

**THE BYRON-HOBHOUSE CORRESPONDENCE, I
1808 to February 10th 1812**



“... plain prose is to be my fate,” sighs Hobhouse to Byron on July 15th 1811. He hasn’t read *Childe Harold*, which John Murray has accepted, and which is to come out nine months later. But wherever he goes, he has heard *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* hailed, and has resigned himself to the understanding that the man he loves is a genius, and that he isn’t. His fourteen-line contribution to *English Bards* is replaced in the second edition (a fact he never mentions). His “Miss-sell-any” is a failure, and he’s embarrassed by the fact that the only piece of his from it that everybody likes is his Boccaccio version, about the “mute” in the convent. Of his furtive foray into independent creativity, *The Wonders of a Week at Bath*, he can only splutter with humiliation, and plead for no-one to reveal that it’s his.

Byron is not Hobhouse’s best friend for most of this period, and neither is Hobhouse Byron’s. The man they both worship is Charles Skinner Matthews, whose death in August 1811 is a terrible blow – compounded multifold in Byron’s case by the further deaths of John Edleston, Edward Long, John Wingfield, and last but not least of his mother.

Byron seeks same-sex satisfaction (“pl&optC’s”) elsewhere – principally with “Nicolà” Giraud, his occasional camp nickname for whom will surprise all whom come to these texts from Leslie Marchand’s. With Hobhouse, Matthews and Byron – to say nothing of Byron and Davies, Byron and Hodgson (or of the red-hot hetero Michael Bruce: see Byron to Hobhouse, June 9th 1811), we are dealing not with early nineteenth-century gays, but with passionate male friendships (“male bonding”) of the kind that literature has celebrated since David and Jonathan. This is not to deny that both Matthews and Hobhouse live voyeuristically through their more energetic and fearless friend.

Women figure in Byron’s existence too – Lucinda on the Newstead estate gets pregnant by him, and by late 1811 he’s glancing with obvious intent at Frances Wedderburn Webster. It’s hard not to suspect that when, on November 3rd 1811, he tells Hobhouse “you know I hate women”, it’s by way of reassurance for his short, plain, furtive, and unhygienic companion. But when in April 1808 Hobhouse writes “I find my hatred and disgust of that sex which Burns calls ‘l’adorable moitié du genre humain’ every day increasing,” we suspect that *he* means it.

The plot gets very thick in late 1811 when Hobhouse is writing (in Enniscorthy, far from libraries) *A Journey through some provinces of Turkey*. Byron has claimed that his aim in *Childe Harold* is not to clash with Hobhouse’s prose account of their adventures; but as Hobhouse’s requests for information get more and more panicked, and Byron reveals more and more material that he’s gleaned and

Hobhouse hasn't, it becomes clear that Byron's vision of the orient is, firstly, going to be in prose as well as in verse, secondly, that it's going to be much more vivid than that of his friend, and thirdly, that he and Hobhouse are going to be contenders academically as well as poetically.

Heavy irony, unsuspected by either man, is found in Hobhouse's suggestion, made on December 10th 1810, that he and Byron write to "Miss Millman" "something that we may send her instead of her own nonsense". He means "Miss Milbanke", who, as Lady Byron, will quickly grow to loathe him as her husband's evil genius.

Just as ominous are the letters in which Byron reveals, and Hobhouse reacts to the news of, his burgeoning friendship with Tom Moore. It will be to Moore, and not to Hobhouse, that Byron will entrust his memoirs in 1820: and it will be the jealous Hobhouse who presides over their destruction in 1824.

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

Hobhouse to Byron, from Cambridge, early 1808:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43441 f.1; BB 27-8)

This seems to be the second half of a letter.

[*Ms. starts halfway:*] bring with me a few lines, an imitation of the 19th epistle of Horace 1st {2nd} book. I have taken the liberty to address them to you in some verses to this effect.

"Desert thy much lov'd Heliconian streams.
 "Thy flowery Ida, & Arcadian themes,
 "Thy lyre forget – neglect thy power to please –
 "Lawful sometimes – but not in times like these
 "And arm'd with all a poet's <xxxxxxx> {vengeance} come
 "Crush every vice & strike <all> each blockhead dumb.

But of this we may talk, when we have a meeting in the great city. pray, however, be not quite decisive with Mess^{rs}. Crosbie,¹ till I have had the pleasure of seeing you. – – – –

Mr Waller's verses, which I quoted to you imperfectly, have this for a title,

"To a lady playing on her lute a song of my own composition.

"That eagle's fate & mine are one,
 "Who, on the shaft that made him die,
 "Espied, a feather of his own,
 "Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

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I cannot but direct your attention to the first verse of this pretty song, it is this – & savours a good deal of that kind of poetry which D^r Sam. Johnson calls metaphysical

"Chloris yourself you so excell;
 "When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought.
 "That like a spirit, with this spell
 "Of my own teaching, I am caught.

¹: Ben Crosby was London agent for B.'s Newark publisher, John Ridge.

Since you left Cambridge² I have quitted my rooms only once, & that was {to} dine in King's College Hall, with Davies; to whom I have directed a letter at Dorant's, which I must beg the favour of you to mention to him when you see that gentleman – he expects me in London to morrow – but it is impossible that I should be so early by a day, & I must until Wednesday next, delay, the opportunity of assuring you how truly I am

your sincere friend
& affectionate servant
John C. Hobhouse

Byron to Hobhouse, from Newstead Abbey, January 16th 1808:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43438 f.2; BLJ I 187-8)

Newstead Abbey Notts.

January 16th. 1808

My dear Hobhouse, – I do not know how the dens-descended Davies came to mention his having received a copy of my epistle to you, but I addressed him & you on the same evening, & being much incensed at the account I had received from Wallace, I communicated the contents to the Birdmore, though without any of that malice, wherewith you charge me. I shall leave my card at Batt's, and hope to see you in your progress to the North. –

I have lately discovered Scrope's genealogy to be ennobled by a collateral tie with the

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Beardmore, Chirurgeon and Dentist to Royalty, and that the town of Sothwell contains cousins of Scrope, who disowned them, (I grieve to speak it) on visiting that city in my society. – How I found out I will disclose, the first time “we three meet again”³ but why did he conceal his lineage, “ah my dear H! it was cruel, it was insulting, it was unnecessary. –

I have (notwithstanding your kind invitation to Wallace) been alone since the 8th. of December, nothing of moment has occurred since our anniversary row, except that Lucinda⁴ is pregnant, and Robert has recovered of the Cowpox, with which it pleased me to afflict him.⁵ – I shall be in London on the 19th. there are to be oxen roasted and Sheep boiled on

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the 22^d.⁶ with <all> ale and Uproar for the Mobility, a feast is {also} providing for the tenantry, for my own part, I shall know as little of the matter as a Corpse of the Funeral solemnized in its honour. – A letter addressed to Reddish's will find me, I still intend publishing the Bards, but I have altered a good deal of the “Body of the Book,”⁷ added & interpolated with some excisions, your lines still stand, and in all there will appear 624 lines. –

I should like much to see your Essay upon Entrails,⁸ is there any honorary token of silver gilt? any Cups or pounds sterling attached to the prize, besides Glory? I expect to see you with a medal suspended from your Button hole, like a Croix de S^t. Louis. –

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Fletcher's father is deceased, and has left his son tway Cottages value ten pounds per annum, I know not how it is, but Fletch. though only the 3^d. Brother, conceives himself entitled to all the estates of the defunct, & I have recommended him to a Lawyer, who I fear will triumph in the spoils of this ancient family. – A Birthday Ode has been addressed to me by a country Schoolmaster, in which I am likened to the Sun, or Sol as he classically saith, the people of Newstead are compared to Laplanders, I am said to be a Baron and a Byron, the truth of which is indisputable, Feronia is again to reign, (she must have some woods to govern <first> {first}) but it is altogether a very pleasant performance, & the author is as superior

²: B. didn't return to Cambridge after Christmas 1807.

³: Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, I i 1.

⁴: Lucinda was a servant at Newstead.

⁵: B. has had Robert Rushton inoculated.

⁶: B.'s twentieth birthday.

⁷: EBSR.

⁸: *On the Origin and Intention of Sacrifices*, with which H. has won the 1808 Hulsean Prize at Cambridge.

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to Pye,⁹ as George Gordon to George Guelph. To be sure some of the lines are too short, but then to make amends, the Alexandrines have from fifteen to seventeen syllables, so we may call them Alexandrines the great. — — —

I shall be glad to hear from you & beg you to believe me

yours very truly

Byron

Byron, perhaps to Hobhouse, February 1808 (?)

(Source: Ms. private collection; this text from BLJ I 150)

[February, 1808?] [Fragment of letter]

... Scrope Davies & I are members of the new Cocoa tree club & next week the dice will rattle.—My worldly affairs are not over flourishing, but that is a common case.... [on reverse] note addressed to another made me sick, but I was not angry with her or him. Yet if anyone had foretold such a circumstance, I should have been [cut in paper]—I must console myself, ...

Byron to Hobhouse, from Dorant's Hotel, London, February 27th 1808:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43438 f.3; BLJ I 158-9)

This letter has torn in two, losing a few short words.

Dorant's. February 27th. 1808

Dear Hobhouse,

I write to you to explain a foolish circumstance, which has arisen from some words uttered by me before Pearce and Brown,¹⁰ when I was devoured with Chagrin, and almost insane with the fumes of, not "last night's Punch" but that evening's wine. —————

[*Ms tear: "In"*] consequence of a misconception of something on my part, I mentioned an intention of withdrawing my name from the Whig Club,¹¹ this I hear has been broached, and perhaps in a moment of Intoxication and passion such might be my <idea> {idea},

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but soberly I have no such design, particularly as I could not abandon my principles, even if I renounced the society with whom I have the honour to be united in sentiments which I never will disavow. — This I beg you will explain to the members as publicly as possible, but should this not be sufficient, and they think proper to erase my name, be it so, I only request that in this case they will recollect, I shall become a Tory of their own making. I shall expect your answer on this point with some impatience, now a few words on the subject of my own conduct. — I am buried in an abyss of Sensuality, I have renounced hazard however, but I am given to Harlots, and live in a state of Con=

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=cubinage, I am at this moment under a course of restoration by Pearson's¹² prescription, for a debility occasioned by too frequent Connection. — Pearson sayeth, I have done sufficient with this last ten days, to undermine my Constitution, I hope however all will soon be well. —

As an author, I am cut to atoms by the E— Review, it is just out, and has completely demolished my little fabric of fame, this is rather scurvy treatment from a Whig Review, but politics and poetry are different things, & I am no adept in either, I therefore submit in Silence. —

Scrope Davies is meandering about London feeding upon Leg of Beef Soup, and frequenting the

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⁹: Henry James Pye, the Poet Laureate; see TVOJ 92, 8.

¹⁰: Henry Pearce and Dominick Browne, members of the Cambridge Whig Club.

¹¹: H. had founded a Whig Club at Cambridge ("But when we in Cambridge were / You founded a Whig Clubbie-O").

¹²: Pearson is B.'s London doctor.

British Forum, he has given up hazard, as also a considerable sum at the same time. –
 Altamont¹³ is a good deal with me, last night at the Opera Masquerade, we supped with seven whores, a
Bawd and a Ballet-master, in Madame Catalani's¹⁴ apartment behind the Scenes, (of course Catalani
 was not there) I have some thoughts of purchasing D'egville's¹⁵ pupils, they would fill a glorious
 Harem. –

I do not <write> {write} often, but I like to receive letters, when therefore you are disposed to
 philosophize, no one standeth more in need of precepts of all sorts than

yours very truly

Byron

Byron to Hobhouse, from Dorant's Hotel, London, February 29th 1808:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43438 f.4; BLJ I 159-60)

Dorant's. February 29th. 1808

Dear Hobhouse,

Upon my honour I do not recollect to have spoken of you and any friend of yours in the
 manner you state,¹⁶ and to the Club itself I am certain I never applied the epithets mentioned, or any
 terms of disrespect whatever. – As it is however, possible I may have spoken of the very extraordinary
 state of Intoxication in which I have seen you and another, not conceiving it to be a secret as never
 having been looked upon to make a part of the mysteries of the meeting, I cannot al=

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=together deny the charge, though I do deny and disclaim all malice in the statement. – Besides I do
 not exactly see, how “your sacrifice to the God of Wine” as you classically term it, can possibly
 involve the interests or reputation of the Club, or by what sophistry my mention of such a circumstance
 can be tortured into an “attack on the society as a Body.” – I have never been in the habit of conversing
 much on the topic, I have never been entrusted with any particular confidence, consequently I can have
 betrayed no secret, but so far from treating the Club with disrespect, or joining any “attack” upon it as a
 “Body,” I have more than once nearly endangered my own safety in it's defence. – –

As to any thing which passed between yourself and me, I have been cautious in avoiding the subject
 with

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all except Davies, I do not know who related it to Blackburne, I have never seen the latter since the
 event. – To conclude, I have still, and (though I do think there are circumstances which would justify
 me in a change of conduct) I ever have had a most sincere regard for the society of which I am a
 member, and if in a moment of Chagrin under the pressure of a thousand vexations I intimated an
 intention of withdrawing, it has constituted the thousand and first sensation of disquiet, that I have done
 so. – It is not very probable that I shall again appear at Cambridge till my degree is granted, and that is
 very problematical; my presence will never annoy you at your meetings, but if the continuance of my
 name upon your record displease the members, let them erase it, I do not wish to

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be the cause of discord, or spoil your conviviality “with most admired disorder.”¹⁷ –
 Perhaps this is not enough, well! I am most willing to grant any species of satisfaction to any, or all the
 society, and he who shall avenge them successfully will do me a favour, for I am at present as
 miserable in mind and Body, as Literary abuse, pecuniary embarrassment, and total enervation can
 make me. – I have tried every kind of pleasure, and it is “Vanity.” –

yours truly

Byron

Hobhouse to Byron, from Cambridge, March 12th 1808:

¹³: Courtesy title of the future Marquis of Sligo.

¹⁴: Angelica Catalani, world-famous soprano.

¹⁵: James d'Edgville, ballet-master at Covent Garden.

¹⁶: Evidence of a missing letter from H.

¹⁷: Shakespeare, *Macbeth* III iv 109.

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43441 f.2; BB 29-30)

[For the right Honorable / Lord Byron / Dorant's Hotel / Albemarle Street / London]

Hobhouse answers the previous item.

Cambridge. March 12. 1808

Dear Byron,

I was extremely concerned to hear of the ill state of your health – the bad account which you gave me of it, was more than confirmed by Scrope Davies, from whom however, I hope to hear better news when I have the pleasure of seeing him.

The story of your engagement with Miss (I forget her name) – is all over Cambridge. I did not much wonder at it considering your very long & painful continence – which might induce a more severe saint than yourself to be too frequent in the caresses of the first pretty girl which you chanced to light upon. This I understand to have been one cause of your illness – but surely even without this excess you could not hope for tolerable health when you pursue such an independent course of living as that which you have for some time adopted. Those nightly vigils & daily slumbers, that habit of agitating y<our mind> & body in the pernicious exercise of midnight gambling, were they not enough, together with that total want of air & healthy exertion which you experienced, to weaken & exhaust your frame to the very last extremity? I, who do not pretend to feel a regard for you, have frequently been anxious to see you have done with such deleterious practices

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so imprudent when pursued by any one but especially by a person of your advantages. I learn with delight from Scrope Davies that you have totally given up dice – to be sure you must give it up, for you to be seen every night in the very vilest company in town! could anything be more shocking? anything more unfit? I speak feelingly on this occasion “non ignara mali miseris”¹⁸ &c I know of nothing that should bribe me to be present once more at such horrible scenes, perhaps 'tis as well that we are both acquainted with the extent of the evil that we may be the more earnest in abstaining from it. You shall henceforth be “Diis animosus hostes”¹⁹ I suppose that it is not your intention to return to Cambridge I shall never again have the pleasure of seeing {you} – believe me that my absence from you has only rendered my desire of again enjoying your company more ardent – I have a melancholy presentiment that I have experienced this gratification for the last time – nothing could be more unexpected by me than one or two untoward circumstances which have hitherto separated us. may nothing of the kind occur again – I hear from my friend and familiar Περτ²⁰ that Davies is arrived. I am going to Eaton in Bedfordshire with Tavistock²¹ this evening so that I do not expect to see him

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untill Sunday by which time I expect to be gratified by one line from you. William Bankes is here at the Masters lodge Trinity Hall, living in state so he tells me. – he told us yesterday that he wanted to buy a horse for hunting – we asked him, why? “Oh, said he, you know in Dorsetshire I must hunt for popularity's sake!!! Is not this complete Corfe Castle²² all over?

[at page bottom:] There is a rumour that our brutal fellows have return'd a rough savage laconic answer to some question of yours,²³ is it true – pray laugh heartily at it, & give me some account of it that I may, laugh too –

Farewell for the present, believe me

your's most sincerely

John C. Hobhouse

Byron to Hobhouse, from Dorant's Hotel, London, March 14th 1808:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43438 f.5; BLJ I 160-1)

[J.C.Hobhouse Esq^{re}. / Trinity College / Cambridge]

¹⁸: Virg. Aen. I 630 (“no stranger to evil, I learn to help the afflicted”).

¹⁹: Hor. Od. III iv 20, adapted (“a fierce enemy of the dice”: should be “animosus infans” – “a fearless child”).

²⁰: “Peri” (Perry?).

²¹: The future Duke of Bedford.

²²: Corfe Castle is Bankes' ancestral seat, defended against the Roundheads in the Civil War.

²³: B. has missed so much time at Cambridge that his graduation is in doubt.

Byron answers the previous item.Dorant's, March 14th. 1808.

My dear Hobhouse,

The Game is almost up, for these last five days I have been confined to my room, Laudanum is my sole support, and even Pearson wears a woeful visage as he prescribes, however I am now better and I trust my hour is not yet arrived. –

I began to apprehend a complete Bankruptcy of Constitution, and on disclosing the mode of my Life for these last two years (of which my residence at Cambridge constituted the most sober part) my Chiru{r}geon pronounced another quarter would have settled my earthly accounts, and left the

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worms but a scanty repast. –

I have given up the Castor [**BLJ has Casta**], but I hope to live and reestablish Medmenham Abbey,²⁴ or some similar temple of Venus, of which I shall be Pontifex Maximus. – – – – you have heard of one nymph, Rumour has been kind in this respect, for alas! I must confess that two are my property, one under my own immediate custody, as the other will be also when I am recovered. – Scrope Davies has mounted a pyeballed palfrey, and quitted London, he is a very profane Scoffer and has but narrow ideas of Revelation; Sir Godfrey²⁵ [**BLJ has Geoffrey**] I am happy to hear has made you a Socinian,²⁶ he hath also run up a long Bill with Worgman the Jeweller

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who seems to have much faith, the Baronet moreover is about to go to Ireland as he says by the way of Sicily, <on><an> a new half way house, and promises to be an ornament to his profession, as soon as his Mustachios have attained their full growth. –

I am now in full contest with the fellows concerning my degree, they hesitate, what can I do? not recede certainly but all hazards [**BLJ's problem with this last section has been solved by a gummed-on scrap**]. –

Our personal squabbles have arisen from the well meaning interference of Tattlers, if we lend our ears to these Gentry, discontent will soon follow. – The Postman is impatient, Adieu

yours very sincerely
Byron

Byron to Hobhouse, from Dorant's Hotel, London, March 26th 1808:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43438 f.6; BLJ I 161)

[J.C.Hobhouse Esq^{re} / Cambridge]Dorant's. March 26th. 1808.

Dear Hobhouse,

I have sent Fletcher to Cambridge for various purposes, & he bears this dispatch for you. – I am still living with my Dalilah, who has only two faults, unpardonable in a woman, – she can read and write. – Greet in my name the Bilious Birdmore, if you journey this way, I shall be glad to furnish you with Bread and Salt.²⁷ –

The university still chew<s> the Cud of my degree, please God they shall swallow it, though Inflammation be the Consequence. –

I am leading a quiet though debauched life

yours very truly

Byron.

[1:2 and 3 blank.]

Hobhouse to Byron, from Cambridge, April 1808:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43441 f.3; BB 32-3)

[To / The Right Honorable / Lord Byron / Dorant's Hotel / Albemarle S^t / London]**Hobhouse answers the previous item.**

²⁴: Buckinghamshire headquarters of The Hellfire Club, where Sir Francis Dashwood orgied with Lord Sandwich, Charles Churchill, John Wilkes, and others.

²⁵: Sir Godfrey Webster, Lady Holland's son by her first marriage.

²⁶: Socinians were Unitarian; H. was brought up as one.

²⁷: Compare *The Giaour*, 343 and authorial note; or *The Corsair*, 724.

[at right angles to address:] Aquilo moris esse fertur prolem nuper pastorem meridiano. Soli objicere, et statim²⁸

Cambridge. April 1808

My dear Byron.

I am happy that the last news which I heard of you convinced me that the state of your health must have been amended since the very deplorable account that your valet Fletcher gave me of your indisposition – You have it seems been seen at boxing matches and have engaged freely on the side of Docharty against poor Tom Belcher.²⁹ you must have been somewhat disappointed at the event of the matches, as I suspect that it was not only the concern of the magistrates to keep the peace that stopp'd the fighting but a certain shyness in the parties themselves – you however must know the truth of all this being so deeply admitted into the penetralia Jacksoniana.

How go you on with your misses two? has there been no Statirising, and Roxana-ising³⁰ between them? do you agree – all three? Own that it is but a sad state that of yours, a very miserable way of going on for you – However even your double concubinage is preferable in my mind to the rashness of my acquaintance Henry Shepherd with his lady Mary – T'will never do to be sure for the lively fellow to have a wife and an earl's daughter too, perpetually at his A - . e

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we shall have him wearing the married man's willow and dolefully humming “ah me –why did I marry me”. I believe we are both pretty well agree'd as to the matter of matrimony. You will never after all you have said be a Benedict, and as for myself I find my hatred and disgust of that sex which Burns calls “I'adorable moitié du genre humain” every day increasing – you must for certain either have a whore or a termagant and as you cannot wish to have an addition to your forehead or a subtraction from {your face} as you neither want a pair of horns more nor a pair of eyes less it is certain that the best way to preserve yourself in statu quo is to live “as free as nature first made man,”³¹ as says Mr. Dryden – When do you think of returning to College? or do you think of returning at all? The fellows here want some one, as I understand, to take your rooms & pay an immense sum for the furniture – be careful that they do not keep hack any of the purchase money for it is well known that they would take in the Holy Ghost if he were a stranger –

You have perhaps heard that C S Matthews is at Cambridge sitting for the vacant Downing fellowship – his friends are very

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eager tho' not very sanguine, as it is believ'd that the thing will be dispos'd of by favour & not by the event of the examination. He gave in yesterday a delightful piece of latin, which must I trust go far to determine the contest in his favour – .

Have you lately seen the Baronet Webster? – it appears to be doubtful whether or no he will return to this place – the last visit he paid was celebrated by his getting into some scrape which made it necessary for him & some unknown gentleman to exchange long shots at each other – no mischief was done to Sir God if I may judge [*Ms. tear*] him walking at his ease a short time after the affair took place – Lowther³² writes me that Scrope Davies & he are paying a visit to Portsmouth – & Berdmore is to go disguised as a female, for fear, from his brawny shoulders & hard hands that he might be pressed to serve in his Majesty's navy; which would be a great loss to the Pun-ic Commonwealth.

It will give me much satisfaction to hear from you but to see you would be much more agreeable –

“Nil mihi rescribas attamen ipse veni”³³

believe me to be your's very sincerely

John C. Hobhouse

Byron to Hobhouse, from Dorant's Hotel, London, April 15th 1808:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43438 f.7; BLJ I 164-5)

²⁸: Quotation untraced. “It is customary for the eagle to expose newborn offspring to the noonday sun, and that at once”.

²⁹: Tom Belcher v. Dan Doghtery. Match postponed owing to detention of both contenders by Bow Street runners, and held at Epsom on April 14th, Belcher winning in 33 rounds.

³⁰: Refers to the two wives of Alexander the Great in Lee's *The Rival Queens*.

³¹: Dryden, *The Conquest of Granada*, I i 1.

³²: Later the Earl of Lonsdale.

³³: Ov. Her. I ii (“don't write an answer: come yourself”: should be “... rescribas attinet”).

[J.C.Hobhouse Esq^{re}. / Trinity College / Cambridge]
Byron answers the previous item.

Dorant's. April 15th. 1808.

My dear Hobhouse,

I proceed as usual turning the twenty four hours to the best account, particularly the nocturnal moiety, my Belles would probably differ, were they together, one is with me, and the other for me – or any body else, I dare say in my absence. – Besides, I amuse myself with the “chere amie” of a French Painter in Pall Mall, a lively Gaul; – and occasionally an Opera Girl from the same Meridian. – I have been well about

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a fortnight, and I trust shall continue so, but I am sadly meagre, and vigilant. Alas! for the Shepherd and his Lambkin! how cursedly absurd such proceedings appear compared with your chastity, and my Carnality. — I shall be in Cambridge next month to graduate, the first night I went out after my illness I got into a Row and gave a fellow at the theatre, my address and a black eye, after pugilizing with him and his friend, on their refusing to name their place of Residence, they were kicked out into the Piazzas. – I was very weak and languid, but managed to keep these youths at Bay, till a person whom I dont know engaged one, and I then con=

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=tended singly {with the other} till the above consequence ensued. Scrope Davies is at Portsmouth, I form one of a very sad set, consisting of Cap^t. Wallace, Sir Godfrey, Sir B. Graham, and other sensual Sinners, we have kept it up, with the most laudable systematic profligacy. Sir G. is with his regiment at present, to the Sorrow of [*Ms.tear*: “his”] Confederates. – I have given up play altogether. — I saw Mahon last night, he made one of a party of ten at a house of Fornication. – When do you come to town? I long to see you, Adieu

yours very truly

Byron

Byron, perhaps to Hobhouse, from Newstead Abbey, January 6th 1809:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43438 f.10; BLJ I 184-5, where the recipient is said to be Davies)

[J.C.Hobhouse Esq^{re}. / <Batt's Hotel / Jermyn Street / London> Post Office Bath]

Sir,

To convince you, if possible, that my animosity is not so implacable as you seem to consider, allow me to offer you my sincere congratulations on the award of the University in your favour, and the success of your Essay.³⁴ –

With regard to the subject of your last letter, I certainly conceived your request to Wallace a piece of ill timed waggery, more especially as he informed me that you “had told him all about me” (I quote literally) and that he expected

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“a deal of Fun” in consequence. –

Now next to being “patted on the back by Tom Davies” having <in> my house converted in a temple of “Fun” appears to be the penultimate of the practical Bathos, though I have no objection to animal Sacrifice to Momus, or even deities of a less harmless description. — You have now the whole of my complaint, I confess myself angry, and as I wrote upon the impulse of the moment I may have said more than the occasion justified. – However I shall say no more, and as there ap=

1:3

=pears to have been a mistake somewhere, I shall be glad to drop it altogether, and pay my personal respects in town at Batts, after the 19th. When I set out for London – I remain your very obed^t. Serv^t.

Byron

³⁴: H. has won the 1808 university Hulsean Prize with his essay *On the Origin and Intention of Sacrifices*.

