliant as ever. – – – – I came here by the Netherlands – and the Rhine Route – & Basle – Berne – Morat – & Lausanne – I have circumnavigated the lake – and shall 1:3

go to Chamouni – <by> {with} the first fair weather – but really we have had lately such stupid mists – fogs – rains – and perpetual density – that one would think Castlereagh <was> {had} the foreign affairs of the kingdom of Heaven also – upon his hands. – – – – I need say nothing to you of these parts – you having traversed them already – – I do not think of Italy before September. – – – – – I have read “Glenarvon”

“From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate
“—— by her love – or libelled by her hate.”79

& have also seen Ben. Constant’s Adolphe – and his preface denying the real people – it is a work which leaves an unpleasant impression – but very consistent with the 1:4

consequences of not being in love – which is perhaps as disagreeable as any thing – except being so – I doubt however whether all such “liens” (as he calls them) terminate so wretchedly as his hero & heroine’s. – – – –

There is a third Canto (a longer than either of the <last> {former}) of Ch.de. Har°, finished – and some smaller things – among them a story on the “Chateau d’ Chillon” – I only wait a good opportunity to transmit them to the Grand Murray – who – I hope – flourishes. – Where is Moore? – why an’t he out? – my love to him – and my perfect consideration & remembrances to all – particularly to Lord & Lady Holland – & to your Duchess of Somers’. ever y°. very truly

BN

P.S.

76: B. and H. dine with de Staël on Thursday September 12th, Tuesday October 1st, and Thursday October 3rd.
77: The novel by Walter Scott, published 1816.
78: August Wilhelm Schlegel was de S.’s guest at Coppet.
79: Pope, Satire I, 1.84.
I send you a fac simile – a note of Bonstetten’s thinking you might like to see the hand of Gray’s <Correspondent> {Correspondent}.

**John Cam Hobhouse to John Murray, mid-1816:**
(Source: text from John Murray Archive, 50 Albemarle Street)

My dear Sir –

I send you the poems[^80] which, I presume, you will publish immediately, with a suitable advertisement and set off to "please to ask for Hone’s genuine edition of all Lord Byron’s new poems"[^81] In looking over my books I find a port royal Greek grammar and a Tasso – nos <1797[^262]> [262] and 309 in the catalogue[^82], which have not been sent to me – Have the goodness to let them accompany the other works when made up – How does Bertram[^83] go on or rather go off? Is your liberality to pass into precedent? I am exceedingly anxious to hear that Cawthorne is at bay[^84] – if he is, pray let me know when it would be of any use to let me loose at him I am ready –

Yours truly

John Hobhouse

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**On July 30th Hobhouse and Davies embark from Dover.**

**Matthew Gregory Lewis to Byron, from Geneva, August [??] 1816:**
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4247G)

Geneva – Sunday

My dear Byron,

Be it known to you, that I arrived in your neighbourhood this day, and hear, that you were the Lord of a Castle; which (I hope) is haunted. – The God- eternally-damned Grand-Duchess has slapped the the door of l’Hotel d’Angleterre in my face, and here I am hot and sulky, stewing in the very heart of Geneva: so tomorrow I am going to Chamounix in pure desperation; for I am sure, that I shall dislike the whole business out of all measure – – If I neither fall down a precipice nor step through a hole in the Mer de Glace, nor choak myself with my own vexation (which is the most likely to happen of the three) I <X> mean to return on Wednesday night; by which time M: Dejean gives me hopes of having room for me – If you look for me there I shall be truly glad to see you; But as I know not what you are doing, or with whom you are living, do not put yourself out of your way for me – I shall not be offended, if I hear nothing from you, but wait patiently, till some fresh circumstances, or some other turn of that very undefinable head of your Lordship’s shall bring back our acquaintance – only be assured, that whenever you think it worth your while to look for me, you will find my good-will towards you undiminished –

Yours very truly

M.G.Lewis

**Sunday Night**

My dear Byron,

Since writing to you all my plans are altered – I find now, that there is very little chance of my getting an apartment at Dejean’s for some time; and I should die outright, if I were obliged to pass two consecutive Summer-days shut up in a Geneva-Inn – I mean therefore to return on Wednesday evening from Chamounix, go to see Ferney on Thursday and on Friday (unless I should unexpectedly find M: Dejean’s heart melt) I shall step across the Alps to Italy – <I suppose> Thursday, therefore, is the only day, on which I have any chance of seeing you, in case you wish to see me – I suppose, you have already been to Ferney; Otherwise perhaps you would call for me, and go there with me – Or if you will be at home, I will call upon you upon my return from Ferney; or if you will call upon me at my Inn anytime after Four, I will <be> make a point of waiting for you – At any rate, pray send a note

[^80]: Probably *Poems* (1816), including *When We Two Parted* and the later Napoleonic poems.  
[^81]: See next item.  
[^82]: See above, letter of April 1816, items 337 and 309 (erased). Both were bought by Mu.  
[^83]: Charles Maturin’s tragedy, for which H. wrote the prologue.  
[^84]: It looks as if Cawthorne has been frustrated in his aim of publishing *EBSR* again.
for me between this and Thursday “Aux Ballances”, where I am now brooding in a state infinitely hotter than any Purgatory can be, meo periculo.

– Adieu –

ever yours
M.G.Lewis

Douglas Kinnaird to Byron, from Liverpool, August 8th 1816:
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4135)

My dear Byron,

I have just receiv’d your two letters & Packets – I cannot express how very very much I admire your Lines – I defy any one to hear them & not recognize you in them – There is no one but you could have written them – They are exquisite – No pains shall be spared to make Miss Somerville speak them well – I most sincerely agree with all your ideas about the urn – & submit implicitly, to your ideas about the Comic Muse – But I should have prefer’d M’s Davison speaking the Lines to Miss Somerville – The scene shall discover Miss S. leaning over the urn –

The date of my letter requires an explanation, & <it/>I give it the more readily as I am sure you will be gratified to read it –

I came here a week ago incog to witness the debut of Miss Keppel86 in Rosetta in Love in a village87 – She played that character, on Monday the 5th inst. to the delight & astonishment of every body – She played Polly88 last night with double effect – I never saw a better piece of acting on the stage by any body – Her singing is admirable – In short she has far outrun the expectations of her warmest friends & admirers – She is announc’d as M’ Weichsel’s Pupil – & is currently believ’d to be M’ Billington’s daughter –

She is exceedingly flatter’d by your care of the handkerchief – If you don’t return, She may meet you in Italy next Summer – for Weichsel declares she shall be a second Billington on the Italian Stage – I shall write to you again on my return to London – For God’s sake do not persist in your anti-tragical (I do not mean comical) humour – on Davis’ return pray allow me to rummage in the Trunks – Maturin is writing – I heard from him yesterday – The visitation is over – & he has not had his gown stripp’d over his shoulders – the honor you do me in committing the correction of the press to my hands I cannot too highly prize – nor shall assiduity or anxiety to do it correctly be wanting – nothing but the sense of my incompetency would induce me to share the task with any one else – But I have no doubt Lamb will be very much flatter’d in joining me – Adieu my dear B.

Believe me ever Your faithful friend [long scrawl]

Henry Brougham to Lady Byron, from Geneva, August 23rd 1816:
(Source: Doris Langley Moore, The Late Lord Byron, John Murray 1976, pp.126-7)

If Byron heard that Brougham had written letters like this to Annabella, it would explain his later hatred of him.

Dear Lady B.

I hesitated for some time before I resolved to write to you—for I thought it could serve no other purpose than to open wounds hardly yet healed—But I cannot take upon myself the responsibility of not writing, and therefore I must run the risk of giving you pain—

You are probably aware that Lord B. is living in this neighbourhood—avoided by the numerous English who are here—and associating with hardly anybody—I have met him two or three times without taking any notice of him—but I have heard of his speaking of me to one or two persons in a way to shew that he wished to meet me—However, have carefully shunned him, and should continue to do so were I to remain here—I came about seven weeks ago & go to Milan tomorrow.

The language he holds upon all occasions to such as will listen to him, is that of despondency; and he says (at least to those who are likely to repeat it to me or one or two other friends of your’s who are here), that he has no blame whatever to impute to you—in short he says, to those persons, every sort of

85: B. visits Voltaire’s house at Ferney with Lewis on August 16th.
86: Maria Keppel was K.’s mistress.
87: Love in a Village, 1766 comic opera by Isaac Bickerstaffe (1735??-1812??).
88: Polly Peachum in The Beggar’s Opera.
good of you—and only accuses you of being unforgiving—You may easily imagine how much pains I have taken to undeceive them & to show that forgiveness was impossible—

But of late I have been assailed in another manner—He is, or at least expresses himself very solicitous [sic] of a reconciliation—and in such a manner as to shew he is desirous his professions should come round to me—I have said that whoever thought this possible knew nothing of the story—Nevertheless—you must judge & not I—Therefore I tell you exactly what I have heard—

I shall now give you my opinion—I think it very possible it may only be another device to put you if possible in the wrong & make people believe the separation rests with you—but it is also possible that he may be feeling the annoyance attending his situation—and may wish to regain some feeling of esteem in Society—He may find reports spreading & wish to give them a refutation, by having once more your countenance—

Whatever his motive may be, I cannot fancy for a moment that it is a good one—especially considering the life he has been leading here—but I must beg you to consult your own feelings & your own judgment—promising that whatever answer you may give me, I shall of course entirely obey your instructions. . .

I have let my own clear & decided opinion appear perhaps too plainly—but you will of course lay it quite out of your view—

. . . I assure you no one takes a deeper interest in your welfare & happiness—I know too well what misery is not to feel for my fellow sufferers—even were they far less interesting than you—

Believe me your sincere & faithful friend

H. Brougham

Byron to Madame de Staël, from Diodati, August 24th 1816:
(Source: NLS Acc.12604; BLJ V 87-8)

Dear Madam – It was my intention to address you at some length – but my subject has too many thoughts for words. -- The intelligence you mentioned came upon me unexpectedly – as my Correspondents in England are forbidden by me to name or allude to any branch of that family except my daughter. To say that I am merely sorry to hear of Lady B's illness is to say nothing – but she has herself deprived me of the right to express more. -- The separation may have been my fault – but it was her choice. -- I tried all means to prevent – and would do as much & more to end it, – a word would do so – but it does not rest with me to pronounce it. -- You asked me if I thought that Lady B was attached to me – to that I can only answer that I love her. -- I am utterly unable to add a word more upon the subject and if I were to say ten thousand they could only come to the same conclusion – and be as unavailing as sincere.

I cannot conclude without thanking you once more for your kind disposition towards me on this – as on other occasions – and by begging you to believe me ever so faithfully

your obliged and affectionate servant

BYRON

Byron to Madame de Staël, from Diodati, August 25th 1816:
(Source: Harry Ransom Center, Texas, photocopy from microfilm; LJ III 343; BLJ V 88)

De Staël has offered to try and reconcile Byron with his wife.

De Staël has offered to try and reconcile Byron with his wife.

August 25th, 1816

Dear Madam –

My letter is at your disposal – but it will be useless: -- it contains however the truth of my wishes and my feelings on that subject -- and as they have been doubted -- I am willing to put them to the proof. -- I will take my chance of finding you at home some morning in the ensuing week. -- I received the work of M. Schlegel – which I presume is the book to which you allude – and will take great care of it. -- Your messenger waits

1:2

and I will not now take up more of your time than to assure you how much I am ever & truly

y'. obliged

& faith'. Ser'.

Byron

89: The news that Lady Byron was ill.
Madame de Staël to Byron, from Coppet, late August 1816:  
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4247F)  
Hitherto unpublished.  
[The Lord Byron / Cologny / Maison Diodati]  
Ce Samedi –  

j’ai reçu votre lettre monseigneur, et je vais l’envoyer – je voudrois bien qu’elle vous réunît à une aussi charmante personne et que le bonheur que vous lui donneriez égalat vos vertus à vos talents – je vous espere un de ces matins – toute la semaine prochaine demain excepté, je suis at home avez-vous reçu les livres que j’ai remis à m’arthur s’il les avez oublié faites moi le plaisir de le envoyer prendre chez lui à Sècheron ——  
croyez je vous prie à toute mon admiration pour vous – Necker de Staël. h.

[1:2 and 3 blank.]  

Translation: I have received your letter, my Lord, and I shall send it – I truly wish that it twill reunite you with such a charming person, and that the happiness which you will give her will unite your virtues with your talents. I hope to see you one of these mornings – I am “at home” all next week except tomorrow. Have you received the books which I returned to Mr Arthur if he has forgotten them do me the pleasure of going to Secheron to fetch him – believe I beg you in my admiration for you – Necker de Staël Holstein.

Byron to Madame de Staël, from Diodati, August 25th 1816:  
(Source: LJ III 343; BLJ V 88)  

August 25th, 1816.  

Dear Madam – My letter is at your disposal, but it will be useless: it contains however the truth of my wishes and my feelings on that subject, and, as they have been doubted, I am willing to put them to the proof. I will take my chance of finding you at home some morning in the ensuing week. I received the work of Mr. Schlegel, which I presume is the book to which you allude, and will take great care of it. – Your messenger waits and I will not now take up more of your time than to assure you how much I am ever & truly  
your obliged & faithful servant.  
BYRON

On August 26th Hobhouse and Davies arrive at Diodati. Three days later Shelley, Mary and Claire leave.

Byron to Augusta Leigh, from Diodati, August 27th 1816:  
(Source: Ms. not found; text from Ralph Earl of Lovelace, Astarte, Christopher’s 1921, pp.264-5; BLJ V 88-9)  

Diodati Aug’ 27th. 1816.  

