

Spain and Sardinia, July 24th –August 30th 1809

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In Portugal, the memories of war are recent, but for Byron and Hobhouse, who are sometimes patriots, they centre around the self-inflicted English humiliation of Cintra. In Spain, where hostilities have not ceased, they skirt the war-zone, impressed by the batteries on the heights of the Sierra Morena. Hobhouse is sensitive to the native expression of both pro- and anti-British feelings.

The bullfight at Puerto de Maria is over, in Hobhouse's account, with disappointing rapidity.

Other highlights of the Spanish diary are the evidence, on the very first day, of Byron's memory, in the pre-echoes of the prose preface to *Don Juan*, written nine years later; his avoidance of the easy-going advances of Donna Josepha Beltram in Seville; and Hobhouse's illness (*lues pergravis*), with its anticipation of the horrid joke about the Master's Mate at *Don Juan II*, 81. Byron wasn't to know that Hobhouse caught the clap either at Elvas in Portugal, or at Seville, not at Cadiz: a good thing, for then his rhyme ("Cadiz / Ladies") would have gone for nought.

They are only on Sardinia for twenty-four hours, but this does not prevent Hobhouse from finding out a lot about the place.

Monday July 24th 1809: Rose at four. A courier from the Junta of Spain¹ wanted our horses (which he did not get). Saw and passed over a field of battle fought in May last between French and Spaniards.² Ground beat up by cavalry. Arrived at next stage (Santa Marta) at seven a.m., three leagues. Breakfast of chocolate, very thick, no milk. A small village. To Los Santos five leagues – with a boy for one of the guides, who sung several patriotic songs:

*La Reyna es una puta,
El Rey es un cabron,
Viva el rey Fernando*

¹: The provisional Spanish government, who support Ferdinand VII against the pretensions of Joseph Bonaparte, Napoleon's brother, and his appointee to the Spanish throne.

²: Thanks to Marjorie Bloy, who tells me H. refers to one of three possible battles: Monzon, 5-19 May; Alcaniz, 21 May; and Santiago, 22 May.

Spain and Sardinia, July 24th –August 30th 1809

*Y muera Napoleon.*³

Road through a plain with hills on the right, which the French could not enter. One castle (which we saw at a distance) with one fourteen-pounder did them much mischief.

To Fuente de Cantos through a plain of corn, four leagues – galloped all the way. To Monasterio⁴ (three leagues) with two mules and four horses – a barren plain, except the entrance into the town, where are hills covered with

³: “The Queen’s a whore, / King Charles IV is a swine-bastard-son-of-a-bitch, / Long Live King Ferdinand VII, / And death to Napoleon.” For the Queen and her lover, see previous entry, n5. Ferdinand VII was restored on the exile of Napoleon to Elba in 1814, and his reign was one of the most oppressive in Spanish history. See *Childe Harold* I 48, 5-9:

*How carols now the lusty muleteer?
Of love, romance, devotion is his lay,
As whilome he was wont the leagues to cheer,
His quick bells wildly jingling on the way?
No! as he speeds, he chaunts: “Viva el Rey!”
And checks his song to execrate Godoy,
The royal wittol Charles, and curse the day
When first Spain’s queen beheld the black-ey’d boy,
And gore-faced treason sprung from her adulterate joy.*

See too B.’s note (CPW II 188) which also echoes the song H. reports. Godoy was at this time in enforced residence at Bayonne in France with Ferdinand, Maria Louisa, and her husband, King Carlos IV; in their absence Spain was ruled – in Spanish eyes – by the Junta.

⁴: Setting for the rejected anti-Wordsworthian prose preface to *Don Juan* I and II, written in 1818, nine years after the event. The following text is from the original manuscript in the John Murray Archive, with interpolations in square brackets:

“The reader is requested to suppose ... that the following epic narrative is told by a Spanish gentleman in a village in the Sierra Morena, on the road between Monasterio and Seville, sitting at the door of a *posada* with the curate of the hamlet on his right hand, a cigar in his mouth, a jug of Malaga or perhaps “right Sherris” before him on a small table, containing the relics of an *olla podrida* – the time, sunset; at some distance a group of black eyed peasantry are dancing to the sound of the flute of a Portuguese servant [Sanguinetti] belonging to two foreign travellers [B. and H.] who have an hour ago [“seven o’clock”] dismounted from their horses to spend the night on their way to the Capital of Andalusia Seville.

Spain and Sardinia, July 24th –August 30th 1809

trees and a spot looking like a park – overtook two French prisoners and a Spanish spy going to be hanged at Seville⁵ – seventy years old.

Arrived at seven o'clock. Saw 2,000 patriot troops, of a decent appearance. Got a tolerable lodging at a currier's house, where we had boiled chickens, as usual.⁶ Large woman bolted into the room and began to dance when Sanguinetti played his flute to a *fandango* tune.

Tuesday July 25th 1809: Rose at five. Breakfast of goat's milk and bread. To St Olalla, few houses. Four leagues, good horses, good road – *hermoso muchacho*.⁷ At St Olalla, a violent quarrel between post-master and one of the guides. Post-master challenged the other to fight with knives – abusive language – “*pugniatero*”.⁸

To Ronquillo, a town, four leagues. Rained all the way. Ronquillo full of soldiers – no inn, we were told. Went on to Venta de Guillena, three leagues. Arrived there at three p.m. – two leagues of the road through the

“Of these, one [H.] is attending to the story, and the other [B.], having sauntered further, is watching the beautiful movements of a tall peasant girl [H.'s “large woman”] whose whole soul is in her eyes and her heart in the dance of which she is the magnet to ten thousand feelings that vibrate with her own.

“Not far off a knot of French prisoners [“two French prisoners and a Spanish spy”] are contending with each other at the grated lattice of their temporary confinement for a view of the twilight festival. The two foremost are a couple of hussars, one of whom has a bandage on his forehead, yet stained with the blood of a sabre cut received in the recent skirmish, which deprived him of his lawless freedom; his eyes sparkle in unison and his fingers beat time against the bars of his prison to the sound of the Fandango [Sanguinetti's measure] which is fleeting before him.

