BYRON’S CORRESPONDENCE AND JOURNALS 10: 
FROM VENICE, JANUARY 1818-JUNE 1819
Edited by Peter Cochran

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

UPDATED June 2012. My thanks to Paul Curtis for his contribution.

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

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sheet 1 side 1:</th>
<th>Sheet 1 side 2:</th>
<th>Sheet 1 side 3:</th>
<th>Sheet 1 side 4:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Address and Date</td>
<td>TEXT</td>
<td>Signature [sometimes]</td>
<td>Text continued from side 3, above address</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salutation</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Text continued below address</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AD</td>
<td></td>
<td>Signature [sometimes]</td>
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<tr>
<td>DR</td>
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<td>ES</td>
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<td>S [written at right angles]</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

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
{Interlined word or phrase}
Hyphens: where Byron has split a word over two sides, and used a double hyphen, the effect has been retained. 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
- Douglas Kinnaird (1788-1830), Byron’s Cambridge friend, now his banker and London agent
- Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire (17??-18??), successor to her lover Georgiana
- Fanny Silvestrini (17??-18??), companion and servant to Teresa Guccioli; mistress of Lega Zambelli, Byron’s steward
- Monsieur Galignani (17??-18??), famous Parisian English-language publisher
- Isabelle Hoppner (17??-18??), Swiss wife to the English Consul at Venice
- John Cam Hobhouse (1786-1869), Byron’s close friend and travelling companion
- John Hanson (17??-1841), Byron’s solicitor and surrogate father
- John Murray II (1778-1843), Byron’s publisher, 1812-23
- John Wilson Croker (1780-1857), Admiralty official who advised and reviewed for Murray
- Lady Caroline Lamb (1785-1828), briefly Byron’s lover
- Matthew Gregory Lewis (1775-1818), author of The Monk and The Castle Spectre
- Richard Belgrave Hopchner (17??-18??), English Consul at Venice; friend of Byron; godson of William Gifford
- Samuel Rogers (1763-1855), English poet, friend of Byron
- Scoope Berdmore Davies (1782-1852), close Cambridge friend of Byron
- Teresa Guiccioli (1798-1873), Byron’s great Italian love; married to Count Alessandro Guiccioli
- Thomas Love Peacock (1785-1866), satirist, friend of Shelley; author of Nightmare Abbey
- Thomas Moore (1779-1852), Irish poet, close friend of Byron
- William Gifford (1756-1826), Murray’s principal literary adviser; Byron’s “literary father”
- William Stewart Rose (1775-1843), friend of Byron; Italian specialist, translator of Ariosto

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THE CORRESPONDENCE

1818: Beppo is published anonymously on February 28th, and Childe Harold IV (with Byron’s name), on April 28th. Byron’s liaison with Marianna Segati ends, and he embarks upon a period of total debauchery, encouraged by the Venetian way of life. He leases the Palazzo Mocenigo on the Grand Canal. In June he wins a swimming race the length of the Grand Canal. Margarita Cogni becomes his mistress and housekeeper, cutting the household expenses by half. He writes Mazeppa, and begins Don Juan I, which he finishes on September 19th. He writes his Memoirs. On November 11th, John Hanson arrives in Venice with the papers for the sale of Newstead. Byron hears that Robert Southey, whom he despises already on political grounds, has been spreading rumours about his sex-life in Switzerland, and he composes the Dedication to Don Juan I, attacking Southey. He starts Don Juan II.

Byron to John Murray, from Venice, January 8th 1818:
(Source: not at B.L.Ashley 2777; text from Lord Byron to John Murray, Scolar Press / John Murray 1974; LJ IV 191-3, though “Stanzas 12, 13 14 cannot be published”; BLJ VI 3-6)

Venice, January 8th, 1818

My dear Mr. Murray,

You’re in a damned hurry,
To <print> set up this ultimate Canto;¹
But (if they don’t rob us)
You’ll see Mr. Hobhouse
Will bring it safe in his portmanteau. –

²
For the Journal you hint of,
As ready to print off,
No doubt you do right to commend it;
But as yet I have writ off
The devil a bit of
Our “Beppo,” when copied – I’ll send it.³ –

¹: B. refers to CHP IV, the manuscript of which H. was bringing from Venice to London.
²: Mu’s letter has not been found; he was thinking of founding a new journal called The Edinburgh Monthly Magazine.
³: Beppo was still being revised at this date. Mu. published three editions before it was finished.
3.
In the mean time you’ve “Gally”\(^4\)
Whose verses all tally,
Perhaps you may say he’s a Ninny,
But if you abashed are
Because of “Alashtar,”
He’ll piddle another “Phrosine”.\(^5\)

4.
Then you’ve Sotheby’s tour,\(^6\)
No great things, to be sure –
You could hardly begin with a less work;
For the pompous rascal,
Who don’t speak Italian
Nor French, must have scribbled by guess-work.

5.
No doubt he’s a rare man
Without knowing German
Translating his way up Parnassus,
And still now absurder
He meditates Murder
As you’ll see in the trash he calls Tasso’s.\(^7\)

6.
But you’ve others his betters
The real men of letters
Your Orators, critics, and wits,
And I’ll bet that your Journal
(Pray, is it diurnal?)
Will pay with your luckiest hits, –

7.
You can make any loss up
With “Spence” and his Gossip,\(^8\)
A work which must surely succeed;
Then Queen Mary’s Epistle=craft,\(^9\)
With the new “Fytte” of “Whistlecraft”;\(^10\)
Must make people purchase and read. –

8.
Then you’ve General Gordon,\(^11\)
Who “girded his sword on”
To serve with a Muscovite Master
And help him to polish
A <people> Nation so owlish,
They thought shaving their beards a disaster.

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4: Henry Gally Knight (again).
5: Knight’s two oriental poems of 1817.
6: William Sotheby, *Farewell to Italy, and occasional poems* (John Murray, 1818.)
7: Sotheby’s Tasso unidentified.
8: Joseph Spence, *Anecdotes, observations and characters of books and men* (1820), not published by Mu..
9: George Chalmers, *Life of Mary Queen of Scots; drawn from the State Papers* (John Murray 1818).
11: General Thomas Gordon (1788-1841), fought in Greece with Richard Church in 1821 and published a *History of the Greek Revolution* in 1832. He had met Ali Pasha in 1810.
9.
For the man, “poor and shrewd”, X
With whom you’d conclude
A Compact without more delay,
Perhaps some such pen is

X Vide your letter**

1:4

Still extant in Venice;
But *pray* {please} Sir to mention your pay? –

10.
Now tell me some news
Of your friends and the Muse
Of the Bar, – or the Gown, – or the House,
From Canning the tall wit**
To Wilmot the small wit**
Ward’s creeping Companion and *Louse*, —

11.
*He’s* {Who’s} so damnably bit
With fashion and Wit
That <still as> {he crawls on} the surface like Vermin,
But an Insect in both, –
By his Intellect’s growth
Of what *size* you may quickly determine.

12.
Now, I’ll put out my taper
(I’ve finished my paper
For these stanzas you see on the *brink* stand)

2:1

There’s a whore on my right,
For I rhyme best at night
When a C—t is tied close to my *Inkstand*

13.
It was Mahomet’s notion
That comical motion
Increased his “devotion in prayer” — *sideways:* See his life in Gibbon’s
If that tent holds good
In a Prophet, it should
In a poet be equally fair. –

14.
For, in rhyme or in love
(Which both come from above)
I’ll *stand* <at you> with our “Tommy” or “Sammy”
But *the Soph> the Sopha and lady
Are both of them ready

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**12:** There are no letters from Mu. to B. between Sep. 9th 1817 and June 16th 1818. Thus this joke is lost.

**13:** George Canning (1770-1827), future Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister, had written for the *Anti-Jacobin*.

**14:** Sir Robert Wilmot (subsequently Wilmot Horton: 1784 -1841), a cousin of Annabella’s. At BLJ XI 169 B. refers to him as “that wretched Coxcomb Wilmot”; with Colonel Doyle, he was a burner of B.’s Memoirs in 1824.

**15:** John William Ward (1781-1833), later Earl of Dudley and Ward; friend of B.’s.

**16:** Mahomet’s notion: “Mahoment” bisyllabic. The Qu’ran encourages sex, but does not say that it improves one’s capacity to pray.

**17:** “The voluntary penance of the ascetics, the torment and glory of their lives, was odious to a prophet who censured in his companions a rash vow of abstaining from flesh, and women, and sleep; and firmly declared, that he would suffer no monks in his religion” – Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, Chapter 50.
And so, here’s “Good <Night! And God dammee> {Nigh t to you
dammee!” }

“Moore” and “Rogers”

Claire Clairmont to Byron, from Great Marlow, January 12th 1818:
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4177B; Stocking I 109-111)

Great Marlow
Jany 12th. 1818

My dearest friend

This is my little darling’s first Birthday\(^{18}\) so I think I cannot do better than to write you a letter. How much do I wish you could see her: she is just now so very interesting. I do not say that she is a pretty child though she certainly is very far from ugly but she has good points about her face – pretty eyes of a deep dazzling blue more like the colour of the waters of the lake of Geneva under a summer sky than any thing else I ever saw, rosy projecting lips & a little square chin divided in the middle exactly like your own. In the little bit of silver paper you will find a lock of her pretty hair – you will see the colour but you cannot see the curls on her head which makes the back of it look quite divine. Her nose is bad; her cheeks also & her figure very much that of a boy’s. She can neither speak nor walk but whenever she dislikes any thing she calls out upon Papa. The violence of her disposition is discouraging but yet it is so mixed up with affection & vivacity \(^{18}\) I sarcastly know whether to laugh or to cry. My dear friend how I envy you. You will have a little darling to crawl to your knees & pull you till you take her up – then she will sit on the crook of your arm & you will give her raisins out of your own plate & a little drop of wine from your own glass & she will think herself a little Queen in Creation. When she shall be older she will run about your house like a lapwing,\(^{19}\) if you are miserable her light careless voice will make you happy. But there is one delight above all this: if it shall please you, you may delight yourself in contemplating a creature growing under your own hands as it were. You may look at her and think “this is my work.” I have observed one thing in you which I like; it is this. Let a person depend on you, let them be utterly weak and defenceless, having no protector but yourself

1:2

and you infallibly grow fond of that person. How kind & gentle you are to Children! How good-tempered & considerate towards your Servants; how accommodating even to your dogs! And all this because you are sole master & lord; because there is no disputing your power you become merciful & just: but let any one more on a par with your \{self\} enter the room you begin to suspect & be cautious & are consequently very often cruel. I hope therefore that I shall at last be happy enough to see you fond of the darling. What a beautiful sight it is to see a child leaning against a parent & turning up their wondering eyes in astonishment at the extraordinary thing he is saying.

Perhaps you have been astonished that you have not seen your little girl arrive before now. But the difficulties of such a plan are innumerable. How careless \{were\} you to every feeling when you proposed to send her in the care of a nurse. Do you think I would trust her with such a person. She is all my treasure – the little creature occupies all my thoughts, all my time & my feelings – when I hold her in my arms I think to myself – there is nothing else in the world that is of you or belongs to you – you are utterly a stranger to every one else: without this little being you would hold no relations with any single human being\(\langle\rangle\). You might as well have asked a miser to trust his gold for a sea voyage in a leaky vessel\(\langle\rangle\). Besides various and ceaseless misgivings that I entertain of you. Suppose that in yielding her to your care I yield her to neglect & coldness? How am I assured that such will not be the case? True it is as I have before written that I have observed that generosity in your disposition towards defenceless creatures but at the same time on so important a point I feel tremors of doubt & uncertainty. I so fear she will be unhappy, I am so anxious to be cautious to do nothing hastily – & to consider & examine all things. Poor little angel! in your great house, left perhaps to servants while you are drowning sense & feeling in wine &

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\(^{18}\): Allegra was born at Bath on January 12th 1817.

\(^{19}\): Shakespeare: *Much Ado About Nothing*. 
striving all you can to ruin the natural goodness of your nature who will there be to watch her. She is peculiarly delicate – her indigestions are frequent & dangerous if neglected – a moment might take from me

2:1

all I hold dear – a moment might create for me memories long & dread too terrible even in this instant’s conception. Do not think me selfish – whatever I may be to others with her I cannot be so. My affections are few & therefore strong – the extreme solitude in which I live has concentrated them to one point and that point is my lovely child. I study her pleasure all day long – she is so fond of me that I hold her in my arms till I am nearly falling on purpose to delight her. We sleep together and if you knew the extreme happiness I feel when she nestles closer to me, when in listening to our regular breathing together, I could tear my flesh in twenty thousand different directions to ensure her good and when I fear for her residing with you it is not the dread I have to commence the long series of painful anxiety I know I shall have to endure it is lest I should behold her sickly & wasted with improper management lest I should live to hear that you neglected her. My dearest friend if all this while your feelings are good & gentle then have I done you an irreparable wrong in this suspecting you.

2:2

& most sincerely am I grieved for I well remember my own silent though bitter burnings when you would often half in jest accuse me of thought & actions which I detested. I cannot pardon those who attribute to me rude & indelicate feelings; or who believe because I have unloosed myself from the trammels of custom & opinion that I do not possess within a severer monitor than either of these; who do not behold in the height & loftiness of my hope the security & pledge of my purity & innocence. I have loved it is true but what then? Have you suffered through me or my love? Find me the person who will say that with me. Find me another human being who has borne unkindness & injustice with the patience & gentleness I have? I have a child and shew me a better a more attentive fond mother. When affection & tenderness, when sacrifice & generosity shall be demonstrated as odious then may I be classed among selfish & detestable beings but not before.

This long tirade as you will call it has been drawn from me long by my hearing

2:3

repeated some expressions of your’s concerning me which mark an utter want of discrimination in you if you really thought as you spoke which I do not believe. Though I have thus praised myself I am not vain in that: how should I be otherwise living in the company I do. Indeed I ought to be better. Alone I study Plutarch’s lives wherein I find nothing but excitements to virtue & abstinence: with Mary & Shelley the scene changes but from the contemplation of the virtues of the dead to those of the living. I have no Hobhouse by my side to dispirit me with an easy & impudent declaration of “the villany of all mankind” which I can construe into nothing but an attempt to cover his conscious unworthiness. I must be the veriest wretch if I were wicked placed in such a situation as I am. I have Faults. I am timid from vanity; my temper is inconstant & volage, I want dignity I do not like our Mary sail my steady course like a ship under a gentle & favorable wind. But at thirty I shall be better and every year I hope to gain in value.

What news shall I tell you? Mary has just published her first work a novel called Frankenstein or, the Modern Prometheus.20 It is a most wonderful performance full of genius & the fiction is of so continued and extraordinary a kind as no one would imagine could have been written by so young a person. I am delighted & whatever private feelings of envy I may have at not being able to do so well myself yet all yields when I consider that she is a woman & will prove in time an ornament to us & an argument in our favour. How I delight in a lovely woman of strong & cultivated intellect. How I delight to hear all the intricacies of mind & argument hanging on her lips! If she were my mortal enemy, if she had even injured my darling I would serve her with fidelity and fervently advocate her as doing good to the whole. When I read of Epicharis the slave in Tacitus21 & of Hypatia of Alexandria in Gibbon,22 I shriek with joy & cry Vittoria! Vittoria! I cannot bear that women should be outdone in virtue & knowledge by [men]. [the remainder of the letter is missing.]

20: Frankenstein was published late in December 1817.
21: For Epicharis, tortured for plotting against Nero, see Tacitus, Annals, 15, 51 and 57.
22: For the murder of the pagan scholar Hypatia, see Gibbon, Decline and Fall, Chapter 47.
Byron to Douglas Kinnaird, from Venice, January 13th 1818:
(Source: text from B.L.Add.Mss.42093 ff.58-60; 1922 II 64-5; BLJ VI 6-7)

Venice January 13th. 1818. –
Dear Douglas – I have received both your letters, Hobhouse set off last Thursday for England. – As my
potestas of attorney you are entitled and authorized – & further hereby desired to interfere in the disposal of
the purchase money for Newstead, – – of course the debts must be liquidated – – the Jew annuities first –
(saving the Massingberd ones which may wait till the last as the others are more pressing) Hanson’s bill
must come in with the rest, & if the whole surplus of money (after the settlement is fulfilled) – is not
sufficient to settle the claims – I must devote a portion of the income till they are so – & what <quantity>
{annual sum}, I have no objection to leave to the discretion of my trustees & Creditors. – As you have been
so lucky with Newstead (which appears to have been very fairly sold) I wish you would try at Rochdale too
– I should be then quite clear – & have some little to boot – which (as it is not settled) I could employ in the
purchase of an annuity for my life & for my sister’s – supposing we could get the Manor & minerals
tolerably sold. – – –

1:2

I am as you may suppose very well pleased so far with regard to Newstead, it was & will be a great relief to
me – at least I hope so. – – –
I hope it will <not> not be necessary for me to come to England to sign papers &e. – but if it is – I must –
but not before Autumn – I would rather have a Clerk sent out. I don’t want to go England any more. – – –
About Siri & Willhalm – your people had first given me credit for a thousand <more> £ – that was some
hundreds more than was advanced in cash before you came out in August – and since have sent me a clear
account in a letter to me but as they have not written to Siri &c. my credit there falls {rather} short of the
balance due (after all drafts up to this day) according to the letter of Messrs Morlands – so I have sent their
epistle to Siri’s to warrant my drawing as far it goes – I wish you to apply to Hanson for any balance from
Newstead at Michaelmas – & also for {Sir R} Noel’s money now due – and Murray can or may advance a
few hundreds of the

1:3

copy of the coming canto, (as though I have <near ac> nine hundred pounds in circular notes Morland &
Hammersley included – I don’t like to use them here – because if I travel – or have occasion to go home I
wish to reserve them for my journey and expenses elsewhere – having no letters of Credit but for Venice –
– only these {reserved} circulars) I would not break in upon my purchase money principal on any account –
besides which it will not be forthcoming till April – and the papers must be signed &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.
& so forth. –

When you write don’t write such damned scraps of letters, I owe you a grudge for the last (which was four
lines) and you know how spiteful I am – <I’ll> I’ll work you you dog you. – – – – –
Shelley (from Marlow) has written to me about my daughter (the <last> {last} bastard one) who it seems is
a great beauty – & wants to know what he is to do about sending her – I think she had better remain till
Spring – but will you think of some

1:4

plan for remitting her here – or placing her in England – I shall acknowledge & breed her myself – giving
her the name of Biron (to distinguish her from little Legitimacy) – and mean to christen her Allegra – which
is a Venetian name. – I hope Scrope is well and prepared to row H[obhouse]. who has been a long time in
setting off – I have transported my horses to the Lido – so that I get a gallop of some miles along the
Adriatic beach daily – H[obhouse]’s notes are rather lengthy – and you are so damned sincere you will be
telling him so – now don’t – at least till I come – I have extended the Canto to 184 Stanzas. –
ever y[scrawl]

P.S.
My respects to M". K.
Whatever sum or sums however swall may be advanced in {future} you had better send the credit to Siri’s
direct (or in circulars to me which perhaps may be best) as I don’t like discussions & explanations with
those kind of persons. –
Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Venice, January 23rd 1818:
(Source: text from B.L.Add.Mss.42093 ff.60-3; 1922 II 66-7; BLJ VI 8-9 both omit Italian insert)
[To, John C. Hobhouse Esqre / To, the Care of J / 50. Albemarle Street / London / Angleterre / Inghilterra]


My dear H. – / You should have looked in Bianchoni’s prose – not his verse – for the Ariosto thunder & lightning. – I have made a Clerk copy out the extract – because I hate the bore of writing – & because what I write is scarcely legible. – Here it is annexed & enclosed “communibus sheetibus”. – I ran to our Peterkin & quoted your epistle – “I roared like thunder, he ran like lightning” you know the rest. – I also went to M[adam] Albrizzi – where there was Rizzo & Francesconi – & a lot of the learned (besides the prettiest girl I ever saw half Greek half French a foreigner from Padua for the Carnival)

1:2

all of whom swore that Petrotini was a liar – & that there was no such thunder. – – Petrotini heard of this – & brought me the printed book Chapter & verse – next day – from which I send the extract – & the honourable company with Rizzo at their head have since owned that “aveva ragione quel diavolo”. – So put your trust in liars for the future – for Petrotini has proved that his falsehoods are well founded. – I write a few words (<that> {like} that most [scrawl]

P.S. –

I miss you damnably – there is no bad fun at the Ridotto &c. this Carnival – I have lately (as a resource to supply your loss) taken again to the Natives – M[rs.] Hoppner has made a Son. –

[on separate sheet: passage in scribal Italian, prefaced by, in B.’s hand (transcription and translation by Valeria Vallucci):]


Ma finiscasi ormai la mia leggenda, perché quest’argomento è stato già trattato da altri, ed’ assai meglio – Conchiuderò col narrarvi quello, che a me fù raccontato gl’anni passati a Ferrara, giacchè parmi qui, che cada assai naturalmente in acconcio – Ogni volta, che io passo per quella bella Città vado sicuramente a visitare il sepolcro di Lodovico Ariosto – in S. Benedetto, e bacio ben di Cuore quel marmo, che chiude le onorate ceneri de’ Poeti Italiani. Sopra il monumento v’è coronato d’alloro il busto di marmo, che al vivo rappresenta la maestosa ed’ onorata faccia – Del cantor di Ruggiero, e Bradamante.
Mi raccontarono que’ Monaci, ch’essendo caduto un fulmine nella loro Chiesa schiantò esso datte [sic] tempie la corona di lauro a quell’immortale Poeta.
Non so se a questo proposito gli aru<cx>spici d’Etruria mi avrebbero dette tante belle cose, quante me ne disse quel buono, e consciencioso Monaco, che mi conduceva. Voi che non siete ne’ aruspice, ne monaco, mi avreste detto, che il fenomeno era naturalissimo. In fatti, chi può mai credere, che altro che il più fortuito caso tolga la Corona di lauro a quel capo, che merita al pari d’Omero, e di Virgilio andarne adorno per tutta la immensa serie dei Secoli avvenire? vale –

23: “That devil had been right”.

Roma, li 22. Giugno 1768 –

Translation (by Valeria Valluci):


Now shall my legend end, for this subject has been already dealt with by others and much better – I'll conclude by telling you what I was told during my years in Ferrara, since it seems to me to fit naturally here – Each time I pass through that fair city I make a point of visiting Ludovico Ariosto’s sepulchre in St. Benedict, and with great pleasure kiss the marble that covers the honoured ashes of the Italian Poets. Above the monument sits the marble bust, crowned with laurel, that vividly represents the majestic and honorable face

Of the bard of Ruggiero and Bradamante.
The Monks told me that a bolt of lightning, striking into their Church, wiped the crown of laurel from the head of that Immortal Poet. I do not know if in this case Etruria’s haruspices would have said as many nice things as the good and scrupulous Monk, the one who was guiding me, told me. You, who are neither haruspex nor Monk, would have explained it as a purely natural phenomenon. In fact, who could ever believe that anything other than the most fortuitous chance would remove the laurel crown from that head which deserves, as much as Homer and Virgil, to be adorned with it for countless coming centuries? Vale.

[On cover, addressed in care of John Murray:]

M’. Murray – I sent you in 3 packets a copy of — the other day – have you got them? there was a letter besides.

Byron to John Murray, from Venice, January 27th 1818:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.43489; LJ IV 194-5; QII 420; BLJ VI 9-11)


Dear Sir / My father – that is, not God the Father, but my father in God – my Armenian father Padre Pasquali <in> in the name of all the other fathers of our convent sends you the inclosed Greeting. – Inasmuch as it has pleased the translators of the long lost & lately found portions of the text of Eusebius to put forth the inclosed prospectus of which I send six copies – you are hereby implored to obtain Subscribers in the two Universities – & among the learned and the unlearned who would unlearn their ignorance; – this they <requ> (the Convent) request – I request – & do you request.

1:2

I sent you Beppo – some weeks ago – you had best publish it alone – it has politics & ferocity, & must do for your Isthmus of a Journal. – – – – – –

M’. Hobhouse if the Alps have not broken his neck – is – a sight to be swimming with my Commentaries & his own coat of Mail in his teeth & right hand – a in Calm jacket between Calais & Dover. It is the height of the Carnival and I am in the estrum & agonies of a new intrigue – with I don’t exactly know whom {or what} except that she is insatiate of love – & won’t take money 24 – & has light hair & blue eyes – which <I> {are} not common here – & that I met her at the Masque – & that when her mask is off I am as wise as ever. – – – –

1:3

24: Elena da Mosta.
I shall make what I can of the remainder of my youth – & confess – that like Augustus – I would rather die standing. – [scrawl]

Byron to Thomas Moore, Venice, February 2nd 1818:
(Source: Ms. not found; text from Moore’s Life II 159-60; LJ IV 195-9; BLJ VI 9-11)

Byron to John Murray, from Venice, February 20th 1818:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.43489; LJ IV 199-204; QII 420-3; BLJ VI 11-13)

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25: Sheridan, The Critic, III i (Burgleigh has no lines; merely enters, shakes his head, and exits).
The books I have read, or rather am reading – pray who may be the Sexagenarian – whose Gossip is very amusing – many of his sketches I recognize – particularly Gifford – [Mackintosh] – Drummond – [Dutens] – [H. Walpole] – Mrs. Inchbald – Opie &. with the Scotts – Loughborough & most of the divines and lawyers – besides a few shorter hints {of authors,} – & a few lines about a certain “Noble Author” characterized as Malignant and Sceptical according to the good old story “as it was in the beginning – is now – but not always shall be” – – do you know such a person Master Murray? eh? and pray of the Booksellers which be you? the dry – the dirty – the honest – the opulent – the finical – the splendid, or the Coxcomb Bookseller? – – – “Stap my vitals” – but the author grows scurrilous in his grand Climacteric. – – –

I remember to have seen Porson at Cambridge in the Hall of our College – and in private parties – but not frequently – and I never can recollect him except {as} drunk or brutal and generally both – – – I mean in an Evening for in the hall he dined at the Dean’s table – & I at the Vice=Master’s so that

I was not near him, and {he then & there} appeared sober in his demeanour – nor did I ever hear of <his> excess or outrage on his part in public <belonging> Commons – college – or Chapel <> but I have seen him in a private party of under=Graduates – many of them freshmen & strangers – take up a poker to one of them – & {heard him} use language as blackguard as his action; I have seen Sheridan drunk too with all the world – but his intoxication was that of Bacchus – & Porson’s that of Silenus – of all the disgusting brutes – sulky – abusive – and intolerable – Porson was the most bestial as far as the few times that I saw him went – which were {only} at Wm. Bankes’s (the Nubian Discoverer’s) rooms – I saw him once go away in a rage – because nobody knew the name of the “Cobbler of Messina” insulting

their ignorance with the most vulgar terms of reprobation. – He was tolerated in this state amongst the young men – for his talents – as the Turks think a Madman inspired – & bear with him; – he used to recite – or rather vomit pages of all languages – & could hiccup hiccup Greek like a Helot – & certainly Sparta never shocked her children with a grosser exhibition than this Man’s intoxication. – – – –

I perceive in the book you sent me a long account of him – of Gilbert Wakefield’s account of him which is very savage I cannot judge as I never saw him sober – except in Hall or Combination room – & then I was never near enough to hear – & hardly to see him – of his drunken deportment I can be sure <of what I say> because I saw it. – – – – – – – – –

2) With the Reviews I have been much entertained – it requires to be as far from England as I am – to relish a periodical paper properly – it is like Soda water in an Italian Summer – but what cruel work you make with Lady Morgan – you should recollect that she is a woman – though to be sure they are now & then very provoking – still as authoresses they can do no great harm – and I think it a pity so much good invective should have been laid out upon her – when there is such a fine field of us Jacobin Gentlemen for you to work upon; it is perhaps as bitter a critique as ever was written – & enough to make <an> sad work for Dr. Morgan – both as a husband and an Apothecary – unless she

should say as Pope did – of some attack upon him – “that it is as good for her as a dose of Hartshorn”. – – – –

I heard from Moore lately & was very sorry to be made aware of his domestic loss – thus it is – “Medio de fonte leporum”27 in the acme of his fame – & of his happiness comes a drawback as usual. – – – –

His letter somehow or other was more than two months on the road – so that I could only answer it the other day. – What you tell me of Rogers in your last letter28 is like him – but he had best let us that is one of us

27: Lucretius, De Rerum Natura, IV 1224: medio de fonte leporum surget amari aliquid (“from the very fountain of enchantment rises a drop of bitterness”).
28: This letter from Mu has not been found.
– if not both – alone – he cannot say that I have not been a sincere & a warm friend to him – till the black drop of his liver oozed

through too palpably to be overlooked – now if I once catch him at any of his juggling with me or mine – let him look to it – for – if I spare him – {then write me down a goodnatured gentleman;] & the more that I have been deceived – the more that I once relied upon him – I don’t mean his petty friendship (what is that to me?) but his good will – which I really tried to obtain thinking him at first a good fellow – the more will I pay off the balance – and so if he values his quiet – let him look to it – in three months I could restore him to the Catacombs. – – – – –

M. Hoppner – whom I saw this morning – has been made the father of a very fine boy – Mother & Child doing very well indeed. – By this time Hobhouse should be with you – & also certain packets – letters – &c. of mine sent since his departure. – – – – I am not at all well in health within this last eight days; – – my remembrances to Gifford & all friends

P.S.

In the course of a Month or two, Hanson will have probably to send off a Clerk with conveyances to sign – (N4 being sold in Nov. last for Ninety four thousand & five hundred pounds) in which case I supplicate supplies of articles as usual – for which desire M’ Kinnaird to settle from funds in their bank – & deduct from my account with him. –

3:1

P.S.

Tomorrow night I am going to see “Otello” an opera from our “Othello” – and one of Rossini’s best, it is said. – It will be curious to see in Venice – the Venetian story itself represented – besides to discover what they will make of Shakespeare in Music. –

[3:2 blank.]

Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Venice, February 23rd 1818:
(Source: text from B.L.Add.Mss.42093 ff.64-7; 1922 II 66-7; BLJ VI 14)

[To, Jno Hobhouse Esqre / To the Care of Jno Murray Esqre / 50 Albemarle Street / London / Angleterre / Inghilterra]

Venice. Feby. 23d. 1818.

My dear H. –

Your arrival is gratifying (I hope to yourself) but I cannot approve of the menaced divorce between text & notes; of course Murray would be but too glad to make a separate publication – (particularly if he is to give nothing for it) but I beg leave to say [to him] that the text shall not be published without the Notes – & that if this is contemplated – It shan’t be published at all – & so <by> I hope to hear no more of <this> [it.] – though I foresaw from your extreme soreness in all that regards all persons & things pertaining to the Quarterly – some such damned drawback – which makes me very uncomfortable.

1:2

I sent you some weeks ago the extract from Bianchoni’s prose works about the Lightning & Ariosto’s bust; – as you say nothing of its’ arrival – I enclose a duplicate. – They may say what they like of Petrotini’s being a liar – but he has told me the only two truths that I have heard in Venice – the first – about the passage in Bianchoni – & it is in Bianchoni – & the second that a man & girl (whom you don’t know – Elena da Mosta – a Gentil Donna) was clapt – & she has clapt me – to be sure it was gratis, the first {Gonorrhea} I have not paid for. – I am getting better – the Carnival was short – but very lively – and there was good <deal of> fun among the Masques.
I write to you in haste & low spirits for your demurs about the notes – are provoking enough. – If you see Spooney – tell him I had his {late} <last> (his son’s) letter – – of course I wish to hear of Scrope & our learned brother the Honourable Doug. – When Spooney sends out a Clerk in Spring with the writings it will be a very good time to send out my little shild (I mean the bastard) and I wish you would settle it in that way with Shelley – who has written to me frequently upon it – as for the legitimate I hear she is very well. – I wish you all kinds of welcome – & amusement – since you went – I have taken refuge amongst the Venetians – who are all very well ever

[y’[scrawl]


1:4

P.S. –

Will tell Mr. Murray that in the line of Manfred

“Innumerable atoms; <in> <the> and one desart.”

The punctuation is incorrect & should be

“Innumerable atoms, and one desart –”

The Semi colon makes <xxxxxxxxx> nonsense of the whole passage.

February 28th 1818: Beppo published.

Byron to Richard Belgrave Hoppner, from Venice, February 28th 1818:
(Source: Ms. not found; text from Moore’s Life II 165-6; LJ IV 204-6; BLJ VI 15)

Venice, February 28. 1818.

My dear Sir,

Our friend, il Conte M., threw me into a cold sweat last night, by telling me of a menaced version of Manfred (in Venetian, I hope, to complete the thing) by some Italian, who had sent it to you for correction, which is the reason why I take the liberty of troubling you on the subject. If you have any means of communication with the man, would you permit me to convey to him the offer of any price he may obtain or think to obtain for his project, provided he will throw his translation into the fire, and promise not to undertake any other of that or any other of my things: I will send his money immediately on this condition.

As I did not write to the Italians, nor for the Italians, nor of the Italians, (except in a poem not yet published, where I have said all the good I know or do not know of them, and none of the harm,) I confess I wish that they would let me alone, and not drag me into their arena as one of the gladiators, in a silly contest which I neither understand nor have ever interfered with, having kept clear of all their literary parties, both here and at Milan, and elsewhere.—I came into Italy to feel the climate and be quiet, if possible. Mossi’s translation I would have prevented, if I had known it, or could have done so; and I trust that I shall yet be in time to stop this new gentleman, of whom I heard yesterday for the first time. He will only hurt himself, and do no good to his party, for in party the whole thing originates. Our modes of thinking and writing are so unutterably different, that I can conceive no greater absurdity than attempting to make any approach between the English and Italian poetry of the present day. I like the people very much, and their literature very much, but I am not the least ambitious of being the subject of their discussions literary and personal (which appear to be pretty much the same thing, as is the case in most countries); and if you can aid me in impeding this publication, you will add to much kindness already received from you by yours Ever and truly,

BYRON.

P.S. How is the son, and mamma? Well, I dare say.

29: Manfred I ii 55.
Byron to Samuel Rogers, from Venice, March 3rd 1818:
(Source: text from UCL Library Sharpe Papers 18 ff.148-9; LJ IV 206; BLJ VI 16-18)


My dear R.,—

I have not as you say “taken to wife the Adriatic” but if the Adriatic will take my wife — I shall be very glad to marry her instead; — in the mean time I have had wife enough as the Grammar has it “taedet vitae <pantet> {pertuesum est} conjugii”;

however the last part of this exquisite quotation only is applicable to my case — I like life very well in my own way. —

I heard of Moore’s loss from himself — in a letter which was delayed upon the road three months — I was sincerely sorry for it — but in such <things> {cases} what are words? —

The villa you speak of is one at Este, which M.’s Hoppner (Consul General here) has transferred to me; — I have taken it for two years as a place of Villeggiatura — the situation is very beautiful indeed, a=

1:2

mong the Euganean hills — & the house very fair; — the Vines are luxuriant to a great degree — and all the fruits of the earth abundant; it is close to the old Castle of all the Estes — or Guelphs — and within a few miles of Arqua, — which I have visited twice — & hope to visit often. — Last Summer (except an excursion to Rome) I passed upon the Brenta; in Venice I winter, transporting my horses to the Lido bordering the Adriatic (where the fort is) so that I get a gallop of some miles daily along the strip of beach which reaches to Malamocco, when in health — but within these few weeks I have been unwell; at present {I am} getting better. — The Carnival was short but a good one. —

1:3

I don’t go out much, except <at> during the time of Masques, but there are one or two Conversazioni — where I go regularly just to keep up the system — as I had letters to their Givers — & they are particular on such points — & now & then — though very rarely — to the Governor’s. — — — —

It is a very good place for women — I have <several> {a few like every one else.} I like the dialect — & their manner very much — there is a naïveté about them which is very winning — & the romance of the place is a mighty adjunct; the “bel Sangue” is not however now amongst the “damé” or higher orders — but all under “i fazzooli” or <hand>kerchiefs a white kind of veil which the lower orders wear upon their heads; — the “Vesta Zendale” or old national female costume is no more. —

1:4

The City however is decaying daily — & does not gain in population; however I prefer it to any other in Italy — & here have I pitched my staff — & here do I [purpose to] reside for the remainder of my life, — unless events connected with business not to be transacted out of England, — compel me to return for that purpose; — otherwise I have few regrets — & no desires to visit it again — for it’s own sake. — — I shall probably be obliged to do so to sign papers {for [{my}] affairs;} & a proxy for the whigs — & to see M’. Waite — for I can’t find a good dentist here — & every two or three years one ought to consult one. — — About seeing my children I must take my chance; one I shall have sent here — & I shall be very happy to see the legitimate one when God pleases — which he

2:1

2) perhaps will, some day <and> or other. — {As for my mathematical Medea I am as well without her.} Your account of your visit to F. is very striking. — Could you beg of him for me a copy in M.S.S. of the remaining tales? I think I deserve them as a strenuous & public admirer of the first one; — I will <re> return it — when read — & make no ill use of the copy <wh> if granted — Murray would send me out any thing safely; — if ever I return to England I should like very much to see the author, with his permission; — in the mean time you could not oblige me more than by obtaining me the perusal I request — in French or

30: “Life is boring; marriage utterly so” (not a quotation).
31: Fonthill, the home of William Beckford.
32: The extra stories that were not printed with Beckford’s Vathek; one concerns sibling incest.
English – all’s one for that – though I prefer Italian to either. – I have a French Copy of Vathek which I bought at Lausanne. – – – – – – –

2:2

I can read French with great pleasure & facility – though I neither speak nor write it; – now Italian I can speak with some fluency – & write sufficiently for my purposes – but I don’t like their modern prose at all – it is very heavy; – and so different from Machiavelli. – – – –

They say Francis is Junius – I think it looks like it; – I remember meeting him at Earl Grey’s at dinner; – has not he lately married a young woman? – &. was not he Madame Talleyrand’s Cavalier servente in India – years ago? – – [scrawl] – – –

I read my death in the papers, – which was not true. – I see they are marrying the remaining singleness of the royal family. –

2:3

They have brought out Fazio 33 with great [& deserved] success at Covent Garden – that’s a good sign; I tried during the directory to have it done at D[rury]. L[ane]. but was overruled; – as also in an effort I made in favour of Sotheby’s trash – which I did to oblige the mountebank, who has since played me a trick or two (I suspect) – which <I would make him> {perhaps he may} remember – as well as his airs of patronage – which he affects with young writers – & affected both <to> {to} me and of me – many a good year; – he sent me (unless the handwriting be a most extraordinary coincidental mistake) an anonymous note at Rome about the “Poeshie” of Chillon &c. – I can swear also to his phrases – particularly the word “effulgence” – well – I say nothing. – –

2:4

If you think of coming into this country – you will let me know perhaps before hand; – I suppose Moore won’t move. Rose is here – & has made a “relazione” with a Venetian <dama> lady – rather in years – but not ugly – at least by Candle light – I saw them the other night – at Madame Albrizzi’s – He talks of returning in May. – –

My love to the Hollands –

ever y°. very truly
& affect°.

[scrawl]

P.S.

They have been crucifying Othello into an Opera (Otello by Rossini) – Music good but lugubrious – but as for the words! – all the {real} scenes with Iago cut out – & the greatest nonsense instead – the handkerchief turned into a billet doux, and the first Singer would not black his face – for some exquisite reasons assigned in the preface. – Scenery – dresses – &c Music very good.

Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Venice, March 3rd 1818:
(Source: text from B.L.Add.Mss.42093 ff.68-71; 1922 II 67-9; BLJ VI 19-20)

[To, Jno Hobhouse Esqre / J. Murray Esqre / 50 Albemarle Street / London / Angleterre / Inghilterra]

Venice. March 3d. 1818.

My dear H. –

I have received & returned Murray’s packets – & sent two stanzas for insertion near the end in another cover addressed to M. I think I may have made a slip of the pen in the last word which should be “conceal”. 33 – Beppo was full of some gross omissions of words – which I hope will not go so before the public – as it spoils both sense & rhyme – though any body (if in his damned hurry he allowed any one to look at the proofs) might see where they occur what words ought then & there to come in. – Whether the error be of the M.S. or the printer – I know not – but they worry me cursedly with their nonsense at this distance – if other people are as sick of reading my late

1:2

33: A tragedy by Henry Hart Milman.
34: CHP IV 178, 9.
works as I have been, – my Conscience <may> may release M. from his compact. – Petrotini is truth itself – it is you who are inaccurate – & have no memory which you know I told you every day for the Good of your soul – for many months bygone. – You have vexed me mightily about your notes on which I depended seriously – & was quite anxious – though you thought the contrary – however you must do as you like – only recollect that I protest against withholding the notes – & look upon myself as an ill used Gentleman. – – – –

I am glad to it hear that Scrope is in repair – as for Kinnaird – since his letter I say nothing. – – – – If Sir P. F. be Junius – I am glad

1:3

for his sake – & sorry for <that> that of Junius. – – – – –

Now for Venice. – Hoppner has got a son – a fine child. – The Carnival was very merry. – Madame Albrizzi’s Conversazioni are greatly improved, there have been some pretty women there lately. – San Benedetto has oratorios – Haydn & Handel – given by Andrea Erizzo. – – – –

My Whore=hold has been much extended since the Masquing began & closed – but I was a little taken aback by a Gonorrhea gratis – given by a Gentil=don ycleped Elena da Mosta – a lady who has by no means the character of being disinterested – but from some whim or other – positively refused money or presents from me (you may suppose

1:4

I did not then know she was ill) I presume for the novelty’s sake; – it is the first of such maladies – which I believe not to have been purchased. – – – –

I have made (to supply your loss) several new acquaintances among the learned & noble of the land (or rather <the> water) of this city – and {with} one or two Inglesi – and an American – sensible people. – –

The Man of learning\textsuperscript{35} has been truly bursten with an Indigestion and I was obliged to have an old Physician rooted out of his bed at three in the matina – & to beat up the “Potecary – they gave him a drench which would have cured a horse and did not kill him – to the great disappointment of his numerous foes – as he says all owing to his honesty – “he roared it like any Nightingale.”\textsuperscript{36}

2:1

2) I have sent away Marietta – the housemaid, so that Stevens is obliged to get drunk alone. – – – –

She made mischief by tale=bearing & setting the fair & frail sex by the ears – one morning a new Maid – a Caravaggiote of the Segatis – who is about five ten in height & stout in proportion gave her a beating because she had attacked “her honour” (her very words for I asked her) by some piece of harlotry which she had attributed to her – this did some good – but I thought it best to give her her wage, & <let> send her away. – I have not been riding lately at the Lido but I hope to be well enough in a few days to resume Cavalkepsing. – I met Rose and his relazione at Madame’s the other night – he is a remarkably

2:2

agreeable & accomplished man, apparently – but in a weak state of health. – I believe he moves homeward in Maggio. – I had fifty gossips to say – but am in haste & have forgotten them. – –

Is Scrope facetious? what does he? what says he? where dines he? what wins he? how is he?\textsuperscript{37} – – – –

How is Doug? “the <dog> dog, and Duck?” you know that’s a sign – & the beginning of one of Jackson’s songs besides. – – – –

“Ah Coquin! vare is my Shild?”\textsuperscript{38}

You must see Shelley about sending the illegitimate one with a Nurse – in the Spring.

yours always

[scrawl]

\textsuperscript{35}: Fletcher.

\textsuperscript{36}: Shakespeare, \textit{A Midsummer Night’s Dream}, I ii 75.

\textsuperscript{37}: Shakespeare, \textit{As You Like It}, III ii 205 \textit{et seq}.

\textsuperscript{38}: No-one can locate this quotation, if that’s what it is.
Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Venice, March 5th 1818:
(Source: text from B.L.Add.Mss.42093 ff.72-3; 1922 II 69-70; BLJ VI 20-21)
[To, / J*]. Hobhouse Esqre / Care of J*no. Murray Esqre / 50. Albemarle Street / London / Angleterre / Inghilterra]
Venice. March 5th. 1818. –
My dear H / I wrote to you yesterday a long – & rather peevish letter – for the Notes not appearing – discomfited me sadly. – I must answer in great haste – the post pressing – one or two points of yours of the 17th, just received. – – You are right – & I am right – restore “the” for “some” – which I had altered against my creed – to please G. – what other alterations I made according to his wish are I think properly made – as I am mostly of his opinion except as to “some” – & “past Eternity” which last I have not altered as I think with Polonius “that’s good” – And recollect it is to be “the Enchanters” & not “some Enchanters” I dare say G’s objection was to the open vowel – but it can’t be holpen. –
1:2
I am however greatly obliged by G’s suggestions which are well meant & generally well grounded – & surely good natured as can be – & one ought to attend to the opinions of a man – whose critical talents swept down a whole host – of writers at once – I don’t mean from fear – but real respect for the sense of his observations. – I can’t give up Nemesis – my great favourite – I can’t, I can’t. – – –
The wicked necessity of rhyming retains “lay” – in despite of sense & grammar. – But I bow to Scrope’s alteration of the preface, <which> and I request <be> {that it} be adopted forthwith. – – – – – You do me too much honour in the association with the friends you mention – but I can’t decline it, though useless – for I never will reside in England. –
1:3
Thank them – & yourself. – – –
Tell me how K* & his Siora – i.e. the Dog and Duck – do? – –
A Thousand thanks for yr. letter – & bumpers to Scrope; more in a few days –

P.S. – The Post – The Post – The Post is just going out in the Padua Barca. – Pray correct Beppo there are words left out – either in {the} M.S.S. or by the printer. – – – – –

Byron to John Murray, from Venice, March 9th 1818:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.43489 f.231; BLJ VI 21-2)
Three extra stanzas for Beppo (which Murray has already published).

These with speed.

Venice. March 9th. 1818.

Dear Sir /
If you have not yet printed, – or have an opportunity of reprinting “Beppo”; – after the stanza which ends (I forget the Number) with

“For most men till by losing rendered sager
Will back their own opinions <by> {with} a wager

Insert this. –

’Tis said that their last parting was pathetic,
As partings often are, or ought to be,
<That> {<And>} And their presentiment was quite prophetic

39: CHP IV 27, 7.
40: CHP IV 1, 4.
41: CHP IV 87, 7.
42: CHP IV 180, 9 (should be “lie”).
That they should never more each other see,
(A sort of morbid feeling half poetic
Which I have known occur <to> {in} two or three)
When kneeling on the shore upon her sad knee
He left this Adriatic Ariadne. –

1:2

And After the stanza concluding with
“Or what becomes of damage and divorces?”