<First line crossed out>  

Your confidential letter is safe, and all the others. This one has cut me to the heart because I have made you uneasy. Still I think all these apprehensions—very groundless. Who can care for such a wretch as C, or believe such a seventy times convicted liar? and in the next place, whatever she may suppose or assert—I never “committed” any one to her but myself. And as to her fancies—she fancies any thing—and every body—Lady M &c. &c. Really this is starting at shadows. You distress me with—no—it is not you. But I have heard that Lady B—— is ill, & am so sorry—but it’s of no use—do not mention her again—but I shall not forget her kindness to you.  
I am going to Chamouni (to leave my card with Mont Blanc) and I mean to buy some pretty granite & spar playthings for children (which abound there) for my daughter—and my nieces—You will forward what I select to little Da—& divide the rest among your own. I shall send them by Scrope; this goes by another person. I shall write more and longer soon.  

do not be uneasy—and do not “hate yourself” if you hate either let it be me—but do not—it would kill me; we are the last persons in the world—who ought—or could cease to love one another.  

Ever dearest thine  
B

P.S. I send a note to Georgiana. I do not understand all your mysteries about “the verses” & the Asterisks; but if the name is not put asterisks always are, & I see nothing remarkable in this. I have heard nothing but praises of those lines.
Byron to John Murray, from Diodati, August 28th 1816:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.43488; BLJ V 90-1)

Dear Sir –

The Manuscript (containing the third Canto of Childe Harold – the Castle of Chillon &c) is consigned to the care of my friend Mr. Shelley – who will deliver this letter along with it. – Mr. Gifford will perhaps be kind enough to read it over; – I know not well to whom to consign the correction of the proofs – nor indeed who would be good natured enough to overlook it in its progress – as I feel very anxious that it should be published with as few errata as possible. – – Perhaps – my friend Mr. Moore (if in town) would do this. – – If not – Mr. S. will take it upon himself, – and in any case – he is authorized to act for me treating with you &c. &c. on this subject. – – –

You talked of a letter – which was to be sent by you to me – but I have received none – before – or since – one by Mr. Browne. – As that Gentleman returned by Brussels – which is the longest route – I declined troubling him with the care of this packet. – – –

Believe me very truly yours.

Byron

P.S. –

There is in the volume – an epistle to Mrs. Leigh – which I should wish her to have her opinion consulted – before the publication – if she objects – of course – omit it. – – – – I have been very glad to hear you are well – & well doing – and that you stopped Master Cawthorne in his foolish attempts to republish the E. B. & S. R. – I wish you all good things. – – – –

Claire Clairemont to Byron, late August 1816:
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4177B; Stocking I 70)

My dearest friend

When you receive this I shall be many miles away don’t be impatient then with me. I don’t know why I write unless it is because it seems like speaking to you. Indeed I should have been happier to have seen & kissed you once before I went; it would have made me quite happy but now I feel as if we parted ill friends. You say you will write to me dearest; do pray: & be kind in your letters. There is nothing in the world I love or care about but yourself & though you may love others better there are none more faithfully and disinterestedly attached to you than myself. My dreadful fear is lest you quite forget me. I shall pine all through the wretched winter months while you I hope may never have one uneasy thought. One thing I do entreat you to remember & beware of any excess in wine; my dearest dear friend pray take care of yourself. If there is any thing you want in England pray let me do it for you. I shall feel so happy in procuring or gratifying any of your wishes. I am ashamed to say how much I love you for fear of being troublesome & yet I think

you would be kinder to me if you could but know how wretched this going makes me. Sometimes I feel as if you were dead and I make no account of Mary & Shelley’s friendship so much more do I love you. Think sometimes of me dearest will you. Write to me soon & let me hear of your happiness & health. May you have every thing you like, hear nothing but good news & enjoy the greatest health.

90: In the event Mu. will have nothing to do with Sh., and Gifford corrects the CHP III proofs.
91: C.C. (now pregnant) and the Shelleys left Geneva for England on August 29th.
Farewell my dearest dear Lord Byron. now don’t laugh or smile in your little proud way for it is very wrong for you to read this merrily which I write in tears. I am fearful of death yet I do not exaggerate when I declare I would die to please or serve you with the greatest pleasure nay I should feel as happy in so doing as I now feel miserable. Farewell then dearest. I shall love you to the end of my life & nobody else, think of me as one whose affection you can count on & never pray, never forget to mention your health in your letters. May every good & every happiness be your’ s. 

Your own affectionate Clare.

John Cam Hobhouse to Lady Melbourne, from Geneva, September 4th 1816:

Hobhouse assures Lady Melbourne that nothing irregular has occurred at Diodati.

John Hobhouse

Lord Byron sends his best remembrances which he has several times asked me not to forget.

Messrs Hentsch et Comp Banquiers

Dear Lady Melbourne

I have been unable to deliver your message to the Duchess of Devonshire for a reason with which you are probably by this time acquainted, namely that she has left these cloudy skies for the azure canopy and better company of Milan – Is she should be at that place when I make my descent into Lombardy the commission shall be duly executed – The press of English is so exceeding in these parts that the wonder is not who goes but who stays in Switzerland: and there is the same melancholy prospect for the Italian winter; as there are unnumbered flights of our country people collecting now like swallows on the borders of this lake and trying little excursions to Chamouny and other contiguous regions in order to prepare themselves for the passage of the Alps – It is no unusual event for four or five of these excellent folk with their respective families & suites to encounter each other at the embarrassing hour of sunset

at the door of the caravanserai which proves the commencement rather than the end of their daily labours – the provident grandees, such as Lord Douglass, who take care to have rooms kept for them a month in advance contribute vastly to diminish the difficulty – I consider myself most fortunate in not being obliged to endure the torrents of Secheron from which place L. Byrons driven some months ago by the discordant & unceasing cries uttered in honest English accent from the garret to the cellar of that roomy barrack – he tells me his ears still ring with Garçon mon diner est il prêt? pronounced distinctly from the proper page of Chambeau’s Grammar – The Chateau Diodati, I think, on my conscience to be the best site, as it appears certainly to be one of the best houses, on the banks of the Lake – It is very commodious and I am happy to be able to assure you, in spite of all ridiculous rumours, none of its apartments receive at present or have received any more disreputable guests than M’ M. Lewis and myself – it is true that a neighbouring farm

house did until lately give shelter to <such> an establishment, rather of a singular description between whom and my friend malicious report assigned some small intimacy, but, as I never saw either of the inmates of this same mansion except a goodnatured strange being, the son of one Sir Timothy Shelley, I really have no evidence to bring upon this scandalous topic – Whatever has passed – every thing has been conducted with the utmost decency and you may safely contradict, if worth while, every story told of the irregularities said to be imported from Piccadilly amongst the Maids of the Lake – the fable has originated from the goodhumoured hints of mine host at Secheron as well as

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92: Montalègre, where Sh., C.C. and Mary Godwin stayed.
Glenarvon has been read and with appropriate indignation not unmixed with contempt – By a very singular coincidence he sent to his sister the same distich from Pope which I recommended to your notice as a motto for a counter romance “From Sappho &c.”93 I trust that spirit is laid and shall not quarrel with any one in what sea she reposes and suffers her world to sleep – This lake is in some places six hundred feet deep –

I have no political news for your Ladyship except that the Earl of Uxbridge and a Colonel Thornhill were put last night into the watch house at Lausanne – an occurrence which would be more interesting if the same accident had not been very near befalling Lord Glenorchy at Geneva – Our countrymen are still in possession of the honors of the bench & bar even in these uncivilised latitudes – If any thing of similar importance should occur I shall not fail to [letter concludes at top of first side]

Percy Bysshe Shelley to Byron, from Portsmouth, September 8th 1816:

(Portsmouth, September 8, 1816)

Nine days of tedious voyaging over land and sea have brought us hither. We had some pleasant moments in our journey through France, visitings of sunshine in stormy weather. We passed, not through Paris, but by a shorter route through Versailles, and Fontainebleau, and stayed to visit those famous Palaces, which, as I will hereafter tell you, are well worth visiting as monuments of human power; grand, yet somewhat faded; the latter is the scene of some of the most interesting events of what may be called the master theme of the epoch in we live – the French Revolution. Our passage from Havre hither was wretched – 26 hours. We have just dined after our arrival, and I learn that the post departs in a few minutes – but I am anxious to give you the earliest intelligence of the safe arrival of the Childe.94 His only adventure since he quitted the paternal roof has been inglorious. He was taken for a smuggler, and turned over and over by a Custom-house officer, to see if lace, &c., were hidden within. He is now quite safe, and locked in my portmanteau.

You shall hear from me again in three days. Adieu – take care of your health – tranquillise yourself – and be persuaded with Coleridge – that “Hope is a most awful duty, the nurse of all other virtues.”95 I assure you that it will not depart, if it be not rudely banished, from such a one as you.

Mary unites with me in sincerest wishes for your happiness; Clare is about to enjoin me some messages which are better conceived than expressed.96

Your sincere friend,

P. B. Shelley

[P.S.] Make my remembrances to Hobhouse – as also to Mr. Davies. I hope that the former has destroyed whatever scruples you have felt, in dismissing Polidori. The anecdote which he recounted to me the evening before I left Geneva made my blood run cold.97

Byron to Augusta Leigh, from Diodati, September 8th 1816 (Ms. version):

(Byron tells Augusta about Claire Clairmont.)

(Diodati – Geneva. Sept’ 8th. 1816.)

My dearest Augusta –

93: Pope, Satire I, II.83-4: “From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate, / Pox’d by her love, or libell’d by her hate”.
94: Sh. has been entrusted by B. with Claire Claremont’s Ms. of CHP III, which he expects to see through the press. Murray doesn’t allow him to.
95: Coleridge quotation.
96: C.C. is now pregnant. She will never see B. again.
97: Anecdote – probably about Polidori’s homosexuality – unrecorded.
By two opportunities of private conveyance – I have sent answers to your letter delivered by Mr. H. – S— is on his return to England – & may probably arrive before this. – He is charged with a few packets of seals – necklaces – balls &c. & I know not what – formed of Chrystals – Agates – and other stones, all of & from Mont Blanc bought & brought by me on & from the spot – expressly for you to divide among yourself and the children – including also your niece Ada – for whom I selected a ball (of Granite – a soft substance by the way – but the only one there) wherewithall to roll & play – when she is old e=

=ough – and mischievous enough, – and moreover a Chrystal necklace; – and anything else you may like to add for her – the love! — — —
The rest are for you – & the Nursery – but particularly Georgiana – who has sent me a very nice letter. – I hope Scrope will carry them all safely – as he promised. – – There are seals & all kinds of fooleries – pray – like them – for they come from a very curious place (nothing like it hardly in all I ever saw) – to say nothing of the giver. – – – – – –
And so – Lady B. has been “kind to you” you tell me – “very kind” – umph – it is as well she should be kind to some of us – and I am glad she has the heart & the discernment to be still your friend – you was ever so to

her. – I heard the other day – that she was very unwell – I was shocked enough – & sorry enough – God knows – but never mind; – H. tells me [however] that she is not ill – that she had been indisposed – but is better & well to do. – This is a relief. – – As for me I am in good health – & fair – though very unequal – spirits – but for all that – she – or rather the <Separation> [Separation] – has broken my heart – I feel as if an Elephant had trodden on it – I am convinced I shall never get over it – but I try. – – I had enough before – {I ever knew her} and more than enough – but time & agitation had done something for me; but this last [wreck] has affected me very differently. – If it were acutely – it would not signify – but it is not that – I breathe lead. – – – –

While the storm lasted & you were all pressing & comforting me with condemnation in Piccadilly – it was bad enough – & violent enough – but it’s worse now; - I have neither strength nor spirits – nor inclination to carry me through anything which will clear my brain or lighten my heart. – I mean to cross the Alps at the end of this month – and go – God knows where – by Dalmatia up to the Arnauts again – if nothing better can be done; – I have still a world before me – this – or the next. – – H. has told me all the strange stories in circulation of me & mine; – not true, – I have been in some danger on the lake (near <Mel> Meillerie) but nothing to speak of; and as to all these “mistresses” – Lord help me –

[rest of letter missing from NLS. Text from LJ.]

I have had but one. Now don’t scold—but what could I do? A foolish girl,⁹⁹ in spite of all I could say or do, would come after me, or rather went before⁹⁸ for I found her here, and I have had all the plague possible to persuade her to go back again, but at last she went. Now dearest, I do most truly tell thee that I could not help this, that I did all I could to prevent it, and have at last put an end to it. I am not¹⁰¹ in love nor have any love left for any, but I could not exactly play the Stoic with a woman who had scrambled eight hundred miles to unphilosophize me, besides I had been regaled of late with so many “two courses and a desert” (Alas!) of aversion, that I was fain to take a little love (if pressed particularly) by way of novelty. And now you know all that I know of that matter, & it’s over. Pray write, I have heard nothing since your last, at least a month or five weeks ago. I go out very little except into the air, and on journeys, and on the water, and to Coppet, where M’. de Stæel has been particularly kind and friendly towards me, & (I hear) fought battles without number in my very

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⁹⁸: Scrope Davies.
⁹⁹: Claire Claremont.
¹⁰⁰: BLJ has “before me”.
¹⁰¹: BLJ has “am not”.
indifferent cause. It has (they say) made quite as much noise on this as the other side of “La Manche”—Heaven knows why, but I seem destined to set people by the ears.

Don’t hate me – but believe me ever

Yrs. most affect[ed]

September 9th 1816: the Monody on Sheridan published.

John Cam Hobhouse to Augusta Leigh, from Geneva, September 9th 1816:
(Source: text from BL.Add.Mss. 39672 ff.21-22)

Hobhouse assures Augusta, too, that nothing irregular has occurred at Diodati.

[Pour / Madame / Madame / Honourable A. Leigh / Six Mile Bottom / Newmarket / Angleterre]

[letter concludes at top of first sheet:] would commend – The uniformly tranquil and guarded manner shows the effort which it is meant to hide – The novel[102] made him rather indignant than angry – he did not discover his portrait – who would? When you favor me with a line (which I hope you will addressed “Aux soins de Messrs. Hentsch à Genève”) I trust the news from your Lowestoff correspondent[104] will not be so bad as it was when I last saw you – pardon me dear M'r Leigh if I venture to advise the strictest confinement to very common topics in all you say in that quarter – Repay kindness in any other way than by confidence I say this not in reference to the lady’s character but as a maxim to serve for all cases – ever most faithfully yours

J.C.H.

