

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

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Edited from B.L.Add.Mss. 47234.

In the notes, "J.W." indicates assistance from Jack Wasserman, to whom I'm most grateful.

Hobhouse has been on a tour of Italy since December 5th 1816, and hasn't seen Byron – who's just moved from Venice to La Mira – since Byron left Rome on May 20th. For the next five-and-a-half months he's with Byron in Venice and the surrounding area. Byron is for the most part polishing *Childe Harold IV*, and Hobhouse takes upon himself the task of annotating it. The truly significant event, however – which neither man fully understands, and Hobhouse never will – is when Byron, having read Hookham Frere's *Whistlecraft*, suddenly composes *Beppo* on October 9th.

Venice is held by Austria, which is systematically running down its economy so that the poor are reduced to eating grass. Hobhouse glances at the state of the place from time to time. His terribly British account of the circumcision ceremony on August 2nd implies much about what Byron found fascinating about the city – though Byron would never put such feelings into explicit prose.

Wednesday July 30th 1817: I got up at four – set off half past five, and, crossing the Po, went to Rovigo, three posts and a half. A long tedious drive, in flats. From Rovigo I went to Padua without going five miles out of my way to see Arquà in the Euganean Hills – Petrarch's tranquil place – it was too hot – the thermometer at eighty-three in the shade.

I arrived at Padua at half-past three and put up [at] the Stella d'Oro again, having thus made since December last something more than the usual tour of Italy – I wrote a line to Byron, "alla Mira sulla Brenta N° 166 – Casa Trabucco", and sent it by a boy. Had a detestable dinner.

Walked on the ramparts of Padua above the Brenta or Bacchiglione, I know not which, and found them more perfect than I expected – there seemed a good deal of company at Padua – carriages were driving about the dirty roads both within and without the gates. Some part of the bastion or angle of the ramparts seem to have been blown up – I walked about them and returned through the Prato della valle, adorned with all the authors of Italy from Livy downwards – just looked into St

Venice, *Childe Harold* IV and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Justinian's Ionia eagles [?] – really a very noble church even after Rome. Came home and went to bed.

The company here come for the Baths – *where?*

Thursday July 31st 1817: A letter from Byron.¹ I get up breakfast and pay thirty *soldi* at a coffee house here for what I had paid ten at Ferrara. I told the waiter so, and the rascal only said “You are at Padua, not Ferrara now”. I got my watch mended and going through the Piazza delle Arve I saw a charlatan in an open carriage spreading out his boxes² under the shade of an umbrella held by a ragged fellow. The man was well dressed, but I can't think how he had the impudence to appear in a carriage where horses are such a luxury.

I set out at nine, changed horses at Dolo, and arrived at Mira and Byron's house on the Brenta by half-past eleven. I saw my friend well and in spirits. Mr Matthew Lewis was in the house with him,³ and part of the house was occupied by Signora Zagati⁴ of Venice, the drapier's lady who, in a country where women gain character by having a *cavalier serventes* of rank, has risen since she has been companion in ordinary to Byron. It is amusing to hear her talk about *cattive donne*⁵ with the greatest simplicity. Signor Pietro, her husband, visits her on a Saturday and Sunday and attends another lady.

I saw a singular character today – a Mexican Marquis who knew Voltaire and of whom more anon – he is in fact ninety,⁷ and is come to die on the Brenta.⁸ Byron took me with him to the house of a physician where I am to have a bed – his four daughters and wife chatted with him⁹ and asked fondly after Marianne Madame

¹: BLJ V 243-4??; though that is dated 20 June 1817, and addressed to Florence.

²: Compare the *Volpone* reference at 18 Nov 1817.

³: B. to Murray, 7 Aug 1817 “Messrs. Lewis and Hobhouse are here – the former in the same house – the latter – a few hundred yards distant” (BLJ V 254).

⁴: Marianna Segati (sic: H. never spells her name correctly) was B.'s first Venetian mistress. She and her husband Pietro lived in the Frezzeria, two blocks to the west of the Piazza San Marco, under the sign of “Il Corno” – his apprentices added to it the word “Inglese”.

⁵: A *cavalier servente* (“servant knight”) was the socially accepted lover of a married woman. See *Beppo*, Stanzas 36-40 and *Don Juan* IX Stanza 51.

⁶: “Wicked women”.

⁷: His name is Moncada; he is in fact Spanish and seventy-eight. See 17 Oct and 2 Nov 1817

⁸: Perhaps in emulation of Voltaire's philosopher Pococurante, who lives on the Brenta. See *Candide* Chapter XXV, and 13 Oct 1816.

⁹: B. to Murray, 14 June 1817 “I am just getting on horseback for my evening ride – and a visit to a Physician who has a agreeable family of a wife and four unmarried daughters – who are friends of Signora Segati – and enemies to nobody” (BLJ V 238). The family's name was

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Zagati, whose child is with them. This is singular state, for they seem modest, though lively, poor things – they sweep the house &c., and yet are reckoned good company enough for any of the high as well as low who now crowd to the Brenta, and make quite a watering place of it. We dined at four. Lewis told us an excellent story of the late Sir Godfrey Webster at Inverary.¹⁰

Byron and he rode out after dinner – I walked out and struck into the country – ride in canal – came back – supped with Byron. The blacks call Xtianity White Oby and think it more efficacious than Black Oby. Lewis christened a great many himself.¹¹

Went home and had a wretched night. I am close to the house where Henry of Valois III France¹² slept (as is recorded, in a letter) on his way from Poland where he was greeted it is said by almost the whole of Italy.

Friday August 1st 1817: Up late – read *The Black Dwarf*¹³ last night in bed; I hate the Scotch and the affectation of old country language, although both may be very true to nature for aught I know, and to fact. Breakfasted at a coffee house – the peasants come in for a drink of water with a little aniseed <and spir> in it for a centesimo or so. **Sat at home writing journal until half past two** – boiling weather – dined with Byron. He and Lewis rode in the evening and I walked in – *No*, I rode and went to bed – <after supper and> after going to a party at a Jew's house.

Saturday August 2nd 1817: After breakfast went at twelve to a circumcision¹⁴ to which all the ladies and gentlemen were invited and at which indeed I saw all the party of last night, which I understood to consist of the shattered remains of Venetian nobility, now spread upon the banks of the Brenta and mixed and lost

Sartori.

¹⁰: Sir Godfrey Webster was the first husband of Lady Holland. Thanks to J.W. for nudging my memory. Their son was also Godfrey; but he died in 1836. Lewis' story, however, is forever lost.

¹¹: Matthew Lewis owned two estates in the West Indies. For "Obi", see BB 238 and 239 n13.

¹²: Henry III of France (1551-89) was elected King of Poland in 1573, but succeeded to the French throne in 1575.

¹³: Scott's novel *The Black Dwarf* had been published in 1816 with *Old Mortality* as *Tales of My Landlord, First Series*.

¹⁴: On 7 1817 Aug B. wrote to Murray: "Lewis, Hobhouse and I went the other day to the circumcision of a sucking Shylock – I have seen three men's heads and a child's foreskin cut off in Italy. – The ceremonies are very moving – but too long for detail in this weather" (BLJ V 255). It will be seen that H. objects to the ceremony and its gathering on grounds of race, class, religion, dress, and cruelty to children.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

amidst the Jews and merchants who have purchased the better villas of this once patrician retreat. The Jewish lady last night was sitting up in bed with her child beside her under a muslin canopy. The room was set round with the female part of the company, amongst whom were my young Misses of the lodgings, who in the morning sweep my rooms and appear to me not unwilling to do other little odd jobs when occasion should occur. Jews and Christians seemed to mix with perfect freedom and as I understand in the liaisons between the sexes there is a mutual interchange of good offices between the two religions. I believe that the lady was dressed out in her bed as before today. All the women were with her except two or three who I suppose were of the family and came into the operation room. But there was not a girl there who did not know what the child was to lose, and more than one joked about the ceremony in my hearing. A lady said to me, "You need not always go to the priest to have that service performed for you – the surgeon does as well". In short, the society here seems upon the most liberal and extraordinary footing. Madame Zagati is amongst the most genteel and best received, and the young men, who are seen at pothouse doors in the morning in their shirt sleeves, are the *beaux* of the evening.

I went to the circumcision room – the rabbins were not to be known by their dress, nor did I make out that any ceremony had commenced, when two men in plain clothes sat down next to each other and sung recitative out of two little books, talking to each other and the company at intervals. Presently two enormously stout fellows threw strips of silk over their shoulders, and one, sitting down in a chair, put three or four pillows on his knees. The instruments were in a dish prepared – a sort of thin prong to hold the prepuce over the glass and prevent the latter from being cut, a sharp thin knife, a pair of scissors and a lancet, together with some balsam and a rag. The poor little red child, only eight days old, was brought in – the singing continued between the two who now stood up and approached the man with the pillows – the infant being stripped below was then laid on the pillows – the rabbins stood by and sung – the operator in half minute threw the prepuce, a considerable piece of flesh, in the plate, and I saw the infant covered with the blood. He screamed violently – the operator then ran his thumbnail violently round between the teguments of the [] ended rim of the flesh and sucked the parts. Owing to some mistake, the wine with which he was to wash his mouth was not ready, and was at last given to him in some confusion by the rabbins, who still continued their mummery and recitative, the child screaming and the father crying in the corner.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

A Jew told Lewis that the fault of the family was *troppo di sensibilità*¹⁵— the operator then powdered the wounded part and then covered it with a balsamed rag and powdered it again – then bandaged it up raw and bloody and delivered the child to a nurse. The singing ceased, and the men pulled off their silk and the ceremony was declared over.

The foreskin was carefully preserved in a bottle, and became the trophy of the operator who I understood had 800 such, and would bury them with him. Lewis, however, supposed that the prepuce is buried with its original owner. We made enquiries, and found that any man may operate who has served an apprenticeship and has suffered his thumbnail to grow to a proper length. I was shown a thumbnail then in a state of pupillage for the purpose: long, dirty.

This is a brutal ceremony – lasts longer than I thought and is more bloody – and I should think, painful. It is the height of indecency to ask women to assist at it. My young ladies, the doctor's daughters, told me that the moment the child was taken out of the room – on a signal given, all the women cried, or seemed to cry, and continued until the young Jew was brought back. The name is given on this occasion. The *conversazione* lasted for some time – afterwards cakes and chocolate and water dashed with aniseed were handed round and the ladies and gentlemen began again to mix and to make merry upon the morning's exploit. I came home and read a little, dined, walked out by myself in the evening – supped at Byron's – read *Tales of my Landlord* at night.

Sunday August 3rd 1817: This morning the new *parocco*¹⁶ of a church on the other side of the Brenta came to take possession of his *Chiesa*.¹⁷ A temporary bridge was thrown across the river, and about eleven o'clock, a car carved with a canopy drawn by four post-horses with postillions in caps and feathers, and filled with fiddles and horn and flute blowers, passed <down> up the road, followed by open carriages, chiefly, little [] in a great number. The *parocco* himself was not to be distinguished, but I was told he was in an open *caratella* with three other parsons. The procession crossed the river and went fiddling down the other side of the Brenta until it reached the church. I heard discharges of little mortars, which I also understood came from the church, and made part of the armoury – The *parocco* of

¹⁵: “An excess of sensibility”.

¹⁶: *Parroco*: parish priest. The Ms. has “Parrocho”.

¹⁷: *Chiesa*: church.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

the Mira sent Madame Zagati a present of figs.¹⁸ This to a woman living in open adultery is too bad, even I think. I saw him in friendly converse with the chief rabbi at the circumcision. I hear today that the presidents of the judicial tribunals here and at Venice are Germans, and that the causes are tried in Italian!!!¹⁹ The Austrian minister or secretary here, *De Tourne* or some such name,²⁰ is abominated – he has accepted of an Italian lady’s villa here for two years *gratis* – comes and goes when he pleases and has obliged the owner to hire another villa for herself.

Finish *Tales of my Landlord* – the great objection to *Old Mortality*²¹ is that Edith is too old for a bride at the end of the book – they are very captivating however. Dined with Byron as usual. Madame Sagati there. Walked in the evening and went to the coffee house or as they call it the *bottega*, where all the Mira was assembled, on wooden chairs in rows, and looked very much what I suppose the company at our watering places appear. I saw a Pisani²² there, and talked with one who had been high under the old republic. Amongst the other fashions here it seems that a person who has acquaintanceship or relationship may and [does] give warning to a friend in *villegiatura*²³ that he or she designs them a month’s visit. I saw an instance of it tonight – and the lady was a fine unmarried girl. I talked to a cousin of Barras²⁴ tonight – a Frenchman who had been much about the Imperial French court – he does not seem much. She told a young man, who told me, that her daughter, a fine girl of fourteen, although she had every appearance of woman, was not one yet, not having her courses – well done.

Cards were played this evening, which together with taking lemonade and coffee and aniseed made up the entertainment. I went home at half-past eleven – read account of loss of the *Wager* by Commodore Byron²⁵ – there is really some *pen*. Strange enough in the relation, Byron was tempted by some shirts to marry a girl

¹⁸: Note pending. Anybody got any ideas?

¹⁹: Lady Morgan’s *Italy* confirms this.

²⁰: R.B.Hoppner to B., 22 May 1821: “Count de Thurn ... (one of the greatest scoundrels that ever breathed, a man who has advanced himself by the most notoriously dishonest practices)”.

²¹: Scott’s *Old Mortality* had been published in 1816 as the second part of *Tales of My Landlord, First Series*.

²²: Alvise Pisani (1664-1741) Doge from 1735 (my thanks to Chris Little here)).

²³: Strictly, “on holiday”. See *Don Juan* XIII 78, 1 and 83, 2.

²⁴: Paul Jean François Nicholas, Comte de Barras (1755-1829) ruled France between the fall of Robespierre and the advent of Napoleon.

²⁵: B.’s grandfather, Admiral Byron, had when a midshipman been shipwrecked on the coast of Patagonia in H.M.S. *Wager*. His famous book describing the event is one source for the shipwreck in *Don Juan* II: H. seems to have read it rather quickly.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

whose father proposed the match.²⁶ Captain Cheap and the Spanish governor talked Latin – badly enough, says Byron.²⁷ I swear – there are some *fine* observations on the selfishness of distress. I sent a letter to dear Sophy tonight by Zagati to Venice.

Monday August 4th 1817: Not well this morning, up late. Lounged about the fields of high thick maize and vines strung on poplar trees, reading *Shipwrecks*²⁸ – dined – rode out. Lewis talked to me of the ingratitude he had found from everybody. Even his own brother-in-law, Sir H. Lushington²⁹ at Naples, who owed so much to him, forgot to get him a lodging and basely went to a party of pleasure on shipboard the day he arrived. He never would ask Lord Holland, he said, for anything. I'm sure I would not – but Byron explained this to me – Lewis did once ask Lord Holland, if he went to Paris as Ambassador, to take him as secretary. Holland told Lewis, “Oh yes, and you shall make a melodrame of it”. Lewis is a funny man – is always talking about bores and is the chief of that sect.³⁰ He seems however to have some merit, though not equal to what he stands author to. He told me he had learnt German at Weimar³¹ – where Wieland and Goethe were very civil to him, a boy of seventeen, and had made him translate their songs into English. He told me a capital ghost story which he had from the lady who saw the apparition. He himself has heard a ghost.

²⁶: “Amongst other things, he the girl’s uncle, not her father produced a piece of linen, which he said should immediately be made up into shirts for me. I own this last article was a great temptation to me; however, I had the resolution to withstand it” (*The Narrative of the Honourable John Byron*, first edition, 1758, p. 198).

²⁷: “... captain Cheap was sent for by the father provincial: of the Jesuit college in Castro; not the Spanish Governor their conversation was carried on in Latin, perhaps not the best on either side; however, they made shift to understand one another” (*Narrative of John Byron*, pp. 182-3). Cheap was the *Wager*’s captain. “Byron” here refers to Commodore Byron, not the poet.

²⁸: Perhaps Sir John Dalryell’s *Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea* (1812) – source for much of B.’s shipwreck detail in Canto II of *Don Juan*.

²⁹: Note pending. Anybody got any ideas?

³⁰: For B.’s opinion, see *Detached Thought* 17: “Lewis was a good man – a clever man – but a bore – a damned bore – one may say. – My only revenge or consolation used to be setting him by the ears with some vivacious person who hated Bores especially – Me de Stael or Hobhouse for example” (BLJ IX 18).

³¹: Lewis had studied German at Weimar in 1792. At Diodati in 1816 he had translated much of *Faust* Part I for B.’s benefit: see BLJ V 206 and 268.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Tuesday August 5th 1817: I read *Manuel*, Mathurin's new tragedy,³² which was damned and deserves it – such ranting – such bloody unnatural inadequate work. The epilogue, to which being a grinder of that sort of thing,³³ I may speak of, is detestable, and, I think, written by George Lamb.³⁴ I breakfasted five mornings for two franks and less – **wrote journal a little this morning** – walked out – dined – and passed the evening strolling about on horseback, with Byron, and making assignments.

Wednesday August 6th 1817: Got up at six – went in Byron's carriage to Fuscina, and thence in a boat to Venice, where I called on Siri and Wilhalm.³⁵ Ordered a pair of w boots. Left my watch to be mended, and enquired for opportunities to go to the Levant – found a Russian vessel had sailed last week – and that a cordon of troops had been drawn along the frontiers of Dalmatia on account of three sailors having escaped from a suspected ship³⁶ into that province – so that I shall not be able to go by land through Dalmatia to my destination. I put Doctor Sartorius³⁷ to enquire of the governor or secretary here, De Torr,³⁸ as to the route by Rostanizza to Traunik.³⁹ The answer received was that he could by no means advise that journey, or indeed any other way than going round by Vienna or by sea. This determined me to wait for a ship either here at Venice or at Trieste.

I was not struck by anything at Venice today except the white veils and black eyes and fine skins of the women. I found that someone, I believe Mr Clifford,⁴⁰ had

³²: The play was published by Murray, and referred to by B. in his *Letter to Dr. Polidori* (CPW IV 126-8, BLJ V 258-61): *I had a heavy loss by "Manuel" – / Too lucky if it prove not annual ...*

³³: At *Detached Thought* 69 B. reports that "Hobhouse furnished us (at Drury Lane) with prologues to our revived Old English Plays" (BLJ IX 36). H. wrote the epilogue to Douglas Kinnaird's *The Beggar's Bush*, and the prologue to Maturin's previous play, *Bertram*. See 9-21 Dec 1815, 9 Mar 1816, 9 May 16 and 27 June 1816.

³⁴: Brother to William Lamb, Caroline's husband. Rumoured to be the illegitimate son of the Prince of Wales, he sat on the Drury Lane committee, and was in 1819 to beat H. in the Westminster election. For an amusing anecdote about him, see BLJ VI 138.

³⁵: Siri and Wilhalm, B.'s Venetian bankers.

³⁶: There was a constant fear of plague spreading from the East.

³⁷: Unidentified. He may have been a famous Jewish doctor (J.W.)

³⁸: The Austrian governor, Count De Thurn.

³⁹: Note pending. Anybody got any ideas?

⁴⁰: Unidentified. Anybody got any ideas?

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

been enquiring for an ossified skull which I had bought at the Gran Bretagna – the skull is there but⁴¹ I never bought it, and I trust I never told him that I had.

I came back to the Mira – dined with Byron – walked in the fields in the evening and afterwards had a singular adventure with a lady who called herself a *puta*⁴² and who astonished me as much by her information as Theresa surprised Rousseau⁴³ – after what I had seen and heard in this part of Italy I thought such a thing impossible – especially as my lady had walked two miles to the appointment.

Madame Zagati tells me that *Cavalieri Serventi* are often provided for in the marriage contract with nobles, and that the higher class may change these cavaliers often as they like – whilst those of her *seto*⁴⁴ can not have more than one except after a reasonable lapse. Lewis told that Torlonia's daughter,⁴⁵ when she married, had her cavalier mentioned in the contract which was to be hers *come se fosse nata nobile*.⁴⁶ Madame Zagati added that the cavaliers were often taken immediately after marriage, so that no man can be sure even of his wife's first-born. She told me, what I have noted before in my last visit to Venice, that the education of the higher classes was, before the French came, almost nothing – the women could positively hardly ever write, nor play, nor dance, nor do anything but embroider perhaps a little and sing the psalter – accomplishments which they learnt in the convents where they were kept until they were taken out to be married at sixteen. The men were nearly as ignorant – learnt no languages – could scarcely write or even dance – and were ashamed to be thought fond of reading. The merchants, advocates, and physicians had all the human learning which Venice possessed – at present the French have given a new turn – the nobility are sometimes well-educated: the daughters of great families are taught accomplishments, and to write and read and know French is not uncommon amongst them – the men are ashamed to be thought quite ignorant – and

⁴¹: The Ms. has “by”.