Insert. –

However – I still think with all due deference
To the fair single part of the Creation
That married ladies should preserve the preference
In tête à tête, or general conversation, –
And this I say without peculiar reference
To England, France, or any other nation,
Because they know the world, & are at ease,
And being natural, naturally please. –

'Tis true, your budding Miss is very charming,
But shy, and awkward, at first coming out,
So much alarmed, that she is quite alarming,
All Giggle, Blush; – half Pertness, and half Pout,
<Still> {And} glancing at Mamma for fear there’s harm in
What you,<or> she, <or they> it, or they, may be about,
The Nursery [still] lisps out in all they utter,
Besides, they always smell of Bread and Butter.

BLJ adds this fragment, also dated March 9th:

The Line on Italy must run
“With all its’ sinful doings I must say” &c.
instead of <“their” &c.>
“their” &c.
as put at first.

Byron to John Murray, from Venice, March 11th 1818:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.43489 f.232; BLJ VI 22)

Another stanza for Beppo.

D'. S'.

To & In “Beppo” after {y'} stanza which concludes “though Laughter
Leaves us so doubly serious shortly after.” –

Add & insert

Oh! Mirth and Innocence! Oh! Milk and Water!
Ye happy mixtures of more happy days!
In these sad Centuries of sin & slaughter,
Abominable Man no more allays
His thirst with such pure beverage. – No matter,
I love you both, & both shall have my praise,
Oh! for old Saturn’s reign of Sugar=candy! –
Meantime I drink to <its'> your return in Brandy.
Byron to Thomas Moore, from Venice, March 16th 1818:

My dear Tom,
Since my last, which I hope that you have received, I have had a letter from our friend Samuel. He talks of Italy this summer—won’t you come with him? I don’t know whether you would like our Italian way of life or not. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

They are an odd people. The other day I was telling a girl, ‘You must not come to-morrow, because Margueritta is coming at such a time,—(they are both about five feet ten inches high, with great black eyes and fine figures—fit to breed gladiators from—and I had some difficulty to prevent a battle upon a rencontre once before,)—‘unless you promise to be friends, and’—the answer was an interruption, by a declaration of war against the other, which she said would be a ‘Guerra di Candia.’ Is it not odd, that the lower order of Venetians should still allude proverbially to that famous contest, so glorious and so fatal to the Republic?

They have singular expressions, like all the Italians. For example, ‘Viscere’—as we would say, ‘My love,’ or ‘My heart,’ as an expression of tenderness. Also, ‘I would go for you into the midst of a hundred knives.’—‘Mazza ben,’ excessive attachment,—literally, ‘I wish you well even to killing.’ Then they say (instead of our way, ‘Do you think I would do you so much harm?’) ‘Do you think I would assassinate you in such a manner?’—‘Tempo perfido,’ bad weather; ‘Strade perfide,’ bad roads,—with a thousand other allusions and metaphors, taken from the state of society and habits in the middle ages.

I am not so sure about mazza, whether it don’t mean massa, i.e. a great deal, a mass, instead of the interpretation I have given it. But of the other phrases I am sure.

Three o’ th’ clock—I must ‘to bed, to bed, to bed,’ as Mother Siddons (that tragical friend of the mathematical Blue Devil, my wife) says.

Have you ever seen—I forget what or whom—no matter. They tell me Lady Melbourne is very unwell. I shall be so sorry. She was my greatest friend, of the feminine gender:—when I say ‘friend,’ I mean not mistress, for that’s the antipode. Tell me all about you and everybody—how Sam is—how you like your neighbours, the Marquis and Marchesa, &c. &c.

Ever, &c.

Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Venice, March 25th 1818:

My dear Hobhouse –

I protest against the “pints” of your sober Association – not that my prospect of infringing the rule is very great – for I will not return to England as long as I can help it; – but as an honorary member – I use my privilege of protest, – the restriction upon Scrope will of course have the usual effect of restrictions; – for my own part I have about the same conception of Scrope’s company and a pint (of anything but brandy) that the close reflection of many years enables me to entertain of the Trinity; unless it be a Scotch pint – & even then it must be in the plural number. – I greatly fear

that Scrope & I would very soon set up for ourselves – in case of my return like “Marius from banishment to power”. — — —

You will have received by this time some letters – or letter – with ye, returned proofs. – I am anxious to hear from or of Spooney – in the hope of the conclusion of the New[stea]d. Sale; – & I want you to spur him if possible into the like for <Rochdale> Rochdale46 – a Clerk can bring the papers (& by the bye my Shild by

43: Shakespeare, Macbeth, V i 66.
44: Lady Melbourne died on April 6th 1818.
45: Mo.’s cottage, Sloperton, was near Bowood, the estate of The Marquis of Lansdowne.
46: “Rochdale” surrounded by lines.
Clare at the same time – pray – desire Shelley to pack it carefully) with tooth powder red only – Magnesia – Soda powders – tooth brushes – Diachylon plaster –

1:3

and any new novels – good for any thing. – – – – –
I have taken a Palazzo on the Grand Canal for two years – so that you see I won’t stir – so pray don’t mention that any more – my old “relazione” is over – but I have got several new ones (and a Clap which is nearly well at present) with regard to the proxy I will give renew it with plea pleasure if it can be done without dragging me to London for it – otherwise not till I find it necessary to come on business; – there was no occasion for any body’s name with Lord H. – but undoubtedly your own would have greater weight with me than any

1:4

other – had such been requisite – as for the Whigs I won’t leave them though they will me – if ever they get anything to scramble for; – pray do you stand this ensuing election? – – – – –
I wrote to Augusta the other day. – – – – – – Remember me to Scrope – why don’t he write? whenever you come out pray bring him – but I hope {that} you will turn parliament man – & stay at home, – I shall have great glee in seeing your speeches in the Venetian Gazette. – As for Doug. don’t let him neglect his Potestas as Attorney. – How came Scrope to kneel to his Duck – he who like Rolla\(^{47}\) never kneels – except to his God.\(^{50}\)

2:1

P.S. – The Man who makes your wig – says – that he sent the <wig> wig you made me order to Geneva to Hengo – who I suppose wears it himself – & be damned to him – – you ought to pay Holmes – as it is all your doing. – – – –
I dined with Hoppner & Rose on Monday – all well. – – – – –

2:2

With regard to my money matters – – –
Murray may pay in his money to Morland’s in regular order – as I cannot depend for the present on other remittances – & whether I could or not – I choose to have the cash tangible – the Sum is hardly considerable enough to turn into the annuity you proposed, besides I think I can spend the principal – & I like it. – – – –

Spur Doug. & Spooey – – – – –
& never calculate on my return to England – which I may or may not but never willingly. – – – – –

**Byron to John Murray, from Venice, March 25th 1818:**
(Source: text from NLS Ms.43489; LJ IV 216-18; BLJ VI 24-5)

Venice. March 25th.
1818

Dear Sir /

I have your letter\(^{49}\) with y, account of “Beppo” for which I sent you 4 new Stanzas a fortnight ago – in case you print – or reprint. – – – –
As for the “amiable Man”\(^{50}\) what “do the honest Man in my Closet?” why did the “amiable man” write me a scurvy anonymous letter at Rome? – (ask M’. Hobhouse for it he has it with the book & his remarks) telling me that out of ten things – eight were good for nothing? – I dare say – the dog was right enough – but he should put his name to a note – & a man may print a

1:2

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47: Incan hero of Sheridan’s *Pizarro*.
48: Sheridan, *Pizarro*, V ii (Rolla says he has “never yet bent or bow’d before created man”).
49: This letter from Mu. has not been found.
50: William Sotheby.
=nonymously – but not write letters so – it is contrary to all the courtesies of life & literature. – – I had no prejudice against the pompous buffoon – I endured his acquaintance – I permitted his coxcombr – I endeavoured to advance his petty attempts at Celebrity; – I moved the Sub Committee & Kinnaird – & Kean & all the Aristocracy of Drury Lane – to bring out his play – whose <insu>utterable <m/>Mediocrit gave it a great chance of success – I bore with him – the Bore –

Bear <witness> witness all ye <God> Gods of Rome & Greece!
How willing <I> I have been to keep the peace.

1:3

But he would begin – so he would – & see what he gets by it – it quite distresses me to be obliged to do such things – but Self Defence – you know – what can a man do? – – – – –
Croker’s is a good guess – but the style is not English – it is Italian – Berni is the Original of all. – Whistlecraft was my {immediate} model. Rose’s Animals – I never saw till a few days ago – <it>they <is/>are excellent – but – (as I said above) Berni is the father of that kind of writing – which I think suits our language too very well – we shall see by the experiment. – If it does – I’ll send you a volume in a year or two – for I know the

1:4

Italian way of life well – & in time may know it yet better – & as for the verse & the passions – I have them still in tolerable vigour, – If you think {that} it will do you or the work – or works any good – you may – or may not put my name to it – but first consult the knowing ones; – it will at any rate shew them – that <One> I can write cheerfully, <xxxxxxx> & repel the charge of monotony & mannerism. – yrs[scrawl]
And if this statement should seem queer
Or set down in a hurry
Go – ask (if he will be sincere)\textsuperscript{52}
   His bookseller John Murray –
Come say – how many have been sold?
   And don’t stand shilly-shally?
Of bound & lettered red and gold
   Well printed works of Gally?

For Astley’s Circus Upton writes\textsuperscript{53}
   And also for the Surry\textsuperscript{54} –
Fitzgerald weekly (or weakly) still recites\textsuperscript{55}
   Though grinning Critics worry –
Miss Holford’s Peg\textsuperscript{56} – and Sotheby’s Saul\textsuperscript{57}
   In fame exactly tally –
From Stationer’s Hall – to Grocer’s Stall\textsuperscript{58}
   They go – and so – does Gally.

He hath a seat in Parliament –
   Is fat, and passing wealthy –
And surely he should be content
   With these – and being healthy;
But Great Ambition will misrule
   Men at all risks to sally, –
Now makes a poet – now a fool
   And – we know which – of Gally.

1:4

Between whom & Sotheby there is the difference of the foam of a washing tub from <that of a> the froth of a Syllabub. – And you talk to me of sparing” <your> <inquiries> the Knight – because he probably is – but no matter – I was going to say a good customer – but you are above that – however don’t I spare him? – do I molest him?

2:1

2) I laugh at him in my letters to you – & that is all – & these I would have confined myself with regard to t’other fellow – if he had not begun first – but in these at <last> least I may say a coxcomb is a coxcomb – so allow me to expectorate the ineffable contempt I have for the genus – of that animal – do you ever find me attack the real men of merit – {even privately?} do I not delight in them? But –

Some in the playhouse like a row\textsuperscript{59} –
   Some with the Watch to battle\textsuperscript{60} –
Exchanging many a midnight blow
   To music of the Rattle \textsuperscript{61}
Some folks like rowing on the Thames
   Some rowing in an Alley –

\textsuperscript{52}: The line implies an habitually guarded quality in Mu.’s conversation.
\textsuperscript{53}: Philip Astley’s Ampitheatre was near Westminster Bridge. William Upton was its resident composer.
\textsuperscript{54}: The Surrey Theatre was in Blackfriars Road. Like Astley’s, it was a popular, non-monopoly theatre which no self-respecting author would write for.
\textsuperscript{55}: William Thomas Fitzgerald (c.1759-1829) minor poet. See EBSR, first line.
\textsuperscript{56}: Margaret (“Peg”) of Anjou, a poem in ten cantos by Miss Holford (Mrs Margaret Hodson), 1816.
\textsuperscript{57}: Saul, a poem in two parts by William Sotheby (1807).
\textsuperscript{58}: A recurrent joke is the way unsuccessful books end as wrapping paper around groceries.
\textsuperscript{59}: B. refers to the Old Price Riots at Covent Garden in 1809-10.
\textsuperscript{60}: A favourite pastime of upperclass London drunks was beating up nightwatchmen.
\textsuperscript{61}: The watchman would raise the alarm when attacked by waving a loud rattle.
But all the Row my fancy claims
   Is rowing of my Gally. –

2:2

If you like the same chorus to another tune –  
   of “Tally i.o. the Grinder. –

M’s. Wilmot sate scribbling a play62 –
   M’s. Sotheby sate sweating behind her –
But what are all these to the lay
   Of Gally i.o. the Grinder –
   Gally i.o. i.o.

2.

I bought me some books t’other day
   And sent them down stairs to the binder –
But the Pastry Cook carried away –
   My Gally i.o. the Grinder. –

3.

I wanted to kindle my taper
   And called {to} the Maid to remind her
And what should she bring me for paper?
   But Gally i.o. the Grinder. –

4.

Among my researches for Ease63
   I went where One’s certain to find her
The first thing by her throne that one sees
   Is Gally i.o. the Grinder. – –

3:1

3) Why have you not sent me an answer & list of Subscribers to the translation of the Armenian Eusebius –
   of which I sent you six copies of {the} printed prospectus (in French) two months ago. – Have you had this
letter – I shall send you another – you must not neglect my Armenians. – Tooth powder – Magnesia –
   Tincture of Myrrh – tooth Brushes – diachylon plaister. – – – and Peruvian Bark – are my {personal}
   Demands. –

   Strahan – Tonson – Lintot64 of the times.
   Patron and Publisher of rhymes
   For thee the bard up Pindus climbs65
       My Murray. –

3:2

To thee with hope & terror dumb –
   The unedged M.S. authors come –
Thou printest all – and sellest some –
   My Murray. –

   Upon thy table’s baize so green
   The last new Quarterly is seen66
   But where is thy new Magazine

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62: The play is Ina a tragedy in five acts by Mrs Wilmot (1815).
63: Ease – relaxation of the bowels. The “throne” of “Ease” is the W.C.
64: William Strahan (1715-85), Jacob Tonson (1655-1736), and Barnaby Lintot (1675-1736), famous publishers of
   Pope’s time. Tonson and Lintot were rivals.
65: Refers to Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage II (published by Mu.). See II, 42, 2, and II, 47, 1.
66: Mu. had published the conservative Quarterly Review since its foundation in 1809.
My Murray? –

Along thy sprucest bookshelves shine –
The works thou deemest most divine –
The “Art of Cookery” and Mine67
   My Murray. –

Tours – Travels – Essays – too – I wist –
And Sermons to thy Mill bring Grist –
And then thou hast the “Navy List”68
   My Murray. –

And Heaven forbid I should <in> {con}clude
<Thy Patron> {Without “the} Board of Longitude” –
Although this narrow paper would –
   My Murray. –

Byron to John Murray, from Venice, April 12th 1818:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.43489; LJ IV 222-5; BLJ VI 30-1)

   Venice. April 12th. 1818.

Dear Sir –

   This letter will be delivered by Signor Gio.  Bat’ Missiaglia – proprietor of the Apollo library –
   and {ye} principal publisher & bookseller now in Venice. – He sets out for London with a view to business
   and correspondence with the English Booksellers – & it is in the hope that it may be for your mutual
   advantage that I furnish him with this letter of introduction to you – if you can be of use to him either by
   recommendation to others, or by any personal attention on your own part – you will oblige him – & gratify
   me; – you may also perhaps both be able to derive {advantage} or establish some mode of literary
   communication pleasing to the public & beneficial to one another. – – –

To Jth Murray Esqre. 50. Albemarle Street.

1:2

At any rate be civil to him for my sake – as well as for the honour & glory of publishers & authors now &
to come for evermore. – With him I also consign a great number of M.S.S. letters written in English –
   French – & Italian by various English established in Italy during the last Century – the names of the writers
   – L. Hervey – Lady M. W. Montague (hers are but few – some billets=doux in French to Algarotti – & one
   letter in English – Italian – & all sorts of jargon to the same) Gray the poet – (one letter) Mason two or three
   – Garrick – Lord Chatham – David Hume – & many of lesser note all addressed to Count Algarotti. – Out
   of these I think with discretion an amusing <with> Miscellaneous vol. of

1:3

letters might be extracted – provided Israeli or some other good Editor were disposed to undertake the
   selection – & preface – & a few notes &. – – – The Proprietor of these is a friend of mine – D. Aglietti – a
   great name in Italy – & if you are disposed to publish it will be for his benefit – & it is to & for him – that
   you will name a price – if you take upon you the work. – I would edit it myself – but am too far off – &
too lazy to undertake it – but I wish that it <could> could be done. – The letters of L. Hervey in {M’}
   Rose’s opinion & mine are good – & the Short French love letters certainly are Lady M. W. Montague’s –
   the French not good but the Sentiments beautiful – Gray’s letter

1:4

good – & Mason’s tolerable – the whole Correspondence must be well weeded – but this being <do> done
   a small & pretty popular volume might be made of it. – There are many Ministers letters – Gray the
   Ambassador {at Naples} – Horace Mann – & others of the same kind of animal. – – –

67: Mu.’s most profitable title was A New System of Domestic Cookery by Maria Eliza Rundell (1806).
68: The Navy List lists ships, their officers, ranks and seniority. Mu. published for the Admiralty.
I thought of a preface – defending L[ed] Hervey {against} Pope’s {attack} – but Pope quoad Pope {the poet} against the world – in the unjustifiable attempts at depreciation begun by Warton – & carried on to & at this day by the new School of Critics & Scribblers who think themselves poets because they do not write like Pope – – I have no patience with such cursed humbug – & bad taste – your whole generation are not worth a Canto of the Rape of the Lock – or the Essay on Man – or the Dunciad – or “anything that is his” but it is three in the matin & I must go to bed. y[or]s always [scrawl] Byron [scrawl]

Ugo Foscolo to John Cam Hobhouse,69 April 13th 1818:
(Source: text from B.L.Add.Mss. 36457 f.15. My thanks to Tina Anderlini for her assistance with the transcription and translation. She was waiting for a delivery next to me in the B.L.Manuscripts Room and had nothing else to do.)

Lundi matin –
1 heure – April 13

Mon cher Monsieur –
Moi je n’ai pas ni l’art, ni l’envie de faire vite; cependant j’ai fait le plus vite qu’il m’a été possible: mais, par respect pour la vérité, pour la Musa, pour moi, et pour vous je ne voudrais <for> faire volontairement mal, quand même l’on me donnerait cent livres par page. Les articles de Monti, et le mien seront prêts pour Jeudi a trois heures: mais ils seront <d’apres> de vingt de mes pages chacun, à peu près: aussi je vous en previens, après que vous puissiez prendre vos mesures, et la grosseur du volume, et pour le temps de la publication: quant à moi je dois, et je veux / par une fatalité de tête dont je ne suis pas le maître / que les choses que je fais, bien ou mal, soient proportionnés entr’elles; – aussi les deux articles qui restent a faire doivent être comme les autres. Je vois, mon cher Monsieur, que <je> ce qui j’ai fait ne se combine pas avec ce qui consistent à une ouvrage; et le meilleur parti sera de renoncer au projet de imprimer les articles. Je suivrai jusque à Jeudi mon travail puisque j’en suis près de la fin; et mon copiste est déjà engagé: – et je crois que le meilleur parti serait de annoncer dans vos notes: que vous avez déjà sous la presse un petit-ouvrage sur l’état present de la Litterature en Italie, et sur le Caractere des Poetes de ce siecle depuis Cejavrai jusque a nos jours. Avec ce parti, nous pourrons enrichir l’ouvrage de faits sur les autres branches de la Litterature: et donner des extraits de poesie plus variées; et même les eclaircir avec une bonne traduction en prose aux pieds des pages. Nous soitnielons mieux, moi, mes idées, et vous votre traduction; et les corrections des passages italiens dans l’impression. Ce livre pourra sortir à la moitié de Mai; et avec plus de profit pour tous les deux, car je dois avouer que maintenant mon âme repète en gemissant la plainte de Lord Bacon: Je devais vivre pour étudier – et je dois étudier pour vivre! – Et mes circonstances sont bien tristes; d’autant plus que je ne puis pas me payer d’un copiste. Dunque: si vous pouvez ajouter 40 pages à votre livre, vous aurais demain au soir l’article de Monti; et jeudi a trois heures le mien: – différemment nous tirerons quelque autre parti du manuscrit. – Pour les revolutions d’Italie vous ne serez pas disappointed; et j’y mettrais tout mon zéle pour l’honneur de la vérite de la Liberté <et> de la reputation des lettres, et de la Votre. Adieu.

U. F [scrawl]

Translation: Monday morning
one o’clock
April 13th

My dear Sir
For my part I possess neither the skill nor the desire to compose quickly, though I have been writing as quickly as I can; but, out of respect for the truth, for la Musa, for myself, and for you, I wouldn’t willingly do wrong, even for a hundred pounds a page. The articles on Monti and on myself70 will be ready by three on Thursday, but they will each consist of roughly twenty of my pages; and I warn you, now that you’ve taken your measures, about the size of the book, and of the timing of its publication; as for myself, I must, and I want, because of a fatal mental problem over which I have no control, to keep a proportion between the things I do; also, the two remaining articles must be like the others. I see, my dear Sir, that what I have done does not go together to make up a work; and the best thing would be to give up the idea of printing the articles. I’ll finish them, because I’m very near completing them, and I’ve already hired a copyist; and I think that the best way would be to announce in your NOTES: THAT YOU ALREADY HAVE IN THE PRESS A SMALL WORK ON THE PRESENT STATE OF LITERATURE IN ITALY, AND ON THE CHARACTERS OF

69: In his Byron, Hobhouse and Foscolo (Cambridge, 1949, p.15) E.R.Vincent only prints the first and last sentences of this letter. Difficulty in working out what Foscolo means may be the reason.
70: Foscolo is ghosting, for H., the section on modern Italian literature in Historical Illustrations to the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage. This involves him writing about Vincenzo Monti, whom he despises – indeed, whom he once cuckolded – and about his own work.
THE POETS OF THIS CENTURY FROM SO-AND-SO UP TO OUR OWN TIME. In this way, we can augment the work with facts about the other branches of Literature; and give varied selections of poetry; and even make them more comprehensible with a good prose translation at the foot of each page. We shall take better care of my ideas and of your translation; and the correction of the Italian passages in the printing. The book could come out at the end of May; and to our mutual profit, for I must confess that my soul is now repeating with groans the complaint of Lord Bacon: I need to live in order to study, and I need to study in order to live! And my circumstances are quite sad; I can’t even afford to pay a copyist. 

Dunque: if you can add another forty pages to your book, you will have by tomorrow evening the article on Monti; and by three on Thursday the one on me. Alternatively, we could do something else with the manuscript. You will not be disappointed with the Revolutions of Italy; and I will apply all my fervour to the honour of truth, to freedom, to the reputation of Letters, and to yours. Farewell. U.F.

Percy Bysshe Shelley to Byron, from Milan, April 13th 1818:
(Source: text from 1922 II 71-2; Jones II, 5)

Milan, April 13, 1818

My dear Lord Byron

I write to inquire whether you have had a letter from me dated Lyons; and to inform you that your little girl has arrived here in excellent health and spirits, with eyes as blue as the sky over our heads.

Mary and I have just returned from the Lake of Como, where we have been seeking a house for the summer. If you have not visited this sublime and lovely scene, I think it would repay your toil. Will you spend a few weeks with us this summer? Our mode of life is uniform, and such as you remember it at Geneva, and the situation which I imagine we have chosen (the Villa Pliniana) is solitary, and surrounded by scenery of astonishing grandeur, with the lake at our feet. If you would visit us – and I don’t know where you could find a heartier welcome – little Allegra might return with you.

Mary unites with me in best regards, and Clare bids me ask if you have received a lock of Allegra’s hair which she sent in the winter.

Most sincerely yours,

P. B. Shelley.

P.S. I have got some books for you, packed up at the bottom of a large box of my own. Shall I send them to Venice?

Byron to John Murray, from Venice, April 15th 1818:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.43489 f.96; BLJ VI 31)

Venice, April 15th. 1818.

Dear Sir /

Two words in haste to deliver to M'. Hanson, – or {to} my friend {M'.} Hobhouse to convey to him. – – –

I will not go to Geneva – not stir from Italy – (or Venice at present) for any human power or interest whatever. – It is as easy for the Messenger to proceed here as there – or for me to go there – and every step nearer England – would be to me disgusting. – – – Let this be said to H. as my positive determination – yth in haste the Post just going

e[v[scrawl]]

Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Venice, April 17th 1818:
(Source: text from B.L.Add.Mss.42093 ff.77-9; not in 1922 II; BLJ VI 31-2)

Venice, April 17th. 1818.

Dear Hobhouse –

71: H.’s diary for April 22nd 1818 says, I lent Foscolo 150£ on the strength of something he is to write on the revolution to help me (B.L.Add.Mss. 47235 f.13v.)
I was paralyzed yesterday – or the day before – or Wednesday – by a letter from young Spooney containing the news of a Messenger for Geneva – & desiring me to repair **there**!!! If I stir from Venice – by anything but absolute force – may – but no matter for that. – Nothing but downright necessity – {or} destiny will ever make me to return to England – and there’s an end. – I need hardly add that the Messenger should be directed to go to Venice – if not – he may go to **Hell**! – I won’t meet him half way in either case. – – – – – –

It is easier & less expensive for him to proceed here – than for me to repair there – God damn that infernally stupid Chancery Lane & its inmates with their cursed Circumbendibus & Crinkum Crankum – as M’s Sterling calls it. – – – – – –

Pray stir up Spooney with a long pole – & don’t let me be buffooned in this way with his “barbarous topography” – I dare say he thinks that Venice is in the valley of Chamouni. – – – – – –

In any case I repeat that I won’t stir. – I would not for the best friend I have in the World (always bating Scrope who is not **my** friend – but “everybody’s <Hun> Huncamunca”) far less for my own inconvenience. – –

And now I wonder that you should allow such doings – you who know my way of thinking – ever very truly

P.S. – I am sorry you left Venice because I have lately taken to going to the Benzone – & the Michelli – which is a variety – & there are people who would amuse you. – –

Byron to John Murray, from Venice, April 17th 1818:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.43489; BLJ VI 32-3)

**Byron is using a very thin paper, which allows severe bleed-through.**

Venice. April 17th. 1818.

Dear Sir

A few days [ago] I wrote [to] you a letter requesting you to desire Hanson to desire his Messenger to come on from Geneva to Venice – because I won’t go from Venice to Geneva, & if this is not done – this Messenger may be damned with him who mis=sent him. – – – –

Pray reiterate my request. – – –

With the proofs returned I sent two additional stanzas for Canto 4th. did they arrive? – – –

Your Monthly reviewer has made a mistake – Cavaliere alone is well enough – but “Cavalier **servente**” has always the e mute in conversation and omitted in writing – so that it is not for the sake of metre – & pray let Griffiths know this with my compliments – I humbly conjecture that I know as much of Italian society and language as any of his people – but to make assurance [double sure] – I asked at the Countess Benzoni’s last night the question of more than one person in [the] office – and of these “Cavaliere serventi” (in the plural recollect) I found [that] they all accorded in pronouncing for Cavali’ Servente in the singular number, – I wish M’. Hodgson (or whoever Griffith’s Scribbler may be –) would not talk of what he don’t understand – such fellows are not fit to be intrusted with Italian, even in a quotation. –

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74: Shakespeare, *Macbeth*; B. adds the last two words to make the reference unambiguous.
Sotheby again! – he had best be quiet – but no – ask him from me in so many words – did he or did he not write an anonymous note at Rome accompanying a copy of the “Castle of Chillon &c.” – ask him from me? & let him be confronted with the note now in the possession of Mr. Hobhouse? He (Sotheby) is a vile – stupid – old Coxcomb – & if I do not weed him from the surface of the society he infests & infects – may – but I won’t adjure a great power – for so scabby an object – as that wretched leper of literature – that itch of Scribbling personified – Sotheby.

1:4

It is ten o’clock – & time to dress. –

[scrawl]

Claire Clairmont to Lord Byron, from Milan, April 21st 1818:
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4177B; Stocking I 113-14)
[To The / Right Hon. Lord Byron / Messrs. Siri & Wilhelm / Banquiers / Venice]

Milan 75 April 22nd, 1818

My dear friend

Your messenger will remain here at my request until I hear from you again. I cannot send my Child under the impression produced by your letter of the 17th to Shelley and the messenger has been told that her health which is not perfectly good makes it necessary that we should write & hear again from you before she can depart. Pardon me but I cannot part with my Child never to see her again76 – Only write me one word of Consolation – Tell me that you will come and see Shelley in the Summer or that I may then be some where near her – Say this and I will send her instantly. I cannot describe to you the anguish with which I bring myself to contradict your expectations or in any manner to oppose your will but on this point I am firm – If you <will not> will not regard me as her mother, she <can> shall never be divided from me.

I had hoped that your intimacy with Shelley would have stood in need of all these conditions which it is so painful to urge. But you say you will not visit him while I am there. I do not wish to tease you with my presence if I might only see my Child. Yet my clear friend why – should my presence tease you? Why might not the father & mother of a child whom both so tenderly love meet as friends? I cannot think it is your intention to let her grow up without knowing her mother. I entreat you to write & say that this is not the case – Do not take this as a menace or condition imposed upon you but pity the anxiety of a mother whose child is her only good. Only set my mind at peace on this point & hope I shall never again have to annoy you as I fear this does. My God! if you did but know

1:2

what happiness you would confer in visiting Shelley this summer and letting me see my Child. But do what you please with regard to every thing else but indeed I cannot part on the terms you insinuate in your letter to Shelley.

Pray send me all my letters back again if you have not destroyed them77 since you cannot value them for what they are the expressions of a sincere & disinterested attachment. It would be a satisfaction for me to know whether you return to England this Spring or not.

One thing more. Remember my dearest friend my life as it were lies with you. Remember what you felt at my age & think if it is not a lamentable sight to see one human creature beg from another a little mercy and forbearance. You must know that you have all the power in your hands. My dearest friend I entreat you to spare me. Whatever you do I still pray for your happiness & health. Whatever my fate may your’s still be great and glorious as it has been.

Clare

[1:3 blank.]

Percy Bysshe Shelley to Byron, from Milan, April 22nd 1818:
(Source: text from 1922 II 72-5; Jones II 9-12)

My dear Lord Byron,

Milan, April 22, 1818.

75: C.C. left England with the Shelleys on March 11th and were in Milan by April 4th 1818.
76: The letter in which B. makes this demand has been lost. For Sh.’s reaction, see next item.
77: B. seems to have preserved all C.C.’s letters. Only one of his to her survives.
Clare will write to you herself a detail of her motives and feelings relating to Allegra's being absent as you desire. Her interference as the mother of course supersedes mine, which was never undertaken but from the deep interest I have ever felt for all the parties concerned. Here my letter might well close, but that I would not the affair should finish so.

You write as if from the instant of its departure all future intercourse were to cease between Clare and her child. This I cannot think you ought to have expected, or even to have desired. Let us estimate our own sensations, and consider, if those of a father be acute, what must be those of a mother? What should we think of a woman who should resign her infant child with no prospect of ever seeing it again, even to a father in whose tenderness she entirely confided? If she forces herself to such a sacrifice for the sake of her child's welfare, there is something heroically great in thus trampling upon the strongest affections, and even the most unappeasable instincts of our nature. But the world will not judge so; she would be despised as an unnatural mother, even by those who might see little to condemn in her becoming a mother without the formalities of marriage. She would thus resign her only good, and take to herself, in its stead, contempt on every hand. Besides, she might say, "What assurance have I of the tenderness of the father for his child, if he treats the feelings of the mother with so little consideration?" Not to mention, that the child itself would, on this supposition, grow up either in ignorance, or in contempt of one of its parents; a state of things full of danger. I know the arguments present in your mind on this subject; but surely, rank and reputation, and prudence are as nothing in comparison to a mother's claims. If it should be recorded that you had sought to violate these, the opinion of the world might indeed be fixed on you, with such blame as your friends could not justify; and wholly unlike those ridiculous and unfounded tales which are told of every person of eminent powers, and which make your friends so many in England, at the expense of those who fabricated them. I assure you, my dear Lord Byron, I speak earnestly, and sincerely. It is not that I wish to make out a case for Clare; my interest, as you must be aware, is entirely on the opposite side. Nor have I in any manner influenced her. I have esteemed it a duty to leave her to the impulse of her own feelings in a case where, if she has no feeling, she has no claim. But in truth, if she is to be brought to part with her child, she requires reassurance and tenderness. A tie so near the heart should not be rudely snapped. It was in this persuasion that I hoped (I had a thousand other reasons for wishing to see you) that you would have accepted our invitation to the Pliniana. Clare's pain would then have been mitigated by the prospect of seeing her child with you, and she would have been reassured of the fears which your letter has just confirmed, by the idea of a repetition of the visit. Your conduct must at present wear the aspect of great cruelty, however you justify it to yourself. Surely, it is better if we err, to err on the side of kindness, than of rigour. You can stop when you please; and you are not so infirm of purpose that soothing words, and gentle conduct need betray you in essential matters further than you mean to go.

I am a third person in this painful controversy, who, in the invidious office of mediator, can have no interest, but in the interests of those concerned. I am now deprived of the power to act; but I would willingly persuade.

You know my motives, and therefore I do not fear to ask you again to come to see me at Como; and, for the sake of your child's welfare, to soothe Clare's wounded feelings by some reassurances in the meanwhile. As I understand her, with these assurances she would send the child. You are afraid, perhaps, that she might be inclined to tease you; but her first impression on seeing your letter (which, by-the-by, I meanwhile, As I understand her, with these assurances she would send the child. You are afraid, perhaps, that she might be inclined to tease you; but her first impression on seeing your letter (which, by-the-by, I did not mean her to see) was that if your coming to see her depended upon her absence, she would willingly place herself in pension in the city, during that period. But in fact, so far as gossip is concerned, if you have any motive for caring about it, they cannot say more at Como than they do at Venice. You have no idea of the absurd stories which the multitude believe of you; but which every person of sense, and indeed every enlightened circle of our own countrymen, laugh at. This is the common lot of all who have distinguished themselves among men. When Dante walked through the streets, the old women pointed at him, and said, "That is the man who went to Hell with Virgil; see how his beard is singed." Stories unlike this, but to the full as improbable and monstrous, are propagated of you at Venice; but I know not wherefore you should regard them. With us you would find a sincere, and frank welcome; and as we should be all unknown, or might be, I can see no loophole for calumny.

If your messenger arrives before Clare and you have come to an understanding on this subject, I shall detain him until further orders, unless your instructions are explicit that he shall not stay. Allegra has an

78: "sent" (Ms.).
79: "merry" (Ms).
80: Sh. is afraid of his children being taken from him.
81: Macbeth, II ii 52.
82: "us" (Ms.)
English nurse,\textsuperscript{83} a very clean and good-tempered young woman, whom, in case of a termination of these melancholy differences, I can safely recommend to you.

The expenses of which you speak\textsuperscript{84} have been in our family so extremely trifling, that I know not how to name any sum that will not leave me, what I cannot accept, a pecuniary profit. Perhaps you will be kind enough not to place me in so degrading a situation, as to estimate a matter of this kind.

I feel confident that you will attribute to its right motive the earnestness with which I have written on this painful subject; and believe me, my dear Lord B., most sincerely attached to your interest and honour,

P.B. Shelley.

[P.S.] Allegra is daily improving in beauty, but she is suffering just now from cutting her teeth.

I cannot conceive how my letter from Lyons should have failed.

\textbf{Byron to Douglas Kinnaird, from Venice, April 23rd 1818:}

(Source: text from B.L.Add.Mss.42093 ff.80-1; 1922 II 79-81; QII 424-5; BLJ VI 33-4)

\textit{Venice. April<24th.> 23\textsuperscript{d}. 1818}

Dear Douglas /

I will not go to Geneva – and I look upon the proposition as a very gross neglect on the part of Hanson and an affront on that of my friends including you – Davies – Hobhouse & every body else. – The Messenger must come here – is it not evident that the expence and trouble must be less for the man & papers to come to me than for me to go to the Man & papers? – At any rate, and at any cost – I won’t stir – and if anything occurs – it is all your fault for not taking better care of my interests – besides wanting to drag me a mile closer to your infernal country – – – – – –

1:2

“Poor Maria” um! – I do not understand the particulars – nor wish to hear them; all I know is that she made your house very pleasant to your friends, and as far as I know made no mischief – \textit{<at least>} (which is saying infinitely for a woman) and therefore whatever has or may happen – she has my good will, go where she will; – I understand that you have provided for her in the handsomest manner – which is your nature – & don’t \textit{surprise} me. – as far as Prudence goes – you are right to dissolve such a connection – and as to provocation – doubtless you had sufficient – but I can’t help being sorry for the woman – although she \textit{did} tell you that I made love to her – which by the God of

1:3

Scrope Davies! was not true – for I never dreamed of making love to any thing of yours except sixty pints of Brandy sixty years old – all or the greater part \{of which\} I consumed in your suppers. – God help me – I was very sorry when they were no more. – Now to business. – “Shylock, I must have monies”\textsuperscript{85} – so have at Spooney for Noel’s & Newstead arrears – & have at Murray for coming copyrights – & let me have a credit forthwith; – I am in cash but I don’t like to break in upon my \textit{circular} notes – in case of a journey – or changing my residence – but look to my finance department – & above all don’t \textit{lecture me} – for I won’t bear it & will run savage. –

1:4

Make the Messenger proceed from Geneva – send him a letter therefor – that we may conclude the Newstead Sale – & if you can sell or settle a sale for Rochdale – do – Newstead has done well so far. – – – –

Do not suppose that I will be induced to return toward England far less than the most imperious motives -- but believe me always

\[y[^{scrawl}]\]

P.S.

\textsuperscript{83}: The nurse was called Amelia Shields.
\textsuperscript{84}: We do not have B.’s letter referring to Sh.’s expensess
\textsuperscript{85}: Shakespeare, \textit{The Merchant of Venice}, I iii 111 (“we would have moneys”).
Don’t mind Hobhouse – he would whistle me home – that is to his home – if he could – but “thaut’s impossible” for the son & heir of Sir Wm. Meadows – So look to it – & don’t conspire against me – or my quiet. – –

Byron to John Murray, from Venice, April 23rd 1818:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.43489; LJ IV 228-31; QII 425-8; BLJ VI 34-6)
[To John Murray Esq / 50. Albemarle Street / London / Angleterre / Inghilterra / April 23d 1818 ——]

Venice. April 23d. <1818> {1818}

Dear Sir – The time is past in which I could feel for the dead – or I should feel for the death of Lady Melbourne the best & kindest & ablest female I ever knew – old or young – but “I have supped full of horrors” – & events of this kind leave only a kind of numbness worse than pain – like a violent blow on the elbow or on the head – there is one link the less between England & myself – – –

Now to business. I presented you with “Beppo” as part of the contract for Canto fourth – considering the price you are to pay for the same – & intending it eke you out in case of public caprice or my own {poetical} failure – if you choose to suppress it entirely at Mr. Sotheby’s suggestion – you may do as you please – but recollect that it is not to be published {in a} garbled or mutilated state. – I reserve to my friends & to myself the right of correcting the press,

1:2

if the publication continues it is to continue in it’s present form. – – – –

If M’. S. fancies – or feels himself alluded to & injured by the allusion – he has his redress – by law – by reply – or by such other remedy personal or poetical as may seem good to himself or any person or persons acting for by or at his suggestion. – – – –

My reasons for presuming M’. S. to be {ye} author of the anonymous note sent to me at Rome <in> last Spring with a copy of “Chillon” &c. with marginal notes by the writer of the <note> {billet} were – firstly – Similarity in the handwriting; – of which I could form a recollection from correspondence between Mr. S. & myself on the subject of “Ivan” a play offered to D. L. Theatre – 2dly. the Style more especially the word “Effulgence” a phrase which clinched my conjecture as decisively as any coincidence between Francis & Junius – 3dly. the paucity of English then at Rome – & the circumstances of M’. S’s return from Naples & the delivery of this note & book occurring at the same period – he having <just> then & there arrived with a party of <bad> Blue=stocking Bi-women – I would say – of the same complexion whom he afterwards conveyed to the Abbate Morelli’s at Venice – to view his Cameo – where they so tormented the poor old man (nearly twenty in number all with pencil & notebook in hand & questions in infamous Italian & villainous French) that it became the talk of Venice – as you may find by asking my friend M’. Hoppner or

1:3

others who were then at Venice – 4thly. my being aware of M’. S’s patronage & anxiety on such occasions which led me to the belief that with very good intentions – he might nevertheless blunder in his mode of giving as well as taking opinions – & 5thly. the Devil who made M’. S one author and me another. – – – –

As M’. S says [that] he did not write this letter &c. I am ready to believe him – but for the firmness of my former persuasion – I refer to M’. Hobhouse who can inform you how sincerely I erred on this point he has also the note – or at least had it – for I gave it to him with my verbal comments thereupon.

As to Beppo I will not alter or suppress a syllable for any man’s pleasure but my own – if there are resemblances between Botherby & Sotheby or Sotheby and Botherby the fault is not mine – but in the

1:4

2:1

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87: If B. learns of Lady Melbourne’s death in a letter from Mu., the letter has not been found.
2) person who resembles – or the persons who trace a resemblance. – Who find out this resemblance? –
Mr. S’s friends – who go about moaning over him & laughing? Mr. S’s friends – whatever allusions Mr. S.
may imagine – or whatever may or may not [really] exist in the passages in question – I can assure him –
that there is not a literary man or a pretender to Literature – or a reader of the day – in the World of London
– who does not think & express [harsher] {more obnoxious} opinions of his Blue-stocking Mummeries
than are to be found in print – and I for one think and say that to the best of my knowledge & belief from
past experience and present information Mr. Sotheby has made & makes himself highly ridiculous. –
He may be an amiable man – a moral man – a good father – a good husband –

2:2

a respectable & devout <subject> <& single> individual – I have nothing to say against all this – but I have
something to say of Mr. S’s literary foibles – and of the wretched affectations & systematized Sophistry of
many men, women, & Children now extant & absurd, in & about London & elsewhere; – which & whom in
their false pretensions & nauseous attempts to make Learning a nuisance – & society a Bore – I consider as
fair Game – to be brought down on all fair occasions – & I doubt not by the blessing of God on my honest
purpose <to> and the {former} example of Mr. Gifford & others my betters before my eyes – to extirpate –
extinguish & eradicate such as come within the compass of <my [ ]> my intention. – – –
And this is my opinion – of which you will express as much or as little as you think proper. –

3:1

3) Did you receive two additional Stanzas to be inserted towards the close of Canto 4th.? – Respond – that
(if not) they may be sent. – Tell Mr. Hobhouse & Mr. Hanson that they may as well expect Geneva to come
to me as [that] I <go> [should] go to Geneva. – The Messenger may go on or return as he pleases – I
won’t stir – & I look upon [it] as a piece of singular absurdity, in those who know me imagining that I
should – not to say Malice, in attempting unnecessary torture. – If <my> on the occasion my interests
should suffer – it is their neglect that is to blame – and they may all be damned together. – You <let> may
tell them this – and

3:2

add, that nothing but force – or necessity – shall stir me one step towards the places to which they would
wring me –
I wonder particularly at Mr. Hobhouse (who is in possession of my opinions) sanctioning such a conspiracy
against my tranquillity. – – –
If your literary matters prosper – let me know. – If “Beppo” pleases you shall have more in a year or two in
the same mood. – And so “Good Morrow to you good Master Lieutenant.”89

yrs. [scrawl]

[3:3 blank; 3:4 has the address.]

Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Venice, April 24th 1818:
(Source: text from B.L.Add.Mss.42093 ff.82-4; 1922 II 78-9; BLJ VI 37)
[To, Jno. Hobhouse Esqre / Care of Jno. .. Murray / 50. Albemarle Street / London / Angleterre / Inghilterra]

Venice. April 24th. 1818.

Dear Hobhouse –

I have written to Murray on Sotheby’s affair – which response he will communicate – I
suppose that you are in possession of the note and book – and I then & there told you my reasons for
believing Sotheby the writer. I will not go to Geneva – and I look upon it as a great piece of ignorance &
unfriendliness in those who have endeavoured to trepan me into such an infamous journey. – – I
<will> [would] sooner perish than undertake it, at least upon such motives. – –
By this post I have written to Kinnaird on business; – I must have monies90 – and Hanson and Murray are to
make some payments – or ought. – The cursed stupidity of sending me the

1:2

89: Shakespeare, Henry V, II i 2 (“Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph”).
90: Shakespeare, The Merchant of Venice, I iii 111 (“we would have moneys”).
Clerk & parchments to Geneva is beyond measure vexatious – but this comes of having friends – I wish they were all damned – from Pylades to the present day. – – –

He must be eked on to Venice at any or all events – I will not stir – – “no – not for Venice” nor from Venice; – the expence must be much less for the fellow to come to me – than for me to be lugged over the Alps towards <your> country – which I hate as I do my mother in law. – – –

Now I have sworn – and am easier. – – – –

Did not you get two additional stanzas for Canto 4th.? I sent

1:3

them – if not arrived – tell me. Shelley has got to Milan with the bastard & it’s mother – but won’t send the Shild – unless I will go & see the mother – I have sent a messenger for the Shild – but I can’t leave my quarters – & have “sworn an oath” between Attorneys, – Clerks – & Whores – wives – & children – and friends – my life is made a burthen – and it is all owing to your negligence & “want of memory”. – – –

I can’t help being sorry for D’ Kinnaird’s <whore> piece – she gave me sixty bottles of brandy – – – the very best I ever drank – – – poor dear woman – she will

1:4

be a great loss – I shall never see the like again. – – –

I regret to hear of Scrope’s not winning – such a man’s destiny ought not to be in a dice box, – or a horses’ hoof – or a Gambler’s hand. Venice is Venice. – I go now {often} to the Benzona’s – the oddest & pleasantest of elderly ladies – & her Conversazione better than the Governor’s or the Albrizzi’s. – I have got a sty in my eye – Madame S. has got an ague fever; – I have taken part of Gritti’s palace for three years – so don’t think of dragging me over the Channel

y’ [scrawl]

Claire Clairmont to Byron, from Milan, April 26th 1818:
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4177B; Stocking I 114-15)
[To the / Right Honorable / Lord Byron]

My dear Lord Byron

By the time you have this you will also have my little girl.93 My dearest friend for so you must ever be to me I entreat you to write us a line on her safe arrival – to let me know that she is well. When you have once seen her you will soon guess how I feel on quitting her. The Nurse who accompanies her is in every respect the most eligible person we could procure. She is a mother herself & besides very much attached to my darling. She has been with us some time & I feel happy in knowing that with her many things which it is impossible you could know any thing about will be attended to. My dearest friend you now have her – I pray you remember what <I have> you <wit> writ94 that I shall see her soon again. I do not know what you mean by saying <they are> my letters are bad German novels – they may well be bad & it is my daily fear that they may become worse. Tomorrow is my own birthday and you may think how I feel. My dear Lord Byron I entreat you pray spare me all that you can. I own I have asked of you too much I have sent you my child because I love her to well to keep her. With you who are powerful and noble and the admiration of the world she will be happy but I am a miserable and neglected dependant. Dearest and best I entreat you to think how wretched & lone I feel now she is gone, and to write word that she is well the darling bird. She was christened Clara Allegra

1:2

and besides I have one favour to beg of you. Send me the smallest quantity of your own dearest hair that I may put with some of Allegra’s in a locket. Dearest friend, my dear Lord Byron do not refuse me this one favour. Never again shall <I> you have to complain that I teize you. For the future you shall do as you

91: Shakespeare, The Merchant of Venice, IV i 225.
92: Shakespeare, The Merchant of Venice, III iii 5.
93: Elise Duvillard departed to take Allegra to B. in Venice on April 28th 1818. They arrived on May 2nd. B. wrote to H., “My Bastard came three days ago – very like – healthy – noisy – & capricious” (BLJ VI 39).
94: The letter in which B. promises this is missing.
please and I will not even grieve. Pray think before you refuse the mother of your child this slight request. If I have been faulty I have suffered enough to redeem my error; my child was born in sorrow & after much suffering – then I love her with a passion that almost destroys my being she goes from me. My dear Lord Byron I most truly love my child, she never checked me – she loves me she stretches out her arms to me & cooes for joy when I take her – Farewell my dearest friend. Pray tell me how your health is. I pray for your happiness and for her’s. I assure you I have wept so much to night that now my eyes seem to drop hot & burning blood. Remember that I am wretched how wretched and for the smallest word of kindness from you I will bless & honour you. My dearest Lord Byron best of human beings you are the father of my little girl and I cannot forget you. [no signature]

1:3

Tuesday April 27th

April 28th 1818: Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage Canto IV published.