Geneva Sept. 9: 1816

It is probable that M'r Davies[105] will arrive before this sheet of coarse paper reaches you – If this interesting event should have taken place you will already have received the best and most sincere remembrances that I am able to send to any body as also some intelligence which I am sure must be very grateful. I will not say, a little surprising to you; namely that your excellent relative is living with the strictest attention to decorum and free from all offense to either God or Man or woman. The mischiefmaking telescopes of some inquisitive

1:2

moralists, employed I believe by the host of the Inn deserted when the Mansion Diodati was hired, were said to have discerned certain robes flounces on his Lordship’s balcony but I can assure you that the petticoats were in the imagination rather of the spectator than in the actual company of your belied brother and that he has given no cause for scandal except in as much as those who do nothing give the fairest scope to conjecture; and offer up their character as a sort of carte blanche to be filled up by the ingenuity of the first person who sets himself seriously down to so useful an employment – There was indeed until a fortnight ago a neighbouring gentleman[106] who had two ladies[107] living in his house under the chateau Diodati and, as you may suppose, both and each

1:3

of these womankind, as M'r Oldbuck calls them in the Antiquary,[108] were most liberally assigned to the person who was thought accustomed to consider the case of such kind of appurtenances when superfluous or neglected by their lawful owners. However this may have been, and although the days of Potiphar[109] are over and gone, it will be some comfort for you to know that this respectable Chateau was witness to no sort of disorder, and that neither M'r Davies or myself ever caught a

102: Glenarvon.
103: B.’s Geneva bankers.
104: Annabella, then holidaying in Suffolk.
105: Scrope Davies had accompanied H. to Geneva, and gone with him and B. on the first of their Alpine journeys. He left for England with Robert Rushton on September 5th.
106: Shelley
107: Mary Godwin and Claire Clairmont. For the latter on H., see her letter to B. dated January 12th 1818: “I have no Hobhouse by my side to dispirit me with an easy & impudent declaration of ‘the villainy of all mankind’ which I can construe into nothing but an attempt to cover his conscious unworthiness”.
108: Oldbuck actually implies them to be “absurd womankind” (“He’s more absurd than womankind”).
109: The sentence appears to mean that both Mary and Clare were married, and that Shelley slept with them both.
glimpse of anything more suspicious than a second M' Mulhe\textsuperscript{111} (if she so spells her name) who is the dame Jacintha of this residence\textsuperscript{112} – In sober sadness I can give you very good accounts from this place both as to morals and other material points – A considerable change has taken place in his health – no brandy – no very late hours – no quarts of magnesia nor deluge of Soda Water – neither passion nor perverseness – even the scream has died away – he seems as happy

\[1:4\]
as he ought to be – by this of course you will see what I mean, as happy as is consistent with a man of honour and common feeling to be after the occurrence of a calamity involving a charge, whether just or unjust, against his honour and his feeling – It would be a great injustice to suppose that he has dismissed the subject from his thoughts or indeed from his conversation upon any other motive than that which the most bitter of his enemies [letter concludes at top of first sheet]

**Madame de Staël to Byron, from Coppet, late August 1816:**
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4247F)**

**Hitherto unpublished.**

[Lord Byron]

Coppet ce Samedi –

Vous me pardonnerez milord j’éspére d’être impatiente de votre poème autant que l’est l’angleterre – prêtez le moi et venez le chercher un de ces beaux jours – je souhaite que vous croyez à mon admiration pour votre génie je n’ote pas dire de peur de me trop venter, que personne n’a reçu une impression plus vive pour votre talent et pour ce pouvoir d’animer celui des autres qui n’appartient qu’à une génie d’une region nouvelle –

mille compliments

N. de Staël h.

[1:2 and 3 blank.]

**Translation:** Coppet, Saturday. Forgive me, my Lord, I hope I await your poem with the same impatience that England does – lend it to me, and come and look for it one of these fine days – I hope you believe in the admiration I have for your genius – I omit saying so for fear of putting myself forward, but no-one has received a stronger impression of your talent and for this power of animating that of others, which only belongs to a genius of a new order – a thousand compliments, Necker de Staël Holstein.

**Madame de Staël to Byron, from Coppet, September 1816:**
(Source: Ms. not found; text from Eugen Kölbìng (ed.), *The Prisoner of Chillon by Lord Byron, Kritischer Text mit Einleitung und Anmerkungen*, Emil Felber Verlag, Weimar 1898, epigraph.)

Le Samedi – Coppet –

My lord

J’espère un peu que vous viendriez me voir et que nous lirions ensemble cet admirable manuscrit – je ne sais rien en particulier de plus beau que le château chillon je trouve ce morceau bien supérieur à celui du dante surtout le commencement – peut être ce qui détourn de l’unité à la fin pourroit il être supprimé – mais quel talent! quelle découverte effrayante dans de nouvelles regions de douleur et ce n’est pas de l’amour – c’est ce qui n’est pas sujet au changement la mort et la mort dans la solitude. enfin j’ai été plus ébranlée de cette lecture que par rien depuis long-temps – il n’y a que les événements de sa propre vie qui soient plus forts en poésie que vous – je voulais parler et je me mets à écrire – venez diner chez moi jeudi avec polidori – je prendrai votre silence pour oui – il faut bien aussi donner du pouvoir au silence –

mille et mille remerciments

Necker de Staël Holstein

The Right honorable Lord Byron Coligny

\textsuperscript{111} Mrs Mule had been B.’s cleaner at the Albany. She was elderly and without charm.

\textsuperscript{112} Jacintha is a scheming housekeeper in le Sage’s *Gil Blas*, II 1-3; also in Lewis’s *The Monk*, III 2. Augusta will know that H. is either mistaken or lying, for in the previous item B. confesses to his liaison with Clare Clairmont.
Translation: My Lord / I had hoped that you would come to see me, and that we would together read this admirable manuscript— I find nothing more beautiful than this Chillon Castle I find this piece far superior to that of Dante especially the opening—perhaps the part which spoils the unity at the end could be removed— but what talent! What frightening discoveries in new regions of suffering and it is not about love, but about that which is not subject to change death, and death in solitude. To sum up, I was more moved by reading this than I have been for a long time— only the real events of one’s own life are more moving in poetry than you— I want to speak, and I set myself to write— come and dine with me on Thursday with Polidori—I shall take your silence to mean yes— silence must also be allowed its power—
A thousand thousand thanks
Necker de Staël Holstein
The Right Honourable Lord Byron Coligny

Percy Bysshe Shelley to Byron, from London, September 11th 1816:
(Source: text from 1922 II 16-17; Jones I 505-6)

London, September 11, 1816
26 Marchmont Street

I have just seen Murray and delivered the poem to him. He was exceedingly polite to me, and expressed the greatest eagerness to see the Poem. He had already heard that it was considered to surpass all your other productions, and that this was Madame de Stael’s opinion. I shall call on Mr. Kinnaird tomorrow. Murray tells me that Lady Byron is in London, and that her health has materially improved. Her very change of residence confirms this statement.

Mary and Clare left me at Portsmouth, for Bath. I arrive here— at my antient lodgings; dreadfully vacant and lonely. No companions but the ghosts of old remembrances, all of whom contrive to make some reproach to which there is no reply. My lawyer is, I find, at Lancaster. I have written to him to return hither; but his delay will add to the time that I must inevitably waste in this peopled desert. Fanny Godwin came last night and talked to me of her father’s affairs, to which there is fortunately now assistance near. She told me that he had made great progress in his novel. She told me, too, that Northcote the painter, who is an ardent admirer of all your compositions, had recommended Godwin to read “Glenarvon,” affirming that many parts of it exhibited extraordinary talent.

The harvest is not yet cut. There are, however, as yet no very glaring symptoms of disaffection, though the distress is said to be severe. But winter is the season when the burthen will be felt. Most earnestly do I hope that despair will not drive the people to premature and useless struggles.

I shall write to you again soon— at this moment I am suffering under a spasmodic headache that does not allow me to connect two ideas. Let me hear from you, and let me hear good news of you. The interest that I feel in everything that concerns you leads me to expect with eagerness the most minute details.

My dear Lord Byron
Your sincere friend,
P.B. Shelley.

Claire Clairmont to Byron, from Bath, September 12th 1816:
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4177B; Stocking I 70-1)

Bath September 12th 1816

We are arrived here and are settled. Shelley is in London but will soon come down— We had a letter from him to-day wherein he mentions having called upon Murray with your “Childe”— he does not say whether Murray thought it long or short or what but adds M. complimented him on his Poem & said every body praised [it] which shews what a mean spirited paltry soul he is & fit for nothing in the world but to give you heaps of money. I know I would not spare him.
Your <address> [Monody] 118 was spoken at Drury Lane the other night, the scene was a flower garden (the flowers should by rights have all been in mourning to have made it consistent) & Mrs Davison was discovered leaning on an urn afterwards coming forward & reciting. It went off well but the Courier thought proper to hesitate between you & George Lambe 119 as the author as if that “Prologue personified” could have written it. England seems quiet enough at least there is no mention in the newspapers of any thing like Disturbance. So, you little restless soul, you must in spite of all your hopes to the contrary be content with a nice furnished house, petits poix for dinner & a smooth Lake to look upon. I am sure you will be very sorry to hear poor Shelley has dreadful health violent spasms in the head; this is all that vile & nauseous animal Polidori’s doing – he will do you some mischief so pray send him away & hire a steady clever physician; with your health you must not be without one. I don’t know what is the matter with me but I am in no humour to write & poor Albe will have the dullest letter in the World. Shelley mentions likewise Murray presenting him with a copy of your Poems bound in blue & gold. Your favorite Mary is impertinent and nauseous enough to think it wonderful you should have remembered your promise<s>. Bath is a very fine airy town, built up the sides of hills in high terraces but it seems very dull to me as does every thing. I hope your news from England has been good & that all the people you love are as happy and well as you wish them. My dearest Albe you said you would write will you keep that promise. You can’t conceive how happy it would make me only just to see your hand writing. Tell me all you have seen & how your health is. I wonder whether you ever think the least of me. I dare say not. I am melancholy and ill=humoured & low spirited & so I won’t write any more. I have read through the first volume of the Antiquary, 120 & think it stupid. Glenarvon 121 we are going to read. Take care of your health the greatest care & love me a little who love you so much.

Every quite affectionately
Clara

P. S. Mary makes me open my letter to put her remembrances & good wishes & likenings. & “itty babe” would I am sure crow to see you. I am sure I should die of joy. Please to direct to me under cover to Shelley Longdill’s 5. Gray’s Inn Square. Write to me pray dearest. pray do.

John Murray to Byron, from 50, Albemarle Street, London, September 12th 1816:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.434895; Smiles I 365-7; LJM 172-4)
[The Rt Hon<sup>ble</sup> / Lord Byron / Diodati / Genève]

My most particular compliments
to M’ Hobhouse – & to M’ Davies
& D’ Polidori

London Sep’. 1816.
Thursday

My Lord
I have rarely addressed you with more pleasure than upon the present occasion – I was thrilled with delight yesterday by the announcement of M’ Shelley with the MSS of Childe Harold – I had no sooner got the quiet possession of it, 122 than trembling with auspicious hope about it, I carried it direct to M’ Gifford, who has been exceedingly ill with a Jaundice, unable to write or do any thing, he was much pleased by my attention & I promised to call the next day – but in the evening of yesterday I received from him, most unexpectedly the note which I inclose – it speaks volumes – I called upon him today – he said that he was unable to leave off last night as his note intimated and that he had sat up until he had finished every line of the Canto – it had actually agitated him into a

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118: The Monody on Sheridan, which C.C. had copied.
119: George Lamb (1784-1834) son to Lady Melbourne; associate of Kinnaird and B. at Drury Lane. Future Tory electioneering foe of H.
120: By Walter Scott; published 1816.
121: By Caroline Lamb; also published 1816.
122: That is, no sooner had he got the embarrassing Shelley off the premises …
fever and he was exceedingly worse when I called – he had persisted this morning in finishing the Volume and he pronounced himself to be infinitely more delighted than when he first wrote to me – He says <w> that what you have heretofore published is nothing to this effort – he says also, besides its being the most splendid original & interesting – it is the most finished of your writings and he has undertaken to correct the press & to point it, with a glow of pleasure that

1:2

I never saw equalled – he says there are not three words in the whole, of which he would recommend the alteration – never since my intimacy with M’ Gifford did I see him so heartily pleased or give one fiftieth part of his commendation with one thousandth part of the warmth. Harold is exquisite – but he thinks the Tale’ no less so – and he speaks in exacty of the Dream – the whole volume beams with Genius – With such opinions I would beg the favour of your Lordship to write to me immediately empowering me to give the entire exclusive reading of the Proofs to M’ Gifford alone and he will attend to it with all his mind – I am sure he loves you in his heart – & when he called upon me some time ago, & I told him that your Lordship was gone he instantly exclaimed in a full room – “Well he has not left his equal behind him that I will say” – perhaps you will write – a line for him. Now for this said Volume I propose to pay into your Lordships Banker the sum of <Fifteen/>Twelve Hundred Guineas and should this proposal happen to be honoured by your Lordships approbation I would venture to solicit as a mark of your favour, that you would present to me the Original MSS with every scrap belonging to it. Your Lordship will let me know <i>f> by a word if 2, 3 & 4 Mos Bills would

1:3

be inconvenient & I can easily manage it, in any Other way. This will be a glorious triumph for you upon my Soul – and set me forward in such force that I shall keep possession of the field during the whole campaign – I shall place it in the hands of the printer immediately, if any addition, correction or emendation of any kind occur, do me the favour to dash it off immediately –Respecting the Monody I extract from a Letter which I received this morning from Sir J’. Mackintosh:

“I presume that I have to thank you for a Copy of “the Monody’ on Sheridan” received this morning – I wish it had been accompanied by the additional favour of mentioning the name of the writer, at which I can only guess & which it is difficult to read the Poem with[Ms tear: “out”] desiring to know.”