⁴²: A prostitute.

⁴³: Rousseau's common-law wife who accompanied him throughout his wanderings, was Thérèse le Vasseur; at the start of their relationship, she confessed to having had one previous lover: see *Confessions* Book VII. Exactly what transpired between H. and the “relatively inexperienced” lady here is not clear; but by 20 September he is ill.

⁴⁴: “Class”.

⁴⁵: Pietro Torlonia was B.'s banker in Rome. He was a friend of Lucien Bonaparte, and Napoleon had made him Duca di Bracciano, perhaps because of a fifty million franc loan he had made him on Elba.

⁴⁶: “As she was nobly born”: in contradiction of the fact that she was a banker's daughter. J.W. suggests “*As if* she were nobly born”.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

the priesthood⁴⁷ assist in reforming the methods of public and private instruction. Yet Venice itself is falling fast to decay. The natives of this country must not hope to establish a separate independence even by all these improvements, but to qualify themselves for being the enlightened citizens of a much larger community in times when perhaps they may be proud to lose all individual distinctions in the name and character of *Italians*!! The French repaired, it may be said made, the fine road from Padua to Venice. The old republic never thought of its roads – it was a very paternal, mild government, but encouraged neither education nor communication between its states – nor any amelioration of a permanent nature. As for politics, nobody presumed to say a word on the matter – they had a proverb, *Non conviene d'embarassarsi del governo*.⁴⁸

Thursday August 7th 1817: Passed this morning in copying out *Francesca da Rimini*⁴⁹ – dined – rode in the evening – read Richelieu's memoirs⁵⁰ – heard some stories of Lewis's.

Sheridan was to make a motion in the Commons one day, and Lord Holland in the Peers on the next on the same subject. Lord Holland had a letter which he meant to make the ground of his speech. He called on Sheridan the day of Sheridan's motion – he found him in bed ill, and saying he should not go down to the house and should not make his motion that day. Lord Holland read his letter to him – Sheridan asked leave to have it, to copy some figures in it. Lord Holland complied, and going afterwards at six o'clock to the House of Commons, Sheridan gave him the letter and thanked him. Shortly after, Sheridan got up to make his motion, and to the surprise of Lord Holland, and Lewis who was sitting by him, spoke Lord Holland's letter nearly word for word. Lord Holland was in great consternation at having lost the materials for his next day's speech – meeting

⁴⁷: The Ms. has "were the priesthood".

⁴⁸: "There's no point in worrying yourself about government".

⁴⁹: The tragedy by Silvio Pellico which H. and B. had started translating together in Milan. See 17, 26, 28 and 30 Oct 1816.

⁵⁰: *Mémoires du Maréchal duc de Richelieu*, 9 vols, 1790-3. This is the great-nephew of Louis XIII's Richelieu, the soldier and diplomat Louis François Armand du Plessis, duc de Richelieu (1696-1788). The memoirs of his grandson, the later duc de Richelieu, Governor of Odessa and French Foreign Minister, parts of which are in Castelnau's *Histoire de la Nouvelle Russie* (source for *Don Juan VI* and *VIII*) were not published entire until later in the century. H. has probably borrowed the set from B.; it is number 126 in the 1827 Sale Catalogue of his books (CMP 250).

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Sheridan in the lobby, he upbraided him – “Aye,” said Sheridan, “I have such a good memory”.

Lewis recollects when balloons were in fashion hearing a man in *Hanover Square* crying “Balloon oysters!”

Lady Charleville⁵¹ came to a representation of *Comus*⁵² at Lady Cork’s⁵³ to act a bacchanal. She was a cripple and had twined her crutches with ivy!! Tom Moore observed it with horror to Lewis. Tom Moore had a cold. Lady Charleville was afraid it might hurt his voice, and insisted on putting a burgundy pitch plaster⁵⁴ on him. This made a scene which Lewis described well. Lewis told that Crabbe the poet, when Fox was minister with Lord North, sent his poem⁵⁵ to him in which was a compliment to Fox. Fox was asked to get him preferment. Crabbe thought he had waited too long and sent him a letter in which he begged Mr Fox to recollect his promise, and also to know that the same pen which had made his panegyric could also write satire. Fox took no notice of this, got Crabbe the preferment, and then wrote to tell him of the thing being done and begging to hear no more of him. However, when Fox was minister in 1805,⁵⁶ Crabbe sent him another Ms. poem and it was the last thing Fox read.

Lewis is more fond of contradiction than any man I ever knew – he is the completest egoist in the world – and at the same time as he speaks of his contempt of all the world, shows how much he is in the power of any man who chooses to say an ill-natured thing. He seems however to be a man of principle and attached to the truth, which he tells in as many tiresome details as any man living.

Friday August 8th 1817: Copying *Francesca* – dine with Byron – bed, and Richelieu.

⁵¹: See BLJ IV 105n and 107.

⁵²: The masque by Milton.

⁵³: See BLJ IV 278 and n and 23 July 1812. The fat Lady Cork was once described as resembling a badminton ball – all feathers (the Prince of Wales) above, all cork below (J.W.).

⁵⁴: Obtained from spruce-trees near Neufchâtel.

⁵⁵: Poem by Crabbe with compliment to Fox unidentified. Anybody got any ideas?

⁵⁶: As Fox died on 13 Sept 1806, the date here must be out.

Venice, *Childe Harold* IV and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Saturday August 9th 1817: Copying and finished *Francesca* – dinner – walk in the fields. Hear some of Lewis's stories – find that Byron has given him a sort of document by which he asserts that if Lady Byron's counsellors say that their lips are sealed – the sealing has not been his – he wishes them to speak and has always wished it – and repeats that he did not insist on Lady Byron's trying her case and complaint before the public. I disapprove of this document because it will gratify Lady Byron's friends to think that Byron is annoyed and because I should think no-one can suppose that Lady Byron's counsellors meant that their lips were sealed on Lord Byron's account or at his desire, but merely because they were her counsellors in a private and delicate affair.

I intended to show Lewis *Francesca da Rimini* – <but> he was occupied with reading Byron's Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*⁵⁷ which he has just finished and of which he has repeated the first stanza to me – very good indeed.⁵⁸

⁵⁷: B. had started *Childe Harold* IV on 26 June and finished the first draft by 19 July 1817, but the poem was still forty stanzas short of the received number. At *Italy* (1859) I iv, H. – by now Lord Broughton – writes, “When I rejoined Lord Byron at La Mira ... I found him employed upon the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*, and, later in the autumn, he showed me the first sketch of the poem. It was much shorter than it afterwards became, and it did not remark on several objects which appeared to me particularly worthy of notice. I made a list of these objects, and in conversation with him gave him reason for the selection. The result was the poem as it now appears, and he then engaged me to write the notes.” If there ever was such a list, H.'s diary does not mention it. However, on 3 May 1856 he wrote to Earl Stanhope, amplifying the statement: “Lord Byron came to Rome on the 29th of April, 1817, and left it on the 20th of May, 1817. Two or three days of this short three weeks' visit were, as you probably are aware, passed in excursions to Albano and Tivoli; but lest you should be surprised at his taking so minute a survey of so many objects in so short a time, you may as well be told that his original sketch of the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold* was much less in detail than the poem as published. He put that sketch into my hands at La Mira, near Venice; and I, at his desire, made a list of certain objects which he had not noticed, and which he afterwards described in several magnificent stanzas” – quoted LJ IV 122 n1.

⁵⁸: Since the days of *English Bards* and *Imitations and Translations*, H. has never relinquished the idea that he and B. are in some sort creative equals. This unhappy coincidence, whereby Monk Lewis is too busy in reading *CHPIV* to look at H.'s translation work, is yet further evidence that they aren't.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Sunday August 10th 1817: Up late. At the coffee house this morning, I hear that when the government found work for the poor last year they were so weak from bad food, of wild lentils &c., that they could not work. I wrote a letter to Henry, **and then journal**. Walk about. Dine with Byron as usual, having just heard a *dottrina*⁵⁹ at the parish church where the priest was preaching, walking up and down amongst the schools. I heard him say that the Jews and Hebrews and Lutherans and Turks and Pagans who had been good in this world would serve in the next as a *rimprovero*⁶⁰ to the Christians who had been wicked – a strange compound of sense and ignorance, of bigotry and illiberality. In the country the religion seems to be much on the same footing as in England: the church is open every day until twelve, but is not frequented except on Sundays and holidays only, and I observe no priests but those of the parish – no monks, nor many oratories by the roadside. I rode out after dinner, and went then to the *bottega*, where I sat apart and heard nothing.

⁵⁹: A catechism; in this case, a sermon.

⁶⁰: A reproach; in this case, a hellfire sermon.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Monday August 11th 1817: Read a little this morning – dined and passed evening as usual – a life a little too epicurean, for I go to bed at eleven, and get up at ten, reading a little of Richelieu, which I should like better were it not written so evidently to abet a particular set of *principales*, all true enough, but still too systematic, to be seen in every page of a true history. The memoirs were compiled from Richelieu’s papers and written in his name. In order to keep up the illusion, the words “In the last years of my life” are too often introduced.⁶¹ Richelieu seems to have believed in the political testament of the cardinal, which Voltaire laughs at so frequently.⁶² It is extraordinary how similar the exigencies of France seem to have been to our own at this moment – the *familles ministerielles* are denounced as the chief causes of the ruin of the monarchy – see the anecdote of Lavrillière and Aguesseau, the only honest minister of the Regent.⁶³ The author has given a very strong picture of the real power acquired by the Kings of England which have made the house of Brunswick⁶⁴ as despotic as any other sovereigns and all by the power of corruption. The end of the paper system is foretold.⁶⁵

⁶¹: The *Mémoires* are made to seem written by Richelieu posthumously.

⁶²: Richelieu (his “Mémoires” are ghosted in a post-1789 perspective) was a thorough royalist, and in part an exemplification of royalist corruption.

⁶³: Henri François d’Aguesseau (1668-1751) French jurist and Chancellor, admired by Voltaire. H. refers to Louis Phelypeaux, marquis *de la Vrillière* (1672-1725) who told d’Aguesseau of his deposition by Louis XV’s Regent, the duc d’Orleans, on suspicion of plotting against him. As de la Vrillière left the room, d’Aguesseau said, *Allez, Monsieur, votre nom est bien fatal aux chanceliers* (“Go, Monsieur, your name is fatal to chancellors” – Richelieu’s *Mémoires*, II 218).

⁶⁴: That is, of Hanover. The reference is to the section on English history and politics at *Mémoires*, II 143-4.

⁶⁵: *Mémoires*, II 86-90. The chapter is about the unsuccessful ideas of the Scots economic theorist John Law.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Tuesday August 12th 1817: Went with Byron to Venice and passed the morning at the Apollo Library, looking at Serassi's life of Tasso.⁶⁶ Ordered two copies of my *Travels*⁶⁷ and three of my *Paris Letters* from Cawthorne, to be sent by the Apollo correspondent to Venice. Got my boots well made for eight francs (a *napoleon d'or* worth 41 or 41½ Venetian *lire*). A rascal watchmaker asked twenty-four *lire* for putting the balance of my watch straight – I made him take eleven.

Zagati tells me that a rascal was to have been hanged between the pillars of St Mark's *piazzetta* – he cut off a girl's head to get at a couple of sequins worth of gold folded in her hair and then ran out of the house with the head in a handkerchief to save time. He chanced to come across a sportsman who had wounded a hare, and whose dog, looking for the game and smelling the blood, jumped at the handkerchief. The sportsman came up and demanded his hare – the man swore he had it not – the other put his fowling piece to the fellow's head and declared he would have the animal, which he knew was in the linen – otherwise he would blow out the thief's brains. In fine the murderer, trembling and aghast, unrolled the handkerchief, and the head dropped on the ground – the sportsman seized him – and he confessed his crime and was to have been hanged this day, but the military have [declared] the execution shall not take place in their parade ground but in another square – so the villain has a respite.

We dined at our old friend the Pellegrino and had our choice of Cyprus or of Samos⁶⁸ wine for four francs a head. Came home with a delicious breeze on the water – supped and went to bed.

⁶⁶: *La vita di Torquato Tasso* by Pierantonio Serassi (1785); see BLJ VIII 53, and H.'s note to *Childe Harold IV* 38, 7.

⁶⁷: *Travels through Albania*. See below, 21 Sept 1817.

⁶⁸: For Samian wine, see *Don Juan III*, *The Isles of Greece*, 9, 2; 11, 1; 13, 1; and 15, 1.

Venice, *Childe Harold* IV and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Wednesday August 13th 1817: Breakfast as usual at the *bottega*. Made a note on Tasso's will and imprisonment for Byron's fourth canto of *Childe Harold*.⁶⁹ Dined – rode in the evening – read a little of Middleton's *Life of Cicero*⁷⁰ – his preface to Lord Hervey⁷¹ seems half bold and half servile. He says, truly, that no modern can hope to be compared to Cicero. The life of this great man is consoling for those who did not begin public life until late.⁷² He was not introduced into the forum until twenty-six. He did not travel until twenty-eight.⁷³ He could not be a senator until he passed the <Ædileship> quaestorship,⁷⁴ and this he did not do until he was past thirty. In fine he was not consul until the usual age which appears to have been forty-three, nor had he a son until that age. I am more delighted than ever with this book, although perhaps it is a little heavily written and has some strange quaintness about it, especially the applying modern technical designations such as “clerk” to the ancient officers of Rome.⁷⁵

⁶⁹: H. – on what request from B., following what plan or instinct of his own, we can't tell – has embarked on *Historical Illustrations to the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, not realising what he's letting himself in for: see 28 Apr 1818. On 7 Aug B. had written to Murray, indicating that he would be writing his own notes: “Mr Hobhouse has promised me a copy of Tasso's will for the notes – and I have some curious things to say about Ferrara – and Parisina's story – and perhaps a farthing candle's worth of light upon the present state of Italian literature ...” (BLJ V 255). That the first passage H. notates should be the one on the imprisoned genius Tasso (Stanzas 35-9) shows what empathy he has with B.'s republican and self-dramatising polemic. *The Lament of Tasso* had already been written, in H.'s absence, on 19 Apr, and published on 17 July 1817.

⁷⁰: *The History of the Life of Marcus Tullius Cicero*, by Conyers Middleton (1741). Middleton (1683-1750) was (i) a Trinity man (ii) suspected of deistical free thought and (iii) a plagiarist: the book H. is reading leans heavily on a previous work by the seventeenth-century Scots writer William Bellenden. H. has probably borrowed the book from B.; it is number 130 in the 1827 Sale Catalogue of his books (CMP 250). Middleton's *A Free Enquiry* (1749) had paradoxically converted Gibbon to Catholicism.

⁷¹: John, Baron Hervey of Ickworth (1696-1743). Middleton starts his dedication by stating Hervey's worthiness to be dedicatee, then writes that “no man living can justly be compared with Cicero”. At *Dunciad* IV 103-4, Pope refers to the pair: “Narcissus, prais'd with all a Parson's power, / Look'd a white lilly sunk beneath a show'r”.

⁷²: That is, H. takes comfort from it himself – at least from its depiction of the start of Cicero's career.

⁷³: *Life*, I 41.

⁷⁴: *Life*, I 57-8.

⁷⁵: At *Life* I 94, *Clerk* is used to describe a crooked accountant of Verres; at I 122, to describe a Senate scribe: H.'s objection is to Middleton's anachronistic usage (“clericus”: Latin for a religious official, not a secular one).

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Thursday August 14th 1817: Wrote a little this morning about Tasso, after reading what Tiraboschi⁷⁶ says on his imprisonment by Alfonso II. Dined and rode with Byron – read Richelieu and Florian’s life of himself,⁷⁷ called the *Memoirs of a Young Spaniard* – Florian talks with rapture of Voltaire.⁷⁸

The Marquis Moncada⁷⁹ called and talked a great deal with me – he told me he knew that Napoleon sent his boots and old cocked hat to Madrid, he supposed in imitation of what Charles XII said of the Senate of Stockholm.⁸⁰ Napoleon was heard to say on the parade at Madrid to himself “si l’Espagne me donnoit son soufflet”.⁸¹ Moncada is an *esprit fort*, but against enlightening the people on subjects of religion – he says they have a coarse cloth and coarse diet and must have a coarse religion. He saw a Spaniard of Valencia, twelve years old, jump up behind a French dragoon, stab him in the neck, roll him off his saddle, and ride away with his horse to the shouts of the people at midday. He knew Franklin, and heard, I think, Voltaire bless his son⁸² – “dieu et liberté”.

Bonaparte was very near not entrapping the whole of the royal family to Bayonne⁸³ – the first come wrote to his relation not to come and gave the letter to a confidant who⁸⁴ wrapped it in his hair. Moreau⁸⁵ found out the letter had been written, intercepted the messenger, and holding a pistol to his head made him give it up. Had the kings⁸⁶ gone to the Asturias, all Spain had armed for him. Moncada owns the Bourbon princes were hated in Spain.

⁷⁶: H. is consulting *Storia della Letteratura Italiana* by Girolamo Tiraboschi (1731-94).

⁷⁷: Jean Pierre Claris de Florian (1755-94) French poet and fabulist. His posthumous *La jeunesse de Florian, ou Mémoires d’un jeune Espagnole* was published 1812. He wrote *Plaisirs d’amour*.

⁷⁸: Florian writes with rapture of Voltaire.

⁷⁹: B. uses this man’s name at *Don Juan* II 24, 3, but his decision is dictated by the need for a rhyme for “*Trinidad*”. See also 17 Oct and 2 Nov 1816.

⁸⁰: Note pending. Anybody got any ideas?

⁸¹: “If Spain gave me a slap in the face ...”

⁸²: Franklin and Voltaire had met and embraced in the French Academy of Sciences in Apr 1778.

⁸³: In Apr 1808 Napoleon had lured the Spanish royal family over the border to Bayonne, and persuaded them to abdicate.

⁸⁴: The Ms. actually reads “confidant who”.

⁸⁵: Jean Victor Moreau (1761-1813) rival to Napoleon, victor of Hohenlinden, subsequently exiled and killed in the service of Russia.

⁸⁶: King Carlos IV (1784-1819).

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

This is a very fine old man of the oldest and best school, and is said to be ninety-five years old – perhaps he is eighty-five. He commanded a regiment in Spain – was born at Palermo – passed twelve years in Mexico.

To return to Florian – it is surprising what *libertinage* seems to have reigned in his youth amongst the boys, especially in the military schools – Florian was one of the victims of the revolution, but died before forty, not on the scaffold but in consequence of imprisonment by Robespierre.⁸⁷ He was noble – his death caused no sensation in those days of horror.

Friday August 15th 1817: Writing a note on the Clitumnus⁸⁸ for Byron's *Childe*. Dine – ride out to Dolo as usual, where there was a fair – like one of our fairs. This is the feast of the *Assunta Madonna*.⁸⁹ The *bottega* at Dolo seemed crammed with good company – road covered with the sulky gigs⁹⁰ of the country and other carriages. Byron and I ate *langouria* (large water-melon) and did not sup – evening at my Sartori's.⁹¹

Saturday August 16th 1817: Sirocco – my ears and head ringing worse than ever. Saw at *bottega* an Italian who had been at London. What struck him most was the cleanliness of the people, the pavements, the lamps, the bridges, the ships, the great hospital (which?), the modesty of the women by daylight, and the dearness of provisions – he spent *six* francs a day!! I see that the present English in Italy are thought saving and to travel for economy – which *he* excused on the right ground of our having been half ruined by fighting the battles of all Europe.

I read Bayle⁹² this morning. “Combabus”, “Grandier”, Francis I, and “Francis, Saint”⁹³ whose *cinque piaghe*⁹⁴ some adversary says were made with a spit by St Dominic. I see nothing of what Mr Grey told me of St Francis being a buck who

⁸⁷: Note pending. Anybody got any ideas?

⁸⁸: The Clitumnus river, between Foligno and Spoleto, named after its god. B. had fished there in June, successfully: see BLJ V 223. The note is on the temple on its banks, and is to go with stanzas 66-8 of *Childe Harold IV*.

⁸⁹: 15 Aug is the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

⁹⁰: See 5 Nov 1816.

⁹¹: Dr Sartori is H.'s landlord, whose daughters H. fancies have sexual designs on him: see 2 Aug 1817.

⁹²: *Dictionnaire Historique et Critique* by Pierre Bayle (1696). A treasure-trove for deists and sceptics.

⁹³: All entries in Bayle.