From the diary of John Cam Hobhouse, April 28th 1818:
(Source: text edited from B.L.Add.Mss.47235)

Tuesday April 28th. Childe Harold published today – God knows what will be the fate of notes and Illustrations – I have worked like a horse and perhaps like an ass at them. Journal since Thursday April 9th. Dined with John Murray of Albemarle Street, to usher in the birth – poets Moore, Shiel, of The Apostle, Milman of Fazio, Dr Black of Tasso, Ellis of China, several others. Mrs Murray was at the head of the table – we had a most singular evening and sat up till near three in the morning drinking Murray’s Hock – our host very tipsy – Murray has sold between between nine and ten thousand of the Childe. He said to me, “Moore is a good fellow, but he can’t write – there is no man can like my man.” He was drunk when he said this, and I was afraid would be overheard.

John Cam Hobhouse to John Murray, from 50, Hill Street, 1818:
(Source: text from John Murray Archive, 50 Albemarle Street)

50 Hill Street

My dear Sir

The partiality (as <th/we/se> authors say) of some friends has made me think it possible that my Illustrations might be remolded & republished in a different form & under a different name as “a Guide amongst the ruins of Rome” or [Ms. tear: “some such”?] title95 Pray be kind enough to let me know what is the state of your second edition96 and also what is your opinion as to the important question which I have propounded to you – I think I might from my notes make out something new so as to give perhaps an additional interest to the collection – what say you also to publishing Francesca with my translation – or the translation without the Italian?97 Friends (again) tell me it is not ill done – If it should be thought not bad so much the better for us – if it should be damned so much the better for the critics who will have the pleasure of mauling a radical – truly [Ms. tear: “yours J.C.Hob”]house

Percy Bysshe Shelley to Byron, from Milan, April 28th 1818:
(Source: text from 1922 II 75-7, dated April 30th; Jones II 12-13)

Milan, April 28, 1818.

My dear Lord Byron

It certainly98 gave me much pleasure to be able to bring your little girl to Italy, as indeed I was puzzled to find a person to trust her with; but the purpose of my journey was, I lament to say, in no manner connected with it. My health, which has always been declining, had assumed such symptoms that the physicians advised me to proceed without delay to a warmer climate. Allow me also to repeat my assertion that Clare’s late conduct with respect to the child was wholly unconnected with, and uninfluenced by me. The correspondence from which these misinterpretations have arisen was undertaken on my part solely because you refused to correspond with Clare. My conduct in the affair

95: This plan came to nothing.
96: Historical Illustrations never achieved a second edition.
98: Sh. seems again to be answering a letter from B. which has not survived.
has been simple, and intelligible. I am sorry that I misunderstood your letter; and I hope that on both sides there is here an end of misunderstandings.

You will find your little Allegra quite well. I think she is the most lovely and engaging child I ever beheld. Tell us what you think of her, and whether, or no, she equals your expectations. Her attendant is not the servant whom I alluded to in my last letter; but a Swiss,99 who has attended my own children, in whom Mrs. S. entirely confides, and who even quits us somewhat unwillingly, and whom Mary parts with solely that Clare and yourself may be assured that Allegra will be attended almost with a mother’s care.

Clare, as you may imagine, is dreadfully unhappy. As you have not written to her, it has been a kind of custom that she should see your letters; and I daresay you know that you have sometimes said things which I do not think you would have addressed to her. It could not in any way compromise you to be cautious in this respect, as, unless you write to her, I cannot well refuse to let her see your letters. I have not seen any of those which she has written to you; nor even have I often known when they were sent.

You will receive your packets of books. Hunt sends you one he has lately published; and I am commissioned by an old friend of yours to convey “Frankenstein” to you, and to request that if you conjecture the name of the author, that you will regard it as a secret. In fact, it is Mrs. S.’s. It has met with considerable success in England; but she bids me say, “That she would regard your approbation as a more flattering testimony of its merit.”

Address your next letter “Poste Restante, Pisa,” as we leave Milan for that city tomorrow. We have been disappointed in our house at Como; and indeed, I shall attempt to divert Clare’s melancholy by availing myself of some introductions at Pisa. Clare is wretchedly disconsolate, and I know not how I shall calm her, until the return of post. I ought to say that we shall be at Pisa long before the return of post—when we expect (pray don’t disappoint us) a letter from you to assure us of the safe arrival of our little favourite. Mary begs to unite with me in best regards; and to express her affection, and anxiety, about little Allegra, whom she has been accustomed to regard almost as one of her own children.

I ought to say that by an unfortunate mistake I left behind me the 2nd part of the “Voyage to Corea”,100 and a poem called “Beppo”,101 which Murray had sent to me for you. Peacock has a parcel for me, which I expect at midsummer, in which these will be included. Elise’s wages with us were 20 louis.

My dear Lord Byron, yours always sincerely,

P. B. Shelley.

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**Byron to William Stewart Rose, from Venice, May 1818:**
(Source: Ms. not found; text from LJ; BLJ VI 38. See also LJM 339)

[at bottom of verses by Rose:]

These verses were sent to me by W.S.Rose from Albaro, in the spring of 1818. They are good and true—and Rose is a fine fellow—and one of the few English who understand Italy—without which Italian is nothing.

**Byron to Douglas Kinnaird, from Venice, May 2nd 1818:**
(Source: this text from BLJ X 191)

*Venice. May 3d. 1818*

Dear Douglas—A Son of a friend of Mr. Rose’s—noble Venetian by birth—young in years & unfortunate by circumstances—has been strongly recommended to me to recommend to others—for a situation in some banking house—for which if his qualifications are adequate—his honesty can be vouched for.——The young man is named Giorgil—his family Patrician—his age seventeen or eighteen.—This letter will be delivered by himself.—If you can help him to what he seeks in your own—or by recommendation to other banking houses—or rather house—you will do good—and oblige me, and I make it my earnest & particular request that you will as far as in you lies do what you can for him.—

ever yrs & truly affectionately

BYRON

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**Claire Clairmont to Byron, from Livorno, May 17th 1818:**
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4177B; Stocking I 116-17)

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99: This nurse is Elise Foggi.
101: *Beppo* was published anonymously. Sh. may be being coy.
Livorno 17th May 1818

My dear friend

I know you will excuse my troubling you to give the enclosed letter to Elise. I am afraid if I addressed them to her they <it> would not reach. I felt much obliged to you for the few lines you wrote in her letter – they were the only ones I could read of the whole four pages though I puzzled over it a whole day. How is my Allegra? Is she gay and has she given you any knocks? I sincerely hope she has – <for> and paid you all your unkindness to me in very innocent coin. Whenever I think of the little creature I feel myself smile. She is so funny and yet so pretty. Upon my word I think you ought to thank me and instead of calling me stupid be astonished at my cleverness? I am sure I have a great mind to take out a patent, but then you stamp my manufacture with your name & run away with all the credit. It is too bad. I must have my revenge as people say so I beg you will kiss my darling dearest child twice for me.

My dearest friend you cannot think how unhappy I have been but I am now better. I know you will let me see my Chick again soon and for the rest I can only hope when you see how good I am that you will be kinder to one who can never forget you. I beg you will remember one thing that in all cases you have only to say what you wish to be done and it shall be done. I may sometimes entreat you to alter your mind but that is all I shall ever do. We read Beppo before we left London. Peacock laughed dreadfully about “this place is no sinecure as you may guess,” 102 and the <fetching> carrying the fan & tippet. 103 Also about <babl> bustling Botherby. 104 You naughty creature! At first it was said to be written by Frere the Quarterly Review man – but in two days it was known to be your’s. Godwin

1:2
dined at a public dinner with Hobhouse who said he had no authority to say Beppo was your’s but that he himself really thought it was. Afterwards in the course of conversation he related what he believed to be the origin of Beppo – about Sotheby, the anonymous letter, the tragedy & the meeting at Venice. The fourth Canto 105 was not then printed but I long to see it.

Inclosed you will find a seal which I took off from one of Murray’s letters. I suppose you will recognize who it is. My dear Lord Byron now don’t expect too much of me. I begin to feel uneasy to hear again of my darling. I am very proud of her and I wish to <kin> know whether you think her pretty & particularly her eyes. She has some looks very like your’s. If any thing is taken from her, the surprise and astonishment she expresses at your extreme audacity is <all> yourself all over. I asked you dearest to give me a little of your hair. I will never put that of Allegra’s into a locket till it shall be mixed with yours, so, if you chuse to keep her hair out of the locket, you must. Now do, dearest and most <aim> amiable of Bashaws now send me a little; if you do, I will turn Turk to please <and forget> you and forget reading & writing and every other Christian accomplishment. 106 Good God! If any body could see how double I am getting with bending lowly to entreat the slightest favour<s> of you. You sent Captain Webster 107 your picture and very handsome it was and to me who have given you the prettiest little girl in the world <you refus> with beautifully turned ancles you refuse a lock of your hair. But seriously dearest Lord Byron don’t

1:3

refuse me. There is only one thing I desire to do and that would be to be capable of making you feel what I feel for then I know you would pity me and not be so harsh as you have been. Now only let me put a case to you. Suppose the Sun were to take it into his head to shine upon all the world except one particular lady who felt it the more as she was of a very chilly constitution and always longing for his presence. What should We say of the Sun in such a case? Why that it was very ill-tempered of him & that he might have been polite enough to shine on her now & then tho’ it was not in his power to do so always. Are you not the Sun to me? I verily believe [it] for I have never known a hot moment since I left Geneva. So send me some of your dear Hair and I will take it for one of those slant rays which fall on the Pole, and which cheer tho’ they cannot warm. My dearest & best friend do you think I can ever forget you? If one were to go to Heaven and then return to Earth how wretched one would be ever after. Such is my case but I do not flatter myself it will ever be better. I heard tell of your extreme charity to the poor at Venice which was lauded by

102: Beppo, 40, 6. The line implies B.’s role as cavaliere servente, and must have been hurtful to C.C.
103: Beppo, 40, 8.
104: Beppo, 73, 7.
105: CHP IV.
106: C.C. alludes to Beppo, stanzas 77 and 78.
107: James Wedderburn Webster.
every one I hope therefore that you will be indulgent to me and I assure you dearest it shall be my study
to trouble you as little as I possibly can. Not to mention my own feelings, you may well believe that for my
darling’s sake I would not offend you for worlds. Write then my dear Lord Byron. Our address is Livorno.
You know not how anxiously I shall wait for it nor how grateful I shall feel for your kindness. S— & M.
desire their kindest remembrances & a kiss to Allegra.

Clare.

Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Venice, May 19th 1818:
(Source: text from B.L.Add.Mss.42093 ff.85-8; 1922 II 81-2; BLJ VI 39-40)
[To, J].o. Hobhouse Esqre / Care of J. Murray Esqre / 108 / London / Angleterre / Inghilterra

Venice. May 19th. 1818

Dear Hobhouse –

That is right – row & spur Spooney; – & let Murray disburse – however I don’t mean to
<xxxxx> {pin} him – if he feels losing I will let him down as many pounds as he likes, – whether the <xxxx>
Bulgars (the Public) like the "poeshie" or no, is no matter – the profit is the point – let me know the facts –
don’t let Murray be a loser – – I threw in “Beppo” to eke him out in case of accidents – but let what is to
be paid – be paid – readily – or steadily – because I see that Spooney dawdles – damn him – had I followed
y’. advice – I should have now been

hating myself at Geneva – waiting for his messenger – who was not there at the time – for I wrote to
Hentsch the Banker – to kick his back side over the Simpion – & lo, he was not come. – – – – –
I desire that Spooney may pay such balance of {Nd} arrears into Dug’s bank – as may be {received or} cashable in whatever portions – great or small; – when the man comes – I will sign all the papers of Sale &
receipt proper to be signed – & Murray may as well be dating his bills; – I rejoice for the illustrations & the
preface – but I wish you in Parliament – try there is time ’twixt this & October. – Tell L. Kinnaird – that the

lady to whom Vendiamini would not introduce him – and to whom Rizzo might have introduced him – (but
I suppose shuffled also because he was an admirer) within the last ten days has become as far as a Capriccio
– Roba mia, – I asked Rizzo to introduce {me} – who declined – for fear of an Austrian Colonel, nephew to
Marechal Bianchi {(who is her Cavalier Servente)} – so I found a way by means of Soranzo another
Venetian Noble and friend of mine – and have fucked her twice a day for the last six – today is the seventh
– but no

Sabbath day – for we meet at Midnight {at her Milliner’s –} She is the prettiest Bacchante in the world – &
a piece to perish in. – The Segati & I have been off these two months – or rather three. – I have a world of
other harlotry – besides an offer of the daughter of the Arlechino of S’ Luke’s theatre – so that my hands
are full – – whatever my Seminal vessels may be – With regard to Arpalice Tarucelli (the Madcap above
mentioned) – recollect there is no liaison only fuf-fuf and passades – & fair fucking – you may easily
suppose I did not much heed her Austrian Dragon – who may do as he likes and be damned.

2) I have taken part of the Mocenigo Palace for three years – (on the Grand Canal) and have been much
among the Natives since you went – particularly at the Benzona’s – who is a kind of Venetian (late) Lady
Melbourne. – <Exxxxxpxxxx> –

Recollect my demands – <money> money – monies – toothpowder – Magnesia – Soda powders –
Spooney’s papers – & good news of you & yours always & ever

[scrawl]

108: B. leaves out “50 Albemarle Street”.
Byron to Douglas Kinnaird, from Venice, May 27th 1818:

(Source: text from B.L.Add.Mss.42093 ff.89-90; not in 1922 II; BLJ VI 41-2)  
[To, The Hon[109] Douglas Kinnaird / Messrs Morley Co / Bankers / Pall Mall / London / Angleterre / Inghilterra]

Venice. May 27th. 1818 –

Dear Douglas –

Business. – I beg you to dun Spooney – there is or ought to be something (however trifling) from Newstead & old Noel the everlasting – no matter – let’s have it. – – Then there is Murray – I desire to have “my fee” or part of “my fee” – I desiderate monies – monies – “Shylock! I would have monies”[110] – and pray send me part in circulars because I have been obliged to break into those I have – or rather had – and I don’t like to be limited to Siri & Willhalm only – in case I should like to voyage. – –

1:2

I wrote to you a month ago and more – but you are as negligent as the rest – in the mean time I am & do very well {being} in good health & performance & very much yrs[scrawl]

P.S. – Keep an eye on Spooney – & more particularly on his distribution of the products of the Sale when fulfilled – spur him about Rochdale {also} – and above all extract coin from him & Murray – and pray now don’t forget – I hope you will marry. –

1:3

My bastard came here a month ago – a very fine child – & much <carresse> {admired} by the Venetian public. – – Hobhouse can tell you her history. – I have broke my old liaison with la Segati – & have taken a dozen in stead; – all’s well as yet. [scrawl]

Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Venice, May 27th 1818:

(Source: text from B.L.Add.Mss.42093 ff.91-2; not in 1922 II; BLJ VI 40-1)  

Venice. May 27th. 1818. –

Dear Hobhouse –

I write for my fee – “every man should have a proper regard for his fee”[111] – Douglas Kinnaird – (or in his absence) you as my deputy’s deputy – are requested, & required, & besought – to extract payments (inasmuch as possible) from Spooney & Murray – the son of a Kinnaird never has written to me a syllable since one epistle about his late Mistress; – let him at least dun Murray & Spooney if he will do nothing else. – – Spooney writes to promise the writings for signature to set out {for Venice} the end of this moon – a pretty figure I should have cut at Geneva if I had set out at your former requisition – waiting for the Attorneo. – And let me beg of you & Douglas to keep an eye on Spooney’s remittances and accounts of my Jew debts &c. &c. at the period when the monies & discharges are in action – & let me have his bill surveyed by (what M⁰. Heidelberg calls) – “the Counsellors at law” and in short as you are my friend, show yourself as sich – or why did I write a preface! – Talking of prefaces reminds me of the book which like “Gill comes tumbling after” – I have never heard of it since the day of publication & y⁰. letter two days after – which doth not answer so very splendidly for the publication – because had there been any thing good to tell you would have told it amongst you; – I don’t much mind that – but I should like to have “my fee” and I desire that you will have a proper look out “for my fee.” – I desire money – and magnesia – and Soda powders – & any new publications – and tooth powder – & bark – and Diachylon plaister – & my love to everybody

y⁰[scrawl]

109: This address is heavily erased.
110: Shakespeare, The Merchant of Venice, I iii 111 (“we would have moneys”).
P.S.
There must be some balance from Newsstead & old Noel and whatever it may be let me have it – by the way old Joe must not be forgotten – I give Carte blanche about him – but let him above all have all possible comforts and requisites in any case – I can’t write the prologue for F's – 'I'm not i' the vein' – but I wish you Joy & success. – – – – – –
My Bastard came a month ago – a very fine Child – much admired in the gardens & on the Piazza – and greatly caressed by the Venetians from the Governatrice downwards. – –
Don’t forget my monies – and let some be sent in circular notes in case I take to voyaging – for I don’t like to be pinned only to one bank or banker. – – –
See if aught can be done for or with Rochdale also. – – –

Thomas Love Peacock to Percy Bysshe Shelley, from Marlow, May 30th 1818:
(Source: Ms. Abinger Bodleian Dep b. 211; text from The Letters of Thomas Love Peacock, ed. Nicholas A. Joukovsky, Oxford 2001, I 123-4.)

Marlow – May 30th – 1818.
My dear Shelley
Since I wrote last I have received a Notice of Constable’s Edinburgh Magazine containing a notice of Frankenstein very favorable though not so much as that in Blackwood’s and not so good in any respect. It is not worth postage but I will include it in the parcel. If you remain at Pisa or near it the proximity of Leghorn will facilitate the receipt of the quarterly packet. There were some things in your longer letter which I intended to speak of but to tell you the truth that letter gave me so much pleasure that I was unwilling to keep it to myself and sent it to Marianne [Hunt] who has it still. I remember however you mentioned your design of writing a tragedy on Tasso’s madness: I know little of the subject but I cannot think it possible that it can be at all theatrical though in the Greek sense it may be dramatic. The renewal of the Bank Restriction Act which it is now generally acknowledged must be an annual measure as long as “the system” lasts appears in some instances to have “touched monied worldlings with dismay.” Cobbett is indefatigable. He gives us a full close-printed sheet every week which is something surprising if we only consider the quantity, more especially if we take into account the number of his other avocations. America has not yet dimmed his powers and it is impossible that his clear exposures of all the forms of political fraud shall fail of producing a most powerful effect. The Courier calls fiercely for a Censorship of the weekly press. The Queen has been very ill but is better to the great joy of this loyal nation. I have no idea and no wish remaining to leave Marlow at all, and when you return to England you will find me still here, though perhaps not in the same house. I have almost finished Nightmare Abbey. I think it necessary to “make a stand” against the encroachments of black bile. The fourth canto of Childe Harold is really too bad. I cannot consent to be auditor tantum of this systematical “poisoning” of the “mind” of the “Reading Public.” We have had since I wrote last a continued series of cloudless sunshine and delightful warm weather. I have sufficiently conquered my out-of-door propensities to convince myself systematically all the forenoon, and I consider this something of an achievement in the beginning of summer. I have not heard from you since my last, and am very anxious to know where [you] are and what you are doing. [I] wish I could [write] you more interesting letters: but there is a great dearth of political news and my own mode of life admits of no varieties worth detailing. A solitary study – a sail – a walk in the woods – all delightful things and wanting only the participation of a congenial mind – are yet though infinitely various in their minutiae very little capable of diversity in narration. My very kindest remembrances to Mary and Clare.
Ever most sincerely yours,
T.L.PEACOCK.
I shall write invariably every second Sunday.

Byron to Hobhouse, from Venice, June 1818:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.43354; LJ IV 234-6; QII 428-30; BLJ VI 44-5)
This letter was not sent. Hobhouse saw it for the first time when he was shown it by Charles Barry at Genoa in 1826. He describes “A letter supposed to be written from Fletcher to me giving an account

112: H.’s translation of Silvio Pellico’s Francesca da Rimini.
113: Shakespeare, Richard III, IV ii 122.
of Byron’s death in 1818 – very laughable” (B.L.Add.Mss.56551, diary entry for October 3rd 1826). Byron does not disguise his handwriting.

Venice, June <xxX> 1818.

Sir – With great grief I inform you of the death of my late dear Master – my Lord – who died this morning at ten of the Clock of a rapid decline & slow fever – – caused by anxiety – sea=bathing – <&> <bxx> women & riding in the Sun against my advice. – He is a dreadful loss to every body, mostly to me – who have lost <not only> {<an>} a master & {and} a place – {also} I hope you – Sir – will give me a charakter. – I saved in his service as you know several hundred pounds – God knows how – for I don’t, nor my {late} master neither – – and if my wage was not always paid to the day, still it was or is to be paid sometime & somehow – you – Sir – who are his executioner won’t see a poor Servant wronged of his little all. – My dear Master had several physicians and a Priest – he died a Papish but is to be buried among the Jews in the Jewish burying ground – for my part I don’t see why – he could not abide them when living nor any other people – hating whores who asked him for money. – He suffered his illness with great patience – except that when in extremity he twice damned his friends &

1:2

said they were selfish rascals – you – Sir – particularly – & M’. Kinnaird – who had never answered his letters nor complied with his repeated requests. – He also said he hoped that your new tragedy would be damned – God forgive him – I hope that <he himself> my master won’t be damned with like the tragedy. – – – – – – His nine whores are already provided for – and the other servants – but what is to become of me? – I have got his Cloathes & Carriages – and Cash – & everything – but the Consul quite against law has clapt his seal and taken an inventary & swears that he must account for my Lord’s heirs – who they are – I don’t know – but they ought to consider poor Servants & above all his Vally de Sham. My Lord never grudged me perquisites – my wage was the least I got by him <I am sorry for one thing however> – and if I did keep the Countess (she is or ought to be a Countess although

1:3

she is upon the town) Marietta – Monetta – Piretta – after passing my word to you and my Lord that I would not never no more – still he was an indulgent master – & only said I was a damned fool – & swore and forgot it again. – What Could I do – she said as how she should die – or kill herself if I did not go with her – & so I did – & kept her out of my Lord’s washing and ironing – & nobody can deny that although the charge was high – the linen was well got up. – Hope you are well Sir – am with tears in my eyes yours faithfully to command

Wm. Fletcher. –

P.S.

If you know any Gentleman in want of a Wally – hope for a charakter. – I saw your late Swiss Servant in the Galleys at Leghorn for robbing an Inn – he produced your recommendation at his trial. – – – – – – –

Byron to Thomas Moore, from Venice, June 1st 1818:
(Source: Ms. not found; text from Moore’s Life II 176-8; LJ IV 236-40; QII 430-2; BLJ VI 45-8)

Palazzo Mocenigo, Canal Grande, Venice, June 1. 1818.

Your letter is almost the only news, as yet, of Canto fourth, and it has by no means settled its fate,—at least, does not tell me how the “Poeshie” has been received by the public. But I suspect, no great things,—firstly, from Murray’s “horrid stillness;” secondly, from what you say about the stanzas running into each other, which I take not to be yours, but a notion you have been dinned with among the Blues. The fact is, that the terza rima of the Italians, which always runs on and in, may have led me into experiments, and carelessness into conceit—or conceit into carelessness—in either of which events failure will be probable, and my fair woman, “superne,” end in a fish; so that Childe Harold will be like the mermaid, my family crest, with the fourth Canto for a tail thereunto. I won’t quarrel with the public, however, for the “Bulgars” are generally right; and if I miss now, I may hit another time:—and so, the “gods give us joy.”

114: This deleted word could be “boys”.
115: Dryden, _Astraea Redux_, I.7.
116: Shakespeare, _As You Like It_, III iii 41.
You like Beppo, that’s right. * * * * I have not had the Fudges yet, but live in hopes. I need not say that your successes are mine. By the way, Lydia White is here, and has just borrowed my copy of “Lalla Rookh.” * * * * * 

Hunt’s letter is probably the exact piece of vulgar coxcombr y you might expect from his situation. He is a good man, with some poetical elements in his chaos; but spoilt by the Christ-Church Hospital and a Sunday newspaper,—to say nothing of the Surrey gaol, which conceited him into a martyr. But he is a good man. When I saw “Rimini” in MS., I told him that I deemed it good poetry at bottom, disfigured only by a strange style. His answer was, that his style was a system, or upon system, or some such cant; and, when a man talks of system, his case is hopeless: so I said no more to him, and very little to any one else.

He believes his trash of vulgar phrases tortured into compound barbarisms to be old English; and we may say of it as Aimwell says of Captain Gibbet’s regiment, when the Captain calls it an “old corps,”—“the oldest in Europe, if I may judge by your uniform.” 117 He sent out his “Foliage” by Percy Shelley * * *, and, of all the ineffable Centaurs that were ever begotten by Self-love upon a Night-mare, I think this monstrous Sagittary 118 the most prodigious. He (Leigh H.) is an honest charlatan, who has persuaded himself into a belief of his own impostures, and talks Punch in pure simplicity of heart, taking himself (as poor Fitzgerald said of himself in the Morning Post) for Vates in both senses, or nonsenses, of the word. Did you look at the translations of his own which he prefers to Pope and Cowper, and says so?—Did you read his skimbleskamble about * * being at the head of his own profession, in the eyes of those who followed it? I thought that poetry was an art, or an attribute, and not a profession;—but be it one, is that * * * * * * at the head of your profession in your eyes? I’ll be curst if he is of mine, or ever shall be. He is the only one of us (but of us he is not) whose coronation I would oppose. Let them take Scott, Campbell, Crabbe, or you, or me, or any of the living, and throne him;—but not this new Jacob Behmen, this * * * * * * * * * * whose pride might have kept him true, even had his principles turned as perverted as his soi-disant poetry.

But Leigh Hunt is a good man, and a good father—see his Odes to all the Masters Hunt;—a good husband—see his Sonnet to Mrs. Hunt;—a good friend—see his Epistles to different people;—and a great coxcomb and a very vulgar person in every thing about him. But that’s not his fault, but of circumstances. * * * * * * * * I do not know any good model for a life of Sheridan but that of Savage. Recollect, however, that the life of such a man may be made far more amusing than if he had been a Wilberforce;—and this without offending the living, or insulting the dead. The Whigs abuse him; however, he never left them, and such blunderers deserve neither credit nor compassion. As for his creditors,—remember, Sheridan never had a shilling, and was thrown, with great powers and passions, into the thick of the world, and placed upon the pinnacle of success, with no other external means to support him in his elevation. Did Fox * * * pay his debts?—or did Sheridan take a subscription? Was the * *’s drunkenness more excusable than his? Were his intrigues more notorious than those of all his contemporaries? and is his memory to be blasted, and theirs respected? Don’t let yourself be led away by clamour, but compare him with the coalitioner Fox, and the pensioner Burke, as a man of principle, and with ten hundred thousand in personal views, and with none in talent, for he beat them all out and out. Without means, without connection, without character, (which might be false at first, and make him mad afterwards from desperation,) he beat them all, in all he ever attempted. But alas, poor human nature! Good night—or rather, morning. It is four, and the dawn gleams over the Grand Canal, and unshadows the Rialto. I must to bed; up all night—but, as George Philpot says, “it’s life, though, dam me, it’s life!” 119 Ever yours, B.

Excuse errors—no time for revision. The post goes out at noon, and I sha’n’t be up then. I will write again soon about your plan for a publication.

Byron to Douglas Kinnaird, from Venice, June 3rd 1818:
(Source: text from B.L.Add.Mss.42093 ff.93-4; not in 1922 II; BLJ VI 48-9)


Hanson’s man with {the} papers is to come out to Venice.

Venice. June 3d. 1818.

117: Farquhar, The Beaux’ Stratagem, III ii (paraphrased)
118: Shakespeare, Troilus and Cressida, V v 14 (“the dreadful Sagittary”).
119: Arthur Murphy, The Citizen, I ii.
Dear Douglas –

Though I wrote to you last week – I will refresh your memory with the present letter for fear of accidents. – My request is that you will apply to Hanson & Murray for assets – monies – bills – or balances – great or small – as I must draw out my Conscription – <the> for the year – the last having well nigh done it’s duty. – Murray has published – so may begin to pay. – Hanson must have something in hand – no matter what – it is all Grist – & may be paid in with old Noel’s balance – if not already paid. – It would be hard if with better prospects than last year’s – having now sold Newstead, & M’. having put forth his speculation – that I should find myself adry – which would

however be the case – if you don’t look sharp after those two worthies – who are neither of them the promptest at disbursement. – Let me have a few Circulars in case of travel – & the rest on Siri & Wilhalm as usual. – Don’t neglect these advices – & at any rate answer me – I answer you always by return of post; – I did not & will not go to Geneva – a pretty set of friends I have to advise me to such a step. – I have taken a <part of the> Mocenigo palace furnished &. on the Grand Canal – for three years – at four thousand eight hundred francs – ([that is] two hundred Louis) per annum – it is a good situation – well furnished – every thing found me – & (they tell me)<> not dear, all things considered. The Segati & I are off. – – –

P.S.

Can anything be done about eternal Rochdale? I wish [that] it was settled – or rather sold – see <what> what you can do with Spooney – ([Ms. torn: “to”] whom I wrote the other day) with regard to it, & other affairs. – – –

You must not mind Hobhouse – who wants to lug me back to England – which I <will> never will revisit – unless from absolute necessity of health or business. – –

So don’t conspire with the mountebanks who think of such things. – – – – –

John Cam Hobhouse to Byron, from London, June 5th 1818:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.43442; BB 231-2)

[Pour / Le très honoriable Milord / Milord Byron / Pair d’Angleterre / aux soins de Messrs Siri et Wilhalm / à Venise]

[Letter concludes at top of first sheet:] also send you a letter to George Canning which made a monstrous noise this session – it has completely silenced G.C. who has never been heard to joke since – The glorious Burdett commends himself to you – he longs to see you – Devil go wid ye –why dont ye come among us – Curse your palace I wish you was in my garret – When Spooney’s man sets off you shall know – ever your’s J.C.H

June 5. London.

Dear Byron –

You send me your missives on such cursed paper and in such a damn’d scrawl that I can’t get through your questions and commands with any tolerable precision – However, I will send to or see Spooney and signify your orders to Murray. That Gentle flourishes exceedingly and the Canto sells prodigiously. The Illustrations go on & off so he tells me very well, 1000 about of the sec edit gone already – Beppo a fifth edition. I give you these items to calm your conscience. Don’t be afraid –draw away – you have made the man’s fortune.

Parliament positively dissolves on Tuesday next – this is Friday, and our world here is more mad and silly than ever 6000 gs given for a seat, and not one to be had for 5000 g’s – argal I do not come in –Douglas Kinnaird was yesterday put in nomination for Westminster: his opponents are Orator Hunt and Major Cartwright: and it is my belief that he will certainly succeed – Sir R. Wilson has a very good chance

1:2

for the Borough of Southwark – Here would be honours for the Club, to turn out two members, one for West’r: and another for the Borough in six months – As to myself it matters not – plain prose must be my

120: BLJ VI 39-41.
fate to the end of the Chapter – The famous Jeremy Bentham whom you may have read of in the Edinbro’ Review has engaged me to put some political work of his into English – The original Gibberish is very difficult but I shall try. Murray is to have the volume – William Spencer wrote to me the other day desiring me to transmit to you his eternal gratitude for the fourth Canto – and yesterday I heard from D’ Clarke not the organist but traveller who begged me also to transmit his opinion that the IVth is the finest of all – These are not opinions that come within the meaning of your prohibition – and are duties which I have to discharge – The Scrope is occasionally amorous and has intrigues Sir, intrigues with Milliners who scratch his face and make him look unseemly – He was appointed one of the committee for managing Dug’s election at Westminster: but took a solemn oath that he was going abroad in two days – I fear he has not been doing well lately, but

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no one can by searching find out Scrope.
M’ George Adam Browne of Trinity College Cambridge – has requested that I will make to you the following request – A M’ John Bowes Wright is going into Albania – [Ms. tear] he met at Naples with un tale whom I take to be the ψευδο Colonel Finch who mentioned what use your letter to Ali Pasha had been of to him – The said John Bowes Wright writes then to M’ Browne and begs him to get a letter from your Lordship to his Highness. Hence the application to me – I have ventured then to say that if M’ Wright goes to Albania via Venice he may wait upon you and will find that you have been warned of his wishes – You may do as you like – but I could not refuse a Cambridge voter – How the deuce came you to seduce young Albrizzi into sending me such an autograph you treacherous young man you? By god I have before me the satisfactory simper with which you sealed down his kakography – A year and a half have not enabled him to surmount the difficulties of “to do” and there he is where we first found him – I have transmitted

1:4 [above address:] to his mother a copy of the IVth C. cum notis – by the hands of one M’ Smith who if he meets you is charged to convey my obeisances. He will stammer with any king of France [Ms. tear: “who?”] ever clapt his —— on the lillies, but is an excellent [below address:] man: so Palm be civil – I would not give him a letter of introduction knowing your “fuga seculi” – I have just given your message to Lord Kinnaird who envies your roba and thinks her the best thing he saw on his travels – He has been writing a letter to the Duke of Wellington which I shall transmit with the tooth brushes – I shall [letter concludes at top of first sheet]

Byron to Douglas Kinnaird, from Venice, June 8th 1818:
(Source: text from B.L.Add.Mss.42093 ff.95-6; not in 1922 II; BLJ VI 49)
[To, The Honble Douglas Kinnaird / Messrs Morland & Ransoms / Bankers / Pall Mall / London / Angleterre / Inghilterra]

Venice June 8th. 1818.

Dear Douglas /

As a much longer period than usual has elapsed without my hearing at all from England – though I write repeatedly; – I am under the necessity of troubling you (but too often) to apply to Hanson for any balance in his hands – and to Murray to make some payments, and that speedily as my present funds here are drawing to a close. – – –
The balance with Hanson should be paid – however trifling – & Murray by this time ought to have made some disbursements – I can only say that if these gentlemen neglect my requests – that I shall be put to inconvenience – without any just reason. – Whenever Wildman pays his money – (or the {present} interest) – the interest should be remitted regularly half yearly – that is such portion

1:2

of it – as I may not direct for other purposes. – I must also add as the usual burthen of my song – that I hope that you will not forget to fillip Hanson about that eternal Rochdale.

ever yr’s
truly & affec’t.

Byron

P.S.
Pray write.

Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Venice, June 8th 1818:
(Source: text from B.L. Add.Mss.42093 ff.97-8; not in 1922 II; BLJ VI 49-50)
[To, Jno Hobhouse Esqre / Care of J. Murray / 50 Albemarle Street / London / Angleterre / June 9th. 1818. / Inghilterra]

B. uses only one side of a four-side paper here.

June 8th. 1818

Dear Hobhouse,

Hearing nothing from you or anybody – makes me trouble you with five words – just to beg you to remind Hanso – Kinnaird & Murray the first & third – for monies – the second of my affairs – & to spur the others. I am in want of some remittances – & Hanson’s balance however trifling must be paid – & Murray should be ready to disburse at least a portion of his bargain. – – I have written lately (I think) and have only time to beg you not to forget this request & to believe me y’es. ever & truly.

Byron

[1:2 and 1:3 blank.]

Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Venice, June 12th 1818:
(Source: text from B.L. Add.Mss.42093 ff.99-100; not in 1922 II; BLJ VI 50)

Again, B. uses only one side of a four-side paper.
[To, Jno. Hobhouse Esqre / Care of J. Murray / 50. Albemarle Street / London / Angleterre / Inghilterra]

Venice. June 12th. 1818. –

Dear Hobhouse –

As Post after post has elapsed for many weeks without any news from England – I repeat the trouble I have before given you – to remind Hanson & Murray to pay – & Kinnaird to receive as soon as possible otherwise I shall be put to considerable inconvenience – without any just reason – as those persons ought to have disbursed before now. – – – I never desire to trouble or hear from friends or acquaintance except on business – but on those occasions I could wish that they would write or cause others to write {to the purpose} – instead of giving me advice to take journeys to Geneva – without cause – or Christian charity; – you may suppose that I did better to stay at Venice – had I been at Geneva – I should have had to wait months for the ragamuffins. – Pray make those fellows pay any & all balances – & believe me [scrawl]

Not a word since May 3rd. –

[1:2 and 1:3 blank.]

Byron to John Murray, from Venice, June 16th 1818:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.43489 f.238; BLJ VI 52-3)

[To, Jno. Murray Esqre. / 50. Albemarle Street / London / Angleterre / Inghilterra.]

Venice June 16th. 1818. –

Dear Sir –

Your last letter was dated the 28th. of April – consequently a [much] longer period has elapsed than usual – without my hearing from you – (<&> {or} indeed from any one else) and considering all things & the time you have chosen for this cessation – methinks it is not well done. – If you have anything uncomfortable to say – recollect it must come {out} at last – & had better be said at once than retained to terminate a disagreeable suspense. – – – I have written repeatedly to M’. Hobhouse & M’. Kinnaird – without the smallest effect – & am fortunate in such friends & correspondents. – Most of my letters to them & you required an answer. – – – The only thing M’. H. has done has been to advise me to go to Geneva – which

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would have been the cause of much useless expence & trouble to no purpose as the Hanson Messenger is not yet arrived if even set out. – – –
Tell Hobhouse that I trust his tragedy will be damned – & that the Chevalier di Breme has written to me a long letter – attacking him (Hobhouse) – for abusing the Italian Romantici in his notes – M‘. H. will answer for himself – I never read the notes. – – –

yours very truly

[swirl signature]

P.S.

M‘. H. & Ki‘d will have something to say to you from me – at least, if they give themselves the trouble to comply with my request. –

John Murray to Byron, from 50, Albemarle Street, London, June 16th 1818:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.434895; Smiles I 392-5; LJM 250-3)

Mr Gifford, whom I never recollect to be so well, always enquires after & remembers himself to you – cum multis Aliis

My Lord

Having waited from day to day in the incessant expectation of the opportunity of sending my Letters and various packages by Hansons Clerk – I gathered from M‘ Hobhouse yesterday the continued uncertainty of his setting out and I can therefore delay no longer to thank your Lordship, in the first instance, for your several kind as well as entertaining Letters – M‘ Hobhouse told me yesterday that Hanson had not yet been paid any sums upon your account, to your bankers – and I have therefore sent this morning to Me‘s Ransom Morland & Co a Thousand Guineas desiring them to remit it to you by this evenings Post – with the remaining 1,500 G‘ I shall be prepared against your Lordships order, indeed, if your Lordship drew upon me for this Sum at Sixty days Sight, it would settle this matter at once – but this as your Lordship may find most convenient (+ they have since sent word that they will remit to <at> you at this Ev‘)

I have been collecting Soda Powder – &c &c &c to send by Hansons Clerk which I have this day cause to be put up in small packages & I will try to despatch them by my friends in Office –

I received very safely a few days ago by the care of Signor Gio‘. Bat‘a Missaglia xx – the curious the curious collection of Letters belonging to the D‘ Aglietti – and wch I gave in the first instance to M‘ Gifford to read – he thinks them very interesting as Autograph – but with the exception of those pointed out by your Lordship – there

xx I was very much obliged indeed by the Books & Periodicals which your Lordship was so good as to send me

are few that would afford more than extracts to be selected by a judicious Editor – I think D Israeli from the nature of his Studies might be trusted with their selection and I shall be able to send them to him tomorrow & by this day week I will propose a sum for them to your friend the proprietor – – Pope whose unmanly persecution of Lady M. Montagu & of her friend Harvey arose from disappointed love, is you see no less insidiously spoken of by Ld‘s Harvey – whose letters some three & some bits are good but not of the first water – Lord Orford beats them all – Grays Letter excellent – & Ldy Montagues Ideas equal to her literary Character – I have been lately reading again her Letters particularly her latest ones in her old age to her Daughter which are as full of wisdom almost proverbial, as of beauty – I should think your Lordship may stumble upon a letter full of anecdotes of her which I beg you to hoard up as I am the proprietor of her Works & would like to introduce a new Edition with any variety of this kind.

M‘ Frere is at length satisfied that your Lordship is the Author of Beppo, he had no conception that you possessed the protean talent of Shakespeare – thus to assume at will so different a character – he and every one continues in the same very high opinion of its great beauties – I am glad to find that your Lordship is disposed to perseve this strain which has occasioned so much delight – Does your Lordship ever think of Prose – though like Lord Harvey I suspect yr Lordships thoughts fall so naturally into Rhyme that you are obliged to think twice to put them in prose – yet the specimen of Prose in
the dedication to Hobhouse is so much admired and talked of that I should much like to surprise the world with a more compleat <specimen> {sample} of it – to be given at first anonymously one of the Dons in criticism have yet taken the field for Canto IV but the next No’ of the Edinbro & Quarterly will certainly contain papers upon it – wch I shall put into a Cover & send to you at once – the whole Canto has been quoted ten times over in the different scraps which diversity of Taste has selected in the Monthly, Weekly, & daily, Journals of the Metropolis & Country – so that some individual – or We – have selected each part as the best. – and in conclusion the public will be as eager to receive any thing from your Lordships pen – as ever they were – I am now meditating or rather have made preparation to print a uniform edition of your Lordships poems in 3 Octave Volumes – Childe Harold, <with>the four Cantos with your Lordships own notes, will form the <V>first Volume – All the Tales, including Beppo will constitute the Second – And the Miscellaneous Poems, Manfred &c will fill a Third – these I intend to print very handsomely & to sell very cheap – so that every facility shall be given to their popularity – I propose to print at the same time the whole works in 5 Small Volumes – in which size when I print the 3rd and 4th Canto & Beppo – they will occupy 7 – which is too many – and they are printed loosely. Westall has nearly compleated 25 beautiful designs to accompany these Editions and I trust that your Lordship will have no objection to my engraving again Phillips’s Portrait – which every indifferent person thinks yet, by far the finest. I will be glad to be favoured with your Lordships early commands respecting Any alterations in the works and to know if my plan obtain your Lordship approbation – I mean that they shall both be ready in November –

I have just put forth two more Cantos of Whistlecraft – which the knowing ones think excellent and of wch the public think nothing – for they cannot see the drift of it. – I have not sold 500 Copies of the first parts yet – and of Beppo I have sold Six times that quantity in a Sixth part of the time & before indeed it is generally known to be yours – – I have heard no word more from M’ Sotheby – & as to my having ventured upon any alteration – or omission – I should as soon have scooped one of my eyes out.121 – I am anxious to know if your Lordships is satisfied with M’ Hobhouses Notes – the part he thinks best of are those upon the Antiquities – but we feel very [below address:] little interest for these – & much prefer the Essay on Italian Literature,122 wch if enlarged with yr Lordships assistance & with the addition of translations <f>, would become a popular Work – & one much wanted. – Hobhouse set out last night for Dorchester (worn absolutely to Skin & bone in a vexatious & hopeless canvass of Westminster for Mr Kinnaird) – in the neighbourhood of wch he has some prospect of parliamentary success – I am glad he avoided Westminster for after swallowing Annual Parliaments & universal suffrage by Ballot – what Scope can a man have left himself – I <cho>Will do myself the pleasure of writing to your Lordship again in a few days in the mean time I beg your Lordship to be assured of the affectionate faithful & unabated devotion of yr Lordships

[oblige’d] Servant

J Murray

Byron to Douglas Kinnaird, from Venice, June 16th 1818:

(Source: text from B.L.Add.Mss.42093 ff.101-2; not in 1922 II; BLJ VI 52)
[To. The Honorable / Douglas Kinnaird / Messrs Morland & Ransoms / Bankers / Pall Mall / London / Angleterre / Inghilterra]

Venice. June 16th. 1818.

Dear Douglas –

No letters – and my money is nearly expended. – It is rather hard with a balance of some hundreds in Hanson’s hands – with two thousand five hundred guineas due from Murray – with the prospects of half a year’ s interest of ninety five thousand pounds – (in three months {in September,} the half year then expiring) from the Purchase of Newstead that I should be exposed to these anxieties – & I may say neglect – from my correspondents – not a letter of any sort since the first week in May – surely I might have an ans=

1:3

121: Mu. only had one functioning eye.
122: This part of Historical Illustrations is by Ugo Foscolo; it is hard to know whether Mu. or even B. know this.
=wer – even were I writing to borrow it. – Murray is inexcusable – he has never said one word – if he
had any thing even disagreeable to say it would be better than suspense. – –
By this post I write to Hobhouse – & by every post I must trouble him or you till I at least hear what I have
to expect. – Believe me ever

& truly yº.
B. –

P.S.
Pray stir up Hanson & Murray – I do not want to hear of any thing from them but business – & don’t
forget Rochdale. – I want

1:3

[at page bottom:]
the whole of Murray’s money <by> {in a} credit
[vertically up right-hand side:]
and partly circular notes
[resumes at page bottom:]
from your house as usual – & also any balance from Hanson’s & some there must be even by his own
account. – – – – –

[inverted at page top:]
I have just swum from Lido to the Gun brig which is anchored close to the Piazzetta. – – –
that is within pistol shot – I distanced three other swimmers. – – –

Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Venice, June 15th / 16th 1818:
(Source: text from B.L.Add.Mss.42093 ff.103-4; not in 1922 II; BLJ VI 51)
[To _ John Hobhouse Esqre / Care of J. Murray Esqre / 50. Albemarle Street / London / Angleterre /
Inghilterra / 1818 June 16th. –]

Venice. June 16th, [or 15th.] 1818.