July 2nd 1809: Byron and Hobhouse sail from Falmouth. They tour Albania, Greece, and Turkey.

July 17th 1810: Byron and Hobhouse part at Zea.

Byron to Hobhouse, from Patras, July 29th 1810:

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

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

Patras. July 29th. 1810

Dear Hobhouse,

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

1:2

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

1:3

contrived at Megara to ram his damned clumsy foot into a boiling teakettle. – At Corinth we separated, the M. for Tripolitza, I for Patras. – Thus far the ridiculous part of my narrative belongs to others, now comes my turn. – At Vostitza I found my dearly-beloved Eustathius³⁵ – ready to follow me not only to England, but to Terra Incognita, if so be my compass pointed that way. – This was four days ago, at present affairs are a little changed. – The next morning I found the dear soul upon horseback clothed very sprucely in Greek Garments, with those ambrosial curls hanging down his amiable back, and to my utter astonishment and the great abomination of Fletcher, a parasol in his hand to save his complexion from the heat. – However in spite of the Parasol on we travelled very much enamoured, as it should seem, till we got to Patras, where Stranè³⁶ received us into his new house where I now scribble. –

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

1:4

said I spoilt him, I said nothing, the child was as froward as an unbroken colt, and Stranè’s Janizary said I must not be surprised, for he was too true a Greek not to be disagreeable. – I think I never in my life took so much pains to please any one, or succeeded so ill, I particularly avoided every thing which could possibly give the least offence in any manner, somebody says that those who try to please will please, this I know not; but I am sure that no one likes to fail in the attempt. – At present he goes back

³⁵: Eustathius Georgiou was the first of B.’s Greek boyfriends.

³⁶: Samuel Stranè, English Consul-General in the Morea.

to his father, though he is now become more tractable. – Our parting was vastly pathetic, as many kisses as would have sufficed for a boarding school, and embraces enough to have ruined the character of a county in England, besides tears (not on my part) and expressions of “Tenerezza” to a vast amount. – All this and the warmth of the weather has quite overcome me, tomorrow I will continue, at present “to bed, “to bed, “to bed”. – The youth insists on seeing me tomorrow, the issue of which interview you shall hear. – I wish you a pleasant sleep. –

2:1

Sheet second. July 30th. 1810 – – – –

I hope you have slept well, I have only dosed, for this last six days I have slept little and eaten less, the heat has burnt me brown, and as for Fletcher he is a walking Cinder. – My new Greek acquaintance has called thrice, and we improve vastly, in good truth, so it ought to be, for I have quite exhausted my poor powers of pleasing, which God knows are little enough, Lord help me! – We are to go on to Tripolitza and Athens together, I do not know what has put him into such good humour unless it is some Sal Volatile I administered for his headach, and a green shade instead of that effeminate parasol, but so it is, we have redint<g>egrated (a new word for you) our affections at a great rate. – Now is not all this very ridiculous? pray tell Matthews it would do his heart good to see me travelling with my Tartar, Albanians, Buffo, Fletcher and this amiable παιδι³⁷ prancing by my side. –

2:2

Stranè hath got a steed which I have bought, full of spirit, I assure you, and very handsome accoutrements, my account with him was as I stated on board the Salsette. – Here hath just arrived the Chirurgeon of the Spider from Zante who will take this letter to Malta. – I hope it will find you warm. – You cannot conceive what a delightful companion you are now you are gone. – Sligo has told me some things, that ought to set you and me by the ears, but they shan’t, and as a proof of it, I wont tell you what they are till we meet, but in the mean time I exhort you to behave well in polite society. – His Lordship has been very kind, and as I crossed the <Isthmus> Isthmus of Corinth, offered if I chose to take me to that of Darien <if> {but} I liked it not, for you have cured me of “villainous company”.³⁸ – I am about, after a Giro of the

2:3

Morea, to move to Athens again, and thence I know not where, perhaps to Englonde, Malta Sicily, Ægypt, or the Low Countries. – I suppose you are at Malta, or Palermo,³⁹ I amuse myself alone very much to my satisfaction riding, bathing, sweating, hearing M^r. Paul’s musical clock, looking at his red breeches, we visit him every evening, there he is, playing at Stopper with the old Cogia Bachi, when these amusements fail there is my Greek to quarrel with, and a Sofa to tumble upon. – Nourse and Darwin had been at Athens scribbling all sorts of ribaldry over my old apartment, where Sligo before my arrival had added to your B.A. an A.S.S. and scrawled the compliments of Jackson, Devville, Miss Cameron, and “I am very unappy, Sam Jennings.” – Wallace is incarcerated, and wanted Sligo to bail him, at the Bell and Savage Fleet Rules. – The news are not surprising. What think you?

2:4

Write to me from Malta, the Mediterranean or Ingliterra, to the care of ο κωνσολος Στρανέ⁴⁰ Have you cleansed my pistols? and dined with the “Gineral”? My compts. to the church of St. Johns, and peace to the ashes of Ball. How is the Skipper? I have drank his cherry Brandy, and his Rum has floated over half the Morea. – Plaudite et Valet.

yours ever
Byrone

J.C.Hobhouse Esq^r.

Hobhouse to Byron, from Malta, July 31st 1810:

³⁷: “boy”.

³⁸: Falstaff at *Henry IV* I III iii 10.

³⁹: On July 29th H. is indeed on Malta.

⁴⁰: “the Consul Stranè”.

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

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

Malta. July 31. Tuesday. 1810

Dear Byron,

This letter will be forwarded to you thro' M Bruce who is travelling with Lady Hester Stanhope, a grand daughter, you know, of the first Lord Chatham, and, what you do not know, the most superior woman, as B. says, of all the wo{r}ld. I think you will like Bruce – as he is like yourself much upon the “nil admirari” plan; he is not quite the “Nireus” he was formerly but still, in my mind, very handsome. The moment you left us we had light and contrary winds and did not arrive at Malta untill last Saturday. The Capt: contrary to expectation and the wishes of M^r. Adair⁴¹ would go to this place in preference to Syracuse that he might procure some letters which he expected from his moitie four days sooner than he would upon the other plan. I fancy poor M^r. A: would have expired “lord preserve him” had not Gen: Oakes got us out of Quarantine in 24 hours, which he did, and gave M^r. A: the Capt: & myself a breakfast & dinner on Sunday. I have no Malta news for you except that every one makes particular enquiries after you, especially the Frasers to whom I have given your letters. Your

1:2

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

1:3

her sister and father the Measles rather violently.

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

–

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

1:4

your discretion I have only confided it to you.

Graham, Tom Graham's successor is travelling about in Sicily and has been here with an old Bart: Sir Mark Sykes, to be sure he must also be mad. Pearce & Taylor a Harrow man, and Stanhope, son of MP. for Carlisle are coming out by the next packet to tourify here and in Greece, so pray come home, as one would not choose to be doing the same thing at the same time with such gentry (I except Pearce) The parliament was prorogued on the 21. June. Affairs go on tolerably well at Cadiz; and Sicily, altho the

⁴¹: Sir Robert Adair, retiring English Ambassafor to Turkey.

French fixed the 18 of this month positively for the last time of invading, is still in our hands – many people, indeed, suspect that Murat’s large army in Calabria is destined either for Corfu or the Morea. I have just seen Dominus Macgill – you may be sure that I asked him about the character of Andreas Zantachi who you know was his servant – His answer was one that concerns me very much – he says that he is a very great rogue indeed, that he stole half his cloathes, that he broke open his desk at Constantinople and took all his money out, that his getting into a scrape with some woman was the occasion of his dishonesty – I am in the utmost anxiety that this report should

2:1

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

I dare say you will think me <xxxxx><xxxxx> {scarce anything} <like> {better than} the unjust steward in the Gospel, who rectified his accts: much in <the><same> {as effectual} a way. “And how much owest thou unto my Lord? 50 sacks of barley – take thy pen & write down 100.” he should have said, but in the text it is – 25⁴² – You will see by the annexed short account that you have not expended a large sum during the last year but with your experience on the subject you will see that it would be very easy to live abroad very handsomely for a great deal less –

2:2

The acct: in £. s. d. is as follows:

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

	Piastres	=	£	s	d
L ^d B } 5328 at 17 5/8		=	302.	5.	11
} 9206 at 16½		=	<u>557.</u>	<u>18.</u>	<u>9</u>
			<u>860.</u>	<u>4.</u>	<u>8</u>
J. C. H. } 4240 at 17 5/8		=	240.	11.	4
} 2508 at 16½		=	<u>152.</u>	<u>0.</u>	<u>0</u>
			<u>392.</u>	<u>11.</u>	<u>4</u>

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

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

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

⁴²: See Luke 16: 1-9.

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

2:3

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

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

This makes me think of my poor Miscellany⁴³ which is quite dead, if indeed that can be said to be dead which was never alive; not a soul knows, or knowing will speak of it. You have made Bathurst believe that I am a distress scribbler – and I believe he begins to pity me – he asked me the other day if I was not translating the Greek Homer I stared & said, no – I thought, added he, that L^d Byron said something about your writing verses out of Homer the other day see what mischief you have done. Capt: Close, the handsome artillery man whom you may recollect to have seen here, is Gen: Oake's aide camp – and the other morning he butter'd the muffins at breakfast whilst Parson Miller boiled the eggs – a sad revolution has taken place in the army uniform – none under the rank of Capt:

2:4

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

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

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

and sincere
John C. Hobhouse

P.S. I kept the half of your little nosegay till it withered entirely and even then I could not bear to throw it away.⁴⁴ I cant account for this, nor can you either, I dare say – – –

Hobhouse to Byron, from Cagliari, August 15th 1810:

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

[*letter ends at top of first page:*] tales all of which were put down, that he asked the K of Sardinia for the order of S' Maurice and was refused – that he has got the order of Constantine in Sicily which is given to the <the> King's tooth drawer in general and this he calls the order of Constantinian – that he has, in fine, been quizzed almost out of his senses and is gone home still determined to write

August 15, 1810

Dear Byron,

⁴³: *Imitations and Translations from the Ancient and Modern Classics, together with original Poems never before published.* (Longman, 1809). The volume contains 29 pieces by Hobhouse, 9 by Byron, and 27 by other writers.

⁴⁴: H.'s diary for July 17th 1810 reads, “Took leave, *non sine lacrymis*, of this singular young person on a little stone terrace near some paltry magazines at the end of the bay, dividing with him a little nosegay of flowers, the last thing perhaps I shall ever divide with him”.

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

1:2

which three persons are – M^r Close, a very good humoured young fellow tho' the Gen:^l's Aide de camp, M^{rs} Dickens, and M^r Launder – in whose house I recommend you to live when you shall visit Malta. Now for other things. The black Joke lugger, Moses Kennedy, commander, was hoarded by two French Privateers in a calm off Algiers and carried, but not until seven men of the lugger had been killed, and almost all wounded. It is hoped that all the dispatches were thrown over board. No doubt your letters and my packet to Matthews suffered amongst the rest. Lucien Bonaparte is in this port of Cagliari on board an American vessel, and has made application to M^r Hill⁴⁵ to give him passports to Plymouth in England, as he is obliged to fly from his brother Napoleon, who, as he says, gave him only 24 hours to consider on this dilemma, “either to accept the title and office of King of Rome” or to leave “the Continent immediately.” Lucien decided instantly and fled to Civita Vecchia, whence he sent to Cagliari to M^r Hill for a safe passport to Cagliari – M^r Hill returned for answer that he could not do it, but Lucien came hither without a passport accompanied by his whole family and a suite of about 40 Frenchmen.

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

1:3

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

Lucien says, “very well. I must throw myself on your mercy” – but begs very hard for a free passport to Plymouth. M^r Adair is for granting him this, as he knows the pucker Oakes would be in were he to have him at Malta. M^r Hill and the Capt:s Barry and Bathurst are for sending him by the Pomone to Civita Vecchia or to Malta. how it will be decided God knows. M^r A. and M^r H are to have another audience of Lucien today. He is a handsome tallish youngish looking man but wears spectacles. I have not seen him, but will if I can. I have seen for the first time a copy of the second edition of “English Bards &c” at M^r Hill's. M^r Smith, whom you remember here tells me that every body whom he has seen agrees in praising it very much and also in talking a good deal about it. Every body also says that you will most probably have to fight some body. this suspicion I have always ridiculed, and asked whom? M^r Jeffery's and Lord Paget's names were mentioned now it seems to me that had the first intended any such thing, you would have heard of it before this time and as to Lord P. you have only alluded to a well-known fact, which I presume every one has a right to do – It is true that you have got the word “cartel” in your postscript,⁴⁶ which seems to allude to an expectation of a challenge, not to say, an invitation of such a thing –

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

1:4

⁴⁵: William Noel Hill, English Minister at Genoa; he is still there in 1822.

⁴⁶: “I have been mostly in London, ready to answer for my transgressions, and in daily expectation of sundry cartels” – EBSR, postscript to second edn.

a large neat clean type – I object to no one earthly thing in the volume, but an expression in the Preface, where you say that the 14 lines on Bowles were inserted at the “request” of an “ingenious” friend who has a volume of poems in the press.⁴⁷ Now this looks as if your ingenious friend were so seriously angry with Bowles, and so terribly in a hurry tho he had a volume in the press, to appear in print, that he could not {stay} wait, but requested you to afford him an early opportunity of showing his rage and his wit – However this don’t signify a pin’s head, and I should not have mention’d it, had it not been for a clumsy joke of Bathurst’s directed to me yesterday as he was reading the preface – I wish you would empower me to omit your postscript, which is very violent to be sure, in your next edition; for I have no doubt to find Cawthorne preparing another when I get home, as I hear the satire is in great Circulation – I forgot to mention that the Salsette is going to the Fleet off Toulon where we shall see in what manner Sir Ch. Cotton intends to forward M^r Adair to England, by the way of Cadiz, whither M^r A. is obliged to go. King Louis of Holland is laid on the shelf and that country joined to France – Sir John Carr staid at Cagliari and in the island three months – M^r Smith tells me that the perpetual fun of which he was the sole object and butt was inconceivable – that he was the most profound of ninnies, that they used to get at his notes and alter the figures and numbers so that the public will see “that a Sardinian galley is 750 feet long,” that they told him the most improbable [*letter concludes at top of first page*]

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

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

[For / The Right Honorable. / Lord. Byron / Mes^{rs}. Chabot & Co. / Malta // Received at Athens Nov^r. 1st. 1810]

An envelope with the letter missing.

[*on reverse of envelope:*]

I trust that the letter which I sent to you from Malta has come to hand. If you see Bruce before it reaches you he will have told you, all the political news which it contains – Your pistols and key I remanded to Commissioner Frasers by the hands of M^r Launder’s servant. Do not fail to write to me, especially to tell me when you fix for your return, and should you see Cockerel put him in mind of his picture of Athens for me as I am half determined to scribble. You will most probably see poor mad Galt – he burst in on M^r A: and frightened him out of his wits – be kind <him> enough to give him my direction (but not to Grub S^t). Do keep a journal and do what you can to eke out my “letters from a foreign land” as you call them in your copy of verses to me,⁴⁸ which I have read again & again & really think the best you ever wrote no line excepted not even the Eagle which is much admir’d by all and every body.

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

[*at right angles on envelope reverse:*]

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

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

Byron to Hobhouse, from Tripolitza, August 16th 1810:

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

Byron’s account of his meeting with Veli Pacha.

Tripolitza August 16th.

⁴⁷: “In the First Edition of this Satire, published anonymously, fourteen lines on the subject of Bowles’s Pope were written by, and inserted at the request of, an ingenious friend of mine, who has now in the press a volume of Poetry. In the present Edition they are erased, and some of my own substituted in their stead; my only reason for this being that which I conceive would operate with any other person in the same manner, – a determination not to publish with my name any production which was not entirely and exclusively my own composition” – EBSR, Preface to second edn.

⁴⁸: *Farewell Petition to J.C.H. Esq., Constantinople, June 7th 1810.*

Dear Hobhouse,

I am on the rack of setting off for Argos amidst the usual creaking swearing loading and neighing of sixteen horses and as many men serrugees included. – You have probably received one letter dated Patras and I send this at a venture. – Vely Pacha received me even better than his Father did, though he is to join the Sultan, and the city is full of troops and confusion, which as he said, prevents him from paying proper attention. – He has given me a very pretty horse and a most particular invitation to meet him at Larissa, which last is singular enough as he recommended a different route to L^d. Sligo who asked leave to accompany him to the Danube. – I asked no such thing, but on his enquiring where I meant to go, and receiving for answer that I was about to return to Albania for the purpose of penetrating higher up the country, he replied, “no you must not take that route, but go round by Larissa where I shall remain some time on

1:2

my way. I will send to Athens, and you shall join me, we will eat and drink well, and go a hunting.” – He said he wished all the old men (specifying under that epithet North, Forresti, and Stranè) to go to his father, but the young ones to come to him, to use his own expression “vecchio con vecchio, Giovane con Giovane.” – He honored me with the appellations of his friend and brother, and hoped that we should be on good terms not for a few days but for Life. – All this is very well, but he has an awkward manner of throwing his arm round one’s waist, and squeezing one’s hand in public, which is a high compliment, but very much embarrasses “ingenuous youth”. – The first time I saw him he received me standing, accompanied me at my departure to the door of the audience chamber, and told me I was a παλικορι⁴⁹ and an εὐμορφω παιδι.⁵⁰ – He asked if I did not think it very proper that as young men (he has a beard down to his middle) we should live together, with a variety of other sayings, which made

1:3

Stranè s<l>tare, and puzzled me in my replies. – He was very facetious with Andreas and Viscillie, and recommended that my Albanians’ heads should be cut off if they behaved ill. – I shall write to you from Larissa, and inform you of our proceedings in that city. – In the mean time I sojourn at Athens. – I have sent Eustathius back to his home, he plagued my soul out with his whims, and is besides subject to <epilep> epileptic fits (tell M. this)⁵¹ which made him a perplexing companion, in other matters he was very tolerable, I mean as to his learning, being well versed in the Ellenics. You remember Nicolo at Athens Lusieri’s wife’s brother. – Give my compliments to Matthews from whom I expect a congratulatory letter. – I have a thousand anecdotes for him and you, but at present Τι να κάνω?⁵² I have neither time nor space, but in the words of Dawes, “I have things in store.” – I have scribbled thus much, where shall I send it, why to Malta or Paternoster Row. –

2:4

Hobby you wretch how is the Miscellany? that damned and damnable work, “what has the learned world said to your paradoxes?⁵³ I hope you did not forget the importance of Monogamy.” – Stranè has just arrived with bags of piastres, so that I must conclude by the usual phrase of

yours &^c. &^c

Byron

P.S.

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

Byron to Hobhouse, from Athens, August 23rd 1810:

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

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

The Convent. Athens.

⁴⁹: “a brave young man”.

⁵⁰: “a handsome boy”.

⁵¹: Why should Matthews be especially interested in the fact that Georgiou waseplietic?

⁵²: “What to do?”

⁵³: Goldsmith, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, Ch.20: “the learned world said nothing to my paradoxes”.

August 23^d. 1810

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

1:2

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

1:3

conquer. – Their names are, Barthelemi, Giuseppe, Nicolo, Yani, and two anonymous at least in my memory. – Of these Barthelemi is a “simplice Fanciullo” according to the account of the Father, whose favourite is Guiseppe who sleeps in the lantern of Demosthenes. – We have nothing but riot from Noon till night. – The first time I mingled with these Sylphs, after about two minutes reconnoitering, the amiable Signor Barthelemi without any previous notice seated himself by me, and after observing by way of compliment, that my “Signoria” was the “più bello” of his English acquaintances saluted me on the left cheek, for which freedom being reproved by Giuseppe, who very properly informed him that I was “μεγαλος”⁵⁴ he told him I was his “φιλος”⁵⁵ and “by his beard,” he would do so again, adding in reply to the question of “διατι ασπασετε?”⁵⁶ you see he laughs, as in good truth I did very heartily. – But my

1:4

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

2:1

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

⁵⁴: “a great lord”.

⁵⁵: “friend”.

⁵⁶: “Why did you embrace him?”

of Dervise Tahiri, Viscillie Fletcher and Sullee my new Tartar have each a mistress, “Vive l’Amour!. –

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

2:2

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

– August 24th. 1810. –

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

2:3

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

Nine in the Evening. –

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

2:4

they bathe wear their lower garments as<the> your humble servant always doth, but the Greeks {not,} however questo Giovane e vergogno. – L^d. Sligo’s surgeon has assisted very materially the malignant fever now fashionable here, another man dead to day, two men a week like fighting Bob Acres in the country.⁵⁷ – Fauvel says he is like the Surgeon whom the Venetians fitted out against the Turks with whom they were then at war. – I have been employed the greater part of today in conjugating the verb “ασπαζω”⁵⁸ (which word being Ellenic as well as Romaic may find a place in the Citoyen’s Lexicon) I assure you my progress is rapid, but like Cæsar “nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendum”⁵⁹ I {must} arrive at the pl&optC, and then I will write to ——. I hope to escape the fever, at least till I finish this affair, and then it is welcome to try, I dont think without its friend the drunken Poticary it has any chance, take a quotation. – “Et Lycam nigris oculis, nigroque Crine decorum.”⁶⁰ –

yours & the Sieur’s ever
B. –

Byron to Hobhouse, from Patras, September 25th 1810:

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

Patras. Sept^r. 25th. 1810:

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

On a cold room’s floor, within a bed

⁵⁷: Sheridan, *The Rivals*.

⁵⁸: “to embrace”.

⁵⁹: Lucan, *Phars.* II 657 (“... believed nothing had been done while anything was left to be done”).

⁶⁰: Hor. *Od.* I xxxii 11-12 (“And Lycus beautiful for black eyes and raven locks”).

Of iron, with three coverlids like lead,
 A coat and breeches dangling o'er a nook,
 Where sits a doctor, and prescribes a puke,
 Poor B – r – n sweats – alas! how changed from him
 So plump in feature, and so round in limb,
 Grinning and gay in Newstead's monkish fane
 The scene of profanation and Champagne,
 Or just as gay with scribblers in a ring
 Of twenty hungry authors banqueting,
 No whore to fondle left of half a score,
 Yet one thing left him, which he values more,
 Here victor of a fever and it's friends
 Physicians and their art, his lordship mends.⁶¹

1:2

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

Odious! in boards, twould any Bard provoke,
 (Were the last words that dying Byron spoke)
 No let some charming cuts and frontispiece
 Adorn my volume, and the sale increase,
 One would not be unpublished when one's dead
 And, Hobhouse, let my works be bound in Red.⁶²

Patras. October 2^d. 1810

Dear Yani,

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

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process for his recovery. – I believe you recollect him, he is the brother of Lusieri's spouse, and has been with me nearly two months, at his own particular request. – He is now my sole dragoman (I have

⁶¹: B. parodies Pope, *Epistle to Bathurst*, ll.299-14:

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

⁶²: B. parodies Pope, *Epistle to Cobham*, 242-7:

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

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

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What you tell me of the Miscellany grieves me (in spite of Rochefoucault)⁶³ I commend your design of not letting the Public off so easily, come out as a tourist, prose must go down. – But dont ask half a guinea for your next book, consider half a guinea carries a man to the opera, and if he goes to Hookham's tis odds but he buys more tickets than books, aye and cheaper too, try seven shillings, M^f. Hobhouse, seven shillings, Sir, stick to that, and let me tell you, when you have received seven hundred seven shilling pieces, they will cut a figure on your little deal writing table, I have a regard for you, Sir, a regard, and <it> {is} out of it I beg you to strike off the odd three and sixpence. – – I have nothing to request in England, every body with whom I am at all connected seems asleep, as far as regards me, and I shant awake them. – Hanson you may just fillip on the nose, and ask him from me if he is insane, not to have answered my letters. – As to the others, their conduct is optional, and I have nothing to say. I shall certainly be in England, in a few months, perhaps before, but I do not wish this to go forth, as it will only make Hanson more dilatory. – If you hear any thing you will write, and I will apprise you of my intentions as they rise and subside, for it would be very absurd in me to pretend to any regular plan. – You have no doubt a deal to do and say and hear and reply, wishing you well through it I am yours
very sincerely &^c.

B. –

Byron to Hobhouse, from Patras, October 4th 1810:

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

Patras. Morea. October 4th.

1810

My dear Hobhouse,

I wrote to you two days ago, but the weather and my friend Stranè's conversation being much the same, and my ally Nicolo in bed with a fever, I think I may as well talk to you, the rather, as you cant answer me and excite my wrath with impatient observations, at least for 3 months to come. – I will try not to say the same things I have set down in my other letter of the 2^d. but I cant promise, as my poor head is still giddy with my late fever. – – I saw the Lady Hesther Stanhope at Athens, and do not admire “that dangerous thing a female wit.”⁶⁴ – She told me (take her own words) that she had given you a good set down at Malta, in some disputation about the Navy, from this <of> of course I readily inferred the contrary, or in the words of an acquaintance of ours, that “you had the best of it.” – – She evinced a similar disposition to argufy with me, which I avoided by either laughing, or yielding, I despise the sex too much to squabble with them, and I rather wonder you should allow a woman to draw you into a contest, in which however I am sure you had the advantage she abuses you so bitterly.⁶⁵ – I have seen too little of the Lady to form any decisive opinion, but I have discovered nothing different from other shethings, except a great disregard of received notions in her conversation as well as conduct. –

1:2

I dont know whether this will recommend her to our sex, but I am sure it won't to her own. – – She is going on to Constantinople. – Ali Pacha is in a scrape, Ibrahim Pacha, and the Pacha of Scutari have

⁶³: “Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui nous ne déplaît pas ” (La Rochefoucauld, Maximes).

⁶⁴: Pope, *Prologue to the Satires* (variant).

⁶⁵: Stanhope is not to H.'s conservative taste. He describes her in his diary as “a masculine lady who says she would as soon live with Pack-Horses as women” and as “a violent vulgar woman”.

come down upon him with 20000 Gegdes and Albanians, retaken Berat, and threaten Tepaleni, Adam Bey is dead, Vely Pacha was on his way to the Danube, but has gone off suddenly to Yanina, and all Albania is in an uproar. – The Mountains we crossed last year are the Scene of warfare, and there is nothing but carnage and cutting of throats. – In my other letter I mentioned that Vely had given me a fine horse on my late visit, he received me with great pomp, standing, conducted me to the door with his arm round my waist, and a variety of civilities, invited me to meet him at Larissa and see his army, which I should have accepted, had not this rupture with Ibrahim taken place. – Sultan Mahmout is in a phrenzy because Vely has not <joined> {joined} the army, we have a report here that the Russians have beaten the Turks and taken Muchtar Pacha prisoner, but it is a Greek Bazar rumour and not to be believed. – I have now treated you with a dish of Turkish politics, you have by this time gotten into England,⁶⁶ and your ears and mouth are full of “Reform Burdett, Gale Jones, minority, last night’s division, dissolution of parliament, battle in Portugal,” and all the cream of forty newspapers. – In my t’other letter to

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

1:4

rather “Herdswoman” if you don’t like the translation take the original title “η βοσκοπουλα”.⁶⁷ – Galt also writes something not very intelligible about a “Spartan state paper” which by his account is anything but Laconic, now the said Sparta having some years ceased to be a state, what the devil does he mean<?> by a paper? he also adds mysteriously that the affair not being concluded he cannot at present apply for it. – Now, Hobhouse, are you mad? or is he? are these documents for Longman & C^o.? Spartan state papers! and Cretan rhymes! indeed these circumstances superadded to his house at Mycone (whither I am invited) and his Levant wines, make me suspect his sanity. – Athens is at present infested with English people, but they are moving, Dio benedetto! – I am returning to pass a month of two, I think the Spring will see me in England, but do not let this transpire, nor cease to urge the most dilatory of mortals, Hanson. I have some idea of purchasing the Island of Ithaca, I suppose you will add me to the Levant Lunatics. – I shall be glad to hear from your Signoria of your welfare, politics and Literature. – Tell M. that I have obtained above two hundred pl&optC’s and am almost tired of them, for the history of these he must wait my return, as after many attempts I have given up the idea of conveying information on paper. – You know the monastery of Mendele, it was there I made myself master of the first. – Your last letter closes pathetically with a postscript about a nosegay, I advise you to introduce that into your next sentimental novel – I am sure I did not suspect you of any fine feelings, and I believe you are laughing, but you are welcome. – Vale, I can no more like L^d. Grizzle⁶⁸ – y^{rs}. μπαρω

Hobhouse to Byron, from Cadiz, October 6th 1810:

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

⁶⁶: By October 4th H. has as only got as far as Cadiz.