⁹⁴: St Francis' stigmata.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

broke his leg a second time to have it better set.⁹⁵ There is a waggery in Bayle which made me laugh very often – see article Eve.⁹⁶

Dined as usual. Zagati told me that the Austrians had diminished the imports two thirds, but had not made themselves liked even by the *possidenti*,⁹⁷ who have gained so much by them. He averred that not an Italian in Venice lived as a friend with an Austrian, and if an Austrian had any liaison with a Venetian woman, the husband at least was never his friend!!!⁹⁸ Under the French the abundance of grain was so great that the poor got their bread for twenty lire the sack of flour – the *possidenti* could not get money enough to pay their taxes and were obliged to sell their land.⁹⁹ Last winter corn was sixty. It is now forty lire the sack, which Zagati considers the proper medium.¹⁰⁰

The Polesina, of which Rovigo is the capital, being the low land between the Po and the Adige, is sufficient for the whole *Stato Veneto*. Zagati said that of all the Venetians who had been guilty of commanding the neutrality in time of the French invasion,¹⁰¹ and so of losing the independence of the state, only two had been held in any consideration by the late government. One was sent into employ to improve the agriculture of Dalmatia, and another to Milan, where he is now old and blind. He told me that he was then a boy of thirteen, but that he, with all the rest of Terra Firma, mounted the cockade of St Mark and was ready to fight. The whole country waited only for orders to act – and were told to keep neuter. Thus was Venice lost by her own *gentiluomini*.¹⁰² When the treaty of Campo Formio was signed,¹⁰³ some of these traitors assisted the transfer, for fear the declaration of the independence of the Republic should put it into the hands of their countrymen to punish them. The word *gentiluomo Veneto* is not lost yet: I hear at this village such a one is a *gentiluomo Veneto* – they totter about here, shadows of their former selves. A

⁹⁵: “Mr Grey” (unidentified) and H. seem to be confusing St Francis of Assisi with St Ignatius Loyola.

⁹⁶: The entry on Eve in Bayle.

⁹⁷: The landowners.

⁹⁸: Just as Segati is friends with B., *his* wife’s “amoroso”.

⁹⁹: “... was obliged to sell his land” (Ms.)

¹⁰⁰: Segati is a draper; it is the husband of Margarita Cogni, B.’s next mistress, who bakes, and for whom the corn price would be of more interest.

¹⁰¹: In May 1797. It ended the Venetian Republic.

¹⁰²: The Ms. actually has “gentil-homini”.

¹⁰³: Venice was ceded to Austria by the treaty of Campo Formio, re-ceded to France by the 1805 treaty of Pressburg, and “retroceded” to Austria at Vienna in 1815.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

gentiluomo employed on Terra Firma was above everyone in his district, and had no other restraint than the fear of one of his subjects getting the protection of a more powerful gentleman at Venice. <I read> Zagati said that the Milanese, and General Pino¹⁰⁴ notably, who had gained everything by the French, were the cause of the abandonment of the Viceroy¹⁰⁵ and of the loss of the *bel momento* which might have made Italy free by declaring Eugene its King – or at least king of the Iron Kingdom¹⁰⁶ – yet Eugene was hissed in the theatre even when in power in Milan: the Venetians hate the Milanese.

I see by Richelieu that one of Alberoni's¹⁰⁷ plans was to give half the Milanese with Mantua to the Venetians and half to the Duke of Savoy.¹⁰⁸ The Germans are laid down in these memoirs as notoriously the perpetual disturbers of Italy – the Cardinal minister intended to drive them forever beyond the Alps.

I read some more of Middleton – how curious is the story of Macer¹⁰⁹ suffocating himself with his handkerchief in court to save his property and sending to the Praetor Cicero just before he was going to pronounce judgement to tell him he was dead. I fear the more probable story is true – that Macer took to his bed and died. If I go to Rome again I will keep the Nones of December, the day on which Cicero saved Rome.¹¹⁰

I rode out with Byron to Dolo. A second fair day feast of St Roche once removed for St Napoleon.¹¹¹

I saw a gondola from Venice rowed by four men in gala and merry andrew dresses. Came back and read Cicero again, and then flirted away the evening with the Sartorian family. Read Richelieu's account of the minister Argenson and his seraglio at the convent of Trainel.¹¹² The memoir mentions one Fernet as in love

¹⁰⁴: General Pino was C.-in-C. of the army of North Italy after the deposition of Eugene Beauharnais in Apr 1814.

¹⁰⁵: Eugene de Beauharnais, Napoleon's stepson: son of the Empress Josephine.

¹⁰⁶: Napoleon's Kingdom of North Italy.

¹⁰⁷: Giulio Alberoni (1664-1752) born Italian, but Spanish Prime Minister.

¹⁰⁸: Of Alberoni, the *Mémoires* report "... son projet secret ... étoit de ... partager l'état de Milan entre les Vénitiens and le duc de Savoie, and donner Mantoue à Venise ..." (II 262-3). As Alberoni's aim was to exclude the Austrians from Italy, the idea holds a contemporary irony for H.

¹⁰⁹: C. Licinius Macer, convicted of extortion by Cicero, killed himself in 66 B.C. The reference is to Middleton's *Life of Cicero*, I 124-5.

¹¹⁰: When his eloquence foiled Catiline's conspiracy in 61 B.C. See *Life*, I 176-83.

¹¹¹: St Roche is the patron saint of plague-victims.

¹¹²: The convent of la Magdelaine de Trainel (*Mémoires* II 229).

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

with his own daughter who intrigued with Richelieu.¹¹³ The *maréchal* had an affair with his own aunt, Madame de Nesle, who fought a duel with Madame de Polignac for him – and was wounded in the breast.¹¹⁴

Sunday August 17th 1817: Up late as usual, about half past ten. Reading about the intrigue and threats of Dubois and Alberoni previous to the triple alliance.¹¹⁵ Breakfast at coffee house – read in my little book,¹¹⁶ that Venice had 200,000 inhabitants. Write to Charlotte – **wrote journal** – a hot day, thermometer at a hundred in the sun and eighty in my room. The school has just gone by to the *dottrina*,¹¹⁷ singing with their crucifixes. I remark how sweet and in what tune the men's voices are – although peasants apparently. Remark the passion for cards in the little *possidenti* here, and the extreme *fainéance*¹¹⁸ of the nation. A man with a book is stared at – dined with Byron. Rode in the evening and went to the *bottega* where a middle-aged lady¹¹⁹ entered eagerly into conversation with me, and on my expressing some of the commonplace sentiments of liberty &c. laid hold of my hand – she told me the Austrians promised everything when they came and persuaded the *possidenti* to consent to a sort of gratuitous tax for service of the poor, and then came upon them for a rate extraordinary, amounting to three millions. I hear this woman has been twice married – is of the most amorous complexion, and has for her husband a *gentiluomo* whose family, she assured me, was nine hundred years old.

¹¹³: “Fermet détestoit sa femme, dont il étoit adoré, et idolâtroit sa fille, dont il étoit détesté, parce qu'elle n'aimoit que Richelieu dans le monde” ... *Mémoires*, II 229. B. may have remembered Richelieu's way of obtaining access to Mlle Fermet when writing *Don Juan V* and VI: “... comme Richelieu étoit encore jeune, d'une figure adolescente, and d'une taille fine and légère, il lui étoit aisé de prendre les habits de femme, and de profiter de la permission donnée à un autre dont il prenoit le nom, pour entrer dans le couvent” – *Mémoires*, II 229-30.

¹¹⁴: *Mémoires*, II 208 11. de Nesle was only scratched.

¹¹⁵: In fact the Quadruple Alliance (England/France/Holland/Austria) formed in reaction to Alberoni's Spanish foreign policy. H. is reading Richelieu's *Mémoires*, II 256-61.

¹¹⁶: One of H.'s guide-books is Reichard's *Itinerary of Italy*.

¹¹⁷: To their Sunday morning sermon.

¹¹⁸: Inactivity; idleness.

¹¹⁹: Unidentified. Anybody got any ideas?

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Monday August 18th 1817: Writing notes for *Childe Harold* – read Richelieu in the evening – Middleton after dinner – dine with Byron – ride with him – wander backwards and forwards between Sartori's and Byron's villa.

Venice, *Childe Harold* IV and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Tuesday August 19th 1817: Letter from Sophy – the party¹²⁰ are at Paris and set off thence on second of this month for Whitton. News from Siri of a vessel going to Corfu this week – but I can't go¹²¹ – notes on *Childe Harold*. Dinner – rode – books as usual.

¹²⁰: A portion of H.'s extended family are holidaying in France.

¹²¹: Whether from loyalty to his annotation task, or from fondness for the Sartori girls – we cannot tell – H. has lost the urge to travel (recorded on Aug 6, 17).

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Wednesday August 20th 1817: Writing notes – walk in the vine-hung fields as usual for a singular purpose.¹²² They are praying for rain for the *polenta*¹²³ which regulates the price of the corn in [] [] [] of the peasants. We have flashes of lightning every night – ride with Byron. Return over the other side of the river from Dolo, which is a pretty wild green lane comparatively with the other dusty road.¹²⁴ See two women, mother and daughter,¹²⁵ who call themselves English to the people here, but I can only make out that they speak Greek and have lived in Zante.¹²⁶ Greek is by no means uncommon here. Capeternachi, an old woman who has played away her *pezzi*¹²⁷ at cards, is, though, a Greek. Petritine, censor at Venice,¹²⁸ is of that nation. Riding home, remarked the moon reigning on the right of us and the Alps still blushing with the gaze of the sunset. The Brenta came down upon us all purple a delightful scene, which Byron has put in three stanzas of his *Childe Harold*.¹²⁹

¹²²: To seek female companionship. H. to Murray, 17 Dec 1817: "... although your poets are as shy as elephants or camels of being seen in the act of procreation yet I have not unfrequently witnessed his lordship's coupleting" (JMA / NLS).

¹²³: See 16 Aug 1817; the "breadbasket" of Venice.

¹²⁴: Compare *Beppo*, 42, 5-8:

*I know too that if stopped upon my route
Where the Green Alleys windingly allure,
Reeling with Grapes red Waggon's choak the way –
In England 'twould be Dung, Dust, or a Dray.*

and *Don Juan IX*, 676-80:

*We have just lit on "a Heaven-kissing hill"
So lofty that I feel my brain turn round,
And All my fancies whirling like a Mill,
Which is a signal to my nerves and brain,
To take a quiet ride in some green lane.*

¹²⁵: At BLJ VI 92 B. writes that he has had carnal experience with (*inter alia*) "the Luigia and her mother".

¹²⁶: One of the Ionian Islands: birthplace of Ugo Foscolo.

¹²⁷: "All her cash".

¹²⁸: Giovanni Petritine was Censor of the Venetian press, and an enemy of Andreas Mustoxidthes, for whom see below. He was born on Corfu, and had written a life of Alfieri. At BLJ V 255 B. writes that Petritine consulted him about whether or not to authorise a translation of *Glenarvon*.

¹²⁹: See *Childe Harold IV*, stanzas 27-9:

*The Moon is up, and yet it is not night –
Sunset divides the sky with her – a sea*

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Thursday August 21st 1817: Notes as usual – dine and ride also back by the other side. Flirting at the Doctor's – a strange life – depend [upon it,] my cursed bad habits strengthen as I go weak.

Friday August 22nd 1817: Write notes and a letter in Italian, assisted by the Doctor, to the *Canonico Cavaliere*, librarian of the public library at Ferrara, asking for a copy of the letters written by Tasso¹³⁰ – dined at Byron's, but stopped in ride by a thunderstorm, which kept me at the Doctor's daughters. I walked back with Byron. Thunder like cannon. Madame de Staël is reported to have died a Catholic, although sensible to the last – also to have had a son at forty-nine, and to have been married to Rocca.¹³¹ I read some of Moore's *Lallah Rookh* and think the slumbering Albatross is not bad¹³² – but it is all Byron – a review in the *British*¹³³ is very good I think on all the oriental poets of our day.

*Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
Where the Day joins the vast Eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air – an island of the blest! et. seq.*

Notice, however, that B. does not write the stanzas at H.'s suggestion.

¹³⁰: As there is no need for any Tasso letters in notating *Childe Harold IV*, and as *The Lament of Tasso* is published already, H. seems to be doing some private research.

¹³¹: H. has reported this marriage already, at 12 Sept 1816 and 1 Oct 1816.

¹³²: *Lalla Rookh* had been published earlier in the year. The lines H. admires are from *The Fire-Worshippers*:

... on its peak, that brav'd the sky,
A ruin'd Temple tower'd, so high
That oft the sleeping albatross
Struck the wild ruins with her wing,
And from her cloud-rock'd slumbering
Started – to find man's dwelling there
In her own silent fields of air!

¹³³: For *The British Review*, see *Don Juan I*, Stanzas 209-10.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Saturday August 23rd 1817: Rainy morning, fresh and cool – write notes – dine with Byron – ride in cool evening. Came to Sartori's – read there a book called *Medicina Forense*,¹³⁴ rules for torturing, which appears to have been of use in the tribunals in 1801.¹³⁵ Chiefly on luxations by the cord.¹³⁶ Trifled away the whole evening very dully with *buscherole* punch and the doctor's daughters. Zagati at dinner today told me that an old Gondolier ended the stanzas of the Venetian Tasso where he began them.¹³⁷

Sunday August 24th 1817: Cool morning – **write journal at coffee house** – notes as usual – the dinner and the day as usual – riding in the evening.

Monday August 25th 1817: Notes – day as usual – dine – ride – punch and daughters of the doctor. I hear that torturing was not allowed for thirty years before the expiration of the old republic.¹³⁸

Tuesday August 26th 1817: Notes – day as usual – dine – ride – punch, and doctor's family with Byron read a little Cicero and Richelieu.¹³⁹

Wednesday August 27th 1817: Notes – day as usual – dine, ride, punch and doctor's daughters. Lovely moonlight nights – no dew – nor cold.

¹³⁴: *Forensic Medicine*.

¹³⁵: Compare Puccini, *Tosca*, Act II.

¹³⁶: A luxation is a dislocation. The torture was the hoist, in which the arms are tied behind the back and the victim pulled vertically upwards by the wrists.

¹³⁷: When he sang from *Gierusalemme Liberata*, his musical periods ended after the first line of the stanza, indicating poor comprehension of the poem's content.

¹³⁸: From 1767 to 1797, the Treaty of Campo Formio.

¹³⁹: We cannot tell from the original punctuation whether B. too was entertained by Doctor Sartori's daughters, or whether he and H. read Richelieu and Conyers Middleton together.

Venice, *Childe Harold* IV and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Thursday August 28th 1817: Letter from dear Sophy, who is arrived in England and at Whitton – thank Heaven – in health – all of them. Notes – letter to Sophy – dine – ride – daughters of Doctor and moonlight walk. Read *Ms. of St Helene*¹⁴⁰ – a singular performance by someone who must know Napoleon well. He said to Macnamara¹⁴¹ that he should have died at Moscow – I find the same sentiment here. *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*¹⁴² for April – *Lallah Rookh*,¹⁴³ *Modern Greece*,¹⁴⁴ – Gally Knight,¹⁴⁵ and other things arrived by Parthenopex of Blois¹⁴⁶ – came down Brenta in a gondola by moonlight.

Friday August 29th 1817: Notes – dine ride <drink> moonlight walk with Byron.

Zagati at dinner told us two singular stories.¹⁴⁷ The murderer of the girl, who, it seems was not caught by a dog, was to have been hanged the other day. The ketch died,¹⁴⁸ and there is now a competition for that office. A gentleman who has raised himself to a large fortune has a poor brother to whom he has constantly refused relief – this brother went to put in for ketch's place – the gentleman heard of it and has offered him whatever he will take not to disgrace his name!!!

A Turk arrived at the *Regina di Ungheria* inn at Venice and lodged there. He asked to speak to the mistress of the inn, a buxom lady of forty, in keeping with certain children, and who had lost her husband many years before at sea. After

¹⁴⁰: *Manuscrit venu de St. Hélène d'une manière inconnue* claimed to be Napoleon's memoirs. Published by Murray, it was in fact by a Swiss economist and journalist called Jacob Frédéric Lullin de Chateauvieux, a friend of Madame de Staël.

¹⁴¹: John Macnamara had an interview with Napoleon on Elba, reproduced at Apr 22 1815.

¹⁴²: The *Edinburgh Review* for March (sic) included reviews of Southey's *Wat Tyler* and *Letter to William Smith*.

¹⁴³: Published 1817.

¹⁴⁴: *Modern Greece* is a poem in Spenserian stanzas. Published anonymously, it is by Felicia Hemans. For B.'s reaction, see letter to Murray of Sept 4th 1817 (BLJ V 262-3).

¹⁴⁵: *Phrosyne, A Grecian Tale, Ilderim, A Syrian Tale, and Alashtar, An Arabian Tale* by Henry Gally Knight.

¹⁴⁶: This is H.'s name for William Rose (see 22 Dec 1815) who had just embarked on a sojourn in north Italy. He married a Venetian woman, and embarked on the detailed study of Italian literature which resulted in the completion of his translation of the *Orlando Furioso*. Whether it was he who "came down the Brenta in a gondola by moonlight", carrying all the literary gifts from London which H. has just listed, is not clear from H.'s syntax, the obscurity of which is probably caused by insecurity at the advent of a real expert on Italy.

¹⁴⁷: The second of the two anecdotes is the primary source for *Beppo*, which B. was to write soon: see entries below for 21 September and 9 Oct 1817. On Oct 11 H. says the second story is false.

¹⁴⁸: The ketch was the public executioner, so named after the eighteenth-century hangman Jack Ketch.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

some preliminaries, my hostess went to the Turk, who immediately shut the door, and began questioning her about her family and her late husband. She told her loss. When the Turk asked if her husband had any particular mark about him, she said – yes, he had a scar on his shoulder – “Something like this?” said the Turk, pulling down his robe – “I am your husband – I have been to Turkey – I have made a large fortune and I make you three offers, either to quit your *amoroso* and come with me, or to stay with your *amoroso* or to accept a pension and live alone.”¹⁴⁹ The lady has not yet given an answer, but Madame Zagati said, “I’m sure I would not leave my *amoroso* for any husband” – looking at Byron. This is too gross even for me.

Saturday August 30th 1817: Notes as usual – walk out in fields – second crop of hay cutting under the vines. The *polenta* began to be pulled – they spread the grains on the pavement before the *Contarini*’s home. Dine – ride – and moonlight walk with Byron.¹⁵⁰ I have been ticklish about the bowels all this week. Doctor says I want baths and mineral waters. Fine weather – warmer but not too hot. Headache. Bed. Richelieu.

¹⁴⁹: He promises three offers, but only makes two.

¹⁵⁰: It is while riding with H. at this time that B. first meets Margarita Cogni, with one of her friends. As she is married, B. *is* successful with her, but as her friend is single, H. is not successful with *her*: see BLJ VI 192-3. Margarita Cogni was to become the most famous of all B.’s Venetian mistresses.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Sunday August 31st 1817: Journal at coffee house. A paper pasted up: “Al Chiarissimo David Zuliani medico chirurgo per l’insigne operazione da esso eseguita alla Mira nell’estrazione della placenta dopo 36 ore del Parto – alla povera Antonia Allegro, Sonetto. [] []”¹⁵¹ This a piece of gratitude on the part of Antonia’s father, who has no other way of paying the surgeon – yet the payment of a doctor’s visit here is only two lire – ten pence – Doctor Sartori tells me that the Austrian government have [] done nothing for the poor here – that he, as doctor and deputato, gives a detail of all the deaths in the campo santo and has had to report upon examination that many have died of hunger and of grass, and other crude substances found in their intestines. Such misery was never known within his memory in Italy. The course of municipal power in the states comes from the Emperor – the camera aulica, the Governor of Venice, the counsellor of the government, the centrale congregazion composed of noble Venetians – the provincial congregazion composed of nobles and citizens at Venice in greater number than the central, provincial delegation composed of a delegate named by the Emperor in each province, a Chancellor of the Census residing in every district of each province, deputation Comunale residing in every camera composed of three possedenti of each commune, the two last depending on the first – and except in cases of health which requires expedition and all are settled by the delegation. Every representative must go by the comunale deputation up to the Emperor – and wait for six months or a year. The Venetian kingdom has seven provinces – Venice, Padua, Rovigo, Vicenza, Udino, Verona, and Trento.

Writing notes this morning. Ride. Dined with Byron.

Monday September 1st 1817: Notes – dine – ride with Byron as usual – Middleton and Richelieu.

Tuesday September 2nd 1817: Notes – dined, ride with Byron – usual reading – fine weather: but the *taglio*¹⁵² of the Mira being cleared out, an unpleasant odour.