Dear Hobhouse

Still no letters. – My requests are the same – monies – Hanson & Murray – & Kinnaird – let
the former pay all balances – & the latter send me credit for the same – or I shall be put to immediate &
serious inconvenience. – I hope you are not dreamin g of any plan for Murray’s money – <but> {except}
spending, life is too precarious to buy annuities – & I want the whole directly. – In short whatever may be
the case – you might write an answer from common civility. – – About the first news I have had of Canto
4th, has been from Milan

1:2

in a long & bitter letter against you from Di Breme (too long to send by post to England) in which he
complains of very unfair representations on your part [(in the notes)] about the Italian Romantic & some
stuff you have put in the illustrations besides about Foscolo – who seems one of the Charlatans who usually
have taken you in {as far as I could observe.} – I shall write him that as I never read the notes – he who
wrote them may answer for himself, but he says he shall write to you himself immediately. – – – –
I have just been swimming from Lido to the Riva where the {Gun=}Brig lies – that is near the Piazzaetta –
so that you

1:3

will excuse a little languor – I went in with Hoppner – Scott (not the Vice Consul) and the Chevalier
Mingaldo – (a noted Italian swimmer who traversed the Danube in Napoleon’s campaigns) – & I flatter
myself gave them enough of it – for none of them went even half the distance {(or even reached the
Gardens)} – but got back into their gondolas – & drest & were probably at dinner – before I had done my
progress. – Mingaldo seemed the best fish among them – but <In> not in the true style – at least not bottom. – Hoppner\textsuperscript{123} & he both spewed when they got out into their boats. –

\[scrwrl\]

\textbf{Byron to John Murray, from Venice, June 18th 1818:}
(Source: text from NLS Ms.43489 f.239; BLJ VI 53-4)

\[To, / J^3rd\; Murray\; Esq^\text{r} / 50. Belmar Street / London / Angleterre / Inghilterra.\]

Venice, June 18\textsuperscript{th}. 1818.

Dear Sir –
Business and the utter and inexplicable silence of all my Correspondents renders me impatient & troublesome. – I wrote to Mr. Hanson for a balance which is (or ought to be) in his hands – no answer. – I expected the Messenger with the Newspapers two months ago – & instead of him – I received a requisition to proceed to Geneva – which (from Hobhouse who knows my wishes & opinions about approaching England) could only be irony or insult. – – – –
I must therefore trouble you to pay into my Bankers immediately whatever <sum> (sum) or sums you can make it convenient to do on our agreement – otherwise I shall be put to the severest & most immediate inconvenience – & this at a time when by every rational prospect & calculation I ought to be in the receipt of considerable sums. – – Pray do not neglect this – you have no idea to what inconvenience you will otherwise put me. – Hobhouse had some absurd notion about the disposal of this money in annuity – (or God knows what) which I merely listened to when he was here to avoid squabbles & sermons – but I have occasion for <it in> (the) principal – & had never any serious idea of appropriating it otherwise than to answer my {personal} expences. –
Hobhouse’s wish is (if possible) to force me back to England – he will not succeed – & if he did I would not stay – I hate the Country – & like this – & all foolish opposition of course merely adds to the feeling. – Your silence makes me doubt the success of C\textsuperscript{4} 4\textsuperscript{th}. – if it has failed

1:2

I will make such deduction as you think proper & fair from the original agreement – but I could wish whatever is to be paid – were remitted to me without delay through the usual Channel of course by post. – – –
When I tell you that I have not heard a word from England since {very} early in May – I have made the eulogium of my friends – or the persons who call themselves so – {since} I have written {so} often & in the greatest anxiety – thank God – the longer I am absent the less cause I see for regretting the Country or it’s living contents. – –

I am y\textsuperscript{o}. ever & truly

Byron

P.S. Tell M’r. Hobhouse that he has greatly offended all his friends at Milan by some part or other of his illustrations – that I hope (as an author) he will be damned – and that I will never forgive him (or any body) the atrocity of their late [curls round and creeps up right-hand side:] neglect & silence at a time [Ms. tear: “when I wish”]ed particularly to hear (for every reason) [curls round top of sheet:] from my friends.

\textbf{Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Venice, June 25th 1818:}
(Source: text from B.L.Add.Mss.42093 ff.106-7; 1922 II 84-5; BLJ VI 54-5)

\[To _ , J^3rd\; Hobhouse\; Esqre / Care of Mr. Murray / 50. Belmar Street / London / Angleterre / Inghilterra\]

Venice, June 25\textsuperscript{th}. 1818 –

Dear Hobhouse – I have received y\textsuperscript{o}. of the 5\textsuperscript{th} – & have had no letters from any one else – nor desire any – but letters of Credit. – Since my last I have had another Swim against Mingaldo – whom both Scott & I beat

\textsuperscript{123} B. is confused: he means “Scott”.
hollow – leaving him breathless & five hundred yards behind hand before we got from Lido <th> to the entrance of the Grand Canal. – Scott went from Lido as far as the Rialto – & was then taken into his Gondola – I <went> {swum} from Lido right to the end of the Grand Canal – including it’s whole length – besides that at {space} from Lido to the Canal’s entrance (or exit) by the statue of Fortune – near the Palace – and coming out finally at the end opposite Fusina and

1:2

Maestri – staying in half an hour & – I know not what distance more than the other two – & swimming easy – the whole distance computed by the Venetians at four and a half of Italian miles; – I was in the sea from half past 4 – till a quarter past 8 – without touching or resting. – I could not be much fatigued having had a piece in the forenoon – & taking another in the evening at ten of the Clock – The Scott I mention is not the (vice=) Consul – but a traveller – who lives much at Venice – like Mysen. – – – He got as far as the Rialto swimming well – the Italian – miles behind & knocked

up – hallooing for the boat. – – – –

1:3

Pray – make Murray pay – & Spooney pay – & send the Messenger – & with the other things the enclosed Corn rubbers. – –

As you are full of politics I say nothing – except that I wish you more pleasure than such trash could give to me.

yours very truly

[scrawl]

P.S.

The wind & tide were both with me.

Cornrubbers two dozen – recollect they are light & may come in letters. —

Byron to John Murray, from Venice, June 25th 1818:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43489 f.240; BLJ VI 55)

[To, / Jno Murray Esq – – – – / 50. Albemarle Street / London / Angleterre / Inghilterra.]

A rare example of the furious Byron leaving most of the paper blank.

Venice. June 25th. 1818’

Dear Sir –

The Post having arrived without any Answer to various letters of mine to you & others – I continue my determination of reminding you as usual that it might be as well to take some notice of my request for a few lines of reply. I remain yors

&c.[scrawl]

P.S. –

Your last letter was dated April 25th. – I wrote to you twice last week on business. –

[1:2 and 3 are both blank. 1:4 contains the address.]

John Cam Hobhouse to Byron, from London, June 25th 1818:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43442; BB 235-6)

[À / Milord / Milord Byron / Pair d’Angleterre / Chez Messrs Siri et Wilhalm / à Venise // via Calais]

[Letter concludes at top of first sheet:] and discomposes the staid intelligent ironmongers and curriers of our party – Captain Maxwell’s face is daily covered with saliva from the patriot mob – Scrope says it reminds him of Spit-head!! I shall send to Spooney to know what the devil detains his lawyer from commencing his journey – ever your’s

John Hobhouse

Thursday, June 25

Dear Byron –
Be assured “that shall be done that Dick doth say” and to day also – I beg you to be assured also that immediate application was made by me on the receipt of your last letter but one.\textsuperscript{124} to the parties concerned – Murray told me he should immediately pay in part of the balance due to you – and Kinnaird instantly said that you might have whatever you liked – Although I write this without seizing him I will take upon myself to say that 1000£ shall go off by this post – C. Hanson has been seen and shall be now written to by me. – I again beg you

1:2

to feel certain that I do not omit to do any thing that you wish me – I shall do so, though I am “mersus civilibus undes”\textsuperscript{125} and have worn myself down to a mere stock fish in this cursed election – Kinnaird in spite of all prognostics was mismanaged out of his chance of Westminster and gave up or rather was given up in three days – The Whigs played him a scurrilous trick by starting Romilly against him – The Government thought anything better than Burdett and helped Romilly and seeing itself so strong and the Burdettites so divided between Kinnaird and Cartwright, started Captain Sir Murray Maxwell fresh from the Lewchew islands\textsuperscript{126} – Romilly & Maxwell in three days were 800 ahead of Burdett,

1:3

Kinnaird had hardly any votes – 80 I believe – It was resolved to withdraw Kinnaird – He was withdrawn – Cartwright who had till then been obstinate, also withdrew Hunt remained but was reckoned for nothing – He had lost the mob by accusing a man of sodomy from the hustings – The remaining three proposed were Romilly Maxwell and Burdett – the latter, as I said before, 800 behind on Saturday last, the 3\textsuperscript{rd} day – Michael Bruce, S. B. Davies and myself were the only gentlemen on the Committee\textsuperscript{127} – all things looked vastly serious for our patriot – Sunday however was employed in rousing the Electors – On Monday B pulled nearly 800 – on Tuesday 908 – on Wednesday 612 – and to day 448 – which has put him on the whole 248 above Maxwell and only 220 beneath Romilly –We hope to have him in the head of the poll by Monday – He has however, had a terrible squeak for his life Kinnaird is our hustings orator since his resignation and really does admirably – He has lost Bishop’s Castle as well as Westminster but deserved both –

1:4 \textit{[above address:]} Wilson has come in for the Borough – but has turned out to be no great things – Government has lost two members in the city – Ned Ellice will come in for Coventry – On the \textit{[below address:]} whole government will loose about 10 votes perhaps – I have been worn out and do not know how I shall possibly last until the end of the poll which Hunt swears he will keep open till the last – Scrope makes the Committee laugh \textit{[letter concludes at top of first sheet]}

\textbf{Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Venice, June 28th 1818:}

(Source: text from B.L.Add.Mss.42093 ff.108-9; 1922 II 85; BLJ VI 56)
[To, J\textsuperscript{th} Hobhouse Esqre. / Care of Mr. Murray / 50 Albemarle Street / London / Angleterre / Inghilterra. / June 27\textsuperscript{th}. 1818]

Venice. June 28\textsuperscript{th}. 1818. –

Dear Hobhouse –

Pray tell Murray to \textit{pay in money, not in bills} – I will have \textit{ready money} – I am sure I always give him \textit{ready poetry – & let him pay quickly. – – No letters from him – & but one from you of late. – I shall positively offer my next year to Longman – & I have lots upon the anvil – & inform Master Murray that by next post I shall write to Moore to propose to Longman for the time to come; – I will teach the Admiralty Publisher \textit{some} a little attention to his correspondents. – \textit{<Di>} Breme has written to me from Milan – to complain of your notes for attacks upon God knows whom. My thanks to Dr. Clarke &c. for his opinion “here are in all two worthy voices gained” when do you come out with Francesca?\textsuperscript{128} –

1:2

\textbf{Notes:}

\textsuperscript{124}: BLJ VI 49-51.
\textsuperscript{125}: Hor. Epis. I. 1. 16 (“plunge into the tide of civil life”).
\textsuperscript{126}: Maxwell was a naval hero who had recently published a book on the Lew-Chew Islands.
\textsuperscript{127}: Compare “There’s I and Burdett, gentlemen / And blackguard Hunt and Cobby, O!”
\textsuperscript{128}: H. \textit{seems} never to publish his translation of Pellico’s \textit{Francesca da Rimini}; I think he publishes it secretly in Dublin in 1851 (P.C.)
As you do not deserve any kind – or kind of letter – I say no more but am yours as you behave

P.S.

I shall be really put to very great inconvenience if Spooney & Murray don’t disburse – & that quickly.
– Where is Spooney’s messenger? –
Geneva – Geneva – pretty advice. –
But you are all alike – never had man such friends. – – – – – – – –
You say “why don’t I come among you?” I confess I don’t see any great allurement – <on either side> – to you or yours for the wish – & certainly none to me – besides as I have told you a thousand times I prefer my present residence. –

[1:3 blank.]

Byron to John Murray, from Venice, June 30th 1818:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.43489; BLJ VI 57)
[To, / Jno Murray Esqre / 50. Albemarle Street / London / Angleterre June 30th. 1818 / Inghilterra.]
Another example of Byron leaving most of the paper blank by way of deliberate discourtesy.

June 30th. 1818

Dear Sir – I continue to remind you that I have received no letters from your quarter. – What your motives may have been for a neglect which has made me uneasy in one point of view – & has been of great inconvenience to me in another – I know not, but I tell you that I am not at all pleased with it – with the same sincerity which I used & will me with every one – One of my many letters was of recommendation m a Venetian now in London – I presume that he has delivered it – & imagine that it might have been acknowledged. – I am

yrs. very truly

B

P.S. – I will wait ten days longer – if by that time I do not hear from you – you will then receive the last letter to be addressed to you from me.

Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Venice, June 30th 1818:
(Source: text from B.L.Add.Mss.42093 ff.110-11; not in 1922 II; BLJ VI 56)
Again, the angry B. uses only one side of a four-side paper.
[To, – Jno Hobhouse Esqre / Care of Mr. Murray / 50. Albemarle Street / London / Angleterre / June 30th. 1818 / Inghilterra]

Venice. June 30th. 1818.

Dear Hobhouse –
When you can spare a moment from your political aspirations – will you once more remind the worthies – Spooney & Murray – that they have as yet sent neither – money – messengers – nor letter even; – as to Murray – I will make him remember his rudeness many a good day to come – one way or another – & so tell him. – – –
I hate boring you so – but what can I do – I am in the greatest uneasiness & inconvenience about these cursed fellows – & their insolent neglect. –

yrs ever & truly

Byron

P.S. – Recollect I require Cash & not bills from Master Murray Esquire.

[1:2 and 1:3 blank.]

July 3rd 1818: Byron starts Don Juan Canto I.

Douglas Kinnaird to Byron, from Pall Mall, London, July 7th 1818:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.43455)
[à Milord / Milord Byron / aux soins de / M.M. Wilhalm & Siri / à Venise]

Pull Mall July 7 – 1818

My dear Byron,
I have receiv’d & expect to receive according to your obliging threat many complaining letters to you on the subject of remittances. – Murray & Hanson have this day paid a further sum into our hands on your account – & a further letter of credit on Mess Wilhelm & Siri goes by this day’s Post – I have often told you, & beg to repeat it again, you have nothing to do but write for a letter of credit to any amount you wish, & it will always be sent to you by return of Post – It need not & shall not depend on the quantity of funds in our hands – because if I know that funds are coming, it is sufficient for me to state so much to my Partners – I beg you to lay this union to your troubled Soul whenever the fear of want rides you hard – I am sincerely sorry that you should have felt so much uneasiness on a subject which your possessions in my hands & the confidence you ought to place in me, should admit of all fears or doubts – I have spent the last five weeks in all the turmoils of Electioneering – now I shall renew my attacks on Hanson & keep the spur in his flanks, till we get to the end of the journey – After being beaten at Bishop’s Castle, & having been nominated & withdrawn for Westminster, I have been battling the world in arms in favour of Burdett & Reform – For Co-adjutators I have had Hobhouse (who is really an excellent orator) Davies & Bruce & Bickersteth – We flatter ourselves that united we can present a front to any foe – we have often wish’d for you to stir up the Cauldron – The Whigs are much more furious at us than the Tories are – because we would not raise their lawyer S. S. Romilly to a level with Burdett – Monk Lewis is dead – He died of an Emetic – When he was told he was to die he was not the least agitated but desired his servant to make a writing table of his hat for him & he wrote his will – He has left his library to Wm Lamb – Yours ever faithfully
Douglas Kinnaird

John Murray to Byron, from 50, Albemarle Street, London, July 7th 1818:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.434895; Smiles I 395-6; LJM 256-8)
[Lord Byron / Venise]

London July 7th, 1818
Tuesday

My Lord
Your Letters dated the 16th & 18th. June arrived both on Saturday last and I confess to you that my consciousness of merited rebuke made me very fearful of opening them – but as usual you are very lenient with my sins of remissness in writing which arises from a love of indolence which is suffered too much to increase – I do assure you I have rarely greater pleasure than when I am addressing you – unless it be when I am honoured by the favour of a Letter from your Lordship – Latterly I conceived that Mr Hobhouse had been so constantly in communication with yr Lordship that my omissions would not have been heeded – but I implore forgiveness & will be less remiss in future. – I wrote to yr Lordship about three weeks ago advising that I had paid into Morlands upon your Account One Thousand Guineas which they have engaged to remit by that days post & which has I hope ben safely & opportunely received – I have this day paid in the further sum of One Thousand Five Hundred Guineas – which yr bankers also promise to remit by this nights post and I shall rejoice if it anticipate any inconvenience – I had been incessantly expecting the Messenger of M’ Hanson your Solicitor until Month had melted into month without my being sufficiently aware of the delay – I have shipped for your Lordship – besides all the literary Novelties whch I thought interesting to you – Soda Powders – Tooth Powders – Tooth Brushes – Magnesia – Myrrh – Bark – 4 Cop’s Portrait &c &c which you will hear of at M. Missiaglias – and I shall take everv other occason of renewing the supply – I beg leave to assure your Lordship that the Success of the fourth Canto has been equal to either of the former, it is more desultory as Gifford said at first but the parts taken separately are each & all considered

129: Shakespeare, *Hamlet* III.
130: Shakespeare, *Henry IV* I.
131: The word “Hanson” is inked into a gap.
equal & in some instances surpassing, any thing preceding them. No Critique of note has yet appeared upon it but if any thing able

The Lord Byron

1:2

on the subject appear I shall instantly send it to you –

Your Lordship will have read with surprise & regret an account of the death of yr friend Monk Lewis on his return from a second voyage to the West Indies – he sent me his MSS notes upon the Place to read and very curious indeed they were & I hope they will not be lost – Wilmot has positively succeeded at Newcastle under lyne – & is returned MP. – your Cousin George has another daughter lately – & your friend Lady William Russell has just lost one – I fancy that the chief reason for your not hearing from either Hobhouse or Kinnaird is that for the last four Months they have been compleatly absorbed in Politics though neither have got into parliament – they appear to have cut the Whigs & to have plunged head over ears into Burdettism – Annual Parliaments – & Universal Suffrage by Ballott!!!! – Brougham has lost his election for Westmoreland.

May I hope that yr Lordship will favour me with some work to open my Campaign in November with – have you not another lively tale like Beppo – or will you not give me some prose in three Volumes – all the adventures that you have undergone, seen, heard of or imagined with your reflections on life & Manners132 – do tell me that I may at any rate expect something by the end of September – – There will be three more Vols of Tales of my Landlord – this Month wch I will convey to you as speedily as possible – with Mad de Staels new work133 which has fallen almost stillborn from the press – it is by no means good – I called today upon M’ Hobhouse before he came to town & he has just returned my visit – he declares that he always answers your Letters by return of post, does every thing that you desire him to do – that

1:3

Kinnaird sent you £2000 – three weeks ago – and that he As well as I has repeatedly told you that the success of Canto IV has been compleat – He promises to call again upon your friend M’ Hanson to accelerate his motions towards you – & I trust that his Clerk will set out immediately –

I saw young M’ Hammond yesterday who told me that he had your Lordship in good health & he appears much delighted by your attention to him – he said he could stay all his life at Venice

I am proceeding with an edition of your Lordships Works printing them uniformly in 3 Vols 8vo & they are to be ready about Novmber next.

I hope soon to be gratified by a Letter from your Lordship of a more favourable aspect

In the mean time I remain

My Lord

Your Lordships

obliged & faithful Serv’t

John Murray

Byron to John Murray, from Venice, July 10th 1818:

(https://www.nls.uk/scans/ed/1818/07/10/01/01g.pdf)

Dear Sir –

I have received your letter & the <hi> credit from Morland’s &c. for whom I have also drawn {upon you} at sixty days sight for the remainder – according to your proposition. – I am still waiting in Venice in expectancy of the arrival of Hanson’s Clerk – what can detain him I do not know – but I trust that M’. Hobhouse & M’. Kinnaird (when their political fit is <sobered> {abated}) will take the trouble to enquire & expedite him – as I have nearly a hundred thousand pounds depending upon the completion of the Sale & the Signature of the papers. – -- --

The <bills of exchange> {draft on you} – is drawn up by Siri & Willhalm – I hope that the form is correct. – I signed it two {or three} days ago – desiring them to forward it to Messrs. Morland & Ransom. –

132: Both Don Juan, and B.’s memoirs, both started at this time, are thus responses to a commission.

133: Sur la Révolution Française.
Your projected editions for November had better be postponed – as I have some things in project or preparation that may be of use to you – though not very important in themselves. – I have [completed] an Ode on Venice; and {have} two stories – one serious & One ludicrous (a la Beppo) not yet finished – & in no hurry to be so. – -- You talk of the letter to Hobhouse being much admired – & <talk> {speak of} prose – I think of writing (for your full edition) some memoirs of my life to prefix to them – upon the same model <(and possib> (though far enough I fear from reaching it) as that of Gifford – Hume – &. and this without any intention of making disclosures or remarks upon living people which would be unpleasant to them – but I think it might be done & well done – however this is to be considered. –

I have materials in plenty – but the greater part of these could not be used by me – nor for three hundred years to come – however there is enough without these – and <a xxxx way> {merely as a literary man} – to make <you> a <good> preface for such an edition as you meditate – but this by the way – I have not made up my mind. --

I enclose you a note on the subject of “Parising” – which Hobhouse can [Ms. tear: “digest”?] for you – it is an extract of particulars from a history of Ferrara. --

I trust that you have been attentive to Missiaglia – for <we> {the English} have the character of neglecting the Italians at present – which I hope you will redeem. --

Byron to Douglas Kinnaird, from Venice, July 15th 1818:  
(Source: Lord Kinnaird; QII 433; BLJ VI 59-60)

Venice, July 15th. 1818

Dear Douglas – I hear wonders of your popular eloquence & speeches to the mobilty – from all quarters – & I see by the papers that Captain Lew Chew¹³⁶ has been well nigh slain by a potatoe – so the Italian Gazettes have it – it serves him right – a fellow who has lost three ships – an Oran outang – a Boa Constrictor (they both died in the Passage) – and an Election – he be damned. – How came Burdett not to be at the head of the poll? -- -- Murray’s letters & the Credits are come – laud we the Gods! -- -- If I did not know of old – Wildman to be Man of honour – & Spooney a damned tortoise in all his proceeds – I should suspect foul play – in this delay of the man and papers – now that your politics are a little subsided – for God his sake – row the man of law – spur him – kick him on the Crickle, – do something – any thing – you are my power of Attorney – and I thereby empower you to use it & abuse Hanson – till the fellow says or does something as a gentleman should do, I am staying in Venice – instead of summering it at Este – waiting for the Clerk & the conveyances – but “why tarry the wheels of his Chariot?”¹³⁷ -- -- I hear of Scrope & his jests – & Holland & his toils; – I wish you all the pleasure such pursuits can afford – and as much success as usually attends them. -- -- I have lately had a long swim (beating an Italian all to bubbles) of more than four miles – from Lido to the other end of the Grand Canal – that is the part which enters from Mestri – I won by a good three quarters of a mile – and as many quarters of an hour – knocking the Chevalier up – & coming in myself quite fresh – the fellow had swum the Beresina in the Bonaparte Campaign – & thought of coping with “us Youth”¹³⁸ – but it would not do. -- -- Give my love to Scrope & the rest of our ragamuffins & believe me

B

Pray look very sharp after Spooney – I have my suspicions – my Suspicions – Sir – my Suspicions.

John Cam Hobhouse to Byron, from London, July 16th 1818:  
(Source: text from NLS Ms.43443 f.70; BB 240-1)

¹³⁴: B. erases the acute accent from “a”.
¹³⁵: B. refers to Don Juan I, which he started on July 3rd.
¹³⁶: Murray Maxwell, K.’s Tory opponent.
¹³⁷: Biblical: Judges 5, 28 (“chariots”).
¹³⁸: Falstaff at Shakespeare, Henry IV I, II ii 85; compare Jan 17 1813 (to H.); Nov 10 1813 (to Annabella); Nov 12 1813 (to Gifford); Mar 15 1814 (London Journal); May 8 1814 (to Mo.); Aug 3 1819 (to H.); and Nov 19 1820 (to Mu.).
[Pour / le tres honourable Milord / Milord Byron / Pair d’Angleterre / aux sounds de Messre Siri et
Wilhalm / à Venise // Via Calais –]

[letter concludes at top of first sheet:] which your malicesship commands to be conveyed to me – I
should recommend you to convey de Breme’s critique by the next post, and perhaps it may come in
time for the Quarterly or at least to stop the pending arrangement for something that I have been
prayed to write on the Italians – By the Lord you are an amiable fellow, and, all things considered,
want nothing but a little encouragement to complete your social qualities –
ever your’s John Hobhouse

July .. 16. 1818

Dear Byron –

I have received a great many letters from you – all in the same strain and requiring only
one answer – namely that what you require has been done long ago – The money has been sent and
if you want any more you have only to specify the sum and the form in which you wish to have it
conveyed – I have called twice on Mr Hanson within these few days, and have received for answer
that never was any business done so quickly and so satisfactorily as your’s; and that when the

[in left-hand margin:] The corn-rubbers have been ordered – any thing else?

1:2

messenger is ready to start he will let me know – That which has delayed every thing and every
body, has, it seems, impeded the progress of the deeds – I mean the general election which caused
Mr Hoare of Durham to be a little tardy in his part of the survey – Lady Byron, as in duty bound,
wrote to hasten and do the decent thing on the occasion –
All our turmoil has ended – Burdett has beaten the court candidate by four hundred and thirty, and
though Romilly has by partaking the second votes of both parties come in 101 a head in the poll, it
is clear that the patriot has lost none of his popularity – He polled more votes than in the great
election of 1807 – On the whole no body has been a gainer by the contests except

1:3

Murray who has put forth another edition of the account of the Loo Chew islands with a portrait of
Sir Murray Maxwell in frontispiece – The chairing of Burdett on Monday last was the finest sight I
ever saw – it beat the Champ de Mai hollow. It is supposed that so large and orderly a crowd were
never before assembled in London – The car was Kinnaird’s taste – the horses were furnished by
Scrope the Great – A slight confusion occurred at the dinner by reason of want of victual – for,
when the doors were opened, some two hundred and fifty guests were found already at table
very much to the detriment and disappearance of the various articles provided for the
refection of the company – The question was how and why the devil they got there:139 and our short
commons were seasoned by loud shouts of Burdett for ever but damn the Committee – Standing
armies never put the cause of liberty in so much danger as

1:4 [above address:] these forerunners of ours at the dinner table – Tranquillity was not restored in
less than two hours when we proceeded to the bad port and speeches of the day, and the sober part
of the company separated about [below address:] midnight – So you think of going to the Longman
– Vorsignoria è padrone – but I think you will do ill. His beef and carrots which I have had the
honor of tasting this year are very poor grub indeed. Murray is, as far as his words go, your most
humble servitor – and faithfully delivers all the messages [letter continues at top of first sheet]

Byron to John Murray, from Venice, July 17th 1818:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.43489 f.244; BLJ VI 60-1)
[To, / 3rd Murray Esq / 50. Albemarle Street / London / Angleterre / Inghilterra.]

Venice. July 17th, <1818> [1818]

Dear Sir –

139: Pope, Prologue to the Satires, l.171.
I suppose that Aglietti will take whatever you offer – but till his return from Vienna I can make him no proposal – nor indeed have you authorized me to do so. – The three {French} notes are by Lady Mary – also, another half=English French Italian – they are very pretty & passionate it is a pity that a piece of one of them is lost. – Algarotti seems to have treated her ill – but she was much his Senior – and all women are used ill – or say so – whether they are or not. – – – – –

I see the Mob have broken Lew Chew’s head – it must have been but a foolish one to show itself on the hustings – I do not see how a voyage to China is to qualify a man to represent Westminster – & can not pity him – for stepping off his quarter deck. – first he loses a ship – & then an election – and {then} nearly his life – he seems to be a rare fellow. – – – –

I shall be glad of y′. books & powders – I am still in waiting for Hanson’s Clerk – but luckily not at Geneva – all my good friends

1:2

write to me to hasten there to meet him – but not one had the good sense or the good nature to write {afterwards} to tell me that it would be time & a journey thrown away – as he could not set off for some months after the period appointed – If I had taken the journey on the general suggestion – I never would have spoken again to one of you as long as I existed. – – I have written to request M′. Kinnaird when the foam of his politics is wiped away – to extract a positive answer from that knave or blockhead H & not to keep me <stewing> in a state of suspense upon the Subject. – I hope that Kinnaird who has my power of Attorney – keeps a look out upon the Gentleman – which is the more necessary – as I have a great dislike to the idea of coming over to look after him myself. – – –

I have <begun> several things begun – verse and prose – but none in much forwardness. – I have written some six or seven sheets of

1:3

a life – which I mean to continue & – send you when finished – it may perhaps serve for your projected editions. – If you would tell me exactly – (for I know nothing and have no correspondents except on business) – the state of the reception of our late publications & the feeling upon them – without consulting any delicacies – (I am too seasoned to require them) I should know how and in what manner to proceed, – I should not like to give them too much which probably [have] been the case already – but a[Ms. tear: “s I”] tell you I know nothing. – I once wrote from the fullness of my mind – and the love of fame (not as [an] end but as a means to obtain that influence over men′s minds – which is power in itself & in its’ consequences) and now from habit – & from avarice – so that the effect may probably be as different as the inspiration; I have the same facility and indeed necessity of composition – to avoid idleness – (though idleness in a hot country is a pleasure –) but a much greater indifference to what is to become of it – after it has served my immediate purpose. – – – –

1:4 [above address:] However I should on no account like to – <but> but I won’t go on like the Archbishop of Grenada – as I am very sure that you dread the fate of Gil Blas – & with good reason.

y′. [scrawl]

[below address, inverted:] P.S. I have written some very savage letters to M′. Hobhouse – Kinnaird – to you – and to Hanson – because the silence of so long a time – made me <lose> tear off my remaining rags of patience. – – I have seen one or two late English publications – which are no great things – except Rob Roy.

I shall be glad of Whistlecraft.

[parallel to address:] Does the Coxcomb Wilmot get into parliament? –

Byron to John Murray, from Venice, August 3rd 1818:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43489 f.245; BLJ VI 62)

[To, / Jno Murray Esq / 50. Albemarle Street / London / Angleterre / Inghilterra.]

A single sheet.

Venice. August 3rd. 1818. –

Dear Sir –

I beg you to forward y′. enclosed. – –
It is too hot and a Sirocco so that I cannot write at length. – Perhaps I shall have something for your November edition – about 20 sheets of long & a few of letter paper – are already written of “the Life” & I think of going through with it. We will see what sort of stuff it is & decide accordingly. –

Tell young Hammond that his Dama – the Countess S – fell into my hands after his departure – that the consequence was a violent quarrel between her & the Tarruscelli – {who finding us out} & finally between herself & me too. – She is gone to Padua – by the blessing of the Gods. – The Sp* came back today from Treviso. – You won’t understand all this – but Hammond will – so tell him of it. [scrawl]

Byron to Scrope Berdmore Davies, from Venice, August 3rd 1818:
(Source: text from B.L. Loan 70 / 1 f.28; BLJ XI 168)

[To Scrope Berdmore Davies Esqre / to ye care of Jno Murray Esqre / 50 Albemarle Street / London / Angleterre / Inghilterra]

Venice August 3d. 1818. –

Dear <Scrope> Scrope –

You are requested to read & deliver the inclosed letters to our little friend Hobhouse – who has been writing to me a smart letter – but I will give it him – although he has been speaking upon a dinner table – like Grildrig to his Majesty140 – I suppose you picked him out [Ms.tear: “of”] the butter boat in which he nearly perished. – –

I am not near enough – I pray you – avenge me [Ms.tear: “upon”] him by making him retract “retract Sir!” –

believe me ever & most affectionately

yours

B

P.S.

Take the Poker to him – do.

Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Venice, August 3rd 1818:
(Source: text from B.L.Add.Mss.42093 f.113; 1922 II 85-6; BLJ VI 63)

Venice. August 3d. 1818

Dear H✿ –

Now that my Monies are come you may scold as much as you please. – It is your turn now. –

It was mine when I had neither answers to my letters – nor attention to my requests. – As for my “social qualities” – I will back them against yours or any of the Burdett Committee – (except Scrope ) I will drink with you – laugh with you – or do any thing except talk with you141 – for any wager in wines you choose to name. – You Monster You! – I have heard of your “campaigning at the King of Bohemy” and y. speeches which seriously I am told were very good ones – as well as Kinnaird’s – throughout the election – but you don’t shine as Purveyors – and you must have cut a queer figure spouting among the Decanters (most of them about the same height<>) with yourself) in boots & spurs to appease [<>] {the} angry & famished ragamuffins who have been licking Lew Chew and his Islanders for you. – – – – –

Enclosed is Breme’s scrawl – answer him if you like

Enclosed is Breme’s scrawl – answer him if you like

1:2

but I have given him a Siserana I promise you in mine already – I have no notion of his airs – he has brought all Italy into a squabble about his damned doctrines – <As> (like the old stag of the Seicentisti & the {previous} Cruscan <Sgr> quarrels – poor devils – they are like Moses <too> in the Vicar of W[akefield], too happy in being permitted to dispute about anything)142 – and then expect to be thanked for them by us Youth.143 – Row him – I say – he gives you devilish bitter words – and I long to see you by the ears – that I do. – – –

140: See Gulliver’s Travels, Chapter 11.
141: Shakespeare, The Merchant of Venice, I iii 31-4.
142: Goldsmith, The Vicar of Wakefield, Ch. 7.
143: Falstaff at Shakespeare, Henry IV Part II ii 85; compare Jan 17 1813 (to H.); Nov 10 1813 (to Annabella); Nov 12 1813 (to Gifford); Mar 15 1814 (London Journal); May 8 1814 (to Mo.); July 15 1818 (to K.); and Nov 19 1820 (to Mu.).
I shall be very glad of the Corn rubbers – as to Sp ooney – I don’t know what he calls expedition – but you always said he was a damned dawdle if not a rogue – & now you “snub me when I’m in Spirits”\textsuperscript{144} for coming over to your opinions.

\[y^{5}\] always [scrawl]

\textbf{September 6th 1818: Byron finishes \textit{Don Juan Canto I.}}

\textbf{John Cam Hobhouse to Byron, from Brighton, August 17th 1818:}

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43443 f.77; BB 242-3)

\[Pour, / Le Très Honorable Milord / Milord Byron / Pair d’Angleterre / Mess\textsuperscript{s} / Siri et Wilhalm. à Venise // via Paris\]

[letter concludes at top of first sheet:] of proscribed made out by Tierney Brougham & Co and the other cubs at H. House for my conduct at the Westminster Election – that is for doing my little most to put Burdett at the head of the poll – they wrote ballads against us, {which were} sung or said at Lady Jerseys – Oh how we sighed for you – If B was here said Scrope by god he would scalp them – The insolence of Brougham to all men increases daily and I foresee his want of wit will run him into a filthy Puddle. He was shamefully beat in Westmoreland, and talked over the mob {to be} against him – Adieu –

\textit{yours} J. C. H

Brighton. August 17, 1818

Dear Byron –

\begin{quote}
I have been waiting for more than ten days to be able to announce to you that Spooney had sent his messenger or had set off himself with the papers to you – this was his last intention but how long it may have been his last I know not he weathercocks it with such ease and quickness – I trust, however, that he will not long delay. I have presented myself to Chancery lane so often as to be a nuisance and an eye sore to his retainers below stairs and the sweaty paw of Charles is moreover no such pleasant welcome after admittance – Thank heaven, however, my importunitie s have reduced it to three fingers – If old Spooney crosses the Alps I have promised to give him a march route; and considering the dance he has led me, have a good mind to send him round by the Caucasus. I anticipate the combing down he will get from you – although, to be sure, I must say that in propria persona you are a mighty mitigable devil, and do not at all answer to the Jupiter of your own distant storm – Having received no letters from you, I conclude the money is come safe to hand and may, I presume, count upon your silence until the approaches of exhaustion persuade you again to be clamorous – I am happy to hear from you at any rate – so would rather be scolded than scorned – I have done my best that the messenger whether Hanson or Hanson’s man shall leave nothing that you may want or he may take behind – I have lately seen nothing of Murray – the rumour of his being a traveller not as usual by proxy but in person may be true – If old Spooney crosses the Alps I have
\end{quote}

\begin{enumerate}
\item[1:2]
will know how to account for not hearing from him, if you do not hear – At any rate don’t plot against his peace or pence – believe me he is your poor slave for ever – He swears you are the first of poets and he feels he is the most fashionable of booksellers – The Edinburgh is out – as I imagined and, if you recollect, foretold – the IV\textsuperscript{th} is said to be the finest of all you have written and above any other production almost of any age. Of course it will make part of Hanson’s baggage so I shall say nothing – The Edinburgh incites you to do something that shall raise \textit{Ms. tear: “our”, “the”} age to a level with any Augustan period of literature – The Morning Chronicle humbly requests you would come home and consent to save this sinking country – The poetry is but poor but the wish as good as any thing even I could indite – Sam Rogers says in his amiable way that “Wayte is our only chance.” Sam presumes to shake his wry vinegar-cruet neck at me for comparing him to Pindemonte – now this is the fate and folly of talking of these small poets at all – By the goles
\item[1:3] [above address:] I meant him nothing but supreme honor –
\item[1:4] \textit{144:} Tony Lumpkin at Goldsmith, \textit{She Stoops to Conquer, II.}
I have received the queerest letter from di Breme you ever saw – I will be judged by you – and if you do not say the essay on Italian literature is “merum sal,” I will burn it – I assure you I have had [below address:] the unsolicited testimony of all the best judges {(Hallam, Payne Knight, Wilbraham, Lord Glenhervie &c)} which are very few for I flatter myself there are not three people in England capable of deciding on its merits – Seriously tell me what you think when you have read the articles, and tell me, as you wont, with sincerity – You know you promised not to make a fool of me except I wrote an oratorio – I am on the list [letter continues at top of first sheet]

Byron to John Murray, from Venice, August 26th 1818:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.43489 f.246; BLJ VI 63-4)

| To, / Jno / Murray Esq / 50. Albemarle Street / London / Angleterre / Inghilterra. |

Venice. August 26th. 1818.

Dear Sir – You may go on with your edition – without calculating on the Memoir – which I shall not publish at present. – It <will> is nearly finished – but will be too long – and there are so many things which out of regard to the living cannot be mentioned – <&> {that} I have written with too much detail of that which interested me least – so that my <memoir> {autobiographical Essay} would resemble the tragedy of Hamlet at the Country theatre – recited “with the part of Hamlet left out by particular desire.” – I shall keep it among my papers – it will be a kind of <g/>Guide post in case of death – and prevent some of the lies which would otherwise be told – and destroy some which have been told already. – – The tales also are in an unfinished state – and I can fix no time for their completion – they are also not in the best manner. – You must not therefore calcu=

Enclosed is a list of books which Dr. Aglietti would be glad to receive by way of <a> price for his M.S. letters if you are disposed to purchase at the rate of fifty pounds sterling. – These he will be glad to have in part – and the rest I will give him in money – and you may carry it to the account of books &c, which is in balance against me – deducting it accordingly. – So that the letters are yours if you like them at this rate – and he and I are going to hunt

for more Lady Montague letters – which he thinks of finding. – – I write in haste – thanks for the Article – and bel[scrawl]

P.S. –
I shall write again in a few days – having something to say. – – –

Percy Bysshe Shelley to Byron, from Este, September 13th 1818:
(Source: text from 1922 II 86-7; Jones II 38-9)

Este – Sep. 13, 1818.

My dear Lord Byron

I have been four or five times on the point of setting out to Venice, and have been always disappointed by some unexpected circumstance. Mary and the children arrived last Sunday, and my little girl has since then been dangerously ill; so am detained an anxious prisoner here for four or five days longer. She is now better, and I hope to be able to see you at the end of the week. We have domesticated ourselves unceremoniously here, and find it, as I think you would find it, a most delightful residence.

Mary desires her kind remembrances, Clara her love. Allegra is quite well, and whenever she is drest calls for papa. William and she are grown fast friends.

Moat sincerely yours,
P.B.Shelley.

145: Clara died on September 24th 1818.
Byron to Thomas Moore, from Venice, September 19th 1818:

(\textit{Source: Ms. not found; text from Moore’s Life II 197-200; LJ IV 257-63; QII 434-6; BLJ VI 66-9})

Venice, September 19. 1818.

An English newspaper here would be a prodigy, and an opposition one a monster; and except some extracts from extracts in the vile, garbled Paris gazettes, nothing of the kind reaches the Veneto-Lombard public, who are, perhaps, the most oppressed in Europe. My correspondences with England are mostly on business, and chiefly with my [attorney], who has no very exalted notion, or extensive conception, of an author’s attributes; for he once took up an Edinburgh Review, and, looking at it a minute, said to me, ‘So, I see you have got into the magazine,’—which is the only sentence I ever heard him utter upon literary matters, or the men thereof.

My first news of your Irish Apotheosis has, consequently, been from yourself. But, as it will not be forgotten in a hurry, either by your friends or your enemies, I hope to have it more in detail from some of the former, and, in the mean time, I wish you joy with all my heart. Such a moment must have been a good deal better than Westminster-abbey,—besides being an assurance of that one day (many years hence, I trust,) into the bargain.

I am sorry to perceive, however, by the close of your letter, that even you have not escaped the ‘surgit amari,’ and that your damned deputy has been gathering such ‘dew from the still vex Bermoothes’—or rather vexatious. Pray, give me some items of the affair, as you say it is a serious one; and, if it grows more so, you should make a trip over here for a few months, to see how things turn out. I suppose you are a violent admirer of England by your staying so long in it. For my own part, I have passed, between the age of one-and-twenty and thirty, half the intervening years out of it without regretting any thing, except that I ever returned to it at all, and the gloomy prospect before me of business and parentage obliging me, one day, to return to it again,—at least, for the transaction of affairs, the signing of papers, and inspecting of children.

I have here my natural daughter, by name Allegra,—a pretty little girl enough, and reckoned like papa. Her mamma is English,—but it is a long story, and—there’s an end. She is about twenty months old.

I have finished the first Canto (a long one, of about 180 octaves) of a poem in the style and manner of ‘Beppo’, encouraged by the good success of the same. It is called ‘Don Juan’, and is meant to be a little quietly facetious upon every thing. But I doubt whether it is not—at least, as far as it has yet gone—too free for these very modest days. However, I shall try the experiment, anonymously, and if it don’t take, it will be discontinued. It is dedicated to S[outhey] in good, simple, savage verse, upon the [Laureate]’s politics, and the way he got them. But the bore of copying it out is intolerable; and if I had an amanuensis he would be of no use, as my writing is so difficult to decipher.

\begin{quote}
My poem’s Epic, and is meant to be

Divided in twelve books, each book containing

With love and war, a heavy gale at sea—

A list of ships, and captains, and kings reigning—

New characters, &c. &c.
\end{quote}

The above are two [sic] stanzas, which I send you as a brick of my Babel, and by which you can judge of the texture of the structure.

In writing the Life of Sheridan, never mind the angry lies of the humbug Whigs. Recollect that he was an Irishman and a clever fellow, and that we have had some very pleasant days with him. Don’t forget that

\begin{footnotes}
146: Lucretius, \textit{De Rerum Natura}, IV 1224: \textit{medio de fonte leporum surget amari aliquid} …
147: Shakespeare, \textit{The Tempest}, I ii 229. B. refers to Mo.’s prosecution over the negligence of his deputy in Jamaica.
148: Moore’s note: This little child had been sent to him by its mother about four or five months before, under the care of a Swiss nurse, a young girl not above nineteen or twenty years of age, and in every respect unfit to have the charge of such an infant, without the superintendence of some more experienced person. “The child, accordingly,” says my informant, “was but ill taken care of;—not that any blame could attach to Lord Byron, for he always expressed himself most anxious for her welfare, but because the nurse wanted the necessary experience. The poor girl was equally to be pitied; for, as Lord Byron’s household consisted of English and Italian men servants, with whom she could hold no converse, and as there was no other female to consult with and assist her in her charge, nothing could be more forlorn than her situation proved to be.”
\end{footnotes}

Soon after the date of the above letter, Mrs. Hoppner, the lady of the Consul General, who had, from the first, in compassion both to father and child, invited the little Allegra occasionally to her house, very kindly proposed to Lord Byron to take charge of her altogether, and an arrangement was accordingly concluded upon for that purpose.
he was at school at Harrow, where, in my time, we used to show his name—R.B. Sheridan, 1765,—as an honour to the walls. Remember ******** ********

Depend upon it that there were worse folks going, of that gang, than ever Sheridan was.

What did Parr mean by ‘haughtiness and coldness?’ I listened to him with admiring ignorance, and respectful silence. What more could a talker for fame have?—they don’t like to be answered. It was at Payne Knight’s I met him, where he gave me more Greek than I could carry away. But I certainly meant to (and did) treat him with the most respectful deference.

I wish you a good night, with a Venetian benediction, ‘Benedetto te, e la terra che ti fara!’—‘May you be blessed, and the earth which you will make!’—is it not pretty? You would think it still prettier if you had heard it, as I did two hours ago, from the lips of a Venetian girl, with large black eyes, a face like Faustina’s, and the figure of a Juno—tall and energetic as a Pythoness, with eyes flashing, and her dark hair streaming in the moonlight—one of those women who may be made any thing. I am sure if I put a poniard into the hand of this one, she would plunge it where I told her,—and into me, if I offended her. I like this kind of animal, and am sure that I should have preferred Medea to any woman that ever breathed. You may, perhaps, wonder that I don’t in that case take to my wife. But she is a poor mawkish, moral Clytemnestra (and no Medea) who likes to be vindictive according to law, and to hew me down as Samuel sawed Agag, religiously. 150 I could have forgiven the dagger or the bowl, any thing, but the deliberate desolation piled upon me, when I stood alone upon my hearth, with my household gods shivered around me 151 ************ Do you suppose I have forgotten or forgiven it? It has comparatively swallowed up in me every other feeling, and I am only a spectator upon earth, till a tenfold opportunity offers. It may come yet. There are others more to be blamed than *****, and it is on these that my eyes are fixed unceasingly.

Byron to Augusta Leigh, from Venice, September 21st 1818:
(Source: text from Ralph Earl of Lovelace, Astarte, Scribner’s 1921, pp.288-90; QII 436-7; BLJ VI 69-70)

Dearest Augusta—

I particularly beg that you will contrive to get the enclosed letter safely delivered to Lady Frances, & if there is an answer to let me have it. You can write to her first & state that you have such a letter—at my request—for there is no occasion for any concealment at least with her—& pray oblige me so far, for many reasons.