⁶⁷: This 1627 Cretan romance contains the germ of *Don Juan II*. A translation is printed as appendix to *Three Cretan Plays*, tr. F.H.Marshall, int. J. Mavrogordato (Oxford 1929).

⁶⁸: In Fielding’s *Tom Thumb*.

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

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

Cadiz. Oct. 6, 1810

Dear Byron,

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

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

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and the Duke instead of having an audience was ordered to Cadiz (The Cortes sit at Leon 7 miles off) a guard was placed over him and a frigate order'd to convey him out of the Spanish dominions in 30 hours – He is gone to Sicily, like a malefactor, to the place from which he came – They have ordain'd themselves the Executive and Legislative Power – You will see by this short acc^t: what manner of men they are – now for more important concerns – Your Satire is most wonderfully talk'd of – at a dinner of M^r Wellesley's the Ambassador here, C. Wynne {M.P.}⁶⁹ was going on talking about it and also, which is surprising, of some passages in our travels (indeed, our manner of passing our time at Athens has got into the Papers) without knowing I had been with you, and as he began to talk a little sillily M^r Ad— addressed himself to me with some question which show'd my connexions with you, which stopp'd M^r W. I do not think the said was going to say any thing rude, but he esteems himself a wag, talks a great

⁶⁹: Wynne is a friend of Southey, who is insulted in EBSR.

deal and sputters like his elder Taffy the Bart: Let us see. “Wynne.” “Grin” “Skin”. “Thin”. Spin. Tin. binn. kin pin and din – cum mult: ali^s.⁷⁰

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

1:4

truth in the Judge’s observation – tho’ the world think that the best part of the Poem, as the person who told me this story confess’d – Only think of that ninny Ekenhead! When he was reading the Satire, and came to that note where you talk about Haley and call him M^r H.⁷¹ he said “ah ah so he has got a slap at you too,” and, I fancy, he thinks that M^r H means M^r Hobhouse to this moment – Therefore “te per Deos oro et obtestor”⁷² – never fail to fill up that unhappy initial. The Poor Mis..y!! I pray you come home and puff it and make every man to whom you speak a word buy a copy; and sell me this first edition and indeed, indeed, I will do so no more. It is absolutely “unseen unknown unheard of unabused” by this time it is familiar with tart and trunk makers.

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

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

[to the left of the previous item:]

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

[to the right:]

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

There is in the commisariat department here a Dallas a son of your Dallas my Dallas every body’s Dallas⁷³ – he is good humour’d in the extreme and thinks you the Prince of Poets in your times – “I have, as Davies would say, I have Sir taken care to undecieve him.” He is well inform’d – knows a great deal of literary intelligence and writes occasional verses. He is really a charming fellow and takes poetry with great patience. Pratt has come out with his Poem about Brutes, he got a 100 – copies for it. Dallas says it is very like Pope – Blackett, the shoe maker⁷⁴ is dying of a consumption – when he first began to talk

2:1

in the gentlemanly world he said one day, “Damn – me Miss Dallas do you sing? – Gracious Powers! this comes of encouraging shoemakers – he calls Miss Milbank⁷⁵ in the park of whose father Sir Ralph M. he has a tenement, “the dear little Marianne.” now it seems he and Marianne make verses together

⁷⁰: When H. is in jail (1819-20) Wynne will argue that he should be forbidden books, pen and paper.

⁷¹: EBSR 310-18 and authorial note.

⁷²: “I pray and beg you in the name of the gods”.

⁷³: Shakespeare, *Much Ado About Nothing*, III ii 93. Refers to R.C.Dallas, who will introduce B. to Murray.

⁷⁴: See EBSR 765-74; Joseph Blackett, the cobbler-poet patronised by

⁷⁵: Annabella Milbanke, the future Lady Byron.

for which purpose no doubt this Poor Sutor ultra crepidam⁷⁶ has been seduced into his ready furnished cottage. The town is so full of these follies if one were to take the trouble to hunt for them, that a perpetual fund of merriment might be carved out by the members of such a club as we have talked about, and a constant fire of – bites and Quizzes be kept up upon the reading world – I have been thinking that we may call our society – “La Bagatelle” that we may wear a green coat with a black velvet collar and a yellow button with a comic mask and vive la bagatelle inscribed round the rim – that we may employ a printer to publish our bites and Quizzes, which must chiefly be serious lies in prose – abusive satires with names of sober citizens to them, such as “the City”

a Satire
by Al.d.n S.r J.n Sh.we –⁷⁷

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

2:2

is Percival, and a compeer of cock eye’d Golbourne – why places went a begging and Milnes refused to be chancellor of the Exchequer – which I believe to be a very great lie – .. General Graham commander in chief here has seen your full length at Saunder’s⁷⁸ – he was praising it very much indeed – I could not help saying I am glad you like that Picture so much for it is mine” – which you know it is, for you gave it me and I will have it tho’ you may keep it till you are shot. Your {1st} satire was thought at Cambridge to be Hodgson’s nay Monk, Davies great enemy, said to a company at Ionic Wrights⁷⁹ “have you seen Hodgson’s new Satire? The Ionian said it was your’s (the 1st edition) nay, said Monk, I know it is Hodgson’s – he never contradicted it. The said M. is a great teller of lies and I have no doubt never asked Hodgson a word about it, or if he did only receiv’d such an answer as a man would give who did not think himself at liberty to tell the author’s name: I hope you keep a short journal, it will be vastly amusing to you at a future period – if you wish such a thing I will get one journal of my travels with you copied out – Pray do not forget to nudge Cockerel about my picture of Athens – and let me intreat by all the hours we have pass’d together, not to

2:3

forget my boxes at Malta – and thy Panca too. –

oh may the worst of Pera’s poxes
Light on him if he loose my boxes –

Tell that “man of woes” that I have his letter safe but that he has made it up with so damn’d small a rim at the turn-down, that the seal, impress’d tho’ it he with two arrows pierced thru his faithful heart, will not hold his communication inviolate from the vulgar eye of the post-boy of Southwell who will read, provided the said can read, every tender line and heart-rending complaint.. Let me conclude by begging, you will come home directly, indeed your literary interests require it; for altho you may command me to the last drop of my ink, yet you know that “the master’s eye hath not its fellow” I and what your publishers and printers &ci, will not do for any one else they will instantly do for you – You must expect when you return to London to be pointed out – “digito monstrarier – hic est”⁸⁰ and to have a great demand for your wares at all our London Soirees. You will just come home as the “lady of the Lake” ceases to be a novelty – then you can come out “by the author of “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.” what I tell you is very serious that I have heard more about your Satire than I have of any other work, whereas by G d I have not heard one

2:4 [*above address*:]

⁷⁶: “Cobbler removed from his last”.

⁷⁷: “Alderman Sir James Shawe”, Lord Mayor of London.

⁷⁸: Peach fig. 10.

⁷⁹: Waller Rodwell Wright, author of *Horæa Ionicæ*, a model for CHP I and II.

⁸⁰: “Fingers will point at you – that’s him!”

word of Miss: I believe the name is dull for I am sure the body of the book is very meritorious – O lord – I shall have Hodgson saying “we first edition men” – I forgot to tell you that I have been living in great misery here at M^{rs} Baillie’s the great Cadiz talker who has lost 800 dollars by a female swindler [*below address:*] one M^{rs} Riley an Irish-Woman – this loss occasion’d her such violent conversation that she is in a fit of what she calls the Joinders, however its’ an ill wind that blows no one any good, for her Jaundice has sav’d my life, tho’ it has caus’d another evil in giving me time this evening to write you this tittle tattle letter – farewell – write soon and constantly, all Your commissions shall be executed – ever your’s faithfully,

J. C. Hobhouse

Byron to Hobhouse, from Athens, November 12th 1810:

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.19; 1922 I 19-20; BLJ II 26)

[J.C.Hobhouse Esq^r. / <Mr. Ridgway’s / Bookstore / Piccadilly / London> / Royal Cornish Miners / Dover / Byron]

Athens. Nov^r. 12th.
1810

Dear Hobhouse,

I wrote to you to apprise M^r. Hanson (as I have done in a letter, but wish you to repeat my refusal) that I will not sell Newstead according to his suggestion. – I shall enter into no details but state the sum total, viz, that I am ruined. – For further particulars enquire at N^o. 6. – My compts to Matthews and Davies, send M^{rs}. Pigot a copy of your miscellany, and believe me

yours very truly
Byron

P.S. I beg you will repeat very seriously for me, that let the consequence be as it may, ruin to myself and all connected with me (D. and the old women inclusive)⁸¹ I will not sell Newstead, No, oXl, yok, yeo (Albanesico) Noa (Nottinghamshirico)

1:2

Naw, {μη, ούκ,} having now given my negative in all the tongues I can refuse in, I call Christ, Mahomet, Confucius and Zoroaster to witness my sincerity and Cam Hobhouse to make it manifest to the ears and eyes of men, and I further ask his pardon for a long postscript to a short letter.

P.S. 2^d. –

If any body is savage and wants satisfaction for my satire, write, that <my> {I} may return, and give it. –

[1:3 blank. 1:4, the address, is covered with learned notes in Hobhouse’s hand.]

Byron to Hobhouse, from Athens, November 26th 1810:

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.20; 1922 I 20-25; BLJ II 27-31)

[*letter concludes at top of first side:*] the Salsette song, believe me dear Yani, yours ever

B ... x ... x ...x ... n –

Athens. Nov^r. 26th. 1810

Dear Hobhouse, – Five or six letters are already on their passage, or perhaps arrived, since July, and I suppose after all your delays, they will find you in London. – I have in my former sheets told you where I have been and what I have been doing, or rather not doing, for my life has, with the exception of a very few moments, never been anything but a yawn. – Here ha<th/>ve been Lords and Ladies with many others of good report. – Some have seen you at Malta & some have not. – They tell me sad news of my good for nothing acquaintances; Sir G. W.⁸² & Sir B. G. are ruined (by the bye so am I but I wrote you that news by Fletcher) and Wallace is incarcerated; your friend Baillie is the only lucky man I hear of, his stepmother is dead, can’t you inoculate yours with the same disorder?⁸³ – Letters I have had, yours of Cagliari; and two billets from Hanson, he wants me to sell Newstead, but I wont, and

⁸¹: “D. and the old women inclusive” are Scrope Davies, Mrs Massingberd, and Mrs Byron.

⁸²: “Sir Godfrey Webster”??

⁸³: Indicates that H.’s motive for going abroad was a difference with his stepmptther.

pray repeat my negative as strongly as possible. -- My affairs are greatly embarrassed, & I see no prospect of their ever being better, but I will <sell> {not sell} my abbey for man or the Devil. -- Tell Davies, in a very few months I shall be at home to relieve him from his responsibility which he would never have incurred so long, had I been aware "of the law's delay"⁸⁴ and the (not Insolence) but "Indolence of office."⁸⁵ -- I presume he is very wroth and in that mood, to use his frequent quotation, in which the "Dove would peck the Estridge."⁸⁶ -- I shall

1:2

be glad to meet him on friendly terms, & it will not be my fault if we meet on others, but I cannot "truckle to his maudlin humours." -- You refresh me greatly with the tidings of my Satire, if there be any of that martial spirit to require trial by combat, you will inform me which be they, the same impulse which made "Otho a warrior" will make me one too. -- And so Lucien B. is "lagged" to Malta, he is really a Philosopher. -- I have now seen the World, that is the most ancient of the ancient part, I have spent my little all, I have tasted of all sorts of pleasure (so tell the Citoyen) I have nothing more to hope, and may begin to consider of the most eligible way of walking out of it, probably I may find in England, somebody inclined to save me the trouble. -- Mention to M, that I have found so many of his antiques on this classical soil, that I am tired of pl&optCs, the last thing I could be tired of, I wish I could find some of Socrates's Hemlock, but Lusieri tells me it dont poison people nowadays. -- I had a fever in the Morea, but my Constitution beat both it & the Doctors. -- You talk of a tour (in print) I have told Cockerell to paint for you, but I have no Journal or any thing worth journalising. -- Why <m/>Man! you have materials enow without ramming in my damned nonsense, as Diggory says.⁸⁷ -- Here is a Scotch

1:3

Surgeon going to write on Greece, you must be before hand with him; his will be very heavy work I am sure if I may judge by his jargon; it will make admirable subject for a review <if> {should} you feel venomous. -- I expect to find you in the press, pray what's become of the Miscellany? -- Where is Hodgson, where Dallas? your prize essay? and the 40 pounds annexed? -- That timber-head Fletcher is sent home with a paper of some consequence to my mother. -- I dont miss him at all, Visicillie and Dervise are admirable waiters, I have a bandy legged Turkish Cook, and Nicolà Giraùd is my Dragoman and Major Domo. -- I have preferred your petition of marbles to Fletcher, who hath consented to take them, but he hath an ill memory, Heaven help him! -- You will write to Malta, till you hear of my arrival, and I will answer as well as I can. -- -- Sandford Graham whom you remember at Trinity dines with me tomorrow (the 28th.) He tells me that Davies is to be married to an heiress whom he picked up at Bath. -- I am now an Italoquist having been taught that tongue by necessity and Nicola Giro the brother of Lusieri's should=be wife. -- Andreas Zantachi I sent off after your Malta letter, so I had no choice left between pantomime or silence, except gabbling Romaic and Italian in which last I am intelligible, my Greek is ετιη και ετιη,⁸⁸ and my Latin of course walked of with the late dragoman of Dominus Macgill. -- Cockerell, Foster, Graham,

1:4

Baron Haller (a Teutonic and Cimbrian traveller) Lusieri, and myself are to <selt> {set} off μεθουριον⁸⁹ for Cape Colonna in great force. -- A Bolognese physician is to be presented to me tomorrow at his own petition having heard that I <was> {am} the celebrated aquatic genius who swam across the Hellespont when he was at Abydos. -- I believe the fellow wants to make experiments with me in diving. -- -- You are now, Yani Hobhouse, digesting your remarks for Lintot or Jacob Tonson, and anticipating publication with your tongue to Matthews, or some such patient listener. -- I suppose you have made the tour of Longman's back=shop, and sunned yourself in the smiles of M^{rs}. Ridgway. -- If you hear any

⁸⁴: Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, III i 72.

⁸⁵: Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, III i 73.

⁸⁶: Shakespeare, *Anthony and Cleopatra*, III xiii 196.

⁸⁷: Diggory is a servant in Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, but has no lines like this.

⁸⁸: "So-so"; correct Greek should be "έτσι και έτσι".

⁸⁹: "The day after tomorrow".

thing of your own or my works good or bad, let us have it. – I shall {be} glad to hear that they are all alive. – You have {sailed} so long in the Salsette you must be quite a Tarpaulin. – Kill your stepmother and reconcile yourself to your father,⁹⁰ I hope your brother was not in that damned advance Guard which has lately taken up its everlasting position at some place in Portugal according to the Frankfort Gazette. – Fletcher I have sent home with dispatches, he is in great tribulation with his numskull full of Gales of wind, French privateers, Galliois, Black joke lugger pressing at home, thieves in the Morea, row at his castle with Sally, and a world of woes. – As for me I am finished, for I will not sell, and have nothing left for the “Gemman as goes round for the tax upon income” according to

[*the postscript is on different paper*]

P. S. – Dec^r. 5th. 1810.

Dear Cam, – I open my letter to mention an escape; Graham, Cockerell, Lusieri, myself, and a Bavarian Baron, went to Cape Colonna where we spent a day. – At that time five and twenty Mainnotes (pirates) were in the caves at the foot of the cliff with some Greek boatmen their prisoners. – They demanded of these who were the Franks above? one of the Greeks knew me, and they were preparing to attack us, when seeing my Albanians and conjecturing there were others in the vicinity, they were seized with a panic and marched off. – We were all armed (about 12 with our attendants) some with fusils & all with pistols and ataghans, but though we were prepared for resistance, I am inclined to think we are rather better without a battle. – Some of the Greeks whom they had taken, told me {afterwards} they saw me with my double barrell mounted on a chestnut horse, and described the rest of our party very accurately. –

2:2

Two of them arrived yesterday, released, but stripped of every thing by the Mainnotes. – These {last} deliberated some time, but as we were in a very advantageous position among the columns, ignorant of our numbers, and alarmed by some balls which whizzed over their heads by accident, they kept m the shore, and permitted us to depart in peace. – The Albanians, my Turkish bandy legged Cook, a servant of Lusieri’s & myself had guns and pistols, the rest side arms and pistols, but how we should have carried on the war is very doubtful, I rather think we should have been taen like Billy Taylor and carried off to Sea. – We are all snug in our winter quarters after the same tour we made last year. – Graham and myself got drunk at Keratia, <and> the former in his Bacchanism decapitated a large pig with a Highland Broadsword to the horror of Lusieri, and after all we could not eat him. – Good bye, Yani, y^{rs}. a second time

B x x x x x x x x , , , , , , , , / / / - - , , , . N. –⁹¹

Hobhouse to Byron, from Chepstow, December 10th 1810:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43441 f.8; BB 57-62)

[For / The Right Honorable / Lord Byron / Malta / Mediterranean]

Hobhouse has written in every cranny of this sheet (40.4 x 32cm), including where the sealing-wax might, if ripped, destroy the text.

December 10, 1810

Dear Byron,

I trust you have received my three former letters – the last from Cadiz gave you notice that it was my intention to go to Falmouth in the Nocton Packet, Capt: Vinicombe. In the said packet I did go together with Drummond and Sir Mark Sykes, the first of whom I like most excessively he being very quick spirited and good humoured, and the second of whom I was also pleas’d with, tho it seemed something odd for a bald headed man of between 40 & 50 to be travelling about for his pleasure. We came home in a gale of wind the first part of the voyage, and made the Scilly lighty House on the next Sunday morning but did not arrive in Falmouth untill Tuesday morning having had an eight day’s passage, which was very good and very lucky for latterly our victuals grew scarce our drinkables were quite out and we, Sir M Sykes Drummond and myself being ringleaders, all mutinous to a most contumacious degree. Capt Vinicombe must, however, be entirely exculpated from the heinous charge of attempt at starvation, for it seems the Nocton Packet was running for a widow, as they called it. So beware of the Nocton, nay, beware of all packers, for one of them has lately been taken, & two have

⁹⁰: Further evidence that H. hates his stepmother. In his diary he rarely mentions her.

⁹¹: A seemingly random line of meaningless characters between “B” and “N”, going right across the page.

been fiercely attacked, and a passenger and three sailors killed in one of them. What do you think of my entrusting some attar of Roses that I was carrying home from Cockerel to his family to the Doctor, the oddest of all Doctors even in your & my way, of the Nocton to smuggle into Falmouth in [*Ms. tear*] hest, and his refusing afterwards to deliver up my goods [*Ms. tear*] when I desired him to deliver them – This beats any thing in my experience. I have written to him, but he may be at the world’s end by this time. I assure you that I was much struck and delighted with the cultivated appearance of the country even about Falmouth, it appeared a complete garden, and your friend Clinton’s Wood where we used to try our pistols seemed the prettiest nook in the world. –I think that even you will be pleased with the contrast of England with all the other countries you have ever seen –

I came to Bath on the 29th October from Falmouth and in that place I have been staying, save & except a trip to Bristol, ever since, so that I have not yet seen the Matthews nor the Davies, tho’ I have heard from both; nor of course have I come across Dallas or Spoony or any of your friends – However, all your letters have been sent to their respective places of destination. I have been laid up with a quinsy.⁹² I found my uncle my father’s elder and only brother just dead when I came to Bath, and I have been engaged in a most unpleasant correspondence with my honored progenitor, so you may conceive me to have had no very great leisure or pleasure since I return’d. I can give you the very best news of your English Bards. three complete editions are sold and a fourth which is much called for will be out immediately – the third edition is printed in a much larger type than the second – The first bookseller in Bath told me that it had sold better than any thing of its kind since the Baviad and Mæviad – I had a letter from M^r Ward⁹³ the other day, and he mentions it in the highest terms; it is as commonly talked of as any literary subject, as I have found myself, so here is intelligence for you to smile at, my voting gentleman! Your smile will

1:2

be stretched into a laugh when I tell you that the Miscellany is the most damned of any given work of the present day – I do not mean damn’d by the Critics for they have said nothing to my paradoxes,⁹⁴ but damned by its own indelicacy which is really too gross, but principally in a tale of mine taken from Boccace⁹⁵ which the Devil the father of all damnation must have prompted me to insert. The eclectic Review has tried to be exceedingly severe and somewhat jocose but that is on account of my daring to wag the tongue, as they call it, against M^r Wilberforce. They say your poems are the best in the collection. The Critical is very fair, that is, after censuring the indecency, it allows that there is here and there a good line – but, as I said before, the critics, by which I mean the Edinborough and the Quarterly, have said nothing to my paradoxes, nothing at all Sir – Longman will loose a mint of money by the job, which, considering that the poor fellow has only about 6000£ per an^m will be a hard thing upon him. To balance all this, I have only the compliments of two or three friends & the information from a certain quarter, that a certain fellow of a certain college in Oxford declared that my imitations were equal to any thing of the kind in Pope. I know what you will say to my pitiful story, you will tell me that you warned me before hand of the impossibility of making these broad terms of mine go down; and you will tell me what is very true, for you did warn me –

So much for the Miscellany, which for my sins I have sent into the world.

The Edinborough has lately received a complete set down by one Cobblen – a fellow of Oxford, on the subject of the attack made by that Review upon the Oxford Strabo. All hands agree that the critics are completely worsted and proved to have been not only ignorant but equivocating in this business – And yet the last Edinborough was all sold off, i e the first edition of 10.000, in a week – The Quarterly has appear’d to take the judge upon itself, but is decidedly, of course, against the Scotchmen – it sells about 3000. still, you see, infinitely below the Edinborough. Hodgson has published something else, “serious imitations of the ancients <nor> and humorous imitations of the moderns. I have not seen it, neither have I heard of it except by name & I fear that the world is not awake to his merits – Colman has a farce coming out called X.Y.Z. May he not have taken this name from a line in your Satire? Blackett the shoe maker and poet is no more – he died in his cottage in Sir F. Millman’s park, and Miss Millman⁹⁶ after cramming his carcass into a coffin is going to erect over him what she calls a cenotaph with an inscription from her own poems, learnt in the cobbler’s school of versmaking. If you will put

⁹²: Tonsillitis.

⁹³: John William Ward, later Canning’s Foreign Secretary.

⁹⁴: Goldsmith, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, Ch.20.

⁹⁵: H.’s translation of Boccaccio (*Decameron*, Day Three, first story: the “dumb” gardener in the convent).

⁹⁶: Should be “Milbanke”.

two lines to make a beginning, for these two shall serve as an ending for something that we may send her instead of her own nonsense –

“Yet spare him, ye critics! his follies are past
For the cobbler is come, as he ought, to his last

with a dash to show where the point is or ought to be – Paul Methuen has published a volume of poetry, and I hear that Goldbourne has done the same thing, but of the truth of this last report I know nothing: I have not seen his

1:3

{production} but somebody, I forget whom, spoke to me highly in praise of it. Walter Scott’s *Lady of the lake* cannot be printed fast enough for the demands made upon the booksellers for it in every quarter of G Britain. it is written in the regular 8 syllable metre interspersed with songs the burthen of one of which is “Roderick vich Alpine Dhu hoe, iroe”⁹⁷ now what is this? what is vich and what are dhu hoe iroe? tis a highland boat song so probably you can tell – Clarke’s *travels*, vo1 1st from Perersburgh to Constantinople,⁹⁸ are come out; they are reviewed both in the *Edinb. and Quarterly*; rather more favourably in the first than the last, but in both favorably: indeed they seem to me most excellent – his next vol. is to take in Turkey and Greece, which will render my other book on that subject⁹⁹ quite superfluous. Gell’s new book about Greece¹⁰⁰ is not much talked of – I have not seen it yet. The *London Review* by Cumberland is dead – Valpey of Reading has set up a new Review called the *Classical journal* for considering Latin, Greek Hebrew and other easy publications: he has puzzled the learned by having this figure [*gallows-like figure*] on his title page. I am told that it is a printer’s private mark, but having never seen the like before I can not speak to the point. A Miss Palmer of Bath sent a sum of money to the *Quarterly Reviewers* desiring them to lay it out in charitable institutions for her; and to review a forth coming novel of her’s the <Baron’s> *Daughters of Isinberg*. What do these gentlemen do, they ridicule the “daughters” &c. beyond anything, and at the end of the article tell the world what Miss Palmer has done, stating that after hesitating a good deal between the foundling and lying-in Hospitals they at last gave the donation to the latter hoping the lady approves of their decision, but begging leave to decline being her Almoner for the future – Now this is being unnecessarily severe and determined to show the world their incorruptibility; ’tis like L^d Sidmouth’s prosecuting the Cornwall Tinker for offering him a bribe. But to leave these topics; you will not believe me when I tell you that Robert Coates the Robert Coates¹⁰¹ acted the part of Romeo on the Bath stage last winter to the most crowded house ever known in that Town. I need not tell you how he burlesqued the character – he would have his dress fit very tight so that he insisted that there should be no pockets to it; in consequence of which he always flirited his handkerchief in every direction without a moment’s rest for that little utensil; peals of repeated clapping and laughter drew from him repeated bows. The <lady> actress playing <Romeo> Juliet said “Romeo Romeo wherefore art thou Romeo”? just before he was going to die he said half aloud to the orchestra, “don’t forget the music” for he had resolved to die to slow music – however when he had fallen down and the music did not play he would not die, but sat up. Gallery pit and boxes were in a thunder of laughter. Juliet said, “do die Sir! pray die Sir!” but all in vain – Romeo would speak his last speech over again and again, till at last M^r Dimond the manager step’d down from his box behind the scenes, and called out to Coates: “I desire you would die directly” and the reluctant Bob fell backwards – He told a gentleman the next

1:4 [*above address*:]

day, who told it me, that he had seen three Romeos and that he would play against either of them for fifty pounds. He is now playing at Brighton I hear. It is now time to acknowledge the receipt of and to thank you very sincerely for your two letters, the one dated “Patrass,” the other “Tripolitza” 26. August. I beg you will continue to let me hear from you, for when I am reading your lively descriptions I really fancy myself again with you and Darvis and Vasillur, as Fletcher calls them, and with Andrew and the great man himself poor fellow with his leg in a tea kettle – I thought it, of course, right to give

⁹⁷: Scott, *The Lady of the Lake*, Canto II.