“Our friend the story-teller, at some distance with a small elderly audience, is supposed to tell his story without being much moved by the musical hilarity at the other end of the village green. The reader is further requested to suppose him (to account for his knowledge of English) either an Englishman settled in Spain, or a Spaniard who had travelled in England, perhaps one of the Liberals who have subsequently been so liberally rewarded by Ferdinand of grateful memory, for his restoration.”

⁵: B. mentions the prisoners in a letter to Hanson of August 7th (BLJ I 217).

⁶: That is, prepared by Sanguinetti without *stinking oil and salt butter* (see above, 22 July 1809).

⁷: “Very beautiful”.

⁸: “Aggressive” or “warlike”.

Spain and Sardinia, July 24th –August 30th 1809

Sierra Morena, most picturesque. Batteries on the heights⁹ – roads broke in several places. Changed our wet clothes, and at four p.m. proceeded in two carriages with two seats drawn by three mules – went very fast – saw Seville,¹⁰ in the plain immediately below. Entered Seville after passing Montiporea, where some five houses on the right hand – pretty appearance of the public walks and market. Four leagues to Seville.

Got no lodging at Mrs Latchford's (Planuela de St Thomas near the Cathedral, whither we were recommended by Mr Ward) nor at the Possada (where the Englishmen go in general). Went to Mr Wiseman, British Consul, conducted by F. Hoffman¹¹ who recommended us to the lodgings of two unmarried ladies in the Callea de las Cruzes No 19 – Josepha

⁹: For the elaborate fortification of the Sierra Morena, in anticipation of the coming French attack, see *Childe Harold I Stanzas 51-2*:

*At every turn Morena's dusky height
Sustains aloft the battery's iron load;
And, far as mortal eye can compass sight,
The moutain-howitzer, the broken road,
The bristling palisade, the fosse o'er-flow'd,
The station'd bands, the never-vacant watch,
The magazine in rocky durance stow'd,
The holster'd steed beneath the shed of thatch,
The ball-pil'd pyramid, the ever-blazing match,*

Portend the deeds to come ...

¹⁰: Capital of Andalusia. Birthplace of Don Juan: see Canto I, 8, 1-5:

*In Seville was he born, a pleasant city,
Famous for oranges and women; He
Who has not seen it will be much to pity,
So says the Proverb – and I quite agree;
Of all the Spanish towns is none more pretty ...*

It fell to the French on 31 Jan 1810. See Napier's *Peninsular War III* 117, and *Childe Harold I Stanzas 45-53*.

¹¹: Mrs Latchford, Mr Wilson, and F. Hoffman otherwise unidentified.

Spain and Sardinia, July 24th –August 30th 1809

Beltram and sister.¹² Went supperless and dinnerless to bed, all four¹³ in one little room, though Mr Wiseman had offered us a glass of wine and biscuits!!!

Wednesday July 26th 1809: Rose at nine, wrote this, dawdled all day. Went to the Three Kings (Calle Franca) to eat breakfast, but found it too late, so dined on two plates of nasty pork, two meagre fowls, and dirty chops dressed in the most greasy fashion, with a poultice pudding.¹⁴ For this, with two bottles of good red Catalonian wine, four dollars. Went and drank some wine at Mr Wiseman's. Met three Spaniards officers, who talked French and flattered the English in a most disgusting manner – left our names at Mr Frere's, English Ambassador,¹⁵ who was at dinner. *Gil Blas*, according to these three, written by a Spaniard, stolen by Le Sage.¹⁶ Went to the Cathedral – very grand indeed. Returned to lodgings – offered the services of a Malaga gentleman (who kept¹⁷ in the same house). Went to bed, after tunes from Sanguinetti and the two ladies, at ten. Observed the poorer even of the Spaniards at Seville have all cloaks of silk.)

Wednesday July 27th 1809: Rose at eight. Wrote this. Went to the Three Kings again to breakfast – bad coffee – bad milk – wine passed through the coffee room and observed a little smoking apparatus on each table. Applied to by a most dirty fellow (one of the waiters) who said that he wished to serve a gentleman – that he knew French and Spanish perfectly, that he was an Italian and had gone young to France *pour ses etudes*,¹⁸ and did not wish to be a common waiter any longer.

¹²: B. to his mother, 11 Aug 1809: "... we lodged in the house of two Spanish unmarried ladies, who possess *six* houses in Seville, and gave me a curious specimen of Spanish manners. – They are women of character, and the eldest a fine woman, the youngest pretty but not so good a figure as Donna Josepha, the freedom of women which is general here astonished me not a little ..." (BLJ I 219).

¹³: B., H., Sanguinetti, and Robert Rushton. Fletcher and Murray went by boat.

¹⁴: Perhaps a kind of bread and butter pudding.

¹⁵: See 17 July 1809.

¹⁶: *Gil Blas*, popular picaresque novel by Alain René Le Sage (1668-1747) published in different volumes between 1715 and 1735. See CMP 234 for the sale of one of B.'s copies. There is no evidence of a Spanish ur-text.

¹⁷: "Kept lodgings" (not "kept the Beltram sisters").

¹⁸: "For his studies".

Spain and Sardinia, July 24th –August 30th 1809

The Spaniards still express the utmost contempt for the Portuguese. Seville has 100,000 inhabitants now, 30,000 more than ordinary (the grand Junta being settled here).¹⁹ The streets are more narrow than Lisbon, but clean – and the houses are very pretty (built in the shape of a hollow square a court in the middle – and a canvas awning to draw over the court in sunny weather). A lieutenant in the Spanish service makes an offer to become Lord Byron's servant.²⁰ A waiter has this instant been sitting down opposite to me, picking his teeth with a pin (at the Three Kings) – a little hole to throw the contents of the pans of in the porch of our lodgings.

Wrote this upon one of the highest galleries of Seville Cathedral, one o'clock, after visiting the *Lonja*, or exchange, with Byron. (Only one family in a house at Seville). The ascent to the top of the cathedral not by steps. Dined at four at the Three Kings – bad dinner – went to lodgings where stayed all night, except going to Mr Frere's for passports.

