

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

SWITZERLAND

August 26th–October 11th 1816

Edited from B.L. Add. Mss. 56536 and 56537

Hobhouse's Swiss diary is the fullest, most varied, and least legible of all. In his leisure hours – for the whole event is a massive holiday – he gives us a more-than-usually detailed account of his reading, which often seems also to be Byron's reading. The three dinner-parties with Madame de Staël at Coppet are full of personalities and interest, Bonstetten and Schlegel standing out, the one charming, the other not. And the two Alpine excursions – one with Byron and Davies, the other with Byron alone (excluding servants, of course), convey the wonder of an almost innocent time, before postcards, when Switzerland was only just beginning its downwards path into life-and-death as a tourist-trap. No-one once mentions ski-ing.

Two frustrating mysteries are the paucity of references to Shelley – Hobhouse does not even mention the scratching-out of the “philanthropist, democrat and atheist” inscription in the hotel visitors' book, well-documented elsewhere – and the fact that all the while, though one of the most influential works of nineteenth-century Europe, Byron's *Manfred*, is being written (or is it?) Hobhouse isn't sufficiently in Byron's creative confidence to be told. Byron does show him other poems, and, in a year's time, Hobhouse is his right-hand man during the composition of *Childe Harold IV*. But the composition of *Manfred* remains a business to which not even Byron's best friend can be made privy.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Monday August 26th 1816: Set off at half-past six to Séchéron,¹ along the finest road in the world by the lake. Breakfasted five hours off at Rolle. “Les Suisses ne veulent pas du baton.”² Went on to Nyon,³ two hours – thence walked on to Coppet.⁴ Tried to get a boat – could not – walked on to Genthod⁵ – thence crossed over in a boat to the vineyard below the Villa Diodati.⁶ Went up and found Byron, in a delightful house and spot. We had seen the icy crags of Mont Blanc on the other side – here we had the lines of the Jura – the town, the lake, the flowery banks, &c. Dined – <went out in a boat I got wet and seasick⁷ – letter from Sophy and Matty.

Tuesday August 27th 1816: Walked with S.B.Davies to Geneva – ugly town.⁸ Bazaars with high wooden domes. Went to Hentsch,⁹ to the post office. Found letter from my mother. Wrote one to her – came home – dined – went on water – wet and sick – Mr. Shelley.¹⁰

¹: Near Geneva.

²: “The Swiss want no stick.” Relevance obscure. A graffito??

³: Home of Rousseau’s father.

⁴: On the north shore of Lake Geneva; home of Madame de Staël.

⁵: “Gentoo” (Ms.) Also on the north side of the lake.

⁶: The villa at Coligny on the south side of Lake Geneva where B. had been living since 10 June 1816.

⁷: H.’s erasure is occasioned, not by shame at his poor seamanship – even on Lake Geneva – but by the realisation that he was sick on Tuesday, not on Monday. See next entry.

⁸: Lady Frances Shelley had visited Geneva in July, and had a similar reaction. See *Shelley* I 229-36.

⁹: B.’s banker at Geneva, who also acted for H. Described by B. (letter to Augusta, 14 Sept 1816) as “a very attentive and good man” (BLJ V 93).

¹⁰: The first of only two references to Shelley that I have found in the diary. Shelley, with Mary Shelley and her “step-half-sister” Claire Claremont, B.’s mistress (now pregnant) had been living at Montalègre, close to Diodati. B. and Shelley had been close; without the women, they had made a tour of the lake in June, which had produced *Mont Blanc*, *The Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*, *The Prisoner of Chillon*, and additions to *Childe Harold* III. Shelley’s party left the day following this; it is not clear whether or not their

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Wednesday August 28th 1816: Up late – fishing in boiling hot day. Went through Geneva to Ferney¹¹ – saw the chateau of Voltaire – his small bedroom – picture of de Kaim,¹² like Talma.¹³ His lingière and his chimney-sweeper – simple bedroom – Frederick of Prussia¹⁴ himself, exactly like one’s notions of him. Garden behind of no extent; pond of gold and silver fish. Front of the house small, but well built, a circular plot of ground planted round with sycamores. Theatre¹⁵ not seen – [] it was in the left corner of the garden, north road. The little church hard by has lost the inscription “Deo erexit Voltaire.”¹⁶ Went in here – little tawdry ornaments – the pyramid, where he intended to be laid like a buttress, at the back side of the altar chair – the place in which his heart was in his bedroom, now empty – it was taken to the Panthéon at Paris – a composition broken; Mlle Denis¹⁷ put it up:

departure, simultaneous with the arrival of B.’s friends Davies and H., was a coincidence. H.’s failure to pass comment of any kind on Shelley is frustrating. However, for evidence that they did converse, see this, from a letter from Shelley to B. of September 8th 1816: “[I hope that Hobhouse has] destroyed whatever scruples you might have felt, in dismissing Polidori. The anecdote which he recounted to me the evening before I left Geneva made my blood run cold” (LPBS I 504-5: “he” could be either H. or Polidori). For H.’s brief account of Shelley’s death, see 15 Sep 1822.

¹¹: It is not clear with whom H. visited Voltaire’s mansion at Ferney, near Geneva, which would have been a shrine for such a rationalist as he. B. had visited it with Matthew Lewis only two weeks previously, on 16 Aug. This is Ebel’s ninth recommended walk in the environs of Geneva – see *Ebel* p. 296 (see 30 Aug 1816).

¹²: “de Kaim” (Ms.). Le Kain, the stage name of Henri Louis Cain (1728-78), leading actor at the Comedie Française. He acted in Voltaire’s private theatre at Ferney.

¹³: François Joseph Talma (1763-1826) French tragic actor whom H. had often seen acting at Paris.

¹⁴: Voltaire had been chamberlain to Frederick the Great from 1750 to 1753.

¹⁵: For an amusing anecdote about Voltaire’s theatre, see 3 Oct 1816.

¹⁶: B. mentions the inscription in his extended note to *Don Juan* Canto V: see CPW V 710.

¹⁷: Marie-Louise Mignon Denis, Voltaire’s niece and companion. Voltaire wished to be buried at Ferney, but died in Paris, and the royalist authorities made transporting his corpse difficult. He was buried first at Romilly, and then after the revolution re-buried in the Panthéon.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Mon coeur est au milieu de vous

All the avenues in the neighbourhood planted by Voltaire – the country populous now – an old man who showed us the church recollected him – he wore an embroidered coat and a wig covering his shoulders. He saw him go to Paris for the last time – he was tall and very thin – we were taken by him to the tomb of Père Hugonet, the pastor of Ferney,¹⁸ a great friend of Voltaire's who died in 1809. Georg his père Adam.¹⁹ Came back through Geneva – anecdotes thereof – English speculative club – cricket – tennis – no theatre – dined and talked.

Thursday August 29th 1816: Byron, S.B.Davies, Dr Polidori, and myself set off in two carriages for Chamounix²⁰ with three servants. We went in my landaulet,²¹ and the suite in the hinder conveyance. At starting, our postillion, who was a butcher, was found not to be able to ride. Byron and S.B.Davies left the carriage and left the Dr and I to our fate. Joseph²² mounted, and rode some way, until I trusted the butcher again. The demand for horses at Séchéron had caused this.

¹⁸: Père Hugonet was the curé of Ferney, with whom Voltaire was on excellent terms.

¹⁹: Conjectural reading. Ms. hard to decipher.

²⁰: "Chamouny" (Ms.) What H. does not mention, and may not know, is that the tour he is about to make with B., Davies and Polidori is almost identical to one made from 21-26 July that year by Shelley, Mary and Clare: Geneva – Sallanches – Chamounix / Mont Blanc – Sallanches – Geneva. Not for the last time he will be tracing steps which B. either might have made, or had actually made, with Shelley. Frances, Lady Shelley had also made the trip earlier in the year (*Shelley*, I 237-5). B. to Augusta, August 27th: "I am going to Chamouni (to leave my card with Mont Blanc)" (BLJ V 89). The valley had been immortalised already in poems by Shelley (*Mont Blanc*) and Coleridge (*Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamounix*).

²¹: A four-wheeled carriage with a folding-down top. A smaller version of the landau, which has two folding-down tops.

²²: Joseph Poisson, H.'s valet.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

We went through a fine country: a vale with hills on both sides, but at some distance, the river Arve flowing at our right below, to Bonneville – <a small town> – five hours from Coligny, which we did in three. Arriving by three p.m. here, we dined excellently on trout baignées (fritters) &c. The mountain called the Mole was near us, to the left, the latter part of the ride. We entered the Sardinian and Catholic country²³ an hour from Diodati, but were not asked for passports by the guard. At five we set off again from Sallenche. We continued in the valley of the Arve, which narrowed at every step, and seemed completely shut up by tremendous hills. When we came to the little town of Cluses, where a rock projects over the bridge that crosses the river, we had crossed to the left bank of the Arve on leaving Bonneville.

The evening closed in, and I soon got off to walk – the shadows of mountains on both sides towering close above the torrent that roared at my feet were alone discernible. Dr Polidori made me before remark the singular appearance of the vertical strata in some of the vast precipices on our left.²⁴ Sallenche is six hours from Bonneville. I walked into it with the carriages at about ten. The road had been a little cut up here and there, but was not bad for a good postillion – but our butcher nearly upset the Doctor and the landaulet. We got four rooms at the little inn – supped and went to bed – bit and did not sleep. Fine day.

²³: Savoy and Piedmont in southern Switzerland were part of the Kingdom of Sardinia. See 5 Oct 1816.

²⁴: Polidori gives H. another geology lecture on 1 Sept 1816.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Friday August 30th 1816: Set off for Chamounix in three charabans – two horses to each, a postillion, and a guide behind to answer questions and to prop up the carriage when likely to fall over a ravine. We ran along a flat ground at first, the Arve on our right, noble hills narrowing on each side to the right, topped with snow, and part of the chain of Mont Blanc itself, swelling into the sky in front. We began to mount the side of the hills on the left, climbing these Alps, passed on our left the waterfall of the Chede, and then the very little copper lake on the hill; on the right in which, Ebel²⁵ says, Mont Blanc is sometimes seen. Passed the black torrent, over which the charabans were carried, continued mounting and then descending a little, until we came, at half-past ten, to the village of Servoz, where are copper, lead and a few²⁶ silver mines, and where we dined in an orchard near the little inn, very well, on trout, honey, and bread and butter, and ham. Several English parties in the orchard – Thomas Hope and wife.²⁷

²⁵: H. refers for the first time to his guide-book, *Manuel du Voyageur en Suisse* (1816) in one volume, translated from the German of Johann Gottfried Ebel, and first published in four volumes in that language 1809-10; it remained standard for fifty years. He makes substantial use of it in his tour with B. of the Bernese Oberland, 17-29 Sept 1816. However, I am not able to place this reference.

²⁶: “little” (Ms.)

²⁷: Thomas Hope, furniture expert, and author, to B.’s disgust, of the historical oriental novel *Anastasius* (1819: see *Blessington* 51). His wife was a well-known Whig society hostess: see BLJ III 27 and IV 110.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Set off at twelve – fine day. Crossed the Arve, which here runs down a very deep, magnificent woody dell. The whole scenery in front closed by the snows of the roots and needles of Mont Blanc – here commences the wonder of this journey. We wound up a zigzag path for an hour, and then to the left beneath saw the first view of the opening valley of Chamounix, the farms in green and yellow plots, in the parish of Les Houches – they looked like Lilliputian habitations, and seemed to us as much a discovery of a new world as they did to Pococke,²⁸ who first found this valley in 1741. Every step increased the sublimity of the prospect – the needles of the south, and the Gontes, darting their peaks into the clouds and above them. At last we saw the first avalanche of white, running down the precipitous dell of the mountain, and then the glacier of Boissons – immense durated masses of blue ice, stretching, as it were, into the very vegetation of the valley – a miraculous rather than romantic appearance.

²⁸: Richard Pococke (1704-65) Bishop of Ossory and pioneer of Alpine travel. He had led a party of English into the Valley of Chamounix in 1741; Ebel (p. 209) actually credits him with its discovery.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Came down into this valley to the village of Les Houches, where were peasants waiting with poles with iron spikes at the end, some five of whom, that is three too many, leading our own Sallanche guides, took us up a pine wood to the right of the glacier – rather a painful ascent. We came out at last upon a flat plain of the glacier, just above where it declines into the valley. Just under the glacier we found a scaled ridge of sandstone thrown up, and remnants of pines thrown down by avalanches. The air was cold; the streams running from the glacier icy. The guides went before. One man made steps with a pickaxe. We climbed up the side of the ice, and came on the plain, where we had to pass some deep and broad crevasses, in which we heard the ice-streams roaring below. Above us were the snow precipices of the mountain, rising into the clouds below the vertically split masses of the glacier itself, stretching down to the cornfields. The opposite hills were covered with wood, and pastures were seen near the summits, and also one wooden village in a position apparently innocent.²⁹ The going down the other side of the glacier was not a little perilous, especially to Byron,³⁰ who slid down an ice ridge.

We left this wonder of the world, descending through another pine wood on a marsh, on which I slipped down where a white ice-stream whetted the ground. We returned to our carriages, having crossed the glacier in an hour and a quarter, which is a quarter of an hour less than usual. In half an hour the charabans arrived at Chamounix, and in an hour, by walking, remarked the Arve, white from the ice torrents in one stream, and clear from the fountain-source.

²⁹: This word could be “innocent,” “innate,” or “innocuous.”

³⁰: B.’s foot must have made this glacial adventure difficult for him.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

We put up at the Hotel d'Angleterre.³¹ (Mem: all the people speak French patois all over this part of Soissy, which was in the ancient department of the Lemane) and got four rooms in this little damned bad, dear inn – []. Dined ill.

After dinner, at six, went in charabans up the valley to the source of the Arveiron, a stream that runs into the Arve from the glacier which extends into the valley from the famous Sea of Ice.³² We scrambled up to the stream under the ice masses, and were warned not to approach to the fountain under the ice itself, as the glaciers are never tranquil. Davies picked his way over the torrent to the fountain, and we all adventurously followed and put our heads under the overrarching ice and saw their rushing fountains below for a moment. Two men, the guides said, had been killed by clambering³³ up the source of³⁴ this ice, which burst out and destroyed them, and wounded a third.

We left this savage scene, well-wetted below. On coming to this spot we saw the very summit of Mont Blanc, le bosse de dromedaire, a white boss just distinguishable from the clouds and stretching upwards beyond the flight of an eagle. I never saw anything that gave one an idea of intense height before.

Came to an inn. Germans and one English at a little table d'hôte, who were made to pay, poor devils, five francs for their supper. We had seventy-one francs to pay for three meals &c., besides twenty-four francs for

³¹: It may have been at one of the three inns referred to in this entry that B., H., Davies and Polidori found Shelley's inscription in the visitors' book describing himself (in Greek) as "Democrat, Philanthrope and Atheist." B., saying, according to *Recollections* (II 9: see also *Italy*, I 2) "Do you not think I shall do Shelley a service by scratching this out?" erased the entry carefully. H.'s failure to record so interesting an event in his diary seems further evidence that he is determined to say as little as possible about B.'s association with Shelley. The inscription which B. records himself erasing at *Medwin* 151 seems to be a different one, including as it does the extra Greek word for "Fool" (added by someone else) and being located strangely at Mont Anvert, which he, H. and company, do not visit this trip.

³²: The Mer de Glace. See also Lady Shelley's account (*Shelley*, I 241-3).

³³: "clammering" (Ms.)

³⁴: "with" (deleted) (Ms.)

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

four bottles of wine. I put on my bed-gown, to the astonishment of the gentry, being wet for the second time that day. Bed, seven.³⁵

Saturday August 31st 1816: Up at six; off at about eight after breakfasting, and after visiting the cabinet of a marchand naturaliste, which is a sort of trade here, as there are many such cabinets, and as all the way from Sallanche to Chamounix there are boys and girls offering the little specimens for sale.

³⁵: This seems a bit early for bed, as they had only gone out to the Mer de Glace at six.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

The points of Mont Blanc and the neighbourhood are arranged after the plan of Messrs Pictet and Saussure.³⁶ Lord Byron bought some crystals, agates, and other cut stones.³⁷ I bought a collection of the plants of Mont Blanc, about a hundred, for eighteen francs.³⁸ We saw a burying in the front of the little church, and [a] service in the church, in which, whilst mass was singing, there was a man, very curly, perched on a scaffolding, whitewashing the roof.

³⁶: For Pictet, see entry for 4 Sept 16 and 17 Sept 1816; Horace Bénédict de Saussure (1740-99) was a Swiss geologist, inventor, indeed, of the word “geology.” He was one of the first men to ascend Mont Blanc.

³⁷: B. to Augusta, 14 Sept 1816: “By Mr Davies I sent for you yourself – little Da – and my nieces – a variety of Chrystal and other trinkets from Mont Blanc and Chamouni, which I got upon the spot for you all ...” (BLJ V 93).

³⁸: He sends them to his stepmother on 4 Sept 1816. See also Shelley to Peacock, July 22nd-August 6th, 1816: “We have bought some specimens of minerals & plants & two or three chrystal seals at Mont Blanc ... [*presumably Chamonix*]. The most interesting of my purchases is a large collection of the seeds of rare Alpine plants, with their names written upon the outside of the papers which contain them. These I mean to colonize in my garden in England; & to permit you to make what choice you please from them. – they are companions which the celandine, the classic celandine, need not despise; – They are as wild & more daring than he, & will tell him tales of things even as touching & as sublime as the gaze of a vernal poet.” (LPBS I, 501; printed, with a few insignificant changes of wording, in Letter IV of *History of a Six Weeks' Tour* (1817). It is not clear whether PBS's “plants” means dried specimens or live plants – or whether the collection of seeds are distinguished from the plants. Shelley's reference to the Celandine is a hit at Wordsworth – see “The Celandine” in the Scrope Davies find. Thanks to Keith and Nora Crook for this note.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Setting off, a boy asked leave to ride before our charaban. I saw an instance of honesty, rare, I think, in illa fortunâ.³⁹ A child sold him a fowl for eighteen sous – he had paid the money, but afterwards called out to the boy to ask him whether he meant eighteen sous French or Swiss; and on hearing the latter, paid the difference. “Il ne faut pas tromper le monde,” he said, and a little after the child ran up, saying he had miscalculated, and should lose no sous for selling his fowl at eighteen sous. “Well, well,” said the other, “give me my money then – here’s your hen,” which he gave him without any ill-nature.

³⁹: “In that poor station.”

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

This boy told me that from October to May the valley is blocked up with snow so that horses cannot travel, and men with difficulty cut a way from cottage to cottage – that each family salts a cow and a pig, [which], cut in sparing slices, adds a savour to their green soup, and subsists them for the winter. The women then spend their time in spinning the flax that grows in the valley, the men dress the hemp and attend to the cattle; but as for any other work there is not more than one month's labour in six. Eau de vie⁴⁰ is drunk, but little wine, and that bad. None is made in the valley, or nearer than the other side of Sallanche. The boy added that one man had settled there from Paris, and had 2,000 francs a year – he painted out his mansion.

We went along the same way we came, and left the valley of Chamounix by the ridge of the noble ravine of the Arve on our right, taking many a look back at the majestic snows of Mont Blanc and her craggy needles rushing into the clouds.

⁴⁰: Brandy.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Arrived at Servoz half-past eleven. Went to look at the monument, a little above the road,⁴¹ of the Saxon literatus, naturalist and poet Eschen,⁴² who fell into a crevasse of the glacier of Bouet. The monument is pyramidal and plain, recording the event in front as happening under the magistrature of Bonaparte, Cambacérès, and the Le Brun, Consuls of the French Republic – one of the few remaining records of those times.⁴³ The right side contains advice to travellers to take careful guides, and the left an encomium on the French Republic for her hospitable reception of strangers, and her protection of genius in all people.

⁴¹: “above the road under” (Ms.)

⁴²: Friedrich August Eschen (1776-1800). His translation of Horace appeared in the year of his accidental death.

⁴³: Cambacérès, Le Brun and Bonaparte were the three Consuls of the French Republic, elected by the Convention of Vendémiaire (1795). Most of Switzerland had been conquered by the French in 1797.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

We dined again in the orchard, and saw company as before, amongst them a son and daughter, as Berger said, of Marshall <Macdonald> Marmont.⁴⁴ I walked on the day holding up found my way to the fall of the Chede on the right of the road near a vineyard. It is of great height, and has a considerable body of water. We went on to Sallanche, and put up for the day at three o'clock. S.B.Davies and I walked about the town in the rain – went into a billiard-room, where workmen were the players, and a woman with a board the marker. Sallanche the capital, perhaps, of these Alps. Seen a great many goiters – Dr Polidori says they are caused, not by bad water, but by bad air⁴⁵ – much more common, for that reason, amongst sedentary females than men who change their atmosphere. They are not found where there is a free current, he says. There is nothing known of that particular gland of the throat which they affect.