⁹⁸: *Travels in Various Countries of Europe, Asia and Africa* (1810). Clarke was a traveller highly respected by B.

⁹⁹: H.’s first reference to the book that will be *A Journey through some Provinces of Turkey*.

¹⁰⁰: William Gell, *Itinerary of Greece* (1810).

¹⁰¹: Coates was a rich “actor” much famed for his lack of professional scruple.

you the intelligence I received at Malta about Andrew: but, now that you find from Stranè that my accounts were all correct, perhaps you may chuse to continue him in your service, having at the same time a sharp look out after him. I am delighted with your parting from Strane's effeminate relation, [*below address:*] but then I am alarmed at the preference shown you by his highness ο Βυζερι ο Βελή πασας.¹⁰² I pray you may not be ravished downright. Do you know that his Majesty has been insane ever since the death of the Princess Amelia, and that the parliament has met and adjourned three times in hopes of his getting better, and that if he be {not} well by Thursday next they say that the P of W will be made sole regent, and will not turn out the K's ministers but only make room for L^d Moira, and that the P of W. is turned rank Methodist. It is indeed thought that there will soon be a coronation – so do come home and walk in the procession. M^r H. has at last agreed to settle all my concerns. I have given in the debits in your quarter amounting to 1325£. 10s. 0d, which I believe you will find correct from a view of the items. If, however, you can add any thing, you will be conferring the greatest favour on me to mention it.

London, June 1808.....	100.0.0	Whilst abroad ...	818.0.0
Brighton, July 1808	10.0.0	Returning home .	100.0.0
Horse, Oct ^r . 1808	157.10.0		
London, Ap. 1809	20.0.0	Total	1325.10.0
Newstead, May 1809	10.0.0		
At sundry times plays, operas, &c	10.0.0		
London June 1809	100.0.0		

I have taken the liberty to Mention your name to M^r H. because he desir'd me to give him a particular account of every thing. When he has [*parallel to address:*] fixed a precise time for the discharge of this I shall let you know. I am going prancing in to the Militia¹⁰³ till I can get an opportunity of going abroad again. If there be any books for me at Malta I give 'em to you. Pray, if you can, bring home the marbles or I shall loose them certainly. Farewell – most truly yours

J. C. Hobhouse

[*sideways on 1:3:*] Do not go and join the Turkish army, but send Fletcher guarded by Dervis and Delhic Achmet. If you see Cockerell, remember me. How is his bed? L^d Wellington is not doing much tho' Massena is retreating with a very inferior force. Baxter of Cambridge is dead. Claridge is at Christ Church, Oxford.

[*sideways opposite:*] Belsham the historian has turned out a man of the Methode!!!

Byron to Hobhouse, from Athens, January 10th–14th 1811:

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.22; 1922 I 25-8; QI 87-9; BLJ II 27-31)

[J.C.Hobhouse Esq^r. / <M^r. Ridgway's / Bookseller / Piccadilly / London // Byron> Hounslow April fourteenth / Captain Hobhouse // Royal Miners / Dover]

Ridgway has redirected this letter to Hobhouse, who is now in the militia.

Capuchin Convent, Athens, January 10th. 1811

Dear Hobhouse,

I have written at intervals several letters, some of which it is probable you have received. – Two have arrived of yours dated Malta and Cagliari, & I conceive there be others on the Sea or in it, for you must have been months in England. – Since your departure from the Cyclades, I have been principally in Attica, which I have traversed more than once, besides two tours in the Morea of the particulars of which M^r. Fletcher now on his voyage with dispatches will apprise you. – Here be many English, and there have been more, with all of whom I have been and am on dining terms, & we have had balls and a variety of fooleries with the females of Athens. – I am very undecided in my intentions, though stationary enough as you perceive by my date. – I sometimes think of moving homewards in Spring & sometimes of not moving at all till I have worn out my shoes which are all as good as new. – Hanson has at last written, and wants me to sell Newstead. I will not, and though I have in more than one letter to you requested you to corroborate and assist this negative, I beg in this and all subsequent communications to entreat you to tell

¹⁰²: “The Vizier Vely Pasha”.

¹⁰³: Being reconciled with his father (a fact he doesn't mention to B.) H. is joining the Royal Cornwall and Devon Miners' militia as penance.

1:2

him and all whom it may concern, that I will not sell my patrimony. – I suppose however the adjustment of that and other damned affairs will drag me to England. – Well, Sir, & so I suppose you are holding forth to your acquaintance on the subject of your travels, and they are all very glad to see you, and you have been tipsy and loquacious as usual <and> on such occasions, and are just beginning to subside into the old track of living after shaking about sixty pair of hands, and seeing the play & such like all of which must be very new to a voyager from the Levant. – You will present my respects to Matthews and Davies who is I hear about to throw himself {away} on a rich wife, and none of the seemliest according to my reporter. – Pray what profits make ye of the Miscellany? ey, ey, I warrant you now, you are preparing a tome of travel for the press. – I have no journal or you should have it to abet your design. – I am now tolerable in Italian, and am studying the Romaic under a Master, being obliged to cashier my Latin with my last Dragoman, and betake myself to the moderns. – I have sent a

1:3

bark to Smyrna in the faint hope of letters, & shall not fill up this sheet till it's return. – January 14th. 1811. – My boat is returned with some newspapers & duplicates of letters already received. – None from you, but all in good time. – I shall certainly not (without something very novel occurs) move towards your Island till Spring, nor even then if I receive any further remittances, a business which I hope you did not fail to urge to my agent. – You have I humbly presume forwarded all my epistles to their respective destinations. – I certainly wish to hear how you go on, and what plan you have chalked out, five and twenty is almost too late in life for anything but the Senate or the <c/>Church, I wish you was a parson, or a counsellor at law, by the bye L^d. Erskine did not commence till nearly thirty. – I do not think your Sire so blameable, the fault lies of course with the Stepdame, the old story, Baillie has got rid of his “injusta Noverca”¹⁰⁴ see what it is to have luck! – As you are fond of scribbling, and are said to have a talent that

1:4

Way, why dont you, and Matthews & some other wits, undertake some periodical, hebdomadal, or diurnal concern, I leave you to find out what, but I think you might bring such a <sh> scheme to bear. – Fyott is this day arrived from M^t. Athos (“ἀγιον ὄρος”) he has discovered nothing to signify in the manuscript way. – Graham & Haygarth are to depart shortly, one for Stambol, Haygarth for Sicily. – I shall send this by the latter. – Galt is in Pera full of his Sour Wine Company speculation. I shall look at him in Mycone in the “Prima Vera”. – He sent me a Candiot poem for you, but being the worst Romaic & the vilest nonsense ever seen, it was not worth the carriage.¹⁰⁵ – As you know Athens and all its peculiarities, I shall not afflict you with description. – I have three horses (one a gift of Vely Pacha)¹⁰⁶ and live rather better and cheaper than last winter. – I see a good deal of the English & Lusieri, chiefly of late, and have had no disputes with any one. – I am tranquil & as contented as I suppose one can be in any situation. I have also a Bavarian Baron & celebrated painter, taking views for me. – yrs. very affec^{ty}. & truly B. –

2:2 [*behind address*]

P.S.

This goes by Haygarth who moves in a few days to Malta by way of the Morea & Zante. – Graham is off too. – I stay till Spring, at all events till I receive letters, which as usual take their time on the way. – Good night, you Port-drinking fellow, I am just returned from dining with Haygarth. January 17th. 1811 ———

Byron to Hobhouse, from Athens, February 1st 1811:

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.23; BLJ II 39)

[J.C.Hobhouse Esq^r / M^r. Ridgway's Bookseller / Piccadilly / London // Byron]

¹⁰⁴: Virgil, Eclogue III 33 (“harsh stepmother”).

¹⁰⁵: B's second reference to the 1627 Cretan romance which contains the germ of *Don Juan II*.

¹⁰⁶: This is the fifth time B. has told H. about the horse given him by Veli Pacha.

Athens. February 1st. 1811

Dear Cam,

My firman for Syria & Ægypt¹⁰⁷ being arrived I am off in Spring for Mount Sion, Damascus, Tyre & Sidon, Cairo & Thebes. –

Pray whisper in Hanson's ear the word remittance, as I shall soon be run out if you dont urge that worthy but snail paced man. – I have written to you by various vessels, & for fear of accidents, a duplicate of this letter, or something like it. –

yours ever
Byron

P.S. – Letters to Malta, but let the cash go on to Pera. –

[1:2 and 3 blank.]

Byron to Hobhouse, from Athens, February 28th 1811:

(Source: Ms. not found; text from *The Independent*: not in 1922, LJ or BLJ)

My mother sends me a pack of stale newspaper extracts,¹⁰⁸ which one sees in every seaport town – Hanson a damnable account of my affairs though I can't tell if he tells truth or not, his letter being quite facetious, a pretty time for joking when a man is in Greece and his property involved. Hodgson and you send me nothing at all, and unless indeed, you can say something more to the purpose than the others, I am very much obliged to you.

I have been ill and well, quick and sorry, and glad, and coming, going and staying, like the rest of mankind, without gaining a step towards improvement except in languages, and even there my head is but a Babel of bad sounds. For want of better employment I began several plans of scribbling, but have been wise enough to destroy them all except the poem of which you recollect I had finished two cantos, to which I have added nothing ...

Byron to Hobhouse, from Athens, March 5th 1811:

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.24; BLJ II 41-3)

Athens – March 5th. 1811

Dear Hobhouse,

Two English gentlemen after 7 years captivity in France having made their escape through Bosnia, and being arrived here on their way home I shall follow up my last letter with the present, which will be conveyed by these runaways whose names are Cazenove. – – I am this moment come out of the Turkish Bath, which is an immense luxury to me, though I am afraid it would not suit you at all, their being a great deal of rubbing, sweating, & washing (your aversion) to go through, which I indulge in every other day. – – I cannot sufficiently admire the punctuality & success with which you have written to me in reward <with> for my numerous communications, the last of which must have arrived with the nincompoop Fletcher. – – Since my last letter 27 U^t. I have begun an Imitation of the “De Arte Poetica” of Horace (in rhyme of course) & have translated or rather varied about 200 lines and shall

1:2

probably finish it for lack of other argument.¹⁰⁹ – The Horace I found in the convent where I have sojourned some months. – – Ever since my fever in the Morea in Sept^r. of which I wrote you an account, my health has been changing in the most tramontane way. I have been fat, & thin (as I am at present) a had a cough & a catarrh & the piles and be damned to them, and I have had pains in my side & left off animal food, which last has done me some service, but I expect great things from the coming summer & if well & wealthy shall go to Jerusalem, for which I have a firman. – –

Dun Hanson, & tell him, he wont persuade me to sell Newstead, unless something particular occurs. – If I sell it, I live abroad, if not, I come home, & I have no intention of selling it, but <on> the contrary. – The English here & myself are on very good terms, we have balls & dinners frequently. – As I told

¹⁰⁷: Translated at *Byron and Orientalism* (ed. Cochran, 2006), pp.308-9.

¹⁰⁸: See *Thirteen Letters from Byron's Mother*, NABSR 2006, p.64 *et seq.*

¹⁰⁹: Shakespeare, *Henry V*, III i 21.

you before, no letters have arrived from anybody, consequently I know nothing of you, or Matthews, or the Miscellany, I have seen English papers of October,

1:3

which say little or nothing, but I have lately sent a Battello to Smyrna in hopes of hearing from my vagabond connections. – I don't think you will see me before July, and if things go on to my wish, not for another year. – I took it for granted all this time, that you are arrived in England, as the Salsette has returned these six months to Smyrna, but your silence makes me rather doubt it. – You see you were mistaken in your conjectures on the subject of my return, & I have <also> remanded Fletcher, whom I by no means miss, unless it be by having less confusion than usual in my wardrobe & household. I got your Malta & Cagliari letters, but I expected you would have written from England, though I can excuse a little delay & drunkenness on your first arrival. I feel also interested in your plans, I want to know what you are doing, saying, & writing, whether your domestic affairs go on to your satisfaction, & having heard all this, I should be glad to be informed of Matthieu, who I suppose was pleased to see you again. – As for my own affairs I dont want to hear

1:4

of them unless they shine a little brighter than in June last, when I received a jocose account of their inextricability from M^r. H. – who might as well have kept his good things for a better opportunity. – If he remits a round sum I will take that and his wit in good part, but I can't allow any waggery from Temple Bar without an adequate remuneration, particularly as three thousand miles (according to <Fletch> Fletcher's invariable calculation from the moment he cleared the channel) are too long for a repartee. – I am at present out of spirits having just lost a particular friend, poor dear D^r. Bronstedt of Copenhagen (who lost half his rix dollars by our cursed bombardment)¹¹⁰ is lately gone to Constantinople, we used to tipple punch and talk politics; Sandford Graham is also gone, but then there are more coming. – Pray have you sent M^{rs}. Pigot a copy of the Miscellany? – Have you sent my letters to their proper places? – Have you fulfilled my commissions? And How dye do?

y^{rs}. ever very truly
Byron

Byron to Hobhouse, from Athens, March 18th 1811:

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.25; BLJ II 43-4)

[<J/>B.C.Hobhouse Esq^r. M.P. / <Ridgway's / Bookseller / Piccadilly / London> Witton Park / N^r. Hounslow – // Byron]

Athens, March 18th. 1811

Dear Hobhouse – – Though I neither know where you are or how you are, I write at a venture by way of Zante, as I have already done many times, indeed so often that I can't afford you more than this present sheet –

I have just finished an imitation in English verse (rhyme of course) of Horace's "<a/>Art of Poetry"¹¹¹ which I intend as a sequel to my "E. Bards," as I have adapted it entirely to our new school of Poetry, though always keeping pretty close to the original. – This poem I have addressed, & shall dedicate to you, in it you fill the same part that the "Pisones" do in Horace, & if published it must be with the Latin subjoined. – I am now at the "Limæ Labor"¹¹² though I shant keep my piece nine years, indeed I question if Horace himself kept to his own precept. – I am at present very fond of this bantling, as the youngest

1:2

offspring of authors, like that of mothers, is generally most cherished, because 'tis the weakest. – Pray what are you doing? have you no literary projects in hand? can't you & Matthieu, & some of our wits, commence some literary journal, political, critical or or what not? I dont mean however like a common magazine or review, but some respectable novelty, which I recommend & leave to your own brilliant considerations. – You see my scribbling propensities though "expelled with a fork" are coming on again. –

¹¹⁰: The English bombardment of Constantinope of January 1807. H. gives twelve pages to this in his book (pp.1111-22).

¹¹¹: HfH.

¹¹²: Horace, *Ars Poetica* 291.

I am living here very amiably with English, French, Turks & Greeks, and tomorrow evening I give a supper to all the Franks in the place. -- You know Athens so well, I shall say no more about it. ---- As you have been so sparing, and myself so liberal in late communications, I shall fold

1:3

up this rag of paper, which I send tomorrow by a snail to Patras. -- However it is more than you deserve from

yours very angry

B.

P.S.

Have you sent M^{rs}. Pigot a copy of the Miscellany? ----

April 22nd 1811: Byron leaves Greece.

Byron to Hobhouse, from Malta, May 15th 1811:

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.26; BLJ II 44-7)

[To / <J./B.>C.Hobhouse Esqr. / <Mr. Ridgway's / Bookseller / Piccadilly / London> Whitton Park / Hounslow // Byron]

Malta. May 15th. 1811

Dear Hobhouse,

Your last 2 letters of 1810 I have just received, they find me on my way homewards, in the beginning of June I sail in the Volage frigate with French prizes and other English ships of war in all I believe 6 or 7 frigates. ---

I must egotize a little. -- I am in bad health & worse spirits, being afflicted in body with what Hostess Quickly in Henry 5th. calls a villainous "Quotidian Tertian."¹¹³ It killed Falstaff & may me. I had it first in the Morea last year, and it returned in Quarantine in this infernal oven, and the fit <returns> {comes on} every other day, reducing me first to the chattering penance of Harry Gill,¹¹⁴ and then mounting me up to a Vesuvian pitch of fever, lastly quitting me

1:2

with sweats that render it necessary for me to have a man and horse all night to change my linen. -- Of course I am pulled down with a murrain, and as I hear nothing but croaking from H. I am hastening homewards to adjust (if possible) my inadjustable affairs. He wants me to sell N -- partly I believe because he thinks it might serve me, and partly I suspect because some of his clients want to purchase it. -- I will see them d -- d first. I told you I never would sell it in a former letter and I beg to repeat that Negative. --

I have told him fifty times to sell Rochdale & he evades and excuses in a very lawyerlike & laudable way. -- Tell Davies it is with the greatest regret I see him in such a Situation from which he shall be at all events & at all expence relieved, for if money is not ready I will take the securities on myself.¹¹⁵ --

1:3

I have looked, asked, and raved after your marbles, and am still looking, asking, & raving, till people think they are my own. -- Fletcher was my precursor. -- Close, Lander, M^{rs}. D. have all been examined and declared "Ignoramus." -- And yet it is so odd that so many packages should have vanished that I shall (in the intervals of my malady) search the surface of the Island. -- I am sorry to hear the stationary propensities of your "Miscellany" and attribute them -- firstly -- to the dead=weight of extraneous productions with which you loaded your own Pegasus, secondly -- to the half guinea (one may buy an opera ticket for less at Hookham's) and thirdly to that "Walsh-ean" preface from which you & Matthews predicted such unutterable things. -- Now what would I do? -- cut away the lumber of L^d. Byron, the Hon^{ble}. G. Lambe, M^r. Bent the Counsellor at Law, and the rest of your

1:4

¹¹³: Shakespeare, *Henry V* II i 115.

¹¹⁴: From *Lyrical Ballads*.

¹¹⁵: But B. had promised to "take the securities on himself" when Davies first borrowed the money.

contributory friends, castrate that Boccacian tale, expunge the Walshean preface (no offence to Matthieu) add some smart things of your own, change the title, and charge only seven & sixpence. -- I bear that Jeffrey has promised to review you, this will lift you into life, and seriously speaking, I think your own production would have done much better alone, and the "Imitations of Juvenal" are certainly as good in their kind as any in our language. --

I have completed an Imitation of Horace "De Arte Poetica" in which you perform the part of both the "Pisos." I have taken a good <d> deal of pains with it, but wish you to see it before I print, particularly as it is addressed to you. -- In one part (I deviate and adapt from the original) I have apostrophized you as a lover of ("Vive la Bagatelle") and it is curious that I should afterwards receive a

2:1

2) letter from you on the subject of y^f. projected society with that Motto. --

I had written {the lines} without being at all aware of such an intention, and of course am pleased with the coincidence as well as your idea. But more of this in England. -- I wish you would fill up your outline with your friends I have nobody to recommend or to object against, but shall be happy to make a joint in the tail of your Comet! -- I have heard from Matthews, remember me to him most socially, he tells me you have thoughts of betaking shortly to Cambridge, surely this is better than the Militia, -- why go abroad again? five and twenty is too late to ring bells and write notes for a Minister of legation? don't think of such a thing, read, read, read, and depend upon it in two years time Fortune or your Father will come round again. --

2:2

My picture of which you speak is gone to my mother, and if not, it was {& is} my intention not to be shot for a long time, and therefore Thou False and foul Insinuator! I repel your surmise, as "De Wilton" did the Adjuration of the voice from High Cross Edinburgh (see 4th., 5th., or 6th. Canto of Marmion), and as it succeeded with him I trust it will with me, you Unnatural (not Supernatural) Croaker! Avaunt thee Cam! I retort & repel your hint, and hope you yourself will be -- shooter of a great many Ptarmigans (or men if you like it better), but don't draw me into your parties to shoot or be shotten! for I am determined to come off Conqueror on all such occasions. -- I expect letters from you by next packet. --

2:3

My fantastical adventures I reserve for you and Matthieu and a bottle of Champagne. -- I parted as I lived friends with all the English & French in Attica, and we had balls, dinners, and amours without number. -- I bring you a letter from Cockerell. -- Lusieri is also in Malta, and Nicolà whom you remember, who is gone to School here, he was very useful to me at Athens, and it is chiefly through him that I have acquired some knowledge of the Italian & Romaic languages. --
I was near bringing away Theresa but the mother asked 3 o o o o piastres! -- I had a number of Greek and Turkish women, and I believe the rest {of the English} were equally lucky, for we were all clapped. -- I am nearly well again of that distemper, & wish I was as well

2:4

rid of my "Quotidian Tertian" --

I must go down to Newstead & Rochdale and my mother in a late letter tells me {that my} property is estimated at above a hundred thousand pounds {even} after all <delbts> {debts} &^c. are paid off. --

And yet I am embarrassed and do not know where to raise a Shilling. ---

With regard to our acc^t. dont think of it or let your Father think of it, for I will not hear of it till you are in a state to pay it as easily as so many shillings. -- I have fifty resources, & besides my person is parliamentary, -- pay your tradesmen, -- I am None. -- I know your suspicions past & present, but they are ill founded. -- Will you meet me in London in July & go down to Rochdale & Notts by way of Cambridge to see Matthieu leave a direction at Ridgways. -- Believe yours

Indelibly B. -----

[On envelope:]

Malta. May sixteenth, eighteen hundred & eleven

Li Marmi sono trovati; – dopo cercando tutta la Citta, furono scoperti insieme col’li altri [*Ms. tear*]
Milordo Elgin Li portaro al’ [*Ms. tear: “Inghilte”*]rra / May 17th. 1811¹¹⁶

Byron to Hobhouse, from the Volage frigate, at Sea, June 19th 1811:¹¹⁷

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.27; BLJ II 48-51)

Volage Frigate, at Sea, June 19th.
1811

My dear Hobhouse – In the gentle dullness of a Summer voyage I shall converse with you for half an hour. – – We left Malta on the 2^d. with three other frigates, inclusive of the Lissa prizes, and are on our way, they to Glory, and I to what God pleases. – I am recovered from my Tertian, but neither my Health or my hitherto hoydenish Spirits, are so rampant as usual. – I received at Malta your letters which I have answered, and I have succeeded in the discovery and embarkation of your memorable marbles, they shall be brought to town, or left in proper care at Portsmouth till you can arrange their removal. – –

1:2

I am accompanied by two Greek servants both middle aged men, & one {is} Demetrius your old misinterpreter. – I have letters for you from Cockerell whom I left {well} with other Franks, my own antiquities consist of four tortoises, and four Skulls, all taken out of ancient Sarcophagi. – – Our health is very lackadaisycal, I have a clap, & S^r. Demetrius a swoln testicle the fatal consequence of some forty “Sculamente”. –

I shall put off all account of my Winter in Athens, which was most social & fantastical, as also all my marchings and countermarchings, till our meeting, and indulge in speculation on my prospects in your Country. –

1:3

I shall first endeavour to repair my irreparable affairs, and it seems I must set out for Lancashire, for I shall neither have coals or comfort till I visit Rochdale in person. – I wish you would meet me or tell me where to meet you, as I wish to consult you on various subjects, besides the pleasure I shall experience in your society. –

With regard to all Dross business between us, dont think of it, till it is most perfectly convenient, I would rather you did not think of it at all, but as I know your Sentiments on the subject, I shall not annoy you by such a proposition. – – You tell me fine things – very fine things – on the literary “lay” I suppose from your

1:4

natural knowledge of our weak side, and with a view to set me marble-hunting by dint of compliment. – – I have as I told you before, completed an Imitation of Horace “Ad Pisones” addressed to you, and to be published forthwith as you will readily conjecture. – – I hope the Miscellany mends in sale, it’s failure must be attributed to that accursed “Walsh-ean” preface, which the Citoyen M. would recommend, and you see what it has come to. – M.^{ws} has written to me, thank him, and say further, I shall have great pleasure in gratifying his curiosity, which however he must not raise too high. – You talk of the Militia, – Santissimi Coglion! the Militia at five & twenty, <Boys> Boys

2:1

2) over your head, brutes under you, Mess, Country quarters, Courts martial, and quelling of Riots. – If you will be mad or martial (’tis the same thing) go to Portugal {again} & I’ll go with you (for I have some serious thoughts of it if matters are intricate at home) but don’t waste your time in mere holiday soldiering as Major Sturgeon would call it.¹¹⁸ – – I am writing all this time without knowing your address, however I shall send as usual to Ridgways who will forward my present as he has done the other letters. – –

¹¹⁶: “The marbles are found; after searching the whole town they were discovered with the other [] Lord Elgin will carry them to England – May 17th 1811”. This envelope is nowhere near as indecipherable as BLJ says it is.

¹¹⁷: On this date H. is at Dover.

¹¹⁸: Samuel Foote, *The Mayor Of Garratt*.

Fletcher must have arrived some time, I sent him off in November, he was useless and in the way, and in every

2:2

respect, I did better without him. – How goes on “La Bagatelle”? have you met with any clubable persons with a sufficient tincture of Literature for your purpose? – You have not been in London it should seem, I shall proceed there from Portsmouth to Reddish’s & or Dorant’s, for a few days, and afterwards to Newstead, and most probably abroad again as soon as my arrangements will admit. – L^d. Sligo is on his way home, I left him at Malta in Quarantine. – Bruce is gone or going to Persia, he is a singular being, on the night he left Athens he made me a profession

2:3

of Friendship, on the extremity of the Piræus, the only one I ever received in my life, and certainly very unexpected, for I had done nothing to deserve it. – –

Whitbread (in Peter Pindar’s visit from George Guelph) says, he is too old for a Knight,¹¹⁹ and I am too old for a Friend, at least a new one, tell M. I have bade adieu to every species of affection, and may say with Horace “Me jam nec fæmina” &^c.¹²⁰ – he will finish the lines. – – – Seriously I can’t think for the soul of me, what possessed Michael, for like the Rovers “a sudden thought struck him”¹²¹ we had dined together so I know

2:4

he was not drunk, but the truth is, he is a little chivalrous & romantic, and is smitten with unimaginable fantasies ever since his connection with Lady H. Stanhope. –

However both her Ladyship & He were very polite, and asked me to go on with them a 2^d. time to Constantinople, but having been there once, and preferring philosophy at Athens, I staid in my Convent. –

Matthews tells me that Jeffrey means to review your Book, if he does, it will do you good one way or the other, but I think it probable he will praise you. – Have<ing> you nothing new for the Press? – Dont be discouraged by the Miscellany, but throw the blame on your friends, & the preface, and Matthews, & me, and the damned trash of your auxiliaries. – – –

3:1

3^d) There is something very impudent in my offering this pert consolation, but I hope you will stand in no need of it, <but> {&} begin to receive half guineas at a great rate, by the bye would not seven & sixpence have sold & sounded better? – M. has been advising you to philosophize at Cambridge, do, & I’ll join you for a time, and we will tipple, and talk M. to death with our travels, and jest and squabble and be as insipid as the best of them. – Bold Webster (by way of keeping up that epithet I suppose) has married, and bolder still a Sister of L^d. V^t Valentia, and boldest of all – has published letters to the Comm^f. in chief! Corpo de Caio Mario!¹²² what will the world

3:2

come to? I take this to be one of the newest events “under the Sun”.¹²³ – – Had he no friend, no relation, no pitying monitor to snatch the manuscript from <the reluctant> {one} Devil to save it from the other? pray are the letters in prose or verse? – – –

I have gossiped away till we are off Cape S^t. Vincent, and I am puzzled what to say next, or rather to ask, for my letter is a string of questions, quite forgetting you cant answer my Catechism. I am dull

¹¹⁹: Peter Pindar, *Birth-Day Ode*.