Generally speaking it is not I think popular, and spoken of rather for fine passages than as a whole – how could you give so trite an image as in the last two lines 125 – Gifford does not like it – Frere does – a propos of Mr Frere – he came to me while at breakfast this morning and <with> between some Stanzas wch he was repeating to me of a truly Original Poem of his own 125 – <sa> he said carelessly – by the way about half an hour ago I was so silly (taking an immense pinch of Snuff & priming his nostrils well with it) – as to get Married!!! – perfectly true – he set out for Hastings about an hour after he left me – and upon my conscience I very believe that, if I had had your MSS to have put into his hands – as sure as fate he would have sat with me reading it all the morning & totally forgotten his late engagement.

[1:4, below address:] You have heard that Brougham has got into a Crim Con scrape with the wife of G.I. – the trial is to come on – I saw Lord Holland today looking very well – I wish I could send you Gifford’s Ben Jonson it is full of fun & interest & allowed on all hands to be most ably done, and would I am sure amuse you – I have very many new important & interesting works of all kinds in the Press, wch I should be happy to know any means of sending – My Review is improving in sale beyond my most sanguine expectations [above address:] I now sell nearly 9,000 even Perry says the Edinb Rev is going to the Devil. I was with Mrs Leigh today who is very well, she leaves town on Saturday – her eldest Daughter – I fancy – is a most engaging girl – but yours, my Lord, is unspeakably interesting & promising & I am happy to add that Lady B is looking well. God bless

[123: PoC.
124: Sighing that Nature formed but one such man, / And broke the die – in moulding Sheridan!
125: Perhaps Whistlecraft, which will in 1817 serve as model for Beppo.
you my best wishes & feelings are always with you & I sincerely wish that your happiness may be as unbounded as your Genius which has rendered me so much My Lord your obliged Servant,

J.M.

Douglas Kinnaird to Byron, from Pall Mall, London, September 13th 1816:
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4136A)

Pall Mall Sep^{19} 13. 1816

My dear Byron,

Murray is to send you (frank’d to our Minister) some copies of the Monody – It goes off excellently – It is the source of monies to us, & reputation to yourself – you protested against Mrs Davison – Miss Somerville could not do it – I tried her at it – Kean had engagements in the country – On the whole Mrs D. speaks it better than we c^{d} have found any one else to do it – It will be spoken about 8 times – as often as we can play Sheridan’s plays to tolerable houses – Gifford has read & pronounc’d your new canto^{126} to be better than any thing you have yet written – Murray proposes 1500 guineas for the two Poems – Shall I say satis? He will pay the money down – Do you read our newspapers? If so, woe to your Jibes & Jeers – for I am grappling with arnold – in propria persona –

1:2

The Thanes fly from me – we are two & two in the Committee – Lamb & I^{127} – Pray let me hear from you occasionally – Pearce is on the lookout for you r Party – I wish myself with you & our two excellent Friends daily – Believe me my dear Byron

Ever faithfully yours

Douglas Kinnaird

The Lord Byron

& &

Byron to Augusta Leigh, from Diodati, September 14th 1816:
(Source: Ms. not found; text from Ralph Earl of Lovelace, Astarte, Christopher’s 1921, pp.268-70; BLJ V 92-4)

Sept. 14th. 1816

My dearest Augusta –

The paper with the initials came safely with your letter, but the hair was either omitted or had slip out. You may be sure I looked everywhere carefully, but I suppose you in your hurry forgot it. Pray send (or save for me) two or three—but tie them with a thread—or wrap them in a manner more liable to security.

I have written to you lately thrice, twice by private conveyance & once by post. This is the fourth since the letter you mention.

Your having seen my daughter is to me a great satisfaction; it is as if I had seen her myself. Next to you—dearest—she is nearly all I have to look forward to with hope or pleasure in this world. Perhaps she also may disappoint & distress me, but I will not think so; in any case she will at least love me—or my memory.

By Mr. Davies I sent you for yourself—little Da—& my nieces, a variety of Chrystal & other trinkets from Mont Blanc & Chamouni, which I got upon the spot for you all. I hope they will arrive safely.

In my last letter I mentioned to you the origin of the stories about “mistresses.” As to “pages”—there be none such—nor any body else. Such assertions and reports find their own remedy sooner or later.

If I understand you rightly, you seem to have been apprehensive or menaced (like every one else) by that infamous <Bedlamite>^{128}—If she stirs against you, neither her folly nor her falsehood should or shall protect her. Such a monster as that has no sex, and should live no longer.

But till such an event should occur, you may rely that I shall remain as quiet as the most unbounded Contempt of her, and my affection for you & regard for your feelings can make me. I

126: CHP III.
127: K. is hinting that his position on the Drury Lane Committee is in jeopardy. He resigns later in the year.
128: Caroline Lamb.
should never think of her nor her infamies, but that they seem (I know not why) to make you uneasy. What 'tis she may tell or what she may know or pretend to know—is to me indifferent. You know I suppose that Lady B\(^*\) secretly opened my letter trunks before she left Town,\(^{129}\) and that she has also been (during or since the separation) in correspondence with that selffavoured libeller & <strumpet> wife. This you may depend upon though I did not know it till recently.

Upon such conduct I am utterly at a loss to make a single comment—beyond every expression of astonishment. I am past indignation.

There is perhaps a chance of your seeing me in Spring, as I said before I left England; but it is useless to form plans, and most of all for me to do so. I may say (as Whitbread said to me of his own a short time before his decease), that “none of mine ever succeeded.”

We purpose making a short tour to the Berne Alps next week, and then to return here and cross the Simplon to Milan. Your letters had better be always directed to Geneva Poste Restante and my banker (Mr. Hentsch, a very attentive and good man), will take care to forward them, wherever I may be.

I have answered Georgiana’s letter & am very glad she likes her little cousin. How come Ada’s hair fair?—she will be like her mother and torture me. However if she is kind to you—and when the time comes—if she will continue so, it is enough.

I do not write to you in good spirits, and I cannot pretend to be so, but I have no near or immediate cause of being thus, but as it is; I only request you will say nothing of this to Hobhouse by letter or message, as I wish to wear as quiet an appearance with him as possible;—besides I am in good health & well without.

The Jerseys are here; I am to see them soon. Madæ. de Stäel still very kind & hospitable, but Rocca (to whom she is privately married) is not well, with some old wounds badly cured.

If I see anything very striking in the Mountains I will tell thee. To Scrope I leave the details of Chamouni & the Glaciers & the sources of the Aveiron. This country is altogether the Paradise of Wilderness—I wish you were in it with me—and every one else out of it—Love me, A., ever thine—

B.

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**Byron to Augusta Leigh, from Ouchy, September 17th 1816:**

(Source: Ms. not found; text from Ralph Earl of Lovelace, *Astarte*, Christopher’s 1921, pp.271-3; QI 345-7; BLJ V 94-6)

Ouchy, Sep' 17. 1816

My dearest Augusta,

I am thus far on my way to the Bernese Alps & the Grindenwald, and the *Yungfrau* (that is the “Wild woman” being interpreted—as it is so perverse a mountain that no other sex would suit it), which journey may occupy me eight days or so, and then it is my intention to return to Geneva, preparatory to passing the Simplon——

Continue you to direct as usual to Geneva. I have lately written to you several letters (3 or 4 by post and two by hand) and I have received all yours very safely. I rejoice to have heard that you are well. You have been in London too lately, & H. tells me that at your levee he generally found L¹. F. Bentinck—pray why is that fool so often a visitor? is he in love with you? I have recently broken through my resolution of not speaking to you of Lady B—— but do not on that account name her to me. It is a relief—a partial relief to me to talk of her sometimes to you—but it would be none to hear of her. Of her you are to judge for yourself, but do not altogether forget that she has destroyed your brother. Whatever my faults might or may have been—*She*—was not the person marked out by providence to be their avenger. One day or another her conduct will recoil on her own head; *not through me*, for my feelings towards her are not those of Vengeance, but—mark—if she does not end miserably *tot ou tard*. She may think—talk—or act as she will, and by any process of cold reasoning and jargon of “duty & acting for the best” &c., &c., impose upon her own feelings & those of others for a time—but woe unto her—the wretchedness she has brought upon the man to whom she has been everything evil <except in one respect> will flow back into its fountain. I may thank the strength of my constitution that has enabled me to bear all this, but those who bear the longest and the most do not suffer the least. I do not think a human being could endure more mental torture than that woman has directly & indirectly inflicted upon me—within the present year.

She has (for a time at least) separated me from my child—and from you—but I turn from the subject for the present.

To-morrow I repass Claresns & Vevey; if in the new & more extended tour I am making, anything that I think may please you occurs, I will detail it.

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\(^{129}\): Compare DJ I, 28, 2.
Scrope has by this time arrived with my little presents for you and yours & Ada. I still hope to be able to see you next Spring, perhaps you & one or two of the children could be spared some time next year for a little tour here or in France with me for a month or two. I think I could make it pleasing to you, & it should be no expense to L. or to yourself. Pray think of this hint. You have no idea how very beautiful great part of this country is—and 

women and children traverse it with ease and expedition. I would return from any distance at any time to see you, and come to England for you; and when you consider the chances against our—but I won’t relapse into the dismal and anticipate long absences —

The great obstacle would be that you are so admirably yoked—and necessary as a housekeeper—and a letter writer—and a place-hunter to that very helpless gentleman your Cousin, that I suppose the usual self-love of an elderly person would interfere between you & any scheme of recreation or relaxation, for however short a period.

What a fool I was to marry—and you not very wise—my dear—we might have lived so single and so happy—as old maids and bachelors; I shall never find any one like you—nor you (vain as it may seem) like me. We are just formed to pass our lives together, and therefore we—at least—I—am by a crowd of circumstances removed from the only being who could ever have loved me, or whom I can unmixedly feel attached to.

Had you been a Nun—and I a Monk—that we might have talked through a grate instead of across the sea—no matter—my voice and my heart are ever thine—

B

John Murray to Byron, from 50 Albemarle Street, London, September 20th 1816:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.434895; Smiles I 367; LJM 176-7)
[The R’ Honble / Lord Byron / Diodati / Genéve]
London Sep’ 20 – 1816.
Friday

My Lord

As soon as I had read the third Canto <myself> of Childe Harold myself I had no hesitation in telling M’ Kinnaird that I should make my Offer Fifteen Hundred Guineas – but he has called today to say that Two Thousand are expected by your Lordships friends – I told him that hitherto I believed that no one had impugned my estimations, and that with regard to your Lordship I had no other feeling that a desire to give all that was possible & – on the present occasion I thought I had anticipated any notions and that I suspected it be rather from my own data than from fair estimation that this extra demand was put upon me. The Poem however is so much beyond anything in Modern days that I may be out in my Calculation – it requires an etherial mind, like its Authors to cope with it – he was so obliging as to wish the addition 500£ eventual but I have preferred to settle at once at the £2100 – and now the Lord (not you)

R’ Hon Lord Byron

1:2

have Mercy upon me – It appears to me that you have completely distanced every Modern Poet & when I read you I wander in the regions of Spencer Milton or Shakespear – it really a Triumph over the whole world which I do from my heart glory in, & congratulate you upon. Remember I do stipulate for All the original MSS Original, Copies or Scraps.

I am thinking more seriously than ever of publishing a Monthly Literary Journal and am promised the Contributions of the greatest Characters here & if I succeed I will venture to solicit the favour of your powerful Assistance in the shape of Letters, Essays, Characters Facts Travels Epigrams & other, to you, small Shot, & to entreat <that> the favour of your influence among your friends – every One can communicate something, fact – or perhaps some curious Letter &c.

I heartily wish your Lordship joy of this production of your intellect and

1:3

with best compliments I remain

My Lord
your faithful Servant
John Murray
When I know exactly where you are I will send the Proofs to you – I have already set up Canto 3 – wch is this day gone to M’ G. whose second reading only confirms the first.

I offer my best comps to M’ Hobhouse & M’ Davies – the latter of whom I look for every day

[Address only on 1:4.]

ALPINE JOURNAL, September 18th-29th 1816
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4035; LJ III 349-65; QI 347-57; BLJ V 96-105)

Byron’s Alpine Journal is on nine loose sheets of grey laid paper, with various watermarks. Sheets 1 to 8 are bifolia, and Sheet 9 has only two sides. Sheets 1 to 4 are 23.3 x 36 cm. Sheet 5 is 16 x 31 cm. Sheet 6 – the only one which Byron turned through ninety degrees and wrote on sideways, that is, on four long sides – is 20.5 x 32 cm. Sheet 7 is 17 x 33.5 cm. Sheet 8 is the largest, at 24.5 x 38.5 cm, and Sheet 9, the second side of which is blank, is a mere 18.5 x 23.2 cm.

The first half of Sheet 8 has its bottom corner missing, with consequent loss of text. The bottom 3.5 cm of Sheet 6 has been damaged, and is taped up with no great finesse.

The first sheet has crosses scattered through it, although it’s hard to read them as love-tokens for Augusta. The entire Journal has square-brackets for deletion, done by another hand. These often compromise Hobhouse (whose name never occurs - he is always referred to as “H.”, or “H’s”), and in general would censor material hurtful to Murray’s orthodox – even Prothero deletes some of them. Neither crosses nor square brackets are reproduced here.

As usual, the Murray / Marchand edition does not prepare the reader for the tactile spontaneity and violence of Byron’s handwriting. It never allows him more than one dash – whereas in fact he indulges in as many as nine. Neither does it acknowledge his frequent deletions and interlineations. The Alpine Journal is a polished work of art.

1) Clarens. Sept. 18th. 1816

Yesterday September 17th. 1816 – I set out (with H.) on an excursion of some days to the Mountains. –
– I shall keep a short journal of each day’s progress for my Sister Augusta.

Sept. 17th. – –
Rose at 5. – left Diodati about seven – in one of the country carriages – (a Charabanc)\textsuperscript{130} {our servants on horseback} weather very fine – the Lake calm and clear – Mont Blanc – and the Aiguille of Argentière both very distinct – the borders of the Lake beautiful – reached Lausanne before Sunset – stopped & slept at Ouchy. – H. went to dine with a M. Ockeden\textsuperscript{131} – I remained at our Caravansera (though invited to the house of H’s friend – too lazy or tired – or something else to go) and wrote a letter to Augusta\textsuperscript{132} – – –

1:2
Went to bed at nine – sheets damp – swore and stripped them off & flung them – Heaven knows where – wrapt myself up in the blankets – and slept like a Child of a month’s existence till 5 o Clock of Sept. 18th.