Friday July 28th 1809: Rose at half-past eight. Visited by Sir John Carr.²¹ Set off after kissing our hostess, and sister (one of whom asked Lord Byron why he had not come to bed to her at two o'clock, according to invitation).²² First stage in two carriages with four horses each, the reins of cords, and the leaders' reins under the bar. Flat country – road very like England – to Alcala two leagues – a village – to Ultrera three leagues. Good road – barren country at first, afterwards corn land. Came to Ultrera, still in carriages, by six o'clock – at the Golden Lion. Saw the church of St Iago, very pretty, with a cupola. The town very clean and neat with broad streets

¹⁹: Hence its importance as a military target for the French.

²⁰: *Recollections* (I 11) says that, in the absence of Fletcher, this man was employed.

²¹: Sir John Carr (1772-1832) travel writer. B. liked him but not his books – see BLJ I 221, and stanzas rejected from *Childe Harold I* (CPW II 41-2).

²²: B. to his mother, 11 Aug 1809: "The eldest honoured your *unworthy* son with particular attention, embracing him with great tenderness at parting (I was there but 3 days) after cutting off a lock of his hair, and presenting him with one of her own about three feet in length, which I send, and beg you to retain till my return. – Her last words were 'Adio tu hermoso! me gusto mucho' 'Adieu, you pretty fellow you please me much.' – She offered a share of her apartment which my *virtue* induced me to decline, she laughed and said I had some English 'Amante,' (lover) and added that she was going to be married to an officer in the Spanish army" (BLJ I 219). B. had no English *amante*; he was just not used to liaisons with any women other than servants and prostitutes. Donna Josepha's long lock is now at John Murray's.

Spain and Sardinia, July 24th –August 30th 1809

– *alvum ezoerazionus sub oleastri*²³ – approach to Utrera very pretty, through trees. Inn very good (supper of boiled fowls – fruit lime).

Saturday July 29th 1809: Rose at four. Six horses (riding) to Los Torres, three-and-a-half leagues. Road through corn plains – herds of horses in the fields – came to Torres, a single house at half past seven (bread for breakfast). To Cuerba, three-and-a-half leagues, at eleven o'clock – hilly road at first, afterwards level, through corn lands and olive groves – a large vineyard, and a farm belonging to Mr Gordon of Xeres.²⁴ Carts and drilling English²⁵ – Xeres a fine town, large streets – 50,000 inhabitants, lost 30,000 by a plague in 1800. Large factory belonging to Messrs Gordon and Co. for sherry, 5,000 butts in one warehouse. English farmers in Spain, Mr Gordon said, were obstinate. Good dinner at Xeres (two bottles of most capital Sherry given us by Mr Gordon, one of which drunk by Sanguinetti, Robert,²⁶ and a clerk of Mr Gordon's in regimentals,²⁷ who said to me he was doing very well with his family, being allowed a dollar and a half a day by Mr Gordon.

Set out for Puerto de Maria, three leagues, at half past three. Saw Cadiz at a quarter past five – great bustle at Puerto, pretty scene. Embarked, and arrived in an hour at Cadiz, half past seven. No lodgings for servants at Wood's Hotel, the landlady preferring also merchants (as she said) to Lords. We went to Bailly's Hotel,²⁸ where well served (the bog through a

²³: The phrase seems to imply diarrhoea in the vicinity of olive-trees.

²⁴: James Gordon ("a great merchant Mr Gordon of Scotland": BLJ I 220) often played host to British travellers in southern Spain.

²⁵: Refers to English military road-transportation and drilling.

²⁶: Robert Rushton.

²⁷: That is, he was a soldier.

²⁸: Borst (28) quotes a poem said to be B.'s:

*All those that travel ever must decide
'Tis time ill spent without a skilful guide,
One who the manners and the customs knows,
And gives the history of all he shows,
And all the locks worth picking can undo
With silver keys, with skill applied thereto.
If such you want, and one who will not fail ye,
I strongly recommend Antonio Bailly.*

Spain and Sardinia, July 24th –August 30th 1809

scullery at the top of the house with a suffocating vapour and many black beetles). To bed at eleven – delivered letters from Seville to General Doyle,²⁹ at Mr Duff's.³⁰

Sunday July 30th 1809: Rose at eleven – wrote this half-page – called on Don Diego Duff, English Consul. Met Lord Jocelyn³¹ and Mr Wellesley.³² Dined early at Bailly's Hotel with a Mr Terry³³ (from Mr Duff's office) in company (who drank no wine, but told a great many lies, so truth does not lie in a well).³⁴

Went to Puerto de Maria, to a bull-feast (in the governor's box – governor a stupid-looking good-humoured man – a Marquis with a fat wife and daughter, marked with the smallpox – the people did not care much for him). Four horses killed by one black bull (a priest's).³⁵

Came home at nine. Went to the comedy – good house, in form of a horseshoe. Peculiar kind of pit, rented by single seats or chairs – no women there (no place but a small one behind the pit for the common people – and

This is declared inauthentic at CPW VII 109.

²⁹: Otherwise unidentified.

³⁰: The English Consul at Cadiz.

³¹: Perhaps Robert Jocelyn, either 2nd or 3rd Earl of Roden.

³²: Either Henry Wellesley, Wellington's brother, or William Wellesley, his nephew.

³³: Otherwise unidentified.

³⁴: Compare *Don Juan* II 84, 8: "You'd wish Yourself where truth is – in a Well." The line quotes Democritus, via Bacon, Apophthegm 263, and *Tristram Shandy*, Book IV.

³⁵: H. spends so little ink on the bull-fight that it is astonishing to see that B. devotes eight stanzas of *Childe Harold* I (68 and 72-9) to it. Borst's theory (31-6) that as the bull was unbeatable, they did not witness the *coup de grace*, is born out by the note which H. finally wrote on the event-in 1817, to *Childe Harold* IV stanza 142: "The author of *Childe Harold*, and the writer of this note, and one or two other Englishmen, who have certainly, in other days, borne the sight of a pitched battle, were, during the summer of 1809, in the governor's box at the great amphitheatre of Santa Maria, opposite to Cadiz. The death of one or two horses completely satisfied their curiosity. A gentleman present, observing them shudder and look pale, noticed that unusual reception of so delightful a sport to some young ladies, who stared and smiled, and continued their applause as another horse fell bleeding to the ground. One bull killed three horses *off his own horns*. He was saved by acclamations which were redoubled when it was known he belonged to a priest. / An Englishman who can be much pleased with seeing two men beat themselves to pieces, cannot bear to look at a horse galloping round an arena with his bowels trailing on the ground, and turns from the spectacle and the spectators with horror and disgust" (CPW II 258-9).