Dined at Sallanche – account time as usual. Tea, and bed.

Sunday September 1st 1816: Up at seven – off after breakfast, and paying a bill of 230 francs in all for charabans and lodging, besides sixty for postillions and guides for Bonneville.

⁴⁴: Auguste Frédéric Louis Viesse de Marmont (1774-1852) Napoleonic marshal, veteran of Marengo and Wagram, concluded the truce with the Russians which compelled Napoleon to abdicate in 1814. One of his titles was Duke of Ragusa: B. and H. meet his wife at Coppet on 1 Oct 1816.

⁴⁵: Polidori is wrong. Goiters, common in Alpine valleys, were caused by iodine deficiency in drinking water. See entry for 20 Sept 1816.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Had now an opportunity of seeing the fine narrow valley of the Arve from Sallanche to Cluses, and remarked the vertical and circular strata, as if a bubble had burst on the high precipices on our right above our head, as also the vast fragments detached from the rocks and now by the roadside. It seemed strange that anyone should live in the cottages under the hills. Saw a cataract lost in foam for some depth, and then recovering itself anon, under ledge of the rocks. Dr. Polidori spoke to me of the Huttonian and Wernerian theories,⁴⁶ and declared himself for both as causes of phenomena.

Arrived at Bonneville, where were many parties, English and others: Capells, Neckars. Dined nobly – dinner three francs more than before. Set off at three for home. It rained great part of the way.

I read Crabbe's *Village*,⁴⁷ and some other poems of his – the first book of the *Village* is, I think, the best, and quite in the old quotable style. Superior to anything in these days.

(Mem: Byron has given me before another Canto of *Childe Harold* to read.⁴⁸)

It is very fine in parts, but I doubt whether I like it so much as his first Cantos – there is an air of mystery and metaphysics about it. Also his *Monody on Sheridan*,⁴⁹ to be spoken at Drury Lane, which has some very good lines, but is, I think, a little wire-drawn, especially at the beginning; his *Castle of Chillon*⁵⁰ I have not read.)

⁴⁶: Compare entry for 29 Aug. James Hutton (1726-97) Scots geologist who emphasised the igneous nature of rock; Abraham Gottlieb Werner (1750-1817) German geologist who debated publicly with Hutton.

⁴⁷: Published 1783.

⁴⁸: B. had finished Canto III of *Childe Harold* on June 8th, and fair-copied it himself, which must be the version H. is reading. The next day B. gave the copy to Scrope Davies, to take back to London on 5 Sept 1816 (this was found in Davies' trunk in 1975). B. had already sent Claire Claremont's fair copy to Murray on 28 Aug 1816 (BLJ V 90); and another fair copy had been made by Mary Shelley. H. slips in the reference to *Childe Harold* only as an afterthought, having first praised the conservative Crabbe. Shelley's influence on B. – visible in *Childe Harold* III – may have made him uneasy.

⁴⁹: Written 17-18 July 1816.

⁵⁰: "Chillot" (Ms.) *The Prisoner of Chillon*, written late June-early July.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Arrived at Cognoy and Chateau Diodati at about eight – found letter from <Harriet> Henry of the 23rd August. Henry tells me that Ridgway says only forty or fifty copies of the Letters remain – he says all are well – thank heaven if they are, the apprehensions of the health of some of them make me perfectly miserable, and spoil all my amusements. Both Byron and Davies remark that I am changed and sobered, and look as if in love.

Monday September 2nd 1816: Walked to Geneva – finish⁵¹ weather. After breakfast – with Scrope – dined, and talked and went to bed, twelve, her great failures in []⁵²

Tuesday September 3rd 1816: Rowed over to Séchéron in Byron's boat, and thence into the staked port of Geneva, whose quay is piled with offals and wood. Went to two watchmakers, and could find no hunting watch. The watchmaker told me that the great manufacture here was chiefly for exportation – the home consumption [is] very little, so that they only answered demands according to foreign fashions. I saw the day before, at Bottes,⁵³ watches for forty-nine Napoleons, and hardly any below ten; however, today I was shown a very pretty lady's watch at fifty francs. Dr Polidori tells me that most of the shopkeepers under the bazaars are Germans, the great body of Genevese being employed in watchmaking. Went to Manget's reading rooms – paper of the 16th August. Don Hustler,⁵⁴ the tutor of Trinity.

Walked home, Dr Polidori having missed his appointment at the boat. We dined after waiting for the Doctor, and Davies, much to Byron's horror. Evening as usual – letter from Sophia.

⁵¹: H. intends "fine-ish."

⁵²: What or whom H. and Davies talked about – all day, as it at first seems – will remain forever mysterious; though see next note.

⁵³: Evidence that H. and Davies did not spend all the previous day talking.

⁵⁴: Conjectural reading. Hustler unidentified.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Wednesday September 4th 1816: I went to play tennis with the marker this morning – a match which brought Professor Pictet,⁵⁵ who amongst his other pursuits is manager of the tennis court, and has written a treatise on it, to the place, and [an]other twenty⁵⁶ who had not seen such an amateur for a long time – the tennis court here has no *dedans*.⁵⁷ It was built by a society of fifteen or sixteen, cost 170 Napoleons, and twenty Napoleons more would have made the *dedans*, &c., so from this may be judged the spirit of the Genevese. Davies was beat three set even by the marker,⁵⁸ the first hard match.

I sat at home, wrote letters to Cullen⁵⁹ about the Letters from Paris,⁶⁰ ordering them to be published in November next, and sending an alteratum which takes Mark out of my introductory letter.⁶¹ The same⁶² to Lady Melbourne, to my father, to dear Sophia, to whom I send by Scrope Cent vues Suisses, and the collection of plants to my mother.⁶³ Felt uneasiness in my throat and head. Polidori says I shall die of apoplexy or [] pneumonia.⁶⁴ Dined, wrote in the evening, and talked with Byron till twelve about his affairs.

⁵⁵: For Pictet, see 17 Sept 1816.

⁵⁶: H.'s text seems corrupt.

⁵⁷: A *dedans* is the spectators' gallery in a tennis court.

⁵⁸: Polidori's diary has "Mr. Scrope Davies played against the marker at tennis, then went, taking Rushton with him" (*Diary*, ed. Rossetti, p. 152).

⁵⁹: Cullen is a London associate of H. whom I am perpetually unable to identify.

⁶⁰: His Bonapartist volumes, *The Substance of some Letters Written from Paris*, published earlier in the year. It reaches three editions.

⁶¹: Note on Mark pending. Anybody got any ideas?

⁶²: H. writes "11" – a "ditto" mark.

⁶³: Bought on 31 Aug 1816.

⁶⁴: H. outlived Polidori by forty-eight years. Polidori (who never seems to manage an accurate statement about anything) kills himself in 1820.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Thursday September 5th 1816: Called at half-past three. Up. Walked with S.B.D. through the dark to Geneva; kept at the gate, which ought to have opened at half-past four, till past five, and then waited at the diligence, which ought to have gone at five, till six – so much for Genevese discipline. Took leave of my friend and fellow-traveller, with whom I have not had even a bickering upon our six weeks' tour⁶⁵ – good fortune attend him.⁶⁶ Walked back to Diodati – spent the morning until breakfast in writing journal, sleeping, and reading Crabbe's *Borough*,⁶⁷ which is much inferior, I think, to his *Village*. Dined at home. A boat in the evening, I believe.

Friday September 6th 1816: Read a volume of Madame de Staël's *Corinna*;⁶⁸ very good, but prosy I think. Also Constant's *Adolphe*,⁶⁹ which though short, is tiresome, as perhaps it is meant to be, as it paints the annoyance of an attached woman who will not be deserted.⁷⁰

⁶⁵: Contrasting with Henry Grattan, with whom H. went to Paris in 1814, and with whom he discovered that he had a severe temperamental incompatibility; see 29 Apr 1814.

⁶⁶: Davies took Robert Rushton back with him, and some of the manuscript material which he gave to Kinnaird, including Mary Godwin's copies of *Childe Harold III*, *The Prisoner of Chillon*, and Shelley's *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*, which Kinnaird seems to have forgotten, and which was found 169 years later in a Barclay's Bank vault.

⁶⁷: Published 1810.

⁶⁸: Madame de Staël's *Corinne* (1807). It is not clear whether H. reads the original French, or an Italian translation, as his title suggests. He is doing his homework prior to meeting Madame de Staël at Coppet.

⁶⁹: Benjamin Constant's *Adolphe*, his fictional treatment of his affair with de Staël, had been published earlier in 1816.

⁷⁰: H.'s dismissal of female suffering as a worthy subject for fiction is characteristic.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Rainy weather – hardly went out.

Saturday September 7th 1816: Two volumes of Ghost Stories – the shaving one good.⁷¹ A volume of *The Antiquary*.⁷²

Out a little – rainy. Went to Geneva with Byron. Read papers at Manget's. Dined later, Byron being at Madame de Staël's.⁷³ Rocca⁷⁴ says that Rogers' poem on Meillerie⁷⁵ is an itinerary of the lake.

⁷¹: *Phantasmagoriana, ou Recueil d'Histoire d'Apparitions de Spectres, Revenans, Fantômes, etc.* in two volumes. B., Shelley, Mary Shelley, Clare Clairmont and Polidori had been reading it in June, and it had led to the experimental story-telling evening which produced *Frankenstein*. What H. calls "the shaving one" is at pp. 193-248 of the 1813 English edition ("Tales of the Dead") and features a ghost who visits the protagonist at night, and shaves him bald, prior to being shaved bald in return, as a way of attaining rest at last. It has a happy ending.

⁷²: Scott's novel was published in May 1816. For H.'s considered judgement, see 8 Sept 1816.

⁷³: H., it seems, not invited.

⁷⁴: Madame de Staël's second husband. See 12 Sept 1816.

⁷⁵: Rogers' poem *Meillerie* forms the second part of his *Italy*, which was not published until 1822. Perhaps Rocca has been shown a manuscript.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Sunday September 8th 1816: Read the other two volumes of *The Antiquary* – a very good novel, with the faults of the other two; that is, a laborious display of the art of writing, the research too apparent – too much Scotch. The Old Buck⁷⁶ is like the Baron of Bradwardine,⁷⁷ his niece like Rose, Miss Wardor something like Flora in *Waverley*. The German adept⁷⁸ may be specific, as he says in the preface, he is but he is not generic, therefore not natural enough, although Sir Joseph Banks⁷⁹ told me that in his time three fellows of the Royal Society were persuaded by some cheat of the philosopher's stone. The remorse of Lord Glenallen⁸⁰ seems to me rather outrageous, and certainly that of the old woman⁸¹ is. both Byron and myself were much struck with the soliloquy of the fisherman to his boat in which his son had been drowned;⁸² the beggar⁸³ is well-drawn, though a spice of Meg Merrilies.⁸⁴ On the whole I do not like this novel, especially the third volume, so well as the other two, but I like it better than any other of

⁷⁶: Jonathan Oldbuck, the *Antiquary* himself – a Scott self-parody.

⁷⁷: In *Waverley*; the characters share surface similarities only. Their politics are quite different.

⁷⁸: The confidence-trickster mineralogist Dousterswivel. B., who read the book at the same time, used Dousterswivel as a version of A. W. Schlegel – see 12 Sept 1816, and BLJ IX 26.

⁷⁹: Sir Joseph Banks (1744-1820) English botanist. He accompanied Cook around the world and was President of the Royal Society from 1778 to 1819. He tells H. about alchemists and the Royal Society on 4 Aug 1815.

⁸⁰: Glenallen thinks erroneously that he has committed sibling incest.

⁸¹: Elspeth Cheyne, who is responsible for his misapprehension.

⁸²: In Chapter 34 (for H., reading the first edition, Volume III Chapter 5).

⁸³: Edie Ochiltree.

⁸⁴: In *Guy Mannering*.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

our times.⁸⁵ There is no love in it, and “absurd womankind”⁸⁶ do not play too distinguished a part.⁸⁷

Went on the water after dinner.

Monday September 9th 1816: Went in Byron’s boat, fishing on the lake – caught nothing. Was told not to fish within the harbour posts. Dined, and wrote letters to Mrs Leigh,⁸⁸ to Henry, to Harriet, after a delightful little row on the lake – the long flakes of red and black clouds resting on the Jura – the vinedresser singing ...

Tuesday September 10th 1816: Walked with Dr Polidori and Joseph to the junction of the white Arve and blue Rhone behind Geneva,⁸⁹ five quarters of an hour from Coligny. Much pleased with the scene – the rivers join between red precipices of a tolerable height; there is a country house on the right bank, fast overlooking the juncture. Caught no fish, but caught one of the artificial minnows – soldiers bathing, and playing indecent tricks. I can understand how it is possible for the Arve to push back the water of the Rhone into the lake.

⁸⁵: For B.’s almost identical reaction see BLJ V 112 – a letter to Murray written on 5 Oct 1816.

⁸⁶: A phrase used by Jonathan Oldbuck in Volume I Chapter VI to characterise women in general (“.. he’s more absurd than womankind”): B. was also struck by it; see BLJ IX 21 and 31.

⁸⁷: One would hate to read H.’s first reaction to *Pride and Prejudice*. What must he think of *The Giaour*, *The Bride of Abydos*, or *Parisina*?

⁸⁸: In this letter H. reassures Augusta that B has been behaving with moral correctness. Unfortunately, B. has just written to her confessing to her about Clare Clairmont.

⁸⁹: H. is taking Polidori and Joseph Poisson on the second of Ebel’s recommended tours in the vicinity of Geneva: see *Ebel*, p. 392. The Arve does not flow into Lake Geneva, but encounters the Rhone after *it* has flowed out, just outside what is now the city centre.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Going back over the plain palais by the gate of the town, near the Philosopher's Walk, where the magistrates were shot,⁹⁰ and where no-one will walk, although it is adorned with a bust of Rousseau, took some ice on the terrace. Here were respectable-looking men, playing dominos as at Paris. Just on this side Geneva looks a respectable, decent town.

Went to Manget's, and read in Chronicle for August 21st and 22nd, Fouché's letter to Wellington,⁹¹ which, it seems, is to serve as a sort of preface to his memoirs. It is to me almost convincing – some of his excuses I had already used for him,⁹² and the courage with which he extolls the character of Napoleon when at the height of his power, and lays down the faults of the restored dynasty, cannot but do a service to his character with every party.

A tremendously hot day – dined – in the evening rowed on the lake with Byron and Dr Polidori.

⁹⁰: Either on the French invasion of 1797 or during the Genevan civil war of 1737.

⁹¹: See 8 Apr 1816.

⁹²: Hard to find any excuses for the treacherous Fouché; reference to *Letters* (??) still untraced.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Wednesday September 11th 1816: Rain in the morning. Read about half of Forsyth's Italy,⁹³ which I admire more than ever. Recollect the Cardinal of York's⁹⁴ joke he had heard of "second sight in Scotland," but not of "lère sight." Charles Edward⁹⁵ died a drunkard, or rather of drunkenness, having reformed of late; but, says I, the ruins of intemperance are never venerable. Forsyth is equally candid to and free with all, whether the revolutionary ruffians of Milan or the assassins of Russo.⁹⁶ He must have had a good deal of fun about⁹⁷ him. At Tivoli he hired "a Cicerone and asses,"⁹⁸ poor fellow. Think of this book being recommended to me by Tweddle,⁹⁹ that I might speak to Sir Joseph Banks and he to the French Institute, and so procure Forsyth's likeness.

⁹³: *Remarks on Antiquities, Arts and Letters during an Excursion in Italy in the Years 1802 and 1803* by Joseph Forsyth (1763-1815) had been published in 1813. It was admired by both B. and H.: see CMP 69, BLJ V 224, 233-4, VII 182, and CHP IV 271 and 1308nn.

⁹⁴: In *Remarks*, (Forsyth / Crook 250) Forsyth records being introduced to Henry Benedict Maria Clement, Cardinal York (1725-1807) in Jacobite theory King Charles IX of England, the younger brother of

⁹⁵: Charles Edward Stewart (1720-88) The Young Pretender, who died in dissipation. For the joke about "second sight in Scotland," as opposed to "Foresight" (= "Forsyth"), see Forsyth / Crook 250.

⁹⁶: The *revolutionary ruffians of Milan* are the Slavonians reported by Forsyth (*Remarks*, p. 385) as shooting at Leonardo's *Last Supper*. Vincenzo Russo was a Neapolitan writer, shot by reactionaries (led by Cardinal *Ruffo*) in 1799; but I am unable to trace any reference in Forsyth's *Remarks* to his *assassins*. H. may refer to Forsyth 414, where he speaks of a ferocious blood lust in which men are "steady to nothing but mischief and the church" and "some of Ruffo's cut-throats would never mount their horses without crossing themselves and muttering a prayer." Thanks to Keith Crook for this note.

⁹⁷: Here H. skips two pages of his diary accidentally.

⁹⁸: "On arriving at Tivoli we hired a *Cicerone* and asses, to take us round the picturesque circuit of the hills" (*Remarks*, p. 271). A *Cicerone* is a guide specialising in antiquities.

⁹⁹: Tweddle unidentified.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Admiral Tchichagoff,¹⁰⁰ or Cherchagoff as he himself spelt it, called in Lord Byron today to introduce himself. He made a speech to me, about intruding upon solitude, which he had made for Lord Byron. A tallish, thin, []-faced man, [who] talked English sensibly.¹⁰¹ He said the Turks were not so much afraid of the Russians as formerly – they had no moral discipline, he said, but mechanical, yes – they would not keep together in the field, but between walls would fight to extremity.¹⁰² He said Russia had sacrificed Serbia¹⁰³ by her bad policy.¹¹ [] Georges had fled into Austria where they were going to take the little money he had saved, so he ran into Russia, where they have given him the title of General. Tchichagoff said all talent was calculation, and that Bonaparte had more calculation than anybody. Byron was first going to ask him why he (meaning the Russians) let Bonaparte get out of Russia – now it was the Admiral who did not let him get out, by not intercepting him at the Beresina with the Moldavian army. Madame Kutusoff¹⁰⁴ said, “Wittgenstein saved Petersburg,¹⁰⁵ my husband saved Russia, and Tchichagoff saved Bonaparte.” He came from Lausanne to Geneva to see Ferney, he says.

Strolled down to the waterside – unwell, with pain over my heart. Dined – walked along the lakeside with Byron – home. Letter from Matty,¹⁰⁶ 1st September. Thunder and lightning flashing over the whole lake.

¹⁰⁰: Pavel Vasilyevich Tchichagov (1769-1849) imprisoned by Tsar Paul (as were many) then reinstated by Alexander I; he failed to prevent Napoleon’s passage of the Beresina and thus facilitated his retreat from Russia. B. may use his name facetiously at *Don Juan* VII 15, 4.

¹⁰¹: Tchichagov was educated in England.

¹⁰²: B. may have remembered this when he wrote the Siege of Ismail Cantos (VII and VIII) of *Don Juan*, which feature Turks fighting “between walls” “to extremity.”

¹⁰³: “Servia” (Ms.)

¹⁰⁴: Widow of Tolstoy’s hero in *War and Peace*; the victor of Borodino.

¹⁰⁵: Count Ludwig Wittgenstein (sic: 1769-1843) colleague of Kutusov, commanded the right wing of the Russian army in 1812.

¹⁰⁶: H.’s half-sister Matilda.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Talk on Brougham,¹⁰⁷ who seems to have committed himself to Madame de Staël about Lord and Lady Byron.

Cursed night – sleepless – head bad singing head when a peal for lightnings.¹⁰⁸

¹⁰⁷: Henry Brougham, who had been at Geneva earlier in the year, had started spreading malicious gossip about B. on some scale. See 16 Apr 1816, and Coleridge VI 67n. B. eventually called him out, in a letter (BLJ VII 95-6) that was probably never delivered; and composed the Brougham stanzas to *Don Juan* I, which were never published in B.'s lifetime. (H. now starts to fill in his two previous empty pages.)