¹⁵¹: “Sonnet to the illustrious David Zuliani, medical surgeon, for the famous operation, which he carried out at La Mira, involving the extraction of the placenta of poor Antonia Allegro, thirty-six hours after she had given birth”.

¹⁵²: “section”; “channel” is a better word, to indicate the central part of the canal, the dredgeable middle (J.W.)

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Wednesday September 3rd 1817: Notes. Dinner. Ride with Byron all usual, except that we have not our nights at Sartori's. I have read three Cantos of Tasso for the first time – it is full of quotable phrase. I find Olindo's play upon words when at the stake¹⁵³ unnatural –

Thursday September 4th 1817: Letter from Henry¹⁵⁴ of 15th August. He tells me that Ridgway says the *Letters* have a steady continuing sale. Read over Byron's fourth Canto again. ¹⁵⁵ Yesterday ride in evening, most delightful. The Countess Foscarini¹⁵⁶ gave a *piccola accademia* here – the Sartoris were there and the only *beau* was the Count de Thoum's *camariere* who they say also goes with him. They say also [] [] was a dancer at Paris. One of the Dolo Trulls asked why I did not marry the Germana – she being a *puta* – there seems no distinction of rank here of any kind ... Letter from Scrope Davies to Byron – the chief topic, myself *infidus scurra*¹⁵⁷ – it looks however no good to the last edition – or the rascal would not talk so. Dine – ride – as usual.

¹⁵³: Tasso, *Gerusalemme Liberata* II Stanzas 33-5. The words of Olindo to his beloved Sophronia, as they anticipate burning, plays with the contrast between the metaphorical fire he had hoped to feel in her arms and the real fire they will now experience instead:

*Questo dunque è quel laccio ond'io sperai
teco accoppiarmi in compagnia di vita?
Questo è quel foco ch'io credea che i cori
ne dovesse infiammar d'eguali ardori? ... ecc.*

H.'s rejection of heterosexual hyperbole is sadly characteristic. But Sophronia and Olindo are spared death.

¹⁵⁴: One of H.'s younger brothers.

¹⁵⁵: On this date B. writes to Murray, "... the poem ... consists of 144 Stanzas – the Notes are numerous and chiefly written by Mr Hobhouse – whose researches have been indefatigable – and who I will venture to say has more real knowledge of Rome and its environs than any Englishman – who has been there since Gibbon" (BLJ V 263). For H. and Gibbon, see 27 Dec 1814.

¹⁵⁶: Owner of the Villa Foscarini, which B. has leased for six months on the Brenta.

¹⁵⁷: A Latin phrase implying "witty bastard". The words with which B. signs his lampoon on H.'s sojourn in Newgate in 1820 (see 16 Apr 1820). The letter from Davies is probably the one printed at *Burnett* 140-1, including such things as "I am frequently asked about your health ... They all suppose you to be *dégouté*, and many look among the deaths in the daily papers and are surprised not to see yours. They little know that you dare not die, which is the case, for Hobhouse would immediately write your life ..."

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Friday September 5th 1817: I get up a little earlier – try hand at a poem – satiric – write sixty-odd lines – tolerably easily.¹⁵⁸ Byron read me a prefatory letter to myself this morning for his canto – well written – in his manner. Dine – ride – read Schiller's *Armenian* in Italian¹⁵⁹ – the first book very interesting.

[Not in diary: Byron's preface to *Child Harold IV*:

‘Visto ho Toscana, Lombardia, Romagna,
Quel Monte che divide, e quel che serra
Italia, e un mare e l' altro, ch la bagna.’
Ariosto, Satira iii.

TO
JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ., A.M., F.R.S.
&c. &c. &c.
VENICE, *January 2*, 1818.

My Dear Hobhouse,
After an interval of eight years between the composition of the first and last cantos of *Childe Harold*, the conclusion of the poem is about to be submitted to the public. In parting with so old a friend, it is not extraordinary that I should recur to one still older and better, – to one who has beheld the birth and death of the other, and to whom I am far more indebted for the social advantages of an enlightened friendship, than – though not ungrateful – I can, or could be, to *Childe Harold*, for any public favour reflected through the poem on the poet, – to one, whom I have known long and accompanied far, whom I have found wakeful over my sickness and kind in my sorrow, glad in my prosperity and firm in my adversity, true in counsel and trusty in peril, – to a friend often tried and never found wanting; – to yourself.

In so doing, I recur from fiction to truth; and in dedicating to you in its complete, or at least concluded state, a poetical work which is the longest, the most thoughtful and comprehensive of my compositions, I wish to do honour to myself by the record of many years' intimacy with a man of learning, or talent, of steadiness, and of honour. It is not for minds like ours to give or to receive flattery; yet the praises of sincerity have ever been permitted to the voices of friendship; and it is not for you, nor even for others, but to relieve a heart which has not elsewhere, or lately, been so

¹⁵⁸: The satire does not seem to have survived.

¹⁵⁹: The English title for Schiller's *Der Geisterseher*, which has always been considered a major influence on B.'s work. See BLJ V 203, where he writes that it “took great hold of me when a boy”.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

much accustomed to the encounter of good-will as to withstand the shock firmly, that I thus attempt to commemorate your good qualities, or rather the advantages which I have derived from their exertion. Even the recurrence of the date of this letter, the anniversary of the most unfortunate day of my past existence, but which cannot poison my future while I retain the resource of your friendship, and of my own faculties, will henceforth have a more agreeable recollection for both, inasmuch as it will remind us of this my attempt to thank you for an indefatigable regard, such as few men have experienced, and no one could experience without thinking better of his species and of himself.

It has been our good fortune to traverse together, at various periods, the countries of chivalry, history, and fable – Spain, Greece, Asia Minor, and Italy; And what Athens and Constantinople were a few years ago, Venice and Rome have been more recently. The poem also, or the pilgrim, or both, have accompanied me from first to last; and perhaps it may be pardonable vanity which induces me to reflect with complacency on a composition which in some degree connects me with the spot where it was produced, and the objects it would fain describe; and however unworthy it may be deemed of those magical and memorable abodes, however short it may fall of our distant conceptions and immediate impressions, yet as a mark of respect for what is venerable, and of feeling for what is glorious, it has been to me a source of pleasure in the production, and I part with it with a kind of regret, which I hardly suspected that events could have left me for imaginary objects.

With regard to the conduct of the last canto, there will be found less of the pilgrim than in any of the preceding, and that little slightly, if at all, separated from the author speaking in his own person. The fact is, that I had become weary of drawing a line which every one seemed determined not to perceive: like the Chinese in Goldsmith's 'Citizen of the World,' whom nobody would believe to be Chinese, it was in vain that I asserted, and imagined that I had drawn, a distinction between the author and the pilgrim; and the very anxiety to preserve this difference, and disappointment at finding it unavailing, so far crushed my efforts in the composition, that I determined to abandon it altogether – and have done so. The opinions which have been, or may be, formed on that subject are *now* a matter of indifference; the work is to depend on itself, and not on the writer; and the author, who has no resources in his own mind beyond the reputation, transient or permanent, which is to arise from his literary efforts, deserves the fate of authors.

In the course of the following canto it was my intention, either in the text or in the notes, to have touched upon the present state of Italian literature, and perhaps of manners. But the text, within the limits I proposed, I soon found hardly sufficient for the labyrinth of external objects, and the consequent reflections; and for the whole of the notes, excepting a few of the shortest, I am indebted to yourself, and these were necessarily limited of the elucidation of the text.

It is also a delicate, and no very grateful task, to dissert upon the literature and manners of a nation so dissimilar; and requires an attention and impartiality which would induce us – though perhaps no inattentive observers, nor ignorant of the language or customs of the people amongst whom we have recently abode – to distrust, or a least defer our judgment, and more narrowly examine our information.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

The state of literary, as well as political party, appears to run, or to *have* run, so high, that for a stranger to steer impartially between them is next to impossible. It may be enough, then, at least for my purpose, to quote from their own beautiful language – ‘Mi pare che in un paese tutto poetico, che vanta la lingua la più nobile ed insieme la più dolce, tutte tutte le vie diverse si possono tentare, e che sinche la patria di Alfieri e di Monti non ha perduto l’antico, valore, in tutte essa dovrebbe essera la prima.’ Italy has great names still – Canova, Monti, Ugo Foscolo, Pindemonte, Visconti, Morelli, Cicognara, Albrizzi, Mezzofanti, Mai, Mustoxidi, Aglietti, and Vacca, will secure to the present generation an honourable place in most of the departments of Art, Science, and Belles Lettres; and in some the very highest – Europe – the World – has but one Canova.

It has been somewhere said by Alfieri, that ‘La pianta uomo nasce più robusta in Italia che in qualunque altra terra – e che gli stessi atroci delitti che vi si commettono ne sono una prova.’ Without subscribing to the latter part of his proposition, a dangerous doctrine, the truth of which may be disputed on better grounds, namely, that the Italians are in no respect more ferocious than their neighbours, that man must be wilfully blind, or ignorantly heedless, who is not struck with the extraordinary capacity of this people, or, if such a word be admissible, their *capabilities*, the facility of their acquisitions, the rapidity of their conceptions, the fire of their genius, their sense of beauty, and, amidst all the disadvantages of repeated revolutions, the desolation of battles, and the despair of ages, their still unquenched ‘longing after immortality,’ – the immortality of independence. And when we ourselves, in riding round the walls of Rome, heard the simple lament of the labourers’ chorus, ‘Roma! Roma! Roma! Roma no è più come era prima!’ it was difficult not to contrast the songs of exultation still yelled from the London taverns, over the carnage of Mont St Jean, and the betrayal of Genoa, of Italy, or France, and of the world, by men whose conduct you yourself have exposed in a work worthy of the better days of our history. For me, –

‘Non movero mai corda
Ove la turba di sue ciance assorda.’

What Italy has gained by the late transfer of nations, it were useless for Englishmen to inquire, till it becomes ascertained that England has acquired something more than a permanent army and a suspended Habeas Corpus; it is enough for them to look at home. For what they have done abroad, and especially in the South, ‘Verily they *will have* their reward,’ and at no very distant period.

Wishing you, my dear Hobhouse, a safe and agreeable return to that country whose real welfare can be dearer to none than to yourself, I dedicate to you this poem in its completed state; and repeat once more how truly I am ever

Your obliged and affectionate friend,
BYRON]

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Saturday September 6th 1817: Sirocco – wind rising – write and read from Tiraboschi. Dine – Zagati tells me that the murderer is hanged at last – and that a day or two before he had a fistcuffing with another prisoner who had murdered his brother and who contended his murder was not as bad as the murder of an *amorosa*.

Madame Zagati says “*secondo*”.¹⁶⁰

Dine. A little rain. Gone on scheme with Byron in carriage – the sunset in purple and colour of geranium flowers. Evening at Sartori and hear Bontempi¹⁶¹ on his guitar.

Madame Zagati, in a jealous fit, came after her husband from Venice at night – was stopped by thieves – thought nothing of it – and on overtaking him flung a pair of scissors at him. She told this herself to us – she is a vindictive —— and found out that some *dama* who had been shy to her had been a *mantenuta*¹⁶² – the *dama*’s explanation only made her more angry – she has cost Byron about £500, he says.¹⁶³

Sunday September 7th 1817: Sirocco – up at eight – **journal in coffee house.** Hear that *polenta* last year was just double what it is now – the measure is now only thirty Venetian *soldi*.

Notes – dine and ride as usual ...

Monday September 8th 1817: Notes – dine, and ride – fine weather.

Tuesday September 9th 1817: Notes, dine, and ride – ditto.

Wednesday September 10th 1817: Notes, dine, and ride – letter from Sophy.

¹⁶⁰: “According to”. Significance unclear.

¹⁶¹: Perhaps descended from the composer.

¹⁶²: “A kept woman”.

¹⁶³: B. has by now met Margarita Cogni, and has probably found diamonds which he has given Marianna Segati at the jeweller’s from which he purchased them (he buys them again and returns them to her). See Moore (1830) II 179, and *Vie*, 2,96-7.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Thursday September 11th 1817: Lord Byron and myself set off in his carriage at half past five in the morning to go to Este.¹⁶⁴ Fine morning view of Alps, clear and grey in the distance. Arrived at Padua, heard of troops marching, and determined not to go beyond Arquà.¹⁶⁵ Arrived a little beyond the baths of St Helena,¹⁶⁶ went over a bridge to the right, and travelling along a straight narrow road for twenty minutes came near a blue deep lake on left – our postillions did not know the way. We then go into the roots of the Euganean hills,¹⁶⁷ a cluster of conical eminences partly covered with cultivated vines, figs, other fruit trees, and partly bare under a hot sun. The spot looks like “the crater of an exhausted volcano,” which it is.

Arrived at the farmhouse belonging to the parsonage, we left and walked up the hill to Arquà, which we saw in a cleft between two sloping ledges. It is a scattered village, very prettily situated in these hills about three miles from the high road. We went up the side of a declivity to the house of Petrarch, now inhabited by farmers – it is on a ledge, looking down on two descents, and in the village. There are four rooms such as appear to have been inhabited by him – the ceiling old, but the frescoes representing him and Laura in various scenes I take to have been added some time afterwards. There is a mutilated bust or two. The relics are a dried cat¹⁶⁸ with verses in Latin both said to be Petrarch’s – a wire *safe* – an old chair of wood, in which he is said to have died. Petrarch was found dead in his library with his head resting on a book in 1374. Lived at Arquà for part of four last years of his life. They show his inkstand, and it is to be observed that the lid is surmounted by a little figure in bronze – and Ariosto’s inkstand has the same taste – the Italians, in the age even of Petrarch, having before them the models of antiquity, began to be tasty.

¹⁶⁴: Their intention was to go to see a villa which Richard Hoppner had taken in the Euganean Hills near Este. B. took it over from Hoppner eventually, and sub-let it to Shelley in 1818. See his letter to Hoppner at BLJ V 264.

¹⁶⁵: Arquà was the last home of Petrarch. According to B.’s letter he and H. decided to cut the journey because only poor-quality horses were available. There is an account of the protagonist’s visit to Arquà, with his beloved Teresa, in Foscolo’s *Jacopo Ortis*, letter for 20 Nov 1797.

¹⁶⁶: St Elena is to the south of Este.

¹⁶⁷: It was while at the villa the following year that Shelley composed *Lines written among the Euganean Hills*.

¹⁶⁸: It was of this relic that B. is said by Teresa Guiccioli, with whom he visited Arquà on 13 Sep 1819, to have commented that the cat must have compensated Petrarch for Laura’s frigidity (see *Vie*, 3,225).

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

We put our names in a book which is only shown to *gente polite*, and after wandering down to the little garden, under a trellis of muscat vines, went down to the church. There in the yard stands the tomb alone, on four pilasters, with the wings still preserved in the *areas* of those days – the whole is of red marble. There is a little bronze bust on one side of the chest, with an eye out. The picture of Petrarch in the house has an eye out – there is the mark on one side where a Florentine tried to steal the body and did get one of the arms. A peasant boy, our guide, knew only that Petrarch was a Florentine. There is a young laurel tree planted at each angle of the tomb. Below the church yard is Petrarch's spring, of [] Euganean water, under an arch – we found it beset with hornets. A goodwife with bottle and glass gave us some to drink and asked us to go to the parsonage and see some of Petrarch's writing. We had not money – for everything is as venal at this village, as at Rome, so did not go, but left this lovely spot and walked down to our carriage, where we had eggs and grapes and good wine in a garden amidst the hills.

We found the parson would not give or sell our horses any hay, avowing his house was no inn. I presume he is annoyed by the number of visitants – yet Arquà is one of the most retired villages I have seen.

We returned in hot weather to Padua. We found the vintage had begun at Arquà. At Padua the postmaster made us pay for four posts, although it is only twelve miles to Arquà. Arrived in a beautiful evening by seven o'clock at La Mira, and dined – we stayed two hours at Arquà.

Petritine, censor of Venice, a Greek of Corfu, came this evening. He told us Mustoxidhi¹⁶⁹ was dreadfully angry at a note about his *περι αντιδσεως*¹⁷⁰ in the *Quarterly Review*. Mustoxidhi had desired him to see if there was anything in the *Review* of the Ambrosian Mss. about him. Petritine saw what was there said, took it down from Byron and me, and carried it back in great glee, having, he said, an old grudge seven years' standing against Mustoxidhi.

¹⁶⁹: Andreas Mustoxides (1785-1860) Corfiote editor and writer, resident in Venice. B. and H. first met him on 12 Nov 1816.

¹⁷⁰: An article in the *Quarterly Review* which is largely devoted to Mai's work, ends, "From another of the Ambrosian manuscripts, M. Andrea Mystoxides, a Greek of Corcyra, has published the oration of Isocrates *περι αντιδσεως*, with an addition of about eighty pages; but he has not fulfilled his task in a very critical or workman-like manner" (*Quarterly Review*, January 1817: XXXII p. 337).

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Petritine told us several singular things tonight – he knew the Abbate Serassi¹⁷¹ – Serassi was a master of the *cinque cento* but a frequenter of Cardinals – nothing was to be expected of his life of Tasso. Serassi had a contest with an Englishman about these words in the *Arminta*: “nuomi *lumi* ed Orfei”. Our countryman contended it ought to be *lini*.¹⁷² The Abbate would not give up. As to Tasso’s cell, Baruffaldi¹⁷³ told Petritine that they had a tradition about it – Mirillis¹⁷⁴ had the inscription put up, and Baruffaldi wrote it. Baruffaldi has dated a letter by Tasso to show his enchanted garden is the origin of English gardens.

When Petritine was at Ferrara, lightning struck Ariosto’s bust at the Benedictine convent and carried off the iron laurel crown.¹⁷⁵ Bianchese of Milan, the defender of Celsus,¹⁷⁶ made a poem about it, or a prose story.

The Abbate Cesarotti¹⁷⁷ was invited by Napoleon to dine with him at Venice. Napoleon kept him in play all dinnertime, having him at his right hand and taking the cause of Alexander against his Caesar. The Abbate had the Prince Eugene next to him but turned his back to him the whole time in the [] of bending towards Napoleon – who by the way had made the Viceroy his courier coming in to the town.

Petritine had seen Goethe at Madame Albrizzi’s.¹⁷⁸ He never said a word for five hours, and when somebody asked him about *Werther*, turned red. Madame de Staël came to Venice with letters or a list of Venetian worthies made out for her by Cesarotti at Padua – amongst them was Francesco Gritti, poet in the Venetian dialect.¹⁷⁹ Madame sent out her *billets* as usual, asking the witty, etc., to come to her, “And in the midst of twelve,” said Petritine “we saw Francesco Gritti, a famous soup-maker, walk in.” This man was more known to Madame de Staël’s *lacquey de place* than the poet, and had received the invitation. The baroness

¹⁷¹: See 12 Aug 1817.

¹⁷²: *Aminta*, pastoral drama by Tasso, written 1573. The line is I ii 536: *I’vidi / celesti dee, ninfe leggiarde e belle, / nuovi Lini ed Orfei, ed altre ancora, / senza vel ...* Tasso refers to the poets of the court of Alfonso II of Este. *Lini* (the correct reading) are those mourned by poets (see *Iliad* XVIII 570).

¹⁷³: Girolamo Baruffaldi (1740-1816) wrote *La Vita di M.L. Ariosto* (1807); see again H.’s note to CHP IV 38, 6.

¹⁷⁴: Mirillis unidentified. Anybody got any ideas?

¹⁷⁵: See *Childe Harold IV* 41, 1-2.

¹⁷⁶: Probably Giovanni Lodovico Bianconi (1717-1781); see H.’s note to CHP IV 41, 1-2.

¹⁷⁷: Melchiorre Cesarotti (1730-1808); see H.’s note to CHP IV 57, 1.

¹⁷⁸: Goethe was in Venice in 1786 and 1790.

¹⁷⁹: Francesco (“Checco”) Gritti (1740-1822) Venetian vernacular poet.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

complimented him on his works. “Si fa cio che si può”¹⁸⁰ was his reply – and so they went, till the cook was found out.

Petrine told us he had been afraid to republish Botta’s history of the American Independence¹⁸¹ – but had written to the Emperor, representing the necessity of publishing a classical work which has yet only appeared in France.

A poet has been put in prison for three months for saying that Francis¹⁸² sleeps on his throne.¹⁸³

Sartori showed me a speech made by the Emperor Francis: when the Venetian deputies complimented him on the cession of their city to him, he promised to make Venice recover all her splendour. “It will be a fishing shed,” said the doctor. He showed me an ode in the same sense, called *La Pace Generale*, in which the Germans are said to come back to *regottissar* Italy.¹⁸⁴

Friday September 12th 1817: Wrote letter to Lady Holland – notes – ride – dine &c.