Spain and Sardinia, July 24th –August 30th 1809

a stranger, unless he knows some person, not able to go into a box except perhaps the Governor's). Prompter's head (sometimes two at a time) seen here, as at the English opera (the same at Lisbon) saw *A Peep into the Seraglio*³⁶ – dancing bad. To bed after suppering at the common table at Bailly's. Heard several accounts of the Marquis de Solano's death,³⁷ but certain that he, and the French way of doing things, very useful to the people of Spain.³⁸

Monday July 31st 1809: Rose at nine – walked about the city. Bought Velleius Paterculus³⁹ and Annæus Florus,⁴⁰ one octavo, at a decent book shop in Calle Franco, of a woman who talked French and Italian, for five shillings and sixpence. Dined with Consul Duff – large party – Lord Jocelyn and Mr Wellesley (Lord Jocelyn eats no meat). Went and walked in the Almedea in the evening (every one pulled off his hat and all stopped suddenly as the clock struck something, to say a prayer). Took some *lagras* (a cooling iced liquor made of unripe grapes). House quite full – waiters called by a “pish” in Spain – to bed at eleven.

Tuesday August 1st 1809: Heard the cannon fired for the victory of Cuesta,⁴¹ and for Lord Wellesley's landing.⁴² Got up nine, walked out. Saw

³⁶: *Marchand* (I 191) interprets this as “a sort of ‘Moulin Rouge’”; it is in fact a 1775 farce by Isaac Bickerstaffe (my thanks to Chris Little here).

³⁷: The Spanish general the Marqués de Socorro y de la Solana (b. 1769) was assassinated in Cadiz on 29 May 1808, probably on orders from the Junta. He had refused to lead his troops in support of the claims of Ferdinand VII against Charles. See Napier, *Peninsular War*, I 33. B. refers to him at *Childe Harold* I 85, 7: “A traitor only fell beneath the feud ...”

³⁸: The first glimpse of H.'s radicalism; though he is misinformed, for the thinking of Solana on matters Spanish was diametrically opposed to that of the French.

³⁹: Marcus Velleius Paterculus, Roman historian (19 BC-31 AD): an imperial sycophant.

⁴⁰: Bombastic second century Roman historian, often confused with the poet and rhetorician Publius Annius Florus.

⁴¹: Sir Arthur Wellesley's victory over Marshal Victor at the battle of Talavera, fought on 27 and 28 July, redeemed his reputation in the eyes of the establishment, and as a result he was made Duke of Wellington. Forces led by the Spanish general Cuesta, described by Napier (*Peninsular War*, II 412) as “a savage old man”, assisted.

⁴²: Not Wellington, but his brother Richard Colley, Marquis of Wellesley (1760-1842) now replacing Hookham Frere as English Ambassador to the Junta. Previously Governor-General of India.

the bustle about the ambassador's, and saw the cobbler⁴³ get up and make a speech refusing a sum of money offered by Lord Wellesley to the people who drew his carriage through the city. Went to convent of St Francis – life of that saint in pictures. Dined at hotel with two officers of *Hyperion*.⁴⁴ Went to walk in the evening at the Almedea. Saw Gally Knight,⁴⁵ in blue regimentals of yeomanry, and young Wellesley Pole.⁴⁶ Joined by Mr Gordon of Xeres – went to the Neverea, and to the theatre – paid about a shilling for two. (The rented seats cost about half a dollar a time to each owner. Bought this day *Parnasso Espanol*⁴⁷ (two odd volumes) of a stall man who talked Latin – a Castilian and student of Salamanca.⁴⁸ There are desks, for persons who write letters for those who cannot write, set up near the fruit market. This evening a Spaniard, talking to Lord Jocelyn close to me about the victory, said “The French attacked the English first because they thought to rout them directly – but they did not – the English behaved very well indeed and Cuesta soon finished the business.” (Not a great deal said of Wellesley in the patriotic songs sung this night).

Wednesday August 2nd 1809: Rose late – visited in bed by Sir John Carr. Took leave of Mr Duff – dined with Admiral Purvis⁴⁹ in the *Atlas* – capital dinner, three courses. Went to the play (whilst Byron was in a box with Miss Cordova,⁵⁰ a little mad and apt to fall in love, daughter of the admiral

⁴³: In a suppressed note to *Childe Harold* I 21, 9, B. refers to Wellesley “listening to the speech of a patriotic cobbler of Cadiz, on the event of his own entry into that city, and the exit of some five thousand bold Britons from this ‘best of all possible worlds’” (CPW II 275).

⁴⁴: The ship in which they are to sail to Gibraltar on 2 Aug 1809.

⁴⁵: Henry Gally Knight (1786-1846) traveller and poet. For B.’s later opinion of his work, see BLJ VI 3 (*Epistle to Mr Murray*) third verse.

⁴⁶: For William Wellesley (later “Long”) Pole, see 17 July 1810.

⁴⁷: *Parnaso Español, colleccion de poesias escogidas de los manos célebros poetas castellanos* (Madrid 1768-82).

⁴⁸: The ancient university of which Don Juan’s tutor Pedrillo is a licentiate (*Don Juan* II 37, 7).

⁴⁹: Otherwise unidentified; see BLJ I 221.

⁵⁰: B. to his mother, August 11th 1809: “... The night before I left it, Cadiz I sat in the box at the opera with Admiral Cordova’s family, he is the commander whom Ld St Vincent defeated in 1797, and has an aged wife and a fine daughter. – – – Signorita Cordova the girl is very pretty in the Spanish style ... she and her little brother understood a little French, and after regretting my ignorance of the Spanish she

Spain and Sardinia, July 24th –August 30th 1809

whom Lord St Vincent beat,⁵¹ and another lady), I went out <χαμοιτυπη>⁵² to bed at our Hotel, (Calle de Piedro Conde).