¹²⁰: Hor. Od. IV, i 29-32): me nec femina nec puer / iam nec spes animi credula mutui / nec certare iuvat mero / nec vincire novis tempora floribus: I now no longer take delight either in woman or in boy, or in the trustful hope of requited love, or in drinking bouts, or in binding my head with flowers. See DJ I, st.197, authorial note.

¹²¹: *The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, pp.172-3: MATILDA: A sudden thought strikes me – Let us swear an eternal friendship. CECILIA: Let us agree to live together! MAT.: Willingly. CEC.: Let us embrace.

¹²²: Compare DJ IV 82 4.

¹²³: Ecclesiastes 1: 9-14.

“dull as the last new Comedy” (Vide Goldsmith’s *Goodnatured Man*)¹²⁴ though Cap^t. Hornby is a gentlemanly & pleasant man & a Salamander in his pro=

3:3

=fession, fight anything, but as I have got all the particulars of his late action out of him, I don’t know what to ask him next any more than you. – – But we are infested in the Cabin by another passenger, a teller of tough stories, all about himself, I could laugh at him were there any body to laugh with, as it is, I yawn and swear to myself, & take refuge in the quarter Gallery, thank God he is now asleep, or I should be worried with impertinence. – – His name is Thomas and he is Staff {or Stuff} Apothecary to Gen^l. Oakes, who has rammed him down our throats for the voyage, and a bitter Bolus he is, that’s the truth on’t. – –

3:4

But I long for land, and then for a post chaise, and – I believe my enjoyments will end there, for I have no other pleasure to expect, that I know of. – – We have had a tedious passage, all except the Straits where we had an Easterly Gale, and glided <f> through the Gut like an oil Glycer. – Dear Hobby, you must excuse all this facetiousness which I should not have let loose, if I knew what the Devil to do, but I am so out of Spirits, & hopes, & humour, & pocket, & health, that you must bear with my merriment, my only resource against a Calenture.¹²⁵ – Write to me, I am now going to patrol the melancholy deck, God be w’ye! y^{rs}. always,

B. —

[*on reverse of cover:*]

P.S. – Take a mouthful of Salt=water poetry by a tar on the late Lissa Victory. –

“If I had an Edication
“I’d sing your praise more large,
“But I’m only a common foremast Jack
“On Board of the Le Volage!!!!

[*on cover, beneath address:*]

Il Bastimento è ordinato partire dimane per la bocia dell’ fiume, (Nore) dunque andaro da la alla Città per terra dove spero incontrare Vos=Signoria. – κάλλι σου ημέρα. –¹²⁶

Byron to Hobhouse, from the Volage frigate, at sea, July 2nd 1811:¹²⁷

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.28; BLJ II 55-6)

Volage Frigate – Bay of Biscay
July 2^d. 1811 –

My dear Hobhouse This very day two years we sailed from Inghilterra, so that I have completed the period I expected to be absent, though my wishes were originally more <extended> {extensive}. When we shall arrive, God knows! but till then I continue scribbling to you, for lack of other Argument.¹²⁸ – My Situation is one you have been used to, so you will feel without further description, but I must do Cap^t. Hornby the Justice to say, he is one of the best Marine productions in my recollection. There is another Cabin passenger, an elderly, prosing, pestiferous, Staff Surgeon, of Oakes’s, who has almost slain me with a thousand & one tales all about himself,

1:2

& “Gen^l. This,” and “Lord That,” and “says Hes” & “says Is,” – & the worst of it is, I have no friend with me to laugh at the fellow, though he is too common a character for mirth. – Damn him, – I can

¹²⁴: Goldsmith, *The Good-Natur’d Man*, II.

¹²⁵: Illness in which sailors imagine the sea to be a green field; see *The Two Foscari*, III i 172-6.

¹²⁶: BLJ’s assertion that this macaronic message is only partially legible because of manuscript tears is not true: “The ship is ordered to sail tomorrow for the mouth of the river (the Nore) so I shall go from thence to the city [London] by land, where I hope to meet your Lordship. – Good day to you”.

¹²⁷: On July 2nd H. is at Cambridge taking his M.A.

¹²⁸: Shakespeare, *Henry V*, III i 21.

make no more of him than a Hedgehog, he is too dull to be ridiculous. -- We have been beating about with hazy weather this last Fortnight, and today is foggy as the Isle of Man. --- I have been thinking again & again of a literary project we have at times started, to wit -- a periodical paper, something in the Spectator or Observer way. There certainly is no such thing at present. -- Why not get one, Tuesdays & Saturdays. -- You must be Editor, as you have more taste and diligence than either Matthews or myself (I beg M's pardon for lowering him to the same line with me) and I don't think we shall want other contributors if

1:3

we set seriously about it. -- We must have for each day, one or two essays, miscellaneous, according to Circumstances, but now & then politics, and always a piece of poetry of one kind or other. -- I give you these hints to digest the scheme at leisure, -- it would be pleasant, and with success, in some degree profitable. -- Above all we must be secret -- at least at first. -- "Cosa pensate? Perpend, pronounce, Respond? -- We can call it "La Bagatelle" (according to your Idea) or Lillibulero, if you like it, the name won't matter so that the Contents are palatable. -- But I am writing, & projecting without knowing where you are, in Country or College Quarters, <but> {though} I hope you have abandoned your Militia Scheme. Matthews gave me hopes that Arms would give way to the Gown, as you had visions of returning to Granta. --

1:4

God keep bad port out of your Carcase! you would certainly fall a victim to Messing the very first Campaign. I have brought your marbles, which I shall leave at Portsmouth till you can settle where to put them. I shall be in town a very short time, meaning to proceed to Notts, & thence to Rochdale. -- I am tolerably well in Health, that is to say, instead of an Ague, & a Clap, and the Piles, all at once, I have only the two last. I wrote to you from Malta, during my Fever, my Terzana, or rather Quotidiana, for it was called intermittent "a Non Intermittendo." -- I am as I say well, but in bitter bad spirits, skies -- foggy, head -- muzzy, Capt. <S/>sulky, ship lazy. -- The accursed Pharmacopole is at present on deck, -- the only pleasure I have had these three weeks. -- But I hope to tell you in person how truly I am y^{rs} B. --

July 14th 1811: Byron lands at Sheerness.

Hobhouse to Byron, from Dover, July 15th 1811:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43441 f.9; BB 66-7)

[To / The Lord Byron / M^r J Cawthorne's 24 Cockspur Street / London // To be delivered immediately]

Dover. July 15, 1811

My dear Byron --

Grata superveniet quae non sperabitur.¹²⁹ A thousand times most welcome home -- Thank God you are not, as Fletcher in a letter told me you were, gone to "Pallantine in Egypt"¹³⁰ I must and will have an immediate meeting with you to shake you most sincerely by the hand and hear and say a thousand things -- Had you arrived a week sooner you would have found me in London -- as it is I have had leave of absence twice within this month and know not therefore how possibly to contrive a journey to London -- But pray meet me half way -- tis a shameful thing to expect of you; but do my dear B-- put yourself into a chaise and come to Sittinbourne where I will be waiting for you -- Or if Sittinbourne is too far (37 miles) come to

1:2

Rochester (30 miles --) I mention Sittingbourne because Matthews, who was so good as to give me the first meeting at Rochester, and myself found Rochester a very bad place, dirty and dear -- I cannot let you go, indeed, down into Notts without my having seen you first.

Let me therefore have a return of post answer to this --

Bring your poem with you -- By the strangest coincidence I have finished and laboured with great care, beginning whilst in Salsette, a literal verse rhyme translation of the same poem with learned notes --

¹²⁹: Hor. Epis. I iv 14 ("Welcome will come to you at another, unhoped-for hour").

¹³⁰: Fletcher in fact writes "his Lordship Told me he thought of making a Journey over to Jerusalem".

But of this when we meet – it was only 10 days ago that I received a letter from you dated Athens March 18 telling me of your work – and lo' here you burst upon me at once – I take it very kind of you bringing home my marbles especially as I know your aversion to all business and I really do flatter myself you would not have

1:3

done this for any man living but myself –

The Travels are going on swimmingly – plain prose is to be my fate – you shall be immortalized you rogue you shall – your arrival will give me a great push forward – I promise myself that you will let me have all your drawings engraved for the work, which shall, as you are come, be a splendid thing – Clarke's Greece will not be out for 9 months – if I can but cut in before him!!! but I have such millions of things to say to you and I am in such a fluster of delight that I can not tell what to write first. The Miscellany is so damned that my friends make it a point of politeness not to mention it ever to me – I sent a letter to you a month ago – in that I told you to keep the Mendeli Monastery story and every thing entirely to yourself – I have not opened

1:4 [*above address*]

my mouth to Charles Skinner on any of those branches of learning – I will give you a good reason when we meet – Hargrave Hanson is dead – You will be overwhelmed with compliments in Town – Ward told me that [*below address*] Sheridan had mentioned “English Bards” to him in terms of the highest praise – Do not delay an answer a moment for I am on the tip toe to be off –

ever my dear Byron

Your affectionate friend
John C. Hobhouse

Byron to Hobhouse, from Reddish's Hotel, London, July 15th 1811:

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.29; BLJ II 59-60)

[London July fifteenth Eighteen Hundred & eleven. — / To / Cap^t. Hobhouse / Post Office / Dover // Byron]

Byron answers the previous item.

Reddish's Hotel. –
July 15th. 1811

My dear Hobhouse,

The day after tomorrow (17th;) I will set out for Sittonbourne, to confabulate, I thank you for your advice, which I shall observe. My Imⁿ of Hor^{ce} is now transcribing at Cawthorn's, so that I cannot bring the fair Copy, but the moment it is out of his hands you shall have it. – Your marbles are left at the

1:2

Custom House, Sheerness, as I knew not where to send them, & to smuggle them was impracticable, you will get them on sending a cart or a letter. –

I dine with Davies today, he came to me drunk last night, & was very friendly, & has got a new set of Jokes, but to you they are doubtless not new. –

Drawings I have none, ready, but have an excellent Painter in pay in the Levant. – I have brought you one (from Cockerell) of Athens, & have

1:3

in my possession a Romaic Lexicon in three Q^o vols, two or three Greek plays, (i.e. translations from Metastasio & Goldoni) Meletius's Geography (we stole it from the Bishop of Chryssos)¹³¹ a Greek Grammar or two, two live Greeks (both between 30 & 40 y^{rs}. of age & one of them your old Dragoman Demetrius) & some other Romaic publications (and a manuscript or two which you shall publish as they are very curious if you like) all of which with the owner are as

¹³¹: The book (*Meletii Geographia Antiqua et Moderna*) may be stolen, but B. tries to sell it in his 1813 sale, and really does sell it in his 1816 sale.

1:4

usual very much at your service. – I will bring some of the books with me
y^{rs}. ever
 Byron

Byron to Hobhouse, from Reddish's Hotel, London, July 23rd 1811:

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.30; BLJ II 61)

[London July twenty three / 1811 / To / Cap^t. Hobhouse / Cornish Miners / Dover / Byron]

Reddish's Hotel

July 23^d. 1811

My dear Hobhouse,

I am just returned from Harrow. – The other day I called at Miller's, the moment he heard your name & Intention he expressed a wish in the handsomest manner to publish your work. – I wish you would think of it, Hodgson says he is the only eligible publisher. – As for Cⁿ. you may rely on it you will have some sneaking conduct before you get from his hands. – Perpend, Pronounce. – In the mean time, Go on, there is every reason as far as I have heard to make you succeed, particularly if you anticipate Clarke. – – – –

1:2

Command me as usual. – I shall not leave town for some ten days, being detained by cursed copyhold papers. – I shall be but too happy in employment, though I am a good deal dabbled with my own Ink. –
 – – –

Remember I do not presume to advise, but recommend to your own judgement the Consideration of your publisher. – Much depends on him, & if the first men of the profession court your work, why deal with a vendor of lampoons? – –

Good morning, think of this when off Drill.

y^{rs}. ever
 Bⁿ

[1:3 and 4 blank.]

Hobhouse to Byron, from Dover, July 26th 1811:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43441 f.10; BB 68)

[To / The Lord Byron / Reddishe's Hotel / St. James's Street / London]

Hobhouse's departure for Ireland will make putting his *Journey* together very difficult. This letter is his first request for Byron's help.

July 26th. 1811 Dover.

My dear Byron,

I have only time to say that our damn'd Corps will be off to Ireland in a day or two. The order arriv'd in the evening. I am at my wit's end (I have not far to go) on the occasion and, besides the cursed fate which will thus separate me from you & all my friends, I know not how to determine about the ways and means of getting out the book. I must send the sheets one by one from Ireland and get them press corrected in London by a friend – Pray send me the <vocab> Albanian words, and your paper of criticism &c immediately, so that I may get them before we sail for the land of bogs and fens. Pray excuse this scrawl I am really most uncomfortable and wretched at this event – do write my dear Byron –

believe me ever your very faithful
 John C. Hobhouse

[1:2 and 3 blank.]

Hobhouse to Byron, from Dover, July 30th 1811:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43441 f.11; BB 69-70)

[To / The Lord Byron / Reddishes Hotel / St James' S' / London]

Dover. July 30th. 1811

My dear Byron ...

If your Rochdale concerns can possibly wait a week, I wish to god you would let me see you here previous to my deportation – It is asking I know a most unreasonable thing a drag a man seventy miles, but as I shall not see you again for two years perhaps and d as the glimpse I caught of you before was so short and transitory and indeed only sufficient to make me long to see more, I hope that my plea will not seem altogether so insupportable – We do not expect to see the cursed transports for eight or ten days, so if you can pray come. – You may be sure that this

1:2

Irish expedition has gone very near to knock my Travels on the head, and indeed I do not know how I shall be able to keep up a communication with Cockspur Street. I want your advice about this momentous matter –

I have selected such of the pictures as seem to me best and think, if you approve of the scheme, to have them engraved and put at the end of the second volume with descriptions opposite which perhaps you will have the goodness to supply for I can not – I want some one at my elbow to tell me at reading the letters and the manuscript some part of which is monstrous crabbed – I am looking out for your criticisms and for the Albanian words which should be spelt according to the English pronunciation¹³² – that is, not according to Demetrius's Us and Is – and afs – I have charged Cawthorne with letting out my secret about the W at B¹³³ by his damned grin

1:3

and he swears till he is black in the face that he looked as grave as a judge when you questioned him. I would not for the world that any one knew me to be the author of such a contemptible squib especially as I am going to print serious and ought to propitiate instead of enflaming critics – Now “Tommy” is a writer in the Critical and as I have disparaged his parts would certainly have at me. Do therefore my dear B put your copy in the fire, as should any one see it on your table, they would suspect that nothing but its being the work of some friend would make you tolerate such nonsense for a moment – do come, there is a private play here on Thursday evening in which Gage Rookwood performs – farewell, o thou

“in strength, in wit, excelling all
“Like precious sparklers from Bengal

ever truly your's
John C. Hobhouse

Byron to Hobhouse, from Reddish's Hotel, London, July 31st 1811:

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.31; BLJ II 64-6)

[London July thirty first 1811 / To / Cap^t. Hobhouse / Cornish Miners / Dover / Byron]

Apart from the signing-off, Byron fills one bifolium exactly.

yours Alway.

Byron

Reddish's Hotel July 31st. 1811

My dear H. –

My Rochdale concerns not only wait but make me wait too, & (to wire=draw the quibble a la Davies) will prevent my waiting upon your Cornish Minership. – This comes of soldiering – I say no more. – I would come down or go down but I really have not money to carry me to Dover and back, No, not by the long Coach, & what is more, I do not know when I shall have. – My affairs are in the most lackadaisical posture, & seem like Goldsmith's “young The.” to get never the better for Age.¹³⁴ – Davies I see nothing of, though for aught I know he may be in town

1:2

but this I cannot ascertain, having never entered a Coffee house since my return & meaning by the blessing of Reformation to keep out of them. –

¹³²: H.'s appendix on Albanian is mauled (with much else) by W.M.Leake in his Feb. 1815 *Edinburgh* review.

¹³³: *The Wonders of a Week at Bath*, which H. has published anonymously and now regrets.

¹³⁴: Goldsmith, *Serious Reflections on the Life and Death of Mr. T[heophilus] C[ibber]*.

The Albanian vocabulary & every thing else is at a stand still with the Irish Expedition,¹³⁵ Cawthorn may swear (by the bye he will have to swear perhaps at Hewson Clarke's half a dozen {trials,} who is to be prosecuted by M^{rs}. B. & myself for libel, Scan. Mag. Breach of privilege &c. &c. in fifty different actions next Nov^r. for buffooneries in the Scourge)¹³⁶ Cawthorn may swear, but his face certainly discovered your work. – The “Scourge” is in the hands of the Attorney General, the foolish fellow of an Editor instead of something like the shadow of truth, has run aground upon charges of “Illegitimacy, & Drunkenness {against M^{rs} B.} Descent from Murderers,” & a variety of other phrases which will look lovely in an Indictment. – –

1:3

So you will perceive in the Cork Chronicle, or the Munster Mercury, the <xxxxxxxg> scurrilous speeches which will doubtless be made on both sides, & all the trials; for M^{rs}. B's and mine are separate concerns, & mine again is a separated concern, as he has attacked my peerage & in short it will be a long & loud affair, & answer no purpose but punishing these poor devils, & making an advertisement to Cawthorn's book. I see nothing to prevent your publication, if you are serious, your friends can correct the proofs, but Cawthorn supplicates an Octavo your 16.^{mo} wont do, People love margin. – You need be under no alarm about your W. at B.¹³⁷ though I see no reason for you to be ashamed of it, yet there is <no> {little} danger Since only Cawthorn's Customers are probably acquainted with the author at least I have not met myself above a

1:4

dozen people besides, who guessed at him. – –

Lord Elgin has been teasing to see me these last four days, I wrote to him {at his request} all I knew about his robberies, & at last have written to say that as it is my intention to publish (in Childe Harold) on that topic, I thought proper since he insisted on seeing me to give him <that> notice, that he might not have an opportunity of accusing me of double dealing afterwards. – – So you see how my matters stand, I believe we differ on L^d. E's subject, or else he will be prettily trimmed among us i e. D^r.

Clarke, you, & myself, prose & verse all rising in revenge of Minerva. – –

Let me hear from you before your banishment, I am afraid I shall be abroad again before your return, but wherever I am you will reckon me amongst your friends, as for my little Circle of Friendship, Death & what is called Life have cut it to a Segment. – [*Byron signs off at the top.*]

August 1st 1811: Mrs Byron dies.

Hobhouse to Byron, from Dover, August 2nd 1811:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43441 f.12; BB 71-3)

[The Lord Byron / <Reddishe's Hotel> Newstead Abbey / Nottinghamshire]

Hobhouse answers the previous item.

[*letter concludes at top of first side:*] release, and indeed did I know whither to direct to your gallant Captain I should take the liberty, under favour of your name, to give him a line. I hope Hewson Clarke if Hewson be the man, will be pared like one of the Magi – I never heard any thing so horrid as his scurrility. Mackenzie dines with me to day – he wants to get an account of Gorgia from me – should I give it to him?

do write –

I am ever most affect'ly & truly your's

John C. Hobhouse

Dover. August 2. 1811

My dear Byron –

I can not bear to read such melancholy letters from you – You should keep up your spirits to enable you to go through the unpleasant details of your Rochdale concerns. I trust every thing will turn out to your satisfaction and perhaps a visit to old scenes at Newstead may serve to tranquillise you a little, at least to throw off the somberness of your present feelings – What in the world, save and except the beggarly elements, have you to make yourself uncomfortable?

¹³⁵: It looks as if B. is dragging his feet over H.'s problem with his Albanian vocabulary section.

¹³⁶: Hewson Clarke had insulted B. and his mother in *The Scourge* of March 1811.

¹³⁷: *The Wonders of a Week at Bath*.

“Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno”
 “Qui sapere, & fari possit quæ sentiat, & cui”
 “Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde.”¹³⁸

Excuse me for quoting Horace, the Gratia and Fama are apposite as can be and I hope now that I may add – “valetudo” to the other two possessions – I know no one a more general favorite, in the way any one should wish to be a favorite,

1:2

with the world: and as to fame you have no doubt ere this found yourself sufficiently notorious – When men of reputation request to know and communicate with anyone, they can only act upon the character given of that person by general report; and my Lord Elgin is not, I dare say, used to send about letters requesting the acquaintance of every man who returns from Athens – utere fortunâ tuâ –

The Bankes’s George and William dined with me the day before yesterday. The Member made many enquiries about you and requested me to remember him most particularly to you – indeed when I told him that you might possibly be down here he said he certainly would stay to see you, and did remain a day above his time. He has been to Newstead which he much admires, and was wonderfully taken with that living antiquity Joe Murray.

As for your going abroad again without my previously seeing you I hope that is impossible – The res angusta domi¹³⁹ may make a holiday soldier of me but it shall not turn my red coat inter a straight waistcoat – and the moment I am

1:3

my own master you know to what point of the compass I shall direct my steps. Should you form any scheme of again leaving England and not give me due notice so as to enable me to have a sight of you you would use me very ill indeed. Perhaps you may like to see something of Ireland – why not? I should myself were I not obliged to go, and if any good star brings you over I shall be very much pleased with the country I am sure – We expect to sail every day –

This {next} post or rather the next mail coach conveys four letters 27 pages folio of Manuscript to Cawthorne, together with the pictures of Athens and some of your Constantinopolitan figures – I have desired him to begin printing instantly, and have granted an octavo size to his ardent prayers. Should you feel the least inclination pray look at the thing – Cawthorne has my orders to show it to you if you choose to call – I am ashamed of it but cannot, by Jove, make it better – it is intended to be familiar I fear it is flippant, judge leniently. Matthews is most extremely kind in this matter and, though I am shocked at the trouble it will give him, he will, I fancy, undertake the whole care of the press – If you could send me the Albanian words – your critique – & Meletius – before we leave Dover it would help me much; for the chances of getting things over from England to Ireland are not quite so certain, and I am now, almost on the Albanian

1:4 [*above address*:]

language – common words and, if there be any, those like the English will be the best – You could act quite enough for me in any leisure half-hour – But for God-sake don’t give yourself any trouble at this urgent time – I am ashamed at what I have already required – [*below address*:] Have you got your things from on board the Volage yet? I have heard from Rochester and Sheerness that no boxes of mine are landed and that the Frigate “is gone up the River” – What does up the River mean? up to where? The moment I know where the things are landed I shall apply to the treasury for an order of [*letter concludes at top of first side*]

August 3rd 1811: C.S.Matthews drowns in the Cam.

Hobhouse to Byron, from Dover, August 1811:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43441 f.13; BB 75)

¹³⁸: Hor. Epis. I iv 8-10 (“What greater blessing would a fond nurse ask for her sweet nursling than that he could have a thinking mind to express, and that favour, fame and health should be his?”)

¹³⁹: Juv. Sat. III 165 (“poverty at home”).

[To , / The Lord Byron / Newstead Abbey / Nottingham]

Hobhouse forwards Davies' account of Matthews' death. Byron confirms the date of receipt.

Dover. August [1811 Newstead 10th.
B]

My dear Byron,

Just as I was preparing to condole with you on your severe misfortune, an event has taken place, the details of which you will find in the inclosed letter from S. Davies. I am totally unable to say one word on the subject. He was my oldest friend, and, though quite unworthy of his attachment, I believe that I was an object of his regard –

I now fear that I have not been sufficiently at all times just & kind to him – Return me this fatal letter, and pray add, if it is but one line, a few words of your own –

I am ever your most faithful
John C. Hobhouse

[1:2 and 3 blank.]

Hobhouse to Byron, from Dover, August 8th 1811:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43441 f.14; BB 76)

[To / The Lord Byron / Newstead Abbey / Nottingham]

Dover. August 8, 1811 –

My dear Byron –

To morrow morning we sail for Cork – It is with difficulty I bring myself to talk of my paltry concerns, but I cannot refuse giving you such information as may enable me to hear from one of the friends that I have still left – Pray do give me a line – Nothing is more selfish than sorrow – His great & unrivalled talents were observable by all, his kindness was known to his friends – You recollect how affectionately he shook my hand at parting It was the last time you ever saw him – did you think it would be the last? But three days before his death he told me in a letter that he had heard from you – On Friday he wrote to me again, and on Saturday – alas alas, we are not stocks or stones¹⁴⁰ – every word of our friend Davies' letter still pierces me to the soul –

1:2

such a death and such a man – I would that he had not been so minute in his horrid details – Oh my dear Byron do write to me I am very very sick at heart indeed, and, after various efforts to write upon my own concerns, I still revert to the same melancholy subject. I wrote to Cawthorne to day but knew not what I said to him – half my incitement to finish that task is for ever gone; I can neither have his assistance during my labour, his comfort if I should fail, nor his, congratulation if I should succeed. Forgive me, I do not forget you – but I can not but remember him –

ever your obliged and faithful
John C. Hobhouse

[1:3 blank.]

August 9th 1811: Hobhouse sails for Ireland with the Cornwall and Devon Miners militia.

Byron to Hobhouse, from Newstead Abbey, August 10th 1811:

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.32; BLJ II 69-70)

Byron answers the two previous items. Again he fills four sides exactly.

Newstead Abbey. August 10th.
1811

My dear Hobhouse,

From Davies I had already received the death of Matthews, & from M. a letter dated the day before his death, – In that letter he mentions you, & as it was perhaps the last he ever wrote, you will derive a poor consolation from hearing that he spoke of you with that affectionate familiarity, so much more pleasing from those we love, than the highest encomiums of the World. – – My dwelling, you already know, is the House of Mourning, & I am really so much bewildered with the

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¹⁴⁰: Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, III ii 142.

different shocks I have sustained, that I can hardly reduce myself to reason by the most frivolous occupations. – My poor friend J. Wingfield, my Mother, & your best friend, & (surely not the worst of mine) C. S. M. have disappeared in one little month¹⁴¹ <after> {since} my return, & without my seeing either, though I have heard from All. – There is to me something so incomprehensible in death, that I can neither speak or think on the subject. – Indeed when I looked on the Mass of Corruption, which was the being from whence I sprang, I doubted within {myself} whether I was, or She was not. – I have

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lost her who <who> gave me being, & some of those who made that Being a blessing. – I have neither hopes nor fears beyond the Grave, yet if there is within us a<s> “spark of that Celestial Fire” M. has already “mingled with the Gods.” – In the room where I now write (flanked by the Skulls you have seen so often) did you & M. & myself pass some joyous unprofitable evenings, & here we will drink to his Memory, which though it cannot reach the dead, will soothe the Survivors, & to them only death can be an Evil. –

I can neither receive or administer Consolation, Time will do it for us, in the <mean ti> Interim let me see or hear from

1:4

you, if possible both. – I am very lonely, & should think myself miserable, were it not for a kind of hysterical merriment, which I can neither account for, or conquer, but, strange as it is, I do laugh & heartily, wondering at myself while I sustain it. – I have tried reading & boxing, & swimming, & writing, & rising early & sitting {late}, & water, & wine, with a number of ineffectual remedies, & here I am, wretched, but not “melancholy or gentlemanlike.” –

My dear “Cam of the Cornish” (M’s last expression!!) may Man or God give you the happiness, which I wish rather than expect you may attain; believe me none living are more sincerely yours than Biron. —————

Hobhouse to Byron, from Cork, August 25th 1811:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43441 f.15; BB 77-8)

[To, / The Lord Byron / Newstead Abbey / Nottingham / England]

Hobhouse answers the previous item.