Saturday September 13th 1817: Notes, a little – I could do nothing, feeling half mad. Tried to walk about the fields – got up earlier – my head is half gone – such as it is, or was – dine, ride.

¹⁸⁰: “I do what I can”.

¹⁸¹: See 19 Oct 1816.

¹⁸²: The Emperor Francis II of Austria, ruler of Venice.

¹⁸³: Poet unidentified. Anybody got any ideas? Not Pietro Buratti, whose poem on the stampeding elephant (see BLJ VI 108) earned him imprisonment in 1819.

¹⁸⁴: “Bail Italy out again”.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Sunday September 14th 1817: Notes – the same fine weather – dine and walk and ride. Finished Middleton’s *Cicero* – there is something like a novel in the way in which he winds up with telling what became of those mentioned in the history.¹⁸⁵ The coincidence of young Cicero beating Anthony at drinking¹⁸⁶ (who had written a book about his triumphs at toping) and of being Consul, and receiving from Augustus the account of the defeat of Anthony,¹⁸⁷ is very remarkable. I find a Cestius Praetor, whipped by young Cicero – perhaps the man of the pyramid.¹⁸⁸ Seneca is quoted. Byron talked to me about family affairs tonight – he does not care about his wife now, that is certain – finished sixth volume of Richelieu.

Monday September 15th 1817: **Wrote journal at coffee house** – notes – ride – and dine at seven.

Tuesday September 16th 1817: Did not go to Venice – wrote notes – went to Fuscina with Byron in carriage – rode out – dined at seven.

Wednesday September 17th 1817: Notes – went to Venice with Byron – and took up my apartments at the Gran Brettagna¹⁸⁹ – dined there. Went to Byron’s in evening. Walked at the new gardens, where my brother’s party and I walked last year. I see his name in the stranger’s book – poor dear Sophy’s name with them.

¹⁸⁵: Middleton, *Life of... Cicero*, II 499-end.

¹⁸⁶: Middleton quotes Pliny to the effect that young Cicero had resolved “... to deprive ANTONY, the murderer of his father, of the glory, of being the first drunkard of the Empire” (*Life*, II 576).

¹⁸⁷: Upon taking supreme power, Augustus made Cicero’s son his fellow-consul, “... so that his letters, which brought the news of the victory at Actium, and conquest of Egypt, were addressed to CICERO the Consul, who had the pleasure of publishing them to the Senate and People; as well as of making and executing that decree, which ordered all the statues and monuments of ANTONY to be demolished, and that no person of his family should ever after bear the name of MARCUS” (*Life*, II 577).

¹⁸⁸: The pyramid of Caius Cestius, now in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, near which Keats and Trelawny are buried.

¹⁸⁹: Expensive hotel on the Grand Canal.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Thursday September 18th 1817: Went in the morning to the Apollo Library – bought a book, Marangoni¹⁹⁰ – came home and read and copied for notes out of it – called on Byron – came back – dined – read Gibbon. Went to hear Grassini¹⁹¹ at an *accademia*.

Friday September 19th 1817: Went to the Apollo, and read and wrote until two o'clock – then went to the Grimani palace¹⁹² with Byron and again admired the little marble cabinet, the Socrates and Alcibiades, the Marcus Agrippa in the court, the peasant with the basket – no catalogue has been made of these antiquities.

Called after dinner on Whishaw¹⁹³ who I find is here. He told me positively that Madame de Staël did not die a Catholic – he saw her four days before she died – it was Ward who spread the report in a letter to Murray. Whishaw most admired Tasso's cell – he had no notion of any doubts. It seems the letters of Tasso are to be copied for me, and I am called Lord Byron's secretary.

The Kinnairds come¹⁹⁴ – send for Byron – conversation – the Kinnairds have been at Munich and at *Augsberg*.¹⁹⁵ At the first place they dined with the King of Bavaria¹⁹⁶ and Prince Eugene,¹⁹⁷ at the second saw Hortense of Holland¹⁹⁸ – F Beauharnais. Hortense is positive that the Ms. from St Helene¹⁹⁹ is Napoleon's, and says the mention made of her mother²⁰⁰ is a certain proof of it. It is short and feeling – another writer would have looked about for effects, Lord Kinnaird thinks. This opinion must have come from Prince Eugene, although he could not find the

¹⁹⁰: Giovanni Marangoni, *Memorie sacre e profane dell'Anfiteatro Flavio di Roma, volgarmente detto il Colosseo* (1746). Used by H. for his note to *Childe Harold IV* stanzas 139-45 (see CPW II 338).

¹⁹¹: Giuseppina Grassini, contralto (1773-1850). A mistress of Napoleon and of Wellington.

¹⁹²: The Palazzo Grimani housed the Grimani collection of antiquities.

¹⁹³: Note pending. Anybody got any ideas?

¹⁹⁴: Lord Kinnaird and his brother Douglas Kinnaird, old Trinity friend of H. and B..

¹⁹⁵: Respectively capital of, and important city in, the Kingdom of Bavaria.

¹⁹⁶: Maximilian I, King of Bavaria.

¹⁹⁷: Eugene Beauharnais (1781-1824) former Vice-King of North Italy, Napoleon's step-son, had married Maximilian's daughter Augusta in 1806. Brother of

¹⁹⁸: Hortense Beauharnais (1783-1837) wife of Louis Bonaparte (made King of Holland by Napoleon) and mother of Napoleon III.

¹⁹⁹: See 28 Aug 1817.

²⁰⁰: Josephine Beauharnais (1763-1814) Napoleon's first wife. The reference is to *Manuscrit*, pp. 13-15, which describe Napoleon's wooing of Josephine, and which end thus: "J'attendais la réponse avec anxiété. Elle fut favorable: Mad. de Beauharnais m'accordait sa main, et s'il y a eu des momens de bonheur dans ma vie, c'est à elle que je les ai dûs".

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

opportunity to ask him. The King of Bavaria is most liberal and free spoken – he mentioned the attempt that had been made to make him prosecute Hortense. Lord Kinnaird tells me that Abbé Sièyes²⁰¹ at Brussels is positive that the Ms. is Bonaparte's – Cambacérès²⁰² thinks it is not. The French government have talked of recalling the passports which they originally gave to the refugees at Brussels, in order to prevent the Dutch king²⁰³ from affording them a *longer refuge*.

Saturday September 20th 1817: This morning went about with the Kinnairds – to St Mark's place, church, to the Manfrini pictures.²⁰⁴ We all admired Giorgione most – his three portraits of wife and son and self.²⁰⁵ Byron and the Kinnairds and I dined

²⁰¹: The Comte Emmanuel Joseph Sièyes (1748-1836) consul with Napoleon before Napoleon made himself Emperor.

²⁰²: Jean-Jacques Régis de Cambacérès (1753-1824) Napoleon's other fellow-consul.

²⁰³: William I, Prince of Orange (1772-1844) had been created King of the United Netherlands (that is, Holland, Belgium and Luxemburg) by the 1814 Treaty of London.

²⁰⁴: "Amongst the few very rich men in Venice ... is Mr. Manfrin, the son of a late merchant who made a large fortune. This gentleman makes a noble use of the riches left him by his father: his palace contains a most beautiful collection of paintings, to which he continues adding what ever master-pieces money can procure. Seven large rooms are already full of these magnificent embellishments; and there will be more in a few years" – J.A. Galiffe, *Italy and its Inhabitants* (John Murray 1820) I 132. Compare *Beppo*, Stanzas 11-12 (to be written in three weeks' time):

*They've pretty faces yet, those same Venetians,
Black eyes, arched brows, and sweet expressions still,
Such as of old were copied from the Grecians,
In antient Arts by Moderns mimicked ill;
And like so many Venuses of Titian's
(The best's at Florence – see it – if ye will)
They look when leaning over the Balcony;
Or stepped from out a picture by Giorgione, – – –*

*Whose tints are Truth and Beauty at their best;
And when you to Manfrini's palace go,
That Picture (howsoever fine the rest)
Is loveliest to my mind of all the show;
It may perhaps be also to your Zest,
And that's the cause I rhyme upon it so;
'Tis but a Portrait of his Son and Wife
And Self; but such a Woman! Love in Life!*

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

at my inn – Lord Kinnaird told us a story of a conspiracy²⁰⁶ between the Prussians and the discontented in Paris in the winter of 1815, of which Lord Castlereagh was not ignorant and was supposed to participate. The Prussians gave 30,000 arms, not yet found; Castlereagh was shown to them. The conspirators – the objective was a pretext to dismember France. It is not thought that Castlereagh was in the secret, and that he had no other motive than finding it all out is most probable. It was found out forty-two officers of rank were imprisoned for three months, but were not punished – thus powerful interest must have been made for them. This seems to me a fairytale, but Lord Kinnaird says he is sure of the fact. Went to the St Moïse Theatre,²⁰⁷ which opened today – place full – *Figaro*²⁰⁸ acted – I have been ill two or three days – bath salts.

Saturday September 21st 1817: Employed morning reading fourth canto to the Kinnairds – went out in the gondola with Lord Kinnaird and Lord Byron to the gardens. Lord Kinnaird read to me a new poem of Frere's, excellent and quizzical – no better since the days of Swift.²⁰⁹ Read a bit of Macirone's Joachim Murat.²¹⁰ Douglas Kinnaird tells me my *Letters to Byron*²¹¹ has not *taken* – I am too violent, devil damn him. But he is not a judge – he was angry at my not having followed his advice about shortening the work, and he is one of your modern readers who cannot support an argument but must have stories. Someone, whom I suspect to be Lord Lansdowne, told Baillie²¹² that I had too many stories – hard task to suit the palates

²⁰⁵: It is likely that both B. and H. are here victims of one the art history misattributions common at the time. There is no Giorgione portrait of his wife and son.

²⁰⁶: Lord Kinnaird had been imprisoned during the Hundred Days as a Bourbon agent; in 1818 he was imprisoned as a Bonapartist.

²⁰⁷: "The theatre of Saint Moïse is ugly and small; it holds hardly one thousand spectators; but the company who were then 1816 performing at it could not have attracted a larger audience, even in the largest theatre in the city" – Galiffe, I 141. The theatre closed in 1818.

²⁰⁸: Neither the play by Beaumarchais nor the opera by Mozart, but Rossini's politically inoffensive *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. H. sees it again on the 22nd.

²⁰⁹: H. refers to John Hookham Frere's *Whistlecraft*, published by Murray, which revealed to B. the possibilities of ottava rima in English and led directly to *Beppo*, which B. drafted on the night of 8 Oct (see entry below for 9 Oct 1817).

²¹⁰: Francis Macirone, *Interesting facts relating to the fall and death of Joachim Murat, King of Naples* (London 1817). Macirone was of Italian descent but born in England; he had been Murat's aide in 1813-15.

²¹¹: H.'s *Letters from Paris*.

²¹²: His old friend David "Long" Baillie.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

of such guests. Very bad news of S. B. Davies.²¹³ Captain Wallace²¹⁴ has ended in the galleys, where he has been chained for some robbery. All dine together – argumentation between the brothers.²¹⁵

Monday September 22nd 1817: Pigou²¹⁶ called, from Greece. Bankes²¹⁷ has been in Nubia – there is a plague at Livadia and perhaps at Athens – positively I do not go. **Wrote a little journal this morning** – go about with the Kinnairds seeing sights – <Manfrini Palace>²¹⁸ Pigou dined with me at our inn. Go in evening to St Moïse theatre – hear that the expense of house and actors for the whole season up to the end of November is not above £300. *Figaro* of Rossini.²¹⁹ Beautiful music – but reminded me of his (other) *Tancredi*.²²⁰ Extraordinary profligacy of women here – I changed £50 of Henry’s Saturday²²¹ – and got twenty-four francs – sixty for the pound.

Tuesday September 23rd 1817: Going about with the Kinnairds. Byron and all dine together at our inn – Rizzo, Count,²²² came in – went to St Benedetto theatre²²³ – saw ballet.

²¹³: A letter from Davies to B. written in September 1817 says two things: “Fortune has frowned upon me and steeped me in poverty to the very lips”, and “Pray tell him H. that his Albania has risen in value – waste paper was never so dear in England as it now is” (Burnett 142-3).

²¹⁴: See *Detached Thought* 21: “Captain Wallace was a notorious character of that day – and then intimate with most of the dissipated young men of the day – asked me one night at the Gaming table where I thought *his Soul* would be found after death? I answered him – “in *Silver Hell*” – a cant name for a second rate Gambling house)” – (BLJ IX 19). B. uses this memory in his note to Don Juan XI Stanza 29.

²¹⁵: That is, between Lord Kinnaird and Douglas Kinnaird.

²¹⁶: I am unable to identify this man, who was a valuable acquaintance of H.’s in Venice.

²¹⁷: William Bankes, B.’s and H.’s old Cambridge drinking-companion.

²¹⁸: They had been there two days previously. See 20 Sep 1817.

²¹⁹: *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* had been premiered at the Teatro Argentina in Rome on February 20th 1816. It is worrying that H. does not comment on its humour.

²²⁰*Tancredi* is a serious opera, not at all like the farcical / romantic *Barbiere*.

²²¹: “yester Saturday” (Ms).

²²²: The Conte Rizzo-Patarol; see BLJ VI 8 *et. seq.*, BB 245. A friend of R.B.Hoppner, he was a model for the Count in *Beppo*.

²²³: “Benedict” (Ms.) The Teatro San Benedetto held 2,000; oratorios and plays were put on there as well as operas. Galiffe (I 144) describes it as “much inferior to *La Fenice* in beauty, but equal in size and capacity.”

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Wednesday September 24th 1817: Going about with the Kinnairds to Grimani palace – and churches. Fine weather. Dined with the Kinnairds at our inn. Evening spent at Byron’s where music from Madame Zagati – Bontempi²²⁴ – a lady there.²²⁵

Thursday September 25th 1817: Going about with the Kinnairds – dine at the Leon Blank²²⁶ with Pigou and a Mr Erle of Liverpool.²²⁷ Both liberal,²²⁸ but I since find them “*au niveau*”²²⁹ frightened about something said about assassinating Castlereagh. Pigou told me that Sir Thomas Maitland²³⁰ at Corfu had said in his hearing that he would not employ an honest man but only a damned scoundrel, one whom he could hang at any time – he is incensed like a god there – wine of Istria good.

Friday September 26th 1817: Find Byron in great tribulation and jealous about Madame Zagati, to whom somebody, so she says, has been sending a *billet doux* – Madame Zagati negotiates for me with the lady of Wednesday – her friend. Dine at Pellegrino with the Kinnairds – do not go to the Greek mistress of Chartella²³¹ with the Lord²³² today – go to the arena – sit in the open air, but the stage lighted. It has a very ancient air – and in this starry climate is delightful – the great devil was the hero of the piece,²³³ and the audience entered into all his distinctions about robbing. A Good Emperor and an intendant bad were the chief personages – next to the robber. I go to my lady, and find her name on a note – *Alla nobile Signora* she born a Loderini, and her brother is named Peter – she was not unpropitious – I went to St Moïse –

²²⁴: Marianna, wrote B., “is a famous songstress – scientifically so” (BLJ V 130) “a mighty good singer” (BLJ V 145). Bontempi played the guitar.

²²⁵: Name Loderini. Briefly to be H.’s companion.

²²⁶: The White Lion was a dirty, expensive inn: see Galiffe, I 118-19.

²²⁷: Unidentified. Anybody got any ideas?

²²⁸: Mr Erle is the only one at the meal of whose liberal politics H. can have been in any doubt.

²²⁹: “On the level”.

²³⁰: The drunken and unpopular Governor of the Ionian Islands.

²³¹: Note pending. Anybody got any ideas? Marshal *Challaire* was the military commandant of Venice (J.W).

²³²: Perhaps B.

²³³: Play unidentified. Anybody got any ideas?

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Saturday September 27th 1817: Send a letter to my father – telling him to take a lodging for me in Albany if possible – for that I am coming home.²³⁴ Poor dear Harriet is not well. Byron returns to La Mira. Pigou breakfasted with me, and heard the fourth Canto – he was incensed at the Kinnairds’ presuming to criticise it – enough for whore-mongers and men of fashion to read it. Walked about a little – dined at Pellegrino alone. Went to Loderini – heard that a certain couple²³⁵ are proverbial for jealousy and pass time ’twixt *grida* and *convulsa*.²³⁶ Come to box at St Moise – and afterwards with the Kinnairds and Rizzo – sup at one o’clock at La Luna. There came in a *gentiluomo veneto*, one Granderigo – the French used to call him Grand Rigaud. Wrote a letter to Baillie today, from whom had a letter. I half advise him not to go to Turkey – Antonio Mire the pimp here is a gentleman.

Sunday September 28th 1817: I lounge about all the morning with the Kinnairds in the arcades of Piazza St Mark’s – crowds of well dressed men and women. It would be difficult to see decay in such a multitude. Gibbon has a fine sentence relative to the luxury of a sinking nation – applied to the time of Gratian – “the riot and intemperance of a siege or a shipwreck,” &c.²³⁷ I have done nothing this week except read a little Gibbon. The Kinnairds and I dine at our inn at four – go out in a gondola – see the Salute church and beautiful Luca Giordano – go to the gardens – beautiful evening – now up and down the cool canal²³⁸ – nothing equal to Venice.

Pigou told me that the man who reared the columns of the *Piazzetta* asked as a boon that *play* might be allowed between the pillars – the privilege was granted. The Lion of St Mark’s used to have one paw up on the Gospel – the paw is now down and the book away.²³⁹ Lounged about in the arcades. Saw a conjurer – a man selling cundums in the coffee house before all the women, &c. Turks lounging – a Punch performance in one part – military band parading – the moon shining

²³⁴: H. doesn’t go home until Jan 1818.

²³⁵: B. and Marianna Segati.

²³⁶: “Between screaming at one another and fucking”.

²³⁷: Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, Chapter 27: “And the mad prodigality which prevails in the confusion of a shipwreck or a siege may serve to explain the progress of luxury amidst the misfortunes and terrors of a sinking nation”.

²³⁸: Compare *Beppo*, 20, 1: “And up and down the long Canals they go ...”

²³⁹: Hoppner to B., 24 Oct 1820: “In lieu of the winged Lion of St Marc which once adorned the façade of the Church of that Saint, has been substituted a bad painting which represents him writing in a ponderous volume that rests on the head of an old Lion without any wings at all.”

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

between the cupolas – went to St Moïse and St Benedetto – both pretty well attended.

Monday September 29th 1817: Went to the public library and copied from St Jerome and Orosius until one, when it shuts. Walked about with Pigou. Copied from Grævius at the Apollo library – dined with Pigou at Pellegrino's – talked politics – he told me there was nothing in my *Letters from Paris* to justify the abuse of the *Quarterly Review* – but the reviewer might have heard me talk – but he never did. Pigou gave me advice, and good in a modest way. Walked about with him – a delicious night after hot day of Scirocco – came home – to bed at two – letter from Charlotte.

Tuesday September 30th 1817: Up late – heard Kinnaird's journal. Lavallette is at Munich called Gossard. Hear as a great secret that ——— and ——— are determined to hang together in case anything happens in ———.²⁴⁰ **Write journal for last week.** Went about in a gondola and to the gardens with Kinnaird – returned – went to the St Moïse again, and coming home supped with the brothers and took leave of them. Douglas has a new theory about the revolution having ruined everything, because brought about by a minority, which has been obliged to bribe and corrupt ever since, and has destroyed the free representation – also about the despotism of Queen Elizabeth's reign which he says never extended to taxation. I presume this is from Burdett, who by the way lent Cobbett three thousand pounds, of which Cobbett took no notice.

Wednesday October 1st 1817: Employed this day in writing from Grævius – dined at Pellegrino.

Thursday October 2nd 1817: Wrote at the public library, and afterwards from one to five at the Apollo, then returned and wrote until nine at the Apollo. Sent yesterday letter to Melly.

Friday October 3rd 1817: Wrote at the public library until one from nine, then at the Apollo. Dined at Pellegrino – returned and wrote again at Apollo. Saw Mustoxidithi, who told me about his horses with great bitterness at young Dandolo, a

²⁴⁰: Riddle too dense for successful scrutiny. J.W. suggests a homosexual scandal. See also 5 Oct 1817.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

boy at the Lyceum writing against him – it is supposed by Cicognara's²⁴¹ contrivance. He told me that he had printed off his *ωερι αντιδωσεως* quickly, because he was afraid Amati at the Vatican would be beforehand with him. Mai is a young man of thirty-one, about. Mustoxidthi is displeased with our Toscan constitution – the nomination of the deputies is thrown too much into the hands of the government, and the three who are sent to London are absolutely without character or acquirements. The reserve of certain *imployo* for the English is unbecoming so great a nation. During the French sway the antiquities of the country were studied; now they are entirely neglected. Mustoxidthi says Petritine is his enemy and a liar. Wrote letter to Sophy this evening, having heard the death of my good weak old schoolmaster Dr Estlin,²⁴² who fell down suddenly, or died of an apoplectic fit.