Called by Berger (my Courier who acts as Valet for a day or two – the learned Fletcher being left in charge of Chattels at Diodati) got up – H. walked on before – a mile from Lausanne – the road overflowed by the lake – got on horseback & rode – till within a mile of Veyvay – the Colt young but went very well – overtook H. & resumed the carriage which is an open one –

\textsuperscript{130}: A charabanc was a light carriage with forward-facing seats, suitable for hilly terrain.
\textsuperscript{131}: Parry Ockenden was an Englishman resident in Lausanne. Otherwise unidentified.
\textsuperscript{132}: BLJ V 94-6.
stopped at Vevey two hours (the second time I have visited it) walked to the Church – view (from the Churchyard) superb – within it General Ludlow (the Regicide’s) monument – black marble long inscription – Latin – but simple – particularly the latter part – in which his wife (Margaret de Thomas) records her long – her tried – and unshaken affection – he was an Exile two and thirty years – one of the King’s (Charles’s) Judges – a fine fellow. – I remember reading his memoirs in January 1815 (at Halnaby –) the first part of them very amusing – the latter less so; – I little thought at the time of their perusal by me

of <the soul> seeing his tomb – near him Broughton (who read [King] Charles’s sentence to <his> Charles [Stuart] – is buried with a queer and rather canting – but [still] a Republican epitaph – – – Ludlow’s house shown – it retains still his inscription “Omne Solum forte patria” –
Walked down to the Lake side – servants – Carriage – saddle horses – all set off and left us plantes la, by some mistake – and we walked on after them towards Clarens – H. ran on before and overtook them at last – arrived the second time (1st time was by water) at Clarens beautiful Clarens! – went to Chillon through Scenery worthy of I know not whom – went over the Castle of Chillon again – on our return met an [English] party in a carriage – a lady in it

2) fast asleep! – fast asleep in the most anti-narcotic spot in the world – excellent – I remember at Chamouni – in the very eyes of Mont Blanc – hearing another woman – English also – exclaim to her party – “did you ever see any thing more rural” – as if it was Highgate or Hampstead – or Brompton – or Hayes. – “Rural” quotha! – Rocks – pines – torrent – Glaciers – Clouds – and Summits of eternal snow far above them – and “Rural!” I did not know the thus exclaiming fair one – but she was a – very good kind of a woman. – – –

After a slight & short dinner – we visited the Chateau de Clarens – an English woman has rented it recently – (it was not let when I saw it first) the roses are gone with their Summer – the family out – but the servants desired us to walk over the interior – saw on the table of the saloon – Blair’s sermons – and somebody else’s (I forgot who’s –) sermons – and a set of noisy children, – saw all worth seeing – and then descended to the “Bosquet de Julie” – &. c – &. c – our Guide full of Rousseau – whom he is eternally confounding with St. Preux – and mixing the man and the book – on the steps of a cottage in the village – I saw a young paysanne – <pretty> beautiful as Julie herself – – went again as far as Chillon to revisit the little torrent from the hill behind it – Sunset – reflected in the lake – have to get up at 5

133: The first time was with Shelley between June 22nd and 27th.
134: St Martin’s church, Vevey.
135: Edmund Ludlow, republican and regicide (c.1617-1692) removed to Switzerland in 1660 and died at Vevey, having made an unsuccessful attempt to return to England in 1688.
136: Ludlow’s inscription is at LJ III 350-1n; see also Detached Thought 84.
137: Ludlow’s wife was called Elizabeth, as the inscription states.
138: Andrew Broughton pronounced sentence on Charles I at his trial in 1649, and, with the regicides Ludlow, William Cawley, John Lisle and his fellow Clerk John Phelps, fled to Switzerland at the Restoration. When H. was ennobled he chose the title Baron Broughton de Gyfford.
139: “To the brave man every soil is a native land because it is his father’s.” B. remembers this line at Detached Thought 84 (BLJ IX 41).
140: B. had visited Chillon Castle with Shelley on their tour of the lake the previous June, and had written PoC almost at once. Evidently he and H. did not discuss Shelley much.
141: H. mentions her too.
142: Her name is Lady Mary Ross.
143: For the eighteenth-century Scots divine Hugh Blair, see Don Juan, II, 165, 6.
144: “Julie’s arbour,” in which the heroine of Rousseau’s novel La Nouvelle Héloïse (1761) surprises St. Preux with his first intoxicating kiss: see La Nouvelle Héloïse, Part I Chapter XIV.
tomorrow to cross the mountain’s on horseback – carriage {to be} sent round – lodged at my old Cottage – hospitable & comfortable – tired with a longish ride – on the Colt – and the subsequent jolting of the Charaban – and my scramble in the hot sun – shall go to bed – thinking of you dearest Augusta.] – – –

Mem. – The Corporal who showed the wonders of Chillon was as drunk as Blucher – and (to my mind) as great a man. – He was deaf also – and thinking every one else so – roared out the legends of the Castle so fearfully that H. got out of humour – however we saw all things from the Gallows to the Dungeon (the Potence & the Cachots) and returned to Clarens with more freedom than belonged to

2:4

the 15th. Century. – – – 147

At Clarens – the only book (except the Bible) a translation of “Cecilia” (Miss Burney’s Cecilia) and the owner of the Cottage had also called her dog (a fat Pug ten years old – and hideous as Tip) after Cecilia’s (or rather Delville’s) dog – Fidde. –

Sept’. 19th.

Rose at 5 – ordered the carriage round. –

Crossed the mountains to Montbovon on horseback – and on Mules – and by dint of scrambling on foot also, the whole route beautiful as a Dream and {now} to me almost as indistinct, – I am so tired – for though healthy I have not the strength I possessed but a few years ago. –

3) At Mont Davant we breakfasted afterwards on a steep ascent – dismounted – tumbled down & cut a finger open – the baggage also got loose and fell down a ravine till stopped by a large tree – swore – recovered baggage – horse tired & dropping – mounted Mule – at the approach of the summit of Dent Jamant – dismounted again with H & all the party. – Arrived at a lake in the very nipple of the bosom of the Mountain. – left our quadrupeds with a Shepherd – <&> & ascended further – came to some snow in patches – upon which my forehead’s perspiration fell like rain making the same dints as {in} a sieve 151

3:2

the chill of the wind & the snow turned me giddy – but I scrambled on & upwards – H. went to the highest pinnacle – I did not – but paused within a few yards (at {an} opening of the Cliff) – in coming down the Guide tumbled three times – I fell a laughing & tumbled too – the descent luckily soft though steep & slippery – H. also fell – but nobody hurt. The whole of the Mountain superb – A Shepherd on a very steep & high cliff playing upon his pipe – very different from Arcadia – (where I saw the pastors with a long Musquet instead of a Crook – and pistols in

3:3

their Girdles) – our Swiss Shepherd’s pipe was sweet – & his time agreeable – saw a cow strayed – {am} told that they often break their necks on & over the crags, – descended to Montbovon – pretty –

146: Marshal Blücher, the Prussian general who helped Wellington win Waterloo. A comic figure to B.
147: LJ ends the September 19th entry here.
148: Fanny Burney’s novel Cecilia (1782).
149: Tip was Augusta’s dog.
150: The favourite spaniel of Mortimer Delvile [sic] in Cecilia is called Fidel.
151: The crippled B. must have found even moderate mountaineering difficult.
152: See Manfred, I ii 48-56:

The natural music of the mountain reed –
For here the patriarchal days are not
A pastoral fable – pipes in the liberal air,
Mixed with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd;
My Soul would drink those echoes. Oh, that I were
The viewless Spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony,
A bodiless enjoyment, born and dying
With the blest tone which made me!

153: The real, not the mythical, Arcadia, where B. and H. had been in 1809.
scraggy village with a wild river – and a wooden bridge – H. went to fish – caught one. 154 – our carriage not come – our horses mules &. knocked up – ourselves fatigued – but so much the better – I shall sleep –

The view from the highest point of today’s journey comprized on one side the greatest part of Lake Leman – on the other – the valleys & mountains of the Canton Fribourg – and an immense plain with the Lakes of Neufchatel & Morat – and

3:4

all which the borders of these and of the Lake of Geneva inherit 155 – we had both sides of the Jura – before us {in one point of view, with Alps} in plenty. –

In passing a ravine – the Guide recommended strenuously a quickening of pace – as the Stones fall with great rapidity & occasional damage – the advice is excellent – but like most good advice impracticable – the road being so rough in this precise point – that neither mules nor mankind – nor horses – can make any violent progress. – Passed without any fractures or menace thereof. – – – – –

The music of the Cows’ bells (for their wealth like the Patriarchs <are> {is} cattle) in the pastures (which reach to a height far above any mountains in Britain –) and the Shepherds’ shouting to us from crag to crag {& playing on their reeds} where the steeps appeared

4) almost inaccessible, – {with the surrounding scenery} – realized all that I have ever heard or imagined of a pastoral existence – much more so than Greece or Asia Minor – for there we are a little too much of the sabre & musquet order – and if there is a Crook in one hand you are sure to see a gun in the other – but this was pure and unmixed – solitary – savage and patriarchal 156 – the effect I cannot describe – – as we went they played the “Ranz des Vaches” 157 and other {airs by way of} farewell.<to our departure>. –

I have lately repopled my mind with Nature. 158

Sept'. 20th.

Up at 6 – off at 8. – the whole of this days journey at an average of between

4:2

from two thousand seven hundred – to three thousand feet above the level of the Sea – this valley the longest – narrowest – & considered one of the finest of the Alps – little traversed by travellers – saw the Bridge of La Roche <in> the bed of the river very low & deep between immense rocks & rapid as anger – a man & mule said to have tumbled over without damage – (the mule was lucky at any rate, – unless I knew the man I should be loth to pronounce him fortunate) – the people looked free & happy and rich (which last implies neither of the former) the cows superb – a Bull nearly leapt into the Charaban – “agreeable companion in a postchaise” 159 – Goats & Sheep very

4:3

thriving – <the> {a} mountain with enormous Glaciers to the right – the Kletszerberg – further on – the <Schtockhorn> {Hockthorn} – nice names – so soft – {the Schtockhorn} 160 very lofty & craggy – patched with snow only – no Glaciers on it – but some good epaulettes of clouds. – –

Past the boundaries – out of Vaud – & into Bern Canton – French exchanged for a bad German – the district famous for Cheese – liberty – property – & no taxes. – H. went to fish – caught none – strolled to river – saw a boy a kid – kid followed him like a dog – kid could not get over a <hedge> {fence} & bleated piteously – tried myself to help kid – but nearly overset both self & kid into the river. – Arrived

154: This is the only time when H.’s fishing serves them for food. For B.’s ungrateful riposte, see Don Juan, XIII, stanza 106n.
155: For this use of “inherit”, see The Tempest, IV i 154.
156: Compare Manfred I ii 49-50, quoted above.
157: A “calling together the cows,” as H. translates it. The Ranze des Vaches was a song of intense patriotic nostalgia. See Wordsworth’s sonnet On Hearing the “Ranz des Vaches” on the top of the Pass of St. Gothard. For a description, see Diary of Lady Frances Shelley, I 257.
158: Perhaps a covert reference to the writing of Manfred.
159: Quotation unidentified.
160: BLJ has “I believe”.
here about six in the evening – nine o’clock – going to bed – H. in next room – knocked his head against the door – and exclaimed of course against doors –

4:4

not tired today – but hope to sleep nevertheless – women gabbling below –
read a French translation of Schiller –
Good Night – Dearest Augusta. – – – –

Sept. 21st.

Off early – the valley of Simmenthal as before – entrance to the plain of Thoun very narrow – high rocks – wooded to the top – river – new mountains – with fine Glaciers – Lake of Thoun – extensive plain with a girdle of Alps – walked down to the Chateau de Schadau – view along the lake – crossed the river in a boat rowed by women – women went right for the first time in my recollection. – Thoun a pretty town – the whole day’s journey Alpine & <proud> {proud}. – – –

5)

Sept. 22nd.

Left Thoun in a boat which carried us the length of the lake in three hours – the lake small – but the banks fine – rocks down to the water’s edge. – Landed at Neuhouse – passed Interlachen – entered upon a range of scenes beyond all description – or previous conception. –
Passed a rock – inscription – 2 brothers – one murdered the other – just the place fit for it. After a variety of windings came to an enormous rock – Girl with fruit – very pretty – blue eyes – good teeth – very fair – long but good features – reminded me of F. 162

5:2

bought some of her pears – and patted her upon the cheek, – the expression of her face very mild – but good – and not at all coquettish. – – –
Arrived at the foot of the Mountain (the Yung=frau – i.e. the Maiden) Glaciers – torrents – one of them torrents nine hundred feet in height of visible descent – lodge at the Curate’s – set out to see the Valley – heard an Avalanche fall – like thunder – saw Glacier – enormous – Storm came on – thunder – lightning – hail – all in perfection – and beautiful – I was on horseback – Guide wanted to carry my cane – {I was} going to give it him when I recollected [that] it was a Swordstick – and I thought that the lightning might be attracted towards him – – kept it myself albeit – a good deal encumbered with it & my cloak – as it was too heavy for a whip – and the horse was stupid – & stood still every other peal. – Got in – not very wet – the Cloak being staunch – H. wet through – H. took refuge in cottage – sent man – umbrella – & cloak – (from the Curate’s when I arrived –) after him. – Swiss Curate’s house – very good indeed – – much better than most English Vicarages –

5:4

it is immediately opposite the torrent I spoke of – the torrent is in shape curving over the rock – like the tail of a white horse streaming in the wind – such as it might be conceived would be that of the “pale horse” on which Death is mounted in the Apocalypse. 163 – It is neither mist nor water but a something between both – it’s immense height (nine hundred feet) gives it a wave – a curve – a spreading here – a condensation there – wonderful – & indescribable. –
I think upon the whole – {that} this day has been better than any of this present excursion. 164

161: The Lord of Rotenfluh killed his brother and then fled, ostracised like Cain. His alienation and guilt may have suggested to B. the figure of Manfred.
162: Frances Wedderburn Webster.
164: The entry suggests that the spectacular Staubbach waterfall may have formed B’s imagined setting for Manfred’s dialogue with the Witch of the Alps in Act I Scene ii. See also BLJ VII 113 (letter to Mu., June 7th 1820).
Before ascending the mountain – went to the torrent (7 in the morning) again – the Sun upon it forming a rainbow of the lower part of all colours, but principally purple and gold – the bow moving as you move – I never saw anything like this – it is only in the Sunshine.