Cork. Ireland. August 25

My dear Byron

I send you this miserable scrawl to thank you for your last kind letter, which I received at this place yesterday evening, and also to inform you of my place of exile in this country, so that I may have the chance of frequently hearing from you. After a most tedious voyage of a fortnight from Dover we arrived at the Cove of Cork on Friday last, marched to Cork on Saturday, and received our orders to march to our country quarters to-morrow. These are at Enniscorthy¹⁴² in the county of Wexford, and it will take us nine days to reach them – I hear that Enniscorthy was burnt down in the rebellion, but is now rebuilt, though most wretchedly, and that our small regiment will be alone, so that I shall have most of my time

1:2

to myself – This I shall employ about the work in hand, the travels, though I shall not set down to them as I did before – To hear frequently from you will be one of the chief delights of this solitude, but do not my dear Byron, do not write so sadly, every line of your last wrings my very soul –

I strive to forget my lamented friend, do you do the same. It is useless to search for topics of consolation: the very effort only increases our sorrow, as it renews the sad subject and calls up before our eyes the lost object of our affections – We must leave the accomplishment of our wishes to him who is the only comforter – to Time.

¹⁴¹: Shakespeare, *Hamlet* I ii 147.

¹⁴²: Enniscorthy had been headquarters for the Irish rebels of Wexford in 1798. Its castle had also been occupied by Edmund Spenser (a fact to which H. never alludes). In 1916 it was again to be a centre of resistance.

As neither you nor myself can suspect ourselves of wishing to make indifference pass for wisdom, we have a right to endeavour to forget all those whom we have lost. There is nothing left for us but an oblivion of all that has passed respecting them. Were we to call to mind the

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amiable qualities of their heads and hearts – what end would there be to our grief – As to our mutual friend, let us never mention his name more – . He is gone for ever ... Pray continue to employ yourself in the literary way – occupation, and especially an occupation of that sort will be most useful to you in your present affliction. I wish that I could come to you, and yet were we together it would but increase our unhappiness – I hope you will not let me continue long without a letter – my direction I have already given you, but here I will repeat it for fear of bad writing “Captⁿ: Hobhouse, Roy^l: Miners. – Enniscorthy – Wexford – Ireland” – tell me how long you remain at Newstead and whither you intend to proceed after leaving that place.

Farewell my dear friend,
and ever think that I am
your most faithful
& affectionate
John C. Hobhouse –

Byron to Hobhouse, from Newstead Abbey, August 30th 1811:

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.33; BLJ II 83-4)

[Nottingham / August thirty first 1811 / Cap^t. Hobhouse / Royal Miners / Enniscorthy / Wexford / Ireland. – // Byron]

Byron again fills four sides precisely. He is answering the previous item.

Newstead Abbey August 30th.
1811

My dear Hobhouse,

Scrope Davies has been here & seemed as much affected by late events as could be expected from one who has lived so much in the world, his society was (as it is always wont to be) very reviving, but now he is gone & I am solitary & sullen. –

Not a scrap of paper has been found, at Cambridge, which is singular;¹⁴³ – I can hardly agree with you in a wish to forget, I love to remember the dead, for we see only their virtues, & when our best friends are thus removed, we become

1:2

reconciled to our own prospects & “long to be with them and at Rest.” – –

I think when your mind is more calm, you ought to write his Epitaph, & we will erect to his memory a monument, in some appropriate place,¹⁴⁴ I do not know any other who would do him justice, indeed it is your right & perhaps your duty. – Then “Give his fame to the winds, & let the Harp sigh over his narrow house” you are now in the land of Ossian. – – – In the poem which I wrote abroad, & is now in the hands of Murray the Bookseller for publication, at the close of the 1st. Canto which treats of Spain, I have two stanzas in commemo=

1:3

=ration of W. who died at Coimbra,¹⁴⁵ & in a note to these having occasion to mention the loss of three persons very dear to me in so very short a time, I have added a very short sentence or two on the subject of our friend, which though they can neither add to his credit or satisfaction, will at least shew my own pride in the acquaintance of such a man. – – Your book goes on well & I trust will answer your purpose & my expectations, Demetrius¹⁴⁶ has made out a most formidable vocabulary, on which I wait for further orders. – I do not know who is your deputy in town, perhaps Baillie, or Shepherd. – I have had a letter from Bankes, of the patronizing kind, where I am invited to

¹⁴³: Matthews had destroyed all his papers before his death, fuelling later suspicions of suicide.

¹⁴⁴: There is a plaque to Matthews on the wall of St Benet’s church in Bene’t Street, Cambridge.

¹⁴⁵: John Wingfield; see CHP II st.91 and authorial note (which also refers to Matthews).

¹⁴⁶: Demetrius Zografos (“Demetrius the painter”); in 1821, a leader in the War of Independence.

1:4

“one of my places in Wales”!! – I am going to Lancs. & am in daily expectation of Hanson to back me, & I mean to marry, prudently if possible that is wealthily, I can’t afford anything to Love. – I wish you were here, but you will be here, & we shall laugh again as usual & be very miserable dogs for all that. –

My Sister writes me melancholy letters, things are not going on well there, but mismanagement is the hereditary epidemic of our Brood. –

Hodgson is battenning on “Lower Moor Herefordshire,” Davies at Harrowgate. – –

I am to visit him in Oct^r. at King’s Coll. –

Dallas is running to & from Mortlake with his pocket full of proofs of all his friends who are all Scribblers & make him a Packhorse. – –

I am here boxing in a Turkish pelise to prevent obesity, & as usual very much yours

Byron

Hobhouse to Byron, from Enniscorthy, Wexford, September 13th 1811:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43441 f.16; BB 79-80)

[To / The Lord Byron / Newstead Abbey / Nottingham / England]

[*letter concludes at top of first page:*] to you to write – Farewell my dear Byron your’s most truly –
John C. Hobhouse

Enniscorthy.. Wexford. Sept 13..

My dear Byron,

Your letter was the first that has reached me directed to this out of the way place. Now that your correspondence has found how to reach me in this banishment, I hope you will never let me be long without hearing from you, for whether grave or gay I am always made happier by a communication from you – .. The melancholy subject of your last in spite of every effort perpetually recurs to me – It is indeed a hard science to forget, though I cannot but think that it is the wisest and, indeed, the only remedy for grief – I should be quite incapable every way of doing what you mention and I could not even set about such a melancholy task with

1:2

spirit or prospect of success. The thing may be better done by a person less interested than myself in so cruel a catastrophe –

Whatever you say in your book will be well said, and do credit both to your heart and head – how much would it have gratified him who shall never hear it –

Pray tell Davies when you see him that I cannot write to any of the family at Belmont, for many reasons – but most especially {because} I cannot give the information wanted. As to ^{y/}^e place where our lamented friend last lived in London he knows it himself, and being acquainted which I am not, with M^r Henry M .. can tell him of the circumstance – I am not quite pleased by having such a distressing commission put upon me by S. B. D. when he might have taken it upon himself – However let that pass *cosi va il mondo* – I feel highly obliged to you on the score of the Albanian vocabulary. If you would have the kindness to read it over and send it inclosed to this

1:3

place immediately it would come just about the time that I should want it – I hope also that you will allow me to insert the valuable information you collected with respect to the modern Greek: or at least, if you wish to make a note of it to your Poem – I hope you will send me a copy of that note immediately (excuse my being so pressing) that I may make no mistakes in what I may have to say on the subject – I must own that if I could have it for myself, I should be selfish enough to wish that I might put it into the tour with an acknowledgement of the source of my information – It might be introduced in this sort of way – “My Friend, whom a much longer residence in the country and a more minute attention to the subject enabled to collect more valuable materials than any in my possession, has forwarded to me the following interesting particulars” ... &c. &c. &c. – Do not smile at this – I have owned above the selfishness of my motives – I want to make the book as good as I can with all helps and aids –

About 40 pages quarto are printed. Baillie is so good as to correct – Cawthorne has sent {the Albanian as} a specimen of the prints – but it does not much please me, however it is to be the frontispiece. I have stopped

1:4 [*above address*:]

all further engraving (except of the Athens) as yet: Though perhaps by your favour, I may still make use of four or five more pictures, such as the Greek & Turkish women – the Jannisaries &c. Cawthorne has them all in his keeping – Do not fail to let [*below address*:] me see your poems, both of them; you can, if you please, inclose them in sheets – I live here as I did at Dover, all alone, would that I could see you. – you have never seen Killarney – nor have I – it is prettier than Acherusia, and the Wicklow Mountains may vie with Pindus – I inclose the Albanian for your opinion – When you have seen it be so good as to return it – It will be some inducement [*letter concludes at top of first page*]

Byron to Hobhouse, from Newstead Abbey, September 30th 1811:

(Source: NLS Ms.43438; BLJ II 102-3)

Another letter filling four sides.

Newstead Abbey. Sept^r. 20th. 1811

My dear H.^e

Our friend Scrope is a pleasant person, a “facetious companion,” & “well respected by all who know him,” he laughs with the living, though he dont weep with the dead, yet I believe he would do that also, could it do them good service, but good or bad we must endeavour to follow his example & return to the dull routine of business or pleasure, though I fear, the more we see of life, the more we shall regret those who have ceased to live. –

We will speak of them no more. – –

Demetrius has completed a copious specimen of the Arnaut dialect, which shall be sent tomorrow, the print might perhaps be improved by an elongation of the υποκαμισον¹⁴⁷ – as the drawers¹⁴⁸ dont appear to advantage below it; altogether it is very characteristic. –

1:2

I had a visit lately from Major (Cap^t.) Leake “en passant” he talks of returning to Ali Pacha, & says the E. R. knows nothing of Romaic; he is grown less taciturn, better dressed, & more like an (English) man of this world than he was at Yanina. – – Jⁿ Claridge is here, improved in person a good deal, & amiable, but not amusing, now here is a good man, a handsome man, an honourable man, a most inoffensive man, a well informed man, and a dull man, & this last damned epithet undoes all the rest; there is S. B. D. with perhaps no better intellects, & certes not half his sterling qualities, is the life & soul of me & every body else; but my old friend with the soul of honour & the zeal of friendship & a vast variety of insipid virtues, can’t keep me or himself awake. – Alas “Motley’s the

1:3

only wear.”¹⁴⁹ – As for C. you cant even quarrel with him, & my life is as still as the Lake before the Abbey, till the North=wind disturbs the one, & Fletcher & my learned Thebans break my Pottery, or my tenants or M^r. H^{an}^{son}¹⁵⁰ ruffle the other. – –

I expect H. down daily to proceed to Rochdale or nothing will ever be settled. – – –

You are coming out in Quarto, & I am to be in Quarto, but I wish you to be out first, or at any rate one before the other;¹⁵¹ I am going to use you very shabbily, for I fear that Note is a “sinè Qua¹⁵² non” to “C^e Harold” had it been the Horace, you should have had it all to yourself. – As it is you shall have it to extract the essence <from it> long before it is published, & the information will be all the

1:4

¹⁴⁷: Those parts of letters which go beneath the x-line: descenders (literally “undershirt”).

¹⁴⁸: BLJ suggests “descenders”; but “drawers” is clear. B. may intend the opposite of “overshirt”.

¹⁴⁹: Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, II vi 34.

¹⁵⁰: “anson” written in tiny diagonal letters.

¹⁵¹: In the event H.’s book comes out over a year after B.’s, on May 24th 1813.

¹⁵²: B. gives the “a” of “Qua” simultaneous grave *and* acute accents.

better for being in your own words, & if you are out first (as you most probably will be) I trust we shall answer both our purposes; <as> in my notes to the poem I have assign{e}d your publication as my excuse for saying very little about the Greeks,¹⁵³ & referred my readers to your work for more interesting particulars of that people. -- You must have 6 plates at the least, indeed ten or 12 would be better, of course they are all at your service & the R^c M.S.S. such as they are. ---

I must contrive to meet you in the Spring or summer, & will bring Hodgson or D.^s with me. I am invited to Cambridge in Oct^r. to meet them & D^r. Clarke. -- I don't know whether to be glad or sorry that you will not be there, if I am glad you will conceive it is on your account. -- I shall write with Deme.^{trius} Voc.^y Dear H. Yours ever. B. --

Hobhouse to Byron, from Enniscorthy, Wexford, October 1st 1811:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43441 f.17; BB 82-3)

The Lord Byron / Newstead Abbey / Nottinghamshire / England]

Hobhouse's need for the help of Byron and Demetrius, and not just with his Albanian vocabulary, is plainer still.

[*letter concludes at top of first page:*] that he is gone to Nantwich to settle some family affairs. I rather suspect I shall regret not having played truant with him & fled into the arms of Miller or our own Ridgeway -- I see he does not publish your Childe Harold -- I only hope my child will succeed as well as yours which I believe is better off both as to father & god father than my bantling. Should Claridge be with you pray remember me, he wrote me a very kind letter, kind both to me and to you -- yet what you say of him is very true -- Let me hear good news of you and of your pursuits when you write & believe me most sincerely y^{rs}. John C. Hobhouse --

Oct^r. 1Enniscorthy .. (without the addition of Wexford)

My dear Byron

I believe I am born to give trouble to my friends without having any thing but the will to return their kindness, for no sooner have you promised to send me the Albanian vocabulary and the note concerning the Greek learning of the moderns (the substance of which according to your kind permission I shall certainly make use of & anxiously expect) than I have to request another favour of you -- The matter is this, I intend to insert a fac simile of one of Ali Pasha's letters of recommendation, and a translation of the same¹⁵⁴ -- It is that one which he gave us to carry to "Urachore" and which we did not deliver. Now, laughable as it may seem to you who are in the secret, I can not

1:2

for the life of me, read the cramp'd fist of the grammatikos myself, consequently am far from being able to translate it -- Will you therefore be so good as to order your Romaic valet Demetrius to write out the whole letter {, following the disposition of the lines exactly,} into good plain Greek letters without any contractions, or other difficulties, and will you also yourself give me a {litteral} translation of the whole into English? I intend to have an exact facsimile of the writing and of the form in which it is written and of the signature & seal and even of the folding of the letter, which is Greek and very neat & peculiar, so that after the business is done I would thank you to return the letter to me that I may transmit it to my engraver -- I am at a great loss for want of the Meliteus -- yet I should not like to have it sent to me here, except the lady of the blue ribbons, M^{rs} Ridgway, knew how to get it conveyed to Dublin by a certain carriage. You will be out a long long time before me,¹⁵⁵ so that, considering your already acquired notoriety, whatever you say of

1:3

anything, whether past, present, or future, is likely to be much known, therefore I have to request, that in any notice your kindness may choose to take of my forthcoming production, you will not hold out any expectations of any other than a short cursory & trifling account of the countries and people we visited. The farther I proceed in the begetting of this bastard the more impotent and inadequate I feel myself to be. I sometimes am afraid of saying too much, sometimes of saying too little, now I am apprehensive of seeming pedantic, now of showing myself to be utterly ignorant -- Then there are a

¹⁵³: B. does not want to commit himself about the Greeks, and leaves that to H.

¹⁵⁴: *Journey*, p.1150; translated at *Byron and Orientalism*, p.291.

¹⁵⁵: B.'s book is out fourteen months before H.'s.

thousand points into which I ought to have enquired, and the want of knowing which considerably confuses me – Exemp: Gra: Are the Chimeriotes Greeks or Albanians? That is, are they Arnaots in their original language who know Greek, <or are they> and are Christians, or are they Greeks? is their native tongue Greek? I wish to know the same respecting the Suliotes whom however, I suspect do not wear the Albanian dress & do not speak Albanian – Then, how many inhabitants are there supposed to be in Joannina? Is there a place called Bonila near it? Is Beratt on the banks of the river that runs under Tepellene? how many hours is it

1:4 [*above address*:]

from Tepellene, and is it ever called Arnoot Beh-grat? or Ber-at? Was Ibrahim Pasha ever Pasha of Scutari?¹⁵⁶ These questions I state because I think it very likely that you may be able to answer every one of them, and if you can, either by your [*below address*:] own knowledge or by some credible tale of Signor Ζωγράφος, I am sure you will – I suspend operations till I hear from you, and I am anxious to get a letter, especially as the Alb. Vocab. and the note have not yet arrived – I shall follow your advice as to the Turkish pictures & engrave at least ten – Cawthorne writes me [*letter concludes at top of first page*]

Byron to Hobhouse, from Newstead Abbey, October 13th 1811:

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.35; BLJ II 113-14)

Another letter filling four sides. It's clear that Byron knows Greece and Albania better than Hobhouse does. Byron alludes casually to the death of Edleston.

Newstead Abbey. Oct^r. 13th.
1811

My dear Hobhouse,

Demetrius is laid up with a kick from a horse, so that for a few days he will be unserviceable to you or me. – I sent the Voc^y to Cawthorn to forward it in a parcel being too heavy for Franking. – The Letter of Ali Pacha shall be translated & returned or left at your Publishers as you think best. – Now for your Queries. – The Chimariots are Arnauts, what Greek they speak is acquired. – Some are Mussulmen indeed most of them, in Albania proper past Tepaleni except a few villages all are Turks (in religion) as far as Bosnia, where all are Mussulmen & the bravest of the Race. – The Suliotes are Christians but wear the Camesa.

1:2

Berat & Arnaut Beligrade are one, – 12 hours from Tepaleni, – Ibrahim Pacha has nothing to do with Scutari, the Pacha of Scutari <was> {is} a plaguy Troublesome fellow, Ibrahim's predecessor Giaffer {Pacha} was poisoned by Ali's order {with a cup of coffee} – in the bath at Sophia, Ali lately married his daughter; – Coul Pacha the Predecessor of Ali was a very formidable personage. – – – I will some day draw up an account of my reception by Veli Pacha in the Morea for your edification, but at present I am out of Sorts. – – I don't know how to send Meletius – – he is so well bound, & if we lose him!!¹⁵⁷ – If you want any part consulted, refer me to the “Cap.” But

1:3

surely you will be in England before you come forth & can see the books yourself. – At present I am rather low, & dont know how to tell you the reason – you remember E at Cambridge – he is dead – last May – his Sister sent me the account lately – now though I never should have seen him again, (& it is very proper that I should not)¹⁵⁸ I have been more affected than I should care to own elsewhere; Death has been lately so occupied with every thing that was mine, that the dissolution of the most remote connection is like taking a crown from a Miser's last Guinea. – – – – – You are exiled to Ireland, quite a military Swift! – we may now Swiftify & Popify as if we were wits of the last Century. –

1:4

¹⁵⁶: H. is panicking about what will be his Letter XIV (*Journey I*, pp.159-79).

¹⁵⁷: It's clear that B. doesn't want to risk the precious sixteenth-century geography book in the post.

¹⁵⁸: This reserve contrasts with B.'s earlier description of his love for Edleston as told to Elizabeth Pigot.

What shall we do with Davies? he is too facetious for a Gay, & not simple enough, the dog shall be a second hand S^t. John (chiefly on account of his irreligion) Hodgson shall be – what shall he be? Baillie, D^r. Arbuthnot, – Bold Webster – Earl of Peterborough “Almost as quickly as he conquered Spain.” Cawthorn – Lintot – and Dallas – the Duchess of Queensbury! – – So we may play at wits, as children (no offence) at Soldiers. You will address here as usual. – I am about to join Davies at Cambridge, but your letters will be forwarded. – You shall have the Note when printed, but my publisher is in no hurry, nor am I – – do you get on, I hope we shant contradict one another. Dear H.,
y^{rs}. ever B.

Byron to Hobhouse, from Newstead Abbey, October 14th 1811:

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.36; BLJ II 114-15)

[Nottingham October sixteenth / 1811 / Cap^t. Hobhouse / Royal Miners / Enniscorthy / Ireland // Byron]

Another letter filling four sides, this time with an extra letter on the envelope. Byron reveals that *Childe Harold* will have prose notes, and will therefore be in competition with Hobhouse’s book.

[on reverse of address:]

Newstead Abbey
Octr. 14th. 1811

Dear Sir,

I send you three brace of birds two hares & a snipe, & apprise you before hand that you may neither be charged for the carriage or wronged by Mr. Leaper

Newstead Abbey.
Octr. 14th. 1811

Dear Hobhouse,

In my last I answered your queries, & now I shall acquaint you with my movements according to your former request. – I have been down to Rochdale with H. the property there if I work the mines myself will produce about 4000 p^r. Anⁿ. but to do this I must lay out at least 10000£ in et ce^{as}, or if I chuse to let it without incurring such expenditure it will produce a rental of half the above sum, so we are to work {the collieries} ourselves of course. – Newstead is to be advanced immediately to

1:2

2100 p^r. Ann. so that my income might be made about 6000 p^r. Ann. – But here comes at least 20000£ of Deb^t. and I must mortgage for that & other expenses, so that altogether my situation is perplexing. – I believe the above statement to be nearly correct, & so ends the Chapter. – If I chose to turn out my old bad tenants & take monied men they say, Newstead would bear a few hundreds more from its’ great extent, but this I shall hardly do. – –

It contains 3800 Acres including the Forest land, the Rochdale Manor 8256 Acres of Lancashire, which are larger than ours. –

1:3

So there you have my territories on the Earth & in “the Waters under the Earth” but I must marry some Heiress or I shall always be involved. – – –

Now for higher matters. – My Boke is in y^e. press, & proceeds leisurely, I have lately been sweating Notes, which I don’t mean to be very voluminous,¹⁵⁹ some remarks written at Athens & the flourish on Romaic which you have seen will constitute most of them. – The essence of that “valuable information” as you call it is at your service & shall be sent in time for your purpose. – I had also by accident detected {in Athens} a blunder of Thornton¹⁶⁰ of a ludicrous nature in the Turkish language

1:4

of which I mean to make some “pleasant mirth,” in return for his abuse of the Greeks. – It is the passage about Pouqueville’s story of the “Eater of Corrosive Sublimate.”¹⁶¹ By the bye, I rather suspect

¹⁵⁹: CHP I (first edition) has just six pages of notes (pp.115-18), but CHP II, forty-two (pp.119-61) plus a twenty-three page appendix in smaller print (pp.204-27) including a Romaic vocabulary.

¹⁶⁰: Thomas Thornton, *The Present State of Turkey* (1809), II pp.172-3n. B. takes him to task on a small and facetious linguistic point at CHP (first edition), p.147n.

we shall be at right angles in our opinion of the Greeks, I have not quite made up my mind about them,¹⁶² but you I know are decisively inimical. –
 I will write to you from Cambridge or elsewhere. – Address to Newstead. – Claridge is gone after a lethargic visit of three perennial weeks. – How dull he is! I wish the dog had any bad qualities that one might not be ashamed of disliking him. –
 Adio! D. V. E. Umilissimo Servitore B. –

Byron to Hobhouse, from King's College Cambridge, October 22nd 1811:

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.37; BLJ II 117-18)

[Cambridge October twenty third 1811 / Cap^t. Hobhouse / Royal Miners / Enniscorthy / Ireland // Byron]

Byron again fills four sides exactly.

[*inverted below address:*]

πίνομεν εἰς τήν υγείαν σάς τουτο ληπλον¹⁶³ / Oct. 23^d. 1811

King's Coll: C^e Oct^r. 22^d. 1811

My dear Hobhouse,

I write from Scrope's rooms, whom I have just assisted to put to bed in a state of outrageous intoxication. – I think I never saw him so bad before. – We dined at M^r. Caldwell's of Jesus Coll: where we met D^r. Clarke & others of the Gown, & Scrope finished himself as usual. – He has been in a similar state every evening since my arrival here a few days ago. – We are to dine at D^r. Clarke's on Thursday. – I find he knows little of Romaic, so we shall have that department entirely

1:2

to ourselves, I tell you this that you need not fear any competition, particularly so formidable a one as D^r. Clarke would probably have been. – I like him much, though Scrope says we talked so bitterly that he (the Said Scrope) lost his listeners. –

I proceed hence to town, where I shall enquire after your work which I am sorry to say stands still for "want of Copy" to talk in Technicals. – I am very low-spirited on many accounts, & wine, which however I do not quaff as formerly, has lost its' power over me. – We all wish you here, & well wherever you are, but surely better with us. – If you don't soon return, Scrope & I mean to visit

1:3

you in quarters. – The event¹⁶⁴ I mentioned in my last has had an effect on me, I am ashamed to think of<f>, but there is no arguing on these points. I could "have better spared a better being."¹⁶⁵ –
 Wherever I turn, particularly in this place, the idea goes with me, I say all this at the risk of incurring your contempt, but you cannot despise me more than I do myself. – I am indeed very wretched, & like all complaining persons I can't help telling you so. – –
 The Marquis Sligo is in a great scrape, about his kidnapping the seamen.¹⁶⁶ I, who know him, do not think him so culpable as the Navy are determined to make him. –

1:4

He is a good man. – I have been in Lancs. Notts, but all places are alike, I cannot live under my present feelings, I have lost my appetite, my rest, & can neither read write or act in comfort. – Every body here is very polite & hospitable, my friend Scrope particularly. I wish to God he would grow sober, as I much fear no constitution can long support his excesses. – If I lose him & you, what am I? – –

¹⁶¹: The original is at F.C.H.L.Pouqueville, *Voyages en Morée* (1805) II pp.125-6, and concerns an old man who daily swallowed mercuric chloride (*sublimé corrosif*: "corrosive sublimate"), a common cure for syphilis.

¹⁶²: B. *never* makes his mind up about the Greeks.

¹⁶³: "We are drinking to your health this []".

¹⁶⁴: The death of Edleston.

¹⁶⁵: Shakespeare, *Henry IV* I V iv 104 (adapted).

¹⁶⁶: Sligo got four months in Newgate and a fine of £5,000 for kidnapping sailors in wartime.

Hodgson is not here but expected soon. – Newstead is my regular address. – Demetrius is here much pleased with y^e. place. L^d. Sligo is about to send back his Arnauts. – Excuse this dirty paper, it is of Scrope's best. – Good night

ever y^{rs}.

Byron

Byron to Hobhouse, from 8, St James's Street, London, November 2nd 1811:

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.38; BLJ II 123-4)

Another letter filling four sides, neither more nor less. Byron has met Thomas Moore.