Saturday October 4th 1817: Up later than usual – for I have lately been out of bed before eight, and read and write all the morning until near six at the Apollo – saw Mustoxidi again – he tells me that Leake²⁴³ cites the *Teseide* of Boccace²⁴⁴ as an original Greek poem – now the *Teseide* is mentioned in Wharton's history of English poetry. A man here has written an octavo volume without the letter *R*: you may read it and not miss the letter – the date is 1816. I dine at home and read the life of Anacreon by Mustoxidi, prefaced to a late Italian translation of that author. It tells some news – but I think is heavy – perhaps it was impossible to prevent it. I wrote to Torlonia for Fea's Winckelmann, which I think is source here. I have expended five *louis* on a luxury,²⁴⁵ one on a hat, one on chains of beads, one on an English beggar. Eating and drinking here, exhausted nearly two more – to bed ten.

²⁴¹: Count Leopoldo Cicognara was a historian and archaeologist.

²⁴²: Before Westminster, H. went to Lewin's Mead, John Prior Estlin's Unitarian school at Bristol.

²⁴³: William Martin Leake, topographer, secret agent, and sometime English Consul at Ioannina (see 5 Oct 1809 *et seq.*). H. has had a rivalry with him for some time; Leake had given *Journey* an indifferent mention in his *Researches in Greece* (1814), which H. had answered in the *Edinburgh Review*, Feb 1815, 353-69. See CMP 317-22.

²⁴⁴: Mustoxides has said this, and H. recorded it, before. See 12 Nov 1816. Boccaccio's *Teseide* is the source for Chaucer's *The Knight's Tale*.

²⁴⁵: J.W. suggests that the "luxury" was a *puta*.

Venice, *Childe Harold* IV and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Sunday October 5th 1817: Very extraordinary suspicions almost verified.²⁴⁶ I breakfast every morning at the Florian coffee house²⁴⁷ for twenty-two or twenty-eight Venetian *soldi*. In the time of the republic you could get a better dinner for one franc – forty Venetian *soldi* – than you can now for five. In the gazette here, at the end, these articles come one after another. Charade, spectacles for the day – St Benedict, St Moïse – the Arena &c. I here see a sonnet from the Harlequin of the Arena to the Venetian people. **Write journal after breakfasting at Florian.** We have strange cold weather, with rain – like our English November.

Monday October 6th 1817: The above mentioned suspicion verified. I go to the public library, and write until one thence to the Apollo, and do the same until dinner time dine at Pellegrino. Come home and find Byron come and gone – in an equinoctial storm.

Tuesday October 7th 1817: Write at public library and at Apollo – dine at home. Duke of Devonshire²⁴⁸ called – he is just come from Russia and Vienna. Appears to me much improved – he is delighted with Russia. Tells me the Emperor has as much pride in his capital and Empire as a private gentleman in his house and park – but they can't whitewash a house in Petersburg without his permission. I told him that the Princess of Wales had a mameluke²⁴⁹ outside her carriage – he answered it was not so bad as having a courier inside.²⁵⁰ Now this is not bad for any body. Wrote a *poem*²⁵¹ – either today or yesterday.

Wednesday October 8th 1817: Went to Fuscina in a gondola, and walked thence to La Mira in a little more than two hours. Saw Byron – dined with him – and returned with him in his carriage to Fuscina – home by seven o'clock. Called on Duke of Devonshire, and went soon to bed.

²⁴⁶: Riddle unravellable; J.W. suggests a connection with the mystery on 30 Sept 1817.

²⁴⁷: "... it is not unusual for them [the ladies] to visit the coffee-houses, and particularly that of *Florian*, after the play, which is seldom over before midnight; and to spend two or three hours there with their acquaintance" – Galiffe I 130.

²⁴⁸: Son of the famous Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. He had at his own expense been to Russia to represent the English crown at Alexander I's coronation (J.W.)

²⁴⁹: An Egyptian soldier, equivalent to a Turkish Janissary. Here, with an indecent overtone.

²⁵⁰: A reference to Bartolommeo Bergami, courier to Princess (later Queen) Caroline, and suspected of being her lover – see *Don Juan* V 61, 7.

²⁵¹: Poem unidentified. Anybody got any ideas? H. writes several in emulation of *Childe Harold*, but quotes none.

Venice, *Childe Harold* IV and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Thursday October 9th 1817: Went to the public library, which is not public now but is still open to me for a promised reward. Wrote until one, then at the Apollo. Dined at the Pellegrino – walked in the garden – cold weather. Came home and wrote poetry in the *Childe's* style – it is difficult, but not inimitable.²⁵² Byron has imitated Frere's imitation in a description of Venice²⁵³ and done it well.

[*Not in diary: Hobhouse's four stanzas "in the Childe's style" (BL.Add.Mss 36455 f. 390)*]

Here in her Forum Rome arose and fell –
 The Arena where the master passions fought –
 And were these shattered columns all the spell
 That turned the nations to this polar spot
 That trembled like the needle? – Lost, forgot,
 That spell. The very soil that felt the tread
 Of heroes, buried – nothing left but what
 Confounds our sorrows – not a record read
 But tells of fires and falls – unknown and nameless dead. –

Time hath fulfilled thy unaccomplished vow,
 O Totila!* these palaces are made
 A pasture for the cattle – Rise, and thou
 Shalt see no fragments left but such as shade
 The herdsmen who, his listless limbs outlaid,
 Reigns o'er the space – unconsciously supplies
 A sovereign people here so oft arrayed,
 Consuls and Tribunes – all that great and wise
 Ambition centered here to claim the patriot prize.

Or climb with Scipio's shade into the dome
 Rich with the spoils of earth, Jove's rocky throne,
 Queen of her sister hills, the Rome of Rome –

²⁵²: See also 12 Oct 1817. As B. discovers the style of *Don Juan*, H. tries that of *Childe Harold* – see next item.

²⁵³: H. refers to *Beppo*, of which B. finished the rough draft and started the fair copy on 10 Oct (according to the manuscript dating) and which he announced to Murray on 12 and 23 Oct (BLJ V 267 and 269). "As to the reading over of Goldoni's comedies as a key to Buratti's satires by 'our party' and Lord Byron, no such lecture and no such party would have been or were tolerated by Lord Byron – and the real origin of *Beppo* was Mr Frere's burlesque poem "Whistlecraft" which the late Lord Kinnaird read to Byron in the autumn of 1817 at Venice. After reading it Lord Kinnaird asked Byron if he did not think it was a very clever and a very difficult performance. Lord Byron replied that he thought it very clever but not very difficult – and two days later produced *Beppo*". (H., unpublished criticism of Stendhal, quoted LLB p. 390).

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

The Capitol – What! Not a single stone
 Temples and trophies ruined not – but gone?
 Full thrice a hundred triumphs should have trod
 Some traces here – and not have left unknown
 Where up th' ascent of fame the victor rode
 Where shone the golden heaven that shrined the Luvian god.

The leaden sleepless foot of giant time –
 Hath it the mighty fabric trodden down?
 Or was the citadel of power and crime
 As brittle as the sceptre and the crown?
 Or was the vision of the eternal town
 To fade away before the morning light
 That dawned on Sion's hill; and what the frown
 Of desolation did not wholly blight
 Melt when the Christian sun shone with meridian might.

* Totila swore that he would erase Rome from the face of the earth and convert her Palatine “in gregum puscua” – Belisarius dissuaded him – but the ground into which the imperial palace stretched contiguous to the Roman forum is actually now part of what is called the Campo Vaccino – and herds are now foddered in the porches of the Caesars.]

Friday October 10th 1817: At the public library from ten until two, then at the Apollo. Dine at home. I am very ill – at least out of sorts – no diet agrees with me – my ears ring so that I sometimes feel as if I were going mad – and now comes this cursed mishap.²⁵⁴

Saturday October 11th 1817: At the library until half past two, having first visited the hideous *pozzi*.²⁵⁵ Then walked about with Claridge²⁵⁶ in the gardens – the first warm day we have had. We dine and go to the St Moïse together – he is a lawyer, and shoppy. He told me [of] a curious litch – a man in the temple keeps a coffin and

²⁵⁴: Perhaps an infection; though the symptoms – loss of appetite and ringing in the ears – suggest mumps.

²⁵⁵: The *pozzi* were the state dungeons beneath the Doge's Palace: H. is researching *Childe Harold IV* 1, 2: “A prison and a palace on each hand”. In *Italy* (I 104) he writes, “If you are in want of consolation for the extinction of patrician power, perhaps you may find it there; scarcely a ray of light glimmers into the narrow gallery which leads to the cells, and the places of confinement themselves are totally dark. A small hole in the wall admitted the damp air of the passages, and served for the introduction of the prisoner's food ...” The *pozzi* form the setting for *The Two Foscari* III i.

²⁵⁶: Perhaps John Claridge, the Old Harrovian of whose dullness B. complains at BLJ I 102, 115 and 126. See also BB 62.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

sends for the girls of the town – those who fit the coffin he honours with his embraces. Those too long or too short he dismisses.²⁵⁷ Byron tells me the story of the husband at the Queen of Hungary²⁵⁸ is false.

Sunday October 12th 1817: Raining hard – breakfast at home for first time since Wednesday last. Write Spenserian stanzas, two,²⁵⁹ **and this journal**, which makes me lose my morning. N.B. the advertisement of the comic company Venier and Vestris, beginning “If there is a happy moment in the life of man it is then when he returns to places dear to him by their recollection,” &c. Another company begins their playbill “When Europe was divided into factions,” &c. The first day of my having a fire in my room. I went to the chamber where Henry’s party was last year. I thought I saw them sitting about the cloth covered table – sat at home – dined at home – wrote &c.

Monday October 13th 1817: Went to the public library, read, and wrote. Gave two *zechins* to men there – came home and dined, &c.

Tuesday October 14th 1817: Went to public library – came home two. Paid bill, 317 francs, at the inn – waiters, &c., 48 francs – drew on Siri for £40 at 24 francs 60 centimes. At three got into a gondola with four men and went to Fuscina – blowing hard. Found Lord Byron had been waiting and was gone. Went on in gondola to La Mira – fourteen francs – passed two locks – found him well and merry and happy – more charming every day. Dined on clarets, &c. Took up quarters with him at the Casa Trabucco.²⁶⁰

Wednesday October 15th 1817: Began my operations by getting up between seven and eight and copying and writing notes – Byron appears about two. I write on until three or four when, if the weather permits, I ride with him – it is cold and rainy and more uncomfortable than in England – thermometer in the room at 55 or 56. The pan of hot ashes makes my head ache. Dine at six – bed at ten.

Thursday October 16th 1817: Up as usual. Notes, and ride, and dine, and bed. Leaves yellow, and falling by the chestnut walk by Henry III’s palace²⁶¹ – grapes all off the trees, but meet them in wagonloads.

Friday October 17th 1817: Read Serassi’s *Life of Tasso*. Ride, or walk with, in this inclement season – dine at six – bed at ten. Hear the fate of Moncada, who has turned all his servants away and promises to marry *La Moassa*, who sleeps with him

²⁵⁷: At *Beppo* 19, 7, B. describes a gondola as “Just like a Coffin clapt in a Canoe ...”

²⁵⁸: The anecdote which inspired *Beppo* (see 29 Aug 1817): that it should be false would fit the mood of that poem.

²⁵⁹: See item printed after entry for 9 Oct 1817.

²⁶⁰: Also called the Villa Foscarini.

²⁶¹: Henry III’s palace unidentified.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

– they have quarrelled with Madame Foscarini – who is not Madame Foscarini – never having been married to Foscarini. Bartolo Baccarello says he will not introduce her and her bastards to the virtuous Moncada.

Saturday October 18th 1817: Serassi again – ride or walk – dine &c. – bed at ten.

Sunday October 19th 1817: Writing – Mr Joy and a Mr Gregson²⁶² of Oxford call – saw Davies in London, and apparently going on well. Brought letter of introduction to Byron and me from him. Hear L.W.Ward²⁶³ has been cut up by Romilly and Tierney. Hope that the ministers could pardon his support as easy as the Whigs did his desertion. Rode out – occasionally a fine evening and mild – dine &c.

Monday October 20th 1817: Writing. This morning called Mr Ticknor,²⁶⁴ an American gentleman who seemed to know every considerable person in Germany and France – a friend of President Jefferson – who told him that Franklin talked French worse than anybody he ever heard – used to say “mon poche” and yet was most voluble and successful in Paris. Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence – Ticknor describes him as an old man living on a farm on a hill – Monticello, eighty miles from Washington. Ticknor was in Germany when the attack on Goethe’s life came out in the *Edinburgh Review*.²⁶⁵ Goethe has an enemy at Jena, a magazine conductor, who printed and translated the article directly. Ticknor tells me my *Travels* have been reprinted in America these two years and my *Letters in France* lately advertised. He brought in an American fellow-traveller, Mr Roberts.²⁶⁶ When they went Lord Byron and I went to Venice – called on Joy and Gregson – did nothing came back and dined late.

Tuesday October 21st 1817: Note writing – life as usual – dine and bed.

Wednesday October 22nd 1817: Letter from Charlotte, telling me my little sister Eliza died almost suddenly and that Dr Parry’s²⁶⁷ affairs are in a very deranged state. Notes – ride &c.

Thursday October 23rd 1817: Letter from Sophia with the news of yesterday. Proceed writing &c. Fine moonlight – walk to Sartori.

²⁶²: Henry Hall Joy, barrister, lived at Hartham House, near Devizes, and gave Moore a note expressing his gratitude for B.’s hospitality when they were in Venice – see Moore (1830) II 142-3. He was responsible for several of Moore’s anecdotes about Sheridan in Moore’s *Life of Sheridan*. Gregson unidentified (thanks Jeffery Vail for your help!)

²⁶³: L.W.Ward (later Lord Ward and Dudley) became Foreign Minister before he went mad (J.W.).

²⁶⁴: George Ticknor (1791-1871) first professor of modern languages at Harvard College, writer, and co-founder of the Boston Public Library. He’d just been studying at Göttingen.

²⁶⁵: See *Edinburgh Review*, July 1816 (pp. 304-37) and Mar 1817 (pp. 83-105).

²⁶⁶: Roberts unidentified. Anybody got any ideas?

²⁶⁷: H.’s maternal uncle.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Friday October 24th 1817: Notes &c. Write letter to Mrs H. Hobhouse, and letters to Mezzophanti and Buonarotti, for Joy and Gregson, also to Custode about Tasso at Ferrara. Took a walk – and fine day – Joy and Gregson dined with us – the fatted calf being killed to do honour to Davies. Joy worked laboriously to be clever – told Sir Thomas Liddle repeated in Durham, when drunk, a lampoon against himself :

Heigh diddle diddle
Silly Tom Liddle –

Our travellers went off at eight o'clock.

Saturday October 25th 1817: Notes &c. until four. Walked out by myself – beautiful evening – dined. Zagati here – he tells that in the Pisani papers it is found that they employed Sansorino as *proto* architect for nine *lire venite* a week. A man has three or four *zechins* now as *Proto*. He says the post office palace is said to be raised on posts made of precious Indian wood. Not above ten or twelve families doing well in Venice. Erizzo got his money by a speculation of his uncle, who had some financial secret from the Emperor of Austria, and emptied all the Venetian states of gold – he married his uncle's whore. Guido Erizzo, his brother, is allowed 18,000 francs a year by him – and Guido has in all about 60,000 – with this he keeps up a great table at Venice – from six to twenty dine with him every day.

We walk by moonlight – more brilliant than I ever saw – Byron and I curse Coleridge for his criticism on Pope's moonlight from Homer²⁶⁸ – home – talk and bed half past eleven – I try in vain to read *Ormond*, Miss Edgeworth's new novel²⁶⁹ – I catch her every instant in putting verse into prose and making learning pass for wit.

Sunday October 26th 1817: Up at eight – **write journal** – thermometer fifty-six. Write notes. Dine and ride, or rather, ride and dine as usual.

Monday October 27th 1817: Notes and ride and dine, &c ...

Tuesday October 28th 1817: Notes, &c., &c. ...

²⁶⁸: B. and H. have been reading Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, Chapter II, in a note to which Coleridge recounts the sensation produced by a lecture in which he criticised Pope's version of Homer's extended simile of the moon, at *Iliad* VIII 687-700. Andrew Nicholson (*MSYR Byron XII* p. 204) reveals that Murray, as well as sending B., via the Kinnairds, a copy of *Whistlecraft*, had sent him a copy of the *Biographia*. See BLJ V 267-9, letter of 12 Oct 1817, in which B. mentions Coleridge's book, *Whistlecraft*, and *Beppo*. Nicholson writes that "Hobhouse's diary ... is silent on the subject of *Biographia Literaria* altogether" (p 204): the evidence here contradicts him.

²⁶⁹: Published 1817.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Wednesday October 29th 1817: Notes, &c. Fine weather coming again – they call it “the little summer of St Martin”, which concludes fine skies of the season and sends the Italians to the town – the saint[’s day] is on the 11th of November.

Thursday October 30th 1817: Notes &c. Ride – fine weather – continue getting up at a decent hour, about eight – at night read a little of some nonsense – bed about ten. Byron retires to Madame from eight to that hour – he does not get up till two.

Friday October 31st 1817: Notes, &c. Ride as usual.

Saturday November 1st: Set out with Byron in his carriage at quarter past six. Went to Padua and Montselice, and thence to Este and saw the villa *Berlinger* which he has taken off Hoppner, our consul, for forty-two *louis* a year – a beautiful place on a green knoll, with the walls of the old Este cradle opposite. Este seems a nice town, with a large market place. We stayed an hour, delighted. Fletcher’s attention was chiefly attracted by seeing scorpions in a bottle, which he thought an odd allure. We were nearly driven to the wrong post, but came back and by dint of four horses, came back to La Mira after a lovely agreeable day by six o’clock – where found disagreeable letter from Hoppner, and my sister Amelia, who tells me that poor Harriet has been confined to her bed from Easter last with a nervous irritation – this we think the drawback of our day ... All Saints Day.

Sunday November 2nd 1817: Notes, &c. Day of *tutti i morti*, &c. Ride – old Moncada has turned la Moassa out of his house after a month²⁷⁰ – and the curious were collected to see the boat which ferried her back to the Signor Baccarello’s. This *gentil donna Veneta* had been foolish enough to receive letters from an advocate, who kept her, and gave her advice as to disposing of the old man’s person and property. Moncada had actually made dispositions – blank papers, &c. – for leaving her everything, but a suspicion was given him. She wrote a letter to her lover lawyer stating she had given him one *bile* and hoped to give him another and get rid of him, calling him a *vecchio impossibile* – a servant maid who was to take this to the post gave it instead to Moncada, who got also the letters written to her. He pretended to admire the little box in which they were locked. He said, “If you like it you may have it”. He put his hand to it – she said she must take the papers out of it. He said “No, it is the papers I want” – she resisted, when he fairly pushed her on the sofa and took out the letters. He sent for a lawyer, and the next morning coolly told her, “Either you go out of the house or I will”. She came away, but sent for her *pianoforte* and her bed-linen, and a promised pension. There is no knowing what she got out of him, but his pin money was only fifty francs a month. He swears she tried

²⁷⁰: For B.’s version of Moncada’s story, see BLJ V 272-3.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

to excite him. She says he tried to get her to bed to him – so ends this ridiculous affair between a Spaniard of seventy-eight, and a girl of twenty-two. A strange state of morals and management. The old fellow is a *liberale* and thought of retiring to San Marino.

Monday November 3rd 1817: Notes, &c. Ride and dine.

Tuesday November 4th 1817: Notes, &c. Ride and dine.

Wednesday November 5th 1817: Notes, &c. Ride and dine.

Thursday November 6th 1817: Notes and ride – the sun let in a cold quick fog – and half wetted us coming home.

Friday November 7th 1817: Notes – ride and dine again.

Saturday November 8th 1817: Notes, and went to Venice with Byron. Wrote a letter to Charlotte – came back and dined.

Sunday November 9th 1817: Notes – and do not ride, it being wet – the walnuts stripped – winter nearly confirmed.

Monday November 10th 1817: Notes, and walk alone – a fine evening – full dinner – *Egarements du Coeur*²⁷¹ a dull book.