Ascended the Wengren Mountain. – at noon reached a valley near the summit – left the horses – took off my coat & went to the summit – 7000 feet (English feet) above the level of the sea – and about 5000 above the valley we left in the morning – on one side our view comprized the Jungfrau with all her glaciers – then the Dent d’Argent – shining like truth – then the little Giant (the Kleiner Eiger) & the great Giant (the Grosser Eiger) and last not least – the Wetterhorn.

the height of the Jungfrau is 13000 feet above the sea – and 11000 above the valley – she is the highest of this range, – heard the Avalanches falling every five minutes nearly – as if God was pelting the Devil down from Heaven with snow balls; – from where we stood on the Wengren Alp – we had all these in view on one side, – on the other the clouds formed up [rose] from the [opposite] valley curling up perpendicular precipices – like the foam of the Ocean of Hell [during a Springtide] – it was white & sulphury – and immeasurably deep in appearance – the side we ascended was (of course) not of so precipitous a nature – but on arriving at the summit we looked down [the other side] upon a boiling sea of cloud – dashing against the <rocks> crags on which <she> [we] stood [(these crags on one side quite perpendicular)]; – staid a quarter of an hour – began to descend – quite clear [from cloud] on that side of the mountain – in passing the masses of snow – I made a snowball & pelted H. with it –

got down to our horses again – eat something – remounted – heard the Avalanches still – came to a morass – H. dismounted – H. got well over – I tried to pass my horse over – the [horse] sunk up the chin – & of course he & I were in the mud <to> together – bemired all over – but not hurt – laughed & rode on. —— Arrived at the Grindenwald – dined – mounted again & rode to the higher Glacier – twilight – but distinct – very fine Glacier – like a frozen hurricane – Starlight – beautiful – but a devil of a path – never mind – got safe in – a little lightning – but the whole of the day <so> [as] fine in point of weather – as the day <before> on which Paradise was made. – Passed <woods/>whole woods of withered pines – all withered – trunks stripped & barkless – branches lifeless – done by a single winter – <reminded> their appearance reminded me of me & my family. –

Set out at seven – up at five – passed the black Glacier – the Mountain Wetterhorn on the right – crossed the Scheideck mountain – came to the Rose Glacier – said to be the largest & finest in Switzerland. – I think the Bossons Glacier at Chamouni – as fine – H. does not – – came to the Reichenback waterfall – two hundred feet [high] – halted <for> {to rest the} horses – <up> {arrived in the valley of Oberhasli} – rain came on – drenched <to the> a little – only 4 hours rain however in 8 days – came to Lake of Brienz – then to town of Brietz – changed – H. hurt his head against door. – In the evening four Swiss Peasant Girls of Oberhasli came & sang the airs of their country – two of the voices beautiful – the tunes also – they sing too that Tyrolese air & song which you love – Augusta – because I love it – & I love because you love it – they are still singing – Dearest – you do not know how I should have liked this – were you with me – the airs are so wild & original & at the same time of great sweetness.

The singing is over – but below stairs I hear the notes of a Fiddle which bode no good to my nights’ rest. – The Lard help us! – I shall go down & see the dancing.
Sept. 25th.
The whole town of Brientz were apparently gathered together in the rooms below – pretty music – & excellent Waltzing – none but peasants – the dancing much better than in England – the English can’t Waltz – never could – nor ever will. –  
One man with his pipe in his mouth – but danced as well as the others – some other dances in pairs – and in fours –  

7:2
and very good. – – I went to bed but the revelry continued below late & early. – Brientz but a village. –  
– Rose early. – Embarked on the Lake of Brientz. – Roved by <the> women in a long boat – one very young & very pretty – seated myself by her – & began to row also – presently we put to shore & another woman jumped in – it seems it is the custom here for the boats to be manned by women – for of five men & three women in our bark – all the women took an our – and but one man. – – – – – – – – –  
Got to Interlachen in three hours –  

7:3
pretty Lake – not so large as that of Thoun. – Dined at Interlachen – Girl gave me some flowers – & made me a speech in German – of which I know nothing – I do not know whether the speech was pretty but as the woman was – I <suppose> {hope} so. – Saw another – very pretty too – and tall which I prefer – I hate short women – for more reasons than one.169 – Reembarked on the Lake of Thoun – fell asleep part of the way – sent our horses round – found people on the shore blowing up a rock with  

7:4
gunpowder – they blew it up near our boat – only telling us a minute before – mere stupidity – but they might have broke our noodles. – Got to Thoun in the Evening – the weather has been tolerable the whole day – but as the wild part of our tour is finished, it don’t matter to us – in all the desirable part – we have been most lucky in warmth & clearness of Atmosphere – for which “Praise we the Lord.” – –  

8)  
Sept’. 26th.
Being out of the mountains my journal must be as flat as my journey. – –  
From Thoun to Bern good road – hedges – villages – industry – prosperity – and all sorts of tokens of insipid civilization. – – From Bern to Fribourg. – Different Canton – Catholics – passed a field of Battle – Swiss beat the French – in one of the late wars against the French Republic. – Bought a dog – a very ugly dog – but “tres mechant”, this was his great recommendation in the owner’s eyes & mine – for I mean {him} to watch the carriage – he hath no tail – & is called “Mutz” – which signifies “Short=tail” – he is apparently of the Shepherd dog genus! – –  
The greater part of this tour [Ms. torn: “has been on horseback –”]  

8:2
on foot – and on mule; – the Filly (which <was> {is} one of two young horses I bought of the Baron de Vincy) carried me very well – she is young and as quiet as anything of her sex can be – very goodtempered – and perpetually neighing – when she wants any thing – which is every five minutes – I have called her Biche – because her manners are not unlike a little dog’s – but she is a very tame – pretty childish quadruped. –  

Sept’. 28th. [for 27th.]
Saw the tree planted in honour of the battle of Morat170 – 340 years old – a good deal decayed. – Left Fribourg – <th <<xxxxxxx xxxx>> not the> {but first saw the Cathedral – high tower –} overtook the baggage of the Nuns of La Trappe [Ms. torn: “who are removing to’"] Normandy from their late  

169: Annabella was short. B. expects Augusta to find this reference to her sister-in-law amusing.
170: The battle of Morat (1476) where the Swiss beat the Burgundians: see CHP III stanzas 63-4.
abode in the Canton of Fribourg – afterwards a coach with a quantity of Nuns in it – Nuns old – –
proceeded along the banks of the Lake of Neufchatel – very pleasing & soft – but not so mountainous
– at least the Jura not appearing so – after the Bernese Alps – reached Yverdun in the dusk –
– a long line of large trees on the border of the lake – fine & sombre – the Auberge nearly full – with a
German Princess & suite – got rooms – we hope to reach Diodati the day after tomorrow – and I wish
for a letter from you my own dearest Sis. – May your sleep be soft and your dreams of me. – I am
going to bed – good night. –

Sept. 29th. [for 28th.]
Passed through a fine & flourishing country – but not mountainous – in the evening reached Aubonne
{(the entrance & bridge something like that of Durham)} which commands by far the fairest view of
the Lake of Geneva – twilight – the Moon on the

Lake – a grove on the height – and of very noble trees. – Here Tavernier (the Eastern traveller) bought (or built) the Chateau because the site resembled and equalled that of Erivan (a frontier city of Persia) here he finished his voyages – and I this little excursion – for I am within a few hours of Diodati – & have little more to see – & no more to say. –

————— [in different ink] and of Mr Murrays Extracts

In the weather for this tour (of 13 days) I have been very fortunate – fortunate in a companion (Mr. H.)
fortunate in our prospects – and exempt from even the little petty accidents & delays which often
render journeys in a less wild country – disappointing. – I was disposed to be pleased – I am a lover of
Nature – and an Admirer of Beauty – I can bear fatigue – & welcome privation – and have seen some
of the noblest views in the world. – But in all this – the recollections of bitterness – & more especially
of recent & more home desolation – which must accompany me

9) through life – have preyed upon me here – and neither the music of the Shepherd – the crashing of the
Avalanche – [nor] the torrent – the mountain – the Forest – nor the Cloud – have for
one moment offered lightened the weight upon my heart – nor enabled me to separate lose my
own wretched identity in the majesty – & the power and the Glory – around – above – & beneath me. –
I am past reproaches – and there is a time for all things – I am past the wish of vengeance – and I know
of none like for what I have suffered – but the hour will come – when what I feel must be felt – & the but enough. – –

To you – dearest Augusta – (I send) – and for you – I have kept this record of what I have seen & felt.
– Love me as you are beloved by me. – – –

Percy Bysshe Shelley to Byron, from Bath, September 29th 1816:
(Source: text from 1922 II 17-20; Jones I 506-8)

Bath, September 29, 1816.

My dear Lord Byron

You have heard from Kinnaird the arrangement which has been made about “Childe Harold.”
You are to receive 2,000 guineas. There was no objection made on Murray’s, though there was a
trifling mistake arising from his believing that he could get it for 1,200, which was no sooner made
than obviated. I hope soon to inform you that I received the first proof. I saw Kinnaird, and had a
long conversation with him. He informed me that Lady Byron was now in perfect health – that she

171: The traveller Jean-Baptiste Tavernier (1605-1689). The information is from Ebel: “Le fameux voyageur
Tavernier acheta la baronie d’Aubonne en 1669, à son retour d’Asie, où il avait amassé de grandes richesses; il y
fit bâtir un château, n’ayant guère vu, suivant son jugement, de situation aussi délicieuse que celle-là, à laquelle il
ne voyait de comparable que celle des environs d’Erivan en Perse” (p. 164).
172: Yerevan, now capital of Armenia.
was living with your sister. I felt great pleasure from this intelligence. I consider the latter part of it as affording a decisive contradiction to the only important calumny that ever was advanced against you. On this ground at least it will become the world hereafter to be silent. Kinnaird spoke of some reports which he says Caroline Lamb industriously propagates against you. I cannot look on these calumnies in the serious light which others do. They appear to be innocent from their very extravagance, if they were not still more so from their silliness. They are the sparks of a straw fire, that vanish when their fuel fails. You are destined, believe me, to assume a rank in the estimation of mankind where such puerile hostilities cannot reach. There wants nothing but that you should clearly feel, and not disdain to pursue this destination, to deliver you at once from all these inquietudes which the opinion of the fickle multitude delights to inflict upon too sensitive minds.

You are now in Italy – you have, perhaps, forgotten all that my unwelcome anxiety reminds you of. You contemplate objects that elevate, inspire, tranquillise. You communicate the feelings, which arise out of that contemplation, to mankind; perhaps to the men of distant ages. Is there nothing in the hope of being the parent of greatness, and of goodness, which is destined, perhaps, to expand indefinitely? Is there nothing in making yourself a fountain from which the thoughts of other men shall draw strength and beauty, to excite the ambition of a mind that can despise all other ambition? You have already given evidence of very uncommon powers. Having produced thus much, with effort, as you are aware, very disproportionate to the result; what are you not further capable of effecting? What would the human race have been if Homer, or Shakespeare, had never written? or if any false modesty, or mistake of their own powers, had withheld them from consummating those unequalled achievements of mind by which we are so deeply benefitted? I do not compare you with these. I do not know how great an intellectual compass you are destined to fill. I only know that your powers are astonishingly great, and that they ought to be exerted to their full extent.

It is not that I should counsel you to aspire to fame. The motive to your labours ought to be more pure, and simple. You ought to desire no more than to express your own thoughts; to address yourself to the sympathy of those who might think with you. Fame will follow those whom it is unworthy to lead. I would not that you should immediately apply yourself to the composition of an Epic Poem, or to whatever other work you should collect all your being to consummate. I would not that the natural train of your progress should be interrupted; or any step of it anticipated. I delight in much of what you have already done. I hope for much more, in the same careless spirit of ardent sentiment. I hope for no more than that you should, from some moment when the clearness of your own mind makes evident to you the “truth of things,” feel that you are chosen out from all other men to some greater enterprise of thought; and that all your studies should, from that moment, tend towards that enterprise alone: that your affections, that all worldly hopes this world may have left you, should link themselves to this design. What it should be, I am not qualified to say. In a more presumptuous mood, I recommended the Revolution of France as a theme involving pictures of all that is qualified to interest and to instruct mankind. But it is inconsistent with the spirit in which you ought to devote yourself to so great a destiny that you should make use of any understanding but your own – much less mine.

Shall we see you in the spring? How do your affairs go on? May I hear from you respecting these? Though anxious to know how your estates go on, I have not called on Hanson, overcome by my fear of the awkwardness of such a visit. We are now all at Bath, well and content. Clare is writing to you at this instant. Mary is reading over the fire; our cat and kitten are sleeping under the sofa; and little Willy just gone to sleep. We are looking out for a house in some lone place; and one chief pleasure which we shall expect then, will be a visit from you. You will destroy all our rural arrangements if you fail in this promise. You will do more. You will strike a link out of the chain of life which, esteeming you, and cherishing your society as we do, we cannot easily spare. Adieu.

Your sincere friend,

P.B. Shelley.

Byron to William Fletcher, from Thoun, September 17th 1816:

(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4179; BLJ V 105, imperfect text)

Thoun. <16th.> 17th.