8 St. James's Street Nov^r. 2^d.

1811

Dear Hobhouse – I never meant to confound the Bosnians & Arnauts but merely to say that all the Bosnians & most of y^e. upper Albanians were Mussulmen. The Suliotes are villainous Romans & speak little Illyric. I am full of news & business – to the which – Firstly I have been engaged in a correspondence with Anacreon Moore, who requested me to retract <&> or atone for a “charge of falsehood” he supposed me to have made against an address to the public which he published, God knows when, on his duel with Jeffrey. – I neither retracted nor would apologize, never having seen y^e. address in question, & told him in answer to his demi-hostile semi-amicable epistle, (for it began with a complaint & ended with a hope that we should be “intimate”) that I was willing “to adopt any conciliatory proposition that should not compromise my own honour, or failing in that to give him satisfaction.” – This being done under the auspices of Scrope, who was to have enacted as second in case of need, M^r. M

1:2

was satisfied, & on Monday next we are to meet at the house of “Pleasures of Memory” Rogers, who is M's friend & has behaved very well in y^e. business. – So as dinners are preferable to duels, & nothing has been conceded on my part, further than the truth viz, that I knew nothing of said address (did you ever see it? & what was it about?) & consequently could not give the lie to what I never beheld, & as the Bard has been graciously pleased to talk about his “sincere respect for my talents” & “good will” &^c. why – I shall be glad to know what you think of the matter. – You will remember that the first hint towards acquaintance came from Moore, & coldly enough I met it, as I fairly told him till the principal point was discussed between us, I could not reply to the other part of his letter, but now that is settled, M^r. R (whom I never saw) has sent me an

1:3

invitation to meet the Irish Melodist on Monday – However you shall see all the letters & copies of mine when we come together again. – – –
Yesterday Hodgson dined with me, & muddled himself so much, that at the play, he was with difficulty kept in order. – Bold Webster¹⁶⁷ dropped in after dinner & managed to annoy Hodgson with his absurdity, he talked of H's satire & particularly his address to the “Electric!!! (Eclectic) critics, and Porson's edition of Phocion!!! and finished by asking H. if he had ever redde his (W's) pamphlet!!! – He made one cursed speech which put me into a fever, about ένα παιδί¹⁶⁸ & made Hodgson nearly sink into the earth, who unluckily recollected our telling him the “two hundred a year” proffer pro ύακινθος.¹⁶⁹ – He then to mend matters entered into a long defence of his brother in law,¹⁷⁰ without any occasion as

1:4

nobody had mentioned his name, <&> persisted in spite of all endeavours to make him change y^e. subject, & concluded by saying that L^d. Courtney was “called Cousin by the King of Prussia”!!! Now all this is verbatim conversation of Bold W. – You will think me Banksizing but it is fact Per Dio! – – Cawthorn has Ali's letter but I will send it if you please in a few days, pray what are become of all my

¹⁶⁷: James Wedderburn Webster, husband of Frances; buffoonish Trinity friend of B. and H.

¹⁶⁸: “a boy”.

¹⁶⁹: “hyacinth”.

¹⁷⁰: Webster's brother-in-law is Lord Valentia.

Greek epistles? – they are not with y^e. prints.¹⁷¹ – The Note you shall have but it is not in the press yet, & lies in Dallas's possession –

Demetrius is better of the Excalcitration & is at his wits' end to answer y^r. Queries. – D^f. Clarke was highly polite to him & me & offered me his journals &^c. – I admire him much. – Scrope is at Newmarket. – I was well enough treated at Cambridge, but glad to leave it, it made me "lemancholy" for many reasons, & some d – d bad ones. –

y^{rs}. ever Μπαρών

Byron to Hobhouse, from 8, St James's Street, London, November 3rd 1811:

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.39; BLJ II 124-7)

This time Byron fills *eight* sides exactly.

1)

8 S^t. James's Street Nov^r. 3^d.

1811

Dear Hobhouse. – I wrote yesterday but as usual expatiated more on my own concerns than yours & owe you a second letter. – I shall order a transcript of y^e. note & send it to you forthwith, as it will not be in my press for some time. – Ibrahim Pacha is 'nown brother – to Coul the obnoxious, no – I am wrong – brother to Giaffer the victim of Ali, the Pacha of Scutari's name I forget, & never heard of Ochrida as a Pachalik. – As to boundaries I always thought dear Delvinachi was the frontier. – Adam Bey whom we met going to Libochabo, is dead in spite of Seculario & Frank, he was nephew to Ali as you know. – He was twenty three years of age. – Do come to England, & copy Meletius¹⁷² in person, if you can't it will then devolve

1:2

on your humble Servitor. – I will fac=similize if it be requisite. – I do take much interest in your Q^o & have no doubt of its' success, Albania is untrodden ground. – I don't know that a traveller has much to do with "likes or dislikes" but you see D^f. Clarke's "Dislikes" have answered very well. – My own mind is not very well made up as to y^e. Greeks, but I have no patience with the absurd extremes into which their panegyrist & detractors have equally run. – I believe the N^o. of the E. R₂ with all that stuff on the Romaiacs was written by Bloomfield,¹⁷³ Leake agreed with me that it was very sad, & you know he is well qualified to judge. – – This is a secret, & D^f. Clarke told it me, knowing your discretion to be similar to mine, <even,> or at least

1:3

that there is nobody at Enniscorthy who will be much edified by it, I send it over S^t. George's Channel. – – I find I am a member of y^e. Alfred Club, & consequently a pot companion of your amiable progenitor, L^d. Valentia, the Archbishop of Canterbury, & such cattle, I believe Ward is also one. – – Bold W_{ebster}¹⁷⁴ is in a scrape with the Morning Post, Morning Chronicle, & all the Posts Morning & Evening, about some letters on politics with which he has {lately} been tying Cannisters to his tail, <lately>, they charged him ten pounds for inserting one of these precious billets, & if they had asked a hundred the disgrace to the paper was honestly worth it. – It is in vain that Wife, relations, friends & enemies have risen up in fierce opposition to his malady, nothing but a

1:4

thumbscrew or a whitloe on the {itching} finger <which cooperates> can quell his scribbling. – – – He has exposed himself, nay hurt himself, for he was soliciting a Scotch place, & wrote a defence of L^d. Fingal by way of ingratiating himself with Ministers!!! & the worst of it is that every body knew this devil of a defence to be his, though sans signature, & for fear they should not be told it unto all men. – His wife¹⁷⁵ is very pretty, & I am much mistaken if five years hence, she don't give him reason to think so. – Knowing the man, one is apt to fancy these things, but I really thought, she treated him

¹⁷¹: B's extant letters in Greek and Turkish are translated in *Byron and Orientalism*; others seem lost.

¹⁷²: H.'s use of Meletius consists of five pages and a fraction (pp.1049-54), then three more pages (pp.1068-71). He analyses three inscriptions (one without quoting it, saying on p.1050 that B. has published it already), then gives Meletius' account of Albania in Greek, without translating it.

¹⁷³: Should be "Blomfield". See *Edinburgh Review*, April 1810.

¹⁷⁴: "ebster" in tiny letters, written diagonally.

¹⁷⁵: Frances Wedderburn Webster.

even already with a due portion of conjugal contempt, but I dare say this was only the megrim of a Misogynist. — — —

At present he is the happiest of men, & has asked me to go with them to a tragedy to see his wife cry! —
—

2:1

2) just before I left Malta, I wrote during my Ague, a copy of Hudibrastics as an Adieu to La Valette, which I gave to Com.^r Fraser because it contained a compliment to M^{rs}. F.— without intending the thing to be bandied about. No sooner were we sailed than they were set in circulation, & I am told by a lately arrived traveller, that they are all, but particularly Oakes, in a pucker, and yet I am sure there is nothing to annoy <to> any body, or a single personal allusion throughout, as far as I remember, for I kept no copy. — So pray be quiet at Enniscorthy, or you may get a reprimand like Cap^t. P. Hunter, Ensign Y. & L^t. J. for lampooning y^e. burghers. — — When you write, address to Cawthorn's, & he will forward your epistles, as I don't know where I am

2:2

going, or what I am about to do. —

You cant conceive how I miss you, much more than I did after your departure in the Archipelago, for there we were but two, but here there are so many things we should laugh at together, & support each other, when laughed at ourselves, that I yearn for you prodigiously. — — Sir J. Debathe¹⁷⁶ hath called upon me, he is a good deal improved in every thing but person, and I think may live a Session or two longer on his good behaviour. — — Claridge my dearest friend (for he cost me much more than fifteen shillings) is indeed dull, as to his “attachment”, will <a/>Attachment keep one awake? or say pleasant things? or even soar beyond an

2:3

execrable Oxonian pun? and at our time of life to talk of “attachment!” when one has left School, aye and College too, Sdeath, one would think you were like Euripides who admired the Autumn of Agatho. — When I was a child, I thought as a Child, (saith S^t. Paul & so say I) but now give me a man of Calibre, a little sense, a sprinkling of information, and as for “attachment” I leave it with other trifles,

“To those who trifle with more grace & care
“Whose trifling pleases, & whom trifles please.

I believe my Rochdale Statement was pretty correct, with this proviso, that if I could afford to lay out twenty or thirty thousand pounds on it, the Income would probably be

2:4

double the utmost I mentioned. — Davies also saw at Harrowgate several Lancashire gentry who told him the same thing, & I suppose he speaks truth on this occasion, having no motive to the contrary. — — But you know I always was, & always shall be an embarrassed man, & I must en fight my way through between the files of ruined nobles, & broken shopkeepers, which increase daily. — — I must marry, you know I hate women, & for fear I should ever change that opinion, I shall marry. — My Satire is going into a fifth Edition, to which will be added the “Hints from Horace.”¹⁷⁷ — — Hodgson tells me your tale from Boccace is much liked with all its' indecency. — Bland is come back from France. y^{rs} ever Bⁿ. — —

Byron to Hobhouse, from 8, St James's Street, London, November 9th 1811:

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.40; BLJ II 128-9)

[London Nov^r. Ninth 1811 / Cap^t. Hobhouse / Royal Miners / Enniscorthy / Ireland / Byron]

Now he has a busy London social life, Byron only has leisure to fill three sides; he blames the post.

8 S^t. James's Street.

¹⁷⁶: An old Harrow friend.

¹⁷⁷: The fifth edition of EBSR is cancelled, and HfH not published in B.'s lifetime.

Nov^r. 9th. 1811

My dear Hobhouse. – I have lately been leading a most poetical life with Messrs Rogers Moore & Campbell, the latter indeed I have only seen once at dinner at M^r. R's, but that once was enough to make me wish to see him again. – He was to have dined with me today, but is laid up at Sydenham, however I shall see him next week. – R.^s & Moore are very pleasing, & not priggish as poetical personages are apt to be. Campbell is not at all what you would suppose him from his writings, but agreeable nonetheless. – –

I have also seen a good deal of Ward the eloquent, – who meets me today with R^s M^e

1:2

& our Hodgson to dinner. – – I am very glad to have been elected at the Alfred, not only because it is a difficult thing, but I have met there several old acquaintances particularly Peele the Secretary sub Secretario. – I saw there Sotheby the scribbler who is a disagreeable dog, with rhyme written in every feature of his wrinkled Physiognomy.¹⁷⁸ – I have also received indirectly a kind of pacific overture from L^d. Holland,¹⁷⁹ so you see, people are very civil when one dont deserve it. – All Webster's connections are at their Wits' end to cure him of his malady, they have applied to me to talk to him seriously on y^e. subject, & I have talked, but to

1:3

no purpose, for he lost his temper, & invited me to a controversy in the Newspapers!!! – Valentia is vastly annoyed, & so is <his> {W's} spouse, but nothing will do, he persists in his laudable design of becoming ridiculous. – – – Cawthorn is at a stand still for Lack of Copy, Copy, Copy! – Will you come here at Xmas & bring or send my Romaic M.S.S.? or I will put you into Fosbrooke's "Gloster Journal",¹⁸⁰ so I will. – – Do write soon, I am obliged to conclude on acc^t. of the Post. – – Baillie & Kinnaird, I saw yesterday, K. with his Piece,¹⁸¹ she is pretty & but pretty, perhaps only prettyish. – Believe me –

y^{rs} ever
Μπαίρω

[1:4 blank.]

Hobhouse to Byron, from Enniscorthy, Wexford, November 12th 1811:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43441 f.18; BB 85-6)

[To, / The Lord Byron / <24 Cockspur Street> {8 St. James's Street} / London / England // via Dublin]

[*letter concludes at top of first page:*] the London reviews – Critical, British Critic, & Electric – Besides, who would like to be pointed at as the author of such damn'd doggerel, the dullissimo Macaroni¹⁸² of the Pump Room.¹⁸³ I pray you consider my case – some how or the other Baillee has got hold of the story & I have felt very uneasy about it ever since. Your letters make one of my chief pleasures here, do not let me be long without one –

believe me
truly your's
John C. Hobhouse

Enniscorthy. Nov. 12 – 1811 –

Dear Byron –

Many thanks for your letters and covers which arrived to day and considerably allayed a ferment of spirits to which scribblers are occasionally liable – Cawthorne however has not sent 16 pages of proof which I expected, nor do I see any thing of the explanation of Ali Pasha's letter, without which it would be useless to print the thing itself – unless to ænigmatise the folk with so many hieroglyphics – I presume this is in the hands of the Demetrius – If the assistance the said is lending me should get into the magazine, what a pretty figure I should cut – Pray do you be good enough to

¹⁷⁸: See *Beppo*, sts.72-6 (written six years later).

¹⁷⁹: It is because of B.'s new friendship with Holland that the fifth edition of EBSR is cancelled.

¹⁸⁰: Fosbroke was a Gloucestershire antiquarian; B. alludes to H.'s origins in Bristol.

¹⁸¹: Maria Keppel.

¹⁸²: Young Marlowe at Goldsmith, *She Stoops to Conquer*, Act IV.

¹⁸³: The Bath Pump Room.

translate his Romaic expounding of Ali's letter – I have taken the liberty to inclose under cover to you a corrected proof for Cawthorne, & intend, with your leave, to transmit four letters every day this week containing copy with this direction – Right Honorable L^d Byron 24 Cockspur Street Free

1:2

The Free and The Right Honorable which is not so Polite as plain The to a Lord, will distinguish Cawthorne's parcels, and, if you will allow him such a liberty for ten days whilst you are in Town, he can open all he sees thus directed without waiting – I have reinclosed Ali's letter and would thank you to give it to Cawthorne when the Romaic is fairly written out by Demetrius – as C wants it for the Engraver – I am most eager for your note – How could you lend it to Dallas? he has shown it to Wright – Wright has copied it – the copy gets into the magazine & Wright answers it before you are out, or I either

I never heard any thing so strange as your embroilment with Anacreon Moore – However you carried it with a high hand I dare swear – 'twill delight me highly to see the correspondence

I never heard of his address to the public – He must be insane to think that you had – What his address to you has been to day I cannot divine – What ever has been said, done, or acted dumbly, this day at your party will be in a note to the next editions of Moore's songs and Rogers' Pleasures of Memory – I see you are beginning to feel the effects of notoriety; I foretold you would

1:3

when we met at Sittingbourne – Hodgson is a fine fellow {& not because he reports nonsense about the tale from Boccace.} How he must have been shocked at the beastly talk of that fool of fools Bold Webster – Why you do not cut him dead I do not understand – there is no meddling with these sort of fellows with any safety – you can't stand against a white wall without spotting your coat – And De Bathe too. why this my dear Lord is returning, like a dog to his vomit,¹⁸⁴ to every thing before cast up and rejected – The latter I once saw in London – Oxford Street and treated him as the Pharisee did the good Samaritan, passed over on the other side –

So you have been lampooning Oakes, and all the other Anglo Maltenians. I thought you knew M^{rs} Fraser too well to trust any thing either good or bad with her – I forgot to tell you that Adair was nearly suffocated by her languishments and affectations – I dined one day with him there and saw his tortures – Is my lord Sligo come home? Your Greek letters are all safe with me – I was afraid to send them to Cawthorne's for fear of their being lost or read, or copied – With your permission I think of getting Suleyman

1:4 [*above address*:]

Aga's letter of recommendation to his Egyptian friend¹⁸⁵ translated – one would be curious to see what one Turk says to another on such an occasion – My brother Henry will do the thing for me if you permit – one of the other letters, that from Corinth, as [*below address*:] a specimen of fine Greek writing I also propose with your consent, to get a fac simile of engraved for the work, and shall transmit it to Cawthorne, as soon as I hear from you –

By the way do not for heaven's sake betray that W at. B.¹⁸⁶ secret to any one – Three of the folk therein pitched write in [*letter concludes at top of first page*]

Byron to Hobhouse, from 8, St James's Street, London, November 16th 1811:

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.41; BLJ II 129-30)

Another letter filling the sheet exactly. Byron answers the previous item.

8 S^t. James's Street. London.

Nov^r. 16th. 1811

My dear H. – That is a most impudent simile & incorrect, for the "vomit" came to the "dog" & not the "dog" to the "vomit" & if you will teach me how to spit in any body's face without offence, I will shake off these gentlemen with the greatest good-will, however I have never called on either, so am not to blame for the slightest degree of good manners. – – –

¹⁸⁴: De Bathe may have been one of B.'s Harrow lovers.

¹⁸⁵: It is translated at *Byron and Orientalism*, pp.307-8.

¹⁸⁶: *The Wonders of a Week at Bath*.

I send you Demo's traduzione, & make the most of it, you must orthographize it in both languages as you will perceive. Why have you omitted the earthquake in the night at Libochabo?¹⁸⁷ I will give up the flatulent Secretary, but do let us have the Terramoto. – I dine today with

1:2

Ward to meet the Lord knows whom. –

Moore & I are on the best of terms, I answered his letters in an explanatory way, but of course conceded nothing in the shape of an apology, indeed his own letters were an odd mixture of complaint, & a desire of amicable discussion. – Rogers said his behaviour was rather Irish, & that mine was candid & manly, I hope it was at least the latter. – I consulted Scrope before I sent off my letter, but now the matter is completely adjusted, as R. said "honourably" to Both. Sotheby, whom I abused in my last, improves, his face is rather against him, & his manner abrupt & dogmatic, but I believe him to be much more amiable than I thought him. – Rogers is a most excellent & unassuming Soul,

1:3

& Moore an Epitome of all that's delightful, I asked them & Hodgson to dinner. H. of course was drunk & Sensibilitous. – Bland (the Rev^d) has been challenging an officer of Dragoons, about a whore, & my assistance being required, I interfered in time to prevent him from losing his life or his Living. – The man is mad, Sir, mad, frightful as a Mandrake, & lean as a rutting Stag, & all about a bitch not worth a Bank token. – She is a common Strumpet as his Antagonist assured me, yet he means to marry her, Hodgson meant to marry her, the Officer meant to marry her, her first Seducer (seventeen years ago) meant to marry her, and all this is owing to the Comet!¹⁸⁸ – During Bland's absence, Hⁿ

1:4

was her Dragon, & left his own Oyster wench to offer her his hand, which she refused. – Bland comes home in Hysterics, finds her in keeping (not by H.ⁿ however) & loses his wits. – Hodgson gets drunk & cries, & he & Bland (who have been berhyming each other as you know these six {past} Olympiads) are now the Antipodes of each other. – I saw this wonder, & set her down at seven shilling's worth. – Here is gossip for you! as you know some of the parties. – As to self, I am ill with a cough, Demo has tumbled down stairs, scalded his leg, been kicked by a horse, hurt his kidneys, got a terrible "catchcold" (as he calls it) & now suffers under these accumulated mischances. – Fletcher is fat & facetious. –

y^{rs}. ever

Μπαρῶν

Byron to Hobhouse, from 8, St James's Street, London, November 17th 1811:

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.42; BLJ II 130-2)

[London Nov^r. Eighteenth / 1811 / Cap^t. Hobhouse / Royal Miners / Enniscorthy / Ireland // Byron]

Another letter filling exactly eight sides.

8 S^t. James's Street.

Nov^r. 17th. 1811

Dear H. – I wrote you a gossiping letter yesterday, & shall do as much today, being partly confined with a cough which prevented me from dining with Ward according to Invitation. – Demo's decipherings and paraphrases I sent off at the same time & trust they will put you in good humour. – But I want my Romaic M.S.S. being in labour of "Childe Harold" who is coming costively into the World, after having undergone the Ordeal of Gifford's & Campbell's inspection, not that I am indebted to either for a single alteration,¹⁸⁹

1:2

for the same reason that Lady Mary refused Pope with a "No touching" &^c. – However, they have been pleased to say very pleasant thing<^>s if I may trust the word of others for Gifford, & Campbell's own for himself. – The thing was shown by Murray, (as you know I never was in the habit of bandying

¹⁸⁷: They experienced an earthquake on February 12th 1810, but at Megara, not Libochavo.

¹⁸⁸: The great comet of 1812; see Tolstoy, *War and Peace*, end of first half.

¹⁸⁹: The alterations to CHP I and II were made by Dallas before Murray's crew saw it.

M.S.S. of my own) & against my privity or concurrence, however it has by good luck turned out well, or I should have been “feroce” with the Bookseller & very deservedly.¹⁹⁰ – Good paper, clear type, & vast margin as usual. – I have been sweating Notes to a large amount, so that

1:3

ye. “Body of y^e. Book” will be bulky. – Sixty five stanzas of y^e. first Canto are printed. – Cawthorn is also at work with a fifth Edition of E. B.^s & {this &} the H.^s from Horace, with a thing <of> {on} L.^d. Elgin, called the “Curse of Minerva” which you have never seen, will constitute Master Lintot’s department, and make a monstrous vol. of Crown Octavo. – You are very slow with copy, & will delay till the Season is over, your book will not come in before Green peas, surely you don’t intend it for Summer Reading. – –

The few pages of today’s proof are all I have redde; as Cawthorn is shy of showing me your work, Lord knows why. – –

1:4

He had an MS. offered (I am not at Liberty to mention names) through the medium of Hodgson who is not the Author however, which he rejected, though backed by your humble Servitor. – Not that I much admired the said M.S. which abused all my acquaintances, but I wished to oblige Hodgson. – – I am living as quietly as you can be, & have long left off Wine entirely, & never enter a coffee house of any description, my meal is generally at y^e. Alfred, where I munch my vegetables in peace. – Town is empty but I stay on business, to get rid of these damned annuities. – – Webster is vanished with his Wife, – Ward, Peele,

2:1

2) Rogers, Moore, Sotheby, Sir W. Ingilby are the few I have lately seen most of, with L.^d. Valentia, in whom I see nothing very “cativo,” and as every body speaks to him, one can’t very well avoid it. – – Ellice called yesterday, & certain travellers whom I knew after your return. – – W^r will be a noble subject for Cuckoldom in three years, though he has managed to impregnate her Ladyship, which consequently can be no very difficult task. – She is certainly very pretty, & if not a dunce, must despise her “Bud”¹⁹¹ heartily. – She is not exactly to my taste, but I dare say Dragoons would like her. – Sir W. with whom you

2:2

are so wrothfully displeased, is gone to Edinbug – burgh, I tell you, he is not what you take him for, but is going to be married, reformed and all that. –

My Establishment at Newstead improves, I have Lucy, {Susan} a very pretty Welsh Girl, & a third of the Nott’s breed, whom you never saw, all under age, and very ornamental. But my diet is so <law> {low} that I can carry on nothing carnal. – I wish you would come over before Xmas, & go down to Notts with me. – All the fathers on the Earth & under it should never keep me at Enniscorthy. – I give you joy of your dinner with the Bishop

2:3

of Fernes.¹⁹² – Was not “Atherton”¹⁹³ a Bishop? what says the Dean? –

What a proper Scoundrel that same Serving man must have been, I thought better of the Irish. – – M^{rs}. Fraser Adair’s Antipathy is in town, surely she is agreeable, & Bob a coxcomb to find fault with her phantasies. – Consider it is a woman, & what can be expected? – Peacock is come home, & dangling after her secondo al’ suo Solito. – L.^d. Sligo is in Ireland & a scrape, his Arnaouts are going back to Rumelia, Government would not allow them to go to Ireland, – Why? – nor further than ten miles from London – Wherefore?

¹⁹⁰: Why Murray should not have shown CHP to Gifford, his principal reader, is mysterious.

¹⁹¹: “Bud” is the nickname used for her husband by Margery Pinchwife in Wycherley’s *The Country Wife*.

¹⁹²: H. has referred to no bishop; this may indicate a letter from H. which is missing. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Ferns, Wexford, was in 1811 James Caulfield; there was a protestant Bishop of Ferns and Leighlin.

¹⁹³: Atherton was a seventeenth-century Irish bishop hanged for sodomy; compare the Bishop of Clogher.

2:4

Dallas is bringing out a farce, his last did not succeed bitterly, but has merit. – Pratt has put Joe Blackett into two volumes as bad as Purgatory, poor Joe, killed first, & published afterwards, if the thing had been reversed the wonder had been less, but the cruelty equal. – I have heard nothing of Miss Milbanke’s posthumous buffooneries, but here is Miss Seward with 6 tomes of the most disgusting trash,¹⁹⁴ sailing over Styx with a Foolscap over her periwig as complacent as can be. – Of all Bitches dead or alive a scribbling woman is the most canine. – Scott is her Editor, I suppose because she lards him in every page.

y^{rs}. aye Μπαρῶν

Hobhouse to Byron, from Enniscorthy, Wexford, November 26th 1811:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43441 f.19; BB 88)

[To, / The Lord Byron / 24 Cockspur Street / London / England]

A single sheet; Hobhouse answers Byron’s of November 16th.

Enniscorthy – Nov 26 – 1811

My dear Byron –

Excuse this wretched scrap, which is a bad return to your entertaining letters, and which is sent that I might not enclose any of my scribblings, without acknowledging your kindness and attention in pushing me on through the mire of composition – The <e/>inclosed is the Δευτε Παίδες¹⁹⁵ – and the letter from Ali – if after doing what I have taken the liberty to require, you would have the goodness to send them back the day after you receive them, it will be doing me a favour, as I am now working at Athens, and consequently am got into the Romaic part of the story, the former, 160 pages, have been on the Albanian lang – The cover accompanying this conveys the Drama; copied as well as I could make it out without any help from either books or men – on the cover is a note to Demetrius, which, with “licenza de superiore” requests him to annotate and explain marked passages, and to return it directly as it will be put into Cawthorne’s hands at once. – I fancy I have your permission to have my wicked will of the MSS – however if I did misunderstand you let me know, if you please, immediately – . I wait for an answer to my last epistle, before I do any thing with your Greek letters – I am rather in a dilemma between my fear that you feel a want of them at this moment, and my anxiety lest, if I should send them, they should be lost – for several are too big for postage. – I have, however, at present, a sort of scheme for their conveyance which unless I hear shortly from you, I intend to put into practice –

you will not forget to answer me about the letter from Corinth, and that from Suleyman Aga – your Romaic notes – ubinam gentium? The tale of terror about Hodgson makes me wish with Sir T. Browne, more than ever, that men generated like trees – Believe that I am truly your’s, J. C. Hobhouse

Hobhouse to Byron, from Enniscorthy, Wexford, November 27th 1811:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43441 f.20; BB 90-1)

[To, / Lord Byron / 24 Cockspur Street / London]

Hobhouse is worried that his book and Byron’s are going to be in competition after all.