¹⁰⁸: Text corrupt.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Thursday September 12th 1816: Wrote journal this morning for a week. Went in hard rain with Byron and Polidori to Madame de Staël's barony at Coppet.¹⁰⁹ Unfortunately, Rocca,¹¹⁰ of whom, as Sharp says, she has made an honest man, was ill, and created confusion rather; but she – the Baroness – received us very hospitably, and me with particular civility – she had heard of the Letters from Playfair and the Edinburgh.¹¹¹ She is herself writing on Napoleon. She told me she could not believe I had no copy with me, which shows the difference of French and English writers. Her daughter, the Duchess of Broglie,¹¹² [is] very dingy, but sensible, and very good-natured, and more talky than when a girl. Mr de Broglie¹¹³ did not talk much, as English was the language chiefly kept up. The young baron speaks that tongue perfectly. Parry Ockenden¹¹⁴ came in, a man recommended by the Lady Bessborough.¹¹⁵ Also a Miss Randall, formerly governess to the Duchess¹¹⁶ – then Bonstetten¹¹⁷ and

¹⁰⁹: Madame de Staël's villa, on the north shore of Lake Geneva.

¹¹⁰: Madame de Staël's second husband, veteran of the Peninsula campaigns, of which he had written an account published by Murray; he had been badly wounded in Spain and never fully recovered.

¹¹¹: *Edinburgh* review of *Letters* still untraced.

¹¹²: Albertine, duchesse de Broglie, was Madame de Staël's daughter. B. relates something she said at BLJ IX 47.

¹¹³: Victor, duc de Broglie: he had married Albertine on 20 Feb 1816.

¹¹⁴: An Englishman then resident in Lausanne.

¹¹⁵: Caroline Lamb's mother.

¹¹⁶: Miss Randall otherwise unidentified.

¹¹⁷: Karl Victor von Bonstetten (1745-1832) Swiss intellectual, administrator and writer. Described by B. as "... a fine and very lively old man – and much esteemed by his compatriots" (BLJ V 86). Pellegrino Rossi told Louise de Cléron the following story: "Lord Byron était à Genève dans le salon de M. Pictet, appuyé contre la cheminée. On se pressait autour de lui, on l'entourait comme un prince; chacun cherchait à obtenir un mot ou un regard. Le vieux M. de Bonstetten, excellent homme et des plus empressés auprès de lui, laissa échapper dans le cours de la conversation je ne sais quelle erreur géographique. (Il prit le Pirée pour un nom d'homme.) Lord Byron se retourna, me dit M. Rossi, et le releva devant tout le monde avec tant de hauteur et de dureté que je me dis intérieurement: c'est un méchant homme" (Cléron 123-4).

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Schlegel,¹¹⁸ who appear intimates of the house. The drawing-room was in confusion, and the dining-room table too small and confused; but this house is more like an English country house than I had imagined.

We sat down to dinner – I was between Schlegel and the Duke of Broglie. The conversation was lively, and ran chiefly on Sheridan. Schlegel would have his *School for Scandal* had no invention, and talked, I thought, rather dogmatically. He is a little thin man with a largish sharp face, thin grey hair, intelligent-looking. Talked English well – Bonstetten, dumpy, lively little old man, in a green age of very agreeable converse, not talking English, but apparently understanding it, he had seen or heard of the *Albanian Travels* in the *Bibliothèque Britannique*, now *Bibliothèque universelle*,¹¹⁹ but neither he nor Schlegel had the least notion of the present state of the Greeks, and the great change of their studies by Coray.¹²⁰

¹¹⁸: August Wilhelm von Schlegel (1767-1845) German critic and propagandist of Romanticism. He had been travelling with de Staël since 1805. At BLJ IX 26 B. refers to him as “the Dousterswivel of Madame de Staël,” implying (with a reference to Scott’s *The Antiquary*) a degree of charlatanism.

¹¹⁹: The encyclopaedia had changed its name in 1816. See 17 Sept 1816.

¹²⁰: For Adamanatios Korais, see 7 Dec 1809.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Bonstetten has had the fortune, and the misfortune, to be the friend of Gray and Müller – one suspected, and the other convicted, of a false taste¹²¹ – but is here acquitted participation; his appearance, when contrasted with the “rich, the powerful, the beautiful” of Gray’s letters,¹²² is something ridiculous – a little bailly of the Pays de Vaud to be an Alexander; nor does one quite see the man to whom Müller addressed his enthusiastic letters.¹²³ He was lent Gray’s letters by Lord Byron, and seemed highly proud of them – the originals he gave away some time ago. He said to Polidori and Lord Byron, “I believe that Gray had been killed by Johnson’s criticism” – that is, by a criticism which recorded his death!!!¹²⁴

¹²¹: Thomas Gray the English poet (1716-71) and Johannes Müller the Swiss historian (1752-1809) were homosexual, and Bonstetten had been loved by both; H. is anxious not to record himself as having been on good terms with a man “convicted of a false taste.”

¹²²: In a letter to Bonstetten of 12 Apr 1770, Gray writes of “the external advantages of wealth, nobility, strength and beauty.” See *Correspondence* ed. Toynbee and Whibley, II 1118.

¹²³: **Note on Müller’s letters to Bonstetten pending.**

¹²⁴: Johnson’s *Life of Gray* queried his status; Bonstetten misdated its publication, which was in 1781, well after Gray’s death, which it thus could not have caused.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

After dinner we talked of Constant,¹²⁵ and I most faithlessly¹²⁶ attacked his novel and his wife,¹²⁷ about whom Madame de Staël, like a true woman, asked me coyly my opinion – [I] compared his perpetual repetitions of the same tiresome sentiments and the leaves of his book to the leaves of an artichoke – only meant for licking up the butter, when one would do as well as five hundred. This sally¹²⁸ was crowned by the smiles of all present, and the decided fiat of Madame who, after laughing heartily, said seriously, “That is very good indeed.” She then told me that Ockenden had promised to send for my book, he having it at Lausanne. She said that she recognized several of her own phrases in *Adolphe*, where they were quite out of place – animation in dull heavy matter – glow-worms on dead leaves, or dirty paths. I might have said, showing the poverty of the surrounding soil.

We had a very satisfactory day indeed. Ockenden invited Byron and me to his house at Lausanne. Madame de Staël told me that she hoped to see me again, and in short I must here for the first time, I believe, record a sort of successful effort at talk.¹²⁹

Broke up at half-past eight. Came near Genthod, and crossed the water in a [] nights in Byron’s boat, and wrote letter to Sophy.

¹²⁵: Benjamin Constant, whose *Adolphe*, published earlier in 1816, is often seen as a fictionalised account of his affair with de Staël – though other authorities say it was based on his affair with Anna Lindsay.

¹²⁶: “Faithlessly,” given his opinion of the novel as recorded on 6 Sept 1816.

¹²⁷: Constant’s second wife was Charlotte von Hardenberg; his marriage to her in 1808 created sensational scenes with de Staël.

¹²⁸: Such a laboured image cannot have been spontaneous.

¹²⁹: Not at all. See Mary Noel’s letter, reproduced in note to 30 Dec 1814.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Friday September 13th 1816: Read today (which was fine, with no fire), *Memoirs of Ten Years Consulate at Tripoli*, written chiefly by the sister of the late Tully,¹³⁰ our resident there. The style is strange, but the book records some most extraordinary traits of conduct, not, I presume, to be met with out of Barbary. The story of the dissension of the three brothers, sons of the Bashaw – of the murder of the Bey Hassan, the older by the youngest, Siddy Useph, in Lilla Halluma’s (their mother’s) apartment¹³¹ – the subsequent expulsion of the whole family by Alli ben Zool, a pirate, and the recovery of the throne by Siddy Useph in prejudice to his father and brother Siddy Hamet,¹³² have a dramatic effect, and present a scene in which villainy is most gloriously triumphant – Useph reigns now.¹³³ Hassan and Useph pore repeatedly on the Koran, and once drank each other’s blood in pledge of faith.¹³⁴ Hassan was of a noble, generous nature. He used to call Useph “the beautiful, rash youth,” with which title the editors have foolishly headed a page.¹³⁵ There are an infinite number of stories perfectly Oriental in the book, and some descriptions are excellent – particularly that of the dreadful plague in 1785.¹³⁶ Amidst the horrors which fill the annals of this state here¹³⁷ recorded, the devotion of two hundred mountaineers,

¹³⁰: *Narrative of a Ten Years’ Residence at Tripoli in Africa* (1816) is in fact by the sister-in-law of Richard Tully, British Consul there between 1783 and 1793; H. is reading the first edition, which has “sister,” erroneously (Preface, p. 1). B. makes considerable use of the book when describing costume and domestic interiors in *Don Juan* Cantos III and IV: see BLJ VIII 186.

¹³¹: *Residence at Tripoli* (1st edition) p. 227 (subsequent editions p. 233).

¹³²: *Ibid* pp. 331-3; (subs. 336-9).

¹³³: H.’s information is from the *Quarterly’s* review of the book, which says that Sidi Useph “.. at present fills the throne of Tripoli” (April 1816, p. 173).

¹³⁴: *Residence at Tripoli* p. 236 (subs. 242).

¹³⁵: *Ibid* p. 139 (first edition only).

¹³⁶: *Ibid*, principally at pp. 92-6 (subs. 84-99).

¹³⁷: “are here” (Ms.)

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

who undertake the defence of the Consul's house out of gratitude,¹³⁸ is like an oasis in the desert.

Siddy Useph seems to have been a complete Clodius. He came disguised to a female feast.¹³⁹

¹³⁸: Ibid p. 333 (subs. 339).

¹³⁹: Ibid p. 261 (subs. 267); Publius Clodius was a Roman tribune of the first century B.C., famous for sacrilege and corruption.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

<Walked> rode to Geneva. Met Lord and Lady Jersey¹⁴⁰ and stayed too long talking – they had seen my verses at Kiliberg.¹⁴¹ Went to Hentsch, who showed me his translation of *Fare Thee Well*¹⁴² – a translation of that, and *The Bride of Abydos*¹⁴³ in the French papers.

French Chamber of Deputies dissolved at last¹⁴⁴ – we shall see whether this is a trick.

Dined – went on water. Letter from dear Sophy – she is well and at Hadsper.

¹⁴⁰: Lady Jersey had stood by B. during the separation scandal earlier in the year, and it was at her salon that he had met Madame de Staël.

¹⁴¹: H.'s verses at Kiliberg unidentified. Anyone got any ideas?

¹⁴²: *Fare Thee Well*, B.'s poem to Annabella, published in April.

¹⁴³: *The Bride of Abydos*, translated by Léon Thiessé as *Zuleïka et Sélim, ou la Vierge d'Abydos*, appeared in Paris in 1816: it was the first French translation of a Byron poem.

¹⁴⁴: The French Chamber of Deputies was dissolved by Louis XVIII on September 6th, with a view to appointing a reconstituted one. Chateaubriand protested, and was dismissed.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Saturday September 14th 1816: Went across the water and back with the breeze – fine weather. Two Carvellas,¹⁴⁵ Greeks, dined here, one a physician, the other student in law. The M.D. crooked¹⁴⁶ – both told me that the English under Campbell¹⁴⁷ in the Islands, had made themselves detested. Campbell punishes beyond the law, and would not suffer the criminal to confess before execution. Maitland,¹⁴⁸ they said, had restored a little the character of the English, which to my mind seems most unaccountably falling everywhere ... they were from the Islands. Mustoxidthi¹⁴⁹ is removed to Venice – he publishes an account of inedited Greek works. The Greeks report badly of Austrian Italy¹⁵⁰ – Filicaia¹⁵¹ and Beccaria¹⁵² [are] forbidden books.

¹⁴⁵: Nicholas Karvella (1799-1872) was a lawyer, and his brother Francis a doctor. They had studied at the University of Padua, and were apparently friends with Madame de Staël. Nicholas later went to Russia to work in the Eastern Department of the Foreign Ministry with Count John Capodistrias, then returned in 1822, when he and his brother visit B. again at Pisa. Both are members of the Zante branch of the *Philiki Etainin*, dedicated to freeing Greece and restoring the Ionian Islands to her – which Nicholas, at least, lives to see. See 13 Oct 1816 and 18 Sept 1822; also BLJ X 169 and n, 172, and 184-6.

¹⁴⁶: H. probably implies “hunchbacked.”

¹⁴⁷: General Sir James Campbell (1763-1819) captured the Ionian Islands from the French in 1814 and ruled them until replaced by

¹⁴⁸: Sir Thomas Maitland (1759-1824) English Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean, who was Lord High Commissioner of the Islands until his death. Both men were regarded with dislike by Greek patriots.

¹⁴⁹: Andreas Mustoxides (1785-1860) Corfiote editor and writer, by then resident in Venice. B. and H. first meet him on 12 Nov 1816.

¹⁵⁰: “Italy Austrian” (Ms.) The first inkling they have of the way Italy is being oppressed.

¹⁵¹: Vincenzo da Filicaia (1642-1707) Italian poet, writer of some famous patriotic sonnets, one of which, *Italia, Italia o tu, cui feo la sorte*, is translated by B. as Stanzas 42 and 43 of *Childe Harold IV*.

¹⁵²: For Beccaria, see 6 Dec 1809.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Sharp¹⁵³ called today. He told me he envied me my youth, and my intended tour. Here is the man who said he knew not what it was to be really happy until he was fifty!!!

Byron and I went on the water after dinner.

Sunday September 15th 1816: Read Casti, *Novelle Galanti*,¹⁵⁴ and part of *Madame de Staël on suicide*.¹⁵⁵ She cants, but she can never write ill.¹⁵⁶ Sailed over and back with Byron in a light breeze. Dined. Sailing again. Sent letter to Baillie¹⁵⁷ today.

¹⁵³: Richard "Conversation" Sharp. See 21 Sept 1816.

¹⁵⁴: The *Novelle Galanti* (roughly, "politely rude stories") of the noseless Abbate Giambattista Casti (1721-1803: enemy of Lorenzo da Ponte) went through more editions than anyone cared to admit, and were a considerable influence on B.'s ottava rima work, though he improves on them at once and throughout. He had been given a set earlier in 1816 by Major Pryse Gordon Lockhart, who showed him over the field of Waterloo – see BLJ V 80 – presumably the set H. has borrowed. See *Medwin* 140 and n334.

¹⁵⁵: de Staël's *Réflexions sur le Suicide* had been published in England in 1813.

¹⁵⁶: Seems a self-contradictory statement.

¹⁵⁷: H.'s tall friend David "Long" Baillie.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Helped Dr Polidori to settle his involved accounts with Lord Byron, and took leave of him.¹⁵⁸ He does not answer to Madame de Staël's definition of a happy man. whose capacities are squared with his inclinations. Took leave of him – poor fellow!! He is anything but an amiable man, and has a most unmeasured ambition, as well as inordinate vanity. The true ingredients of misery ...

Monday September 16th 1816: Journal from Thursday. Polidori went this morning. Byron and I went to Geneva. Called on Lord Jersey¹⁵⁹ at "Maison Verte" – he not at home.¹⁶⁰ ... the evening and on the lake ...¹⁶¹

Tuesday September 17th 1816: Did not sleep – up at five. Off at past seven in the charaban with broken wheels and two saddle-horses, with Joseph and Berger.¹⁶² Breakfasted at Nyon – stopped some time also at Morges, a considerable town on the lake, and arrived at Lausanne, or Ouchy rather, the port, at five o'clock. Found a decent inn.

¹⁵⁸: Polidori, theoretically taken on by B. because of his linguistic skills (see 28 Mar 1816) and against H.'s advice, has never got on with anyone, and now an agreement frees him from his obligation.

¹⁵⁹: See 13 Sept 1816.

¹⁶⁰: "homme" (Ms.)

¹⁶¹: H. is alone with B. at last.

¹⁶²: Berger (Christian name unknown) was a Swiss courier whom B. had hired in London. Fletcher, B.'s own valet, did not accompany them on the tour.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Walk[ed] up to Ockeden's,¹⁶³ the great Bellevue above the town, and dined with him, his daughter and son, a Mlle Clasière, the late French minister's niece, Miss Clasière's governess, and Mr de Lujreau, or some such name. The latter had seen Gibbon¹⁶⁴ – he said it was not true he was ever neglected, or is now forgotten by, the people of Lausanne. A grave is called a "Gebhoniae." Gibbon was a great tyrant in forms – he has heard Gibbon say, "Monsieur, je vous aie prie pour trois heures. Il fait trois heures et dix minutes! Faites servir!" Gibbon consulted a Dr William, a lucky quack, and placed great confidence in him. He spoke Vaudois – he was one day at table – a large trout was served – William said, "On ne vient jamais chez Mr Gibbon sans y rencontrer quelque monstre!" – Gibbon looked up and smiled – then, tapping his snuffbox, "De quel monstre parlez-vous?" – "Oh!" said William, catching himself, "pas de vous, Monsieur Gibbon!"

¹⁶³: B. did not accompany H. to Parry Ockenden's: see BLJ V 97.

¹⁶⁴: Gibbon lived at Lausanne from 1783 to 1793; he wrote much of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* there.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Monsieur de Lujreau, who is of Lausanne, said that there was still a very chosen society at Lausanne – he owned the English character had fallen since the peace – he told a funny story of Bicknell the Latter¹⁶⁵ at Chamounix – Ockenden and he talked of the turn taken against the English in the *Bibliothèque universelle*, which was formerly called *Bibliothèque britannique*.¹⁶⁶ The first article is on English literature by Pictet de Rougemont,¹⁶⁷ who was at Congress, and probably took his notions of the English from Castlereagh, and has been piqued by something against us. Madame de Staël has taken up the cudgel for us. I hear the article is a foolish one, and since see it is – very peremptory and rude. The Germans are elsewhere said to monopolize literature as the English do commerce. Lord Byron and Scott are, however, exempted in Madame’s article, in a passage omitted by Madame Necker de Saussure. Ockenden once heard Schlegel say to Madame de Stael, who was lauding the English, “I see that every nation is uppermost in turn in this house!” Madame was very angry.

Walked down to Ouchy at ten – damp sheets¹⁶⁸ – wretched night.

¹⁶⁵: Conjectural reading. Bicknell unidentified.

¹⁶⁶: The *Bibliothèque britannique* changed its name to the *Bibliothèque universelle des sciences, belles-lettres et arts*, in 1816; post-Vienna anglophobia may be presumed as the reason.

¹⁶⁷: Marc-Auguste de Rougemont (1752-1825) one of its founders, brother of Pictet de Rougemont, official Genevan delegate to the Congress of Vienna, who had obtained recognition for Swiss independence and neutrality. Pictet’s article (*Bibliothèque universelle*, 1816, *Littérature*, I pp. 7-8) is *Coup d’œil sur la littérature anglaise en 1815*, a general article selecting Scott and B. as the two most important British writers of the day. Having met B. in Geneva, de Rougemont embarked on a series of articles about him. At BLJ V 207 B. writes the Countess Albrizzi a guarded letter of introduction for him.

Without knowing it, H. is witnessing the beginnings of continental Byronism. From 1816 onwards, the *Bibliothèque universelle* prints translated extracts from *Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage*, *The Prisoner of Chillon*, *The Corsair*, *Lara*, *The Giaour*, *The Lament of Tasso*, and *The Siege of Corinth*; these are anthologised in 1820 as *Choix de poésies de Byron, W. Scott et Moore, traduction libre par l’un des rédacteurs de la Bibliothèque universelle*. This in turn creates a demand for complete translations, which leads to the massive labour of Amedée Pichot, whose prose translations sell in huge quantities, and are read by – among others – Pushkin.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Wednesday September 18th 1816: Up at five, and at six walked on towards Vevey,¹⁶⁹ keeping near the lake. Not on the turnpike road till I came to the village of Lutry – noble view of mountains opposite – the country all vines, and getting more precipitous until the vineyards raised on terraces supported with regular walls. The houses with little high windows, wooden galleries, long pents in the hills, reminding me of the south of Europe. Road close to the lake good, between vineyard walls, the [] above the doors of the vineyards in the walls looking like embrasures. Grapes appeared many, but little hopes of ripening. This is the farmers' [] [].

After walking three hours, and passing two or three little narrow streeeted towns, of which the best [is] St Saphorin, sat upon a rock and [a]waited the carriage, which overtook me. Saw Vevey, then in a flat below before me. Arrived there at near ten – drove to the city of London in the beautiful market place,¹⁷⁰ which was shut up, and then came to the Three Crowns. Breakfasted, then walked up to the church on a lovely terrace commanding a noble view of the lake, the mountains of the Vallais, and Savoy, and also of the background – the viney, wooded hillocks above the course of the river Veyveyse¹⁷¹ – and overlooking Vevey.