173: That B. and Augusta had committed incest.
174: About the incest, and about B.’s homosexuality.
175: B. and H. are still in Switzerland. On this date they return to Geneva from their Alpine tour.
176: B. never returns such compliments as these.
177: It’s clear that Sh. Does want B. to write an epic, as Foscolo will.
178: B. will say that he intends Don Juan to die guillotined in the French Revolution.
I forgot to tell you to desire Springhetti (the Italian whose horses are engaged by us to Italy) on his arrival – to wait for my return. – –
Do not forget to have the Caléche repaired; – and also the shoes. – Enquire for letters at the post. – –
Keep a look out on the things – lock up the shoe-trunk – and recollect that there are in the bureau – twenty five double Napoleons. –
Make the Governor or one of the men sleep in the house during my absence – and let Stevens be in the upper room while you are in mine. –

&c. &c.

Byron

P.S. – I expect to return in about a week.

Claire Clairmont to Byron, from Bath, September 29th 1816:
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4177B; Stocking 76-8)

My dearest Albé!

I do wonder where you are perhaps in Italy & notwithstanding all your faithful promises you have not written <a> me a single line. So instead of £1000 you have two 179 which quite delights me who like you to have money. Shelley has been with us for nearly a week; he says he does not think Kinnaird a man of understanding, quite a man of the world & agrees with me about the “crossness of his look” besides which I think him ugly too. He told Shelley Lady Byron usually called your wife was in good health & on a visit to Mrs Leigh. 180 So much for the gossiping of Copet & its stock of old novel writing ladies who pretend to faint when a handsome poet makes his appearance. 181 & think they can’t employ their time better than in linking people eternally together as it would seem for the mere purpose of unhappiness. I would have them all set to reap the corn which could not fail to cure them of meddling in other people’s affairs. The French Revolutionists were about to make an excellent law “the extinction of all women after the age of forty.” I am sure I am very sorry they did not succeed – there would be an end of these old <Baldames> Beldams.

1:2

Notwithstanding every effort we cannot get Glenarvon; this city contains numerous excellent Libraries; we have applied at all without success but it is everywhere out of reach with every body. Godwin says he likes your Monody which is everywhere & with everybody. Good Heavens! with such a reputation how happy ought you not to be. My dearest Albe might be the most contented of creatures if other’s would let him alone. You should have a nice house to live in; my nice little girl (I hope it will be a girl) to educate & <all> the friends you love best to visit you & we should have nice Poems written <to> by you & copied by little me to improve this vile <wol> world which always reviles in proportion to its envy. If I could only think this would be the case but I see very well what will happen to you.

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179: Murray offered £1,000 for CHP III, but Kinnaird insisted on £2,000.
180: C.C. later claimed that B. had told the Diodati company of his liaison with Augusta, saying that she had borne him two children.
181: It was a novelist called Mrs Hervey who had fainted at Coppet when B. entered the room.
How I wish you would write to me soon, if it were only a little letter dearest? I should then know you were at least in tolerable health which I entreat you to mention & above all to take care of. I love you more & more every day & for this reason: because when I am so far from you I never see proud looks or hear the cross unkind things you used to say to me, and which used when my feelings were overflowing with affection to “come me cranking in” as Hotspur says like a bridle to a generous horse. Don’t look cross at this letter because perhaps by the same post you expected one from Mrs Leigh & have not got it. That is not my fault dearest. I am not the postman. We have got the pretty purple poems of Albe’s the portrait dear has made you look so proud it almost frightens one even to peep. We use it to frighten little Will when he is naughty, telling him “the great Poet is coming.” Mary has been musing how to send her message. She says “my love is too familiar & so it is changed to “remembrances & she shall always be happy to see you & if you will come you shall have “petits poix” for dinner”. You see she don’t promise the other “Chose” you are so fond of. I am sure I should be very sorry if she did. She says too that if she were ever so much determined not to like you she could not help so doing & so I like her.

There have been very horrid things discovered in London. The whole system of the Bow Street officers has come to light & there are many going to be hung. It has for many years been their custom to join the thieves in robbing, often enticing & planning themselves & when the offence is committing to take them up by shewing a warrant already prepared. Three officers have been just executed for plotting together & then going to a Street in Cheapside where poor Irishmen out of employ usually stand to be hired; engaging three to execute as they called it day labour taking them to a room already hired & setting them almost without their own knowledge to coin saying the “Solicitor of the Bank was very difficult.” The officers then would out went to another ignorant of the affair, got a warrant took up the three Irishmen in the very act; they were tried & condemned but are now pardoned, have turned Evidences & the officers are hung. The poor Irishmen could not speak one word of English besides being ignorant & just wild from their own Country. Thus hundreds it seems have been hung almost innocent by these wretches whose language it is horrid to read. “This will be a good job if we can commit them; £40 a head.”

so on. I suppose my poor Albé is tired of this long letter but I could talk to you for Ever. Take {care} of your health you dearest love & write me a consoling kind letter for I am sometimes very melancholy. Direct to me under Cover to Shelley Longdill’s & Butterfield’s Solicitors, 5. Grays Inn Square London. I hope every thing goes on as you wish & I have nothing more to say but that I love you as much as I can love a person & I hope you are not angry with me for any thing. My health is quite as good as can be expected but I feel dull & heavy. We have all r[Ms. tear: “ead”] Milman’s Fazio which we like much better [Ms. tear: “than”] Bertram. Pray, pray write it will be very good of you. Pray do dearest. Kinnaird says you told him I was an Atheist & a Murderer. You see the stupidity of people so be chary of my name. A fine Character I shall have between you all, when I’m nothing more than an innocent quiet little woman very fond of Albé.

My dearest Albé’s
Affectionate Clare.

Byron to John Murray, from Diodati, September 29th 1816:
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4160B; LJ III 365-6; BLJ V 105-6)

182: Henry IV I, III i 98.
183: C.C. implies past physical intimacy between B. and Mary Godwin. Nora Crook writes, “I don’t think it implies sexual intimacy, past or future. It does suggest that Byron has been trying to pique Claire with jealousy; he could, for instance, have boasted to Claire “Your sister fancies me, you know; all women fancy me. I bet she’s ready to offer me her belle chose. Just try her!” Claire replies teasing him back: “Not a chance — — she won’t even send “love” because that sounds too intimate — only “remembrances”. All she is promising you is civilities and green peas if you come to dinner —sex is not on offer. [It is not Mary’s “chose” that Byron is fond of in particular, but “chose” in general, as in Chaucer. And Claire is reminding him that she is always ready to supply that.] Just as well — I would be jealous if she did ‘cos you’re mine, mine, all mine and I am not sharing you with her. But cheer up — she does admit that she couldn’t help liking you even if she tried. That doesn’t make me jealous of her — it only endears her to me” [i.e. if she didn’t like you I would like her less.]
184: C.C. refers to the tragedies Fazio by Henry Hart Milman and Bertram by Charles Maturin, both premiered in 1816. H. had written the prologue to the second.
Byron does not mention *Manfred*.

My Dear Sir –

I am very much flattered by Mr. Gifford’s good opinion of the M.S.S. – & shall be still more so if it answers your expectations – & justifies his kindness. – I liked it myself – – but that must go for nothing – the feelings with which much of it was written need not be envied me. – With regard to the price – I fixed none but left it to Mr. Kinnaird – & Mr. Shelley & yourself to arrange – of course they would do their best – and as to

1:2

yourself – I know you would make no difficulties. – But I agree with Mr. K. perfectly that the concluding five hundred should be only conditional – and for my own sake I wish it to be added only in case of your selling a certain number – that number to be fixed by yourself – I hope this is fair – in every thing of this kind – there must be risk – and till that be past in one way or the other – I would not willingly add to it – particularly in times like the present – and pray always recollect that nothing could mortify me more – no failure on my own part – than having made you lose by any purchase from me. –

The Monody was written by request of Mr. K. for the theatre – I did as well as I could – but where I have not my choice – I pretend to answer for nothing. – Mr. H. & myself are just returned from a journey of lakes & mountains – we have been to the Grindenwald – & the Jungfrau – & stood on the summit of the Wengeren Alp – and seen torrents of nine hundred feet in fall – & Glaciers of all dimensions – we have heard Shepherds’ pipes – and Avalanches – looked on the Clouds foaming up from the valleys below us – like the spray of the ocean of hell. – Chamouni and that which it inherits – we saw a month ago – but (though Mr. Blanc is higher) it is not equal in wildness to the Jungfrau – the Eigars – the Shreckhorn – & the Rose Glacier. – We set off for Italy next week – the road is within this month infested with Bandits – but we must take our chance & such precautions as are requisite. –

1:4

evry yr. very truly

Byron

P.S.
My best remembrances to Mr. G. – pray say all that can be said from me to him. –

2:1 [a scrap, 11 x 18.2cm.]

I am sorry that Mr. M. did not like Phillips picture – I thought it was reckoned a good one – if he had made the speech on the original – perhaps he would have been more readily forgiven by the proprietor & the painter of the portrait. – Do not forget to consult Mr. Leigh on the lines to her – they must not be published without her full consent & approbation. –

[2:2 blank.]

**Byron to Douglas Kinnaird, from Diodati, September 29th 1816:**

(Source: text from Morgan Library MA 0062, 286952, Item 47b; BLJ V 106-7)

Transcription by Paul Curtis, modified

My Dear Kinnaird. –

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185: All these details are in the first act of *Manfred*, which B. has yet to mention to anyone.
186: Shakespeare, *The Tempest*, IV i.
I have written to Mr. Murray to say that I agree with you that {the concluding} £500 should only be paid in case of the sale of a certain number – that number to be fixed\(^{187}\) by Murray himself – I hope this is fair – I would not on any account have him a loser – nor hard driven in a bargain on my account. -- -- -- -- --

I do not feel pressed – having funds sufficient for a good half year or perhaps a year in circular notes – and therefore will not accept your kind offer nor anticipate Murray’s bills – but when they are cashed I will draw for them as it may happen – let them lie at your house (Morlands) & when they are money place them to my account – only letting me know the dates & the amount. – You had better address to me still at Geneva – for the present – when you write – & my bankers (Messrs Hentsch) will forward the letters wherever I may happen to be. -- -- -- -- --

H & myself are just returned from our excursion over the mountains. -- -- --

He is well & desires all remembrances – I shall be very glad to hear of your success in all matters – dramatic & c. & c. and I hope to be one of the “numerous crowded – brilliant – overflowing – & enraptured audiences – who applaud Miss Keppel.”\(^{188}\) We hear <you> {Exmouth} hath beaten the Algerines\(^{189}\) – but why do I ask this? – I hope you will do the same by Arnold. – Pray continue to like Shelley – he is a very good – very clever – but a very singular man – he was a great comfort to me here by his intelligence & good nature. -- <two words crossed out> every y”. most truly

Byron

[1:4 blank.]

**Byron to Douglas Kinnaird, from Diodati, September 29th 1816:**
(Source: not found in NLS Acc.12604 / 4135A; BLJ II 106-7)

Diodati. Sept’. 29th, 1816

My Dear Kinnaird. – I have written to Mr. Murray to say that I agree with you that the concluding £500 should only be paid in case of the sale of a certain number to be fixed by Murray himself – I hope this is fair – I would not on any account have him a loser – nor hard driven in a bargain on my account. -- -- I do not feel pressed – having funds sufficient for a good half year or perhaps a year in circular notes – and therefore will not accept your kind offer nor anticipate Murray’s bills – but when they are cashed I will draw for them as it may happen – let them lie at your house (Morlands) & when they are money place them to my account – only letting me know the dates & the amount. – You had better address to me still at Geneva – for the present – when you write – & my bankers (Messrs Hentsch) will forward the letters wherever I may happen to be. -- -- H & myself are just returned from our excursion over the mountains -- -- He is well & desires all remembrances – I shall be very glad to hear of your success in all matters – dramatic – & c. & c. and I hope to be one of the “numerous crowded – brilliant – overflowing – & enraptured audiences – who applaud Miss Keppel.” We hear Exmouth hath beaten the Algerines – but why do I ask this? – I hope you will do the same by Arnold. – Pray continue to like Shelley – he is a very good – very clever – but a very singular man – he was a great comfort to me here by his intelligence & good nature.

ever y”. most truly

BYRON

**Byron to John Murray, from Diodati, September 30th 1816:**
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4160B; LJ III 367-9; BLJ II 107-9)

Diodati. Sept’. 30th, 1816. –

My dear Sir –

I answered your obliging letters yesterday. Today the Monody arrived – with it’s title page – which is I presume a separate publication. – “The request of a Friend” –

\(^{187}\) BLJ has “a certain number – to be fixed”.

\(^{188}\) Maria Keppel was Kinnaird’s mistress, a singer.

\(^{189}\) Sir Edward Pellew, 1st Baronet and 1st Viscount Exmouth (1757-1833), an admiral who won distinction in the war against the French, bombarded Algiers in 1816 on the refusal of the Bey to abolish Christian slavery.
“Obliged by Hunger and request of friends”
I will request you to expunge that same – unless you please to add “by a person of quality – or of wit and honour about town” – merely say – written to be spoken at D.L. – Tomorrow I dine at Coppet – – – Saturday I strike tents for Italy – this evening on the lake in my boat with M’. Hobhouse – the

1:2

pole which <crosses> [sustains] the mainsail skipped in tacking & struck me so violently on one of my legs (the worst luckily) as to make me do a foolish thing – viz. to faint – a downright swoon – the thing must have jarred some nerve or other – for the bone is not injured – & hardly painful (it is six hours <ago> {since}) and cost M’. H some apprehension and much sprinkling of water to recover me; – the sensation was a very odd one – I never had but two such before – one from a <blow> {cut} on the head {from a stone} several years ago – and once (long ago also) in [falling into] a great wreath of snow – – a sort of gray giddiness first – {then nothingness} – and a total loss of memory on beginning to recover – the last part is not disagreeable – if one did not find it again. – – – – –

1:3

You want the original M.S.S – M’. Davies has the first fair copy in my own hand – & I have the rough <dr> composition here – and will send or save it for you since you wish it.190 – – – –

With regard to your new literary project – if anything falls in the way which will – to the best of my judgement – suit you – I will send you what I can. – At present I must lay by a little – having pretty well exhausted myself in what I have sent you. – Italy or Dalmatia & another summer may or may not set me off again – I have no plans – & am nearly as indifferent what <t> may come – as where I go. I shall take Felicia Hemans’ “restoration &.” with me – it is a good poem – very. – – – –

Pray repeat my best thanks & remembrances to M’. Gifford for all his trouble & good nature towards me.