Thursday August 3rd 1809: Sailed in the *Hyperion* frigate (Captain Brodie,⁵³ whom I took at first for a puppy because he took time in dressing) for Gibraltar. Got on board a little after seven in the morning – seven in the evening saw Africa for the first time,⁵⁴ off Cape Trafalgar. Wrote this – went to bed at half-past nine, on board.

Friday August 4th 1809: Got up, and at nine saw Gibraltar. By twelve came on shore. At three walked with Captain Brodie, and found one hotel, Mrs Mitchell's,⁵⁵ (which he said was the best) pulled down for repair. Went on (a mile at least) to the Three Anchors or British Hotel (kept by one Hawthorne⁵⁶ a fat, short man, as Byron said, like the pictures of jolly Bacchus. Horrid dirty table (when I pulled up the green baize that covered it). Got two rooms – very buggy-looking and dirty like the rest of this shocking hotel. Servants, Murray,⁵⁷ Fletcher, and Freezy⁵⁸ who were to embark on the schooner *Triumph* a day or two after our leaving Lisbon, with the baggage not arrived – various conjectures thereupon. Delivered letters of credit of Lord Byron's to Mr Turnbull⁵⁹ in Turnbull Lane – (a civil man, who was at dinner and offered us beds. Came to Hotel – dined at six. Bad dinner (because spoilt by greasy cooking) but the oil here very good. Climb up the Rock with Byron in the evening, came down after sunset.

proposed to become my preceptress in that language ...” (BLJ I 220).

⁵¹: Admiral José de Cordova was beaten by an English squadron under John Jervis (see *Don Juan* I 4, 8: afterwards made Earl St Vincent) at the battle of Cape St Vincent on 14 Feb 1797. Nelson assisted.

⁵²: “Hamaitupe”: Greek for “whore”. The first use of the word – albeit one deleted from embarrassment – in the diary. It will not be the last. See now 5 Aug 1809 and 10 Aug 1809. B.L.Add. Mss. 56528 5r. reveals that this encounter cost H. two dollars.

⁵³: Otherwise unidentified.

⁵⁴: And practically for the last time. They never set foot in Africa.

⁵⁵: Otherwise unidentified.

⁵⁶: Otherwise unidentified.

⁵⁷: Joe Murray, from Newstead.

⁵⁸: *Marchand* (I 196) says this is a German servant called Frieze.

⁵⁹: Otherwise unidentified.

Spain and Sardinia, July 24th –August 30th 1809

Wrote this at half past eight – went to bed eleven o'clock – horrid night.
Bed on a little sofa.

Saturday August 5th 1809: Got up at three p.m.. Did nothing (either of us). Captain Brodie dined with us (at the British). Discovered *<luem minimem.>*⁶⁰ To bed at eleven.

Sunday August 6th 1809: Up at half past five. Went (Byron not with me) on the Governor's horses with a sergeant –major of engineers, to see the Rock galleries &c. (The guns fired in these galleries have been known to loosen jaws with the sound). Saw several monkeys – they catch them here by making a small hole in a gourd, scooping out the middle, and filling it with sugar – the ape can only get in his paw open – when in, he closes it full of sugar, and finds it impossible to get out his shut fist – most probably (as my engineer observed) not because he has not sense enough, but because he will not lose his sugar. Came home at eleven, went to the library (erected here by government for the garrison, and, as it seems to me, well-filled with good common books). Read a life of Voltaire⁶¹ – very bad. Walked up the Rock again with Byron in the evening – bed eleven.

Monday August 7th 1809: Up at one p.m.. Went for a short time to the library. Stayed at home all day afterward. Bed eleven. Petrified human bones are found in the Rock – (most probably left there since the Deluge, my engineer said).

Tuesday August 8th 1809: Up at eleven – did nothing but read at the library – Voltaire's life – “all originality nothing but ingenious imitation”.⁶² Dined at inn – walked up rock with Byron – to bed twelve.

Wednesday August 9th 1809: Up half past eleven. Settled Sanguinetti's large account of 385 dollars, in which I found an arithmetical mistake of

⁶⁰: “Not very serious illness”. Nature undisclosed. See 10 Aug 1809.

⁶¹: Book unidentified.

⁶²: Voltaire quotation unidentified. Anyone got any ideas?

Spain and Sardinia, July 24th –August 30th 1809

10,000 *reas*⁶³ – against us. Went to library – read Arthur Young’s French tour⁶⁴ – liked it much. Dined – walked as usual – bed at two.

Thursday August 10th 1809: Up at half past ten – *lues pergravis*.⁶⁵ Read Florus⁶⁶ – Young’s tour again at the library. At Metz, he found in the book of some agricultural society, the name of one English honorary member only – Dom Cowley of London. Says he, “Who is Dom Cowley?”⁶⁷ I have seen in Bewick’s *Quadrupeds*⁶⁸ under the picture of some Cow, “Of Mr Cowley’s breed”.⁶⁹ There is a pretty passage about Petrarch at Vacluse.⁷⁰ Read at home in the evening the first volume of Carter’s *Gibraltar to Malaga*,⁷¹ a curious antiquarian book. Talks about young Gnaeus Pompey being killed in the disguise of a Portuguese soldier,⁷² and has a dissertation,

⁶³: H. handles the money for B. Despite the “mistake” they retain Sanguinetti’s services, at least while on Gibraltar.

⁶⁴: *Travels During the Years 1787, 1788 and 1789* (Bury St. Edmunds, 1792) by Arthur Young (1741-1820); a book H. would have admired for its radical sympathy and should have tried to emulate for its conversational style. The pentameter ... *with vines, trained in festoons, from tree to tree* ... occurs at p. 23. Compare *Beppo* 41, 5-6, and 5 Nov 1816.