¹⁶⁸: B.'s journal records that that night he wrote to Augusta (see BLJ V 94-6), then "Went to bed at nine – sheets damp – swore and stripped *them* off and flung them – Heaven knows where – wrapt myself up in the blankets – and slept like a Child of a month's existence – till 5 o Clock of the next morning" (BLJ V 96).

¹⁶⁹: "Vevay" (Ms.)

¹⁷⁰: H.'s meaning is presumably that the market square of Vevey reminded him of London.

¹⁷¹: "Veyvaise" (Ms.)

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Saw, in the church, Ludlow's¹⁷² monument, of which the epitaph, as an Englishman told me in the church, is given in Addison's Travels.¹⁷³ It is singular that no notice is given of his voting for the death of Charles. The Latin is nothing singular: he lived thirty-two years abroad, and was buried by his faithful wife, Elisabeth de Thomas, in 1693. On the ground nearby, beneath Ludlow's monument but in the aisle, is the black slab covering the remains of Broughton,¹⁷⁴ who read the sentence on Charles and was exiled for it – both which facts are mentioned, somewhat singularly, “sententiam regis regum profari,”¹⁷⁵ meaning that Charles' sentence was from God. Coming from the church and lolling on the bench of the terrace, there where Ludlow may have often contemplated the noble scenery of the lake, I tried to write something but could only boggle:

It is not cowardice to fly
From tyranny's triumphant face
It is not banishment to die
An exile only from disgrace –¹⁷⁶

Came down. Walked into the pretty market-place, opening upon the banks of the lake – the market house a handsome, colonnaded structure, looking very well from the water. The carriage, &c., got off before us. We had to walk, which we did, and saw near the gate, going out on the

¹⁷²: Edmund Ludlow, republican and regicide (c.1617-1692) removed to Switzerland in 1660 and died at Vevey, having made an unsuccessful attempt to return to England in 1688.

¹⁷³: See Joseph Addison, *Remarks on Several Parts of Italy* (1705), pp. 463-5.

¹⁷⁴: Andrew Broughton pronounced sentence on Charles I at his trial in 1649, and with the regicides Ludlow, William Cawley, John Lisle and his fellow Clerk John Phelps, fled to Switzerland at the Restoration. When H. was ennobled he chose the title Baron Broughton de Gyfford.

¹⁷⁵: “Pronounced the sentence of the King of Kings.”

¹⁷⁶: H.'s verse shows his empathy with the seventeenth-century radicals.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

right, Ludlow's house – over the door within the court is “Omne solum forti patria – quia patris 1684”¹⁷⁷ in gold letters.

Walked two-thirds of way to Clarens to overtake the carriage – arrived Clarens¹⁷⁸ – most delicious village. Put up at a farmer's house, then drove on to Chillon. Clarens is three-quarters of a league from Vevey, and Chillon about the same from Clarens. The road to Chillon, with the lake close under to the right and the woody knolls, precipices, and dells on the left under magnificent mountains, interspersed with villages, running up the woody [], [is] altogether unparalleled. Rousseau did well to fix on this spot for his Julie.¹⁷⁹ The situation of Montreux village, in a woody niche under the mountain Dent de Jaman, most surpassing.

¹⁷⁷: “To the brave man every soil is a native land because it is his father's.” B. remembers this line at *Detached Thought* 84 (BLJ IX 41).

¹⁷⁸: The village immortalised by Rousseau in *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, and more recently by B. in *Childe Harold* III stanzas 101-4.

¹⁷⁹: The heroine of *La Nouvelle Héloïse*.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Came to Chillon Castle.¹⁸⁰ Formidable walls, but small in comparison with Welsh castles. Went to it over wooden bridge – shown it by deaf drunken soldier,¹⁸¹ one of two or three guarding the garrison. Saw the colonaded dungeons, the column to which Bonivard¹⁸² was attached for six years. The iron ring still there, the black beam in the next dungeon, on which the wretches were hung by torchlight without the parade which administers courage to dying malefactors. Saw in another part dungeons three deep, to which the entry by ladders one above another. Our drunkard observed, happy was he who had the upper dungeon. Chillon, now a small store for arms and a few cannon and powder, belongs to the Canton of Vaud. The dungeons under the level of the water, which is 600 feet close under the walls.¹⁸³ Saw view of the lake from the upper part of the castle, where Rhone comes into the lake.¹⁸⁴ Also the little islet with a few trees on it, the only islet in the lake.¹⁸⁵

¹⁸⁰: B. had visited Chillon Castle with Shelley on their tour of the lake the previous June. Evidently he and H. did not discuss Shelley much.

¹⁸¹: B. corroborates H.'s description of this man. See BLJ V 98.

¹⁸²: "Bonevard" (Ms.) François Bonivard (1493-1570) was the sixteenth-century captive, whose imagined suffering is the subject of B.'s *The Prisoner of Chillon*, written when in Shelley's company three months earlier. In fact Bonivard was in isolation for three years, was not imprisoned with his brothers, and was not a prisoner of conscience.

¹⁸³: "800 feet" is B.'s statistic, in his note to line 111 of *The Prisoner of Chillon*, with which H. is clearly now intimate; in his last reference to it (1 Sept 1816) he had not read it.

¹⁸⁴: Compare *The Prisoner of Chillon*, line 336.

¹⁸⁵: Compare *The Prisoner of Chillon*, lines 341-2.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Returned to Clarens – dined on fish and omelette – next up the hill, after dinner, to le Chatelard, or Castle of Clarens. Found it just rented by Lady Mary Ross.¹⁸⁶ Saw her sitting-room, a large handsome room, in which were paintings on the wainscot – one was pointed out by the farmer’s wife, who was our guide, as “Rousseau and Julie,” thus identifying St Preux,¹⁸⁷ as was done before, with Rousseau. Saw Blair’s and some other sermons¹⁸⁸ on the table. Looked at the noble view from the terrace and the top of the house – such a spot!! The castle rises on a pyramidal hill of vineyards, with thickets of noble trees behind and in the neighbouring dells. Coming down, we had pointed to us by our peasant guide where the bosquet de Julie¹⁸⁹ was formerly, before cut down by the monks of St Bernard – its site was a vineyard just above Clarens. The peasant had read Rousseau, whom he also confounded with St Preux. He said Rousseau wrote from Meillerie – he added, “now and then – they are but embellishments,” and yet he gave a certainty to the recorded spots as if something had happened there. No romance has ever received such a complete local habitation – perhaps the actual Héloïse has given some identity to her new namesake – we wandered into a neighbouring grove of noble trees on the declivity of the hills, where Byron said Julie and St Preux might have walked.¹⁹⁰

Came down, got into the charaban, and drove again to Chillon and past, to a torrent which turned a mill. Came back in the evening by starlight. Good tea, good Vaud wine, good Friburgh beer like porter. Bed bad, and damp – could not sleep, after this beautiful day’s tour. Recalled that

¹⁸⁶: Lady Mary Ross unidentified.

¹⁸⁷: The lover of Julie in *La Nouvelle Héloïse*.

¹⁸⁸: Mentioned also by B.: see BLJ V 97. For the eighteenth-century Scots divine Hugh Blair, see *Don Juan*, II, 165, 6.

¹⁸⁹: “Julie’s arbour,” in which Rousseau’s heroine surprises St. Preux with his first intoxicating kiss: see *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, Part I Chapter XIV.

¹⁹⁰: Echoing conversations he had with Shelley, earlier in the year on the same spot.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

I saw a lady in a charaban asleep opposite the most beautiful scenery of Montreux.¹⁹¹

Thursday September 19th 1816: Sent off coachman and Joseph to go round by Bulle with the charaban. Byron and I, with Berger, a guide and a mule, and our two saddle horses, set off at half-past eight to cross the Dent de Jaman, 3,200 and odd feet above the level of the lake.¹⁹² Continued ascending amongst rich pastures and declivities till we passed Chernex,¹⁹³ a small town in the mountains, part of which was lately burnt down. One hour from Clarens. Continued ascending through the same pasture scenery; road now and then very difficult. One hour more, till we came to an open and larger range of rising meadows. Here we stopped at L'Union de Mont d'Avant, a post-house in those hills, where are many isolated shepherd huts. These green hanging meadows quite new to me. We took fried fish and wine we had brought with us, refreshed our horses for an hour, and marched on.

¹⁹¹: B. mentions her, too: see BLJ V 97.

¹⁹²: Bulle. B. and H. now set off into the Alps proper. They are following Ebel, *Manuel du Voyageur en Suisse*, Voyage No 33 (pp. 89-90).

¹⁹³: "Chaine" (Ms.)

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

We came to a torrent where we [were] told to pass quickly, for fear stones should fall, and thence had a perpetual ascent up stony stairs, and now and then wooden paths. In one hour we were on the top of the pass, a green isthmus of pasture land with half-a-dozen scattered chalets for cattle, having the serrated ridges of hills on our left, green up to the summit, and the Dent de Jaman¹⁹⁴ on our right, towering above us, apparently nearly perpendicular in this position. We had here a view into the fathomless vallies of the Saane, or Sarine,¹⁹⁵ immediately under us. A decent-looking young woman was sitting on a stone looking down upon them as if for curiosity, though she belonged to the shepherd – the shepherdess of the Alps.

¹⁹⁴: The Dent de Jaman is the first large pinnacle they encounter.

¹⁹⁵: More commonly Sarine.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

We determined to ascend the Dent, and went down a dell to our right in order to mount on the best side. Beginning again the ascent, we heard over our heads, on an immense craggy summit, as high as the Dent, loud shouting, and looking up saw a tall figure on the top of the mountain with a cow, which would have looked unnatural in a picture as the figures seemed to belong rather to the sky than the earth. This shepherd belonged to the meadows on the other hills. We came amongst fine cows with bells round their necks, feeding at a great height, left our horses and mule in charge of a herdsman, and began to climb up the ascent. It was green for some way, and had pastures for cows, some of which we saw were above a long layer of snow, which we passed, and which the summer had not dissolved. I had some scrambling up mossy stones at last, not very difficult, till I got to the summit, which is green, although it has rocky precipices on two sides.

From the top had a view of the Lake of Geneva, and particularly the north shore, with the Canton of Vaud laid out like a map – saw the two branches of the Rhone – the mountains of Savoy – the Alps of the Canton of Berne. Berger got up, but Lord Byron halted twenty¹⁹⁶ yards below. The thin clouds flitted under us like a coup de canon, as Berger observed. The same pointed out that ants had built their nests close to the peak.

¹⁹⁶: This indistinct figure could be “200.” The steeper slopes would have been hard going for B. because of his foot.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Slid and slipped down. Arrived at our horses. Looking up, saw our herd[sman], still on the opposite Alp. He began to play on a pipe,¹⁹⁷ which we heard distinctly – as also his shouts of laughter intended for the echo, which reverberated them from every hill. Our guide halloooed to him to give the Ranz des Vaches,¹⁹⁸ and we heard him soon sing, or rather [give] out, this tune, which is properly a calling together the cows.

The whole scene gave us quite a new idea of Alpine life. Byron observed that the glowing green pastures, with their cottages and cows in these heights, were like a dream, something too brilliant and wild for reality.¹⁹⁹ The cows are driven to the hills the 11th of June and down the 11th of October – many perish by falling from the rocks.

Descended from these pastures into some fine woods and got into the path. Descending, crossed through a wall²⁰⁰ into the Canton of Friburgh. Continued going downhill, a rocky path, into the depths of the valleys. Passed a small village or town in the mountains – observed the religious inscriptions, on the houses as elsewhere in this district – “House raised by the Divine Succour” – “This house built by the hand of — —, but a better house in heaven,” &c. Some of an ancient date in the valleys – “1688,” [and] the carpenter’s name recorded. An immense quantity of wood employed on the pents, some of the wooden tiles of which kept down by stones. Observed the Friburgh-women [with] large coils of hair on their heads, made out with stuffing.

¹⁹⁷: See *Manfred*, I ii 47.

¹⁹⁸: A “calling together of the cows,” as H. translates it. See 24 Sept 1816.

¹⁹⁹: We do not know, but B. may have started to write *Manfred*, a work H. never mentions. The experience on the Dent de Jaman is of obvious use to him – deleting the cows and substituting the undomesticatable chamoix – in the writing of Act I.

²⁰⁰: Doubtful reading.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

At five p.m. arrived at the small town of Montbovon, whose white spire we had some little time seen in this delicious valley. The river ran through the green sloping pastures under woody rocks. It is the Saane, or Sarine. I fished²⁰¹ – caught a decent trout, and hooked another. Our inn was very mediocre indeed in appearance – no meat to be had – my fish and an omelette served. We slept in private houses hired by the host – a very good room I had, with fine chest of drawers and slept well for first time – road not much peopled.

Friday September 20th 1816: In this valley saw few goiters.²⁰² Joseph remarked this – it confirms what Polidori told me, that snow water has nothing to do with the matter. The women are good-looking.

Up between five and six – waited till seven, and then set off walking. Went what is called the high road. Observed the effect of the morning scene on these green declivities²⁰³ and glowing woods – on hills narrowing and opening by turns – saw cataract of the Saane rushing under an Alpine bridge, where another joins it from another valley – the small black and white church tower²⁰⁴ of Rossinière in green hanging meadows. On the other side of Saane they were cutting down the second crop – flax grown here. Cross a village called Moulins, where a mountain-torrent rushes into the Saane. Observed an inn there, with a religious inscription showing it was built in 1688.

²⁰¹: This is the only time when H.'s fishing serves them for food. For B.'s ungrateful riposte, see *Don Juan*, XIII, stanza 106n.

²⁰²: See conversation recorded on 31 Aug 1816.

²⁰³: H. demonstrates a recurring predilection for this word (meaning “downward slope”) and to a lesser extent for its opposite, *acclivity*. Compare *Don Juan* III 29, 2, or XI 8,2.

²⁰⁴: “the small black tower <of> church – white” (Ms.)

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

From this point the valley opens from the narrow pass of the Tine, formed by the two hills of Aulaz and Courjeon. We were now again in the Pays de Vaud, as we saw by the French orders to lock the wheels of the carriage with a shoe. Crossed the Saane – saw before me the church of Chateau d'Oex on a green hill and another green hill in the valley – walked there by ten o'clock. Went up the church hill, where formerly was a castle of Gruyères – view down the valley, and the mountains of Rullihorn, opposite to the South. No inns at Chateau d'Oex, a small neat market place. Long inscriptions, with inviolations as usual forbidding the abuse of the town fountain – fountains very common in Switzerland.

The car came up, and we went on to Rougemont, an hour more – the church and Bailly's house²⁰⁵ on a green hillock to the right, entering. Stopped to breakfast at the great wooden inn; observed there many signalements stuck up from the government at Lausanne – amongst others two of women expelled the canton of Vaud one for mauvaise conduite and the other libertinage – there also was the description of Didier of Grenoble.²⁰⁶ Paid twelve francs for tea, coffee, and cold meat, this being reckoned a poor country, as no corn is grown here, and the bread is sent from Thun.²⁰⁷ The language of the Pays Gessenai and of the Pays de Vaud is patois French, and the district itself is called Pays d'Enhaut Romand.

Left Rougemont for Saanen, or Gessenai. Taking my fishing rod and descending to the river flowing, or rather rushing, between pine precipices, went up a rivulet and then descending to the Saane, fished without a rise. Climbed up a precipice from the river – passed the ruined tower of the Chateau of Vanel, belonging to the Counts of Gruyere – formerly from this point and the rivulet, begins the German part of the Pays de Gessenai – tried all down the river to opposite

²⁰⁵: The Bailly was the local ruling magistrate.

²⁰⁶: Didier of Grenoble unidentified.

²⁰⁷: "Thoun" (Ms.)

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Saanen, where it runs a quarter of a mile to the right, and where it flows from the narrow valley of the Launen.²⁰⁸

Crossed through Gessenai, being about to mistake the way, and got up a green hill into the road for Thoun. Saw the charaban following – saw snow mountains down the Lauen valley. Ascending almost continually, on hard, stoney roads through a high country [of] pasture lands crossed with mountains – a house or two and a village – small black cherry- and walnut- and pear- and apple-trees by the roadside. Got into Canton of Berne, and descending into the Simmenthal – there the valley again narrow – the mountains to the right covered with snow – the pastures running off the hills. Black cottages dotting the green steeps – cows, &c. The Ebel says [this] is one of the richest counties in [the Swiss Alps]²⁰⁹ – its cheeses and its wools are esteemed. It may be so, but it is certainly the dearest – forty-five francs charged us in the miserable inn of Zweysimmen, of which [we] paid thirty. The whole valley is thirteen leagues long – three long hours from Gessenai. The road very bad.

Arrived at Zweysimmen,²¹⁰ a town where the Bailly resides, and where he sent to ask us if we wanted any wine, and to state his regrets we had not lodged at his house. The Lion and Bear now one inn – very bad. Up ladders, through black kitchens, to rooms where I knocked my head.²¹¹ All deutsch, or rather, plat deutsch here – tried fishing in vain in the river. By Joseph's help good supper, but infernal bed with fleas.

²⁰⁸: Lauenen, southwards up the valley from modern Gstaad.

²⁰⁹: “Les habitants sont du nombre des peuples les plus riches des Alpes de la Suisse, du moins, de ceux qui font leurs principale occupation des soins de leurs bestiaux” (Ebel p. 535).

²¹⁰: “Zweysimmen” (Ms.)

²¹¹: B. records gleefully, “H. in next room – knocked his head against the door – and exclaimed of course against doors” (BLJ V 100).

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Saturday September 21st 1816: Great disturbances about the bill – our coachman sure they bled him at the jugular. I walked on as usual a little before eight. Road at first by the Simmen river plain, then saw a pretty reach of the stream flowing under a steep of firs. Got into car, went up and down, but mountains on the whole, through two or three villages in the Simmenthal, which grew more and more picturesque. To the little village of Weissenburg, in a bottom very picturesque, which gives a name to some hot sources a mile or two off, four or five hours from Zweysimmen. The valley is here very narrow, but hanging pastures are seen on each range of hills. That on the right is called the chain of the Niesen, that on the left the chain of the Stockhorn. These chains are from 6 to 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, the snow mountains at the bottom of the valley 9 and 10,000.

We breakfasted at Weissenburg. Twelve francs!!! again declared voleurs by our voiturier. Left Weissenburg half-past one for Thoun. Five hours – road still on the pent of the left declivity of the valley, which became more narrow. Passed Latterbach and Erlenbach²¹² – saw to the right a tremendous deep valley closed up by a glacier alp. The Nieder Simmen river flowing through it, green. Niesen 5,564 feet above the Lake of Thoun,²¹³ and 7,340 feet above the sea rising in front before, looking green to the high summit.

²¹²: “Laubuck and Erlanback” (Ms.) In fact they must have passed them in the reverse order.

²¹³: The Thuner See.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Thence the valley straitening, we went lower down into it, advancing through thick brushwood below and pines above, through a grand pass of gigantic rocks above woods on our left and woods in hills to our right, under the Niesen, till we squeezed out of the Simmenthal and saw the Chateau of Wimmis on the feet of the Niesen, amidst woods at our right. The road, going under woody acclivities and a green plain, gave us now, as we looked back, a view of the great frozen Alps. The Blumis Alp, next to the Niesen and the Jungfrau,²¹⁴ which, Joseph contended, were not so high as the Niesen. Left the river flowing between a woody dell to our right – caught a view of part of the Lake of Thoun. Went over a rising ground and came to the marshland, which Thoun stands a little way up. The mouth of the Aar, Thoun two leagues from Wimmis. Got there by a quarter past five.

Put up at the Freyhoff, an excellent inn. Walked out on the bank of the Aar to the Chateau of Schadau, as recommended, with its terrace which we could not miss, by Sharp²¹⁵ – the lake pretty, the Alps in clouds, the Stockhorn to the right of the Simmenthal visible. Schadau Chateau in very good active order – belongs to a Mr Ney²¹⁶ of Berne.²¹⁷

Returned, crossing the river, in a female ferry-boat, to our inn. Heard

²¹⁴: H. normally spells this peak's name "Yung Frau."