[*letter concludes at top:*] the agonies you would suffer by any long delay of their appearance. The Drama I will send the moment you give me notice – I expect daily the copies sent to you a few days ago. I am most sincerely – your’s John C. Hobhouse

Enniscorthy. Nov 27 –

Dear Byron –

I loose no time to inform you that all your Greek letters, the firman, and three Turkish epistles, being all the manuscripts of your’s in my possession except the Drama, which can be sent at any time per post, were dispatched by me this morning towards their destination No. 24. Cockspur Street – They were given in charge to a M^r Alston, Major in Our Reg^t: and, carefully wrapt up in one envelope of white and two of brown paper, bound and sealed – M^r Alston goes from Waterford to Milford and thence to Bath – at the latter place he will put the parcel into the mail coach – it is already directed by myself – {to} R^t Hon. L^d Byron {24 Cockspur S^t London} (by the mail from Bath) Thus unless untoward

¹⁹⁴: Anna Seward, *Letters written between the Years 1784 and 1807* (Edinburgh 1811).

¹⁹⁵: “*Children, arise!*” or “*Allons, enfants!*”; H.’s translation of Riga’s version of the *Marseillaise*.

1:2

accidents occur, you will have these oriental treasures in a few days – I should not have sent them had not a letter received from you the day before yesterday expressed some anxiety to be in possession of them immediately for the purposes of publication – I hope that I stand excused for having kept them so long, as from {what} was said when they were delivered to me, and from subsequent communications, it never entered into my head that you were going to annex any Romaic specimens to your poem – so far from it indeed, that it is my present opinion, that had you expressed the intention of giving the public any detail or comment concerning the Levant, I should have declin'd all publication on the Subject of the tour in Turkey, or, at least, have written, what perhaps at any rate could have been much better, only a very few pages without entering into length upon any particular points – I should have left out the Romaic speculation – and all opinions concerning the emancipation, and, indeed,

1:3

the comparative merits of the Modern Greeks – What to do now I can not exactly tell; having arranged the little I know on these points, and put my ponderous quarto into such forms and positions as require some such matters, I am loth not to notice things that must appear so connected with a book of the voyaging kind – Yet I am so horribly afraid of the critics that the remotest chance of any contradiction between the two volumes, for voluminous you will be as well as myself, makes me shudder, and suppose myself handed down to the present generation as one of the best materials for laughter now in existence –

This haunts my slumbers in the silent shade¹⁹⁶ – I have again to thank you for your invitation to Newstead; if I come to England it is more than probable that we shall meet somewhere – indeed I should strain more points than one to find you wherever you are – What you tell me of the Giffords, the Campbells, the Rogerses and the Moores, makes me a little

1:4 [*above address*:]

envious of your fame and good fortune – I am seriously sorry to hear that Hodgson and Bland have quarrelled, for though I have not the pleasure of knowing the latter I am sure he must be one of those *queis meliore luto fruxit præcordia Titan*¹⁹⁷ [*below address*:] and too good to suffer such a loss as that of the friendship of Hodgson – I trust they will reaccommodate – I am extremely anxious to hear of the safe arrival of the Romaic parcel, knowing into what a fume such an accident would inevitably put me I cannot but anticipate [*letter continues at top of first side*:]

Byron to Hobhouse, from 8, St James's Street, London, December 3rd 1811:

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.43; BLJ II 135-6)

Byron answers the previous item, and assures Hobhouse that they will not be in competition.

8. St. James's Street

Dec^r. 3^d. 1811

My dear H. – All the MSS are arrived but your letter is dissatisfactory. – I mean to annex some Specimens of Romaic but by no means to enter into details for Which I have neither time nor talent. – But supposing such to have been my intention, is not the field wide enough for both? I declare to you most sincerely that I would rather throw up my publication entirely than be the means of curtailng a page of yours. – – There is a most formidable serious puff about you & your work in the last N^o. of the Critical review, &

1:2

we have all great expectations from it, and I am convinced that the more you say on Romaic the better. – My thing shall be sent off to you the moment it is finished & before it is with the public; & so far from impeding you I did hope that it would be a stepping stone instead of a stumbling block in your way. – My notes will not be extensive, nor the specimens numerous, nor shall I say one word on the grammar or minutiae of y^e. language. – So don't give up an idea on my account and as to contradicting me, you will only do it where I am wrong, & I shall forgive you & so will the World. – –

¹⁹⁶: Pope, *Essay on Man*, IV 304 (misquoted).

¹⁹⁷: "Whom the Titan formed from finer clay"; *Juv. Sat. XIV 35*.

2:2

Indeed I have assigned in my notes as a reason for saying so little, that you have much more to say on the subject. – So don't make me lie in that respect at least. – Why not translate the Drama¹⁹⁸ I certainly shall not, but insert a trans. in verse of the “Δευτε” {song} &^c. – Besides you have the Albanian Voc.^y & I merely two Albanian songs¹⁹⁹ with a bald translation in prose. – The extracts & specimens I leave to the learned to construe, but I think you should insert them with a translation. – The Devil's in it, if there is not a field for both. – By the bye why not publish a Romaic Lexicon? I have an excellent one, it is only translating the Italian into English, & prefacing & editing, &

2:3

such a work is sure to sell & much wanted. – I wish you to undertake this & will put the three quartos into your hands if you will think of it. –

I am just returned from Cambridge, where I have been visiting Hodgson & Harness an old Harrow friend whom you don't know. – Do pray come to England, & be my guest during your stay both in town & Notts? – Hodgson & Harness are to be in Notts at Xmas. – come & join us. – I wish your damned regiment was disbanded. – Sdeath why don't you desert? Every body enquires after you & what answer can I give? – y^s. ever

B.

Byron to Hobhouse, from 8, St James's Street, London, December 9th 1811:

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.44; BLJ II 143-4)

8. S^t. James's Street.
Dec^r. 9th. 1811 –

My dear Hobhouse. – At length I am your rival in Good fortune. I this night saw Robert Coates perform Lothario at the Haymarket, the house crammed, but bribery (a bank token) procured an excellent place near the Stage. – Before the curtain drew up a performer (all Gemmen) came forward and thus addressed the house, Ladies &^c. “A melancholy accident has happened to the Gentleman who undertook the part of Altamont,²⁰⁰ – (here a dead stop – then –) this accident has happened to his brother who fell this afternoon through a loop hole into the London Dock, & was taken up dead, Altamont has just entered the house

1:2

distractedly, is – now dressing!!! & will appear in 5 minutes!!!” – Such were verbatim the words of the Apologist, they were followed by a roar of laughter & Altamont himself, who did not fall short of Coates in absurdity. – Damn me, if ever I saw such a scene in my life, the play was closed in 3^d. act, after Bob's demise nobody would hear a syllable, he was interrupted several times before, & made speeches, every soul was in hysterics, & all the actors on his own model. – You can't conceive how I longed for you, your taste for the ridiculous would have been gratified to surfeit.

1:3

A farce followed in dumb show, after Bob had been hooted from the stage for a bawdy address he attempted to deliver between play & farce – “Love a la mode” was damned, Coates was damned, every thing was damned & damnable. – His enacting I need not describe, you have seen him at Bath. – But never did you see the others, never did you hear the apology, never did you behold the “distracted” survivor of a “brother” neck broken through a “loop=hole in y^c. London Dock”!! – Like George Faulkner these fellows defied burlesque. – Oh Captain! eye hath

1:4

¹⁹⁸: “The Drama” is a scene from Goldoni translated into Greek; B. gives an English translation (CHP II, first edition, pp.211-14).

¹⁹⁹: CHP II, first edition, pp.132-6: *Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, / Naciarura, popuso* (“Lo, Lo, I come, I come; be thou silent”) and *Ndi sefda tinde ulavossa* (“I am wounded by thy love”); more research is needed on these items.

²⁰⁰: In Nicholas Rowe's *The Fair Penitent*.

not seen, ear bath not heard, nor can the heart of man conceive²⁰¹ tonight's performance. – Baron Geramb²⁰² was in the Stage box, & Coates in his address nailed the Baron to the infinite amusement of the audience, & the discomfiture of Geramb, who grew very wroth indeed. – I meant to write on other topics but I must postpone, I can think talk & dream only of these buffoons. – “Tis done, tis numbered with the things that were, would would it were to come.” & you by my side to see it. – Heigh ho! Good night. – y^{rs} ever

B

Hobhouse to Byron, from Enniscorthy, Wexford, December 13th 1811:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43441 f.21; BB 92-4)

[To, / The Lord Byron / 24 Cockspur Street / London]

Despite what he writes, Hobhouse is answering Byron's of December 3rd.

[*letter concludes at top:*] me to London this season, I shall with all convenient speed put myself into the mail, and without ceremony land myself at the hut – I see at this moment just a possibility of my being in England about the first of February; where shall you be then? This letter is a continued specimen of the importance of a man to himself, for it is all about me & mine

I look to your friendship for an excuse and I am with great truth affect:^{ly} your's

John C. Hobhouse

Enniscorthy. Dec 13. 1811

Dear Byron

I received your kind letter of the 30th. this day – If I had not long ago given up all vanities and frolics of that sort, I should suspect myself to be half maudlin whilst I put pen to paper to give you a line or two in answer; for I feel I am so downright wretched in this state, that to speak the truth, would be to tire you with a lamentable detail of sorrows, some of retrospection, some of present suffering, others of future evils – You are good enough in your letter to speak a good deal of my scribbling labours – What I do is done under every disadvantage, without the assistance of books or of men – an occasional letter from you is all I have to cheer me though many a dreary page – In the mornings I write; I go to dinner, meet a set of unelastic dogs, go home, drink tea, write again, “sleepless myself that all the world may sleep” = If any thing is expected from such a person in such circumstances, those who are good enough to form favorable expectations, can only be deceived, and they will still have had the satisfaction of {having} hoped for the best, and

1:2

having thrown away some charitable inclinations.

Were I within call of you I should go on I fancy much more cheerily; In the progress of the detail I feel myself often at a loss and though I certainly would not put to paper any thing that is not most perfectly in my own mind, true, yet I should feel more comfortable in having it previously confirmed by an eye witness – Your freedman Demetrius stops me most especially by not sending me an answer to my queries, and also, by not remitting to me the two Romaic MSS lately sent – surely he can answer the questions as speedily as I put them, and the queries did not take me half an hour – My Athenian tale is quite stopt for want of his information; I could put down something from my own journal if I chose but I prefer having the ipse dixit of a native – What you say about the wideness of space sufficient for any two authors of moderate bulk, is what is very natural from a person already possessed of the ear of the town, but if such a poor miserable first edition man (as Hodgson said) as myself has any of his few good things forestalled, he has some right to feel himself rather in a bad way – When you tell all

1:3

you know of Arnaots and Romaics, I am sure I know not what I shall be able to say to the public which it will not have been already acquainted with – As for the Albanian Vocabulary it is a most confused unphilosophical performance, and can be made no use of until your Ζωγραφος chuses to answer my last note – bating that, and the letter from Ali which I sent you for correction, my Albanian part of tour is with Cawthorne – with the Romaic, under your kind encouragement, though without such help as I

²⁰¹: Shakespeare, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* IV I, final speech (adapted).

²⁰²: Hungarian adventurer who ended as a Trappist monk; said, however, to be in prison in France at this time – he was a fan of Robert Coates.

should wish I will do my best – that is I will give a short outline of the grammar and a specimen of its three different styles, together with a word about the true pronunciation of Greek – of the modern state of learning amongst the Greeks I can say nothing almost,²⁰³ though, if I had the use of your note, it would help me out with the little I know on the subject – Clarke’s book will completely overwhelm everything I can say about the Greeks – the world will be glutted with his quartos – how can I find a corner or crevice for my book which Cawthorne has made of such an unreasonable size? I think of translating the Drama, with your permission; yet it is really most pernicious nonsense – However even that your slave has got and till he lets me have it corrected and revised I can do nothing – I likewise feel great want of the

1:4 [*above address*:]

Meliteus, on account of the modern topography, a point in which I have endeavoured to be more accurate than usual with travel writers – Again you invite me to come to Newstead – you know what charms [*below address*:] that, or any house where you are, has for me too well for me to repeat at length how happy such a visit would make me but alas my Lord, as Guildenstern said to Hamlet, I cannot, I have not the skill.²⁰⁴ Should any accident turn up in my favour, and bring [*letter concludes at top*]

Byron to Hobhouse, from 8, St James’s Street, London, December 15th 1811:

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.45; BLJ II 147-8)

At last, a letter of three sides and a few lines.

8. St. James’s Street:
Dec^r. 15th. 1811

My dear Hobhouse. – You are silent – I suppose for y^e. same reason that George Lambe’s Wit in y^e. farce said nothing. – But this awful {pause} gives me hopes of seeing & hearing you in “these parts”. – I have been living quietly, reading Sir W. Drummonds’ book on the bible,²⁰⁵ & seeing Kemble & M^{rs}. Siddons. – Yesterday Moore went over with me to Sydenham, but did not find Campbell at home. – M. said he was probably at home but “nefariously dirty” & would not be seen in a poetical pickle. – I think you would like Moore, and I should have great pleasure in bringing you together. Tomorrow I dine with Rogers & go to Coleridge’s Lecture. Coleridge has attacked the

1:2

“Pleasures of Hope” & all other pleasures whatsoever. – Cawthorn rises in y^e. world, he talks of getting a novel of M^e. D’Arblay’s²⁰⁶ for 1000 Gs!! – You & I must hide our diminished heads. – What are you doing? – Dallas is ill, Hodgson going crazy, (I had a woeful letter from him yesterday, full of Phantasmagoria) Bland is half killed by his faithless Trulla, & Scrope at Cambridge, full of pleasant Mirth. –

Hodgson passes his Xmas at Newstead, so does Harness, him you dont know, he is a Harrow man, that will be enough for you. –

Sir W^m. Ingilby I have frequently seen lately & other returned voyagers. – Bold Webster is preparing Caudle for his spouse, & I am to be a Godfather.²⁰⁷ – Ward has left town, & L^d. Valentia gone with his

1:3

son to Arley hall, is there not a letter or two wanting in the name of his place? –

The Alfred does well, but our Cook has absconded in debt & be damned to him, which has thrown the managing Committee into Hysterics. – I presume y^e. papers have told of y^e. Riots in Notts, breaking of frames & heads, & outmanoeuvring the military.²⁰⁸ – Joe Murray has been frightened by dreams & Ghosts, it is singular that he never superstitized for seventy six years before. – All my affairs are going

²⁰³: CHP first ed’n. (pp.203-26) has a long note about “the modern state of learning amongst the Greeks”. H. gives thirty-nine pages of extracts and commentary (pp.1071-1110).

²⁰⁴: Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, III ii 353.

²⁰⁵: *Ædipus Judaicus* (1811).

²⁰⁶: Fanny Burney.

²⁰⁷: The first of B.’s jinxed godfatherhoods. The Webster child dies.

²⁰⁸: One of B.’s few epistolary references to the Luddites.

on very badly, & I must rebel too if they don't amend. – I shall return to London for the meeting of Parliament – Cambridge stands where it did, but all our acquaintances are gone or superannuated.

1:4

I have now exhausted my Gossip, & will spare you for the present, believe me

y^{rs}. ever most truly

Μπαρῶν

Byron to Hobhouse, from 8, St James's Street, London, December 17th 1811:

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.46; BLJ II 150-1)

8. S^t. James's Street. Dec^r. 17th.

1811

My dear H. – Pray translate the drama. I shall print it without any translation whatever. – I thought you had sent me your copies of the MS. and meant to keep the originals for I am {in} need of one of the two. – S^t. Demetrius is posed with your queries, & I would not advise you to depend on him for correctness, your notes have been regularly put into his hands, & I will press him about an answer. You are devilish despondent, & I am not much better, but in a state of tolerable apathy as to the fate of my scribblings. – Other things affect me just at present. There is an omission in the answer of the

1:2

“πραγματευτης”²⁰⁹ as to your verbal queries I can say nothing, Murray has the M.S. queries & all. – I leave town tomorrow (19th) for Notts. where the weavers are in arms & breaking of frames, Hodgson thinks his frame will be broken amongst the rest. – I hope not. – The moment my Note has passed the press you shall have the original, Cawthorn sent you a proof yesterday, I read part of it, & like it much, so did Hodgson. – There was one Sentence we did not understand & I put as much in the margin. – I am perplexed with a thousand cares all worldly, but shall return to town about the 10th. of January. – I am going to Notts to be sulky for a fortnight. – – –

1:3

<As> From the little my notes will say, you can take freely, & improve on them, as I shall be out first. – I begin to be rather alarmed as the moment of publication approaches, but must man myself. – I assure you it is by no means smooth water. – If you come to England in February you will find me here very quiet & glad to see you. – –

Sir W^m. Drummond has printed a profane book on the bible, but not published it for fear of Clerical hysterics. – It is all Hebrew & Chaldaic & what not. – I must fold up this scrawl.

y^{rs}. ever

B

[1:4 blank.]

Byron to Hobhouse, from Newstead Abbey, December 25th 1811:

(Source: not yet found in NLS Ms.43438; BLJ II 151)

My dear H^c – After Hodgson's verse take a mouthful of my Prose, such as it is, we are here “and want but you, & want but you.” – I am at present principally occupied with a fresh face & a very pretty one too, as H will tell you, a Welsh Girl²¹⁰ whom I lately added to the bevy, and of whom I am tolerably enamoured for the present. But of this by the way, I shall most probably be cool enough before you return from Ireland. – I have written to you frequently from town & expect reprisals. Believe me

y^{rs}. ever

B.

Hobhouse to Byron, from Enniscorthy, Wexford, December 27th 1811:

(Source: text from NLS Ms.43441; BB 95-7)

[To, / The Lord Byron / 24 Cockspur Street / London]

Hobhouse clearly didn't make enough notes on Athens.

²⁰⁹: “the tradesman”, that is, Cawthorn.

²¹⁰: Susan Vaughan, who betrays B. next month with Rushton.

[*letter concludes at top, without signature:*] enough – their mirror need not magnify – Baron Geramb appears to have made himself unmeasurably ridiculous and odious to the upper circles – Could you have believed that there was a Coates in nature? Have you seen his cocks? & does he nail you for an ancient friend?

Enniscorthy – Dec. 27 –

My dear Byron

I assure you that the delay of your Athenian is extremely annoying – letter after letter and day after day have I expected his answer which I am confident might be given in any two hours of the said Demetrius' time – I am most particularly at a loss for an answer to the few queries put respecting Athens – and have really interrupted the progress of the business merely on account of his (Ζωγράφος) strange laziness – Backed by your orders I should have thought that he would have been more alert – As for the Drama, since you have taken it unto your self, I shall not want to hear anything about it from Demetrius. You will do wrong to print it from my copy which, as I said before, was made out from the damned scrawl of a Roman without any help from men and books, and must be wrong in fifty places – I did not certainly mean

1:2

it to be sent to your publisher – first, because had I guessed you were going to make use of the thing at all I should have sent you the ms itself – secondly, because I never could wish to have my pencil notes, so many confessions of ignorance, and completely letting the cat out of the bag, overhauled at a great bookseller's – The secret of my communication with your valet is by this time flying through the mouths of Murray's customers, and will get into one of his cursed reviews – one of the magazines, as M^r Parchment said – Pray do send me back my paper – You shall have your manuscript itself by to-morrow's post – It gave me pretty intense labour for 24 hours making out the thing, such as it is made out – When you come to sift the merits of the performance, you will, I fear, not think it worth while to print the Drama itself – I would advise a translation – had I been permitted to make use of it I should have just given a synopsis of the whole, and one or two short passages – as it is I shall just allude to having seen such a thing – What says your Lordship?

I should have introduced it to ridicule it, i.e. to show what sort of stuff will serve the modern Greeks²¹¹ – You will so thoroughly have taken off the edge of the public curiosity with respect to Romaic intelligence, that my latter swarm

1:3

will not be worth the hiving²¹² – Ah you rogue you have stolen a march upon me – you have ruined the hapless Cawthorne the British Librarian – I shall drop dead from from the press – seriously I wish Demetrius would send me the appendix to his Albanian pothooks, his Attic news, and his answer to one or two queries about Ali Pasha's letter, which for want of intelligence, the blundering C has returned – As for the perplexed sentence, I shall, with the alteration of one word keep it, for the same reason as Alcibiades cut off his dog's tail – Have you got Swinburne's travels?²¹³ That author gives a list of many Albanian words the same as the English – I do not recollect to have heard one of them from Vasily or Dervish Tacheree – Be kind enough to let me know your opinion – You really must help me at this dead lift – I mean in the whole affair – How many gate ways are there in modern Athens?. That is in the walls of the city – I think five. Are there two, one on each side the temple of Theseus – ? I fancy there is no gateway between that temple and the Acropolis – Does the wall include the hill of the Acropolis or run under the north side of it? Cockerell's picture seems to place the hill without the walls

1:4

I wish to be accurate respecting these matters for fear of some travelled fool stopping my mouth – were I with you I should be able to get many points of information, which my deportation will deprive me of – You have not told me when all your works will come out nor of what kind the “curse of Minerva” is – Is it the Rota Rapita? Let me have them all the moment they are out; I shall study from this time to that, the prettiest compliment that was ever put into prose – it will be in the preface. = I heard you and yours discussed the other day at a Popish Bishop's (t^other bp has turned informer). The Gentleman did

²¹¹: There were no theatres in modern Greece, and no evidence that the Goldoni play was even read.

²¹²: H.'s section on Romaic pronunciation is fourteen pages long (pp.1054-68).

²¹³: Henry Swinburne, *Travels in the Two Sicilies* (2 vols. 1786).

not know our liaisons, but said what was gratifying – The conversation opened by his observing “I see my L^d B is returned from abroad to settle affairs with his poets & Reviewers” – and it ended by my saying I understood your fifth edit. was just coming out, when, lo! my young Irishman said, he had himself got the eighth edition of “English Bards” at home – Here is wilfull murder and larceny on the property of Cawthorne by some Irishman or men unknown. Your Coatesian epistle set me into hysteric that fairly took away my appetite – It is true, as you say, that such Dogs defy burlesque, the naked truth is [*letter concludes at top*]

[*on reverse of envelope:*]

Swinburne’s words are these

Aunt	Crab	Let	Rip
Boor	Door	Leg	Sea
Breeches	Dream	Lofty	Sheep
Breast	Feather	Love	Stir
Cow	Grumble	Milk	Sight
Cool	Gape	Mushroom	Shame
Chimney	Hunt	Meal	Tickle
Chide	Hunger	Mud	Uncle
Cough	Knee	Open	Wood
Can	Leave	Run	You ²¹⁴

now, aunt is tiaca and sea detti & milk clamis in Dem’s vocab²¹⁵ – will you have the kindness to put a line under all of these words that really do sound like the English and have a corresponding signification – and return this paper so marked? I suspect our traveller too have trusted to another’s ears –

Byron to Hobhouse, from 8, St James’s Street, London, January 16th 1812:

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.47; BLJ II 155-6)

Byron answers the previous item.

8. S^t. James’s Street.
January 16th. 1812

My dear Hobhouse. – Swinburne prates of the Dalmatians, Demo has not found a single parallel in our Albanian dialect nor understood a syllable of M^r. S’s similarities except in the English he has lately acquired. – I have ordered Demo to write you the longest of letters. – – We are just returned from Newstead, half wild about these damned annuities, we are going to law, Hanson says they are quashable, so we have all to make affidavits. – Hodgson was with me at Newstead & a M^r. Harness of Harrow a mighty friend of mine, but I am sick

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of Harrow things. – I have gotten a very pretty Cambrian girl²¹⁶ there of whom I grew foolishly fond, – & Lucy & Bess became very greeneyed on the occasion. – Hodgson & myself longed for you and drank your health daily, & I always threatened Harness with you (when he misbehaved) as a particular enemy to fine feelings & sentimental friendships. – Hodgson is ruined, Harry Drury ruined, Butler ruined, and Harrow not rising. – Nottingham is in a sad state, London as usual. – Do leave Ireland, I fear your Catholics will find work for you, surely you wont fight against them. – Will you?

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I went down to the house & resumed my seat yesterday, I mean to try a speech but have not yet determined on my subject.²¹⁷ – I have told Cawthorn the contents of your letter, at least that part which

²¹⁴: Swinburne, *Travels*, vol. I p.352: *The roots of this language are unconnected with those of all other European ones, but it abounds in words borrowed from old and modern Greek, Latin ... and, what is very extraordinary and past accounting for, many English terms employed in their native signification* (pp.351-2). H. is right to be sceptical; but that he should need Swinburne shows how desperate he is.

²¹⁵: H.’s section on the Albanian language is twenty-seven pages long (pp.1123-50).

²¹⁶: Susan Vaughan, from Wales.

²¹⁷: B. chooses the Luddites.

regards the man of paper. – As for your compliments in the preface, I thank you, I have gotten a tribute to you in my notes, already printed. – All this is laughable, but never mind they can only call us Noodle & Doodle as they called Bland & Hodgson. – –

I have been reviewing in the Monthly, Galt is in England, has published, & is to send me his book. – I think the Monthly & Quarterly will be kind to you

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& very likely the Edin. – For myself I am perplexed with <weightier> {weightier} cares than Authorship. – My affairs are disordered in no small degree, but as those of every body else seem no better, one has the consolation of being embarrassed in very good company. – I am dunning in Scotland for my mother's money, & it has not yet been paid, I have been into Lancashire to no great purpose, but Newstead is to be doubled in rent directly. – – If these annuities are set aside & H. has little doubt, it will be a great relief. – In the mean time I am dear H.

y^{rs} ever most affectly

B. –

Byron to Hobhouse, from 8, St James's Street, London, February 10th 1812:

(Source: NLS Ms.43438 f.48; BLJ II 161-2)

[*letter concludes at top:*] methodist would call a congregation, a bookseller a compilation, and a quack a complication of disorders.

y^{rs}. ever

B.

8, St. James's Street
February 10th. 1812

Dear Hobhouse,

I have just recovered from an attack of the Stone in the kidney, an agreeable disease which promises to be periodically permanent. The very unpromising state of my worldly affairs compels me to recur to a subject upon which I have not often touched & which I shall now dispatch as quickly as possible. – In case of any accident befalling yourself or me, you are aware that I possess

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no document note or memorial of the money transactions between us beyond the mention of the sum in one or two of your letters, & I should, if you have no particular objection, like to have your note of hand for the amount. – Of this you will hardly suspect that I shall take any advantage, I wish it merely as an acknowledgement in case of accidents. –

Now to change the theme. – Your M.S.S. are found. – I have been most painfully ill, cupped on the loins, glystered, purged & vomited secundem artem, & am condemned to the

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strictest regimen, & the most durable of disorders for the residue of my life. – I have been voting for the Catholics. – I am about to sell off my furniture &^c. at Newstead. – I have almost arranged y^e. annuity business with Scrope Davies, who has behaved very well indeed, much better than he has been treated, though that was not my fault. – I have dismissed my Seraglio for squabbles & infidelities. – Now for you. – I regret that your work has met with so many obstructions I have told Demo 150 times, but he

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either don't or wont understand me, if you were on the spot, all this could be easily arranged, as it is, I see no remedy. – Your letters have all been put into his hands, God knows I wish you every success, that a man in great bodily pain & mental uneasiness can wish any thing of any body's, I assure you I have lately suffered very severely from kidneys within & Creditors without, my two great bodily comforters are William Bankes & M^{rs}. Hanson, one tells me his Grandfather died of the Stone, & the other that her father was killed by the Gravel! – For my part I am kilt (you will understand that phrase by this time) by what a [*letter concludes at top of first page*]

March 10th 1812: *Childe Harold I and II* published.

May 24th 1813: Hobhouse's book is published. It goes into two editions, and gets him a fellowship of the Royal Society.