Tuesday November 11th 1817: Notes – late rising at nine – delicious day – in great spirits, rode out – full dinner – brandy, &c. The goat.²⁷²

Wednesday November 12th 1817: Up later – notes. Ride out rather earlier – cold. Truth told about memory, which I find going alas – the little I ever had. Walk out – inscription: *doei amoenitate illectus – sedem hame hane quietus et pacis sibi suisque omnis paravit – Johannes Blavius Theotoblius Corcyrensis*. A white house in a village opposite a muddy canal – home and dine, and pass bad evening at La Mira. A strange life – very tranquil and comfortable – the drunken doctor called and desired me to wish him well.

Thursday November 13th 1817: Wrote notes, and at half past three pm left Lord Byron's hospitable mansion, after regalos²⁷³ of 109 francs to domestics. Byron and I

²⁷¹: *Les Egarements du Cœur et de l'Esprit* by Crébillon fils (1736-8). A predecessor of Laclos.

²⁷²: Goat inscrutable.

²⁷³: "Tips".

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

went together to Fuscina and thence to Venice, where I took up my abode in the Frezerria – opposite Byron’s house.²⁷⁴ Went to Pellegrino to dinner, where they made me pay five francs, so resolved not to go again – came home – went in the evening to Byron’s.

Friday November 14th 1817:²⁷⁵ Up early. Notes – went in gondola with Byron to the Lido. Fine day. Dined at home on dinner of Battista’s²⁷⁶ dressing. Play in the evening at St Benedetto, with Byron. One of Goldoni’s – *Il Maldicente*.²⁷⁷ Ludicrous. Coffee house life natural here. Vestris²⁷⁸ is certainly a good actor, and there is something natural that is the exaggerated nature of the Italians in all their acting – brandy and water with Byron.

²⁷⁴: Strictly, “Segati’s house”.

²⁷⁵: H. has two entries for this day, which I have run together.

²⁷⁶: B.’s servant Giovanni Battista Falcieri, scion of a family of gondoliers, notable for the magnificence of his beard.

²⁷⁷: Perhaps *I Mercatanti* (1752) or *I Malcontente* (1755).

²⁷⁸: Italian actor, one of a famous dynasty of actors and dancers.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Saturday November 15th 1817: Early – notes.²⁷⁹ Went <with B> out at three o'clock, and walked in the garden. The Austrian soldiers drumming there enough to shake the leaves off.²⁸⁰ Dine at home. Opera, *Cinderella*.²⁸¹

Sunday November 16th 1817: Up late – in high health and spirits – notes as usual. Read life of Tiraboschi²⁸² a superstitious good man, died in 1794, of a strangury²⁸³ chiefly. Also a life of Winklemann in his *Storia &c.*, translated by Fea, or rather annotated by him,²⁸⁴ which the scoundrels Torlonia have sent me from Rome for fifteen crowns. He was murdered at Trieste by one Francesco Arcangeli of Pistoja in 1768. A little more than fifty years old – the son of a cobbler of Halle. Walked out in the gardens. A fine evening – setting sun. Dine at home. Rode a little – bed early, and cannot sleep for the noise made in streets by people coming from the plays,

²⁷⁹: On this date B. writes to Murray, “Your new Canto has expanded to one hundred and sixty seven stanzas – it will be long you see – and as for the notes by Hobhouse – I suspect they will be of the heroic size; you must keep Mr Hobhouse in good humour ... I used to think that I was a good deal of an author in amour propre and “noli me tangere” – but these prose fellows are worse after all about their little comforts” (BLJ V 272).

²⁸⁰: In his 7 Dec letter to Murray, H. writes, “There is only one public walk – a garden, made by the French, here – Well, they chose this single promenade for the young drummers’ academy, and from one until five in the afternoon the walks were inaccessible – The Commander in chief here was quite surprised that when Mr Hoppner, our consul, hinted that the Venetians did not like drumming as well as any thing else – the Venetians who by one of their old institutions never saw a soldier in Venice!! “There are only three drummers there” said the Marquis de Chatelâr – there by the way he *lied* – there were nine counted by Mr Hoppner himself – Not that these people mean mischief – it is mere stupidity – the drumming is removed, and, I have no doubt what are nuisances with others are habits with them – (JMA / NLS). B. puts the idea into lines 20-6 of the *Ode to Venice*:

... the harsh Sound of the Barbarian drum,
 With dull and daily dissonance, repeats
 The echo of thy Tyrant’s voice along
 The soft waves, once all musical to Song,
 That heaved beneath the Moonlight with the throng
 Of Gondolas ..

²⁸¹: Rossini’s *La Cenerentola* had been premiered at the Teatro Valle at Rome on January 25th 1817.

²⁸²: Girolamo Tiraboschi (1731-94) Italian scholar, author of *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*. H. refers to him often in the notes to *Childe Harold IV*.

²⁸³: A painful bladder complaint, characterised by slow emissions.

²⁸⁴: Johan Joachim Winckelmann (1717-68) historian of art and architecture. Referred to often in the notes to *Childe Harold IV*.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

three of which quite full tonight. At Santa Luca the entry is only five sous. At St Benedict, I paid for half a box Venetian lire and a half.

Monday November 17th 1817: Up early – notes till four. Go with Byron in gondola to the Lido. Coming home, observing the setting sun, orange and green in the sky which I never recollect to have seen before – the water one flare. Home, dine. Go to St Benedetto – house well attended – the *Figlio Bandito*²⁸⁵ acted – ranting and tearing, but natural. Hoppner, the painter’s son, consul here,²⁸⁶ tells Byron he feels no sympathy with the Italians who lost their liberties to the French. This is the way these scoundrels talk, and write home to their government who call their nonsense good information.²⁸⁷ Hoppner says Petritine is liar and a bad man – so I must take care about the anecdotes he told me.²⁸⁸ Bed late after brandy and water.

Tuesday November 18th 1817: Up late. Settled accounts with Bapista up to first of November. Draw on Siri for £40, **write journal for few days**. Recollect that a charlatan selling a balsam on the quay of the Sclavonians, the other day, said *par parenthese* that the crowd now in the *piazzetta* was nothing to what it was when his old master Doctor Gambacusta used to sell his worm balsam on a *baneo* these thirty years ago.²⁸⁹ Wrote a letter to Buonarrotti of Florence²⁹⁰ about Boccaccio, and to Sophy about myself. Walked out to the Gardens – home, dined. Went to the opera with Byron – home, bed at twelve. Exchange at twenty-four, sunk by a cursed decree of the Austrians excluding English merchandise almost. These fellows tried to sink a well in the island of St Giorgio which is nothing but an artificial mud

²⁸⁵: Play (“The Bandit Son”) unidentified. Anybody got any ideas?

²⁸⁶: Richard Belgrave Hoppner (1786-1872) was English Consul at Venice. Not only was he the son of John Hoppner R.A. (c.1758-1810) but also the godson of B.’s revered mentor William Gifford. He and B. became on very good terms once H. had left.

²⁸⁷: Perhaps a glance at Sir Politic Would-Be in Jonson’s *Volpone*.

²⁸⁸: See 20 Aug 1817; in letters of early 1818 (BLJ VI 8, 14 and 19) B. warns H. that Petritine is more reliable than they have been told. H. expresses distrust of Hoppner’s advice in one sentence, and takes his advice in the next.

²⁸⁹: As with the reference at 17 Nov 1817, perhaps another glance at *Volpone* (see the “Scoto of Mantua” scene, II i).

²⁹⁰: A bookseller, and according to H.’s 7 Dec 1817 letter to Murray, “... a collateral descendant of Michael Angelo’s: in my judgement the most intelligent young man in that part of Italy which I have seen” (JMA). He had known Forsyth.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

bank.²⁹¹ They are very particular here about calling out “Chi è?”²⁹² before they open doors, as two women were murdered last winter.

Wednesday November 19th 1817: Up by eight – writing notes until near four. Walked out to gardens. Met Byron – came home with him – then walked in *piazza*. Dull day. Zanetto²⁹³ tells me that Lucca oil, which was one franc when the French were here, and a third of a fleet was always taken by the English, is now one and twelve *sous* when all arrive. Dine – and attack the Colisseum.²⁹⁴ After dinner went to the <St Benedetto> St Luca – saw a play of Goldoni’s harlequin – *La Vedova Scaltra*.²⁹⁵ Lord Ronbill had a star in his buttonhole – made a present of 1,000 ducats twice to his mistress and called for punch – wretched acting. The Spaniard, Don Albero, had been a Vetturino²⁹⁶ – they left out the trait at the end when the Franc Limon²⁹⁷ offers to be the *Cavalier Servente* of the lady whom he can’t marry. This was too home and thrust perhaps – fine mouth.²⁹⁸

Thursday November 20th 1817: Up as usual – writing notes – went to the Gardens – met Byron. Walked with him and came back in his gondola – dined at home. Battista took my carriage to Mestre today from La Mira – they²⁹⁹ allow no one coming post by land to come by a private boat to Venice – Battista was stopped and brought back, but compounded for two oars and half a three francs and a half. Went

²⁹¹: In his 7 Dec 1817 letter to Murray, H. writes “The other day they the Austrians sunk a considerable sum in sinking for a well in one of the artificial islands here – ’Twas in vain that the Venetians assured them that springs never had been, were, or could be, found in soil made out of basket fulls of earth thrown upon stakes and pebbles – They delved and delved and were not to be persuaded by the salt water spirting in their faces at every blow – I don’t know that they have abandoned their researches even now” (JMA).

²⁹²: “Who is it?”

²⁹³: B.’s *valet de place*, as opposed to Fletcher, who is his *valet de chambre*.

²⁹⁴: H. is annotating the Colosseum passages in *Childe Harold IV* stanzas 128-45, and *Illustrations*, 263-87.

²⁹⁵: *The Cunning Widow* by Goldoni, written between 1748 and 1752 for the Piccolo Sant’Angelo Teatro in Venice. On 14 June 1817 B. writes to Murray about his new neighbours at La Mira: “... we are exactly one of Goldoni’s comedies (*La Vedova Scaltra*) where a Spaniard – English – and Frenchman are introduced; – but we are all very good neighbours, Venetians, &c &c &c” (BLJ V 238).

²⁹⁶: A coachman or cab driver.

²⁹⁷: The characters from *La Vedova Scaltra* are *Milord Runebif, inglese; Monsieur Le Blau, francese*; and *Don Alvaro di Castiglia, spagnuolo*.

²⁹⁸: Perhaps H. liked one of the actresses.

²⁹⁹: The Austrians.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

in evening to my old lodgings,³⁰⁰ where the old landlord talked to me about old times. The republic was upset by those who wished to be all equal. An apothecary of the name of Dandolo³⁰¹ took the sword from Manin³⁰² the last Doge. He did not declaim against the *patricii* nor their prisons – the man who was found in the *pozzi*³⁰³ by the French had murdered his father and mother, he said. Talked of the luxury of those days and the *bona-mercato*. Eight theatres open at Carnival, and the gay men made the round of all in the course of the night. I went to Byron's and sat till twelve – then returned to my old lodgings – and came home about one.

Friday November 21st 1817: Up early – went with in Byron's gondola to Siri and Wilhalm's. Exchange fallen again – owing to their accursed decree no demand for English papers – left £30 with them. Went with Byron to Lido – his horse and hay arrived. The *douane* at Fuscina made the hay pay a deposit of 6,000 francs in case it should land at Venice instead of Lido, which is not within the jurisdiction. Fine evening – came back – walked in the *piazza* under the moon. It was the great Venice feast under the *Salute*³⁰⁴ – the bridge made further down than two years ago owing to the falls of the boats, when five were drowned when the Emperor Francis was here. Dined – went in the evening to St Benedetto and saw *The Triumph of Humanity, or Bombardment of Algiers*³⁰⁵ – Lord Exmouth was in a jacket with a feathered <cap> hat – he was acted by the madman in *Aguere* – the Turks had bayonets and muskets and knew the manual exercise. House *chock* full – home eleven. Bed.

³⁰⁰: The house of Dr. Sartori and his four friendly daughters.

³⁰¹: There had been four Doges called Dandolo – perhaps the apothecary claimed descent from one of them.

³⁰²: H. actually writes "Manning". The last Doge, Lodovico Manin, reigned from 1789 to 1797.

³⁰³: For the *pozzi*, see 11 Oct 1817. The man in question, a kind of Venetian Bonivard, was the only prisoner found in them on their being opened in 1797. At *Italy* (I 105n) H. writes, quoting Simond, "... he was alarmed, and, it seems, angry at his removal; was caressed by the French; paraded through the city; but endured his painful freedom only four days, for he died of fresh air".

³⁰⁴: The feast of the Redentore, when a pontoon bridge was built from the Piazzetta or Dognana across the Giudecca Canal to Palladio's Chiesa de Redentore, on Giudecca Island (J.W.).

³⁰⁵: The show dramatises the events of 27 Aug 1816, when a joint Anglo-Dutch squadron under Edward Peller, first Viscount Exmouth (1757-1833) demanded that the Dey of Algiers should abolish Christian slavery and release all Christian prisoners. The Dey refused, but capitulated after the fierce bombardment which ensued. Three thousand Spaniards and Italians were released.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Saturday November 22nd 1817: Up, notes. At a little past two, went with Byron to Lido. Mounted the grey and rode along the beach with him partly, and partly on a bank to opposite to Malamocco,³⁰⁶ about five miles. Curious land near Malamocco – gardens with red hedges. Lovely day – recollect the glee inspired by galloping along the beach – a light breeze – boats – boys fishing for little crabs. Came home half past five – dried water – dined – Byron told me he thought Lady Byron did not like me.³⁰⁷ At another time said I had no principle, because Byron used to say I should laugh at some fine sayings of his – poor dear contradictory thing. Read a little Velleius Paterculus³⁰⁸ – Servilia, wife of young Lepidus who conspired against Augustus and was taken off by Maecenas, “vivo igni devorato prematurum mortem immortale nominis sui memoria penscuit!” swallowing coals “sui memoria penscuit.” Swallowing coals was the fashionable death then, although if Portia had done so³⁰⁹ Velleius would probably have mentioned it, for he mentions the suicide of Calpurnia, wife of Aristius. Suicide is so much praised that it could have been thought so little – if as was supposed [by] Paterculus that Anthony “se ipse non sequitur intermemit ades ut multa desidia crimina morte redimeret” unless he means to put the “non sequitur” and the “desidea” in apposition – Asinius Pollio³¹⁰ said “ero praesta victoris” – a good motto for Ward.

Saturday November 23rd 1817: Notes – ride on Lido – fine day. There meet two riding, a banker of Augsburg and his son, the only horses kept for riding on the islands. Went opposite by the bank to Malamocco. Coming back, the banker and Byron before, Byron holloed out “Hobhouse, what do you think – the Princess Charlotte is dead!”³¹¹ The bankers had read of her dying in childbed, after being delivered of a dead son. We were really affected by this news, and went home

³⁰⁶: Malamocco, at the southern end of the Lido; see BLJ VI 10.

³⁰⁷: An understatement. Annabella found H.’s servility disgusting, especially when she found out that, the day before the wedding, he had tried to persuade the minister to cancel it.

³⁰⁸: Marcus Velleius Paterculus (19 BC-30 AD) Roman historian.

³⁰⁹: Portia, Brutus’ wife. See *Julius Caesar*, IV iii, 145-55.

³¹⁰: Gaius Asinius Pollio (76 BC-4 AD) Roman soldier and poet, patron of Virgil and Horace.

³¹¹: Princess Charlotte (1796-1817) only child of the Prince Regent and subject of B.’s *Weep, Daughter of a Royal Line*, married Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, having previously broken off her engagement to Prince William of Orange. She had died on 5 Nov. B. writes of her death at CHP IV stanzas 167-72.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

conjecturing – dined at home after trying to hear more in vain. Home at night – I think.

Monday November 24th 1817: Up early – notes as usual – went to Apollo. The news was in the Legarno Gazette – not believed at Byron's. Saw Mr Hoppner, our consul, who had received a letter with the intelligence in copy from a gazette extraordinary. The Princess was delivered at half past nine on the fifth of November of a dead son – at twelve she became restless, weak, and had difficulty breathing – at half past two died, to the inexpressible grief, the gazette says, of her royal father and consort – and all the royal family. Poor thing, she had just begun to be happy.³¹²

We ride on Lido – home – dine. <Sit with Byron this night – I think – who has received a letter from an American, begging he may come to look at him.> Went to St Benedetto.

Tuesday November 25th 1817: Notes as usual. <Ride – on Lido – at three fine weather but cold – home> Rainy day went for half an hour. Dine. <Went to St Benedetto> Sat with Byron, who has received a note from an American asking to look at him.

Wednesday November 26th 1817: Notes. A fine <rainy> day, with a little sea. Ride at three, home by red and orange sky – dined. In evening went to St Benedetto and saw *Torquato Tasso*, written by Goldoni to quiz the Tuscans.³¹³ The costume capital – except Torquato and Don Ghernardo – I did not think such a play could be made interesting. Leonore is the Duke's mistress, not his sister.³¹⁴ The notion of Tasso's being extravagant for love is kept up – he is sent to the hospital, but only for five minutes, and the play ends with his accepting a message from Rome to be crowned in the capital.³¹⁵ The audience felt for the honour of the poet. I observe the

³¹²: Compare B., letter to Murray, 3 Dec: "The death of this poor Girl is melancholy in every respect – dying at twenty or so – in childbed – of a *boy* too – a present princess and future queen – and just as she began to be happy ..." (BLJ V 276). B. also writes her elegy in CHP IV.

³¹³: First performance at Venice in 1755. B.'s *The Lament of Tasso* had been written on 19 Apr 1817; and *Childe Harold IV* Stanzas 35-9, which deal with Tasso's story, are on the original matrix of stanzas written by 19 July 1817; B. may have seen the play, without H., earlier in the year.

³¹⁴: Leonora – for whose love Tasso was supposed to have become deranged – was sister to the Marquess of Este, who had the poet confined.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Romans are always represented handsome, well-dressed fellows. Vestris gave out³¹⁶ a comedy, *Tutto da Ridere*.

Thursday November 27th 1817: Notes, as usual – ride on Lido. Hot sun but cold wind – dine at home. At St Benedetto, the *da Ridere* was dreadfully dull, but we had an extra farce given because it was not late – capital – *The Trumpeter* – but the intrigue little too high for our stage.

Friday November 28th 1817: Notes – ride on Lido. Byron's house robbed of coats and candlesticks.³¹⁷ Hot sun – cold wind – home – dine – do nothing. My head has been so bad lately I do not know what to do – the singing is in both ears – and the left, which was whole last year at this time, is as bad as the other. Desperately cold in the evening even in my little room. Bought – *Scriptores Rerum*³¹⁸ at three hundred francs.

Saturday November 29th 1817: Notes, which become dreadfully irksome.

Saw Mr Hoppner at Byron's. He told us the story of Count Cicognara's picture transaction with Lord Stewart. I never heard anything like it – one was a half-finished head by Titian – the other either a Giorgione, or a Pari Berdone, but so daubed afterwards as not to be worth sixpence. Cicognara had them of a friend at Ferrara who had given about forty lire for them, and to him he sent a shirt-pin and his book on something. The Academy of Rome decided against Cicognara, and he wrote a pamphlet – Hoppner says he began by being a diplomatist at Turin and betraying his own court. Lord Stewart gave 1,200 guineas or pounds for the pictures – and Cicognara, when he took them back, said he should get more – Lord Stewart had trusted entirely to Cicognara – a rascal.

Went riding – the day a little milder – in the evening, sun quite hot. Byron is not well, and my head rings.

Went in the evening to San Benedetto and saw *Il Poeta Fanatico* of Goldoni,³¹⁹ founded on Venetian fact of a man who paraded his daughter as a poetess and broke

³¹⁵: In 1594 Pope Clement VIII invited Tasso to Rome to be crowned with the laurel, as Petrarch had been; but he died before he could make the journey.

³¹⁶: He announced a comedy for the following night.

³¹⁷: See B.'s letter to Hoppner at BLJ V 275.

³¹⁸: A collection of medieval middle-European chronicles.

³¹⁹: First performed in Milan in the summer of 1750.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

his heart when she married. The plot is naught, there is too much poetry, no antic – little fun. The scene of the *accademia* may be natural in Italy. Oh by the way – a rascally bookseller tried to cheat me by putting off a bad copy of Muratori for the one I bought yesterday, saying also that I must take his Graevius too – the bookseller pretended the other book at his house was imperfect – when he went away I went to his house and counted page by page – it wanted nothing, so I came back, and when he arrived told him I would have my old copy or none. The fellow said he would see, and afterwards brought the books – still pretending he would try to get the imperfect volume changed. I am to give six hundred francs for the Muratori and Graevius – twenty-eight and thirty-three folio volumes.³²⁰ Looked over the latter – see the worms have got to the covers of some.