²¹⁵: Richard "Conversation" Sharp (1759-1835) M.P. and wit, friend to both B. and H. Perhaps lover of Samuel Rogers. B. to Rogers, April 4th 1817: "I saw your friend Sharp in Switzerland ... and he gave Hobhouse and me a very good route for the Bernese Alps – however we took another from a German" (BLJ V 205). They would not have needed Sharpe's recommendation in the case of the castle of Schadau: "Près de la ville est situe, tout au bord du lac, le château de Schadau, d'où l'on découvre une vue d'une beauté sublime et au-dessus de tout description ..." (Ebel pp. 559-60).

²¹⁶: Could be "They."

²¹⁷: "a Mr Ney of Berne belongs" (Ms.) Ney, or They, unidentified.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

concert given by a music school company. Dined in great room, and fell upon Clintons²¹⁸ and Mr Poynton⁷ and women.²¹⁹

From the outlet of Simmenthal the country is quite different. Find roads, good inns, and crowds of English.

Wrote journal and went to bed in good bed.

Sunday September 22nd 1816: Sent horses by land. Breakfasted, and went ourselves in boat (for nine francs, besides two francs five Swiss, one half more than French, for provisions) for Neuhaus, near the bottom of the lake – reckoned three leagues whilst the road is five.

Off half-past eight. Got to Neuhaus twelve – beautiful passage. Saw the Blumis Alp, Jungfrau, and the two higher summits, distinctly at first, with tide of white clouds resting in their lower regions. The Niesen and Stockhorn summits not visible. We kept near the left bank – woody, and getting more high and precipitous as we advanced, till ended in rocks cut down close to water's edge, and curving mountains whose clouds rose to the Alp tops – reminded of Utraikée²²⁰ in appearance. The single house of Neuhaus – landed – instant offer of one-horse German waggons made to us. Chose one, left word for Joseph to come on, and drove to Interlaken and Unterseen, looking about for the Interlaken, of which we had heard so much. This isthmus is composed of flat, very green meadows, and orchards between high woody mountains, but not equal to our Gessenai valleys, we thought. Interlaken is a sort of suburb to Unterseen, a largish town, but the inn of Interlaken is on the other side, near Brientz.

²¹⁸: Robert Cotton St. John Trefusis, 18th Baron Clinton (1787-1832) Peninsula War veteran, C-in-C English forces, Belgium (see 5 Apr 1815). In 1786 his father had married Albertine Marianna Gaulis (1764-1798) sister of Charles Abram Marc Gaulis, whom Claire Claremont believed to be her father (Stocking I 26 n4).

²¹⁹: Mr Poynton and women unidentified.

²²⁰: Utraique in Greece; see 14 and 15 Nov 1809.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Crossed the river at Untersee. Went on three leagues and a half to Lauterbrunnen, the whole approach to which, through a woody, rocky cavern, stretching, as it were, to the skies and closed up in front by precipices of ice and snow of the Jungfrau, is not to be described – we admired²²¹ everything as we advanced into these secluded regions – a large stone, apparently detached from the crags above, nearly stopped up the road. We saw an iron plate fixed upon it commemorating the massacre of one brother by another – the Lord of Rotenflue,²²² whom justice had destroyed, and razed his castles.

The only inn at Lauterbrunnen was full with young ladies and gentlemen, and a red-waistcoated groom, who observed the place was not much like England. Whilst he said this he looked at the Staubbach waterfall,²²³ rushing down a rock 900 perpendicular feet, just opposite on our right. We lodged at the pastor's, just opposite the Staubbach, and before dinner went with a guide, and horse for Byron, lower down the valley, till we came to a waterfall roaring down a crevice into a pool below from the roots of the Jungfrau. The valley was closed up by the glaciers of the ²²⁴ mountain, and just here the rocks on both sides were cut down perpendicularly from an immense height, as if they had been torn asunder. On the left called the Hunnenflue, on the right the Pletschberg.

²²¹: End of the volume now numbered BL. Add. Mss. 56536, start of the volume numbered BL. Add. Mss. 56537. H. splits a sentence over two diaries.

²²²: The Lord of Rotenfluh killed his brother and then fled, ostracised like Cain. His alienation and guilt may have suggested to B. the figure of Manfred.

²²³: B.'s own journal entry for early the next morning (BLJ V 101) suggests that the spectacular Staubbach waterfall may have formed his imagined setting for Manfred's dialogue with the Witch of the Alps in Act I Scene ii (though see 7 Oct 1816): H. never alludes to the composition of this work, which had almost certainly not been started yet.

²²⁴: Ms. gap: John Clubbe (*Byron et la Suisse*, p. 48) gives the missing word as "Breithorn."

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

We returned to the parsonage through a tremendous shower, accompanied with lightning and echoing thunder. I sought shelter under the eaves of a cottage, and was not treated with much ceremony, either by the rain or by the peasants within. The folks here are too much accustomed to tourists. Wet through, dressed and dined. The pastor sat down with us. He told us that Heber, the painter of Captain Cook's scenery,²²⁵ was his relation, and had been in the house. There was a young painter of Neufchatel in the house then, who shewed us some exquisite views. Everything was very comfortable in the parson's house, which has two good rooms at least – travellers pay their expenses, &c. Joseph asked for ours and was told they were twenty-six francs, which is comparatively cheap – slept well.

Monday September 23rd 1816: Up seven.²²⁶ Our parson told us of a village on the opposite hills 5,000 feet above the sea, whose inhabitants come down to his church, and which he is obliged to visit once a year. The young painter observed that the view of the Jungfrau and other high Alps was best at a certain distance – they appear to mount as you mount, he said.

Breakfasted, and set off at nine, with one Séchéron horse and a Lauterbrun horse, the mare or filly being sent the high road to Grindelwald, which goes to the village of Zweylütschinen, one league at the mouth of the valley, and then turns down to the Grindelwald.

I walked the first hour and a half, climbing up steep sides of the Tschuggen hill, green, woody, and cultivated with knots of cottages, till we came to the bare, green declivity of the Wengern Alp, where there were no herds, but a solitary flock of goats, the keeper of which, a little boy, came hopping and skipping down the hill towards them.

²²⁵: John Clubbe reads the painter's name as "Hodges," which is indeed the name of the illustrator (William Hodges) of Captain Cook's 1777 travel book; but the diary reads "Heber": H. may be confusing Hodge's name with that of Reginald Heber (see entry for 6 June 1816).

²²⁶: It was at seven in the morning that they went to inspect the Staubbach waterfall again.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

In two hours we were just opposite to the majestic Jungfrau and the two Eighers, the first a mass of rock and ice and snow, whose roots and whose summit were visible close to us. The sun glazed the conical point of the Silver Tooth,²²⁷ a peak rising a little to the right below the summit of the Jungfrau, then the white cone of the Wetterhorn rose upon us as we mounted higher up the slope of Wegern Alp, the ridge of which, where there is a division wall,²²⁸ we attained by half-past eleven and looked down upon the Grindelwald. It is during the half hour before arriving at this point. when you are turning round the green slopes of the Wengernberg or Alp, that you have the best view of the Jungfrau, only separated from you by the dale, half-choaked-up with snows and avalanches, called the Trümleten-thal.⁶

We took the bridles off our horses and put them to feed near a pool half-formed by a ridge of melting snows under the wall. Byron and I ascended to the summit, called Malinetha,²²⁹ to the left, 6,285 French feet above the level of the sea, an easy ascent, although on the Lauterbrun side it is one vast precipice. We were fifty minutes getting up, and when we arrived, the valley of Lauterbrun and the sides of the Jungfrau and Eighers were enveloped in clouds, which dashed up like waves of foam from the measureless crater and gulphs below and made the depths appear more hideous. The two Eighers were soon clear. The Grindelwald was a sunny tract, beneath whose frequent [] black cottages looked like scattered flocks of goats.

²²⁷: The Dent d'Argent.

²²⁸: The Kleine Scheidegg.

²²⁹: John Clubbe hazards the Männlichen.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

We lay down a short time contemplating this glorious scene, the wildness of which had, however, been somewhat infringed upon by the apparition of two or three females on horseback,²³⁰ just as we were congratulating ourselves on the superior solitariness of these scenes to Chamounix. We wrote our names on a bit of paper, which we hid under a small stone near a blue flower.²³¹ The flowers on these Alps appeared to me of a more bright and distinct hue – some yellow plants seemed to have communicated their tints to the stones, which appeared spotted with inlaid gold ... here it struck me one might have for a simile, that the constitution of our country was like an avalanche, which a word louder than a whisper would crumble upon our heads²³² – so say the ministers. Here one's spirits seemed lighter, one's head more clear. We descended. I lost my cane-head. Come to our horses, refreshed with meat and wine, in which I dissolved some snow. Heard avalanches echoing down the great Alps beside us, but could not catch a sight of the fall.

²³⁰: Annoying women not mentioned by B.: he says he “made a snowball and pelted Hobhouse with it” (BLJ V 102).

²³¹: Not mentioned by B.

²³²: If H. voiced such a thought, B. did not feel it worth recording.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Setting off for the Grindelwald, we found the descent more stony and difficult than the rise from the other side. We had the enormous precipices of the great Giant (Eigher) splitting down the whole mountain close on our right, without an intervening dell. The ride down into the valley was a delightful close to our day's journey – it was of three hours, nearly. I left the party to get to the bed of the black Lutschine, a stream flowing from the lower glacier of the Grindelwald between the Eigher and the Mettenbergh Alp, which is a branch of the great valley stretching between the Schreckhorn the Wetterhorns and the Mettenberg. Joseph could catch no fish in this frozen stream. The inhabitants of the Grindelwald valley were getting in their second harvest – they were more jocose and less simple with us passengers than to be expected from these regions, but the Grindelwald is a frequented valley, only a day and a half from Berne.

Arrived at the Bear, a new inn, at four. A damp wood house, too full of Clintons²³³ and others. We dined, and afterwards set out for the upper glacier, an hour's ride on horseback, with our parson's man for guide. We went by a rocky path, and it was almost dark before we reached the foot of this frozen sea, tumbling from between the Mettenbergh and Wetterhorn Alps in vast billows over our heads. A seat of deal is put now for the accommodation of ladies. We went down to the ice, then returned over the same path, rather perilous in the dark, the sky dotted with stars, the valley with cottage lights, with now and then a faint flash of lightning, added to the strangeness of the scene.

Came back, tea'd, and took []²³⁴ and went to bed. A goat with a bell running about the gallery, and noisy couples about, above, and underneath, did not let me sleep much.

Tuesday September 24th 1816: Set off at half-past seven, with our own two horses and two from Lauterbrun, with the parson's man for guide, a

²³³: Whom they had met two days previously.

²³⁴: John Clubbe hazards "tired and took tea and supper."

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

slow good-natured dunce, at six francs a day, the horses at twelve each, accompanied by peasants, who chose to take care of them gratis.²³⁵

Went first by the upper glacier. The Schreckhorn²³⁶ rose upon us above the Mettenbergh, between that mountain and the Wetterhorn; the hills before us partially covered, but the white razor ridge of the great giant²³⁷ was blazing in the sun. The Wetterhorn was close to our right with its mighty precipices. We ascended an easy road in point of height, but bad for our horses, up the marshes and pastures of the Bach Alp and Ross Alp, till we got to the ridge of the Grosse Scheidegg in two hours and a half, the latter part of our journey in cold vapour, which showed us but partial views of the Alps on our right and behind us. The ridge is called the Eselsrucken, or ass's back, 6,045 French feet above the sea. The height of these Alps is about thus, as given in Ebel: Jungfrau, 12,852; Eigher, 12,268; Wetterhorn, 11,453.²³⁸ The Schreckhorns and Vieschorns one or two hundred feet higher.

²³⁵: They can't have been authentic Swiss.

²³⁶: B. employs the name of this mountain in the rejected third Act of *Manfred*, in which the protagonist summons the demon Ashtaroth and orders her to carry the corrupt Abbot to its peak.

²³⁷: The Eigher.

²³⁸: Ebel (p. 116) actually gives the height of the Jungfrau as 12,872, and the Eigher as 12,666. Only in the case of the Wetterhorn does H. get it right.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Descending from the ridge, whence we had seen a circular chain of serrated mountains of the Faulhorn and Schwartzorns &c., we came down the the Alpigen, a dreary green lake, burnt, as it were, with cold, with here and there blasted forests of white pine.²³⁹ Stopped a little at twenty minutes to eleven in the Schwarzwald Alp opposite the Schwarzwald glacier, stretching down between the Wetterhorn and Wellhorn Alps and torrent. In less than an hour, still descending through the black forest, where we saw a mountain post-house, came in sight of the Great Rose glacier – Rosenlauri, situated between the Wellhorn and Nellihorn mountains. This is by far the finest glacier I have seen, suspended like a sea at a vast height, and lost in the masses of snow which cover the tops of these great Alps. It is a branch of the ice valley of Gauri. The best view of this glacier, which Joseph said had its name from being the flower of glaciers, was from the green plain under the Schwarzwald through which flows the Reichenback torrent. This is a very cold region, the path stoney and difficult for horses. The plain has many chalets, or cheese houses, raised on rick frames and well secured iron bolts and bars at the window holes.

²³⁹: B. had recorded this sight the previous day, in words designed to be read by Augusta: “Passed *whole woods of withered pines – all withered – trunks stripped and barkless – branches lifeless – done by a single winter – their appearance reminded me of me and my family*” (BLJ V 102).

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

We did not see a soul in this mountain except by the posthouse in the forest.

Crossed the Rheichenbach, and travelled an hour about by its right bank, where it runs more furiously through rocks and torn-up trees, down forests of blasted pines, till we went through a sort of pass of high hills on the left and woody summits on the right. Went by a village, and soon after came upon the noble valley of Hasli, with its green-peopled mountains beyond. Of this we had a fine prospect from a green knoll at the mouth of the high ravine, called the Zmirgi. This is most magnificent indeed; a lovely vale through which runs the Aar, and where is seen the pretty town of Meiringen laid out between high woody sweeping acclivities, stretching as far as the eye can reach towards the greater Alps of the Grimsel to the south, and winding to the north toward the lake of Brientz, interlaced with fine waterfalls. The ride had been rather tedious from the Scheideck downwards, and much in mist.

We were glad to descend into the valley, which we did very soon, not going to the bridge of Meyringhen, but turning to the left to the baths of Hasli. Saw, and went to see, the fall of the Rheichenbach after climbing a green hill to a deal gazebo, built by the Bailiff, who has hung up an order there and at the roadside to give nothing to guides thither; but could not prevent our being told that this edict did not include voluntary gifts. We were disappointed by the Rheichenbach, which is after all best seen by the path. There are three falls, we saw, top and bottom.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Arrived half-past one at the Bath house, a miserable solitary post-house, where we ate something, and took tea as usual – opposite side of the valley, three high waterfalls – the Hasli valley ten leagues long. The people are reckoned the finest in Switzerland. Bonstetten has since told me that he has found Swedish words in this valley; the women famous for beauty, and, Bonstetten says, for incontinence.

Went from Hazli baths, half past three, in the rain, and travelled three hours by the side of the Aar, which we crossed at the mouth of the valley to Brientz, a wooden hamlet on the corner of the lake of that name. As the lake opened upon us with its woody cliffs and precipices close to the water's edge more than half an hour before our arrival, we saw snow had fallen that day on the hills above the lake. Arrived quite soaked through Pulsford's waterproof cloak,²⁴⁰ where it was not double, below but dry above, at a very decent inn, where I should have enjoyed myself better if the door of our dinner room had been higher and I had not knocked my forehead a violent blow.²⁴¹

²⁴⁰: An early waterproof: the word "mackintosh" did not arrive until 1836. Pulsford and Serjeant were manufacturers of waterproof camblets to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York; they specialised in army camping equipment. One 2 June 1813 B. had paid them a bill for £25 1s.

²⁴¹: Not for the first time during the tour: see entry for September 20th. B. again records "H. hurt his head against door" (BLJ V 102).

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Dined, however, very well, and after dinner four singers – girls, three sisters and a cousin, were introduced by Joseph, and sang a Ranz de Vaches (not Croch's)²⁴² and other songs in parts, and generally standing falling in a circle – one song was about a big belly. This singing was usual, as the payment was fixed at seven francs ten sous, and we heard there was a better singing-party at Interlachen. Madelaine, Elizabeth, and another Madelaine Flick were three of their names; a fiddle afterwards struck up below, and we, going down, found Joseph capering an Allemand with shoes and stockings off, greatly to his own delight and really well. The more gentlemanly Berger joined afterwards in waltzing, which did also the farmers and boors with boots and pipes, and in such a manner as might shame a ball room in England. The singing girls were violent, but we saw nothing incorrect, though a loud cry of women in the night called us up from bed.

NB. Byron observed the whole family squinted at this inn – the costume of the women large, loose shift sleeves – black bodice.

Wednesday September 25th 1816: Rained in the morning, but we set off in dry at half-past eight in a boat which was to take us to Interlachen for three francs. Sent horses by land. Sent away our Lauterbrun horses, giving twelve francs a day for each, and the guide six. Rowed by a man and three women – one, the man's wife, was obscenely joked with by her husband in presence of their daughter in the boat. The lake is closer, and the banks more precipitous than those of Thoun – at the lower part it is very beautiful indeed, especially at the parsonage of Ringgenberg, and the old church on a big hill above, whence is seen the narrow entrance of the Lauterbrun valley.

²⁴²: *Recollections* II 22 has "... sung a Ranz des Vaches, not Croch's ..." The *Ranze des Vaches* was a song of intense patriotic nostalgia. See B.'s *Alpine Journal* entry for 19 Sept 1816 (BLJ V 99); or Wordsworth's sonnet *On Hearing the "Ranz des Vaches" on the top of the Pass of St. Gothard*. For a description, see *Shelley*, I 257.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Went a little way down the outlet of the Aar, and landed near a covered bridge. The Aar runs rather rapidly beyond this spot, and I tried to fish, but was stopped by the rain, when went into the Interlachen inn hard by – good and cheap, kept by a pantaloon who said he had been hired at a hundred louis a year, and his two daughters at thirty each, by an English Lord to go to England with him. Said he had been ruined by the revolution, that is, had not got a fortune by it. He told us the son – youngest – of the great Haller,²⁴³ “president of all the universities in Switzerland and Germany,” lived here. “I saw his house – he is the bailiff here, I fancy.” Byron dined. Interlachen inn is where travellers ought to stop.

Set off in three-franc charabanc for Neuhaus, arriving at which, set off with our old boatman of Thoun for that town, Joseph going with the horses round by land on our right, and a very bad, craggy path he found it. We saw him, and cattle, scrambling on the rocks. It was fine weather, and I walked the last hour or so, beating the boat – a hard race. Arrived at half-past five at the Freyhoff – found it was Thoun fair. Saw a pretty, genteel young woman dressed as a peasant. I dined well, and heard from the cream-faced waiter²⁴⁴ that one Alexander ———, who can neither write nor read, and was not worth a sixpence when he married, has now 300 cows, and makes a procession crowning his cattle with mountain roses, accompanied by all his friends when he drives his herds from and to the mountains. He told me something of the former riches of the Bailliage of Thoun under the old Berne government, which made a man 100,000 francs in five years.

²⁴³: Albrecht von Haller (1708-77) Swiss anatomist, physiologist, botanist and poet; his most famous work is, aptly, *Die Alpen*; though he was never “president of all the universities in Switzerland and Germany.”

²⁴⁴: *Macbeth* V iii 11: “The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!”

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Thursday September 26th 1816: Set off at half-past eight, after paying enormous bill, for Berne, five leagues – good road on the right of the Aar – country rich, corn-enclosed, woody, uneven, but not hilly. Women kating flax²⁴⁵ in companies. Byron lost his cane after we heard the mare was lamed.²⁴⁶ We went on, philosophising on ill and good luck, to Berne, where we put up at the Falcon at half-past eleven. Whilst Byron dined, I walked about. Went to natural history cabinet, and saw what large birds are natives of Switzerland.

Cane recovered, and mare reported well – we compared ourselves to Polycrates.²⁴⁷

Set off at half-past three for Fribourg, six leagues. We went through the same rich country, with now and then a little rising ground – enclosed corn and meadow fields, like England. Crossed the La Singine river at La Singine village, halfway into county of Fribourg. Here, we were told, was fought one of the battles between Swiss and French in 1799. The landlord seemed to exult in the number of French killed, and said General Pigeon²⁴⁸ was pigeoned here, but Berger, a Pays de Vaud man, said the French passed.

We observed an immediate difference between costume of Berne and Fribourg when we crossed the river. We did not arrive at Fribourg until nine at night. Climbing up the terrace streets of this old town, just perceiving the hill of the hermitages on our left, we put up at the Hotel des Marchands. Had good beds, a fire, and at seven a dinner.