If the Queen dies you are no more a Maid of Honour—is it not so? Allegra is well, 152 but her mother (whom the Devil confound) came prancing the other day over the Appenines—to see her shild, 153 which threw my Venetian loves (who are none of the quietest) into great combustion; and I was in a pucker till I got her to the Euganean hills, where she & the child now are, for the present. I declined seeing her for fear that the consequence might be an addition to the family; she is to have the child a month with her and then to return herself to Lucca, or Naples, where she was with her relatives (she is English you know), & to send Allegra to Venice again. I lent her my house at Este for her maternal holidays. As troubles don’t come single, 154 here is another confusion. The chaste wife of a baker—having quarrelled with her tyrannical husband—has run away to me (God knows without being invited), & resists all the tears & penitence & beg-pardons of her disconsolate Lord, and the threats of the police, and the priest of the parish besides; & swears she won’t give up her unlawful love (myself), for any body, or anything. I assure you I have begged her in all possible ways too to go back to her husband, promising her all kinds of eternal fidelity into the bargain, but she only flies into a fury; and as she is a very tall and formidable Girl of three and twenty, with

149: Margarita Cogni.
151: Moore’s note: ‘I had one only fount of quiet left, / And that they poison’d! My pure household gods / Were shivered on my hearth.’ MARINO FALIERO. See also DJ I, 36, 6, and III sts.51-2, for the similar feelings of Lambro; and CMP 97. The figure of King Priam in Book II of Virgil’s Aeneid, is sometimes quoted as an antecedent, when Pyrrhus slaughters first his son, and then him, before his household altar: but see this speech from Scott’s The Antiquary (1816) a novel much read by B. (see BLJ V 109, 112, VIII 38) in which Monkbarns, the protagonist, describes his ancestor, a German printer: “He was, indeed, a man who would have stood firm, had his whole printing-house, presses, fonts, forms, great and small pica, been shivered to pieces round him…” (Vol.I p.142).
152: Lovelace’s note: Alba or Clara Allegra Biron, his natural child by Jane Clairmont. See nope, p. 280.
153: Refers to one of B.’s favourite quotations: “Ah, coqun – vare is my shild?” (Roderick Random, Chapter XXI).
154: Shakespeare, Hamlet, IV v 75-6.
the large black eyes and handsome face of a pretty fiend, a correspondent figure and a carriage as haughty as a Princess—with the violent passions & capacities for mischief of an Italian when they are roused—I am a little embarrassed with my unexpected acquisition. However she keeps my household in rare order, and has already frightened the learned Fletcher out of his remnant of wits more than once; we have turned her into a housekeeper. As the morals of this place are very lax, all the women commend her & say she has done right—especially her own relations. You need not be alarmed—I know how to manage her—and can deal with anything but a cold blooded animal such as Miss Milbanke. The worst is that she won’t let a woman come into the house, unless she is as old & frightful as possible; and has sent so many to the right about that my former female acquaintances are equally frightened & angry. She is extremely fond of the child, & is very cheerful & goodnatured, when not jealous; but Othello himself was a fool to her in that respect. Her sobriquet in her family—was la Mora from her colour, as she is very dark (though clear of complexion), which literally means the Moor so that I have “the Moor of Venice” in propria persona as part of my household. She has been here this month. I had known her (and fifty others) more than a year, but did not anticipate this escapade, which was the fault of her booby husband’s treatment—who now runs about repenting & roaring like a bull calf. I told him to take her in the devil’s name, but she would not stir; & made him a long speech in the Venetian dialect which was more entertaining to anybody than to him to whom it was addressed. You see Goose—that there is no quiet in this world—so be a good woman—& repent of yr sins.—

John Murray to Byron, from 50, Albemarle Street, London, September 22nd 1818:

My Lord

I was much pleased to find, on my arrival from Edinburgh on Saturday night your Lordships Letter of the 26th August – the former one of the 21st. I received whilst in Scotland – the Saturday & Sunday previous I passed most delightfully with Walter Scott who was incessant in his enquiries after your welfare – he entertains the noblest sentiments of regard towards your Lordship & speaks of you with the best feelings – I walked ten Miles with him I believe round a very beautiful estate which he has by degrees purchased within two Miles of <Abbots> his favourite Melrose – & he has compleated nearly the Centre & One Wing of a Castle on the banks of the Tweed where he is the happiness as well as pride of the whole neighbourhood & he is one of the most hospitable merry & entertaining of Mortals – he would I am confident do any thin g to serve your Lordship and as the paper which I now inclose is a second substantial proof of the interest he takes in your Literary Character perhaps it may naturally enough afford occasion for a Letter from your Lordship to him – I sent you by Mr Hanson 4 Vols of a Second Series of Tales of my Landlord and four others are actually in the press – he does not yet avow them – but no one doubts his being their author – I should have much liked to see how you look in a full suit of Prose – for the slight drapery wch you have occasionally put on – affords a very promising specimen. I regret, of course your procrastination of the Memoir but this is a subject of delicacy wch should be regulated entirely by your own feelings – but the Tales I yet hope the Spirit may move you to compleat. I return your Lordship my best thanks for the Italian books wch you were so kind as to send me by M’ Holworthy & which will prove a great literary service to me. – I have already actually sent off, with several novelties for your Lordship, all the books which M’ Aglietti ordered except one Vol of the Transac of the Royal Society wch is out of print – but which I will try hereafter to pick up – they are sent to M’ Missiaglia who has a friend just setting out, as soon as I know their Amo I will Pay the Balance into Messrs Morlands hands for I have transferred my Account for Books to my present of Beppo – & it shall be made out & sent to your Lordship with my receipt – I hope in the Search for Lady Montague’s most interesting Letters the D’ may stumble upon some others of Value – Your Lordship told me some time ago that a Lady was writing the Life of Lady Montague as there may probably be some original anecdotes of that part of it which was passed in Italy I should be glad to be favoured with a Copy of it as soon as possible – I sent by M’ Hanson a number or two of Blackwoods Edinburgh Magazine – & I have in
a recent parcel sent the whole – I think that you will find in it a very great Share of talent & some most incomparable fun & as I have purchased half the Copy right of it I shall feel very much obliged if you would occasionally send me some anonymous (if you please) fun to add to it – & Any news literary or Scientific that may fall in your way – If any of your literary acquaintances are disposed to communicate interesting Articles you may assure them Ten Guineas a Sheet & if there be any poor fellows to whom you would like to bestow such a trifle upon, you can direct me accordingly. John Wilson who wrote the Article on Canto IV on Harold (of which by the way I am anxious to know your Opinion) has very much interested himself in the Journal & has communicated some most admirable Papers – indeed he possesses very great Talents – & various –

I sent you a very well-constructed Kaleidoscope – a newly invented Toy wch if not yet seen in Venice will I trust amuse some of your female friends – – In the recent parcel I have again inclosed Soda Powder & Magnetia – With unabated affection I remain My Lord your obliged & faithful Servan

Jno. Murray

Richard Belgrave Hoppner to John Cam Hobhouse, from Venice, September 24th 1818: 155
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12607 / 4187)

My dear Sir

I hope you are some way or another aware that your friends Mrs Smith did not reach Venice until the present moment, otherwise you must have but an ill opinion of my breeding in suffering your letter of the 30 May to be so long unanswered. I beg however to assure you that I take the first opportunity since their arrival of thanking you for your remembrance of me and mine, and for your favour in introducing these worthy and agreable people to our acquaintance. – I fear that in desiring me to write to you, you little know how great a task you entail on yourself, at least if you deem it necessary to read my prosaick effusions. Venice to a person who dislikes the place as much as I do, who consider it, I am sorry to say as my prison, and its inhabitants in a worse light than if they were jailors, can afford very little entertaining chatter for a letter; to you, too, in particular who are so much interested in politicks; for as no political change is likely to originate here, it is little worth anyones while to collect the idle ravings of such miserable dastards as are its present inhabitants. I might indeed find sufficient matter for a letter in writing to you of your friend Lord Byron, but as I know he keeps you regularly informed of all that relates to him I will only mention a circumstance which he no doubt has not thought it worth his while to make the subject of a paragraph in any of his letters to you: that I owe to his kindness in permitting me to write/ride with him daily, the enjoyment of better health this year than I have known since I left England, & that he has had the miraculous power of dispossessing me of the black demon Ennui, who had been my constant tormentor since I came to reside amongst these ruins of a former world. –

We owe to Mr Smith’s arrival the pleasure of seeing the fourth Canto of Childe Harold with your admirable illustrations. 157 Neither of these had before reached Venice, and it will add something to our regret at that gentleman’s departure, that he will again leave Venice without a copy of your work, for Mr Albrizzi to whom you sent one is not at present here. – In looking over the notes of the 4th Canto I have met with one or two errors which I hope you will pardon me the liberty I take in pointing out to you. The first you will find in the translation of Peter Doria’s answer to the Venetian deputies: the meaning as I take it of

1:2

inhabitants. I might indeed find sufficient matter for a letter in writing to you of your friend Lord Byron, but as I know he keeps you regularly informed of all that relates to him I will only mention a circumstance which he no doubt has not thought it worth his while to make the subject of a paragraph in any of his letters to you: that I owe to his kindness in permitting me to write/ride with him daily, the enjoyment of better health this year than I have known since I left England, & that he has had the miraculous power of dispossessing me of the black demon Ennui, who had been my constant tormentor since I came to reside amongst these ruins of a former world. –

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1:3

155: H. was with B. in Venice throughout the latter part of 1817. His initial impression of Hoppner was poor. He wrote in his diary on November 17th: Hoppner the painter’s son consul here tells Byron he feels no sympathy with the Italians who lost their liberties to the French – this is the way these scoundrels [that is, consuls] talk and write home to their government who call their nonsense good information … (BL.Add.Mss. 47234 ff.33r-v). Later he revised his impression, writing on December 6th, … dined at Hoppner’s – our Consul – a good fellow – a little too witty with his friend Count Rizzo about acting – Mrs Hoppner a charming Swiss woman …(BL.Add.Mss.47234 f.37r)

156: Unidentified.

157: H.’s Historical Illustrations to the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage.

158: Son of the Venetian society hostess Countess Albrizzi.
Alluding to the preceding sentence of his answer. – In this opinion Lord Byron agrees with me, and he has encouraged me to mention it to you. The other I have met with is at page 168, at the conclusion of the note in Pietro Aretin, where you say that the church of S. Luke at Venice is now changed into a Lamp warehouse; this not being the case, as S. Luke is one of the most fashionable & frequented churches here.  

But I fear I am indiscreet in taking up so much of your valuable time: I beg you however to recollect that you have brought this letter on yourself, & that if you had not desired me to write to you I should never have taken the liberty of you the above remarks which if they appear to you I beg you not to ascribe them to an intention of being so on my part. M. Hoppner who has not forgot your kind promise of introducing her to your family desires her best compliments to you, and I remain my dear Sir 

ever sincerely yours  
R.B.Hoppner.

Lord Byron desires me to say that he thinks your essay on Italian Literature perfect. –

John Cam Hobhouse to Byron, from London, September 28th 1818:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.43443 f.78; BB 245-7)

[letter concludes at top of first sheet:] had I a seat in the den I should have abjured them both by throwing the former on the table as Burke did his dagger – It is impossible to bear the arrogance selfishness and surliness of a party that has elected Bruffam for their bully. Lord Holland-House calls me a rat for asking for single votes for Burdett and disregarding that charming piece of perfection Sir S. Romilly – this is the head & front of my offending and has put me on the proscription list so my patriotism has brought me into a filthy puddle.

ever your’s J. C. H.

28 September

Dear Byron –

I have received the letters which you sent to me through Davies – both your own and de Breme’s and have edified highly by the perusal of both – I had before received a similar epistle from the unfrocked Abbé and was expounding the said when your own packet was delivered by the Scrope – The force of censure can no farther go – so to make a third I’ve joined the other two and considering them as one have made a reply in what I flatter myself is a becoming style – I take the liberty of sending you a copy of this letter – of which I do not say read and burn – but do not give yourself the trouble to read it, but send it to Rizzo or to Madame Albrizzi or to any one who will make it public – a translation in the gazette will please me most, the Lugano I recollect to be your favourite – When the Albrizzi has done with it perhaps you could contrive to send it to Acerbi who I am sure will

swallow it with more glee than he ever did the small tit bit of blubber in his voyage towards the North Pole. I conjure you by all my coal mines in Cornwall to further this little piece of mischief. The Copy is written in a fair hand – some vengeance should be taken of this masturbator for calling poor dear Madame Albrizzi’s Ritratti “a list of her stallions” – you may see that I have taken care to quote this in the letter in order to qualify it for the meridian of S. Mark’s – It is, indeed, though I say it, as pretty a piece of malice as could well be hatched – and would become even your embroiling spirit – I have quoted de Breme’s own words against Monti – so I am in hopes of a squabble even there whence the whole has originated – this makes me wish to see the thing in Acerbi’s hands – I did not know how to send this packet when Missiaglia of the library at Venice came in. “sic me servavit Apollo” – <w/>What the deuce has kept you so long from

159: H.’s translation is “Wild as we may find them, we will soon make them stand still” (CPW II 226).
160: “… all memorial of this author [Aretino] has disappeared from the church of St Luke, which is now changed into a lamp warehouse” (CPW II 327).
161: The essay on Italian Literature in H.’s Historical Illustrations was actually written by Ugo Foscolo – a fact which B. almost certainly knows, and Hoppner doesn’t.
162: Shakespeare, Othello, I.
163: This word could also be “smooth” or “moist”.

Hasty? I trust you have not been setting up shop again – nothing but passades – no draughts on bankers ear rings and the like o’they – What a dreadful fright you have been in for fear some one should interpose to save you a few pounds in England – Were you on your death bed you could not be more alarmed at the hideous prospect of leaving something unenjoyed. By this time, however, you may be assured that nothing has been done for you and your mind be at rest – I have been living since the beginning of August at Brighton, so have not seen the superb Murray who is speculating with an Edinburgh dealer for a magazine – Wilson the plague man, who he says is full as clever and ten times more hearty than Jeffery – A fortnight since I came to Brighton has been taken out and spent at Burdett’s Wiltshire house – There was Scrope and there also came Tom Moore. This latter you are quite right about – he is a most charming fellow and certainly one of the better brothers – Poor fellow, he has lately got a twist about the aristocrats, and cant forgive Lord H for saying “we will show Lord B that another of us can write verses” nor George Vernon for observing at Bowwood that “there were three poets in the room” – I dont know whether you ever observed this before in him – Moore told me that you were in alarm about the IVth Canto. Why so? and why did you let him know? I tell you again and again there is but one opinion about it. It is the “opt-max” – and in sober sadness I tell you that your influence in this country is what I should think without a parallel – you might positively do what you pleased – If Murray throws doubts or cold water he is a neger – but I can not imagine such perfidy in him – Your friends here, I mean England, are ceaseless in enquiries about your health and wealth and so forth, and I feel secure I can report progress in both – But dont swim for four hours again – now dont – you can not think what serious harm these exertions bring about Hanson’s folk are tired of my repeated visits and I myself am almost sick of asking for the fiftieth time if either father or son or company is set out with the papers – Mind you sign nothing except the mere deeds – no private papers – no releases acquittances or any thing but the bond – the bond – Pray be cautious – Dug. bid me tell you this and he is a clever fellow for all his speeches – The Scrope is well in Physics and still preserves the five points – His addresses have lately been divided between the Lady Anne Harley and Miss Susannah Burdett – He makes your poeshies pimp for him for I caught him ventre à terre under a beach tree expounding you to the latter – where types fail he brings out an MS from a scented Morocco pocket book and a palpable hit egad – How his concerns go on no soul alive knows – his being in love looks suspicious for he was never known to be so when in money – He is still, however, very grand and will not stir without his “dormeuse.” Sir I have left off my wig and my Whig principles together [letter continues at top of first sheet]
neither he nor any one else shall make me the puppet of an Attorney. – – – –

[rest of 1:2 and all of 1:3 blank.]

Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Venice, September 30th 1818:
(Source: text from B.L.Add.Mss.42093 ff.116-17; 1922 II 87-8; BLJ VI 72)
[To _, J\(^{10}\) Hobhouse Esqre / Care of Mr. Murray Esqre. / 50. Albemarle Street / London / Angleterre / Sepr 30th. / Inghilterra]

Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Venice, September 30th 1818

Venice. Sep\(^{r} 30^{th}. / 1818

Dear Hobhouse /

Spooney writes that he will not advance beyond Geneva. – I have answered that he may return – for I would not cross to meet him – were it only to Fusina or Maestri. – . – I said so in the Spring – and I repeat it now. – He hints possible delays – and incompleation of the Sale – be it so – — I gave him ample time – it is no fault of mine – and if W\[ildman\]. d on't complete – I presume that I shall at least have the property again. – – But whatever may be the consequence – my decision on that point – is what it was in Spring – and <will> {would} be in Secula Seculorum. – Pray tell him so on his return from his fool’s (or rogue’s) errand and that I would see him and all Chancery lane in Hell before I would cross a Canal for them – what am I to be made the

<\text{Ponchinello}> Polichinello of an Attorneo at thirty years of age? – he may be damned – they may be damned – –

I have written to Douglas Kinnaird – & beg you to assist him with advice in a committee upon this tedious mountebank’s eternal dawdling. – Do what you can – & make him do what you please – only recollect that I neither can nor will quit home upon his call. – Why could he not send a Clerk? – I’m sure I have no wish to see the original. – – –

ever y\(^{b}\). very truly & affect\(^{b}\).

Byron –

P.S. –

I don’t revise – and I write in a hurry – and in a passion – so excuse errata – and remember that I won’t Stir – Sunburn me if I do!

1:3

[at page bottom:]

P.S. 2\(^{d}\).

I saw the other day by accident your “Historical &;” – the Essay is \text{perfect} – and not exceeded by Johnson’s Poets – which I think the type of perfection. –

[up right-hand side:]

I shall write again – but my rage at present has made me quite unwell: – Excuse bother. – – – – – –

Mary Shelley to Byron, from Este, October 3rd 1818:
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4173A; 1922 II 88; Bennett I 80)

A two-sided sheet.

I take \text{an} advantage of an opportunity of a person going to Venise to send you Mazeppa and your ode\(^{164}\) with I hope not many errors and those partly from my not being able to decypher \text{you} your M.S.

It will give me great pleasure (if the Fornaretta will permit)\(^{165}\) if you will send me your Don Juan by the bearer\(^{166}\) – you may trust him as we often employ him – At any rate write a line to say that you have

\(^{164}\): B. had employed M.S. as copyist on \text{Mazeppa and Venice an Ode.}
received this safe as I do not like to send your M.S. until I know that my copy is in your hands – You<cr> will see by my copying Mazeppa so quickly that there is more of pleasure than labour in my task. MWS

Allegra is perfectly well Este – Oct. 3 – 1818

[1:2 blank.]

**Percy Bysshe Shelley to Thomas Love Peacock, from Este, October 8th 1818:**
(Source: Ms. Bodleian MS. Shelley c.1, ff.247-8; text from Jones II 41-4)

No. 8. Este, October 8. 1818

My dear Peacock

I have not written to you for six weeks. – But I have been on the point of writing many times & have often felt that I had many things to say. But I have not been without events to disturb & distract me, amongst which is the death of my little girl. She died of a disorder peculiar to the climate. We have all had bad spirits enough, & I in addition bad health. – I intend to be better soon – there is no malady bodily or mental which does not either kill or is killed –

We left the baths of Lucca, I think the day after I wrote to you, on a visit to Venice partly for the sake of seeing the city & partly that little Alba might spend a month or two with Clare before we proceeded to Rome & Naples. We made a very delightful acquaintance there with a Mr. & Mrs. Hoppner, the gentleman an Englishman & the Lady a Swissesse, mild beautiful, & though not very wise unprejudiced in the best sense of the word. The kind attentions of these people made our short stay at Venice very pleasant. We – I mean Mary & myself – saw Lord Byron and really we hardly knew him again – he is changed into the liveliest, & happiest looking man I ever met. He read me the first Canto of his ‘Don Juan’ a thing in the style of Beppo, but infinitely better, & dedicated to Southey in ten or a dozen stanzas more like a mixture of wormwood & verdigrease than satire. The poor wretch will writhe under the lash. – Venice is a wonderfully fine city. The approach to it over the laguna with its domes & turrets glittering in a long line over the blue waves is one of the finest architectural delusions in the world. It seems to have – and literally it has – its foundations in the sea. The silent streets are paved with water, & you hear nothing but the dashing of the oars & the occasional curses of the gondoliers. (I heard nothing of Tasso.) The gondolas themselves are things of a most romantic & picturesque appearance; I can only compare them to moths of which a coffin might have been the chrysalis. They are hung with black, & painted black, & carpeted with grey; they curl at the prow & stern, and at the former there is a nondescript beak of shining steel which glitters at the end of its long black mass. [A small drawing illustrates this.] The Doges palace with its library is a fine monument of aristocratical power. I saw the dungeons where these scoundrels used to torment their victims. They are of 3 kinds one, adjoining the place of trial where the prisoners destined to immediate execution were kept. I could not descend into them because the day on which I visited it was festa. Another under the leads of the palace where the sufferers were roasted to death or madness by the ardours of an Italian sun, and others called the Pozzi, or wells, deep underneath, and communicating with those on the roof by secret passages where the prisoners were confined sometimes half up to their middles in stinking water. When the French came here, they found only one old man in these dungeons, & he could not speak. – But Venice which was once a tyrant, is now the next worse thing, a slave. For in fact it ceased to be free, or worth our regret as a nation from the moment that the oligarchy usurped the rights of the people. Yet I do not imagine that it ever was quite so degraded as it has been since the French, and especially the Austrian yoke. The Austrians take sixty percent in taxes, & impose free quarters on the inhabitants. A horde of German soldiers as vicious & more disgusting than the Venetians themselves insult these miserable people. I had no conception of the excess to which avarice, cowardice, superstition, ignorance, passionless lust, & all the inexpressible brutalities which degrade human nature could be carried, until I had lived a few days among the Venetians. – We have been living this last month near the little town from which I date this letter, in a very pleasant villa which has been lent to us, & we are now on the point of proceeding to Florence Rome & Naples at which last city we shall spend the winter, & return northwards in the spring. Behind us here are the Euganean hills, not so beautiful as those of Bagni di Lucca, With Arqua where Petrarch’s house & tomb are religiously preserved & visited. At the end of our garden is an extensive Gothic castle, now the habitation of owls & bats, where the Medici family resided before they came to Florence. We see before [us] the wide

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165: The Fornaretta is B.’s wild mistress Margherita Cogni, who kept strict control of his household – hence M.S.’s diffidence here.
166: M.S. did not copy Don Juan I – to which this must be a reference; but she did copy Cantos VI-XV.
flat plains of Lombardy, in which we see the sun & moon rise & set, & the evening star, & all the golden magnificence of autumnal clouds. But I reserve wonder for Naples. –

I have been writing – and indeed have just finished the first act of a lyric & classical drama to be called ‘Prometheus Unbound’. Will you tell me what there is in Cicero about a drama supposed to have been written by Æschylus under this title – I ought to say that I have just read Malthus in a french translation. Malthus is a very clever man, & the world would be a great gainer if it would seriously take his lessons into consideration – if it were capable of attending seriously to any thing but mischief – but what on earth does he mean by some of his inferences?

Pray tell me in your next the name, & all particulars relating to the Ship in which you sent my books – they have not yet arrived. – it is certain that we shall never get them without this information.

Mary & Clare send their best regards.

[Signature cut out.]

[P.S.] I will write again from Rome or Florence – in better spirits & to more agreeable purpose I hope – You saw those beautiful stanzas in the 4th Canto about the Nymph Egeria. Well, I did not whisper a word about nympholepsy, I hope you acquit me. – And I hope you will not carry delicacy so far as to let this suppress any thing nympholeptic.

Do you know if the Hunts have got our things from Russel St. If not when you go to Town, ask for me. Tis no use writing. Hunt never answers letters. – There are two volumes of Lord Byrons poetry left at Hookham’s to be bound. Have you received them? – If not pray write for them.

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John Murray to Byron, from 50, Albemarle Street, London, October 13th 1818:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.434895; LJM 263-4)

My Lord

Your Letter of the 24th Sep. wch I have this instant received – has compleatly baffled all my faculties of discovering – I perceive that the sudden discovery of some error of the press annoys you – and that you are outrageous – – I shall try to make out the emendation – and will endeavour to avoid – Error – (particularly of the press) in future – presuming that you are hereby pacified – I proceed to thank you for the cheering notice – of the first Canto of a Poem in the style of Beppo – and of something else which you have nearly finished – about which I entreat your Lordship to be more particular – & to tell me moreover if I may hope for a Volume this winter – which would give me great intermediate spirits. I wrote to yer Lordship on my return from visiting Walter Scott – in whose attachment you may confide – I am anxious to learn your real opinion of the Edinburgh Review of Canto IV – about which the is some division of opinion – the more prevalent one being however that it is confused & unintelligible – though driving at some great object. John Wilson who wrote it is a man of powerful talents and very heartily your admirer – I think he told me he had the pleasure of knowing your Lordship formerly.

I was surprised to learn by the outside note of yr Lordships Letter to M’ Leigh – that M’ Hanson has not yet arrived – I have sent you some books wch I think must amuse you particularly Evelyns Diary – I lay aside any thing good & will send it by first occasion – – I am really astonished to find that to this day M’ Leigh believes you the Author of the Tales of my Landlord – & I still more wonder that she is equally confident that you are the writer of the New Series also – and that your aunt Miss Byron believes this no less – they tell me I keep the secret well!!

I am now preparing a compleat Edition of Sheridan’s Works & Moore is busy in writing his life – as you once thought of assisting with M’ Rogers in this office perhaps you will convey any ideas of his character to M’ Moore – M’ Moore told me had suggested to you the joining with him in the composition of a little volume of poetry, for the Winter – have you acceded? – I am proceeding with the New Edition of your Lordships Works in 3 Vols – wch I will print beautifully & sell very cheap – & you shall be

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167: DJ I.
168: Mazeppa. B. names it in his letter of September 24th.
169: Edinburgh Review XXX, lix (June 1818), pp.87-120.
170: Hanson arrived on November 11th, with the Newstead sale papers and a report of Southey’s rumour-mongering.
universally read – if any other emendation occur to your Lordship perhaps you will do me the favour to write me immediately.

1:3

I beg your Lordship to do me the favour to offer my remembrance to Mr Hoppner – whom you have enchanted as well as young Hammond – but there is no enjoyment in life they say after quitting your Society.

With best wishes for your happiness

I remain

My Lord

Your Lordships

obliged & faithful Seri

John Murray

I saw M’ S. Davies – who brought Lady Frances Webster to see me – that is – my Portrait – M’ Hobhouse in the Country – M’ Kinnaird – arranging for a New Banking House – Gifford always asks for you as do a Billion of others – from friendship or wonder

We hear of the Rumpus with Countess Albrizzi

Swimming Match

Byron to John Hanson, from Venice, October 13th 1818:

(Venice, October 13th, 1818)

Dear Hanson, – The season of the year being so advanced, I cannot possibly cross the Simplon now, and am astonished you should have deferred leaving England to so late a period. A letter I received from Hobhouse, as far back as August, stated that, on the part of Col. Wildman, he had heard from his Solicitor the deeds were ready for signature.

Monsieur Dejean, who knows me, will, by mentioning my name, furnish you with four horses and a Postillion, and convey you all to Mestri. You will have to leave your carriage, and proceed by gondola from thence to Venice. The Hotel you had better come to in Venice is the Grande Bretagne, kept by Signora Boffini. I shall send Fletcher to engage apartments for you.

I am, dear Hanson, your sincere

BYRON

Percy Bysshe Shelley to Byron, from Venice, October 17th 1818:

Between sleep & awake

Oct. 17 1818.

My dear Lord B.

I am so dreadfully sleepy that I cannot come tonight. – Will you have the goodness to send us – the “Fudge Family”173 and the “Quarterly” and my Plato,

Faithfully yours

P B Shelley

John Cam Hobhouse to Byron, from London, November 4th 1818:

[Pour, / Le Très Honorable Milord / Milord Byron / Pair d’Angleterre / Messrs Siri et Wilhalm / à Venise]

[letter concludes at top of first sheet] Lady F. W. – As they are in some measure de tiennes, I suppose he makes love to one and hate to the other with your poetry – If I hear any thing from Chancery or any other Lane worth telling, I will write again soon – farewell

always your’s truly,

J. C. H. –

171: The “Rumpus” related to di Breme’s letter about H.’s Illustrations.

172: Shakespeare, King Lear, I ii 15.

173: The satire by Thomas Moore.
My dear Byron –

I have this instant come from Spooney the younger: with whom I had as many words as the surprise and horror consequent upon seeing the suicide of Sir Sam’l: Romilly in the paper would permit. He cut his throat in a paroxysm of madness at the death of his wife, a solitary instance of so dreadful an act in a sexagenary – I expressed my discontent to young Hanson at his father’s unaccountable conduct – he told me that he presumed some means

1:2

might be taken to forward the papers – he hinted that perhaps you might move. I told him never, and I do think you are quite right in not stirring – The fellow must be insane – Do not, however, come quite to blows with him – until your purchase is complete and the money all safe – When you do commence, you may depend upon being stoutly backed by all of us – I have seen Kinnaird – he is in a deadly rage against your courier – so is your sister whom I saw this morning and who is looking very well – She tells me the Typhus Fever is at Kirkby together with Lady N. The prudent daughter has removed the Child – I have heard of

1:3

you and your long hair – I trust you are well and do not suffer this fellow to vex you more than needful to correct his vagaries – I saw Murray this morning – he has nothing to communicate – I believe, but has set me upon translating some Italian sent by you – I am pleased at your opinion of the Essay which I did think would hit your fancy – It is but a compilation indeed, but I think the style is good – I have sent over four copies by Messeaglia of the Apollo library – pray favor me by taking one – The same man carries you my letter to Breme – who is not to be pardoned – I have heard from Hoppner, and am very much obliged to him for his correction of my two blunders. I will take care that the

1:4 [above address:] errors shall not stand in the next –When I saw S’ Lake’s it was filled with lamps, and I have some excuse for misconstruing Imbrenati for I asked an Italian the meaning of the word the other day and he could not tell me – I presume you [below address:] are at Mr. Gibbon’s work – pray it may be so and “write next winter more essays on man” – There is no literary intelligence of any kind at least not of any kind that has met my ear this morning. S. B. D. is got into the hands of Lady C. L. and is deep in with [letter concludes at top of first sheet]

Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Venice, November 11th 1818:

(From: text from B.L.Add.Mss.42093 ff.120-3; 1922 II 89-91; BLJ VI 76-8)

[To, Jno Hobhouse Esqre / Care of J. Murray Esqre / 50. Albemarle Street / London / Angleterre / Angleterre]

Venice Novr 11th, 1818.

Dear Hobhouse /

By the favour of Lord Lauderdale (who tells me by the way that you have made some very good speeches – and are to turn out an Orator – seriously) I have sent an “Oeuvre” of “Poeshie” which will not arrive probably till some after this letter – <as> {though} they start together – as the letter is rather the youngest of the two. – It is addressed to you at Mr. Murray’s. – – I request you to read – & having read – and if possible approved to obtain the largest or (if large be {undeserved} –) {undeserved} the fairest price from him or any one else. – – There are firstly – the first Canto of Don Juan – (in the style of Beppo – and Pulci – forgive me for putting Pulci second it is a slip – “Ego et Rex meus”) containing two hundred Octaves, – and a dedication in verse of a dozen to Bob Southey – bitter as necessary – I mean the dedication, I will tell you why. – The Son of a

1:2

Bitch on his return from Switzerland two years ago – said that Shelley and I “had formed a League of Incest and practiced our precepts with &,” – he lied like a rascal – for they were not Sisters – one being Godwin’s daughter by Mary Wollstonecraft – and the other the daughter of the present Mrs. G by a former husband. – The Attack contains no allusion to the cause – but – some good verses – and all political & poetical. – He lied in another sense – for there was no promiscuous intercourse – my commerce being limited to the carnal knowledge of the Miss C. – I had nothing to do with the offspring of Mary Wollstonecraft – <who> [which
Mary was a former Love of Southey’s – <&> which might have taught him to respect the fame of her daughter. – – Besides this “Pome” there

1:3

is “Mazeppa” and an Ode on Venice – the last not very intelligible – and you may omit it if you like – Don Juan – and Mazeppa are perhaps better – you will see. – The Whole consists of between two and three thousand lines – and you can consult Douglas K. about the price thereof and your own Judgement – & whose else you like about their merits. -- As one of the poems is as free as La Fontaine – & bitter in politics – too – the damned Cant and Toryism of the day may make Murray pause – in that case you will take any Bookseller who bids best; – when I say free – I mean that freedom – which Ariosto {Boiardo} and Voltaire – Pulci – Berni – – all the best Italian & French – as well as Pope & Prior amongst the {English} permitted themselves – but no improper words nor

1:4

phrases – merely some situations – which are taken from life. – However you will see to all this – when the M. S. S. arrive. -- -- --

I only request that you & Doug. will see to a fair price – “as the Players have had my Goods too cheap”174 – if Murray won’t – another will. – I name no price – calculate by quantity – and quality – and do you and Doug. pronounce – always recollecting as impartial Judges – that you are my friend – and [that] he is my Banker. – Spoooney arrived here today175 – but has left in Chancery Lane all my books – everything in short except a damned (Something)=Scope.176 I have broke the glass & cut a finger in ramming it together – and the Cornrubbers but I have given it him! – I have been blaspheming against Scrope’s God – -- ever since his arrival. -- -- --

2:1

2) Only think – he has left every thing – every thing except his legal papers -- -- You must send off a Man on purpose with them on the receipt of this – I will pay anything within three hundred pounds for the expence of their transportation – but pray let them be sent without fail – and by a person on purpose – they are all in Chancery – (I mean the Lane – not the Court – for they would not come out of that in a hurry) with young Spoooney – extract them – and send a man by Chaise on purpose – never mind expence nor weight – I must have books & Magnesia – particularly “Tales of my Landlord”. -- --

I’ll be revenged on Spoooney – five men died of the Plague the other day – in the Lazaretto – I shall take him to ride at the Lido – he hath a reverend care & fear of his health – 1 will show him the Lazaretto which is not far

2:2

off you know – & looks nearer than it is – I will tell him of the five men – I will tell him of my contact with {D’.} Aglietti in whose presence they died – & who came into my Box at the (S. Benedetto’s) Opera the same evening – & shook hands with me; -- I will tell him all this – and <&f> as he is hypochondriac – perhaps it may kill him. -- -- The Monster left my books – everything – my Magnesia -- my toothpowder -- &c. &c. and wanted me besides to go to Geneva -- but I <lug> made him come. – He is a queer fish – the Customs HouseOfficers wanted to examine or have money – he would not pay – they opened every thing. – “Ay – Ay – (said he) look away – “{Carts} Cartss Cartss” <or “Charter”> that was his phrase for papers with a strong English emphasis & accent on the g and he actually made them turn over all the Newstead & Rochdale – & Jew – & Chancery papers

174: Johnson. Life of Dryden.
175: Newton Hans, in a manuscript account quoted by Prothero, writes that Mu. had left a wagonload of books at Chancery Lane which they could not bring, that Byron was nervous and irritable during their visit, that the reason his father had himself come on the voyage was that he had hoped to effect a reconciliation between Byron and his wife, but that Byron soon dispelled such hopes by a remark on the death of Romilly: “How strange it is that one man will die for the loss of his partner, while another would die if they were compelled to live together.” Newton Hanson observed: “Lord Byron could not have been more than 30, but he looked 40. His face had become pale, bloated, and sallow. He had grown very fat, his shoulders broad and round, and the knuckles of his hands were lost in fat.” (LJ IV 266-7n.)
176: “Scope” underlined three times. B. means “kaleidoscope”; see DJ II 93, 8.
exclaiming “Carts Carts” & came off triumphant with paying a Centime — the Officers giving up the matter in despair — finding nothing else — & not being able to translate what they found. — — But I have been in a damned passion for all that — for this adventure nearly reconciled me to him.

[down middle of page, to accommodate seal:]

Pray remember the man & books — and mind & make me a proper paction with Murray or others — I submit the matter to you and Doug. — and you may show the M.S. to Frere and William — Rose — and Moore — & whoever you please. —

Forgive the Scrawl & the trouble — & write & believe me ever & truly y[r].

P.S.

Lord Lauderdale set off today the 12th. Novr. — & means to be in England in about a Month. —

Byron to John Cam Hobhouse and Douglas Kinnaird, from Venice, November 18th 1818:
(Source: text from B.L.Add.Mss.42093 ff.124-5; not in 1922 II; BLJ VI 78-9)

Venice Novr. 18th. 1818

Dear Hobhouse and Kinnaird. —

Enclosed is Mr. Hanson’s statement of my affairs. — You will perceive that Mr. Hanson is the largest Creditor, and that without his bill there would be a Surplus of two or three thousand pounds after paying all debts — Bond — <and> Simple Contract or whatsoever. — He states his bill roundly at eight thousand pounds up to the period of partnership with his Son Charles. — The Bill since as partners — at eleven hundred & seventy eight pounds — three shillings — and one penny. — — I have agreed to pay him five thousand pounds — but on condition that his bill be submitted to you twain — and to such person or persons — (legal or others — but probably Counsel) as you shall select to examine — investigate — and advise upon the said account. — You will also please to recollect that in the year 1813 — he received the sum of two thousand eight hundred pounds or thereabouts on account, for which see his Receipt amongst my papers — now in the care of Mr. Hobhouse — who is hereby authorized to open any trunk or trunks — & search for the same in case of necessity — by applying <to> {to} Messrs. Hoare’s Bankers Fleet Street you will however ascertain the precise Sum which is not denied by Mr. John Hanson. — Of the principal of the purchase Money I request & direct that the Superflux (after Claims and Settlements) be applied to the payment of my debts — in such portion & manner as may seem best — — — The settled part I wish to be invested either in Mortgage or other Security — provided the Security be such as may deserve the name. — The Interest accruing since last April in Major Wildman’s purchase money — amounting to about two thousand eight hundred pounds or thereabouts according to the statement made to me — I request to be transmitted to me in letters of Credit and Circular notes — as being Income — which I wish to employ in my personal expences. — Of the principal — I devote <at> {all} as far as <it> {the Surplus} goes to the Creditors and I hope that you Hobhouse — & you Kinnaird — will understand me — & see that it is properly applied. — — the Interest you will send to me as requested. — — Mr. Hanson is to receive his five thousand pounds — the Bill Subject to strict Investigation, — I have seen no particulars — though often asked for. — — With regard to the other Creditors — You will hear Mr. Hanson — & consult your own Judgements — which Mr. Kinnaird can do more freely — being in Power as my Attorney. — — If Lady Noel dies before Miss Milbanke177 or my self — I request

1:2

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1:4

177: B. refers to his wife by her maiden name.
that Sir Francis Burdett – Earl Grey – or Lord Grenville – be prayed to act as my Arbiters, – that is one
of these, – I name three in case of refusal <of> on the part of one of these – that the next may be applied to.

I am advised to proceed in the Rochdale Lawsuit – but Law Bills seem heavy and if the expence is to
exceed a thousand pounds – I think it should be paused upon – however in this as in all other things I am
disposed to listen to such opinions as my friends (and you two among the first) think worthy of attention. –

I am ever & truly – Dear H. and

Dear K. –

y¹. affectionate friend
& obliged Ser¹.

Byron.

P.S.
This Letter is private.

Byron to Lady Byron, from Venice, November 18th 1818:
(Source: NLS Acc.12604; LJ IV 268; BLJ VI 80-1)

Venice, Nov. 18th, 1818

Sir Samuel Romilly has cut his throat for the loss of his wife. – It is now exactly three years since he
became, in the face of his compact (by a retainer – previous and I believe general) the advocate of the
measures and the Approver of the proceedings which deprived me of mine. – I would not exactly like Mr
Thwackum when Philosopher Square bit his own tongue – “saddle him with a Judgement”¹⁷⁸ but
this even-handed Justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned Chalice
To our own lips.”

This Man little thought when he was lacerating my heart according to law – while he was poisoning my life
at its sources – aiding and abetting in the blighting – branding – and exile that was to be the result of his
counsels in their indirect effects – that in less than thirty-six moons – in the pride of his triumph as the
highest Candidate for the representation of the Sister=City of the mightiest of Capitals – in the fullness of
his professional career in the greenness of a healthy old age – in the radiance of fame – and the
complacency of self=earned riches – that a domestic afflication would lay him in the Earth – with the
meaniest of Malefactors – in a cross=road with the stake in his body – if the Verdict of Insanity did not
redeem his ashes from the sentence of the laws he had lived upon by interpreting or misinterpreting, and
died in violating. – – The Man had eight Children – lately deprived of their Mother – could he not live? – –
Perhaps previous to his Annihilation – he felt a portion of what he contributed his legal mite to make me
feel, – but I have lived – lived to see him a Sexagenary Suicide. – – It was not in vain that I invoked
Nemesis in the Midnight of Rome from the awfullest of her Ruins. – – Fare you well. – –

Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Venice, November 23rd 1818:
(Source: text from B.L.Add.Mss.42093 ff.126-30; 1922 II 91-2; BLJ VI 81-2, omitting the sections in Latin
and Italian)

[To, Jno Hobhouse Esqre / 50 Albemarle Street / J.Murray’s Esqre. / London / Angleterre / Inghilterra]

Venezia. Novr. 23d. 1818.

Dear Hobhouse –

You say Nobody knows nought of Luke Scalabrino the Magnificent Correspondent who went
between Tasso and his Washerwoman,¹⁷⁹ Lo the enclosed quotation! – You will wonder at my research –
but it is not mine – but an English Gentleman’s now here (Mre. Ingram of Durham¹⁸⁰ “can anything good
come out of Nazareth?”) who told me this – sent me the boke – I have caused a copy – and sent it by post. –
– Spoooney is gone back with a long letter to you and Kinnaird. –

¹⁷⁸: Fielding, Tom Jones, Bk V Ch 2.
¹⁷⁹: The letter in which H. says this is missing. For Tasso’s letter to Luca Scalabrino (starting “I send your lordship five
shirts, all of which want mending”) see H., Historical Illustrations, pp.494-5. H. thanks B. on Dec.25th (BB 252).
¹⁸⁰: “Durham” underlined five times – B. jokes about the county in which he was married.
Lord Lauderdale has a cargo of “poeshie” and is on his way too. So Sir S. R. has cut his throttle for the loss of his wife! – M. Thwackum “saddled Square with a Judgement” – when he bit his tongue, when R. was legally mischief making between my wife & me three years ago or so – did he think that in less than thirty six moons Nemesis would level him in a cross road (for) a like (self) deprivation? – See what comes of the Good old Gods – and remember how I always believed in & worshipped them – they wove very good stanzas. – –

[large sheet enclosed with scribal hand:]

Side 1:

Lucas Scalabrini Ferrarensiis, Vir in Philosophicis amœnioribusque studiis absolutissimus: a celebrioribus ætatis sui Viris magni fuisse habitum testantur Epistole ad eum missae ab amplissimo Cardinali, ac Principe Scipione Gonzaga, quas vidimus apū D. Joseph Antenorum Scalabrini, Gentilem suum; in illis verò elucet, quàm familiariter Princeps doctissimus Lucâ nostro uteretur. Sèd & immortalis Torquatus Tasso eum, doctrine titulo, in intimis habuit, quod patet ex sequenti Epistolâ, que impressa cernitur in Volum. 2. Epistolar. Familiari um Tasso prædicti, libr. 2. pag. m. 171. Hujusmodi est.

Translation of Latin: Lucas Scalabrini of Ferrara, a philosopher and learned man of letters, was highly regarded by the most famous men of his age, as is demonstrated by the letters to him by His Excellency the Cardinal Prince Scipio Gonzaga, and by the intimacy he enjoyed not only with the Cardinal Prince himself, but with the immortal Tasso, as can be seen from the following letter which Tasso wrote to him (Volum. 2. Epistolar. Familiarium Tasso prædicti, libr. 2. pag. m. 171):

Al Signor Luca Scalabrino

Hò bisogno di parlarvi di molte cose, mà particolarmente perché vorrei, che mi faceste un Sonetto in lode d’un avvocato Milanese, il quale hà nome Il Signor Bartolameo Brugnoli, bello quanto più potrete. io n’hò fatto un altro, E fà mestiero, che io compiaccia un Giovine Servitore del Signor ambasciatore, che l’ricerca: Signor non mi mancate per Vita Vostra, E se Voi non potrete, fattelo fare dal Signor Horatio, che Ve ne avrà molto obbigo, consolatemi della Vostra presenza, e fate, che io gusti qualche frutto prima che passi la stagione, È vivete felice.

Di S. Anna

Translation of Italian (by Valeria Vallucci): / To Mr Luca Scalabrino / I need to talk to you about many things, particularly because I would like you to write for me a sonnet, the fairest that you can, in praise of a lawyer from Milan called Mr Bartolomeo Brugnoli. I have composed one, but I do not feel like doing another. It is necessary for me to please a young servant of the Ambassador who is expecting it. Sir, for your sake, do not fail, and if you cannot do it, let Mr Horatio do it. I would be very obliged to you. Comfort me with your presence, and let me taste some of your fruit before the season ends. Be happy. / Di S. Anna

Side 2:

Ex hoc facile coniici poteste, lucam nostrum in heruscā poesi plurimūm valuisse, neque enim torquatus imperitum, immo nèc mediocrem Poetam, qui vices suas agerit adijset: Latinus etiam, & quidem elegans Scalabrini fuit, cujus Epigramma infrascriptum prefixum est opusculis Ælii Juli Crotti Cremonensis Poete Ferrariae impress. Apūd Valentem Panizza anno 1564 =
Translation of Latin: From this we can see that Luca was greatly esteemed among the poets of Tuscany, and enough by Tasso to ask him to write a poem on his behalf. The following poem, From Luca Scalabrini, addressed to the Cremonese poet Ælius Julius Crottus, shows his elegance, even in Latin:

Lucæ Scalabrini

Auratos Phœbi currus, & gemmea lora
Vix calpe Hesperis merserat æquoribus,
Vix somnum undoso Oceano nigrantibus alis
Altulerat nox, mortalibus & requiem,
Cum Poebæ Endymionis amor pulcherrima ceelo
Inflectens oculos sidereo nitidos,
Sensit Apollineas Æli te plectere cordas,
Decepta & tales reddidit ore Sonos:
Crudelis Daphne, cui cedunt, omnia, cur non
Cessisti, à Surdis Surdior æquoribus.