⁶⁵: “A slight illness” (see 5 Aug 1809) now becomes “a very serious illness”. Its nature is still unidentified, but if we can relate it to the street-encounter H. had in Cadiz while B. was with “Signorita Cordova” in her box at the opera (see 2 Aug 1809) we may have a model for the Master’s Mate at *Don Juan* II Stanza 81, whom the sailors refuse to eat because of “... a small present made to him at Cadiz, / By general Subscription of the Ladies.”

⁶⁶: See 31 July 1809.

⁶⁷: Young’s *Travels*, p. 135. He is a guest of the Metz Academy of Sciences: “... I turned to the list of their honorary members to see what attention they had paid to the men who, in the present age, have advanced that art. I found an Englishman, Dom Cowley, of London. Who is Dom Cowley?”

⁶⁸: *A General History of Quadrupeds / The Figures Engraved on Wood by Thomas Bewick* (1790, often reprinted) has no titles to its illustrations.

⁶⁹: H. is remembering the phrase “Canley breed” at *Quadrupeds* p. 33.

⁷⁰: Young’s “pretty passage” is inspired by Avignon, not Vacluse, and derives from Gray’s *Elegy*: “How incredible is the power of great talents, when employed in delineating passions common to the human race. How many millions of women, fair as Laura, have been beloved as tenderly – but, wanting a Petrarch to illustrate the passion, have lived and died in oblivion! whilst his lines, not written to die, conduct thousands under the impulse of feelings, which genius only can excite, to mingle in idea their melancholy sighs with those of the poet who consecrated these remains to immortality!” (*Travels*, pp. 173-4).

⁷¹: Francis Carter (????-1783) *A Journey from Gibraltar to Malaga* (1777).

⁷²: “... this ill-fated youth was surrounded and murdered by the mariners of Didius, having in vain disguised himself in the habit of a Portuguese soldier” (Carter,

Spain and Sardinia, July 24th –August 30th 1809

apparently rather fanciful, about Carteia.⁷³ Went to bed after dinner and walk with Byron. at twelve. Discovered the circulating library today, and bought D’Anville’s *Geography*.⁷⁴

Friday August 11th 1809: This journal from Friday July 21st (to this place) is copied *verbatim* from my red pocket-book where it was written on the spots themselves, from time to time, in pencil. Everything added to the journal is put between parentheses.

Up at eleven. This an important day – Byron entered in the morning and informed me with an embrace that the *Triumph* Schooner (Captain Mackinnon)⁷⁵ was arrived, and that he had a looseness.⁷⁶ I embraced him for his news. Fletcher came – informed me that my black case had been stolen, but recovered, at Lisbon. The wretch Mackinnon, a detestable Yankee Scot, did not only set off last Saturday, pretending that in four days we had only got four leagues – not a thing lost. Employed this day in copying out the miscellaneous observations on Lisbon, and journal, out of the red pocket-book. Only went out after dinner to ride on hired horses – mine a black little restive beast – to the Spanish lines. Stopped at the gate because we had no papers. Went back, walked our usual walk, after the sunset gun, to Queensgate – finished writing all these pages from Thursday July 20th, at this moment, twenty-five minutes to twelve at night.

Saturday August 12th 1809: Rose at ten. Set off in the afternoon in the Governor’s barge to Algeciras, with Sir William Drummond,⁷⁷ with a star,⁷⁸

Journey I, p. 93).

⁷³: Carter’s passage about Carteia is at *Journey I*, pp. 60-142.

⁷⁴: Jean Baptiste Bourguignon d’Anville, *Etats formés après la chute de l’Empire Romain en Occident* (1771).

⁷⁵: Perhaps the Dan MacKinnon reported by Captain Gronow to have gained entry to a Lisbon convent dressed as a woman; see *Borst* 9, n2.

⁷⁶: B. may have been undergoing one of his periodical bouts of constipation (see *Don Juan IX* Stanza 33, and BLJ X 12-13).

⁷⁷: Sir William Drummond (1770?-1828) had been English ambassador to the Porte, and also at Naples in 1806; there he had attempted without success to secure the Spanish regency for Prince Leopold of Sicily. Nelson found him unsatisfactory as Ambassador to the Porte, for reasons which are obscure. He translated Persius and developed an allegorical interpretation of the Old Testament.

⁷⁸: Drummond’s orders included the Order of the Crescent.

Spain and Sardinia, July 24th –August 30th 1809

&c. Mr Jephson⁷⁹ dined with Lady Westmoreland⁸⁰ – Sir William *faite*⁸¹ about critics of seven years old. General Castaños⁸² came in after dinner, with a red sash over his shoulder. Came home at ten – coxswain not particular about taking four dollars – went to bed after eating turkey legs at two.

Sunday August 13th 1809: Up at eleven. Wrote this half-page, and dated the days of the journal. Set off at twelve in a boat to Algeciras, to dine with General Castaños. Contrary wind drove us about and we did not reach the land till nearly four. Sent up Sanguinetti with excuses and did not land. Went back and dined – in the evening I wrote a long letter to David Baillie⁸³ – went to bed at two.

Monday August 14th 1809: Got up at ten. Set off on horseback with Byron to Algeciras – passed by Carteia, over the Guadaranque with a contrived ferry-boat, and another river. Arrived at half-past two at General Castaños' house. Again too late – dinner half over – put up our horses at the English Hotel in the square. (Byron drank out of the fountain in the middle – *vetante milite*).⁸⁴ Returned to the General's. Went up – found the last course on the table (fowls well roasted in English style, many servants who stared and laughed). Two ladies from Lima – the one very fat, the other bonny and like my first female servant at Stane's,⁸⁵ Cambridge, whom Don Mathias⁸⁶ knew. Castaños good humoured, polite – dressed in a brown coat – at parting said to Lord Byron. “Mes compliments au Roi de Rose”⁸⁷ – coffee brought in instantly after the table-cloth was removed and we had drunk two glasses of sherry. Returned to the coffee house. A man who

⁷⁹: Unidentified.

⁸⁰: Jane, second wife of the 10th Earl of Westmoreland.

⁸¹: “Knowledgeable”.

⁸²: General Francisco Janier de Castaños, victor of the battle of Baylen in 1808.

⁸³: Had H. not cultivated B.'s acquaintance, there seems little doubt that he would have had a much more relaxed and durable friendship with David “Long” Baillie. See 9 Nov 1816.