²⁴⁵: What H. means by this word is not clear: he could refer to the process of *retting*, whereby flax is soaked prior to softening. I am grateful to Val Crocker for this idea.

²⁴⁶: It was a day of animal adventures. B. “Bought a dog – a very ugly dog – but ‘*tres mechant*’”; but H. doesn’t mention the dog (whose name is Mutz), and B. doesn’t mention the scare over the lame horse.

²⁴⁷: Polycrates was King of Samos; he threw a favourite ring into the sea, regretted it, received a fish as a present, and on cutting open the fish found the ring again: see Herodotus, *Histories* Book III. However, neither B. nor H. are guilty of any prior rashness: they merely share Polycrates’ luck.

²⁴⁸: General Pigeon unidentified. Anyone got any ideas?

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Friday September 27th 1816: Walked to the catholic church of St Nicholas opposite, during service. Thence to the Morat lime tree²⁴⁹ ... it is not a mulberry tree, as Ebel says.²⁵⁰ Its branches are supported by trellice-work, raised on pillars of stone erected in 1756 – it is hollow and much shrunk, but still in full leaf. A man grinding knives under it seemed the historian of the tree – it is still a very considerable shade. Saw the beautiful position of this town, looking on woody acclivities on the other side of the river, which flows nearly round the base of the town.

Set off at ten – after leaving the place a little, saw a man hanging on a gallows – there had been two lately of those, one of whom was broke on the wheel – [the] first for murder, the other a horse-stealer, a species of offender not pardoned in this country of horses.

Overtook the goods of the monks of la Trappe, leaving the chardeaux here for Normandy – they have been sent back to France by order of the Diet, as being great intriguers – Joseph said they castrated boys!!! which was received with a loud laugh by our coachman, but persisted in. The landlord at Payerne said he had known them come into his house dressed as officers, and leave it as monks. They are very rich. We soon overtook a diligence carrying some of the nuns of the same order – ugly and old, as far as I saw, whilst they unpacked themselves at Payerne. Passed a country house belonging to the procureur of St Bernard hospice, where are two dogs sculptured so well on the gateway posts that our coachman cried out, “Voilà beaux chiens!” Passed the village of Belfaux,²⁵¹ where the people would have burnt Comte the Ventriloquist if an old soldier had not saved him.²⁵²

²⁴⁹: The tree dates from and commemorates the battle of Morat in 1476, where the Swiss inflicted their second crushing defeat on Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy; a fact celebrated by B. at *Childe Harold* III stanzas 63-4.

²⁵⁰: H. misreads – Ebel does say it is a lime-tree: “Sur une colline au-dessus de Villars, on voit un tilleul, remarquable par sa grandeur. Il a 36 pieds de diamètre, et 90 pieds de hauteur” (Ebel p. 430); a mulberry-tree is *un mûrier*.

²⁵¹: “Befoul” (Ms.)

²⁵²: Near-lynching unidentified.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Country like England – road good, and between fruit trees – arrived at Payerne half-past one. Saw at the inn, Hotel de Ville, the relic called Queen Bertha's Saddle²⁵³ – her majesty road astride, as high as a Tartar, apparently.

At half-past three set out for Yverdon. Went through the same sort of English country at first, except that we had tobacco grounds, furnishing the Fribourg snuffs – the plant will not ripen this year. We came to the lake²⁵⁴ winding down its sandy woody banks, under whose beautiful acclivities we had a charming evening ride to Yverdon. We came to the town through large rows of tall poplars under the high walls, which gave a singular appearance to this place. Put up at a cheap inn, which would have given us good accommodation had it not been for the Duchess of Courland²⁵⁵ being there.

Saturday September 28th 1816: Took a view of the lake of Neuchatel from the poplar marsh in a delicious morning. Had an excellent breakfast. We had told us that Pestalozzi²⁵⁶ had a hundred scholars at thirty louis board and lodging each.

²⁵³: “On montre à Payerne la selle de la Reine Berthe: la partie antérieure de cette selle est pourvue d'un trou destinée à recevoir la quenouille dont la Reine se servait quand elle montait à cheval” (Ebel p. 459).

²⁵⁴: The Lac de Neuchâtel.

²⁵⁵: *Recollections* II 23 has “Duchess of Cleveland”; but “Courland” is correct. Both the duchesse de Courlande and her daughter Dorothée were mistresses of Talleyrand. B. merely refers to her as “a German Princess” (BLJ V 104); although at *Don Juan* X 58, 3-4 he refers to “Courland ... which that famous farce saw / Which gave her Dukes the graceless name of ‘Biron’”: a reference to the German adventurer Ernst Johann Bühren, Duke of Courland, who caused much misery as lover to the eighteenth-century Russian Empress Anna. *Shelley* (I 129) refers to the *Duchesse de Courland*.

²⁵⁶: Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi (1746-1827) the revolutionary educationalist, kept a secondary school at Yverdon from 1805 to 1825. Ebel has a long section on him (pp. 615-16).

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

We set off at nine through beautifully open country of vineyards and corn grounds and woody dells, with the Jura to our right. To Orbe²⁵⁷ two leagues – beautiful position of Orbe, its old castle, the dell, and river winding up the recesses of Mont Jura and the Val d’Orbe. Passed the same beautiful country to Lassara, two leagues, coming by a village²⁵⁸ called The Middle of the World, because the little rivulet divides, and one stream runs to the Lake of Geneva and thence to the Mediterranean, the other to the lake of Neuchatel and thence to the North Sea. Lassara, on a height, commands a full view. Went one league to Cossonay.

There, whilst Byron dined at a wretched dear inn, I walked out and found a sloping green field, where are a few apple trees, opposite the grounds and gardens of the chateau or house belonging to Mr Delanat. From this field I looked down upon the deep woody dell in which runs the Orbe – on the swelling plains of mead- and wine-land set with villages – on the Lake of Geneva and its Savoy hills, with the Clarens mountains – in short, on one of the most lovely prospects in Switzerland. The spot appeared to have been well selected for a view, as I found an overgrown bower. I lay down in the sun, enjoyed myself most entirely, and dared to write down in my pocket-book²⁵⁹ that I was happy. After, sat under a walnut-tree in Mr Delanat’s grounds, which are open to strangers.

²⁵⁷: La Sarraz.

²⁵⁸: Pompaples.

²⁵⁹: A different book from his diary.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Set off, after waiting for some relationships of Berger, at near four, and travelled through the same sort of country, having a view of Lausanne to our left till we came to the town of Aubonne, with the position of which, on a woody precipice overlooking the river, we were much delighted, and wound up the hill to the town instead of going on to Rolle. We thought ourselves going to a solitary place, out of reach of travellers, which we wished to see because Tavernier²⁶⁰ had lived there, and said he had never seen anything comparable to it but Yerevan²⁶¹ – however, we found the Duchess of Courland had half-crammed the inn, and, after we were lodged, came our ever-recurring friends the Clintons, who could not get room.

Byron and I walked to the terrace, which gave us the finest view we had ever seen of the Lake of Geneva, and if clear, does show from one end to the other of it. The moon rose over the Savoy Alps as we were contemplating the prospect. There was a large proud walk shaded with pine trees on this terrace, whose declivities down to the sea are a mixture of vineyards and woody grounds.

²⁶⁰: The traveller Jean-Baptiste Tavernier (1605-1689). The information is from Ebel: “Le fameux voyageur Tavernier acheta la baronnie d’Aubonne en 1669, à son retour d’Asie, où il avait amassé de grandes richesses; il y fit bâtir un château, n’ayant guère vu, suivant son jugement, de situation aussi délicieuse que celle-là, à laquelle il ne voyait de comparable que celle des environs d’Erivan en Perse” (p. 164).

²⁶¹: “Erivan” (Ms.) Now capital of Armenia.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

I supped alone,²⁶² and Berger told me about the former state of Pays de Vaud, when under the government of Berne.²⁶³ He owned the government to be paternal, and attentive to the wants and distresses of the people, but keeping up its authority by perpetual and intolerable perquisites – a peasant was not allowed to salt a pig without leave, so that in 1814, when it was supposed Berne would make an attempt to recover her dominions, the very children and women were ready to fight. Napoleon's arrival prevented the insurrection, as probably did it that of the canton of Aargau.¹¹

At bed I had alarms at night, and suffered intrusion from an old woman and chamber-pot in the morning, my room being the usual channel to a certain place, and usually occupied by part of the family. The crockery was broken, and the dame terrified.

After breakfast (dear inn) walked to terrace, but the mists prevented the view.

We set off at nine. Went down the hill through a pine avenue by a path, and then a sort of cultivated forest – on ...

... Sunday September 29th 1816 ...

... met gentlemen of Geneva, dining out their Sunday ladies as in England. Got into the high road – at Nyon by half-past eleven. Byron dined. We went on to Geneva, and came in as fine day as we set out, having had only four hours rain en route to Diodati, by four o'clock; thus finishing what we accounted a very prosperous and beautiful tour.

Found a letter from Lady Melbourne, from my father, from Matty,²⁶⁴ and [an] invitation from Madame de Staël for Tuesday next. Dined at home as usual. Lake. &c.

²⁶²: That is, without Byron. Berger doesn't count.

²⁶³: The Canton of Vaud obtained independence of Berne in 1798.

²⁶⁴: His half-sister Matilda.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Monday September 30th 1816: Reading. Went to Geneva, saw Hentsch, back again. Lake in the evening.²⁶⁵

Tuesday October 1st 1816: Dine at Coppet. Present, among others, the Prince of Mecklenburgh and the Duchess of Ragusa,²⁶⁶ Bonstetten, Schlegel, two Roccas, and many others. Table crammed. Introduced by Madame de Staël to Rocca, as an admirer of his memoirs, which I am. He said many handsome things to me of the Letters from Paris. Said they were extremely impartial – that Bonaparte was a bon homme, who did not let anything stand in the way of any object – that my description of him was most exact. Rocca [is] a very aimiable man, talking freely about his own or other persons' compositions, à la manière étrangere.

²⁶⁵: Evidently H. did not feel the following worthy of record: B. to Murray, September 30th: "... this evening on the lake in my boat with Mr. Hobhouse – the pole which sustains the mainsail slipped in tacking and struck me so violently on one of my legs (the *worst* luckily) as to make me do a foolish thing viz. to *faint* – a downright swoon – the thing must have jarred some nerve or other – for the bone is not injured – and hardly painful (it is six hours since), and cost Mr. H[obhouse] some apprehension and much sprinkling of water to recover me; – the sensation was a very odd one – I never had but two such before – once from a cut on the head with a stone several years ago – and once (long ago also) in falling into a great wreath of snow – – a sort of gray giddiness first – then nothingness – and a total loss of memory on beginning to recover – the last part is not disagreeable – if one did not find it again." (BLJ V 107-8).

²⁶⁶: B. to Murray, October 5th 1816: "There were the Duchess of Ragusa and a Prince of – I forget the name – but it was of fifty consonants – German of course – there – both very worthy and pleasing personages" (BLJ V 111). The Prince of Mecklenburg was the son of Duke Friedrich Franz I of the Baltic state of Mecklenburg-Schwerin (1756-1837) who had fought against Napoleon in 1814, and made himself Grand Duke in 1815: see Schlegel's obsequiousness before his title, reported by di Breme, 14 Oct 1816. The Duchess of Ragusa was wife to the French Marshal Marmont, whose children they had seen on 31 Aug 1816. She had been on friendly terms with Wellington at Paris in 1815. Ragusa is Dubrovnik on the Dalmatian coast, then Austrian territory (see *Don Juan* II 174, 8).

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Nothing was said remarkable. I sat next to Miss Randall, who told me that in the time of Napoleon the Duchess of Ragusa would not be seen in a house where Madame de Staël was, and used particularly to object to meet her. Schlegel and Madame de Staël sparred at dinner, selon leur usage. After dinner, when the great party was gone, Madame de Staël said, “There now, they are all gone – now we can talk freely – ain’t I a good person to show you princes and duchesses, &c?”

We began to cose.²⁶⁷ She would not let Rocca talk to me too much on account of his chest, which is affected by his wounds. Sharp says Madame de Staël has made an honest man of Rocca (if I have not recorded this before).²⁶⁸ Corinna²⁶⁹ said nothing today but civilities. Her Duchess daughter was very kind – she would carve the beef at dinner – she seemed much attached to the Duke, and ran out of the room when he was first announced from Paris. I promised Schlegel today a copy of my Travels. A Mr Schmidt²⁷⁰ told me he had seen favourable mention made of them in the Göttingen Journal.

²⁶⁷: *cause* (chat).

²⁶⁸: He has. See above, entry for 12 Sept 1816.

²⁶⁹: Madame de Staël herself, so-called from her own novel *Corinne* (1807).

²⁷⁰: Mr Schmidt otherwise unidentified.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Schlegel talked to me of Greek geography, torronically,²⁷¹ I thought. He gave me a treatise of his on the Venetian horses,²⁷² which I read, and which decides nothing except that those who attribute them to the Roman founders²⁷³ of Nero's time are wrong, and that they were probably cast by some of the disciples of Lyssipus.²⁷⁴ He also lent me the Defence of the Greek Clergy by Ignatius, Bishop of Bucharest,²⁷⁵ part of which I read, and which contains some curious accounts of the present recovery of the Greek church, and a fair attack on Doukas,²⁷⁶ who has abused the whole body of ancient and modern clergy. The ancient history shows no great depth, and what he says of the democracy of the church is certainly not true. Madame de Staël asked us to dine the next Thursday, and we went away.

Took boat to Genthod and got to Diodati.

Wednesday October 2nd 1816: Went to Geneva, to Hentsch, got a draft on Milan for £150 value at forty-seven something the pound – returned to Diodati. Sent letter today to Sophia – read Schlegel. Lake crossed and back this fine night.

²⁷¹: A Hobhousean coinage, implying “in a dogmatic and boring manner.”

²⁷²: The horses before St Mark's in Venice, stolen from Constantinople by the Crusaders in 1204; they had been taken from Venice by Napoleon, and returned in 1815.

²⁷³: Conjectural reading.

²⁷⁴: Lysippus (c.360-16 B.C.) Greek sculptor.

²⁷⁵: Metropolitan Ignatius of Oungrovlakhia was spokesman for the Greek community at Leghorn during B.'s stay at Pisa, and wrote B. a letter of advice on his departure for Greece in 1823. The pamphlet Schlegel lends H. is his *Apology* for the Greek Church, published at Pisa in 1815, advertising the Greek clergy's activities in education and so on.

²⁷⁶: Neophytos Doukas (c.1760-1845) classical commentator and priest in charge of the Greek church in Vienna. During the War of Independence he worked in Transylvania.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Thursday October 3rd 1816: Dined today at Coppet. Nobody there but Schlegel, Bonstetten, Rocca, the Duchess,²⁷⁷ Miss Randall, and ourselves. Schlegel showed me a translation in German of the Ghulistan,²⁷⁸ made in 16—. He and Madame de Staël sparred at dinner, and afterwards Schlegel showed himself dreadfully national, and would not permit her to tell a story even of Neipperg being the Empress Maria Louisa's lover.²⁷⁹ Madame de Staël mentioned that Maria Louisa was angry with the Bolognese for crying out, "Viva l'infelice sposa!" and said that the time she spent with Napoleon was the most miserable of her life. We had a deal of smart talking after dinner. I told Madame de Staël that her phrases in *Adolphe* were "Comme les vers luisans sur des feuilles mortes: dont la lumière ne sert qu'à montrer la sécheresse des alentours."²⁸⁰ She turned to Bonstetten – "Charmant, n'est-ce pas?" She was in high good humour – begged us to stay for her in Italy, and she would go to Greece with us. Told me my Letters had affected her very much. She wrote [a] recommendatory letter for Byron, and added my name, to Monsignor Breme²⁸¹ at Milan.

²⁷⁷: The Duchess of Broglie, Madame de Staël's daughter. We learn from B. (BLJ V 111) that she was pregnant at this time.

²⁷⁸: "The Land of Roses," a collection of fantastical tales from ancient Persia, attributed to Saadi, and similar to the *1,001 Nights*.

²⁷⁹: Adam Adalbert, Count von Niepperg, married the Empress Marie-Louise upon Napoleon's death in 1821, having been her lover.

²⁸⁰: "Like shimmering verses about dead leaves, of which the light only served to show up the barrenness of their surroundings." H. is making up for his loss of nerve on 12 Sept 1816, when he *almost* said this. See *Don Juan*, XIII Stanzas 97-8 and 109: "What unexpected woes / Await those who have studied their *bon mots*!"

²⁸¹: The Abbate Ludovico di Breme, liberal Italian man of letters. Later entries make it clear he was at Coppet, although B. does not seem to have met him there; Polidori (*Diary* p. 139) refers to his "son." In fact the Abbate was the brother of the Marchese. Madame de Staël here writes B. and H. a letter of introduction to him at Milan, where he makes a great impression on H. See 13, 14, 17 and 21 Oct 1816.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Rocca told me that Bernadotte²⁸² had been foretold that he should have a crown, and that he knew a French marshal²⁸³ who believed in the omens of ravens, &c., although equally incredulous as to God and the devil. Rocca is to write memoirs of the war since the revolution. He told me that the French so completely expected the enemy under Moore to retreat to Lisbon²⁸⁴ that every preparation was made in that quarter. The Spanish commissioners had also provided for the English on that side. We took an affectionate leave of Madame de Staël, who lent me Chateaubriand's mad book,²⁸⁵ and carried Bonstetten with us to Genthod. In the way he told us anecdotes of Gray and Voltaire. Of Gray, he said he had met him by accident in London – Gray said, "You can do better than be a man of fashion – come to Cambridge with me."²⁸⁶ They went together next day. Gray was extremely respected, but his poetical reputation was higher now than then. He had the *esprit genie* and the *humeur triste*. He was plotting lectures on the English history. When asked why he did not do something more, he answered by a sigh.

²⁸²: Jean Baptiste Jules Bernadotte (1763-1844) French Marshal, veteran of Austerlitz and Wagram, elected King of Sweden in 1810. Schlegel had served with him briefly, on the recommendation of Madame de Staël, who idolised him.

²⁸³: Perhaps Ney, whom H. would have held in too great a reverence to name in this context. Napoleon was himself superstitious, as was B., who never took initiatives on Fridays.

²⁸⁴: In Dec 1808. Instead Moore had retreated to Corunna, where he died in the moment of victory. See Napier's *Peninsular War*, Chapter 4.

²⁸⁵: *De la Monarchie Selon la Charte*, which had been published less than a month before, on 16 Sept 1816. Though H. disliked it (see next entry) it cost Chateaubriand his post as Minister of State under Louis XVIII.

²⁸⁶: Bonstetten had been in Cambridge with Gray during 1769-70. See B.'s letter to Rogers, BLJ V 85-7.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Voltaire, he said, was unlike any human being – he never spoke without saying something quite in his own way, if it were only “Give me my slippers.” He kept the whole country in a tremor, yet he was so kind his secretary never had an unkind word from him, and never was requested to do anything extraordinary, such as getting up in the night, without some handsome regret being expressed. This he²⁸⁷ told to Bonstetten. The play at Ferney was most exquisite – they played Molière sometimes, with additions from Voltaire relative to Fréron²⁸⁸ and others, which made the audience die of laughing. A pretty girl from a convent was playing or rehearsing in one of his tragedies. She trembled, and spoke so low that Voltaire jumped on the stage; swore then, “Mademoiselle! imaginez que les hussards viennent violer votre couvent – haussez la voix!” Miss was so frightened she could not contain herself, and actually watered the stage and the heads of the fiddlers.

Bonstetten told us that Bürger the poet²⁸⁹ fell in love with his wife’s sister, killed his wife with regret, and married the other, which turned out a very triste marriage.

We took leave of this merry, aimiable old man – crossed the lake and got to Diodati late.

²⁸⁷: The secretary.

²⁸⁸: Elle Catherine Fréron (1718-76) one of Voltaire’s foremost ideological opponents.

²⁸⁹: Gottfried August Bürger (1747-94) author of the ballad *Leonore* and part-author of *The Adventures of Baron Münchhausen*. Bonstetten may have been practising a little humbug: although Bürger did marry his sister-in-law, it was his third marriage which was disastrous.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Friday October 4th 1816: Spent the day in reading Chateaubriand, and writing to Madame de Staël about his book. Went to Geneva, called on Rossi.²⁹⁰ Saw Madame de Staël, who shook hands and said, “God bless you, stay for me in Italy!” Schlegel gave me before a note for her.