Translation of Latin: Scarcely had Phoebus’ golden chariot, harnessed with studded gems, sunk into the western waters beyond Calpe; scarcely had night brought sleep to the dark waves of the billowy ocean and peace and rest to mankind, than beautiful Phoebe, bending her shining eyes from the starry sky on her beloved Endymion, heard Ælius pluck the strings of Apollo’s lyre, and sing, “O cruel Daphne, to whom all yield, why don’t you surrender? Ah! you are more heedless than the heedless waves.”

[Byron writes at bottom:] I suppose this should be “Ah!” Eh? should it not? but it is thus à in the book entitled “Historia Almi Ferrarie <Gypm> <Giy> Gymnasii in duus frates divisa”. Ferrarie MDCCXXXV

1:2

The news arrived {here} the Night before Spooney’s departure. – Spooney would not believe it was for the loss of his wife that Romilly “cut through both his Jugglers” (as {Mr.} Pyne said of poor Whitbread) but swore it must be because he “could not get the Seals” He – Hanson – <having> {had} no idea of not surviving one’s wife – he said “it was a boyish trick” what said the Crown? “Lunacy”182 – no doubt – be it so. – – – –

Douglas Kinnaird to Byron, from Pall Mall, London, November 24th 1818: (Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4135)

[a à Milord Byron / aux Soins de / M.M.Siri & Wilhalm / Banqueurs / à Venise –]

Pall Mall Nov’ 24 – 1818

My dear Byron

Ere this you will have seen your man of law – have sign’d your deeds & probably dismiss’d – your wrath at his proposing to you to come to him at Geneva was well founded – It was an insolent outrage on decency – I trust you have taken good note of the number of times you have sign’d your name, & of the contents of each Parchment to which you affix’d your seal – Pardon me for thinking your law-man capable of making a mistake –

Hobhouse will, I think, certainly succeed for Westminster – The changes in the Banking Shop, & the close & undivided attention which I shall have to give to it, more particularly at the time of the year when the Election will take place, were among the causes which induc’d me to decline – My curiosity is highly excited about Don Giovanni –

Sheridan’s works are about to be sold as I hear for an eventually large sum – Scope says he has desired & therefore expects you to come over to appear on the hustings by the side of Burdett & the Hob – My house is at your entire command – you shall ride me ere your worship shall go a foot – Do you recall old Munden’s mish 183 sometimes –

182: Compare DJ I st.15 (not in original Ms, but added in undated letter to Mu.).
183: Obscure reference. Could be “Old Munden’s mesh.”
Poor Drury! Hobhouse is in a charming bustle, as you may believe – the Election has driven de Brehme out of his head – I have a long letter from my Brother in favor of the Monsignore – But Hob is most unrelenting – By the scraps he has repeated to me, his letter was a biter – Davies is in love – By the Gods fiercely – with whom? with Lady Fanny Webster? I do not say so – but he is in love – & is grown in favor with himself – He sighs & declares himself no longer at his own disposal –

Your’s ever faithfully

Douglas Kinnaird

Byron to John Murray, from Venice, November 24th 1818:
(Source: Ms. not found; text from LJ IV 271-5; BLJ VI 82-4)

Venice, November 24th, 1818

Dear Sir, – Mr. Hanson has been here a week and went five days ago; he brought nothing but his papers, some corn – rubbers, and a kaleidoscope. “For what we have received, the Lord make us thankful!” – for without his aid I shall not be so.

He – Hanson – left everything else in Chancery Lane whatever, except your copy-paper for the last canto, etc., which, being a degree of’ parchment, he brought with him.

You may imagine his reception; he swore the books were a “wagon-load.” If they were, he should have come in a waggon – he would in that case have come quicker than he did.

Lord Lauderdale set off from hence twelve days ago, accompanied by a cargo of poesy directed to Mr. Hobhouse – all spick and span, and in MS. You will see what it is like. I have given it to Master Southey, and he shall have more before I have done with him. I understand the scoundrel said, on his return from Switzerland two years ago, that “Shelley and I were in a league of Incest, etc., etc.” He is a burning liar! for the women to whom he alludes are not sisters – one being Godwin’s daughter, by Mary Wollstonecraft, and the other daughter of the present (second) Mrs. G, by a former husband; and in the next place, if they had even been so, there was no promiscuous intercourse whatever.

You may make what I say here as public as you please – more particularly to Southey, whom I look upon, and will say as publicly, to be a dirty, lying rascal; and will prove it in ink – or in his blood, if I did not believe him to be too much of a poet to risk it. If he had forty reviews at his back – as he has the Quarterly – I would have at him in his scribbling capacity, now that he has begun with me; but I will do nothing underhand. Tell him what I say from me, and everyone else you please.

You will see what I have said if the parcel arrives safe. I understand Coleridge went about repeating Southey’s lie with pleasure. I can believe it, for I had done him what is called a favour. I can understand Coleridge’s abusing me, but how or why Southey – whom I had never obliged in any sort of way, or done him the remotest service – should go about fibbing and calumniating is more than I readily comprehend.

Does he think to put me down with his canting – not being able to do so with his poetry? We will try the question. I have read his review of Hunt, where he attacked Shelley in an oblique and shabby manner. Does he know what that review has done? I will tell you. It has sold an edition of the Revolt of Islam, which, otherwise, nobody would have thought of reading, and few who read can understand – I for one.

Southey would have attacked me, too, there, if he durst, further than by hints about Hunt’s friends in general; and some outcry about an “Epicurean system,” carried on by men of the most opposite habits, tastes, and and opinions in life and poetry (I believe), that ever had their names in the same volume – Moore, Byron, Shelley, Hazlitt, Haydon, Leigh Hunt, Lamb – what resemblances do ye find among all or any of these men? and how could any sort of system or plan be carried on, or attempted amongst them? However, let Mr. Southey look to himself 184 – since the wine is tapped, let him drink it.

I got some books a few weeks ago – many thanks; amongst them is Israeli’s new edition. It was not fair in you to show him my copy of his former one, with all the marginal notes and nonsense made in Greece when I was not two-and-twenty, and which certainly were not meant for his perusal, or for that of his readers. I have a great respect for Israeli and his talents, and have read his works over and over and over repeatedly, and have been amused by them greatly, and instructed often. Besides, I hate giving pain unless provoked; and he is an author, and must feel like his brethren; and although his liberality repaid my marginal flippancies with a compliment – the highest compliment that don’t reconcile me to myself, nor to you – it was a breach of confidence to do this without my leave. I don’t know a living man’s books I take up so often, or lay down more reluctantly, as Israeli’s; and I never will forgive you – that is, for many weeks. If he had got out of humour I should have been less sorry, but even then, I should have been sorry; but, really, he has heaped his “coals of fire” 185 so handsomely upon my head, that they burn unquenchably.

184: Shakespeare, The Merchant of Venice III i 39-42 (“Let him look to his bond”).
You ask me of the two reviews – I will tell you. Scott’s is the review of one poet on another – his friend; and Wilson’s the review of a poet, too, on another – his idol; for he likes me better than he chooses to avow to the public, with all his eulogy. I speak, judging only from the article, for I don’t know him personally.

So Sir Samuel Romilly has cut his throat for the loss of his wife. Three years ago (nearly), when, after a long and general retainer, he deserted to Miss Milbanke, and did his best, or his worst, to destroy me, or make me destroy myself, did he dream that in less than thirty six months a domestic deprivation would level him in a cross – road, but for a lying verdict of lunacy?

There would have been some excuse for such a fit at twenty-seven – but at sixty-four! Could not the dotard wait till his drivelling did it? You see that Nemesis is not yet extinct, for I had not forgot Sir S. in my imprecation, which involved many. I never will dissemble – it may be very fine to forgive – but I would not have forgiven him living, and I will not affect to pity him dead. There are others of that set (of course I except the women, who were mere instruments – all but one) who have throats; but whether they will be cut by their own hands, or no, is yet to be shown. There is much to be done; and you may yet see that what ought to be done upon those my enemies will be. Here is a long letter – can you read it?

Yours ever,
BYRON

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Byron to Richard Belgrave Hoppner, from Venice, November 25th 1818:
(Source: text from copy at B.L.Charnwood 70949, microfilm, ff.200-1; BLJ VI 84)

Venice
Nov. 25th. 1818.

My dear Sir,

Many thanks for your kind note. Believe me I am truly grateful for attention so little deserved – you have no reason to be apprehensive that I should be displeased at your offer. – The remarks you make at the bottom of your letter cannot be more pertinent. We are all heirs to misfortune and disappointments – but poets especially seem to be a marked race – who has not heard of the blindness of Milton – the wretched life, and still more unhappy death of Otway – the long sufferings & unrequited services of Cowley and of Butler – the struggles against poverty & malice which occupied the life of Dryden – the constitutional infirmities which embittered the existence of Pope – the lamentable idiocy & madness of Swift – the almost unparalleled miseries

and unhappy end of Savage – the frenzy of Collins – the indigence of Goldsmith – the morbid melancholy and sullen discontent of Johnson – the hypochondrianism of Gray and of Beattie – the tragical catastrophe of Chatterton – the disappointed hopes and premature death of Burns – and the sickness, despondency, and madness of Cowper? To this deplorable list many additions might be made – – – Let me offer my most sincere wishes for your health and happiness – and allow me still to subscribe myself

yours most sincerely

BYRON

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Scrope Berdmore Davies to Byron, from London, November 1818:
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4178A)

Now that Hobhouse is standing as an M.P., Davies expects Byron to return to England to support him.

* Sir Mu has lost one Election and two Ships

My dear Byron

Behold! I show you a mystery!

Hobhouse is nominated by the Independent Electors of Westminster as a man <xxx> well qualified to fill in the vacancy occasioned by Romilly’s death – the court party support Sir Murray Maxwell – the Election will not take place before the beginning of January, a period so distant as to enable you to be an eye and ear
witness of the proceedings – and I add that your presence and exertions might and certainly would contribute to H’s success. H. will appear each day on the Hustings and deliver fifteen lectures on Reform – Hear him – in mercy hear him – Leave your heavy baggage and all the other baggages at Venice, and you may reach England within fourteen days after the receipt of this letter – I will provide comfortable lodgings for you, and a front place in one of the booths close to the Hustings, that not a word of our friend’s eloquence may escape you – He already has a fair chance of success – your presence would ensure victory. H. is in a great fuss and fidgets and spits about like a catherine wheel – In vain will you ever again look for such an opportunity to show your regard for one who is devoted to you and yours – above all you will be amused.

I have much to say to you which I dare not commit to paper – so let it rest till I see you which I hope to do in the course of six weeks – I have implored your attendance here without debating the propriety of my prayers – so great is my desire to see you, and so much is it to the interest of H. that you should be seen. Lord Holland is now sitting at the table where I am writing this letter and desires me to make his apology for not having written to you lately – the hope of being able to tell you something better than what he at present knows makes him defer writing from day to day to the last syllable &c &c

you will not be able to give your proxy, unless you yourself shall appear and take the oaths after the meeting of the new Parliament – Is not this a strong reason for your visiting England tho’ but for a fortnight – <Do>, in Gods name do your duty to your friend your principles and yourself – and come to England.

Lord H. says the best and indeed only good argument for annual returns to parliament is that they would move your annual return to England –

11 Great Ryder St
St James’s
London

Mrs Leigh sends her love to you –
believe me my dear Byron
ever yours sincerely
Scrope Davies

Our Queen is dead186

Byron to Scrope Berdmore Davies, from Venice, December 7th 1818:
(Source: text from B.L.Loan 70 / 1 ff.29-30; BLJ XI 168-70)
[To Scrope Berdmore Davies Esqre / 50 Albemarle Street / London / Angleterre / Inghilterra]

Byron refuses.

My dear Scrope,

You forget that as a Peer I cannot directly nor indirectly interfere in an Election (unless <as> {I were} proprietor of a Borough) so as to be of service to our friend Hobhouse. – You forget that my arrival would probably have the very reverse effect by reviving every species of Calumny against me for the Electioneering purpose of injuring him by the reflection, and that so far from his connection with me being of use to him on such an occasion – it may possibly even now be a principal cause of his failing in the attainment of his object. — I wish him every success, but the more I limit myself to wishes only – the better I shall serve him or any one else in that Country. — — — —

You can hardly have forgotten the circumstances under which I quitted England, nor the rumours of which I was the Subject – if {they were} true I was unfit for England, if false England is unfit for me. — — You recollect that with the exception of a few friends <&> (yourself among the foremost {of those who staid by me}) I was deserted & blackened by all – that <all> {even} my relations (except my Sister) with that wretched Coxcomb Wilmot and the able=bodied Seaman George, at their head, despaired of or abandoned me – that even Hobhouse thought the tide so strong against me – that he imagined I should be “assassinated”; – I am not & never was apprehensive on that point – but I am not at all sure that <if> I should not be tempted to assassinate some of the wretched woman’s instruments, at least in an

1:2

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1:3

186: Queen Charlotte died on November 17th 1818.
honourable way – (Hobhouse’s [parliamentary] predecessor, one of them, having already proved the existence of Nemesis by cutting his own throat) and this might not much forward his Election. — – That sooner or later I must return to England – if I live – seems inevitable – as I have children – – connections – property – and interests political as well as personal to require my presence – but I shall not do so willingly – & nothing short of an imperious duty will recall me, – it is true the service of a friend is the most imperious of duties, but my return would not serve our friend Hobhouse in this instance – and this conviction is so strong that I should look upon my presence as an actual injury. — With regard to my more personal & private feelings – you are well

1:4

<th> aware that there is nothing here nor elsewhere that can make me amends for the absence of the friends I had in England – that my Sister – and my daughter; – that yourself and Hobhouse and Kinnaird and others have always claims & recollections that can attach to no subsequent connections of any description – that I shall always look upon you with the greatest regard, & hear of your welfare with the proudest pleasure. – But having said this much, – & feeling far more than I have said; my opinion upon other points is irrevocable – nothing can ever alone to me for the atrocious caprice – the unsupported – almost unasserted – the kind of hinted persecution – and shrugging Conspiracy – of which I was attempted to be made the victim, – if the tables were to be turned – if <xx xxxx> they were

2:1

2) to decree me all the columns of the Morning Post – and {all} the <Sign> tavern=Signs of Wellington, I would not accept them – or if I could tread upon the necks of those who have attempted to bow down mine – I would not do it – not because I do not abhor them – but there is a something inadequate in any species of revenge that I can figure to my imagination – for the treatment they tried to award me. – – – – – –

We will talk of something else. – – Pray report to me the progress of H[obhouse]’s contest – he is in the right to stand – as even if unsuccessful – it is something to have stood for Westminster – but I trust that he will be brought in. – I have heard from all hands that he speaks uncommonly <w/>Well, Lord Lauderdale told me so in particular very recently. – He is gone to England – & has

2:2

a whole Cargo of my Poesy {addressed to Hobhouse’s care for Murray} Hanson has been here too – he bears a letter (about himself) addressed <jointly> from me to Kinnaird & Hobhouse {jointly} to which I hope they will attend – that <was> is when they have leisure – you will see why, by the Contents – if the Attorneo delivers them safely. – – –

Will you remember me to everybody – & assure H. of my best wishes, and all our friends of my regards – believing me ever and

most affectionately yours

B

P.S. When I sent Hobhouse the parcel by Lord Lauderdale – I knew nothing of the Suicide and Nomination – of course he cannot nor would I wish him to attend to such trifles {now}, Murray will get one of his literati perhaps – or if not the

[written straight over on to 2:3:] M.S.S. will take their chance. – – – – –

2:3

[written vertically:]

Pray beg Kinnaird to be sure to get my letter to him, from Hanson. –

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187: Sir Samuel Romilly.
188: Lauderdale is bringing Mazeppa and Don Juan I.
We have all here been much pleased with Hobhouse’s book on Italy – some part of it the best he ever wrote – and as good as anything can be. — — —

Byron to Douglas Kinnaird, from Venice, December 9th 1818:
(Source: text from B.L.Abb.Mss.42093 ff.131-3; 1922 II 92-4; BLJ VI 86-7)
[To: The Honble Doug[las] Kinnaird / Messrs Morland & Co. / Bankers / Pall Mall / London. / Angleterre / Inhilterra]

Venice. Decr. 9th. 1818 –

Dear Douglas –

You should have advised me before, – <be> as my friend, – my trustee, my Power of Attorney – and my Banker; because although I always suspect a woman of being a whore – and generally a man of being a rascal, – – – I do not set him down as an actual felon (even although an Attorney) – without some overt Indications – or at least previous hints; – and therefore you should have told me {long ago} of Spooney. – – – – –

The parchments {which} I have signed (to the best of my recollection – and) according to what they were represented, – were the Conveyances to Major Wildman – Releases (or whatever the legal Cant may be) for the trustees – and answers for the Exchequer relative to the Rochdale Cause, – but I cannot say that I read over any of the parchments – nor noted them – so that you had better (and as my Potestas you have the right)

1:2

insist on a sight of all of them – Mr. Townsend was witness for Major Wildman (a young man Clerk in the Office of Wildman’s Lawyer {& Wildman’s friend} – Wildman will give you his address) Hanson’s son – Newton by name – & my Valet the illustrious Fletcher – {witnessed also,} – you now know all that I know. — — — — —

I sent by Hanson a very long letter addressed to you & Hobhouse jointly – upon the subject in general of my affairs, and as I trust it will be safely delivered by Hanson – you will act upon it according to your judgement and inclination, of the papers I have nothing but the endorsements & signature – I should not have understood a syllable of <the Jargon> their Jargon had I read them, and till this moment I did not suspect falsification or Substitution, but now do – because

1:3

you say so – though like all advice – [it comes] somewhat of the latest. – Hanson has been gone this fortnight. – Lord Lauderdale – three weeks. – The former <has> conveys my papers – the <other> Second my cargo of poesy, as both – have a reference to finance – pray don’t forget either – for money is power – and pleasure – and I like it vastly. — — — — —

I request that the interest due <of> on Wildman’s purchase=money – from April {1818} till now – (about two thousand seven or eight hundred pounds) be transmitted to my {credit,} together with the purchase of Don Juan – & Mazeppa &c. which ought to bring a good price – there is more in quantity than my former cargos – and for the quality you will pronounce. — — — By the last two posts – I have sent some additions to the “Poeshie”. — — — — —

1:4

You have put me in a fuss – as you always do – with your damned letters – because you never say anything till after. – How was I {to} dream that those blasted parchments might be garbled or falsified – ? or that Hanson was so damned a rogue as you hint him? – at any rate there must be justice and law for me as well as another; – but I beg you will scrutinize – if not I can do nothing – you might at any rate have said all this before. — — —

Scroope’s letter I have answered. — — —

I cannot go to England. – I wish Hobhouse all possible Success – I am told that he speaks admirably well – and am sure that he will do wonders – win or lose. – But he will win. – I write in haste – & in no good humour – and am yours very truly &

affectly.

189: Historical Illustrations to the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage (1818). Notice how B. dissociates it from CHP.
P.S. – – – – –

In my letter to Scrope – my reasons are explained for not coming – in my letter to you and Hobhouse – my affairs are touched upon fully; – as for the rest the trustees should look to them and perhaps some of my friends may glance that way when they have leisure. –

Hobhouse is right to stand at any rate – It will be a great step to have contested Westminster – and if he gains – it is every thing – You may depend upon it that Hobhouse has talents very much beyond his present rate – & even {beyond} his own opinion – he is too fidgerty but he has the elements of Greatness if be can but keep his nerves in order –

I don’t mean courage but anxiety. – – – –

2:2

[in Hobhouse’s hand:]

My own character / J.C.H.

[on same side as address:]

Can you send me some of “Lardner’s prepared Charcoal” (a toothpowder) and {the Charcoal} dentifrice? H brought [Ms. tear] only his papers. –

**Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Venice, December 12th 1818:**

(Source: text from B.L.Add.Mss.42093 ff. 134-6; 1922 II 94-6; BLJ VI 86-7)

[To Jno Hobhouse Esqre / Care of J. Murray Esqre / 50 Albemarle Street / London / Angleterre / Inghilterra]

Venice. Dec'. 12th. 1818. –

Dear Hobhouse –

You do well to stand for Westminster – the very Contest is an advantage – you show yourself & prove your talent for Eloquence – (which I can assure you I have heard from all hands to be very great) you have a fine field – & even if the tories should outnumber you the triumph will be yours in honour – honesty – & ability – and what is the rest worth? – – – –

If you gain – you start {from} {with} the greatest advantages – the Successor of Fox – as representative of one of the first of our cities – – with good previous exercise for Oratory in the Senate by practice in the Forum – (during the election) I saw your {late} Speech in Galignani’s newspaper – & with all the disfiguration & curtailment of the reporter – it was the best

1:2

of the day. – – You do not start a bit too late – you are thirty two – (I see they talked about youth – so much the better – be young as long as you can) – Burke was not in the house till thirty five years of age – Lord Mansfield – not till thirty seven – & have we ever had better? – What have all these later younglings done? – what are Ward – & Mills and W. Lambe? – and Master Lambton? – Peel <is the> (my old Schoolfellow) is the best of all there but even he is a disappointed man – because not already minister. – Pitt’s Exchequership at twenty three has been the ruin not only of his country but of all it’s Coxcombs – they want to be Premiers at five & twenty and are ill used if they are not. – – –

1:3

I see you have been in a devil of a hurry to give “a pledge” a Cazzo – why give it till they ask it? – the fact is they do not want annual parliaments – but annual elections – that I take to be the truth – but I see no harm in either – for assuredly till a great blow be struck – the present System will only conduct Castlereagh to his object. – – – –

A letter came to <him> {me} from Scrope which I have answered – with my reasons for not returning at present to England – if I thought it would be of use to you – I would – but I think the contrary – & remain – to play <the> Pomponius Atticus to your Cicero – – or “Archias Poeta” if you like it better – by the Lord!
your Consulship (or rather Tribunate) should be written in Greek Hexameters. – –
You may be assured that if anything serious is ever required to be done – in which my insignificance can
add an 0 to the <Xxx> <Xxx> Number – I will come over – & there “like little wanton boys we’ll swim
&c.”

190: Shakespeare, <i>Henry VIII</i> III ii 359 (“Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders”).
191: Quotation unidentified.
192: Lord Lauderdale was the brother of “King” Tom Maitland, English Commissioner for the Ionians. It was to him that B. entrusted the transportation of the manuscript of <i>Don Juan</i> Canto I at Christmas 1818.
193: <i>Italy</i>, by Lady Morgan, was published in 1821. She has a chapter on Venice, written from a liberal perspective. Hoppner seems to have been observing her researches.
assistance: he has a debt with the master of the White Lion of upwards of 12000 francs, and having forfeited his half pay by quitting France without leave, can hope for no assistance from his own family, which, although once of considerable property, and still perhaps of great respectability, is, I am informed by the French Consul, totally ruined. If the poor man recovers from his wound he has little to expect in Venice, I fear, but imprisonment for his debt & misery, which he owes in a great measure to the extravagance & infamy of the W—— who has now had the impudence to address you not only in his, but in her own behalf. – Excuse my warmth which perhaps you may think impertinent & believe me now as was
Your devoted
R.B.Hoppner

There is an Englishman here of the name of Wraxall: if he is the son of Sir Nat. the traveller he is a person to be avoided.

From Percy Bysshe Shelley to Thomas Love Peacock, from Naples, December 17th or 18th 1818:
(Source: Bodleian MS. Shelley c.1, ff.257-8, 279-80; text from Jones II, 57-8)

Naples, December 1818

My dear Peacock,

We have received a letter from you here, dated November 1; you see that the reciprocation of letters from the [?] time of our travels is more slow. I entirely agree with what you say about Childe Harold. The spirit in which it is written is, if insane, the most wicked & mischievous insanity that ever was given forth. It is a kind of obstinate & selfwilled folly in which he hardens himself. I remonstrated with him in vain on the tone of mind from which such a view of things alone arises. For its real root is very different from its apparent one, & nothing can be less sublime than the true source of these expressions of contempt & desperation. The fact is, that first, the Italian women are perhaps the most contemptible of all who exist under the moon; the most ignorant the most disgusting, the most bigotted, the most filthy. Countesses smell so of garlick that an ordinary Englishman cannot approach them. Well, L[ord] B[yr]on is familiar with the lowest sort of these women, the people his gondolieri pick up in the streets. He allows fathers & mothers to bargain with him for their daughters, & though this is common enough in Italy, yet for an Englishman to encourage such sickening vice is a melancholy thing. He associates with wretches who seem almost to have lost the gait & phisiognomy of man, & do not scruple to avow practices which are not only not named but I believe seldom even conceived in England. He says he dissaproves, but he endures. He is not yet an Italian & is heartily & deeply discontented with himself, & contemplating in the distorted mirror of his own thoughts, the nature & the destiny of man, what can he behold but objects of contempt & despair? But that he is a great poet, I think the address to Ocean proves. And he has a certain degree of candour while you talk to him but unfortunately it does not outlast your departure. You may think how unwillingly I have left my little favourite <Allegra> Alba in a situation where she might fall again under his authority. But I have employed arguments entreaties every thing in vain, & when these fail you know I have no longer any right. No, I do not doubt, & for his sake I ought to hope that his present career must end up soon by some violent circumstance which must reduce our situation with respect to Alba into its antient tie. – [letter continues]

Richard Belgrave Hoppner to Byron, from Venice, between December 13th 1818 and February 23rd 1819:
(Source: text from McGann and Levine, eds., Manuscripts of the Younger Romantics, Byron II, Don Juan Cantos I-V, Manuscript, Garland 1985, p.133. B. has composed, on the back of this note from Hoppner, stanza 90 of Canto II of Don Juan.)

My dear Lord

M’ Edgecombe196 would not take the trouble of asking Fletcher for the 3rd Vol. and M Fletcher would not be at the pains of getting it without being asked, so that between the two I am fated to remain in

194: This letter has not been found.
195: Peacock may have written about CHP IV in his letter of November 1st; what Sh. says is also applicable to what he writes to Sh. on May 30th.
196: Edgecombe (Christian name unrecorded) was a clerk at the Consulate, whom B. employed earlier in 1819 to look after his Venetian affairs while he went to Ravenna, after Teresa Guiccioli. He became very dissatisfied with the accounts with which Edgecombe presented him on his return: see below.
ignorance of the news of Jenny Dean’s travel to London; unless yr L. kindly order some one to deliver it to the bearer of these presents on Shrovetuesday if not sooner I hope to have again the pleasure of seeing you, & pray try & amend your looks for I was really distressed to find you looking so unwell. – Believe me as your Lordship’s faithful Serv.

Friday –
R.B. Hoppner

**John Cam Hobhouse to Byron, from London, December 29th 1818:**
(Source: text from NLS Ms.43443; BB 254-5)

**Hobhouse’s first reaction to Don Juan.**

Pour / Le très honourable Milord / Milord Byron / Pair d’Angleterre / à Venise / par Calais

– Tuesday, Dec. 29. 1818 –

My dear Byron

As this is post day I must write a few lines just to say that the poems are arrived – Lord Lauderdale brought them safe and unbroken – They have been perused by me and by Scrope and by Kinnaird and by Frere – We, I mean S. B. D. Kinnaird & I will have a session thereupon to consider upon the final counsel which you your humble advisers may presume to give you <Xxxxx> There is not the slightest hesitation

1:2

of course upon the Caravaggio talent displayed throughout – Moore is not in town nor Rose – so I have been content with Frere – You shall hear all in a day or two. Murray, I believe, would publish a Fanny Hill or an Age of Reason of your’s – The Hitch will not come thence – so be tranquil –

Yesterday there was a meeting at Kinnairds – present the Douglas himself – my father – Spooney and myself – We had a very satisfactory conversation – agreed that no composition is compatible with your honor – but that Spooney must wait – and that all the larger bills are to be scrupulously examined before

1:3

paid – That the payment is to be made to receipts countersigned by Kinnaird and myself – Nothing can be more simple than the whole transaction – and nothing more safe than you in all the concern – Kinnaird will write more at large by the next post – I have received Fletcher’s letter and will attend to the whole contents – I have made over 50£ to his wife who has received it at D. K.’s bank –

This morning I have received a letter from you – I have given no pledge of any kind – if Galignani says so – the fellow with the outlandish name lies – We go on well still – and it looks as if

1:4

I should come in – Lord Lauderdale tells of a four frank piece you have put into circulation – Is it so? Tell your faithful scandal keeper the truth – Farewell and believe me always your’s truly – J. C. Hobhouse

PS. Sir P. Francis is dead – nothing known of the vellum books yet – I firmly believe in him –

from Douglas Kinnaird to Byron, from London, December 29th 1818: … I have read your Poems – Don Juan is exquisite – It must be cut for the Syphilis – When we have pounded Murray I will not fail to write by the same Post – Your definition of May is a great truth … I think your Poem is justly bitter & exquisitely humorous – You will have the world on your side – The revolution is coming – Rely on it –

1819: Byron’s English associates advise against publishing Don Juan I, because of its portrait of Annabella in Donna Inez. On the night of April 1st/2nd, the day on which he sends Don Juan II to

197: For “Jenny” read “Jeannie” and for “Dean’s” read “Deans”: the heroine of Scott’s The Heart of Midlothian.
198: In 1819, Shrove Tuesday fell on February 23rd.
199: Notorious erotic novel (1748) by John Cleland.
200: Tom Paine’s deist book (1793-4), arguing against Christianity.
201: This brief, voyeurist’s request brings forth one of B.’s most famous letters: see B. to H., January 19th 1819.
John Murray, Byron meets and falls in love with Teresa Guiccioli. He follows her to Ravenna. *Mazeppa* is published on June 28th, and *Don Juan I and II* (anonymously and with no publisher’s name) on July 15th. Teresa comes with him to Venice, then returns to Ravenna with her husband. On December 24th, Byron arrives in Ravenna. *Don Juan III and IV* are written.

**John Cam Hobhouse to Byron, from London, January 5th 1819:**
(Source: text from NLS Ms.43443; BB 256-61)

The London reaction against *Don Juan* hardens. Hobhouse advises its “total suppression”.

[letter concludes at top of first sheet:] that I wait your orders and shall, of course, although multa gemens proceed with the publication if you desire it – The other two poems can, if you like, be published directly: I presume one of the motives for haste to be be <arranged> removed by the satisfactory arrangement which will soon send so large an account into your banker’s hands – Adieu ever your’s affectionately – J. C. Hobhouse

[vertically down left-hand side of page:] Maxwell has, I believe, given up, but we fear a more formidable antagonist in Wilberforce – [vertically down right-hand side of 1:4, on the other side of the fold:] perhaps, although nothing is now said of him –

January. 5. 1819.

Dear Byron,

If I were not confident in your opinion of my loyalty, as the French call it, to you and my devotion far every thing touching your interests in every sense of the word, I should not certainly venture to expose myself to the suspicions to which in any other case perhaps this letter might give rise – But if I have ever been at all true to you, if at any time my small services have been usefully employed in your behalf, I intreat you to consider my present proceeding as prompted by nothing but the most strict sense of duty and the most unalterable affection towards the dearest of my friends –

The first time I read your Don Juan our friend Scrope Davies was in the room and we mutually communicated with each other from time {to time} on the papers before us – Every now and then on reading over the poem both the one and the other exclaimed “it will be impossible to publish this” I need not say that these exclamations were accompanied with notes of admiration at the genius, wit, poetry, satire, and so forth, which made us both also at the same time declare that

you were as superior in the burlesque as [in] the heroic to all competitors and even perhaps had found your real forte in this singular style – M’ Murray came into the room whilst we were so employed and wished incontinently to insert the names of the poems in his catalogue – To this however I objected except with the previous warning that it was possible they might not be published – My motive for this warning was twofold – first on the account of the impression on Scrope and myself and secondly because I did not feel sure that Murray would be the person dealt with – In the course of the day Davies and myself had a colloquy again on the subject and our doubts as to publication were much strengthened by mutual remarks thereupon – The same day I dined with Douglas Kinnaird and read the poem to him – He did not then see the objection to publishing – I told him our doubts, but said, that, for me, I had not quite made up my mind what to say – I do not know whether it is worth while to tell you that I cursorily mentioned to Edward Ellice, a most stout defender of his faith towards you, that Don Juan had the motto domestica facta, I and that these domestic facts were more English than Spanish – His reply was “I am vastly sorry for it

he stands so well and so high now and all is forgotten” – The next day, Monday, I left the poem with M’ Hookham Frere – and desired he would have the goodness to mark with a pencil what he thought it might be advisable to omit and likewise to tell me candidly his opinion on the whole production – I called on M’ Frere the day afterwards and had a long conversation with him in which my doubts became certainties – I did not, you may be sure, forget that the adviser was the author of Whistlecraft nor that the counsellor might be lost in the rival: but I did not allow that suggestion to prevent me from attending to the just remarks made by a person who has considerable taste and judgment and to whom you yourself desired me to appeal

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202: Unclear; there was only one other poem sent – *Mazeppa.*
M' Frere is one of your warmest admirers and the greatest part of his arguments were drawn from the admitted acknowledgement that you had and deserved to have by far the greatest reputation of any poet of the day – The objections were, you may easily imagine, drawn from the sarcasms against the lady of Seaham – from the licentiousness and in some cases downright indecency of many stanzas and of the whole turn of the poem – from the flings at religion – and from the slashing right and left at other worthy writers of the day – First, he could not imagine what could induce you to renew the domestic attack which had been totally dropped by the other party – and he particularly mentioned that being at Tunbridge two months last year with Sir Ralph and Lady Noel living hard by, not a single disrespectful word ever escaped them and when your name was mentioned it was received with the usual comment on poetical ability &c. I believe this happened but once – On this I shall observe, myself, that Frere did nor know half the attacks which the poem contains on Lady B and that if he had known them his opinion must have been twenty times more strong – You will not suspect me of having two opinions on this subject – my indignation at the treatment you received is as warm as ever, and it is only to keep you on the vantage ground where your previous forbearance has placed you, that I should intreat you never to make the slightest allusion to that person or that person’s unaccountable unnatural conduct – the fact of the other party having no charge to make is rapidly though silently establishing itself: and nothing but an assault from you can possibly impede the progress of this truth – This hostility is in a manner mixed up with the whole poem and her ladyship must see it and will point it out to those who do not see it before – The story of the box and letters you should not allude to were it only for the sake of your friend in St James’ Palace – Let me also remark that if the case should ever be made public your story will loose half its weight by having been before half frittered away by hints and innuendoes ——— Next, the immoral turn of the whole and the rakish air of the half real hero will really injure your reputation both as a man and a poet – Frere remarked, that as a noble and bold assertor of liberty, such as you have always appeared, a certain strictness at least in appearance was naturally required from you – the friends of liberty in all ages having been decided enemies to licentiousness – He then mentioned one or two poets very finished in this line, Hall Stevenson, for example, who had great characters once, but who had been as it were laid aside or rather extirpated from the libraries by a kind of common consent – You have nothing to gain in point of genius because your Beppo has already shown your power and this poem is enough – I recollect you used to object to Tom Moore his luxuriousness – and to me my use of gross words – yet your scenes are one continued painting of what is most sensual and you have one rhyme with the word, and a whole stanza on the origin of the pox – Frere particularly observed that the world had now given up the foolish notion that you were to be identified with your sombre heroes: and had acknowledged with what great success and good keeping you had pourtrayed a grand imaginary being – But the same admiration cannot be bestowed upon and will not be due to the Rake Juan; and if you are mixed up, as you inevitably will be, with the character or the adventures or the turn of thinking and acting recommended by the poem, it is certain that not only you will gain no credit by the present reference, but will lose some portion of the fame attached to the supposed former delineation of your own sublime & pathetic feelings – If the world shall imagine that taking advantage of your great command of all readers you are resolved to make them admire a style intolerable in less powerful writers, you will find in a short time that a rebellion will be excited, and with some pretext, against your supremacy: and though you may recover yourself it will be only with another effort in your original manner – I need only remind you that you used to pride yourself and with great reason upon your delicacy – now it will be impossible for any lady to allow Don Juan to be seen on her table – and you would not wish to be crammed like “the man of feeling” into her pocket – I know you may quote to me illustrious examples of this sort of profligacy – but neither Voltaire nor La Fontaine owe their

203: Don Juan I, 28, 2.
204: Augusta, a lady-in-waiting to the Queen.
205: John Hall Stevenson (1718-85) forgotten satirist; friend of Sterne. That Frere should compare B. with him argues less than good judgement.
reputation to that quality – it is always mentioned as a drawback to their character as writers – But you knew all these arguments before and in fact have run riot for fun – But do not do it – all the idle stories about your Venetian life will be more than confirmed, they will be exaggerated: and

2:3

I do not suppose you are one of those who “feel no joy unless the world stand by” – I am not preaching to you of the deeds themselves but merely of the inexpediency of [even] appearing to make a boast of them – Our English world will not stand that – Almost all I have said about indecency will apply to the sneers at religion – Do think a moment and you will find the position indefensible even by the first poet of the age – The parody on the commandments 207 though one of the best things in the poem or indeed in all that sort of poetry is surely inadmissable: I can hardly think you meant it should stand – Notwithstanding the calumnies about Atheism &c which you have had to endure in common with almost every distinguished liberal writer that ever lived you have never given a handle to such assertions before – Why should you do it now? The publicity of this way of talking makes in my mind the whole difference – for you know my sentiments too well to suppose I think of anything but expediency in these matters –

Lastly the satire – Both Scrope and myself agreed that the attack on Castlereagh was much better than that on Southey (which by the way has the phrase “dry-Bob”!)

208 but we both agreed that you could not publish it unless you were over here ready to fight him – However, as you have drawn

2:4

your pen across those stanzas – I conclude them given up – Frere remarked that the assault of the poor creatures so infinitely below you in poetical character would look to the world perfectly wanton and harmless except to your own great reputation which places you above even the chastisement of such grovellers – I admit the offense committed by Southey: but indeed indeed your lines will do him no hurt – They will show you are annoyed at something and that will please both him and all those who envy you – M’ Frere distinctly said, “Lord Byron is too great a man to descend into the arena against such wretched antagonists and however clever the satire may be the world will recollect that he has suppressed one Satire and will say that he may suppress this also at some future day” Neither Southey, Wordsworth nor Coleridge have any character except with their own crazy proselytes some fifty perhaps in number: so what harm can you do them and what good can you

3:1

do the world by your criticism? I have now gone through the objections which appear <to so> so mixed up with the whole work especially to those who are in the secret of the domestica facta that I know not any any amputation will save it: more particularly as the objectionable parts are in point of wit humour & poetry the very best beyond all doubt of the whole poem – This consideration, therefore, makes me sum up with strenuously advising a total suppression of Don Juan – I shall take advantage of the kind permission you give me to keep back the publication until after the election in February: and this delay will allow time for your answer and decision – I am aware of the pains taken as well as of the extraordinary merit of the poem to which your name and, for the present, even the very defects, will secure an enormous circulation – I should tell you that Douglas Kinnaird has now changed his opinion and coincides with Frere, S.B.D. and myself – I have desired M’ Murray to say to enquirers that you have ordered the publication to be delayed until after the Election – I should add also that he will publish but has, in my representation, the same sentiments as myself – Perhaps you may wish reference to be made to others – recollect only that Moore & Rogers are praised therein – verbum sat – I have only to adjoin [letter concludes at top of first sheet]

Byron to John Cam Hobhouse and Douglas Kinnaird, from Venice, January 19th 1819:

(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4135A; 1922 II 96-8, with the obvious excision; QII 439-40, uncensored; BLJ VI 91-2)
[The Honorable Douglas Kinnaird / Messrs Morland Ransom & Co / Bankers / Pall Mall / London / Angleterre. – / Inghilterra]


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207: Don Juan, I, sts.204-6.
208: Don Juan, Dedication, 3, 8.
Dear H. and dear K. –

I approve and sanction all your legal proceedings with regard to my affairs, and can only repeat my thanks & approbation – if you put off the payments of debts “till after Lady Noel’s death” – it is well – if till after her damnation – better – for that will last forever – yet I hope not; – for her sake as well as the Creditor’s – I am willing to believe in Purgatory. – – – – – –

With regard to the Poeshie – I will have no “cutting & slashing” as Perry calls it – you may omit the stanzas on Castlereagh = indeed it is better – & the two “Bobs” at the end of the 3d. stanza of the dedication – which will leave “high” & “adry” good rhymes without any “double (or Single) Entendre” – but no more – I appeal – not “to Philip fasting” but to <Philip> Alexander drunk – I appeal to Murray at his ledger – to the people – in short, Don Juan shall he an entire horse or none. – If the objection be to the indecency

1:2

the Age which applauds the “Bath Guide” & Little’s poems – & reads Fielding & Smollett still – may bear with that; – if to the poetry – I will take my chance. – I will not give way to all the Cant of Christendom – I have been cloyed with applause & sickened with abuse; – at present – I care for little but the Copyright, – I have imbibed a great love for money – let me have it – if Murray loses this time – he won’t the next – he will be cautious – and I shall learn the decline of his customers by his epistolary indications. – – – – – – But in no case will I submit to have the poem mutilated. – There is another Canto <and> written – but not copied – in two hundred & odd Stanzas, – if this succeeds – as to the prudery of the present day – what is it? are we more moral than when Prior wrote – is there anything in “Don Juan” so strong as in Ariosto – or Voltaire – or Chaucer? –

1:3

Tell Hobhouse – his letter to De Breme has made a great Sensation – and is to be published in the Tuscan & other Gazettes – Count <R> [R] came to consult with me about it last Sunday – we think of Tuscany – for Florence and Milan are in literary war – but the Lombard <leag> league is headed by Monti – & would make a difficulty of insertion in the Lombard Gazettes – once published in the Pisan – it will find its way through Italy – by translation or reply. – – – – ––

So Lauderdale has been telling a story109 – I suppose this is my reward for presenting him at Countess Benzone’s – & shewing him – what attention I could. – – – –

Which “piece” does he mean? – since last year I have run the Gauntlet; <?> – is it the Tarruscelli – the Da Mosto – the Spineda – the Lotti – the Rizzato – the Eleanora – the Carlotta – the Giulietta – the Alvisi – the Zambieri –

1:4

The Eleanora da Bezzi – (who was the King of Naples’ Gioachino’s mistress – at least one of them) the <Mari> Theresina of Mazzurati – the Glettenheim<er>210 – & her Sister – the Luigia & her mother – the Fornaretta – the Santa – the Caligara – the Portiera Vedova – the Bolognesi figurante – the Tentora and her sister – – cum multis aliis? – some of them are Countesses – & some of them Cobblers wives – some noble – some middling – some low – & all whores – which<ch> does the damned old “Ladro – & porco fottuto”? mean? – [I have had them [{all}] & thrice as many to boot since 1817] – Since he tells a story about me – I will tell one about him; – when he landed at the Custom house from Corfu – he called for “Post horses – directly” – he was told that there were no horses except mine nearer than the Lido – unless he wished for the four bronze Coursers of S’t. Mark – which were at his Service. — — —

I am yrs. ever –

[wrapped around signature:]

Let me have H’s Election immediately – I mention it last as being what I was least likely to forget. – – – –

2:1

P.S. –

209: H to B., December 29th 1818: “Lord Lauderdale tells of a four frank piece you have put into circulation – Is it so? Tell your faithful scandal keeper the truth” (BB 245)

210: It is hard to tell whether B. intends the “er” to be erased, or to be inked-over.
Whatever Brain=money – you get on my account from Murray – pray remit me – I will never consent to
pay away what I earn – that is mine – & what I get by my brains – I will spend on my b—ks – as long as I
have a tester or a testicle remaining. – I shall not live long – & for that Reason – I must live while I can – so
– <whe> let <him here> him disburse – & me receive – “for the Night cometh.”
If I had but had twenty thousand a year I should not have been living now – but all men are not born with a
silver or Gold Spoon in their mouths. – – – –
My balance – also – my balance – & a Copyright – I have another Canto – too – ready – & then there will
be my half year in June – – recollect – I care for nothing but “monies”.

[on side containing address]

January 20th. 1819. –
You say nothing of Mazeppa – did it arrive – with one other – besides that you mention? — – –

Byron to John Murray, from Venice, January 20th 1819:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.434890; LJ IV 275-6; BLJ VI 94)
[To, Jno. Murray Esq / 50. Albemarle Street / London / Angleterre / Inghilterra]
The second Canto of Don Juan is finished in 206 stanzas. –
Venice January 20th. 1819;

Dear Sir –
I write two lines to say that if you publish Don Juan – I will only have the stanzas on Castlereagh
omitted – and the two closing words (Bob-Bob) of {the two last lines of} the third Stanza of the
dedication to S. – I explained to Hobhouse why I have attacked Scoundrel & request him to explain to
you the reason. – – The opinions which I have asked of Mr. H. & others were with regard to the poetical
merit – & not as to what they may think due to the Cant of the day – which still reads the Bath Guide
Little’s poems – Prior – & Chaucer – to say nothing of Fielding & Smollett. – – – – <If>
If published – publish entire – with the above mentioned exceptions – or you may publish anonymously –
or not at all – in the latter event print 50 on my account for private distribution.

Yours ever,
B

I have written by this post to Messrs. K. and H. to desire that they will not erase more than I have stated. –

[1:2 and 1:3 blank.]

Byron to John Murray, from Venice, January 25th 1819:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.434890; LJ IV 277-8; BLJ VI 94-5)


Dear Sir – You will do me the favour to print privately – (for private distribution – ) fifty copies of “Don
Juan” – the list of the men to whom I wish it to be presented I will send hereafter. – – The other two poems
had best be added to the <rest> collective edition – I do not approve of their being published separately. – –

Print Don Juan entire {omitting of course the lines on Castlereagh as I am not on the spot to meet him.} – –
– I have a second Canto ready – which will be sent by & bye. – – By this post I have written to Mr.
Hobhouse – addressed to your care. Yrs [scrawl signifying “yours ever truly”]

P.S. –
I have acquiesced in the request – & representation – & having done so – it is idle to <prot> detail
my arguments in favour of my own Self=love & “Poeshie;” but I protest. – –
If the poem has poetry – it would stand – if not – fall – the rest is “leather & prunella,” – and has never yet
affected

1:2

any human production “pro or con.” – – – –

212: Shakespeare, The Merchant of Venice, I iii 111 (“we would have moneys”).
Dullness is the only annihilator in such cases. – As to the Cant of the day – I despise it – as I have ever done all its other [finical fashions, –] which [become] [like] [as] paint <upon> {became} the Antient Britons. – If you admit this prudery – you must omit half Ariosto – La Fontaine – Shakespeare – Beaumont – Fletcher – Massinger – Ford – all the Charles second writers – in short Something of <all> (most) who have written <since> (before) Pope – and are worth reading – and much of Pope himself – read him – most of you don’t – but do – & I will forgive you – though the inevitable consequence would be that you [would] burn all I have ever written – and all your other wretched Claudians of the day (except [Scott & Crabbe] into the bargain. – –

I wrong Claudian who was a poet by naming him with such fellows – but he was the “ultimus Romanorum”

2:1

tail of the Comet – and these persons are the tail of an old Gown cut into a waistcoat for Jackey – but being both tails – I have compared one with the other – though very unlike – like all Similies. – I write in a passion and a Sirocco – and was up till six this morning at the Carnival; but I protest – as I did in my former letter.

Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Venice, January 25th 1819:

My dear Hobhouse –

The <m/> Most satisfactory answer to your letter is acquiescence – and I acquiesce in the non-publication – but I am a scribbler fond of his bantling – & you must let me print fifty privately – about a dozen of which I wish to be distributed – (& will send you the list of to whom hereafter) by Mr. Murray; – from this I cannot recede & I hope it will seem to you enough. – The three letters I wrote to you – Kinnaird – & Murray the other day – dated 20th – of course go for nothing. {About the bitch my wife – I differ from you entirely. –} The other two poems are not worth a separate publication – or any price that may be mentioned – Murray had best publish them in his next edition of all the poems as an adjunct – for I will not allow their separate appearance. – I have another Canto of Juan finished – which I will send by & bye – after the printing of

1:2

the other; – the motto “domestica facta” merely meant – common life – which I presume was Horace’s meaning; – the (Julian) adventure detailed was none of mine – but one of an acquaintance of mine – (Parolini by name) which happened some years ago at Bassano with the Prefect’s wife when he was a boy – and was the Subject of a long cause ending in a divorce or separation of the parties <under> {during} the Italian Vice-royalty – – – – If you suppose I dont mind the money – you are mistaken – I do mind it most damnably – it is the only thing I ever saw worth minding – for as Dervish told me it comprehends all the rest; – but Honour must be considered before it & friendship also – & it is sufficient for me that <you> {you} disapprove of the publication, though I by

1:3

no means approve of your disapprobation. –

But for the printing – I must stickle on account of my vanity – “nothing is more vain than Vanity” so says Strap in Roderick Random214 – and here you have a fresh example. – –

Your answer to the Knight=Abbot215 has made the Devil’s own row – and – <g> great admiration of the composition & writer have been suscitated. – Breme is actually ill – & Monti frantic in consequence. – I enclose you Countess Benzone’s letter to me – for your Epistle has become the great desideratum of all the Conversazioni. – Publication is to follow – but you know the Italian custom – they <Canvas> {Canvas}

213: Printed as two letters in BLJ, this is in fact one, started on January 25th and finished on the 26th.
215: H.’s letter (now missing) to Ludovico di Breme in answer to di Breme’s objections to the section on contemporary Italian Literature (written by Foscolo) in Historical Illustrations.
first. — The Albrizzi — the Michelli — the Benzone — all celebrated for literature — wit — and Gallantry — for the last half Century {& for Beauty the other half} — contested for the perusal; — I think the Orthography of your name will please you. — The Chevalier Mingaldo a friend of mine came to me to=

1:4

day to beg it for a poetical friend of his — & in short — you know Italy — & Venice — & may imagine — that such a thing is as likely to raise a new war — as ever the raption of the Sabines. — — — Rizzo told me last night at the Opera that the letter was half=translated & they only waited it’s recovery from the Benzone to traduct the other half — — — — —

For my own opinion I think your answer a Capo d’opera — & this not because everybody else thinks so — for you know that is not amongst <my vice> my family of Vices — — — — <Wilberforce> Wilberforce — the canting Ludro! — — <for> that son of a bitch must be beaten or we shall have the Abbey of Westminster turned into a Conventicle — and a cock=eyed bust of Whitfield — of the Colossal size — occupying the {space of the} demolished monuments in poet’s Corner. — Say this to your Constituents with my compliments. —

2:1


P.S.) — all your compliments have not sweetened me a bit — & Scrope too! {that is the unkindest cut of all}213 — I meant to have added a P.S. — but I wish first to hear that you are M.P. — which is I may {say} — what I have most at heart — do not omit to report your progress. — — — — — —

I had some time ago a letter from Miss Boyce the actress214 — it is full of Sentiment — and love — and the most sublime diction — but all of a sudden breaks off into “and the worst of all is that they want to cut down our Salaries.” — Tell {it to} D. Kinnaird as <it> this “cutting & slashing” is the result of his not tumbling down the trap=door, from which he was saved by Miss Tree, then Columbine, — and add that “I say ditto to Miss Boyce” the worst of all is the cutting down the Salary. — Capite? or in Venetian has tu Capio? —

Note from the Countess Benzone:

[A Sua Excellenza / Milord Byron . J.P.M.]

Byron fammi la grazia (e si prego tanto nanto) di darmi quella lettera di quel suo amico che hai data all’Albrizzi: eccosi il nome scritto non so se bene o male dalla Micheli: ella è che ti prega col mio mezzo susponendo che mi abbi un poco d’amicizia per me; Ma non è vero, perché non vieni mai a vedermi; Ma se non hai amicizia abbi almeno cortesia, e Mandarmi subito le lettera. Bondi tanti sino a che mi ridervi

Marina

Venerdì in Gen

Translation: Byron, I beg you, do me the favour of giving me his friend’s letter, the one you gave to the Albrizzi. Here you have the name, whether well or badly written, by the Micheli: she is begging you through me, supposing you are a bit attached to me. But she is wrong because you never come to see me. But if you are not a friend, favour me at least with sending me that letter. [Have many good days till you see me again ??] Marina

Friday in Jan[uary]219

[small piece of paper glued on:]

Hobbeus !!!

/B/

216: “first” underlined twice.
217: Shakespeare, Julius Caesar, III ii 183.
218: This letter is missing.
219: Translation by Valeria Vallucci.
Dear Hobhouse –
This is the note of the Countess Benzone – who is a Venetian Lady Melbourne – and without having been one of the chastest – the best of her Sex. – a Great patroness of mine – & Admirer of you. – – yrs

Jy 25th. 1819.

Byron to Scrope Berdmore Davies, from Venice, January 26th 1819:
(Source: text from B.L. Loan 70 / 1 ff.33-5; BLJ XI 170-2)
[To Scrope Berdmore Davies Esq, – / to y' Care of Jno Murray Esq. / <50 Albermarle Street> {11 Gt Ryder S't} / London / Angleterre / Inghilterra

(also on cover): Take for the Motto “No Hopes for them as laughs” – Stickle’s Sermons. – You will recollect the passage. – – –]

My dear Scrope –

Yesterday I received through Hobhouse the decision of your Æreopagus or Apollophagus – or Pheobopagus; – and by the same post I growled back my reluctant acquiescence (for the present) of which I have repented ever since – and it is now four & twenty hours. – What I meant to call was a Jury – <&> (not <a Jury> of Matrons) and not a Coroner’s Inquest. – That Hobhouse the politician & Candidate should pause – I marvel not – his existence just now depends upon “the breath of Occupation” – that Frere the poet and Symposiast of the Coteries should doubt was natural – but that you a man of the world and a wit, – and Douglas Kinnaird – my friend – my Power of Attorney – and banker – should give in to the atrocious cant of the day

1:2

surprises me. – – The motto “domestica facta” <must> in any case – whether fully published – or simply printed for distribution, must be erased – there is no occasion for a motto at all. – What I meant by “domestica facta” was “Common life” – & not ones’ own adventures – Juan’s are no adventures of mine – but some that happened in Italy about seven or eight years ago – to an Italian. – If the bitch Inez resembles any other bitch – that’s fair – nature is for the poet & the painter. – The lines on Castlereagh must be omitted – (as I am not (now) near enough to give him an exchange of shots –) & also the words Bob at the end of the third stanza. – which leave “high & dry” decent & pointless rhymes. – – –

1:3

I have finished another canto in 206 stanzas – with less love in it – and a good deal of Shipwreck – for which I have studied the Sea, <&> many narratives – and some experience, at least of Gales of Wind. – If we are to yield to this sort of cant – Johnson is an immoral writer – for in his first imitation – London he has “cures a Clap” – and again

--- swear

“He gropes his breeches with a Monarch’s air”. …

Surely far grosser – & coarser than anything in Juan. – Consult “London”. – I will try what I can do against this disgusting affectation – and whether I succeed or not – the experiment will be made. – – –

It is my intention to write a preface stating

1:4

that the poem is printed against the opinion of all my friends and of the publisher also, – & that the whole responsibility is mine – & mine only. – – –

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220: Shakespeare, Coriolanus, IV vi 98-9 (“the voice of occupation and / The breath of garlic-eaters”)
221: “They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap …” (Johnson, London, 114)
222: “Exalt each trifle, every vice adore, / Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore, / Can Balbo’s eloquence applaud, and swear / He gropes his breeches with a monarch’s air” (ibid., 148-151).
H[obhouse]. talks to me about the woman – & of the thing being forgotten – is it so? – I have not forgotten – nor forgiven. – –
And Ellice talks of my standing “well & high” – who cares how I stand – if my standing is to be shaken by the breath of a bitch – or her infamous Setters on? – – –
If she was Scylla with all her dogs – I care not – I have swum through Charybdis already. – I write in haste and in very bad humour – but in all hurry and in every <m/>Mood always y^{9} truly & affect

[written on opposite side from address:]

P.S.
I have written in such haste as to <for> omit the most essential of All – “the Monies.” – I should like to know what is to make me amends for the “ducats” I should have received – fairly & hardly earned – <if I> am [1] neither to have them nor “my pound of flesh nearest the heart?”^{223} – I will have both. – – – – – – – – –

Byron to Douglas Kinnaird, from Venice, January 27th 1819:
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4135A; 1922 II 103-4; BLJ VI 97-8)
[The Honble [Ms. tear]as Kinnaird / Messrs Ransom & Co / Bankers / Pall Mall / London – / Angleterre / Inghilterra / January 26th, 1819 – – –]

Venice, January 27th. 1819.

My Dear Douglas – I have received a very clever letter from Hobhouse against the publication of Don Juan^{224} – in which I understand you have acquiesced (you be damned) – I acquiesce too – but reluctantly – – – – This acquiescence is some thousands of pounds out of my pocket – the very thought of which brings tears into my eyes – I have imbibed such a love for money that I keep some Sequins in a drawer to count, & cry over them once a week – and if it was not for a turn for women – (which I hope will be soon worn out) – I think in time that I should be able <to> not only to {to} clear^{225} off but {to} accumulate. – – God only knows how it rends my heart – to part with the idea of the sum I should have received from a fair bargain of my recent “poeshie” the Sequins are the great consideration – as for the applauses of

1:2
posterity – I would willingly sell the Reversion at a discount – even to M’. Soutlney – who seems fond of it – as if people’s Grandchildren were to be wiser than {their} <fath> forefathers – although no doubt the simple Chances of change are in favour of the deuce-ace turning up at last – just as in the overturn of a Coach the odds are that your arse will <be> {be} first <at the> out of the window. – I say – that as for fame and all that – it is for such persons as Fortune chooses – and so is money. – And so on account of this damned prudery – and the reviews – and an Outcry and posterity – a Gentleman who has “a proper regard for his fee” is to be curtailed of his <“Darics”> { “Darics,”} (I am reading about Greece & Persia) this comes of

1:3
consulting friends – I will see you all damned – before I consult you again – what do you mean now by giving advice when you are asked {for} it? – don’t you know that it is like asking a man how he does – and that the answer in both cases should always be “Very well I thank you”? –

y^{9}. ever [long scrawl]

P.S.
Give my love to Frere, and tell him – he is right – but I will never forgive him or any of you. – – –
“My fee – My fee” – “I looked for a suit &c. &c. and you stop my mouth with &c: a whoreson Achitophel – May he be damned like a Glutton”.^{226} – – – – –

Byron to John Murray, from Venice, February 1st 1819:
(Source: NLS Ms.434890; LJ IV 278; BLJ VI 98-9)

223: Shakespeare, The Merchant of Venice, IV i (not a precise quotation; see 249).
224: H. to B, January 5th 1819 (BB 256-61).
225: B. avoids a split infinitive.
226: Shakespeare, Henry IV II I ii 33 (“Let him be damned like the glutton! … a whoreson Achitope!”)
Dear Sir –

After one of the concluding stanzas of the first Canto of “Don Juan” – which ends with – (I forget the number)

“To have
— — — — when the original is dust
A book, — a d—d bad picture, & worse bust.
Insert the
following stanza.
What are the hopes of Man? Old Ægypt’s King
Cheops erected the first Pyramid
And largest, thinking it was just the thing
To keep his Memory whole, and Mummy hid,
But Somebody or Other rummaging
Burglariously broke his Coffin’s lid,
Let not a Monument give you or me hopes,
Since not a pinch of dust is left of Cheops.”

I have written to you several letters – some with additions – & some upon the subject of the poem itself which my cursed puritanical committee have protested against publishing – but we will circumvent them on that point in the end. I have not yet begun to copy out the second

1:2

Canto – which is finished; – from natural laziness – and the discouragement of the<cir> milk & water they have thrown upon the first. – I say all this to them as to you – that is for you to say to them – for I will have nothing underhand. – If they had told me the poetry was bad – I would have acquiesced – but they say the contrary – & then talk to me about morality – the first time I ever heard the word from any body who was not a rascal that used it for a <Mantle> {purpose. – } – – – – I maintain that <the> it is the most moral of poems – <if> but if people won’t discover the moral that is their fault not mine. –

I have already written to beg that in any case you will print fifty for private distribution. I will send you the list of persons to whom it is to be sent afterwards. – – – – –

Within this last fortnight I have been rather

1:3

indisposed with a rebellion of Stomach – which would retain nothing – (liver I suppose) and an inability – or phantasy not to be able to eat of any thing with relish – but a kind of {Adriatic} fish called “Scampi” which happens to be the most <indigestible> indigestible of marine viands. – However within these last two days I am better – and very truly yours

Scrope Berdmore Davies to John Cam Hobhouse, from London, February 1st 1819:

(Source: text from BL.Add.Mss.36457 f.408)

Dear Hobhouse

Do you conceive it possible that I should pass over without any sort of notice the offensive and vulgar expressions <not> which you made use of to me yesterday?228 you were angry and I was grieved to see that you could not be angry without being rude – Still, your <now> being angry was sufficient to ensure my being cool; and I received your insult almost without an observation – but a conduct which was prudent then would be paltry now, and I claim reparation –

Monday
11 Great Ryder St. yrs ever
Scrope Davies

227: DJ 1st.219.
228: H.’s diary has, “Sunday January 31st 1819: Walked in Kensington Gardens with Kinnaird – dined at the Rota – and had a very unpleasant day – being set upon by the whole party for my “great Fox”. Quarrelled with Scrope Davies, and called him “infidus scurra”, which was very wrong and rude – and the more so for being true. I did not mean to offend him, however – and on his claiming reparation, frankly told him the next day” (BL.Add.Mss. 56540).
John Cam Hobhouse to Scrope Berdmore Davies, from London, February 2nd 1819:
(Source: text from BL.Add.Mss.36457 f.409)
The erasures show this to be a draft.

Dear Davies,

<Of course> I can not be less ready to give than you are to demand a reparation for any words whatever they were which may have offended you –

I did think that you must have had a previous conviction that I would never mean to offend you but since you wish an answer to this effect you may be sure I feel no hesitation in making it – if I uttered any words unfit for you to hear they were unfit for me to use – and if I have to <regret> [lament] a wound unintentionally inflicted on your feelings I have a still more poignant <sensation> [regret] to encounter <for many more> [on my own account] <What I have here said I shall repeat to Bickersteth and Kinnaird and have only to add that, if you please, this letter is intended for their perusal –>

I have shown this note to Kinnaird and I wish you to show it to Bickersteth –

Believe me very truly yours

John Hobhouse

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Byron to John Murray, from Venice, February 22nd 1819:
(Source: NLS Ms.434890; LJ IV 280; BLJ VI 99-100)
[To, Jm. Murray Esq / 50. Albemarle Street / London. / Angleterre / Inghilterra.]

Venice. Feb. 22d. 1819.

Dear Sir – Within these last two months or rather three – I have sent by letter at different times – several additions to “Don Juan” to be inserted in the places specified. – Have any or aught or none of these been received? I write in haste – it is the last day but one of the Carnival and I have not been in bed till seven or eight in the morning for these ten days past. – – It is very probable that I shall decide on the publication of Don Juan – the second canto I have not yet begun to copy – but the first might proceed without. –

yrs. [double scrawl]

I have written several times – there was also a note in answer to Hazlitt – to be placed with Mazeppa. –

[1:2 and 3 blank.]

Douglas Kinnaird to Byron, from London, March 19th 1819:
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4135)

à Milord / Milord Byron â Venise / Italie / & France

My dear Byron,

You could not crave money with more avidity, were you one of Alcibiades his whores229 – you cannot eat it –

Famine is a great way off – and yet you will print your poeshie for the sake of the fee –

Badinage apart, do permit me with impunity to represent to you that, independen<nt/>tly of all those considerations which the more valiant Hobhouse says he has dared to lay before you in good set terms, the Public mind is not attuned <to/>at this moment to the Canto – I do verily beleive that sluggishness & ill nature are uppermost – Politics too are very lively – Rogers has ventured his Life uninsured – and Luttrell alone could be found to underwrite him –

This is Sir Scrope’s pun –

This said Sir Scrope is as he says become very popular – a small boy was heard to cry out in the streets lately Mister Davies for ever – He is in love with Lady Charlotte Harley –

I am proceeding with best endeavours to settle with your creditors –

Do not unsay what you wrote in your letter of Instructions to Hob & myself in respect of Hanson’s <d/>Claim – He ought to deliver in his Bill, ere he is paid one shilling – I have as you know, ask’d him for it any time these three years –

Lady Caroline Lamb beat Hobhouse by her canvassing – Not to joke, there never was an active Canvass made for Fox as for Lamb –

229: See Timon of Athens, IV, iii.
A Petition has been presented against his return – Hobhouse stands very high, – you will drive him
distracted if you publish your Don Juan –
It was your own or Hanson’s doing desiring the money be laid out in the 3 pr ct – Your interest would
have been larger in the 5 pr ct –
I am quite of your opinion that the money sh’d be laid out on mortgage, if possible – I will use my best
endeavours to find some good landed securities – But do not buy land – Yours ever truly
Douglas Kinnaird –
Rogers is d – d forever

John Murray to Byron, from 50, Albemarle Street, London, March 19th 1819:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.434896; LJM 267-8)
Murray wants to publish Don Juan, but claims to be afraid of the scandal.

Rogers is d – d forever

[Milord / Milord Byron / Poste Restante / a Venise / en Italie // stamp illegible]

Albemarle Street
March 19 – 1819

My Lord

I am very much afraid that you will be sadly out of humour with all your advising friends here – M’
Hobhouse – M’ Kinnaird & I have consulted & unite in entreaties that you will let us publish one
magnificent Canto of Don Juan – about which the greatest expectations prevail & which I long to realize –

further it is decreed that Hazlitt’s – should not be associated with your Lordships name – & if <it> the note
upon him be printed perhaps you will call him a certain lecturer – I shall have completed this month a mot
beautiful edition of your works and the appearance at this time of a popular original work from you would
render me the greatest possible service – & as I say every one is expecting & asking for something from
you – Here is Foscolo at my side – deploring that a Man of your genius will not occupy some Six or Eight
years in the composition of a Work & Subject worthy of you – & this you have promised to Gifford long
ago & to Hobhouse & Kinnaird – since – Believe me there is no Character talked of in this Country as
yours is – it is the constant theme of all classes & your portrait is engraved & painted & sold in every town
throughout the Kingdom – I wish you would suffer Yourself to be fully aware of this high estimation of
your Countrymen & not to run even a Slight or doubtful chance of injuring what is to be the noblest
inheritance of

1:2

a decendant who promises to be so attractive – Let me have the Second Canto of Don Juan & suffer
Gifford who never swerves in his admiration of your talents – to prepare what he thinks worthy of you –
This I will instantly Set up in Proof & send out for your final alteration & completion & there will yet be
time to bring it out in May –

M’ Hobhouse promises to write by this Nights Post
With the sincerest attachmement
I remain My Lord
your grateful &
faithful Servant,

Jno Murray

[1:3 blank.]

Byron to John Murray, April 1819? [fragment]:
(Source: Ms. not found; text from LJ; BLJ VI 104)

... [Impostor?] to the name of Southey.
He is besides a notorious renegado of the same species as your own Kotzebue and deserving of the same
kind of Criticism as that which was published by Sandt230 – were he not too despicable for an honourable
man’s indignation – and too powerless to require a “vigour beyond the law” for his chastisement. – Kings
and Conquerors might at times be thus swept from the earth over which they tyrannize – but it is a waste of
life to forfeit it by shortening the days of a paltry Scribbler – and lending a lustre of compassion to his
memory which <elevates it from!> [softens?] away the contempt due to his life.

Byron to John Murray, from Venice, April 3rd 1819:

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230: Karl Ludwig Sand had assassinated August von Kotzebue on March 23rd 1819.
The night after sending this (with *Don Juan II*), Byron falls in love with Teresa Guiccioli.

You have never answered my letter asking if you had received the additions to Canto 1st. Dear Sir, Julia’s letter &c. &c.

You have here the second Canto of “*Don Juan*” which you will publish with the first – if it please you. – But there shall be no mutilations in either nor omissions – except such as I have already indicated in letters – to which I have had no answer. I care nothing for what may be said – or thought – or written on the Subject. – If the poem is or appears dull – it will fail, if not – it will succeed. – I have already written my opinion in former letters – & see no use in repetition. – There were some words in the Address to the Scoundrel Southey which I requested Mr. H. to Omit – and some stanzas about Castlereagh – which cannot decently appear as I am at too great a distance to answer the latter if he wished it personally – the former is as great a Coward as he is a Renegade – and distance can make no odds in speaking of him – as he dare do nothing but scribble were one next neighbour but the other villain is at least a brave one – and I would not take advantage of the Alps and the Ocean to assail him when he could not revenge himself. – As for the rest – I will never flatter Cant – but if you choose I will publish a preface saying that you were all hostile to the publication. – You can publish anonymously or not as you think best for any reason of your own – never mind me. –

Byron to John Murray, from Venice, April 6th 1819.

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231: LJ and BLJ both have “have had”.
no curtailments except those mentioned about Castlereagh & the two “Bobs” in the introduction. – You sha’n’t make Canticles of my Cantos. The poem will please if it is lively – if it is stupid it will fail – but I will have none of your damned cutting & slashing. – If you please you may publish anonymously it will perhaps be better; – but I will battle my way against them all – like a Porcupine. – So you and M’. Foscolo &. want me to undertake what you call a “great work” an Epic poem I suppose or some such pyramid. – I’ll try no such thing – I hate tasks. – and then “seven or eight years!” God send us all well this day three

1:2

months – let alone years – if one’s years can’t be better employed than in sweating poesy – a man had better be a ditcher. – – –
And works too! – is Childe Harold nothing? you have so many “divine” poems, is it nothing to have written a Human one? without any of your worn out machinery. – Why – man – I could have spun the thought of the four cantos of that poem into twenty – had I wanted to book=make – & it’s passion into as many modern tragedies – since you want length you shall have enough of Juan for I’ll make 50 cantos. – – –

And Foscolo too! why does he not do something more than the letters of Ortis – and a tragedy – and pamphlets – he has good fifteen years more at his command than I have – what has he done all that time? – proved his Genius doubtless – but not fixed it’s fame – nor done

1:3

his utmost. – Besides I mean to write my best work in Italian & it will take me nine years more thoroughly to master the language – & then if my fancy exists & I exist too – I will try what I can do really. – – As to the Estimation of the English which you talk of, <have> let them calculate what it is worth – before they insult me with their insolent condescension. – – – I have not written for their pleasure; – if they are pleased – it is that they chose to be so. – I have never flattered their opinions – nor their pride – nor will I. – Neither will I make “Ladies books” “al dilettar le femine e la plebe” – I have written from the fullness of my mind, from passion – from impulse – from many motives – but not for their “sweet voices.”

I know the precise worth of popular applause – for few Scribblers have had more of it – and if I chose to swerve into their paths – I could

1:4

retain it or resume it – or increase it – but I neither love ye – nor fear ye – and though I buy with ye – and sell with ye – and talk with ye – I will neither eat with ye – drink with ye – nor pray with ye. They made me without my search a species of popular Idol – – they – without reason or judgement beyond the caprice of their Good pleasure – threw down the Image from it’s pedestal – it was not broken with the fall – and they would it seems again replace it – but they shall not. – – – – –

You ask about my health – about the beginning of the year – I was in a <great> state of great exhaustion – attended by {such} debility of Stomach – that nothing remained upon it – and I was obliged to reform my “way of life” which was conducting {me} from the “yellow leaf” to the Ground with all deliberate speed. – – I am better in health and morals – and very much y’es, ever, [scrawl]

P.S. – Tell Mrs. Leigh I never had “my Sashes” and I want some tooth – powder – the red – by all or any means. – – –

Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Venice, April 6th 1819:
(Source: text from: NLS Acc.12604 / 4123B; 1922 II 106-7, omitting P.S.; QII 441-2 prints P.S. separately; BLJ VI 106-8 attaches P.S.)

[VENEZIA / To / John Hobhouse Esqre / Care of J.Murray Esqre. / 50 Albemarle Street / London / Angleterre / Inghilterra]

234: Shakespeare, Macbeth, V iii 22-3.
My dear Hobhouse –

I have not derived from the Scriptures of Rochf<o>ucault that consolation which I expected “in the misfortunes of our best friends”. – – I had much at heart your gaining the Election – but from “the filthy puddle” into which your Patriotism had run you – I had like Croaker my bodings but like old “Currycomb” you make so “handsome a Corpse” – that my wailing is changed into admiration. – With the Burdettites divided – and the Whigs & <t/>Tories united – what else could be expected? If I had guessed at your opponent – – I would have made one among you Certes – and have f—d Caroline Lamb out of her “two hundred votes –” although at the expense of a testicle. – – I think {I} could have neutralized her zeal with a little management – but alas! who could have thought of that Cuckoldy family’s <sitting> standing for a member – I suppose it is the first time –

1:2

that George Lamb ever stood for any thing – & William with his “Corni Cazzo da <Senna> Seno!” (as we Venetians say – it means – Penis in earnest – a sad way of swearing) but that you who know them should have to concurre with such dogs – well – did I ever – no I never &c. &c. &c. 237 – – – – –

I have sent my second Canto – but I will have no gelding. – – Murray has my order of the day. –

Douglas Kinnaird with more <pertness> than {usual} politeness writes me vivaciously that Hanson {or I} willed the three per cents instead of the five – as if I could prefer three to five per Cent! – death & fiends! – – and then he lifts up his leg against the publication of Don Juan – et “tu Brute” (the ē mute recollect) 238

I shall certainly hitch

1:3

our dear friend into some d—d story or other – “my dear Mr. Sneer – Mr. Sneer – my dear”239 – – – – – –

I must write again in a few days – it being now past four in the morning – it is Passion week – & rather dull. – I am dull too for I have fallen in love with a Romagnuola Countess from Ravenna – who is nineteen years old240 & has a Count of fifty – whom She seems disposed to qualify the first year of marriage being just over. – I knew her a little last year at her starting, but they always wait a year – at least generally. – I met her first at the Albrizzi’s, and this Spring at the Benzona’s – and I have hopes Sir – hopes – but She wants me to come to Ravenna – & then to Bologna – now this would be all very well for certainties – but for mere hopes – if She should plant me – and I should make a “fiasco” never could I show my face on the Piazza. – – – –

1:4

It is nothing that Money can do – for the Conte is awfully rich – & would be so even in England – – but he is fifty and odd – has had two wives & children before this his third – (a pretty fair-haired Girl last year out of a Convent)< – now making her second tour of the Venetian Conversazioni – ) and does not seem so jealous this year as he did last – – when he stuck close to her side even at the Governor’s. – – She is pretty – but has no tact – answers aloud – when she should whisper – – talks of age to old ladies who want to pass for young – and this blessed night horrified a correct company {at the Benzona’s} – by calling out to me “<m/>Mio Byron” in an audible key during a dead Silence of pause in the other prattlers, who stared & whispered their respective Serventi. – One of her preliminaries is that I must never leave Italy; – I have no desire to leave it – but I should not like to be frittered down into a regular Cicisbeo. – What shall I do! I <wretched> {am} in love – and tired of promiscuous concubinage – & have now an opportunity of settling for life.


2:1

P.S.

235: La Rochefoucault, Maxims: “There is something in the misfortunes of our best friends which is not entirely displeasing to us”.
236: Goldsmith, The Good-Natur’d Man, Act I.
237: Compare Beppo, 92. 7.
238: Shakespeare, Julius Caesar, III i 77.
239: Sir Fretful Plagiary at Sheridan, The Critic, I i.
240: Teresa Guiccioli was twenty-one in 1819.
We have had a fortnight ago the devil’s own row with an Elephant who broke loose — ate up a fruitshop — killed his keeper — broke into a Church — and was at last killed by a Cannon Shot brought from the Arsenal. — I saw him the day he broke open his own house — he was standing in the Riva & his keepers trying to persuade him with peck=loaves to go on board a sort of Ark they had got. — I went close to him that afternoon in my Gondola — & he amused himself with flinging great beams that flew about over the water in all directions — he was then not very angry — but towards midnight he became furious & displayed the most extraordinary strength — pulling down everything before him. — All Musquetry proved in vain — & when he charged the Austrians threw down their musquets & ran. — At last they broke a hole & brought a field=piece the first shot missed the second entered behind — & came out all but the Skin at his Shoulder. — I saw him dead the next day — a stupendous fellow. — He went mad for want of a She it being the rutting month. — — — — — — — —

2:2 [above address:] Fletcher is well. — I have got two monkeys, a fox — & two new mastiffs — Mutz is still in high old age. — The Monkeys are charming. — — Last month I had a business about a Venetian Girl who wanted to marry me — a circumstance prevented like D’. Blifil’s [Espousals] not only by my previous marriage — but by [below address:] M’. Allworthy’s being acquainted with the existence of M’’. D’. Blifil.341 — — — I was very honest and gave her no hopes — but there was a <sad> scene — [I having been found at her window at Midnight] and they sent me a Priest and a friend of the family’s to talk with me [next day] both of whom I treated with Coffee. — — — — — — — — — — —

Byron to Douglas Kinnaird, from Venice, April 7th 1819:
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4135A; 1922 II 107-8; BLJ VI 109)
[To, / The Honble Douglas Kinnaird / Messrs Ransom & Co / Bankers / Pall Mall / London / Angleterre / Inghilterra]

Dear Douglas — Why do you lay the “three per Cents” on me? — it was Spooney and you — “you dour Crandy eater” that did it — I wanted & expected 5 per cent & more, so I did. As for what you say about the five thousand pounds — I should like to keep them — but then I promised — however he maun send in his account. — — As for the “Don Juan” you may talk till you are hoarse — I sent the second Canto & will have both published — all for the fee — what care I for the “public attunement” did I ever flatter the rascals? — never & I never will — let them like or not — I shall soon know by Murray’s long or short face — and then I will plant the rogues — but till then I will have my monies. — — — —

Now pray M’. Dougal — do something for Countess Giorgi’s Son (now with M’. Rose) whom I commended to your protection

1:2

many moons ago — his Mother asks after him every day — and besides Rose is my friend — so do get a Clarkship for the lad who is a fine young man of a good family. — And mind you get me a mortgage — or the Cash transferred to the 5. per Cents — and recollect to make a good bargain with Murray — remember there are several thousand lines of poeshie besides “Mazeppa” & the Ode. — —

Did he ever get the additions to Canto second, Julia’s letter &c. &c.? — — — —

I wish H. had not been so fiercely Burdetted — his losing his Election surprized us here a good deal. — Sam Rogers’s “Human Life” I have not Seen nor heard of except from you and Hobhouse — I am sorry for his failure (if it be a failure) and that’s more than he would be for mine. — He is a “Cankered Carle,” but a poet for all that.

1:3

I have been so long out of your Sphere as to have almost forgotten the taste of Scrope’s jokes — but I am glad to get them even at second hand — the Dog never writes — which he should do — considering that in all probability we shall not meet again. — — — Tell Murray that I sent Canto second by last post — that I have written to H. — & to M. himself. — — I want some tooth powder (red) — some Sashes (red too) and any articles — Spooney brought nothing but a kaleidoscope and his papers. — — — —

Health & Safety — yrs ever [scrawl]

Byron to Teresa Guiccioli, from Venice, April 25th 1819 [translation only]:
(Translation from LJ: QII 445-7; BLJ VI 115-18)

Venice, 25th April, 1819

My Love, – I hope you have received my letter of the 22nd, addressed to the person in Ravenna of whom you told me, before leaving Venice. You scold me for not having written to you in the country – but – how could I? My sweetest treasure, you gave me no other address but that of Ravenna. If you knew how great is the love I feel for you, you would not believe me capable of forgetting you for a single instant; you must become better acquainted with me. Perhaps one day you will know that, although I do not deserve you, I do indeed love you.

You want to know whom I most enjoy seeing, since you have gone away? who makes me tremble and feel – not what you alone can arouse in my soul – but something like it? Well, I will tell you – it is the old porter whom Fanny used to send with your notes when you were in Venice, and who now brings your letters – still dear, but not so dear as those which brought the hope of seeing you that same day at the usual time. My Teresa, where are you? Everything here reminds me of you, everything is the same, but you are not here and I still am. In separation the one who goes away suffers less than the one who stays behind. The distraction of the journey, the change of scene, the landscape, the movement, perhaps even the separation, distracts the mind and lightens the heart. But the One who stays behind is surrounded by the same things, tomorrow as yesterday, while only that is lacking which made me forget that a tomorrow would ever come. When I go to the Conversazione I give myself up to tedium, too happy to suffer ennui, rather than grief. I see the same faces – hear the same voices – but no longer dare to look towards the sofa where I shall not see you any more, but instead some old crone who might be Calumny personified. I hear, without the slightest emotion, the opening of that door which I used to watch with so much anxiety when I was there before you, hoping to see you come in. I will not speak of much dearer places still, for there I shall not go – unless you return; I have no other pleasure than thinking of the places where we have been together – especially those most consecrated to our love – without dying of grief.

Fanny is now in Treviso, and God knows when I shall have any more letters from you; but meanwhile I have received three; you must by now have arrived in Ravenna – I long to hear of your arrival; my fate depends upon your decision. Fanny will be back in a few days; but tomorrow I shall send her a note by a friend’s hand to ask her not to forget to send me your news, if she receives any letters before returning to Venice.

My Treasure, my life has become most monotonous and sad; neither books, nor music, nor horses (rare things in Venice – but you know that mine are at the Lido), nor dogs, give me any pleasure; the society of women does not attract me; I won’t speak of the society of men, for that I have always despised. For some years I have been trying systematically to avoid strong passions, having suffered too much from the tyranny of Love. Never to feel admiration – and to enjoy myself without giving too much importance to the enjoyment in itself – to feel indifference toward human affairs – contempt for many – but hatred for none, this was the basis of my philosophy. I did not mean to love any more, nor did I hope to receive Love. You have put to flight all my resolutions; now I am all yours; I will become what you wish perhaps happy in your love, but never at peace again. You should not have re-awakened my heart, for (at least in my own country) my love has been fatal to those I love – and to myself. But these reflections come too late. You have been mine – and whatever the outcome – I am, and eternally shall be, entirely yours. I kiss you a thousand and a thousand times – but

Che giova a te, cor mio, l’esser amato? [What does it profit you, my heart, to be beloved?
Che giova a me l’aver si caro amante? What good to me to have so dear a lover?
Perche crudo destino – Why should a cruel fate
Ne disunisci tu s’ Amor ne stringe? Separate those whom love has once united?]

Love me – as always your tender and faithful,

B.

John Cam Hobhouse to Byron, from London, April 27th 1819:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.43443; BB 265-7)

Hobhouse consents to the publication of Don Juan.
[Pour, / Le très honourable Milord / Milord Byron – / Pair d’Angleterre / à Venise / par Calais]

My dear Byron –

The lord’s will be done – You are resolved that the pomes shall be printed; and printed the pomes shall be; ayeand published too – The first sheet has gone through my hands and has been transmitted to you for final approbation – The marginals are mine: and humbly I beseech you to consider them attentively, as you may depend upon it that my book shall not be a desperate one and shall only be employed where your luxuriance is absolutely too rich. I think I have marked but three in the first sheet – including the dry bob and a line about a piss-bucket, and also god-damn – That I should ever have lived to see you come to this! On my stars and garters! Since I have such ill luck from the one I wish I was hanged in the other – However I shall delay dangling at the bed post until I see the Don fairly before the world and then I will lay my death at your door and leave myself to be wept by the Reformers and avenged by the Eclectic Review –

What a monstrous strange letter, grandis epistola, you sent to Murrayicast from your Caprea – The rogue likes lashing I know he does “the more he be beaten the civiller he be” – What you say of Foscolo is true as to his works but he is truly a most extraordinary man in his diurnals and has a capacity superior to his writings – What think you of what he has said of Dante in the Edinburgh, in which by the way he alludes à Vorsignoria – He is now half engaged by the Great Man of Albermarle Street to undertake a dictionary of the Italian tongue – Rose’s letters from the North of Italy being egregiously puffed at Holland and other Houses, take very well – To my poor way of thinking the literary part is the best: but I shall not conceal from you that the Essay is better than anything he has got in his two volumes – He is going to translate Ariosto and Murray desires me to ask you whether you could do such a thing as help him to a canto ’twould not take you more than an odd five minutes after your sugarless milkless tea – but then, to be sure, if you are making love to a Romagnuola and she only nineteen will you have some jobs upon your hands which will leave you few spare moments – Dont you go after that terra firma lady: they are very vixens, in those parts especially, and I recollect when I was at <the> Ferrara seeing or hearing of two women in the hospital who had stabbed one another in the guts and all por gelosia – take a fool’s advice for once and be content with your Naid’s – your amphibious fry – you make a very pretty splashing with them in the lagune and I recommend constancy to the neighbourhood – go to Romagna indeed! Go to old Nick. you’ll never be heard of afterwards except your Ghost should be seen racing with Guido Cavalcanti in the wood & so furnish a tale to some Dryden of the day – I Wish I was near you to give you some good advice – you

know there is nothing you love so much in the world as running counter to all counsel – and I should have the consolation of doing my duty by you – you vagabond – I wish, at all events, I was out of this bel paese di no – and I had serious thoughts of taking a trip to America – They say Boston is a charming town and very like Wapping – If so my epitaph may run to Johnson’s alteration of “Born in New England did in London die” – I trust your Power has written to you respecting your per cents. The three per cents are not two per cent under the five per cents as you ought to know by this time as you are now and have been any time this two months a monied man – It is only another method of investing – 100£ three per cents only costs for example 75£, whilst 100£ five per cents may cost a 100£ or 105£. according to the state of the stock you cannot sell out now – for the three per cents are very low and you may as well keep the money where it is – Dont be afraid of a rupture – If the truss breaks all the bowels of all the nation will tumble about as well as your’s – but there is no fear – They say the bank will certainly pay in gold soon – But no guineas – no only ingots of sixty ounces which no body will demand for fear of being robbed and murdered
by their own brothers they are such pretty costly valuables – Our wiseacres in parliament are doing nothing – The Whigs are down & dead for ever – Thank God I have put a spoke in their wheel that

[1:4: above address] they will never pull out again – The Westminster Election has settled the opinion of the nation & without caring one jot for Lamb or me all England sees the Whigs to be the meanest & shabbiest of mankind – ”I would have done your heart good to have seen them pelted all the way from Covent Garden to Grosvenor Square – Oh the [below address:] Buff & Blue never was so bespattered – Erskine has written a defence of the Whigs, a tailor 246 has answered him & cut him to shreds and patches – When Murray comes over he shall bring you the two performances and a squib or two to hoot – Your friend Peel is like enough to be Prime Minister for there is a division about the Catholic question and Peel is the head of the anti Catholics, and although without a place is [letter concludes at top of first sheet]

Byron to Monsieur Galignani, from Venice, April 27th 1819:
(Source: facsimile in The Works of Lord Byron including the Suppressed Poems complete in one volume, Paris 1828; LJ IV 286-8; BLJ VI118-19)

This is “The Galignani facsimile”. It exists in scores of copies worldwide.
[A Monsieur / Monsieur Galignani – / 18 Rue Vivienne / Paris / Parigi]

Sir,

In various numbers of your Journal – I have seen mentioned a work entitled “the Vampire” with the addition of my name as that of the Author. – I am not the author, and never heard of the work <xxxx> in question until now. In a more recent paper I perceive a formal announcement of “the Vampire” with the addition of an account of my “residence in the Island of Mitylene” an Island which I have occasionally sailed by in the course of travelling some years ago through the Levant – and where I should have no objection to reside – but where I have never yet resided. – – Neither of these performances are mine – and I presume that it is neither unjust nor ungracious to request that you will favour me by contradicting the advertisement to which I allude. – If the book is clever it would be base to deprive the real writer – whoever he may be – of his honours; – and if stupid – I desire the responsibility of nobody’s dullness but my own. – – You will excuse the trouble I give you, – the imputation is of no great importance, – and as long as it was confined to surmises and reports – I should have received it as I have received many others, in Silence. – But the formality of a public advertisement of a book I never wrote – and a residence where I never resided – is a little too much – particularly as I have no notion of the contents of the one – nor the incidents of the other. – I have besides a personal dislike to “Vampires” and <would> the little acquaintance I have with them would by no means induce me to divulge their secrets. – – You <would> did me a much less injury by <entering> your paragraphs about “my devotion” and “abandonment of Society for the Sake of religion” – which appeared in your Messenger during last Lent; – all [of] which <are> {are not} founded on fact – – cand do [<calso>] <xxxx> for <<xxxxx>> to those <<xxx xxxx xxxxxxxxxxxxx [xxxx]>> others> – {but} You see I do not contradict <that> {them,} – – – because they are merely personal – whereas the others in some degree concern the reader – – –

1:2

You will oblige me by complying with my request of contradiction – I assure you that I know nothing of the work or works in question – and have the honour to be – (as the correspondents to Magazines say / “your constant reader” and very

Obed¹

 humble Serv².

Byron

To the Editor of Galignani’s Messenger

&c. &c. &c.

Venice. April 27th 1819. – –

246: The “tailor” is Francis Place, famous radical, H.’s colleague in the Westminster elections.
John Murray to Byron, from 50, Albemarle Street, London, April 27th 1819:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.434896; LJM 269-70)
[Milord / Milord Byron / poste Restante / Venise / a en Italie // stamped: 13 MAG O ]
London April 27 – 1819

My Lord

I have now the pleasure of inclosing the first proof of a certain poem, the remainder of which will follow in one or two posts – it is printed literatim for your own free determination –

Amongst an assortment of new books which I forwarded to your Lordship through the kindness of Mr Hamilton of the Foreign Office, was a Copy of a thing called the Vampire which Mr Colburn has had the temerity to publish with your Lordships name as its author – it was first printed in the New Monthly Magazine, from which I have taken the Copy whc I now inclose. The Editor of that Journal has quarrelled with the publisher & has called this morning to exculpate himself from the baseness of the transaction – He says that he received it from – D’ Polidori – for a small sum – Polidori averring that the whole plan of it was your Lordships & merely written out by him – the Editor inserted it with a short statement to this effect – but to his astonishment Colburn cancelled the leave on the day previous to its publication; & contrarily to & direct hostility to his positive order, fearing that this statement would prevent the sale of this work in a separate form which was subsequently done – He informs me that Polidori finding that the Sale exceeded his expectation and that he had sold it too cheap went to the Editor and declared that he would deny it – he wrote to Perry to say that it was not written by your Lordship – & the next day told him to suppress the Letter – he is now preparing a sort of Boswell diary of your Lordships Life248 – I have now before me a long letter from the said Editor which I shall inclose to Mr Hobhouse – who will probably see the said Doctor & then forward the Letter to your Lordship –

– I am glad to find that your Lordship is well. Your Stomach may be weak but upon my soul the Intellects are in full vigour – for I never read a more powerful Letter in my life than the last with which your Lordship so obligingly favoured me – I wish you would send me One A Week & make the fortune of your Lordships poor servant ever

Jno Murray

[1:2 and 3 blank.]

John Murray to Byron, from 50, Albemarle Street, London, April 29th 1819:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.434896; LJM 271)
[Milord / Milord Byron / Poste restante / a Venise / en Italie // stamped 19 MAG O ]
A single sheet.

My Lord

I inclose another Proof – M’ Hobhouse tells me that he has written to your Lordship fully – and he has taken Polidori in hand, with equal propriety & Judgment.

Missiaglia has sent me another Cargo of Books – many of old date, of no value – I merely want any thing very new and attractive.

With best Compliments

I remain

My Lord

most faithfully yours

Jno Murray

London

April 29 – 1819

John Murray to Byron, from 50, Albemarle Street, London, May 3rd 1819:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.434896; Smiles I 402; LJM 272)

My Lord

247: Mu.’s ink becomes fainter at this point.
248: Polidori’s diary survives only in a mutilated form.
249: Shakespeare, Hamlet, I ii 162; except that Horatio does not expect to make a fortune out of Hamlet’s letters.
I find that Julias Letter has been safely received – & is with the printer – the whole remainder of the Second Canto will be sent by Fridays Post – the enquiries after its appearance are not a few – pray use your most tasteful discretion an wrap up or leave out certain approximations to indelicacy.

Jno Murray

[No address: 1:3 and 1:4 blank.]

John Murray to John Cam Hobhouse, from 50, Albemarle Street, London, early 1819:

John Hobhouse Esqre

John Cam Hobhouse to John Murray, early 1819:

John Murray Archive, 50 Albemarle Street

[February – March 1819?]

250: Stanzas 129, 130 and 131 of Don Juan I (they are the ones to which Mu. must refer) concern syphilis; H. reacted to them with horror, writing in the margin of the proof “Mon cher ne touchez pas à la petite Verole” and “oh did I ever no I never!!”

251: Don Juan Canto II stanza 81.

252: Don Juan Canto I stanza 15. It was cut from the first edition.

253: H. is both correcting, and trying to censor, the proofs of Don Juan Canto I, a poem which neither he nor any of B.’s other friends wish to be published.

254: The proofs must be sent to B. in Venice, which cannot be done from Hounslow.

255: H. objected to such things as the lines about “dry-bobbing” at Dedication 3, 7-8; the use of the word “d–n” at lines 14, 8 and 163, 5; the references to chamber pots at lines 24, 8 and 144 1-2; and to what he considered a misreading of Longinus at lines 42, 5-6. See BB 259 and 265; also CPW V 676.