1:4

Do not fancy me laid up from the beginning of this <epi> scrawl – I tell you the accident for want of better to say, – but it is over – and I am only wondering what the deuce was the matter with me – – I have lately been all over the Bernese Alps – & their lakes – I think many of the scenes – (some of which were not usually frequented by the English –) finer than Chamouni – which I visited some time before. – – – I have been to Clarens again – & crossed the mountains behind it – of this tour I kept a short journal for M’. Leigh which I sent yesterday in three letters – <but> it is not at all for perusal – <&> but if you like to hear about the <picturesque> {romantic} part – she will I dare say show you what touches upon the <places> rocks &. – but it has not – nor can have anything to do with publication – – – –

2:1 [a scrap, 8.5 x 21cm.]

“Christabel” – I won’t have you sneer at Christabel – it is a fine wild poem. – M’. H tells me you employed the power of Attorney to some purpose against Cawthorn; – he deserved no better – & had fair notice – I regret having made anyone suffer – but it was his own choice. Keep a watch over him still. – – – – – –

M’ de Stuel wishes to see the Antiquary & I am going to take it to her tomorrow; – she has made Coppet <f> as agreeable as society and talent can make any place on earth

yrs. ever [swirl signature]

[2:2 blank.]

Byron to Augusta Leigh, from Diodati, October 1st 1816:
(Source: text from Ralph Earl of Lovelace, Astarte, Christopher’s 1921, pp.273-4; QI 357-8; BLJ V 109-10)

Diodati. October 1st 1816.

My dearest Augusta, –

Two days ago I sent you in three letter-covers a journal of a mountain-excursion lately made by me & Mr H. in the Bernese Alps. I kept it on purpose for you thinking it might amuse you. Since my

190: B. does not say that Mary Godwin and Claire Clairmont have both made copies of CHP III.
return here I have heard by an indirect Channel that Lady B. is better, or well. It is also said that she has some intention of passing the winter on the Continent. Upon this subject I want a word or two, and as you are—I understand—on terms of acquaintance with her again you will be the properest channel of communication from me to her. It regards my child. It is far from my intention now or at any future period (without misconduct on her part which I should be grieved to anticipate), to attempt to withdraw my child from its mother. I think it would be harsh; & Though it is a very deep privation to me to be withdrawn from the contemplation and company of my little girl, still I would not purchase even this so very dearly; but I must strongly protest against my daughter’s leaving England, to be taken over the Continent at so early a time of life & subjected to many unavoidable risks of health & comfort; more especially in so unsettled a state as we know the greater part of Europe to be in at this moment. I do not choose that my girl should be educated like Lord Yarmouth’s son (or run the chance of it which a war would produce), and I make it my personal & particular request to Lady Byron that—in the event of her quitting England—the child should be left in the care of proper persons. I have no objection to its remaining with Lady Noel & Sir Ralph, (who would naturally be fond of it), but my distress of mind would be very much augmented if my daughter quit England without my consent or approbation. I beg that you will lose no time in making this known to Lady B. and I hope you will say something to enforce my request. I have no wish to trouble her more than can be helped. My whole hope—and prospect of a quiet evening (if I reach it), are wrapt up in that little creature—Ada—and you must forgive my anxiety in all which regards her even to minuteness. My journal will have told you all my recent wanderings. I am very well though I had a little accident yesterday. Being in my boat in the evening the pole of the mainsail slipped in veering round, & struck me on a nerve of one of my legs so violently as to make me faint away. M' H' cold water brought me to myself, but there was no damage done—no bone hurt and I have now no pain whatever. Some nerve or tendon was jarred—for a moment & that was all. To-day I dine at Coppet; the Jerseys are I believe to be there. Believe me ever & truly my own dearest Sis. most affectionately and entirely yours

Byron to John Murray, from Diodati, October 5th 1816 (i):
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4160B; LJ III 369-71; BLJ II 110-11)

Dear Sir –

I have received a letter from M's. L. in which she tells me that she has decided on the omission of the lines entitled “an Epistle &.” -- -- Upon this point—her option will be followed. -- You will of course remember that these lines are the only ones in the volume which I will allow to be omitted -- & that the “Monody on S.” is to be included in the publication -- & united with the rest. -- As I have no copy of the “epistle to M”. L. -- I request

that you will preserve one for me in M.S. -- for I never can remember a line of that nor any other composition of mine. -- I am a good deal surprized that M'. Davies has not arrived -- he has several small commissions -- amongst other the original (fair copy) M.S. of the volume you have received. The rough <draft> original -- I have sent this evening to my Banker’s (M'. Hentsch of Geneva) who will forward it by M'. S'. Aubyn to England -- it is in a box containing letters &c. and addressed to M's. Leigh at her house in the country -- -- The parcel containing the Morat Bones is addressed to you -- take care them for me. -- Recollect -- do not omit a line of the M.S. sent you except “the epistle”. -- -- It is too late for me to start at Shadows. -- --

If you like to have the original -- M's. L. will I dare say send them to you -- they are all in the box. -- --

Tomorrow I am for Italy -- Milan first -- address to Geneva -- I do not want to see proofs -- if M'. G. will have the goodness to look over them -- I have written to you

twice -- y's. in haste

191: B.'s fair copy of CHP III was discovered in a Barclay's Bank vault in 1976.
P.S. – {Remember me particularly to M'. Gifford & M'. Moore – if you see the latter. –}
I have been twice at Coppet this week – Madame is very well & particularly agreeable – her
daughter (the Duchess) is with child. – – There were the Duchess of Ragusa & a Prince of – I forget
the name – but it was of fifty consonants – German of course – there – both very worthy & pleasing
personages. – I have read the last E. R. they are very severe on the Germans – and their Idol Goethe – I
have also read Wedderburne Webster – and Ilderim – and the Pamphleteer.192 – – –

Byron to John Murray, from Diodati, October 5th 1816 (ii):
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4160B; LJ III 371-72; BLJ V 111-12)

Diodati Oct’. 5th. 1816
Save me a copy of “Bucks Richard 3rd.” republished by Longman – but do not send out more books – I
have too many. – – –
The “Monody” is in too many paragraphs – which makes it unintelligible to me – if anyone else
understands it in the present form they are wiser – however – as it cannot be rectified till my return &
has been already published – even publish it on in the collection – it will fill up the place of the omitted
epistle. – – –

1:2
Strike out “by request of a friend” – which is sad trash & must have been done to make it ridiculous. –
– – –
Be careful in {the} printing the <lines> {Stanzas} beginning –
“Though the day of my destiny’s &c.”
which I think well of as a composition. – – – –
“The Antiquary” is not the best of the three – but much above all the last twenty years – saving it’s
elder brothers. –

1:3
Holcroft’s memoirs are valuable as showing strength of endurance in the man – which is worth {more
than} all the talent in the world. – And so you have been publishing “Margaret of Anjou” – and an
Assyrian tale – and refusing W.W.’s Waterloo – – and the “Hue & Cry” – I know not which most to
admire your rejections or acceptances. – –
I believe that prose is – after all – the most reputable – for certes – if <I> one could foresee – but I
wont go on – that is

1:4
with this sentence – – but poetry is – I fear <an> incurable – God help me – if I proceed in this
scribbling – I shall have frittered away my mind <not> before I am thirty, – but it is at times a real
relief to me. – – –
For the present – Good Evening. –

In September Byron and Hobhouse go on an Alpine tour, then, on October 5th, they cross the
Alps and enter Italy. Claire’s next letter arrives too late.

After September 1816: Poems 1816 published (Stanzas to Augusta, When We Two Parted,
Napoleon’s Farewell, From the French, On the Star of the Legion of Honour).

Claire Clairmont to Byron, from Bath, October 6th 1816:
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4177B; Stocking I 83-4)

[Right Honble. / Lord Byron / Mons Hentsch Banquier / Geneve / En Suisse]

192: An essay by Polidori, called On the Punishment of Death, appears early in 1816 in Number VIII of The
Pamphleteer. The periodical also contains the first half of a monograph by Thomas Taylor, called A Dissertation
on the Eleusinian and Bacchic Mysteries. This contains the germ for the demonology of Manfred.
oh noble, mighty, grand young Gentleman! Wonder of the Age! Can you tell where that comes from. So is the heroic Glenarvon addressed! Well I have read it all through. You wicked creature to go about seducing & stabbing & rebelling, and then to make even the very chickens of Belfont run after you. I really am ashamed to hold communion with you. Some of the speeches <I> are your’s I am sure they are: the very impertinent way of looking in a person’s face who loves you & telling them you are very tired & wish they’d go. But why so gentle a creature as you are should be transformed to such a fierce mysterious monster as Glenarvon is quite inconceivable. Now don’t laugh at being called gentle. Many people of violent passions are notwithstanding gentle & calm countenances and smooth behaviours not infrequently cover hearts hard as iron.

Gentle Albé then now be in a good humour & don’t be cross <for> for I am going to grumble all through this letter. I’ll take it very kind of you if you’ll read it <call throw> entirely. My dearest Albé we have been gone from Geneva these six weeks & not one word of news have we of you. You might be ill or you might be dead & I who love you as <well> much if not more than any body living am as ignorant & neglected by you as if I had never heard your name. You treat me dear as if love & affection were as easy to be had as pebbles; for you, one species I own is; every body thinks you handsome & no woman would be so foolish or so stingy to herself to refuse you any thing but would they love you as I do through fire & water, & scoldings & being sent away & absence and contempt, indeed I may say through every suffering & wretchedness. And does <cit> the recollection of such affection give you no pleasure. If any person, ugly mean or contemptible were to love me as I do you, though I could not return it yet how pleased should I be to shew them kindness & satisfaction. The greatest misery of this world is to live unloved.

I see you have quite forgot me; some snowy glacier, fine waterfalls or perhaps some dark eyed Italian have <gr> sent me out of your head. 193 Perhaps dearest you say. “I hate writing, & she is a little trifling soul who does not love one thing two moments together.” Remember dearest, if I would, if I tried ever so, I could not forget you; apprehensions & fears recall you the cause of them ten thousand times a day; it is impossible I can prevent myself from thinking; I can not but see that if you have but little care to prevent any of my sufferings the chance is very small in favour of the affection you may shew the poor little Child. This above all makes me the most miserable of human Beings: I could take [care] of my Child myself & would, but the idea of those poor little helpless things wanting the cares of a father & being deserted & becoming unhappy, perhaps

1:2

you handsome & no woman would be so foolish or so stingy to herself to refuse you any thing but would they love you as I do through fire & water, & scoldings & being sent away & absence and contempt, indeed I may say through every suffering & wretchedness. And does <cit> the recollection of such affection give you no pleasure. If any person, ugly mean or contemptible were to love me as I do you, though I could not return it yet how pleased should I be to shew them kindness & satisfaction. The greatest misery of this world is to live unloved.

I see you have quite forgot me; some snowy glacier, fine waterfalls or perhaps some dark eyed Italian have <gr> sent me out of your head. 193 Perhaps dearest you say. “I hate writing, & she is a little trifling soul who does not love one thing two moments together.” Remember dearest, if I would, if I tried ever so, I could not forget you; apprehensions & fears recall you the cause of them ten thousand times a day; it is impossible I can prevent myself from thinking; I can not but see that if you have but little care to prevent any of my sufferings the chance is very small in favour of the affection you may shew the poor little Child. This above all makes me the most miserable of human Beings: I could take [care] of my Child myself & would, but the idea of those poor little helpless things wanting the cares of a father & being deserted & becoming unhappy, perhaps

1:3

as myself make me cry from hour to hour. <No> I am a coward & afraid of Death yet how often do I wish some quiet gentle illness would kill me when I should no longer be perpetually lamenting the past & struggling with dread of the future. My darling Albé I know what you will say. “There now I told you it would be so. I advised you not. I did everything I could to hinder you & now you complain of me.” I don’t complain of you dearest nor would not if you were twice as unkind. Sometimes I do feel a little angry that you should make me so very wretched for want of sacrificing a little time to tell me how you are & that you care a little for me but I soon blame myself & sometimes love you indeed so very much as to think every thing you do quite right & to <accuse> call my sorrow selfishness in not being contented with your following all your own ways. Indeed my dearest dear Albé if you will write me a little letter to say how you are, how all you love are, & above all if you will say you think sometimes of me without anger & then you will love, & take care of the Child I will be as happy as possible. But if you do not dear indeed I shall cry myself ill for every day do I hope to hear of you & then when I don’t all the same old thoughts come over <me> again till I could die of despair. My love is quite a gentle one but if you are afraid of me who would rather die than do you the least harm, the moment I’ve read your letter I will either enclose it back to your dear self again or give it into Shelley’s keeping till your return. Perhaps after all you may have been ill or perhaps worse teizid with bad news. If you have pray don’t think ill of me for teizing you too. I love you my dearest friend & you shall do

193: On October 6th B. is in fact travelling to Italy through Switzerland, between Meillerie and St. Maurice.
1:4 [below address:] even if it makes me miserable just as you like. It is a long while I have thought in this way & have twenty times resolved to write & tell you all in my mind but did not dare for fear of looking ridiculous or troublesome to you. Now I have frankly told you all & I am sure you are too good and too gentle to find laughter in my sorrows which are natural since no person can help loving. Write to me then my dearest Albé. & I shall love you I shall then think of you as one would of the person who had just saved one's life. I shall put the dear letter under my pillow kiss it first & then go to sleep without first remembering all my discomforts. I shall be quite happy. Tell me every thing about yourself. You cannot tell dearest, you cannot think how much I would suffer to look at you only one moment or just [above address:] to hear your dear soft voice. We all love and admire you here & every day we wish all good. Think of me dearest. I hope there may some day be occasion for me to prove my love & I shall not shrink. Heaven bless you dearest most dear & make you love Clare