Dined at home. Sat up late, writing a letter to Madame de Staël on Chateaubriand’s book,²⁹¹ which is the most malicious, violent, mischievous and cunning ever read – the first half preaching liberty, the second advising persecution, and the whole ending with a miserable propos de prêtre – to give bishops seats in the Chamber of Peers and priests in the House of Deputies.²⁹² The one he says is done in England, but he makes nothing of the other not being done. He says in one place that Catholicism is not anti-liberal, for Schweineen and Underwald were Catholic!!!²⁹³

Saturday October 5th 1816: Received a letter from Henry which told me that my sister Sophy has been unwell and out of spirits – this has put me into great distress, and made me set out to cross the Alps without any delight at a prospect which would formerly have filled me with joy. I wrote to Henry and Sophy, begging the former to bring his wife and Sophy out to Italy.

²⁹⁰: Count Pellegrino Rossi (1787-1848) Italian statesman and economist, was in 1816 exiled from Italy, where he had been secretary to Joachim Murat, and occupied a chair in law at Geneva University. In 1818 he was responsible for translating *The Giaour* – the first translation of a B. poem into Italian. It was published in Paris in 1817 and in Milan in 1818, with an introduction by Lodovico di Breme. Rossi was assassinated by a pro-Papal mob when French ambassador to Rome.

²⁹¹: *De la Monarchie Selon la Charte* (see 3 Oct 1816).

²⁹²: *De la Monarchie Selon la Charte*, Chapter XC (first edition).

²⁹³: “Les trois cantons d’Uri, de Schwist et d’Underwald ne professent-ils pas également la religion catholique, et n’y-t ils pas déjà quatre siècle qu’ils ont donné à l’Europe barbare l’exemple de la liberté? En Angleterre, un clergé riche et puissant est le plus ferme appui du trône, comme de la constitution britannique; et le temps n’est pas éloigné sans doute où le clergé catholique irlandais jouira des bienfaits de cette belle constitution” – *ibid*, Chapter XC (first edition).

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Set off with Lord Byron, he having his two carriages and seven horses, one mare and two from Dijouin at twenty-four francs a day, coachman not comprised, at three a day. Left Diodati, after taking a farewell view of the lake, at half-past eleven.

We went through a desolate, bushy, unpeopled country on a fine road to Dovaine, where we were searched, or rather not searched, on entering the dominions of the King of Sardinia,²⁹⁴ then went on to Thonon, near which place the country becomes more precipitous and picturesque. The mountains approaching on the right showed us a fine old castle in ruins, on a ledge of rocks running up the valley. Arriving at Thonon, five-and-a-half hours from Geneva, which is a miserable dirty town,²⁹⁵ we put up at a wretched inn near the terrace, which, however, looks over the Lake, and has a good prospect of the woody bank on which the town stands.

²⁹⁴: The Kingdom of Sardinia included Savoy and Piedmont, into which B. and H. are now travelling. Lost to Napoleon at Marengo in 1800, the states were returned to Sardinia at the Congress of Vienna in 1815, a fact to which the Englishmen would have objected.

²⁹⁵: H. refers to Thonon, not Geneva (though he's not fond of Geneva either).

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Before dinner we took a charaban and went to La Ripaille,²⁹⁶ passing between vineyards which yield a good red wine, not far from the lake – half an hour's ride. We entered, malgré some savage pointer dogs into the courtyard, where we saw General Dupas²⁹⁷ and another standing, and were permitted to see the outside of this old building, which has nothing remarkable about it. The monks were turned out by the French, and the property has been thrice sold, General Dupas being the third purchaser. The church is become a barn – the old towers, all but two, are razed, and a garden is formed on the buttresses over the front gateway, where are seen the arms of the Prince of Savoy surmounted by the Papal Arms, which he resigned,²⁹⁸ to make good cheer in this mansion.²⁹⁹ The French have changed the tiara to a cap of liberty. There is profusion of game here – the mansion seems very extensive. Returning from our inspection, we saw a lady killing fowls, and were told she was the mistress of the house. Afterwards we spoke with the General, a fine tall fellow in a white farmer's hat, who told us, "Autrefois je commandais de divisions – à present je ne commande que ma femme." He added that he had no steward under him, but did everything himself. He had lost 75,000 livres of rent by French affairs, and now they were going to take away 4,000 livres more from him, because he would not be naturalised a Frenchman. He was gay, and said something of roast beef in return to a facile pleasantry of mine about his commanding his wife. He said he had served under Louis XVI, omitting to tell us he had also under Bonaparte, which I fancy he did a long time.³⁰⁰

Coming back, we went another way by the high road – the moon rose over the Dent de Jaman, and seemed rolling slowly, or climbing as the song says, the side of the mountain, till it rested for a minute upon the top. Before it had ascended into the sky it was near the full, and most beautiful.

²⁹⁶: The castle-priory of La Ripaille, founded in 1410 by Amadeus VIII of Savoy.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

We returned to our sordid inn, dined on ombre cheralis,³⁰¹ which I think had a bad fish in or out of season, and went to bed early.

Sunday October 6th 1816: Up very early, but not off until eight. Went over a long bridge over the torrent of the Dransse. Two hours to Evian, a small narrow-streeted town, better far than Thoun. There we went by the water's edge on Napoleon's noble road, which is the beginning of what he called the department of the Simplon.³⁰² Approaching the hamlet of Meillerie, the rocks and woods and all the magnificence of that scenery which Rousseau found so savage in winter,³⁰³ but which seemed to us any thing but savage, then came down close upon us. The souvenirs³⁰⁴ did not appear to us at all destroyed by the road, or if it did, we agreed with Rocca, that "La route vaut bien les souvenirs."

Onwards to St Gingough, the scenery appeared more glorious, the rocks higher and more impending. St Preux evidently took this part of the shore whence he might see Clarens, and chose Meillerie as a well-sounding name.³⁰⁵ Here the precipices were bolder and more woody, with vast dells or rude ravines running up towards the bleak summit of the Dent d'Oche. The road was cut through rocks.

²⁹⁷: "Duppa" (Ms.) General Pierre Louis Dupas (1761-1823), born at Evian, purchased La Ripaille in 1809 and lived in it till his death. *Italy* (I 7) repeats *Duppa*.

²⁹⁸: Amadeus VIII became Pope Felix V in 1439, but resigned in 1449.

²⁹⁹: *Recollections* (II 29) has "... resigned for this sensual seclusion."

³⁰⁰: Dupas had served Napoleon in Egypt and throughout the first decade of the century.

³⁰¹: "Ombre cheralis" should be "omble chevalier." A fish which exists only in Lake Geneva, and is closest in appearance and taste to the trout (pink-fleshed) but distinctive in taste.

³⁰²: The Simplon Pass was only used by locals until Napoleon's engineers made a carriage-road through it, 1800-7.

³⁰³: See Rousseau, *Julie ou la Nouvelle Héloïse*, IV, xvii. H. confounds Rousseau with St. Preux.

³⁰⁴: The memories of Hannibal.

³⁰⁵: H. seems to be doing what so many Swiss peasants have already done, and confusing St. Preux with Rousseau.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Arrived at St Gingough by twelve, and stopped here for Byron to eat. I wrote the pencil original of this³⁰⁶ from the window of the inn, under a woody ravine crowned with noble rocks – there was not a cloud to be seen. Clarens, Vevey, Chillon, the Dent de Jaman, and all the hills of the other side of the lake in the repose before me.

Set off to St Maurice,³⁰⁷ six hours. Arrived there by eight. The road was rather stoney, the scenery most beautiful, of the same woody, rocky kind, through [a] grove of noble horse-chestnuts, up to the bottom of the lake; hills rising above hills from the waters' edge. At Boverst, and after entering the Porte Sex close to the Rhone, through a gate which shuts up the valley of the Rhone. The road was still through wild and high scenes, but was not so rich. We were in the Valais now, and had before us a view of glacier mountains and the Dent de Midi. As we advanced, the valley became narrower, passing one or two dirty villages. It opened again at a green plain one hour from St Maurice, where a river flows from the Val de Lie.

We went through Monthey, a better sort of town, and proceeded into the bowels of the mountain, as it were. The evening having closed, and the valley narrowing every step till we came to the gate of St Maurice, which we passed by a one-arched bridge, said to be a Roman work, but looking modern enough. At this spot the Rhone is the road, or makes all the valley. The gate shuts up the [] of the Valais on this side every night – there is scarcely room for the little town of St Maurice, which we thought must be let into the perpendicular rocks here running down to the bank of the river.

³⁰⁶: Evidence that the document here transcribed is not a first version: see also entry for 28 Sept 1816.

³⁰⁷: St. Maurice, in the Rhone valley, is the site of Switzerland's oldest known Christian settlement: in *Manfred*, it is the Abbot of St. Maurice who comes in the third Act to plead for Manfred's salvation.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Springhetti (or Springenetti)³⁰⁸ took us to a very decent inn, where they gave me a very good dinner, and Byron some tea.³⁰⁹

After I had gone to my room Byron called me out to the gallery to look at the rocks and the church and the snowy top of the Dent du Midi, sleeping in the moonlight and apparently close to us, like a scene in the theatre. The little church is in a rocky nook above the town.

Slept well.

Monday October 7th 1816: Rose early, but not off before nine, going along the Valais – very narrow, the Rhone bank on the other side. Huge rocks furrowed by torrents, now dry. On our side, fine rocks partially woody, with a poor, bushy country beneath. Fine views of the very conical peak of the Dent de Midi, rising above its ledge of snow on our right. In two hours we came to the famous waterfall of the Pissevache, whose name the delicate Matthieson³¹⁰ will not pronounce. A few cottages are the habitations of the little children who offer you crystal and pears and flowers here, and guide you up the loose stones at the foot of the fall. It is certainly the finest fall I have seen – the body of water greater than the Staubbach,³¹¹ the spray falling air, such as, Fletcher said, like old Mr Becher's³¹² wig in the air above us, and the whole stream flowing into a pool of rocks at our feet and forming a rainbow which in the morning stretches across the whole valley of the Rhone. There are large trout in this pool, one of which Joseph saw jump at his bait (Duner's³¹³ artificial fish).³¹⁴

³⁰⁸: B. to Fletcher, 21-2(??) Sept 1816: "... desire Springhetti (the Italian whose horses are engaged by us to Italy ... to wait for my return" (BLJ V 105): at BLJ V 129 B. writes Springhetti a reference.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

In an hour we came to the little town of Martigny, at the point where the valley turns abruptly to the eastward, and where the Val de Dranze joins the Valais from the side of Mont Blanc. The snowy summits of parts of the St Bernard are seen from this point. On a little hill above the town stand the ruins of the castle of Martigny – la Bathia – which present a fine, dark object from the Valais higher up the Rhone. Martigny is supposed the site of Octodurus, where – – .³¹⁵

³⁰⁹: Notice that B. and H. do not always eat together.

³¹⁰: Perhaps the German poet Friedrich von Matthisson (1761-1831) whose letters B. was lent by Rogers: see BLJ V 85; perhaps T.J. Matthias the Trinity don, author of *The Pursuits of Literature*.

³¹¹: It is the Staubbach fall which, B. implies, engendered Manfred's confrontation with the Witch of the Alps (see entry for 22 Sept 1816, and BLJ V 101 and VII 113): but the Pissevache fall and its rainbow may have served him as further inspiration.

³¹²: The Reverend John Thomas Becher was the Southwell vicar who objected to B.'s *Fugitive Pieces* on the grounds that they were "too warmly drawn." He was related to Elizabeth Pigot.

³¹³: Conjectural reading.

³¹⁴: His bait. Compare the reference to "artificial minnows" in entry for 10 Sept 1816.

³¹⁵: Caesar's lieutenant Galba quartered troops at Octodurus in 57 BC. See *de Bello Gallico* II v. H. presumably could not remember this immediately; hence the dashes.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

I set off, fishing rod in hand, to try the river which falls into the Rhone and the Rhone itself. Caught nothing, but lost my way in a burning sun opposite the village of Fouly, which is reckoned the hottest of the hot bas valais. Here are rocks on both sides, with a plain of brush wood and interspersed meadows, where I saw a few cows – a desolate, hard country. Wandered, about running to join the main road, got into it, and a cart, the owner of which told me marvellous stories about wolves – how they follow men, but will not leap upon them unless they fall, how they killed all the dogs of a whole village last year, how one leapt upon a man's shoulder as he was sitting down to his occasions under his cottage one night, and was carried by the man into his room and caught alive, how a bear had been killed in the opposite mountains, how there was much game, chamois,³¹⁶ marmots. I asked him how they liked being made a canton³¹⁷ – he said they knew nothing about it yet, except they were obliged to furnish 1,000 men to the King of France and 1,200 to the guard of the canton.

We saw some villages on the ledges of the rocks. I took out my rod again at the bridge over the Rhone at Riddes, and was overtaken by the carriages, which I mounted and arrived with them by eight o'clock at Sion, where was a good large inn in an open large street. Three families besides ourselves were there. We had good beds, and one decent dinner. The waiter told us a story of a bear and man who met in the mountains – fairly wrestled – fell over a precipice. The bear was undermost and killed, the man above and saved. He is alive yet. They estimate wealth in the Valais by cattle. The cart man said the clergyman of Riddes was rich – he had forty cows. Fine day.

³¹⁶: The only reference in the journal to the beast, a hunter of which figures so prominently in *Manfred*.

³¹⁷: After the political reorganisation of Switzerland in 1815. H., bored by the man's vulpine stories, tests out his political sophistication and finds he has none: but see tomorrow.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Tuesday October 8th 1816: We were off at eight, and saw little of Sion but its old castle on the hill, which looked well rising above the mists of the morning. There are, I see by Ebel, several Roman antiquities here. The town was taken by assault by the French in 1795 – the Germans of the Haut Valais valiantly resisted the French, who were assisted by the French-speaking people of the bas³¹⁸ Valais – the consequence is a mutual hate – my cartman³¹⁹ told me that the Haut Valaisans would willingly burn the bas Valais, and often threatened them. Sion is the capital of the Valais.

From this town we went on to Forestmagne, six hours. The valley here up to Siere, three hours, is much richer in cultivation and scenery than on the other sides, either up or down the Rhone – it is swelled into montailles of calcarious stone, some quite wooded, others only partially, some of them crowned with old castles. The banks, or rather Alps, on both sides are very beautiful and majestic: high woods, intermingled meadows, white villages, and rocks towering above all, here and there tinged with snow. Just beyond Sion the road passes the Rhone, and goes between two woody hillocks, then through the same sort of country – rich, well-peopled, embanked with mighty Alps opposite to Leuk, two hours from Siere, from a bridge over a torrent, opposite to which there is a most majestic view of a rocky cleft in an Alp of stone. Here a torrent has given a curious appearance to a bed of sand and white stone, sloping down to the Rhone, and looking like the effects of fire. I fished in vain³²⁰ along the banks of the river.

³¹⁸: “low” (Ms.)

³¹⁹: The man with the wolf-stories. Evidently he did know something of local politics, at least of the territorial kind.

³²⁰: Though an enthusiastic fisherman, H. rarely seems to have any luck.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

To Tourtman, one hour, through the same fine country – potatoes much cultivated, bread very scarce in the Valais – the road is good, but up and down little acclivities, so that Springhetti went slowly. It is very fine and straight for a mile and half, over a marsh, to Tourtman. There is a single house, apparently a good inn, the horses baited. Byron dined.

We set off at quarter past four for Brieg, five hours. The road was good, the country more wild, the snow peaks of the Ganterhorn were seen in front. We had a bushy plain on our left, and the rocks close on our right, the road being occasionally cut through them. We passed two villages, Brantick and Turtig, and then Visp, a town with its river flowing from a deep valley. From Visp to Brieg, two hours. In the dusk the moon, being up on the glaciers of the Ganterhorn, showed us a wild country. We passed over another lava bed, then the town of Gliss, where we saw a large chapel. Here we left the great road, and went a full mile to Brieg, where we found a bad, full inn. I supped and went to bed – there was no bolt to my inn door. The maid said, “Put your chair against it – there is no fear here, you are not in Italy.” Fine day.

Wednesday October 9th 1816:³²¹ Six fresh horses were put to Byron’s carriage, three to his calesh, and two to mine. Springhetti said he would ride on to the top of the Simplon to have his horses fresh to change with two peasants’ horses. We set off at eight, to cross the Alps.

³²¹: *Recollections* (II 32-4) strips this entry of all political thoughts, and of all references to the people H. meets on the road.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Went for the first mile and a half of ascent by a crossroad which joins the Simplon Napoleon road. Getting into this noble road, we found it in every respect equal to its fame, and improving upon us as we ascended.³²² We were struck with a hermitage and a line of oratories, placed at the turns of the craggy path leading to it. The breadth of the Simplon road is twenty-five french feet, and it rises only two-and-a-half French inches in a toise.³²³ It was dusty, like a great turnpike road. In some places it is flanked by conical stone posts, at others by a low wall, and at others large brown posts and rails, which give it the air of a carriageway through an English park, winding through noble woods. In about two hours ascent we mounted, and wound out of the view of the Valais, and came amongst pine hills and rifted rocks looking down upon vast depths, strewn with fallen trees and frequently with rocks,³²⁴ and glittering with torrents not to be³²⁵ seen nor heard in the distance.

The sunny peak of the Ganter rose upon us to the left. We saw a few wooden houses, the hamlet of Pernal³²⁶ on a green height, and then went rather downhill to the fine bridge of Roman work over two torrents – this I believe is called the bridge of Oesbruck. Mounting up hill again, we came by one o'clock to the Refuge N^o III, the post-house, where two carriages were waiting belonging to two English and an Italian Marquis with his tutor Abbate.

³²²: Compare *Don Juan*, IX 66, 5-8:

'Tis very true the hill seemed rather high

For a lieutenant to climb up – but Skill

Smoothed even the Simplon's Steep, and, by God's blessing,

With Youth and Health all kisses are "Heaven-kissing."

Also B.'s letter to Murray, BLJ V 115: "The Simplon is magnificent in its nature and it's art – both God and Man have done wonders – to say nothing of the Devil – who must certainly have had a hand (or a hoof) in some of the rocks and ravines through and over which the works are carried."

³²³: A toise is two metres approximately. See *Don Juan*, VII, 9, 8.

³²⁴: "and frequent of rocks" (Ms.)

³²⁵: "not to [] nor" overlineated here.

³²⁶: Conjectural reading.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

I walked the greater part of this wonderful road. Observed the metallic appearance of the rocks, which are many of them split into lamina³²⁷ – on the other side of the hill there is a gold mine, which employs fifty workmen, and extracts thirty louis value a day after expenses are paid. It belongs to a private individual. We took fresh milk, bread, cheese, and some of Fletcher’s spared champagne,³²⁸ at the refuge door. Byron and I walked on at two o’clock.

Passed some men working, or resting from their work, on the road. I asked them if it was true that the King of Sardinia³²⁹ had ordered part of the Simplon road to be broken up. One of them said quietly, “Who told you that?” and added, “How do you think he could be capable of such a bêtise?³³⁰ He takes more care of his side than the Swiss do of theirs!” I saw at once they were not Swiss, and asked them – they were Italians, but all spoke French well. The spokesman said he had worked for his master Napoleon – talked with enthusiasm of him and his works – and said all went well then – now all were poor – he had not tasted wine for three months. He said perhaps Napoleon would come back.

I never recollect seeing so decided a change of countenance and manner as in these Italians from the Valaisians. We had before heard Italian spoken occasionally, but not seen Italians.

³²⁷: Thin plates or layers.

³²⁸: We know no more about Fletcher’s “spared champagne.”

³²⁹: King Victor Emmanuel I of Sardinia had retired in 1814, leaving his brother Carlo Felice as Viceroy; when he abdicated in 1821, Carlo Felice succeeded him.

³³⁰: Ebel’s guidebook is H.’s source for the rumour: “Le Roi de *Sardaigne*, en 1814, a fait détruire plusieurs points de cette nouvelle route, de sorte qu’elle est maintenant impracticable” – *Ebel* 537.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

In an hour from the third refuge mounted to the fourth, whence was the finest view I had yet seen – the snowy Simplon in front, the brown hill of the barrier topped or streaked with snow contrasted with it, the pine-forested cone towering to the right with snowy ridges a little further beyond, and the bright pine-dells down to a vast depth, buried in the sunshine of the declining day. All was most magnificent, and I sat down to record it on the spot. At four went through a valley cut in the rock, thirty paces long. Turned round to have a view of the Valais, and a little church in a green nook, looking as it were in another world below, crowned by the glacier mountains of the Pays de Vaud. I continued to walk, and passed the fifth refuge, in a wild country above the trees, with ice and snow near it under the glacier. Wrote a few lines on a paper for a friend³³¹ to find. Passed a torrent, over which, close to the road, was a mass of frozen snow arched by the stream, near a similar avalanche in the wild gully beneath the road, where a few sheep were feeding above the region even of the pine.