256: B. consented to the removal of the entire Dedication, to the substitution of Difficile est propria communere dicere (Horace, Art of Poetry 128) for Domestica Facta (see next note) but to nothing else. See BLJ VI 105.

257: The first motto for Don Juan I was Domestica Facta, from Horace, Art of Poetry, line 287. B. insisted that the phrase should be translated as “common things”; but H. saw it as meaning literally “domestic facts” – a reference to the poem’s autobiographical material referring to Lady B. among others.
John Cam Hobhouse to John Murray, from Whitton Park, Hounslow, early 1819:

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

[January?? 1819]

Dear Sir –

I forgot to tell you the other day that I was on the point of leaving Clarges Street and would thank you therefore to let me know by writing what you and your friend think of Don Juan – When you have perused it – perhaps it will be advisable to lock the combustibles safely up – at all events I am sure you will see the expediency of not suffering a single line to be copied by any one until the publication shall be finally determined upon – Before this is done I am quite decided that we should wait for one more letter – Pray, however, send a line to Whitton –

The Vampyre is positively not L. Byron’s and I do think that it smells woefully of apothecary’s stuff – – How any one can have had the insolence to palm such wretched nonsense upon the public as coming from the author of Childe Harold I cannot make out – The hint of the story and, perhaps, ten words together may have been given by his Lordship – but the whole as it now appears is an impudent fabrication or I am more mistaken than I ever was in my life

Again pray have the goodness to write about the Don – ever truly yours

John Hobhouse

Whitton Park, Hounslow

Wednesday – .

Byron to John Murray, from Venice, May 6th 1819:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.434890; LJ IV 289; BLJ VI 122-3)

[To, / John Murray Esqre. / 50. Albemarle Street / London. / Angleterre. / Inghilterra. // 1819 May 6 / Byron, Lord]

The first sheet is smaller than usual: single, 12 x 19.5cm, as opposed to the usual, which is double, 37 x 46cm.

Venice. May 6th. 1819.

Dear Sir – Yours of the 17th. and 20th. are arrived. – I recopy the “Julia’s letter” as the former copy sent in Winter seems to have miscarried, by your account. – Let me hear of the arrival of the enclosed. There are also three other stanzas for insertion in Canto first – in the earlier part referring to the character of Donna Inez. – – – You seem in a fright – remember, you need not publish, if you don’t like it. – I am sorry my letter seemed “Cynical.” It was not meant so to you personally – as to my general opinions – they are the same. – – I will not forget your request about Missiaglia and the books. – About the 20th. I leave Venice – to take a Journey {into Romagna} – but shall probably return in a month. – Address to Venice as usual – and pray let me hear of the arrival of this packet. –

1:2

Methinks I see you with a long face about “Don Juan” anticipating the outcry – and the Scalping reviews that will ensue; all that is my affair – <if you> do you think I do not foresee all this as well as you? – – – – Why – Man – it will be Nuts to all of them – they never had such an opportunity of being <fa> terrible; – but don’t you be out of sorts. – I never vex you wi<i>f> fully – as you may imagine – but you sometimes touch a jarring string – as for instance one or two in <my> {your} last letter. – <Yours [scrawl]>You are right about publishing anonymously – but in that case we will omit the dedication to Southey – I won’t attack the dog {so fiercely} without putting my name – that <would be> {is} reviewer’s work – so you may publish the poem without the dedicatory stanzas. –

[1:3 is on larger paper, 19.5 x 24cm.]

258: Gifford (whom H. is unwilling to name).
259: Just published in the New Monthly Magazine. On April 29th Mu. writes to B., “I inclose another Proof – Mr Hobhouse tells me that he has written to your Lordship fully – and he has taken Polidori in hand, with equal propriety & judgment”.
260: That is, it is by Polidori.
261: B. signs off, then changes his mind.
262: “that” underlined three times.
With regard to Mazeppa and the Ode – you may join – or separate them – as you please from the two Cantos. – – – Don’t suppose I want to put you out of humour – I have a great respect for your good & gentlemanly qualities – & {return your} personal friendship towards me; – and although I think you a little spoilt by “villainous company” – Wits – persons of honour about town – authors – and fashionables – together with your “I am just going to call at Carlton House are you going to walking that way?” I say notwithstanding your “pictures – taste – Shakespeare – and the musical glasses” – you deserve and possess the esteem of those whose esteem is worth having – and of none more (however useless it may be) than y’s.

[scrawl signifying “truly very”]

P.S. – Make my respects to M’. G². – I am particularly aware that “Don Juan” must set us all by the ears – but that is my concern – & my beginning – there will be the “Edinburgh” and all too against it – so that like “Rob Roy” – I shall have my hands full. – – – – – –

[1:4 has the address.]

Byron to Teresa Guiccioli, from Venice, May 15th 1819:
(Source: this text from BLJ VI 128-9)

Byron to Teresa Guiccioli, from Venice, May 15th 1819:

Venezia Addi 15 Maggio 1819
Signora Contessina Pregiatissima—Appena ricevuta la obbligantissima di lei lettera. Sig[nor]a Contessina, mi fa’ un dovere di <rispondere> riscontrarvela coll’ stesso mezza, e di ringraziarla per i generosi sentimenti ch’Ella nutre a mio riguardo, nonché pure ringrazio il Sig[no]r Cavaliere di Lei Marito, assicurando entrambi, che mi crederei onorato se potessi offrirle i libri ch’Ella—Sig[no]r[a] Contessina, con tantà buona grazia mi chiede.—Debbio assicurarmi che non tener io presso di me cosa veruna, di mia penna, né a Venezia pure si trovano le mie opere, perchè in tal caso mi farei un pregio di servirla, accio avess’ Ella ed il Sig[no]r Cav[a]le[r]e una prova della mia obbedienza.— —Non è fuor di proposito che dovendo io recarmi a pochi giorni a Bologna non passi anche a vedere la bella Romagna ed in ispecie le celebri antichità di Ravenna, ed allora avrei il doppio piacere di baciarelle rispettosamente la mano, e riverire il Sig[no]r Cavaliere—a cui la prego far aggrandire gl’ingenui sentimenti della mia Stima ed amicizia. Intanto ho l’onore di essere di Lei Sig[nor[a] Contessina obb[edissi]mo ed umil[issi]mo Ser[vitor]e BYRON

Translation:

Venice May 15, 1819
Most Esteemed Signora Contessina,
Having just received your very obliging letter, Signora Contessina, I have a duty to reciprocate, and to thank you for the generous sentiments that You entertain towards me, and I also thank the Signor Cavaliere your Husband, assuring you both that I would consider myself honored if I might furnish you with the books that You—Signora Contessina, request with such good grace.—I must assure you that I do not have with me anything at all from my own pen, nor are my works available in Venice, because if they were I would be privileged to serve you, so that You and the Signor Cavaliere might have an instance of my loyalty.—It is not unlikely that since I must go to Bologna in a few days I may come also to see fair Romagna, and especially the celebrated antiquities of Ravenna, and then I would have the double pleasure of respectfully kissing your hand and of paying my respects to the Signor Cavaliere—to whom I beg you to magnify the simple sentiments of my Esteem arid friendship. Meanwhile I have the honor of being, Signora Contessina, your very obedient and very humble servant BYRON

Byron to John Murray, from Venice, May 15th 1819:
(Source: text from B.L.Ashley 4740; QII 448-51; BLJ VI 125-6)

Byron to John Murray, from Venice, May 15th 1819:

Venice. May 15th. 1819. –
Dear Sir –

I have received & return by this post <in> under cover – the first proof of “Don Juan.” – Before the second can arrive it is probable that I <should> have left Venice – and the length of my absence is so uncertain – that you had better proceed to the publication without boring me with more proofs – I sent by last posts <some> an addition<<> and a new copy of “Julia’s letter” perceiving or supposing the former one in Winter did not arrive. – – – M’. Hobhouse is at it again about indecency – there is no indecency – if he wants that, let him read Swift – his great Idol – but his Imagination must be a dunghill with a Viper’s nest in the middle – to engender such a supposition about this poem. – For my part I think you are all

263: Shakespeare, Henry IV, I, iii 9-10.
crazed. – What does he mean about “G—d damn” – there is “damn” be sure – but no “G—d” whatever. –
And as to what he calls “a p—ss bucket” – it is nothing but simple water – as I am a Sinner – pray tell him so – & request him not to put me in a phrenzy as Sir Anthony Absolute says – “though he was not the indulgent father that I am.”

– I have got y’. extract, & the “Vampire”. – I need not say it is not mine – there is a rule to go by – you are my publisher (till we quarrel) and what is not published by you is not written by me. – The Story of Shelley’s agitation is true – I can’t tell what seized him – for he don’t want courage. – He was once with me in a Gale of Wind in a small boat right under the rocks of Gingo & S. Meillerie – we were five in the boat – a servant & two boatmen – & ourselves. – The Sail was mismanaged & the boat was filling fast – he can’t swim. – I stripped off my coat – made him strip off his – & take hold of an oar – telling him that I thought (being myself an expert swimmer) I could save him if he would not struggle when I took hold of him; – unless we got smashed against the rocks which were high & sharp with a devil of Surf on them at that minute; – we were then about a hundred yards from shore – & the boat in great peril. – He answered me with the greatest coolness – “that he had no notion of being saved – & that I would have enough to do to save myself, and begged not to trouble me”. – Luckily the boat righted & got round a point into St. Gingo – where the In-

=habitants came down and embraced the boatmen on their escape – the Wind having been high enough to tear up some huge trees from the Alps above us as we saw next day. – And yet the same Shelley who was as cool as it was possible to be in such circumstances – (of which I am no judge myself as the chance of swimming naturally gives self-possession when near shore) certainly had the fit of phantasy which P[olidori] describes – though not exactly as he describes it. – The story of the agreement to write the Ghost=books is true – but the ladies are not Sisters – one is Godwin’s daughter by Mary Wolstonecraft – and the other the present M. Godwin’s daughter by a former husband. So much for Scoundrel Southey’s Story of “incest” – neither was there any promiscuous intercourse whatever – both are an invention of the execrable villain Southey – whom I will term so as publicly as he deserves. – Mary Godwin (now M.) wrote “Frankenstein” – which you have reviewed thinking it Shelley’s – methinks it is a wonderful work for a Girl of

nineteen – not nineteen indeed – at that time. –
I enclose you the beginning of mine – by which you will see how far it resembles M’. Colburn’s publication. – If you choose to publish it in the Edinburgh Magazine (Wilson’s & Blackwoods) you may – stating why, & with such explanatory proem as you please. – I never went on with it – (as) you will perceive by the date. – I began [it] in an old account=book of Miss Milbanke’s which I kept because it contains the word “Household” written by her twice on the inside blank page of the Covers – being the only two Scraps I have in the world in her writing, except her name to the deed of Separation. – Her letters I sent back – except those of the quarrelling correspondence – and those being documents are [placed] in possession of a third person (M’. Hobhouse) with copies of several of my own, – so that I have no kind of memorial whatever of these two words – and her actions. –

I have torn the leaves containing the part of the tale out of the book & enclose them with this sheet. –
Next week – I set out for Romagna – at least in all probability. – You had better go on with the publications without waiting to hear farther – for I have other things in my head. – “Mazepa” & “the Ode” – separate – what think you? – Juan anonymous without the dedication – for I won’t be shabby – & attack <Sig> {Southey} under Cloud of night. –

What do you mean? – first you seem hurt by my letter? & then in your next you talk of it’s “power” & so forth – this is a d—d blind Story [pencilled: “J’”] B<o/>eck – but never mind – go on.” You may be sure I said nothing on purpose to plague you – but if you will put me “in a phrenzy, I will never call you Jack again.”

264: Sheridan, The Rivals, III i.
265: Sheridan, The Rivals, II i.
What do you mean by Polidori’s diary? – why – I defy him to say anything about me, – {but} he is welcome – I have nothing to reproach me with on his score – and I am much mistaken if that is not his own opinion.

but why publish the names of the two girls? & in such a manner? – what a blundering piece of exculpation! – He asked Pictet & to dinner – and of course was left to entertain them. – I went into Society solely to present him (as I told him) that he might {return into} good company if he chose – – it was the best thing for his youth & circumstances – for myself I had done with Society – & having presented him – withdrew to my own “way of life.”

It is true that I returned without entering Lady Dalrymple Hamilton’s – because I saw it full. – It is true – that Mrs. Hervey (She writes novels) fainted at my entrance into Coppet – & then came back again; – on her fainting – the Duchesse de Broglie {exclaimed:} “This is too much – at Sixty five years of age.” – – I never gave “the English” an opportunity of “avoiding” me – but I trust, that if ever I do, they will seize it. –

I am yr’s very truly

Byron to Augusta Leigh, from Venice, May 17th 1819:

My dearest Love –

I have been negligent in not writing, but what can I say Three years absence—& the total change of scene and habit make such a difference—that we have now nothing in common but our affections & our relationship. –

But I have never ceased nor can cease to feel for a moment that perfect & boundless attachment which bound & binds me to you—which renders me utterly incapable of real love for any other human being—what could they be to me after you? My own <xxxxx> we may have been very wrong—but I repent of nothing except that cursed marriage—& your refusing to continue to love me as you had loved me—I can neither forget nor quite forgive you for that precious piece of reformation.—but I can never be other than I have been—and whenever I love anything it is because it reminds me in some way or other of yourself—for instance I not long ago attached myself to a Venetian for no earthly reason (although a pretty woman) but because she was called <xxxx> and she often remarked (without knowing the reason) how fond I was of the name.—It is heart-breaking to think of our long Separation—and I am sure more than punishment enough for all our sins—Dante is more humane in his “Hell” for he places his unfortunate lovers (Francesca of Rimini & Paolo whose case fell a good deal short of ours—though sufficiently naughty) in company—and though they suffer—it is at least together.—If ever I return to England—it will be to see you—and recollect that in all time—& place—and feelings—I have never ceased to be the same to you in heart—Circumstances may have ruffled my manner—& hardened my spirit—you may have seen me harsh & exasperated with all things around me; grieved & tortured with your new resolution,—& the soon after persecution of that infamous fiend who drove me from my Country & conspired against my life—by endeavouring to deprive of all that could render it precious—but remember that even then you were the sole object that cost me a tear? and what tears! do you remember our parting? I have not spirits now to write to you upon other subjects—I am well in health—and have no cause of grief but. the reflection that we are not together—When you write to me speak to me of yourself—& say that you love me—never mind common-place people & topics—which can be in no degree interesting—to me who see nothing in England but the country which holds <xxxx> or around it but the sea which divides us.—They say absence destroys weak passions—& confirms strong ones—Alas! mine for you is the union of all passions & of all affections—Has strengthened itself but will destroy me—I do not speak of physical destruction—for I have endured & can endure much—but of the annihilation of all thoughts feelings or hopes—which have not more or less a reference to you & to our recollections—

266: Some of the underlinings recorded in BLJ are bleedings-through from the opposite side of the paper.
267: Shakespeare, Macbeth, V iii 22-3.
268: “The existing copy of this letter is not in B.’s own hand, but is based instead on a copy presumably made by Lady Byron from the original.”
Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Venice, May 17th 1819:
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4123B; 1922 II 110-12; BLJ VI 130-2)
[To, / Jno Hobhouse Esqr, / To the Care of Jno Murray Esqre. / 50. Albermarle Street / London / Angleterre. / Inghilterra.]
Venice – May 17th.
1819

Dear Hobhouse,

I return by this post the second proofs – the first went by the former post – as I leave Venice next week – and have ordered my letters not to be sent after me – my stay being uncertain – as my plans are. – What you say may be all very right – but the die is cast – and I must (not figuratively – but literally) “pass the Rubicon” – you know I believe that it is in my way. – The Adventure is so far past preventing – that we had consummated our unlawful union with all the proper rites four days and daily – previously to her leaving Venice. – She was with child too – previous to this ingrafting – – and to our connection but <has since her return> miscarried at Pom=

1:2

=posa on the road to R.a in her return, and is now on her recovery. – – For any thing I know the affair may terminate in some such way as you hint at – for they are liberal with the knife in {It}’ and the Cavalier Conte G. her respected Lord – is shrewdly suspected of two <assas> assassinations already – one of a certain Mazzoni – who had been the cause of Count G’s being put in the Castle of Saint Angelo – for some dispute or other – the which Mazzoni soon after G’s release was stabbed going to the theatre and killed upon the Spot – nobody knows by whom – and the other of a Commissary who had interfered with him; – these are but “dicerie” & may be true or no – it is a place where proof is not <greatly> {particularly} in request. – But be that as it may – every thing is to be risked for a woman one likes – and those are not the things I mind – but your miserable cutting – maiming –

1:3

and robbing – where you are incommoded & ill used for the sake of paltry pence and baggage – on the highway – and forced to expose yourself & your life without any one of the motives which reconcile one to the chances of a conflict. – And then a man may not only lose his life but his tooth=brushes and dressing Case – and shirts – and other articles difficult to be replaced. – – – – I have looked over the proofs – and not acquiesced in the <other> Suggestions – by the way there is one line we will alter towards the close of Canto I.<st> instead of

“I thought of dying it the other day”

(i.e. hair) put –

“I thought about a Wig the other day”

What are you so anxious about Donna Inez for? She is not meant for Clytemnestra – and if She were – would you protect the fiend – of whom I may say like “Jacopo Rusticucci” in Dante

“<certo> – – – – “é certo
La fiera Moglie più ch’altro mi <n> Nuoce” 269

1:4

and was it not owing to that “Porca buzzerena” that they tried to expose me upon <e>/Earth to the same stigma which the said Jacopo is saddled with in hell? – What – is a ludicrous character of a tiresome woman in a burlesque poem to be suppressed or altered because a contemptible and hypocritical wretch may be supposed to be pointed at? – Do you suppose that I will ever forgive – or forget – or lose sight of her or hers – till I am nothing? – – – – You will talk to me of prudence – and give me good reasons for “ones own

269: Dante, Inferno, XVI 45.
sake” &c. &c. – you will have the satisfaction of giving good advice – and I that of not taking it. – Excuse my warmth – it is the cursed subject which puts me out of temper. – –

Neither you nor Murray say aught of Canto second – from whence I infer your disapprobation – and his fear to have any opinion at all – till he knows what the Public think – and the Douglas has not written to me about “the fee” why the devil don’t he make the (not Social) Contract?

2:1

2.) Don’t go to America – there are leagues enough between us already. – – – What is all this about Dr Polidori? – who I perceive has got into “the Magazine”? – you may at least thank me for finding you always something to be done; – I thought it was a French imposition – and <to> wrote to Galignani’s Editor – to beg of him to contradict “the Vampire” and “a residence in Mitylene” – Oons what is this residence? – – – I saw Sir William Drummond the other day; – the same evening he was robbed at an Inn by a M’. Waxall – (<English – &> [an English] Gentleman) of Cash & trinkets – Waxall has been taken and is “like to be troubled at Size” about it – he hath since confessed – but is still in Custody; he was in the army and wears a Waterloo ribbon – the theft was of various Coins – Napoleons &c. rings jewels and what not – the young man is of amiable manners – excellent conduct and {is} son to a Baronet – he had

2:2

[previously] cheated and lied a good deal in various cities – but this is his first overt attempt at the {direct} conversion of property. – – – – –

There has been a splendid Opera lately at San Benedetto – by Rossini who came in person to play the Harpsichord – the People followed him about – crowned him – cut off his hair “for memory” he was Shouted and Sonnetted – and feasted – and immortalized much more than either of the Emperors. – In the words of my Romagnola (speaking of Ravenna & the way of life there which is more licentious than most here) “Ciò ti mostri una Quadri morale del’ Paese; e tì basta”. – Think of a people frantic for a fiddler – or at least an inspirer of fiddles. – – – – – I doubt if they will do much in the Liberty line. – – An Elephant went <Mad> [Mad] {here} about two months ago – killed his keeper – knocked down a house – broke open a Church – dispersed all his assailants and was at last killed by a Shot in his posteriore from a field=piece brought from the Arse=nal on purpose. –

3:1

3.) I’ll tell you a story – which is beastly – but will make you laugh; – a young man at Ferrara detected his Sister amusing herself with a Bologna Sausage – he said nothing – but perceiving the same Sausage <served> <up> {presented <in>} at table – he got up – made it a low bow – and exclaimed “Vi riverisco mio Cognato.” – 270 Translate – and expound this to Scrope – and {to} “the Creature Dougal”. – Tell the “Dougal Creature”271 to write – and let me know about “the fee”. – – – Write – whether I am to hear from you or no – write. – But don’t wait for my further revision of proofs – I can’t be gone for less than a moon – and it would be losing time. – Publish Juan anonymously – without the dedication – “ Mazeppa” and “the Ode” as you like but don’t send the proofs here. – – – I sent Murray – a second copy of “Julia’s letter” of which the first copy seems not to be arrived. – Perhaps this may be more fortunate y ever [scribble]

Byron to John Murray, from Venice, May 18th 1819:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.434890; LJ IV 301-4; QII 453-5; BLJ VI 133-4)

Dear Sir – Yesterday I wrote to M’. Hobhouse and returned the proof under cover to you. Tell M’. Hobhouse that in the Ferrara story I told him, the phrase was “Vi riveresco Signor Cognato” and not “Cognato mio” as I stated yesterday by mistake. – – I write to you in haste and at past two in the morning – having besides had an accident. M – – In going about an hour and a half ago to a rendezvous with a Venetian Girl (unmarried and the daughter of one of their nobles) I tumbled into the Grand Canal – and not choosing to miss my appointment by the delays of changing – I have been perched in a balcony with my

270: “I salute you, my brother-in-law”.
271: Scott, Rob Roy (1817), Chap. 31.
wet clothes on ever since – till this minute that on my return I have slipped into my dressing gown. – – 
– My foot slipped in getting into my Gondola to set out (owing [to] the cursed slippery steps

1:2

of their palaces) and in I flounced like a Carp\(^\text{272}\) – and went dripping like a Triton – and locked the Girl up – and gave her prayers and bread and water – and our connection was cut off for some time – but the father hath lately been laid up – and the mother falls asleep – and the Servants are naturally on the wrong side of the question – <so> [and] there is no Moon at Midnight [just now] – so that we have lately

1:3

been able to recommence; – the fair one is eighteen – her name Angelina – the family name of course I don’t tell you. – – She proposed to me to divorce my mathematical wife – and I told her that in England we can’t divorce except for female infidelity – “and pray, (said she), how do you know what she may have [been] doing these last three years??” – I answered that I could not tell – but that the status of Cuckoldom was not quite so flourishing in Great Britain as with us here. – But – She said – “can’t you get rid of her?” – “not more than is done already” (I answered) – “you would not have me poison her?” – would you believe it? She made me no answer – is not that a true and odd national trait? – it spoke more than a thousand words – and yet this is a little, – pretty, – sweet tempered, – quiet, feminine being as ever you saw – but the Passions of a Sunny Soil are paramount to all

1:4

other considerations; – an unmarried Girl naturally wishes to be married – if she can marry & love at the same time it is well – but at any rate She must love; – I am not sure that my pretty paramour was herself fully aware of the inference to be drawn from her dead Silence – but even the unconsciousness of the latent idea was striking to an Observer of the Passions – and I never [strike out] a thought of another’s or of my own – without trying to trace it to it’s Source. – I wrote to M’. H. pretty fully about our matters – in a few days I leave Venice for Romagna – excuse this s crawl – for I write in a state of shivering [from] having sat in my dripping drapery – and [from] some other little accessories which [agitate] [affect] this husk of our immortal Kernel – – Tell – Augusta that I wrote to her by yesterday’s post – addressed to your care – let me know if you come out this Summer – that I may be in the way – and come to me – don’t go to an Inn – I do not know that I can promise you any pleasure “our way of life”\(^\text{273}\) is so different in these parts, but

2:1

2) (insure to myself a great deal in seeing you, and in endeavouring (however [faintly] [vainly]) to prove to you that I am very truly y”. ever

[swirl signature]

P.S. – I have read Parson Hodgson’s “Friends” in which he seems to display his knowledge of the Subject by a covert Attack or two on Some of his own. He probably wants another Living – at least I judge so by the prominence of his Piety – although he was always pious – even when he was kept by a Washerwoman on the New road. I have seen [him] cry over her picture which he generally wore under his left Armpit. – But he is a good man – and I have no doubt does his duties by his Parish. – As to the poetry of his new

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\(^{272}\): Beckford, *Vathek* (“no sooner did the outcry of his guards reach him, than he flounced from the water like a carp”).

fangled Stanza – I wish they would write the octave or the Spenser – we have no other legitimate measure of that kind. – He is right in defending Pope – against the bastard Pelicans of the poetical winter day – who add insult to their Parricide – by sucking the blood of the

[vertically up right-hand side:]

<true> parent of English real poetry – poetry without a fault – and then spurning the bosom which fed them.

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**Claire Clairmont to Byron, from Rome, May 18th 1819:**
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604 / 4177B; Stocking I 126-8)

Rome. May 15th 1819

My dear Lord Byron

I had a letter sometime ago from Mrs. Hoppner telling me that an English lady at Venice of the name of Vavassour had made you a proposal to take Allegra and educate her. I don’t know what you have answered – I write back to say that I could but know little of M’s. Vavassour by M’s. Hoppner’s letter but that of course I must always be glad that my darling should be well in the World. In fact I did not very well know what to answer as I am quite ignorant of all that goes on at Venice both with regard to yourself & her. I have said nothing definitively because I knew what a very unnatural thing you would think it that I should interfere with my own child – and as I also learned that you have little or no intercourse with M’s. Hoppner I can find no other means of expressing my wishes except by a letter. My first wish is that my child should be with myself – that cannot be at present – it is utterly impossible – next I should wish her to be with you – but that cannot be – then the only thing which remains is the worst – worst – that she should be with some third person – You perhaps know M’s. Vavassour do you think she is the destined third person to take care of Allegra? You are on the spot – you will most probably decide and I do not entreat you not to decide any thing hastily – Do you think my dear Lord Byron that you will always live with that Fornara? Do you think that some time or other will come when you will get steady & live so that Allegra may be with you & both be happy & make you happy? Tu ricco – tu con senno – tu con pace. It is impossible that you can live as you now do – therefore before you do any thing decided think and do not throw away the greatest treasure you have to strangers.

I firmly believed I should have been at Venice this Spring but I never have what I wish – I think it is quite certain I shall not come. I dare say you rejoice that I shall not see my child

1:2

because you will then know that there is one person in the world more miserable than yourself.

Of both M’s. & M’s. Hoppner I could never say enough Their kindness came just in time to save both me & Allegra from drowning for I had begun to despair & to think there was nothing else good in the world beside ourselves. I fancy they dislike me merely I believe because I like them. Did you ever read the history of the Cenci’s a most frightful & horrible story? I am sorely afraid to say that in the elder Cenci you may behold [yourse]If some twenty years hence but if I live Allegra shall never be a Beatrice.

You promised me your Picture – I expect it every day – Now if M’s. Hayter is still in Venice be good & kind & let him paint you very well for me will you. You know you should do good actions sometimes that there may be a fine light & shade in your life like the colouring of Salvator Rosa.

Before another month is up let me have (it) but a good one I don’t offer you mine for I think it is very likely you might put it in the fire, and I am all on flame as it is already. I think you would be much better at Naples than at Venice, for it is so very large & populous a city that you would find yourself but little incommoded by the English. It is the most delightful place in the world –

I am very unhappy about Allegra – M’s. Bell, one of the first English Surgeons has seen Shelley (who has been very ill) and he had ordered him to pass the Summer at Naples & says if S— has any consumptive symptoms left by the approach of next winter he must pass the cold season at Tunis. So you may think how vexed I am about her – I really think I never shall see her or you again. And if Shelley were to die there

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274: B.’s mistress Margherita Cogni, La Fornarina.
275: “You rich – you wise – you at peace.”
276: This deletion is impossible to decipher by eye alone; the reading is from Stocking. C.C. seems to imply that B. intends Allegra for his future mistress (Cenci raped his own daughter).
277: John Hayter (dates unknown) had done a portrait of Teresa Guiccioli in 1818.
278: John Bell (1763-1820) was a surgeon from Edinburgh.
is nothing left for us but dying – My dearest Lord Byron – all the good you can do for me is not to hate me, but for Allegra every thing depends upon you. Do not make me mention what you ought to do for her, for I know that every word that falls from my

mouth is {a} serpent & {or} toad to you like &or the wicked sister in the fairy tale. It is not mine but your fault that they are not Pearls & Diamonds. Think therefore for yourself & do what you know you ought to do for her. If I knew that it were done I should be a great deal happier for I really am most wretched about her & fear I ever shall be. I dare say all my writing is useless. I write so little that I cannot express what I mean. Pray think of that child’s miserable condition if you were to die, without any one to take care of her except her mother who is hated & detested by every body – She would be dependant all her life without any hope of it – her days would pass one after the other like the unravelling of a ball of thread, line after line each like the past and yet for ever hoping – People talk of the stabbing of the Italians – the English do worse – they take your heart & squeeze it out of your body put it back in your body, then ask you how you do?

You know very well what I mean concerning Allegra – do it for it make no difference to yourself & does greatly to m[Ms. tear: “e.”] Let me hear then that it is done & I shall ever think of you with affection & gratitude. – Could I hinder the past I would – & then you should not be teized – I hope that in making my unhappiness you have found your own happiness but I fear not. How is your health? I always fear you will die suddenly with a fever living the life you do. But that Heaven forbid. May you live long & happy my dearest Lord Byron. And take care of your health. Likewise pardon in me the only fault I ever committed towards you – that of Co-existence. Visit Allegra oftener than you have. You ought indeed.

Your affectionate

Claire

I opened the letter to say that we think of being at Pisa this Summer – so perhaps I shall come to Venice – Bada a vo[1:4 has the address and the single word “Claire”.]

from Douglas Kinnaird to Byron, from London, May 18th 1819: … Murray has receiv’d Julia’s letter & the [ ] four Stanzas – He told me he was going over to you immediately thereby to make his vow to you – Credat Judaeus …

Byron to John Murray, from Venice, May 21st 1819:
(Source: text from NLS Acc.12604D; BLJ VI 138)

Venice. – May 21st. – 1819.

Dear Sir –

I should be glad to know why M’. Hobhouse has not yet seen the second Canto? – and why you took no notice – nor gave any answer to M’. Kinnaird, when he read to you a passage from my letter to him – requesting him to adjust with you some business? – – – – – Let me know the precise time of your coming here that I may be in the way to receive you, and pray bring me some “Macassar” – or “Russia Oil”, as I begin to get venerable. – You talk of “approximations to indelicacy” – this reminds me of George Lamb’s quarrel at Cambridge with Scrope Davies – “Sir – said George – he hinted at my illegitimacy –” “yes,” said Scrope – “I called him a damned adulterous bastard” – the approximation and the hint not unlike. – – – What think you of Canto second? there’s a Gale of Wind for you! all nautical – and true to the vocabulary; – Ask the “Navy List”.

yours. [scrawl]

Byron to John Cam Hobhouse, from Venice, May 21st 1819:

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279: C.C. does not know that by a codicil to his will, signed November 17th 1818, B. has left Allegra £5,000 on condition that she doesn’t marry a man from Britain.

280: This deletion is less hard to decipher than the previous one.

281: “Watch out for yourself”.
Venice. May 21st, 1819.

My dear Hobhouse –

Kinnaird – “the Creature Dougal” says that Murray took no notice of his hint about the fee – I have but a few words to say on that topic – some decision must be come to directly; – – the highest bidder {will} have the poems, – if Murray won’t, another will – I name no price – you and Dougal may settle that – and you can estimate as you like – but I won’t stand M’. M’s – nor any Mister’s “taking no notice” as Douglas calls it<–> – – as Bill Tibbs says “that’s mechanical”282 – – <I sent> you will have received a letter by last post. – – – I’ll alter nothing. – – –

1:2

I wish you would send me some of what Fletcher calls “Massacre” (Macassar) Oil – –

[To John Hobhouse Esqre. –]

Some toothbrushes – and powder – I want also two bull dogs – a terrier and a Newfoundland dog.

Byron to John Murray, from Venice, May 25th 1819:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.434890; BLJ VI 139-40)

Venice. May 25th. 1819.

Dear Sir –

I have received no proofs by {the} last post and shall probably have quitted Venice before the arrival of the next. – – There wanted a few stanzas to the termination of Canto 1st. in the last proof; – the next will I presume contain them and the whole or a portion of Canto 2nd. – but it will be idle to wait for further <new> answers from me – as I have directed that my letters wait for my return (perhaps in a month and probably so) – therefore do not wait for further advice from me – you may as well talk to the Wind – and better for it will {at} least <be> convey your accents a little further than they would otherwise have gone, whereas I shall neither echo nor acquiesce in your “exquisite reasons”.283 – –

You may {omit} the note of reference to

1:2

Hobhouse’s travels in Canto second – and you will put as Motto the Whole,

“Difficile est proprie communia dicere” –

Horace.

I have requested M’. Kinnaird to settle with you – and whatever he may say is authorized by me. – I mention this as you took no notice when he spoke to you before. – –

I am also not a little surprized that M’. Hobhouse has not yet seen Canto second. – – – –

A few days ago I sent you all I know of Polidori’s Vampire; – he may do, say, or write what he pleases – but I wish he would not attribute to me his own compositions; – if he has anything of mine in his possession the M S. will put it beyond Controversy – but I scarcely think that any one who knows me would believe the thing in the Magazine to be mine – even if they saw it in my own hieroglyphics. – – – –

1:3

I write to you in the agonies of a Sirocco which annihilates me – and I have been fool enough to do four things since dinner which are as well omitted in very hot weather – 1stly. – to take a woman – 2ndly. to play at billiards from ten to twelve under the influence of lighted lamps that doubled the heat – 3rdly. to go afterwards <to a hot> {into a red=hot} Conversazione – <and 4thly.> of the Countess Benzone’s – and 4thly to begin this letter, at three in the morning. – But being begun it must be finished. – ever very truly & affectly yrs. 

[swirl signature]

282: Quotation unidentified.
283: Shakespeare, Twelfth Night, II iii 134-5.
P.S.

I petition for toothbrushes – powder – Magnesia – Macassar oil – (or Russia) the Sashes – and Sir N. Wraxall’s memoirs of his own times –

I want besides a Bulldog – a terrier – and two Newfoundland dogs – and I want (is it Buck’s?) a life of Richard 3rd, advertised by Longman long long long ago – I asked you for it at least three years since – See Longman’s advertisements.

John Murray to Byron, from London, May 28th 1819:
(Source: text from NLS Ms.434896; LJM 273)


London May 28 1819

My Lord

The best acknowledgment of the Agreeable letter and lines which I had the pleasure of receiving on Saturday last, is the inclosing of the verses in print. I think you may modify or substitute others for, the lines on Romilly whose death should save him – the verse in the Shipwreck – LXXI the Masters Mates disease – I pray you obliterate as well the suppression of Urine – these Ladies may not read – the Shipwreck is a little too particular & out of proportion to the rest of the picture – but if you do any thing it must be with extreme caution – for it is exceedingly good – & the power with which you alternately make our blood thrill & our Sides Shake is very great – nothing in all poetry is finer than your description of the two females in Canto II – it is nature speaking in the most exquisite poetry – but think of the effects of such seductive poetry? – It probably surpasses in talent any thing that you ever wrote – – Tell me if you think seriously of compleating this work & if you have sketched the Story – I am very sorry to have occasioned you the trouble of writing again the Letter of Julia – but your Lordship is always very forgiving in such cases – I do assure you I was exceedingly gratified by the kindness of your Lordships last letter and I have had no greater pleasure than it afforded me since you went abroad – I beg you to do me the favour to believe that I remain My Lord

Your faithfully attached Servt

Jno Murray

[1:2 and 3 blank.]

Byron to Richard Belgrave Hoppner, from Bologna, June 6th 1819:
(Source: text from Morgan Library MA 0062, 286952, Item 48; BLJ VI 146-7)

Transcription by Paul Curtis, modified

[Bologna. June 6th, 1819]

Dear Hoppner –

I am at length joined to Bologna – where I am settled like a Sausage – and shall be broiled like one if this weather continues. – Will you thank Mengaldo on my part for the Ferrara acquaintance – which was a very agreeable one – I staid two days at Ferrara – & was much pleased with the Count Mosti and the little the shortness of the time permitted me to see of his family. – I went to his Conversazione which is very far superior to anything of the kind at Venice – the women {almost} all young – several pretty – and the men courteous & cleanly; the Lady of the mansion who is young – lately married – and

1:2

with child – appeared very pretty by Candle light (I did not see her by day) pleasing in her manners and very lady=like – or thoroughbred as we call it in England a kind of thing which reminds me of a racer – an Antelope – or an Italian Greyhound – – She seems very fond of her husband who is amiable and

284: Don Juan I, 15.
285: Don Juan II, 81, 7-8.
286: Don Juan II, 10, 7-8, changed in proof.
287: See sausage joke in B. to Hobhouse, May 17th 1819.
accomplished – {he} has been in England two or three times – and is young. – The Sister – a Countess
Somebody – I forget what – they are both Maffei by birth – and Veronese of course – is a lady of more
display – she sings & plays divinely – but I thought She was a d—d long time about it – – her likeness to
Madame Flahaut – (Miss Mercer that was) is something quite extraordinary – I had but a bird’s eye view of
these people

1:3
and shall not probably see them again – but I am very much obliged to Mengaldo for letting me see them at
all; – whenever I meet with any – thing agreeable in this world it surprizes me so much – and pleases me so
much (when my passions are not interested one way or the other) that I go on wondering for a week to
come. – I fell {too} in great admiration of the Cardinal Legate’s red stockings. – – I found too such a pretty
epitaph in the Certosa Cemetery – or rather two – one was

Martini Luigi
Implora pace. –
the other –
Lucrezia Picini
“Implora eterna quiete.”
that was all – but it appears to me that

1:4
these two and three words comprize and compress all that can be said {on the subject} – and then in Italian
they are absolute Music. – – – They contain doubt – hope – and humility – nothing can be more pathetic
than the “implora” and the modesty of the request – they have had enough of life – they want nothing but
rest – they implore it – and “eterna quieta” – it is like a Greek inscription in some good old Heathen “City
of the dead”. – Pray – if I am shovelled into the Lido Church=yard – in your time – let me have the
“implora pace” and nothing else for my epitaph – I never met with any antien or modern that pleased me a
tenth part so much. – – –
In about a day or two after you receive this letter I will thank you to

2:1
2.) desire Edgecombe to prepare for my return – shall go back to Venice before I village <at> {on} the
Brenta. – – – I shall stay but a few days in Bologna, I am just going out to see sights, but shall not present
my introductory letters for a day or two till I have run over again the place & pictures – – nor perhaps at all
if I find that I <like> have books & sights enough to do without the inhabitants. – – – After that I shall
return to Venice where you may expect me about the eleventh – or perhaps sooner – <xxxx> {pray make}
my thanks {acceptable} to Mengaldo – my respects to the Consuless – and to M*. Scott; – <believe me> I
hope my daughter is well – ever y

& truly
Byron

P.S.
– – – –

2:2 [top half of torn page:] One of the Ferrarese asked me if I knew “Lord Byron” an acquaintance of his
now at Naples – I told him No – <at> {which} was true both ways – for I know not the Impostor and in the
other – no one knows himself. – He stared when told that I was “the real Simon Pure”, 288 – Another asked
me if I had not translated “Tasso”. – You see what fame is how accurate – how boundless; – I don’t know
how

2:3

288: Mrs. Susanna Centlivre, A Bold Stroke for a Wife.
others feel – but I am always the lighter and the better looked on when I have got rid of mine – it sits on me like armour on the Lord Mayor’s Champion – and I got rid of all the husk of literature – and the attendant babble by answering that I had not translated Tasso. – but a namesake had – and by the blessing of Heaven I looked so little like a poet that everybody believed me. – – – –

[mirror image to the address:] I am just setting off for Ravenna. – June 8th 1819, I changed my mind this morning & decided to go on – –

Douglas Kinnaird to John Murray, from London, June 7th 1819:
(Source: Ms. not found; text from Smiles I 402-3)

June 7th, 1819.

MY DEAR SIR,
Since I had the pleasure of seeing you, I have received from Lord Byron a letter in which he expresses himself as having left to Mr. Hobhouse and myself the sole and whole discretion and duty of settling with the publisher of the MSS. which are now in your hands, the consideration to be given for them. Observing that you have advertised ‘Mazeppa,’ I feel that it is my duty to request you will name an early day – of course previous to your publishing that or any other part of the MSS. – when we may meet and receive your offer of such terms as you may deem proper for the purchase of the copyright of them. The very liberal footing on which Lord Byron’s intercourse with you in your character of publisher of his Lordship’s works has hitherto been placed, leaves no doubt in my mind that our interview need be but short, and that the terms you will propose will be met with our consent.

Byron to John Murray, from Bologna, June 7th 1819:
(Source: text from B.L.Ashley 4741 and NLS Ms.434890; LJ IV 313-17; QII 456-7; BLJ VI 148-50)

[To, John Murray Esqre / 50 / Albemarle Street / London / Angleterre / Inghiterra]
Bologna. June 7th.1819.

Dear Sir –
Tell M’r. Hobhouse that I wrote to him a few days ago from Ferrara. – It will therefore be idle in him or you to wait for any further answers – or returns of proofs from Venice – as I have directed that no English letters be sent after me. – The publication can be proceeded in without, and I am already sick of your remarks – to which I think not the least attention ought to be paid. – – –
Tell M’r. Hobhouse that since I wrote to him – that I had availed myself of my Ferrara letters – & found the Society much younger and better there than at Venice. – I was very much pleased with the little the shortness of my stay permitted me to see of the Gonfaloniere Count Mosti and his family and friends in general. – – – – –

1:2

I have been picture=gazing this morning at the famous Domenichino and Guido – both of which are superlative. – I afterwards went to the beautiful Cemetery of Bologna – beyond the Walls – and found besides the Superb Burial Ground – an original of a Custode who reminded me of the grave=digger in Hamlet. – – He has a collection of Capuchin’s Skulls labelled on the forehead – and taking down one of them – said “this {was] Brother Desiderio Berro {who died at forty} – one of my best friends – I begged his head of his Brethren {after his decease} and they gave it me – I put it in lime and then boiled it – here it is teeth and all in excellent preservation – He was the merriest – cleverest fellow I ever {knew} wherever he went he brought joy,

1:3

and <then> when any one was melancholy the sight of him was enough to make him cheerful again – He walked so actively <that> you might have taken him for a Dancer – he joked – he laughed – Oh! he was such a Frate – as I never saw before nor ever shall again”. – – –
He told me that he had {himself} planted all the Cypresses in the Cemetery – that he had the greatest attachment to them and to his dead people – that since 1801 – they had buried fifty three thousand persons. – In showing some older monuments there was that of a Roman Girl of twenty – with a bust by Bernini – She was a Princess Barberini – dead two centuries ago – <that one> he said that on opening her Grave they had {found} her hair com=

289: Don Juan I and II and Mazeppa. Mu. paid £1575 for the first and £525 for the second.
Some of the epitaphs at Ferrara pleased me more than the more splendid monuments of Bologna – for instance

“Martini Luigi
Implora pace.”

“Lucrezia Picini
Implora eterna quiete.”

Can any thing be more full of pathos! those few words say all that can be said or sought – the dead had had enough of life – all they wanted was rest – and this they “implore” there is all the helplessness – and humble hope and deathlike prayer that can arise from the <shroud> Grave – “implora pace” –. I hope, whoever may survive me and {shall} see me put in the <English> foreigners’ burying=Ground at {the} Lido within the fortress by the Adriatic – will see those two words and no more put over me –

2:1

2.) <and no more> I trust they wont think of “pickling and bringing me home to Clod or Blunderbuss Hall” 290 I am sure my Bones would not rest in an English grave – or my Clay mix with the earth of that Country: – I believe the thought would drive me mad on my death=bed could I suppose that any of my friends would be base enough to convey my carcase back to <it> {your soil} – I would not even feed your worms – if I could help it. – –

So as Shakespeare says of Mowbray [the banished] Duke of Norfolk – who died at Venice (see Richard 2d.) that he after fighting

“Against black Pagans – Turks, and Saracens
“And toil’d with works of war, retired himself
“To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
“His body to that pleasant Country’s Earth

2:2

“And his pure Soul unto his Captain Christ
“Under whose colours he had fought so long.” 291

Before I left Venice – I had returned to you your <late> late – and M’. Hobhouse’s sheets of Juan – don’t wait for further answers from me – but address yours to Venice as usual. – – – I know nothing of my own movements – I may return there in a few days – or not for some time – all this depends on circumstances – I left M’. Hoppner very well – as well as his son – and M’. Hoppner. – My daughter Allegra was well too and is growing pretty – <with> her hair is growing darker – and her eyes are blue. – Her temper and her ways M’. Hoppner says are like mine – as well as

[Sheet 3 from NLS Ms.434890]

3) her features. – She will make in that case a manageable young lady. – – I never hear anything of Ada – the little Electra of my Mycenae – the moral Clytemnestra is not very communicative of her tidings – but there will come a day of reckoning – even if I should not live to see it; – I have at least seen Romilly shivered – who was one of the assassins. – – – –

When that felon, or Lunatic – (take your choice – he must be one and might be both) was doing his worst to uproot my whole family tree, branch, and blossoms; when after taking my retainer he went over to them – when he was bringing desolation on my hearth – and destruction on my household Gods – did he think that in less

3:2

than three years a natural event – a severe domestic – but an expected and common domestic Calamity would lay his Carcase in a Cross road or {stamp} his name in a Verdict of Lunacy? – Did he (who in his drivelling sexagenary dotage had not the courage to survive his Nurse – for what {else} was a wife to him at his time of life? –) reflect or consider what my feelings must have been – when wife – and Child – and Sister – and name – and fame – and Country were to be <the> my sacrifice on his legal altar – and this at a moment when my health was declining – my fortune embarrassed – and my Mind had been shaken by many kinds of disappointment – while I was yet young and

[B.L.Ashley resumes:]

4:1

4.) might have reformed what might be wrong in my conduct – and retrieved what was perplexing in my affairs. But the wretch is in his grave, – I detested him living and I will not affect to pity him dead – I still loathe him as much as we can hate dust – but that is nothing. What a long letter I have scribbled yrs. [scrawl]

P.S.
Here as in Greece they strew flowers on the tombs – I saw <at last> a quantity of roseleaves and entire roses scattered over the Graves at Ferrara – – it has the most pleasing effect you can imagine. – – – – – –

Byron moves to Ravenna, June 10th 1819.