⁸⁴: “Prohibited to the military” or “Dressed as a soldier”; the latter seems more likely, as B. was probably in his new regimentals.

⁸⁵: Cambridge hostelry unidentified.

⁸⁶: Thomas James Matthias (1754-1835) Cambridge satirist and Italian scholar.

⁸⁷: “My compliments to the King of Rose” or “King of Pinks”.

Spain and Sardinia, July 24th –August 30th 1809

spoke English there. An old man in a wretched blue-patched coat, much amused at my calling out “Porco! Porco!” to a pig in the room. At mounting our horses, a quarrel – two lads against the waiter of the inn flung large stones, and one searched for his knife. Galloped home – dined – had letters from England – one from Blackburn,⁸⁸ one from Matthews,⁸⁹ dated June 30th. Stayed at home – finished letter to Baillie, thinking of a certain purchaser of a certain horse,⁹⁰ and of Sam Athill⁹¹ ... wrote these two lines in my epistle to Baillie:

*One active friend more useful aid affords
Than twenty kind well-meaning lazy lords⁹²*

Wrote this journal of Sunday and Monday, at night.

Tuesday August 15th 1809: Got up twelve. Stayed at home, except going to the packet – dined. Walked up the hill – “*valedixi*”⁹³ – to bed.

Wednesday August 16th 1809: Got up eleven, busy all day till half past five p.m. when embarked on board the *Townshend* Packet. Captain Western⁹⁴ – passengers, Mr Galt⁹⁵ a Scotsman, Mr Thomson⁹⁶ a merchant (sick all the way), Mr C. Shee,⁹⁷ dined on board, got out with light breezes.

⁸⁸: Unidentified.

⁸⁹: C.S.Matthews.

⁹⁰: Unidentified.

⁹¹: For Sir Richard Bickerton reporting Sam Athill’s death, see 27 Feb 1812.

⁹²: The “lazy lord” being B.

⁹³: “I bade farewell”.

⁹⁴: Western otherwise unidentified.

⁹⁵: John Galt (1779-1839) Scots writer who was to publish a life of B. in 1830. They meet him again in Athens. He was in the Mediterranean researching ways of breaking the Continental system whereby Napoleon imposed a complete embargo on all English goods. H. actually writes “Gault”.

⁹⁶: Thomson (or “Thornton”) unidentified.

⁹⁷: Shee unidentified.

Spain and Sardinia, July 24th –August 30th 1809

Thursday August 17th 1809

At sea⁹⁸ till

Sunday August 27th 1809: When having⁹⁹ beat up the bay of Cagliari¹⁰⁰ with a contrary wind (which generally blows out of the harbour, the night before), we all landed, and went to the town of Cagliari to an English merchant, a Mr Shephard,¹⁰¹ who provided horses, after some delay and indifference for all the party but one.¹⁰² However, Mr Gault and myself walked – went into several churches – went to the church royal – saw the King of Sardinia, Emanuel III,¹⁰³ with the Queen¹⁰⁴ and Madame Beatrice,¹⁰⁵ rather pretty, and the King’s brother,¹⁰⁶ his heir, and his wife.¹⁰⁷ King’s brother very like the Duke of York¹⁰⁸ – the Duke of Orleans,¹⁰⁹ I was told, observed the same thing.

Walked out to ramparts on both sides of the city – saw on the East a country divided into gardens well-cultivated, which, however, Lord Byron, who rode into it, told me was not so agreeable, he having seen nothing particular but three heads nailed to a gallows. Saw the King’s and royal family’s stud – some decent horses, about fifty – with three old badly-made

⁹⁸: While at sea, H. made translations of Horace, *Epistles*, Book I, X, and *Odes*, Book III, XXIX. The Mss of these are now at Newstead Abbey. I am grateful to Haidee Jackson for this information.

⁹⁹: The entry actually starts “When, having ...” but this does not work syntactically.

¹⁰⁰: Capital of Sardinia, on its south-eastern coast. H. spells it “Caliari” throughout.

¹⁰¹: Unidentified.

¹⁰²: B. was the one singled out, and allowed a horse.

¹⁰³: Vittorio Emanuele I (1759-1824) King of Sardinia 1802-1821. Deprived by Napoleon of his lands in Savoy and Piedmont, through which B. and H. travel in Oct 1816, after they have been restored to him at Vienna.

¹⁰⁴: The Queen was Maria Teresa, daughter of Archduke Ferdinand of Modena, and of Maria Beatrice, Duchess of Massa and Princess of Carrara.

¹⁰⁵: Princess Beatrice was the King’s daughter.

¹⁰⁶: Carlo Felice, who took over when Vittorio Emanuele abdicated (his nephew became Vittorio Emanuele, first King of the United Italy).

¹⁰⁷: Carlo Felice’s wife was Maria Cristina di Borbone, daughter of Ferdinando IV of Naples.

¹⁰⁸: Frederick, “The Grand old Duke of York” (1763-1827), second son of George III. Commander-in-Chief of the Army.

¹⁰⁹: Louis-Philippe Joseph, Duc d’Orleans (1747-93) father of the future King Louis-Philippe. A friend of the revolution, he voted for the death of Louis XVI, but was himself guillotined.

Spain and Sardinia, July 24th –August 30th 1809

English carriages. Called on Mr Hill¹¹⁰ before we went to the church, but he, the English Minister, was not at home. Went back to the packet, dressed in the best suit of red,¹¹¹ as did my Lord, and returned to shore to dine with the Minister (Mr Thornton, by some omission, not asked).

Proceeded, Lord Byron, Mr Shee, [and] Captain Western, on horseback, Mr Galt and myself on foot, to Mr Hill's house. Dined there – a very large, capital, roomy house – belonging, as do many of the good houses in the city, to Spaniards resident in Spain. Met a young gentleman who wore earrings with white teeth and a pale complexion,¹¹² two ladies, rather pretty and very sprightly – married, and one separated after a month's cohabitation, and two other gentlemen, one an old Frenchman father of the prettiest separated lady.¹¹³ An Austrian lieutenant-colonel¹¹⁴ came into the dessert (the dinner and wines very excellent, and well served). It is the fashion to come in in this way, but Mr Hill informed us that he in general did not permit of this liberty.