Met several pairs of post-horses, but only one or two foot-passengers. Passed round by the side of another gully, fifty paces long, dripping with water, close by a torrent, which had brought down masses of snow to the road. Arrived shortly after at the barrier, or new spital, where the Simplon toll of six francs a horse is paid. Springhetti was waiting to change horses. We admired³³² the peasants paying thirteen-and-a-half francs a pair for their cattle.

It was five o'clock, and very cold on this summit, which I see is 4,690 French feet above the level of the sea.

A savage, black-faced, long-haired, dark-eyed fellow, with a physiognomy observable in the Valais here, was angry at Joseph's dog beating his dog, who began the battle.

³³¹: Presumably B., following behind in his carriage.

³³²: In the sense of "marvelled at."

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Set off at half-past five for Simplon. Went a good pace along a noble road, plain for some little time and then descending. Saw first the beginning of the new spital or convent, designed under Napoleon's time, and then below, in a dreary dell where the old zigzag road joins the new, the Turkish-looking old spital with its brazen bell. Descended through blasted hills of rock and thinly scattered pine, the snows of the Simplon above and dells of fir below. Crossed a desolate village, and the bridge of Saint->brache, and then arrived at Simplon, which gave the name to the French department, but is a village 3,200 odd feet up. Three Athenians met there – Lord Byron, myself, and a Genevese.³³³

The landlady, a Lyonnaise, told us at supper³³⁴ time that she was sent there by Lavalette,³³⁵ who told her to attend to the post, that it might be worthy of the Emperor when he went over the road. Napoleon never did go by the Simplon. When he first came to the works he went by the glaciers of the Bernard,³³⁶ she said. The road was very different from what it was in the Emperor's time – not a stone to be seen then – there was a fine of fifty francs for laying anything on the road, and twelve cantonniers were allowed a salary of fifty louis for being always on the watch, with seven men under each. The refuges were kept in the best manner: a hundred people could dine in the hall, and three rooms were fitted up for travellers of the better class. A certain number of guardians of the road were always on the lookout for travellers to assist them in their passage.

³³³: Cryptic. Genevese unidentified.

³³⁴: H. never considers that this professional lady might have a completely different line of conversation for royalist travellers.

³³⁵: Antoine Chamans de Lavalette, Napoleon's Minister of Posts. On 10 Jan 1816 he had been sprung from prison and enabled to fly France by Michael Bruce, Robert Wilson and John Hely-Hutchison.

³³⁶: Napoleon had crossed the St Bernard in May 1800.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Thursday October 10th 1816: We were off at half-past seven. Went a quarter of an hour down the road into the hills, till we came to where a torrent, the Quirna, flowed from a great glacier called the Lavia,³³⁷ which we saw glittering in the sun. Went along a dreary stone valley in the bowels of these mountains, to some stone chalets called Gsteig, where another torrent, the Krombach, falls into the Quirna, and the united streams are called the Veniola or Vendio or Diveria. We kept on the left bank of this stream, flowing through the most savage vale of stones, closed up nearly by Alps of stone on each side, far more terrific than the other ascent. We went along occasionally at a trot, with and without the wheel dragged. No cultivation – not a hut nor a green spot – no sun below, although his rays were seen high above upon tufts of trees on the ledges of jutting rocks seen high above. The road was wonderfully cut through the rocks in many parts, and with the torrent composed all the valley. Passed a gallery eighty paces long near Gsteig.

Then, at half-past nine, went through the great gallery with three openings from above, 200 paces long. We stopped here, and threw a great stone into the rolling Veniola. Deep below, saw the cascade of Ironicinone or Alpenborch, rushing into the river close by the gallery. It was with difficulty that I could read the only inscription on the Simplon road which is in this gallery:

ÆRE ITALO
MDCCCV
NAP. IMP.

³³⁷: Conjectural reading.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Walked on through these wild scenes, in to the bed of the Veniola. Beneath, saw frozen snow avalanches in the midst of loose masses of rock, above, about, and underneath which looked as if the world was falling to pieces. The sun was still seen on the passes above, on the imp[] [], but not on our cold valley. We came to a tower of stones called Gondo, like a Turkish caravanserai, the rooms wall and floor without furniture and a stable below. A man [] came up on hearing me climb the stone stairs, and told me he kept an inn there – such a spot – it was formerly a refuge for the cattle before the road was made. The gold-mine is nearly opposite, and the savage valley of Zwischbergen, from which issues a torrent that falls over rocks into the Veniola – a green spot is opposite.

In a quarter of an hour we saw a house or two, and a cross over a little chapel on a rock, whence we entered into Piedmont. Then [we] came to Isella, a little village where we were questioned by the douaniers, but soon suffered to pass. Here the women had Italian faces – black eyes, white cheeks, red handkerchiefs on their heads. The valley of the Veniola was less narrow, but still very savage – though not like the pass of Gsteig. The road had occasionally many loose stones, but was very good. This pass of Ysella, as Ebel calls it, opens upon a tract of sloping green and vineyard country, the first cultivation since Brieg, with a pretty little town, Traiqueras, on a declivity. The val dividedro was here less wild.

For half an hour we went between orchards and meadows, till we got into a glen or pass of rocks between stone alps again. We saw two stone bridges over the stream, apparently leading to nothing, for there was not even a goat-track the other side of the Veniola. We passed then through the last of the galleries, eighty paces long, and went by two villages, where for the first time we saw ripe grapes in trellice-work vineyards.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

By a quarter to twelve, came to the mouth of the Valdivedro, and crossed the Veniola on a noble, Roman-like bridge, high above the foaming stream, thrown between two steep banks of stone and wood on the summit, on the right of which stands a ruined tower, in old times the guardian, perhaps, of the glen. At this bridge of Crevola the wonders of the Simplon road close, but in return you burst upon the fine vale of Domo d'Ossola – green with meadows, populous with villages, whose white, tall churches dot the sides of the woody hills which bound the plain – many chapels by the roadside.

The roads to Domo d'Ossola quite straight – one hour. Saw the town under a woody height. Arrived there – saw French and Italian on the signs; also the great Spanish Hotel. Coming into the inn, found by the stone floors, dirty, bad-locked doors, painted ceilings, and nasty necessaries, that we were in Italy, or at least not in Switzerland. We had a good dinner served up, however, and afterwards I went walking (for a certain object) into the vineyards near the town, towards a woody hill, sprinkled, as it were with hermitages – a church dedicated to St Maria ad Rives.³³⁸ Even the vineyard gates were surmounted with saint pictures. The vines are raised on trellices placed on granite pilasters. Saw great wretchedness now in the appearance of the people – of three who were twisting ropes, two were goitered idiots.

At a little past three we set off for Ornavasso, ten miles, by which they count now. The road was perfect. In more than an hour, came to the banks of the Troccia, which we crossed at the fine bridge of Ponte Maggiore. Here were boats coming up with full sail from Lago Maggiore, and dragged by horses over the shallows.

³³⁸: Conjectural reading.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

At this place we quitted the valley of Domo d'Ossola, and had hills of wood and vineyards on their sides. On our left, at a little distance, meadows and vineyards on our right; then came to another bridge, Ponte Migiandone,³³⁹ over the Troccia again, which we crossed into a more rugged country – the hills wilder, but still showing some vineyards with meadows of Turkey wheat below. We met many goitered folks, and many clergymen – the road much frequented, as if on market day.

By six o'clock we arrived at our town of Ornavasso, where we put up at an inn managed by a civil landlady, who gave us very good, immense beds of fine linen, and good rooms, good words, and decent supper – but no white wine. Being in Italy, we took great precautions about luggage, &c. Berger slept in Byron's carriage, the dogs were chained under our chaises, our pistols were primed in our rooms, and all other warlike preparations made. We had good vermicelli soup and [] for my supper. The red wine rough.

Friday October 11th 1816: The civil landlady, at breakfast, told us she would trust to our generosity, but being told to make out a bill and we should be content, went downstairs. We soon heard an uproar of complaint, and found she had brought in to Fletcher, who since Sion I had trusted to pay the bills, a bill of ninety francs, besides eighteen for Byron's two lead horses and servants. To my astonishment I found Fletcher remonstrating in very rational Italian³⁴⁰ – we had the lady up – she told us stories of English who had given her 110 francs for beds and a dish of tea – we offered her fifty. She would not take it. Springhetti was called in – took his pencil, asked how much we had paid at the last place and hearing it, wrote down – thirty-seven francs – which she pocketted quietly, and smiled at us as we went out of the yard.

³³⁹: "Magandoneo" (Ms.)

³⁴⁰: Fletcher may have learned some Italian when in Greece. He has never been to Italy before, any more than have B. or H.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Before quitting this place, we made every arrangement for battle – pistols were reprimed – swords got ready – Byron’s two carbines put into my calesh with Joseph – Steven’s, the cook’s,³⁴¹ sword uncovered behind on our box. Berger mounted the grey horse³⁴² – we had four brace of pistols in our carriage, two swords, two swordsticks, and Berger’s dagger. We furnished Springhetti with a brace of pistols, and my postillion – so we had armed men. Our histories of the late Sesto robbery,³⁴³ and Springhetti’s advice to embark on the lake today, made us think we might have occasion for all our arms, and as much of our courage as might be forthcoming. We were a little silent, and looked about us on each side the road. Springhetti did the same – yet we knew the Jerseys³⁴⁴ and the Cowpers³⁴⁵ had passed safely. But they had luck, and we might have none. I put my Napoleons in a secret drawer, which, considering we had resolved to fight, was useless.

³⁴¹: At BLJ V 144 “Stevens” (Christian name unknown) is mentioned with Berger, and Mutz, the dog B. bought on 26 Sept 1816. See also BLJ VI 20, where he is still in B.’s service in Venice in Mar 1818. The quality of his cookery is never complained of.

³⁴²: “horses” (Ms.)

³⁴³: B. to Murray, 15 Oct 1816: “We had heard divers bruits, and took precautions on the road near the frontier against some ‘many worthy fellows (i.e. felons) that were out’ – and had ransacked some preceding travellers a few weeks ago near Sesto or Cesto – I forget which – of cash and raiment – besides putting them in bodily fear – and lodging about twenty slugs in the retreating part of a Courier belonging to Mr Hope; – but we were not molested – and – I do not think in any danger – except of making mistakes in the way of cocking and priming whenever we saw an old house – or an ill-looking thicket – and now and then suspecting the ‘true men’ who have very much the appearance of the thieves of other countries” (BLJ V 116).

³⁴⁴: For the Jerseys, see 13 Sept 1816.

³⁴⁵: For the Cowpers, see 25 May 1816.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

We had travelled three-quarters of an hour when we saw a man proceed from some old walls of a vineyard, come away before, make a sign towards the vineyard, and then go in again. We took out our pistols, cocked, looked at the priming, and went on – some children made us suspect we might yet be called upon to use our arms, but passing this spot we saw five or six men running after our last carriage. We stopped, bellowed³⁴⁶ out, and our second coachman saying something about a gun, were not relieved until we found these fellows were boatmen, running to get a fare from us. We did not know we were so close to the Lago Maggiore, coming on which at once, we were quite at ease again. We debated some time whether it would be magnanimous to leave our baggage and go by water, but being assured that the thieves were not on this side of Sesto, got into a boat with six men, who engaged for twenty francs to carry us to the Borromean Islands and down the lake to Arona.

We were pulled swiftly along to Isola Madre. On our way we agreed that the lake was quite Italian, that the breeze was softer, the clouds thrown farther back than in the north, the sky more blue, the houses more white, the groves more green. The water seemed of the dead white of the Mediterranean. It was a hot day. We saw on the opposite bank the large town of Pallanza, where Napoleon kept his state prisoners, and many other villages and villas in the slopes of the hills and banks of the lake, the upper sinuosities of which, running amongst mountains, reminded [us] of the lake of Lucerne.³⁴⁷

³⁴⁶: *Recollections* (II 36) has “holloaed.”

³⁴⁷: It is not clear to me that H. and B. have seen Lake Lucerne.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Landing at Isola Madre, we went up some terraces where were walls covered with oranges and lemons, and walked into the gardens of fine foreign trees, of which the finest are some cypresses. The orange and lemon trees in fruit and blossoms transported me to the front at once³⁴⁸ – there is a pheasantry here. The terraces and all the land here are artificial, the earth being brought from the main. Isola Madre gives a beautiful prospect of the lake and surrounding opposite mountains of Switzerland.

³⁴⁸: Meaning unclear – anyone got any ideas?

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

After walking through the shadey alleys of these gardens with two English gentlemen³⁴⁹ and the Marquis and Abbate,³⁵⁰ whom we had before encountered, we went with them into the mansion house, which the present Count Borromeo³⁵¹ never inhabits. Here we saw the theatre which was used in the time of Count Frederick Borromeo,³⁵² who lived thirty years on the island. Also a well-contrived double bedroom, opening upon the lake – four pictures of the Count’s battles, and a bust of St Carlo Borromeo,³⁵³ the saint and hero and patron, whose name fills not only this part of Piedmont, but the Milanese, and seems connected with all the history of this part of Italy. He was indeed a great man, and in return for a life spent in acts of noble piety and devotion, and saving 70,000 of his fellow-men, as he [is] said to have done, was very nearly assassinated at his own altar. His cousin Cardinal Frederick Borromeo was no less worthy of apotheosis – his Ambrosian library is alone sufficient. In the present family, said our friend Breme, *libertalità* and *crediteria*³⁵⁴ – and the last great miracle performed by the Borromés was that when the present Count would have recovered some of his lost rights for 500 francs, he would not spare the money.

³⁴⁹: Two English gentlemen unidentified.

³⁵⁰: The Marquis and Abbate di Breme: it is not clear where they have sprung from; the meeting cannot have been unplanned. H.’s narrative introduces and loses them abruptly. For the Abbate and his impact, see 13 Oct 1816 *et. seq.*

³⁵¹: “rites” (Ms.)

³⁵²: Federico Borromeo (1564-1631) Milanese Cardinal, cousin of San Carlo. More humanistically inclined than the saint, he founded the Ambrosian Library. See Manzoni, *I Promessi Sposi*, Chapters 22-3.

³⁵³: For St Carlo Borromeo, see 14 Oct 1816.

³⁵⁴: “Generosity and credibility.”

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

Everything we have seen in this town, as well as island, is totally different from all we have seen on the other side of the Alps – particularly the view of the colonnades, porticos, and terraces of Isola Bella, to which we rowed on leaving Isola Madre.

We landed, and went by some dirty cottages, about forty of which shoulder the palace, into the mansion, which is occasionally inhabited by the court – Count Borromeo³⁵⁵ has seven houses, each of which he resides at occasionally. His motto, “Humilitas,” is seen on many houses and on many signs as you go along this county. He was a sovereign prince, and kept about a hundred armed men – now he has not even the right of chace, although he expects the King of Sardinia³⁵⁶ will grant it. In his house we saw his throne of audience. The rooms are many and good, the picture gallery chiefly copies – what is chiefly striking is the largest suite of fossil chambers, bones, &c., I ever saw.

³⁵⁵: The current Count Borromeo was Giberto Borromeo Arese (1751-1837).

³⁵⁶: Either King Victor Emmanuel I, or his Viceroy Carlo Felice.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

The man who showed us the house bored us with talking about the Princess of Wales, who had got for her Esquire, he said, a man that he would not take for his servant.³⁵⁷ He showed us the room in which Bonaparte slept when at Isola Bella.³⁵⁸ He said Bonaparte spoke to him, and asked him why the place was neglected – he said the times were hard, the contribution vexatious. “Aye,” said Bonaparte, “everybody says the same thing.” This apothegm he accompanied with a grimace, which I have always found accompanying his speeches to individuals.

We were also shown the gardens, which are in the Dutch taste – beds of cockleshells, &c. – they contain, however, the largest laurel tree in the world, on the bark of one of which, two days before the battle of Marengo,³⁵⁹ he scratched with a knife the word “BATTAGLIA.” I discovered the “B,” and a bit of the first “A,” and tops of the “T”s, but a rascally Austrian officer, last year in summer 1815, had slashed it over with his sword.³⁶⁰

The gardens were made only 140 years ago, when the island was a rock – there are no marble terraces as such here, they are of stone.³⁶¹

³⁵⁷: The reference is to Princess Caroline and her courier Bartolomeo Pergami, “who,” B. reports in a letter to Murray (BLJ V 155) “by the way is made a Knight of Malta.” The knighthood had been procured for him by Caroline, as had a Sicilian barony (he was Barone Pergami della Franchina) which he needed according to etiquette if he was to become her chamberlain.

³⁵⁸: On his way either to or from Marengo, or both, in 1800.

³⁵⁹: In 1800. He defeated the Austrians.

³⁶⁰: B. to Moore, November 6th 1816: “In one of the Borromeo Isles (the Isola bella), there is a large laurel tree – the largest known – on which Buonaparte, staying there just before the battle of Marengo, carved with his knife the word ‘Battaglia’. I saw the letters, now half worn out and partly erased” (BLJ V 125).

³⁶¹: That is, they were not Roman.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

We left the island and got into our boat to go to Arona. Many boats were sailing up the lake as if without a man in them, before the wind, the boatmen being asleep. We stood over to the woody shores of the Piedmont [side], and passed near the vines and cottages on land, and then went nearer to the Piedmont side, where the banks are very rich, of a moderate height, covered with vineyards and woods. I discovered at a great distance the colossal statue of St Carlo in bronze, seventy feet high, which rises with very majestic effect from a woody knoll in front of a summit on which are the ruins of an old castle, looking towards Arona. The white houses of the town on the shore, with their porticoes, gallerias, colonnades, and coloured frescoes, answered our expectations of the change we thought we should find.

The day was beautiful in the afternoon: after threatening a little rain before four, having set out at ten. We dined well on varieties of fish, this being maigré³⁶² day.³⁶³

³⁶²: Conjectural reading.

³⁶³: It was a Friday, when Catholics abstain from meat.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

We set out from Arona, which is a good place, I should think, to sleep at, for Sesto, six miles (NB: an Italian mile [is] about sixty-seven yards less than an English mile), taking two gendarmes on horseback, whose delicacy we were not to offend by asking their price, but to whom we gave six francs each. We went through a woody country, secure in our guard, and in spite of a man whom Fletcher saw look from behind a tree, and in an hour came to the mouth of the Ticino where it flows into the lake. Over this we were ferried on a pont volant – horses, carriages and all, for seven francs, and went through the dirty, idle town, where every child born, Springhetti said, is a robber born, to our great uncomfortable inn, into the yard of which half a hundred idle fellows, and custom house officers, and patrol, crowded to see us unload.³⁶⁴ The Austrian custom-house did not examine, but took francs – the chief of police offered me as many armed men as I liked for the next morning.

I took coffee and went to bed, after reading and laughing at the first volume of Rousseau's confessions and his Madames Vercellis.³⁶⁵ Some of his confessions were so gross the publisher would not print them – so Grimm tells – some Sclavonians attempted him at college in Turin.³⁶⁶ He complained to the principal, who told him perhaps the thing was not so harmful as he imagined.³⁶⁷

³⁶⁴: The potential thieves probably among them.

³⁶⁵: The Countess de Vercellis is one of Rousseau's first protectresses; it is not clear what H. would have found amusing about Rousseau's description of his relationship with her, which culminates rapidly in her death only three pages after she has been introduced into the *Confessions* (see Book II). Perhaps H. finds a narrative of female suffering and death funny *per se*.

³⁶⁶: The event is related in modern editions in Book II. Only one of the "Sclavonians" "attempts" him.

³⁶⁷: Conjectural reading – word very badly cramped.

Switzerland, August 26th-October 11th 1816

My bed was immense; a whole family might, and I am told do, sleep in these couches. I had a stone floor. Everybody asking for []³⁶⁸ here. Some fellows who said they patrolled the roads at night came for monies to Byron, and shocked even Berger – bad night.

³⁶⁸: This word looks like “brunamans”. H.’s meaning seems to be that everyone wanted tips.