Went to the playhouse, heard an Italian opera¹¹⁵ – house very thin, especially on one side. All the Royal family but the King there before we came in. He entered at the second act. Prompter no covering to his head – entrance only seven pence halfpenny – we paid nothing. Going into one of Mr Hill's boxes, next to the King's on the right hand – Lord Byron, Mr Shee and Mr Hill went into annexes over the stage.¹¹⁶

¹¹⁰: The Hon. William Hill, English Ambassador to Sardinia 1807-1824.

¹¹¹: B. had had a set of regimentals made in Gibraltar, in which he had expected to be presented to Vittorio Emanuele. See his letter to his mother, August 11th 1809: "My next stage is Cagliari in Sardinia, where I shall be presented to his Sardinian Majesty, I have a most superb uniform as a court dress, indispensable in travelling." (BLJ I 221).

¹¹²: Unidentified.

¹¹³: Unidentified.

¹¹⁴: Unidentified.

¹¹⁵: Their first Italian opera. Unidentified.

¹¹⁶: According to Galt, Hill wished to show B. off to the theatre. After the show Galt reports the following, not mentioned by H.: "When the performance was over, Mr. Hill came down with Lord Byron to the gate of the upper town, where his Lordship, as we were taking leave, thanked him with more elocution than was precisely requisite. The style and formality of the speech amused Mr. Hobhouse, as well as others; and, when the minister retired, he began to rally his Lordship on the subject. But Byron really fancied that he had acquitted himself with grace and dignity, and took the jocularity of his friend amiss – a little banter ensued – the poet became petulant, and Mr Hobhouse walked on; while Byron, on account of his lameness,

Spain and Sardinia, July 24th –August 30th 1809

Went down to the beach at eleven – attended the English Consul, an Italian,¹¹⁷ who was *ordered* to do so by Mr Hill, went in a Cagliari boat to the packet, which got under weigh in a quarter of an hour – to bed on board. Cagliari, from the shore, looks like Lisbon in miniature – it is a fortified town, and the King’s house is situated on the higher part of the hill on which the city is built. The streets are narrow, but have no unpleasant stench in them, at least not very generally diffused. The people of the higher class are dressed in court dresses, as it appeared to me, and the lower sort in a leathern dress, many of them, and always a broad leathern belt in which is often stuck a knife – over their shoulders is thrown a piece of black shaggy goatskin with two holes for the arms. Some were without this appendage, and I was informed that they were villagers who wore the goatskin.

At Mr Hill’s I learnt that the property was feudal – that murders were every day committed and often by men of rank, that one *seigneur* would often steal three or four hundred sheep, and shoot the horses of another – as formerly in the highlands of Scotland – that no man therefore travelled, not even five miles from the town, without a gun, which is a weapon at which they are very expert – that one Peter Pouree¹¹⁸ had the other day been convicted of sixteen murders, but was only outlawed because the crime for which he had been immediately apprehended was not quite proven. This fellow had, with his own hand, cut the throat of the son of the *seigneur* at whose house he had been brought up from an infant, and the day after his outlawry was seen arm-in-arm with one of the Queen’s equerries, and at his box in the opera. He said that men procured their pardons by the distribution of money, which they all kept for these occasions. At this time there are seven or eight hundred men, bands of robbers in arms, in the mountains – the King cannot collect his taxes – and is chiefly supported by

and the roughness of the pavement, took hold of my arm, appealing to me, if he could have said less, after the kind and hospitable treatment we had all received. Of course, though I thought pretty much as Mr. Hobhouse did, I could not do otherwise than civilly assent, especially as his Lordship’s comfort, at the moment, seemed in some degree dependant on being confirmed in the good opinion he was desirous to entertain of his own courtesy. From that night I evidently rose in his good graces ...”
(*H.V.S.V.*, 25).

¹¹⁷: Consul otherwise unidentified.

¹¹⁸: Mass-murderer otherwise unidentified.

Spain and Sardinia, July 24th –August 30th 1809

£12,000 per annum, which he receives from England. He is next Catholic heir to our crown. ¹¹⁹

The army is in a deplorable state, with officers for 30,000 men and only about 2,000 soldiers; yet the French attacked this place without effect, landing in two places, and fighting each other in the night. I saw a low cart drawn by oxen surrounded by six ill-looking fellows with guns – two prisoners from the villages were tied in the cart. Executions are frequent – the manners of the women very licentious, so much that there are no common whores. Money is scarce, but provisions exceedingly cheap – beef two pence a pound, and a bushel of grapes for a dollar – bread exceedingly fine, three times as cheap as in England – the appearance of men and women and houses and of everything most miserable.

Monday August 28th 1809: Wrote this journal from August 15th. At sea, and a strange sail in sight. Sail kept aloof.

Tuesday August 29th 1809: At sea – out of sight of land.

Wednesday August 30th 1809: At sea – view all day of the coast of Sicily, full of villages, and detached houses, with cultivated spots besides vestiges of large castles on the peaks of high hills. Sciacca, near the ancient Selimontia,¹²⁰ a pretty town, apparently like Brighton. As we approach to Girgenti the country more barren, but two green spots towards the shore. Saw, with the glass, ruins of a temple, columns &c., under the city (the ancient Agrigentum on a hill).

Landed at the port¹²¹ on the mole, about half-past seven. Nobody but Byron and myself, *obstantibus omnibus*,¹²² allowed to go in the boat. Went to the Captain of the Port, living in a large desolate house, who was dressed in a sky-blue coat with a gold epaulette, and who could not spell “Townshend.”¹²³ Delivered the mail, and returned with a fine breeze to the packet.

¹¹⁹: Vittorio Emanuele was descended from Charles I. Cardinal York, Jacobite heir to the English throne, who had died in 1807, had been granted a pension by George III in 1800.

¹²⁰: On the south-west coast of Sicily.

¹²¹: Of Girgenti.

¹²²: “Getting in everyone’s way”.

¹²³: They are sailing on the *Townshend* (not *Townsend*) packet.