Sunday November 30th 1817: Yesterday Siri's man called and gave me twenty-four francs the pound for my thirty pounds. He tells me the prohibitory law is against English <merchandise> manufacture, which is selling for nothing, so that the home manufacturers cannot compete. The Venetians are disconcerted, but he says the law is a good one. It is a part of Napoleon's continental system – colonial produce is still suffered.

Rode at Lido, and saw our banker³²¹ who told us stories of the general discontent, and of the King of Prussia³²² attaching himself to a Frenchwoman and going to Paris to please her. All newspaper – home – dine and sit at home.

Monday December 1st 1817: Notes as usual. I forget whether I rode today. Dine – I forget whether we went to the play.

Tuesday December 2nd 1817: Notes – forget if we rode, for the weather has been rainy. Dined at home and I think (yes) this evening went to Madame Albrizzi's,³²³

³²⁰: See 3 Jan 1818. That H. should be spending this much on research materials shows how committed he is to his "irksome" annotation task. In his 7 Dec 1817 letter to Murray, however, he writes "What do you give for the great collection of Graevius, Gronovius and the supplements 33 folio volumes in London? – I bought a handsome Copy the other day for a little more than twelve pounds – I intend to import for my own consumption these and a little more of the same commodity" (JMA / NLS).

³²¹: He who had told them of Princess Charlotte's death on 23 Nov.

³²²: Friedrich-Wilhelm III (1770-1840).

³²³: Countess Isabella Teotochi Albrizzi, Venice's answer to Madame de Staël (1761?-1836) was born in Corfu when it was a Venetian possession.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

who is just come from Paris – good natured woman with her son Giuseppino³²⁴ – a clever young fellow. A party in a circle sat till twelve o'clock – an English lady there has a reputation of knowing astronomy and reading Greek – a Mrs Somerville.³²⁵ It is dull work at this good woman's house, but they say it is the best in Venice. Met there young Dandolo,³²⁶ a prig who takes snuff – his name was put to the answer by Mustoxidthi.³²⁷ Saw also Soranzo, who was to have been Doge,³²⁸ and a Madame Petritine, who is going to write a life of Lady Mary Wortley Montague and has written to Byron for materials – she knowing nothing of the matter.³²⁹

Wednesday December 3rd 1817: Notes – rain, and no ride. Called on Byron and found a young man there, one Piazza, a Dalmatian who has been to England and has brought back a Bond Street dress, to the amusement of all Venice. The Venetian poet Buratti³³⁰ has made a satire on him. Young Piazza went to him and made him read it aloud to him, saying “If there is anything ungentleman-like in it, you shall fight me.” He read it, and, hesitating a little, said, “I don't know – but I believe it will do.” Byron heard this saying from Nullo, a government courier, who sometimes travels post, and at others lives in the best of this strangely organised society here. His post used to cost 60,000 francs, I hear – so there must be great roguery in it. This young fellow is not devoid of talent, but has the usual tone of the day – “Questa miserissima vita”.³³¹ He was much struck with England, and our comfort, and the skins of our women, and the silence with which our Prince went to Parliament.

³²⁴: Praised in one of the notes to *Marino Faliero* (see CPW IV 542).

³²⁵: Not to be confused with Miss Somerville, the Drury Lane actress (see BLJ 82-4).

³²⁶: See 20 Nov 1817.

³²⁷: That is, Mustoxidthi tested in conversation whether Dandolo was worthy of such a distinguished Venetian name.

³²⁸: He bears the same name as one of the Council of Twenty referred to in a note to *Marino Faliero*: see CPW IV 530.

³²⁹: B. was polite enough to refer Madame Petritine to Murray – see BLJ V 275-6. It is not clear whether she was related to Censor Petritine: see 20 Aug 1817.

³³⁰: Pietro Buratti (1772-1832) lyric-writer and satirist who wrote in Venetian dialect, and was amusing at the expense of, among others, Pindemonte and Madame Albrizzi. Stendhal (quoted LJ III 444-5) asserts that Silvio Pellico introduced B. to Buratti's work, and that it laid the foundations of the ottava rima poems. See 9 Oct 18 for H.'s denial. B. only mentions him once – mis-spelled “Bucatti” – in a note to *Marino Faliero* (CPW IV 542). H. has a section on him at *Italy I* 143-5, where he is mis-spelled “Bouratti”, and where H. shows no evidence of having read any of his work.

³³¹: “This most wretched of lives”. The young man may have derived his *Weltschmerz* from a reading of *CHP*, a possibility H. might consider.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Dined at home. Went in the evening to the opera – benefit for the first singer *Amati illuminato a giorno*.³³² That is, large church wax light stuck on nails about the house. When Amati sang, he sung between acts – a flight of sonnets came from trap doors above – signed [by] the amateurs of the second *balcon*. A society of ladies and gentlemen – the first *balcon* is composed of men entirely – three boxes thrown into one – the voices of Venice who decide on music.³³³ There is a great glass and wax in these *balcons* – in which the society adjust their hair.

Thursday December 4th 1817: Notes – ride with Byron as usual. Dine at home. Go to St Benedetto.

Friday December 5th 1817: Notes – blowing hard, a *Libeccio*,³³⁴ but went in the six men and large gondola to Lido and rode – dreary coast – rain. Dine – home at night – I believe.

Saturday December 6th 1817: Notes – walked in the gardens – fine warm day – paid five *louis* for a black coat. Dined at Hoppner's, our Consul, a good fellow – a little too witty with his friend count Rizzo³³⁵ about acting.³³⁶ Mrs Hoppner a charming Swiss woman – sat next to a Mr Pariline of Bassano³³⁷ who had been to England. He is a scientific man – he told me they had no natural historians in Italy – some anatomists, yes – and that Brocchi³³⁸ the chief writer in the *Biblioteca Italiana*, was the first scientific man in Italy. He thought little of Aglietti and Vaccà.³³⁹

Paid fifty-four francs for pantaloons and waistcoat.

³³²: “Amati, bright as day”.

³³³: Compare *Beppo* 31, 7-8 and 32.

³³⁴: A south-westerly gale.

³³⁵: Count Rizzo-Patarol, variously described in the notes to BLJ VI as a bon viveur, a gossip, and a Venetian nobleman in the circle of Countess Albrizzi, is said by H. (*Italy* I 122n) to be “a worthy friend of mine.” He is perhaps one model for the Count in *Beppo*. The Hoppners' son – born January 1818 was christened John William Rizzo: see CPW IV 164.

³³⁶: The word could be “eating”.

³³⁷: Unidentified. Anybody got any ideas?

³³⁸: “Brocki” (Ms). Giovanni Battista Brocchi (1777-1827) archaeologist and scientist.

³³⁹: The physicians Francesco Aglietti (1757-1836) and Andrea Vaccà Berlinghieri (1772-1826) are both mentioned in B.'s dedication to *Childe Harold IV*; at BLJ VI 30 B. describes Aglietti as “a friend of mine”. He tended Teresa Guiccioli in the serious illness following her miscarriage in 1819. Vaccà tended Sergeant-Major Masi (or so Masi claimed) after the Pisan Affray.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

He was most struck in England when he arrived at Dover, with a roast beef supper, with the tide, and with a Scotch regiment, and in London with my acquaintance Warburton,³⁴⁰ who took him to a dinner of scientific men – Wollaston,³⁴¹ Black, Thompson,³⁴² &c., who sat till twelve o'clock at night and never spoke any language but English, of which he did not understand one word. Came away pleased with our own dinner.³⁴³

Sunday December 7th 1817: Hoppner told us last night that his father³⁴⁴ and Rogers the poet were good friends till Hoppner painted a picture of him, which was so like that Rogers never came near him again. Denon³⁴⁵ has made an excellent portrait of him, which Madame Albrizzi has got.

Wrote notes. On rainy day – read Hume's sixth³⁴⁶ volume, James I and part of Charles I. Hume is delightful, but his style strikes as vastly familiar after Gibbon: "Tis the gunpowder treason to which I allude" – "but it was found to be a lie of President Richardot" – *taken in the lump* &c.³⁴⁷ He has made out the case against Raleigh – he is not unfair against the free part of the constitution, and is upheld in saying that we had none before the accession of the Stuarts. The striking thing is how stiff the parliament was about money, even when it was obliged to bow before the most despotic actions of authority – imprisoning members, &c. I read Hume's life by himself and his death by Adam Smith.³⁴⁸ Both admirable. Hume thought of changing his name when his history failed at first. The encouragement to go on came from Primate Herring and Primate Stone.³⁴⁹

Went to Byron – find him engaged in the old way –

³⁴⁰: Henry Warburton (1784-1858) a radical Trinity man like H., and friend of

³⁴¹: William Hyde Wollaston (1766-1828) physiologist.

³⁴²: William Black (1749-1829) medical statistician and John Vaughan Thompson (1779-1847) zoologist.

³⁴³: Because they could speak to him in Italian.

³⁴⁴: See 17 Nov 1817.

³⁴⁵: See 26 May 1810.

³⁴⁶: H. actually writes "8th".

³⁴⁷: Hume, *The History of England*, 1812 edition (8 vols): "'Tis the *Gunpowder treason* of which I speak" (Hume, VI 30); but there is no reference to any "President Richardot" in the *History*.

³⁴⁸: Hume (I, opening).

³⁴⁹: Thomas Herring (1693-1757) Archbishop of Canterbury and George Stone (1708?-64) Archbishop of Armagh. Forty-five copies of Hume's *History* were sold in its first year. Only the encouragement of the two prelates prevented him from changing his name and leaving the country.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Monday December 8th 1817: Notes, ride out. Unpleasant day – home. There dine, and in the evening at Saint Benedetto – a musically dull play, *Arturo and Cuccullino*³⁵⁰ – house full being a holiday – the Madonna.³⁵¹

Tuesday December 9th 1817: Notes – ride – a beautiful day. Home, dine at five now – wrote notes a little in evening, my head being somewhat better but still very bad and ringing. Went to St Benedetto and saw two dull farces – the last the best, being a joke against hypocrisy. Mrs H. Cavendish has died in childbed and Lady Albemarle³⁵² – The Princess Charlotte buried on 19th of November.

Wednesday December 10th 1817: Up, early as usual – **write journal** – paid lodging (including this day) 140 francs. Hoppner has his good house here for £50 a year. I have bought the Graevius and Matillon³⁵³ three hundred, and fifteen francs. Ride home. Byron has sold Newstead for £94,500 to a Major Wildman.³⁵⁴

Thursday December 11th 1817: Notes. The Cornaro palace nearly burnt down a day or two ago by German negligence³⁵⁵ – they did not know how to put it out – said salt water would inflame it – government bought this for 10,000 francs.

Rode – dined – went to Consul Hoppner's and Madame Albrizzi's in the evening. The former told me many stories of George Jackson the diplomatist,³⁵⁶ who has retired on a pension – the fellow was good for nothing but riding post – said

³⁵⁰: Evidently an Arthurian-Celtic opera; perhaps Ossianic in inspiration.

³⁵¹: Inscrutable.

³⁵²: Note pending. Anybody got any ideas?

³⁵³: See 29 Nov 1817.

³⁵⁴: Major Thomas Wildman (1787-1859) a schoolfellow of B. from Harrow, who fought in the Peninsular and at Waterloo. He kept Newstead until his death.

³⁵⁵: At *Italy* (I 119) H. relays the rumour that the fire was started and neglected deliberately. Writing to Murray in a letter begun on 7 Dec 1817, he writes, "They the Austrians bought the great Cornaro palace here the other year for 100,000 francs, about one tenth of the value – the architecture of Sansovino and one of the chief ornaments of the great canal – They put a German commissioner and a German stove into their new purchase and between one and other burnt it down – If any of the Phoenix or Hand in Hand had seen their hydraulic company at work they would have thought them pumping gas instead of water – Lord Byron and myself went two or three times to see the fire – it always seemed fresher for the first second or third day, since which we have ceased to enquire and it may be, for aught I know, burning now" (JMA.)

³⁵⁶: Sir George Jackson (1785-1861) was a diplomat, but had not retired on a pension: he had been appointed in 1816 First Secretary to the Embassy in St Petersburg.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Strangford and Cathcart³⁵⁷ both intrigued in favour of the court to which they were sent. Hoppner hates the Austrians, and said they kept a reservoir of fresh water in barracks to put their fires out, having the before-mentioned prejudice against salt. They have filled the houses here with stores. He told me that Sarrau³⁵⁸ had seized a Visconti palace full of frescoes at Milan for a barrack – the owner remonstrated and offered another, but in vain.

At Madame Albrizzi's I sat next to a man who had persuaded himself we should have another irruption of barbarians from the great plateau of Tartary³⁵⁹ – he said he intended to translate some of Lord Byron, adding he could not find all his words in the dictionary – up till near two. Wrote a long letter to Murray bookseller today.³⁶⁰

Friday December 12th 1817: Notes – rather think it rained today – dine at home. Play in evening at St Benedetto – dull play and farce, *Surly Benefactor*³⁶¹ – but in farce there was a reverent frightened at a ghost, not ill-done.

³⁵⁷: Percy Smythe, 6th Viscount Strangford (1780-1855) diplomat and translator of Camoens; and William Schaw, 1st Earl Cathcart, Ambassador to St Petersburg.

³⁵⁸: The Austrian Governor of Milan; see 13 Oct 1816.

³⁵⁹: Either he is delusional, or he has been reading Casti, *Il Poema Tartaro*:

Quando l'Asia inondò d'Orde un profluvio

D'origin, di natal, di nome ignoto.

Chi razza la credea dopo il diluvio

Nata della putredine, e dal loto,

E chi dell'eruzion d'Etna e Vesuvio

Sovra il suol vomitata, e del tremoto,

Ma'l parer più comun fu che i lor avoli

Fosser fozza genia di streghe, e diavoli ...

... Dacchè esiston Mogolli ... (V, St 52 and 59, 1)

[“Asia was once flooded with a great wave, whose origin, birth, and name were unknown. Some think that Mogollia was born, after the deluge, out of corruption, from the lotus; others, that the tremblings and eruptions of Etna and Vesuvius vomited it over the earth; but the commonest legend relates that it was born from a race of witches and demons ... thence the Mogolli came into existence ...”] “Mogollia” is Russia and the “Mogolli” are the Russians. The poem is often quoted as a source for *Don Juan* Cantos IX and X: perhaps the Venetian Mongolophobe introduced B. to it.

³⁶⁰: This letter was started on 7 Dec 1817.

³⁶¹: Unidentified. Anybody got any ideas?

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Saturday December 13th 1817: Notes – ride – delicious day – the Alps all snow, the sea with a string of sails on it. Home, dine. Byron was unwell this evening, so sat at home. He told me an epigram he wrote on a farce of Tom Moore's, *The Blue-stocking*, or *MP*:³⁶²

*Good plays are scarce
So Moore writes farce
And is his wit so brittle?
We knew before
That Little's Moore
But now 'tis Moore that's Little.*³⁶³

Tom Moore was one day comparing to Byron an epigram he had written on his friend Rogers – Byron, seduced by the example, disburdened his conscience by telling Moore of this, who looked as black as night, and did not relish telling it at all.³⁶⁴ Tom Moore wrote to Longman before he published his last poem, *Lalla Rookh* – and said that although he had [been] promised £3,000 for it, as times were hard he would take two. Longman asked a few days to consider, and then said he should stand by his bargain – so Lewis writes in a letter to Byron.

Sunday December 14th 1817: Notes – and ride. Beautiful day – Byron and I talked of Hume, which I have been reading – he (Hume) hates religion, so that in order to get rid of it he would consent to deception. He thinks the restraint should be somewhere, but as he will have none with the priests, he will give it all to the King. For my part I am quite sick reading the end of the Commonwealth, whose rise I looked at with such delight – it leaves a melancholy, like a novel ending unhappily.

Dine. Went in evening to Saint Benedetto and saw *Gazza Ladra*, and *Scimia Ladra*³⁶⁵ – the Italians have mistaken the former, and did nothing but laugh at Vestris' grimaces. At the end of the farce they called for the *scimia* as they do

³⁶²: Moore's *M.P.*; or *The Blue Stocking*, first performed September 1811.

³⁶³: See CPW I 344: the joke is that Moore at first published under the name Thomas Little.

³⁶⁴: Anecdote mis-told. Should read, "... disburdened his conscience by telling Rogers of this, who looked as black as night, and Moore did not relish telling it at all in Rogers' presence". An example of B.'s inability to keep a secret.

³⁶⁵: *The Thieving Magpie* and *The Thieving Monkey*: if the former was the opera by Rossini, and not the play it is based on, it had been premiered at La Scala Milan on 31 May 1817.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

sometimes for the author and actor and scene painter.³⁶⁶ “Oh popolo!” said Zanetto, Byron’s *valet de place*. I saw, myself, *Signor il nobilissimo* Malapiero³⁶⁷ bow thrice, to the audience on the stage, at his cursed Bradamante, and Ruggiero.³⁶⁸ Next box to us was a nobleman who Byron tells me gives money to be allowed to sing on the stage.

Monday December 15th 1817: Up as usual about nine – **write journal** – notes – ride – dine – read Hume – write notes – not out tonight.

Tuesday December 16th 1817: Notes, ride, home, dine, evening with Byron at St Benedetto, where they gave us an extraordinary play, a woman going to stab her child on the stage³⁶⁹ – and a farce we had seen together last year, and which I had forgot till Byron put me in mind – alas! alas!³⁷⁰

Wednesday December 17th 1817: Notes – ride – dine. Spent evening with Byron after calling on Madame Albrizzi, and leaving two pamphlets of Constant’s³⁷¹ which her son had lent me – if one was suppressed, as he tells me, things must be strangely altered in France.

Thursday December 18th 1817: Notes – a rainy day – did not ride. Hume always uses the word “ever” instead of “always”. He is shamefully unfair about Argyle’s execution,³⁷² but he owns that he is convinced Charles II and the cabal entered into a regular conspiracy with France to establish a despotism in England.³⁷³ Evening with Byron.

³⁶⁶: *Italy* (I 92) reveals that a real ape was the recipient of the applause.

³⁶⁷: In a letter to Moore of 24 Dec 1816 (BLJ V 149-50) B. describes the reception of a play by Malapiero about the sacrifice of Isaac.

³⁶⁸: Characters in Ariosto’s *Orlando Furioso*. Reference unclear.

³⁶⁹: Medea??

³⁷⁰: H. worries about his fallible memory.

³⁷¹: Perhaps *De l’esprit de conquête et de l’usurpation* (1814), and *Principes de politique* (1815).

³⁷²: Archibald Campbell, eighth Earl of Argyll, executed in 1661, after the Restoration: “As he was universally known to have been the chief instrument of the past disorders and civil wars, the irregularity of his sentence, and several iniquitous circumstances in the method of conducting his trial, seemed, on that account, to admit of some apology” – Hume, *History* VIII 368.

³⁷³: The fact of Charles II’s collusion with Louis XIV was still in H.’s time not universally admitted. He refers to Hume, *History* VIII 207n.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Friday December 19th 1817: Notes – ride. “There are ten thousand of them” – “Geese, villain?” – “No, authors, Sir”³⁷⁴ – saying of Byron. Apply to the Dictionaries of 10,000 “Living Authors”³⁷⁵ – “Drapery Miss” a phrase of London.³⁷⁶ Tom Moore writing to Jeffery the reviewer, began – “*You lie.*”³⁷⁷

Went in the evening to Hoppner’s, and there heard that Constant is believed in England to have written the Ms. of St Helena. Met the French consul – a tall man. Mrs Hoppner told me of a Mr and Miss Talbot,³⁷⁸ who have been travelling in the East. Miss says that the females are like children – that she heard a great change had taken place in their manners in twenty years – but I could not make out exactly what. They all wanted to strip Miss Talbot. The Turks admired her for her feet. She was pulled *in legi presenti*³⁷⁹ to a pyramid, went to the top of Diocletian’s pillar, &c.

A General Kidd³⁸⁰ has been travelling about Italy, fancying fiddlers – he was in with Sir Claudius Hunter³⁸¹ who, when he came to Florence, told our minister Dawkins³⁸² that he must be introduced to the Grand Duke.³⁸³ He had promised his *brother* at Vienna to see him. He offered to introduce Byron at court at Carlsruhe (Statgard) and asked him by message if he had any of his poetry about him. He prescribed for Doctor Polidori, who was sick. He was so dingy travelling that young

³⁷⁴: Compare *Macbeth* V iii 13-14.

³⁷⁵: Anticipates *Don Juan* XI 54, 6: “*He saw ten thousand living Authors pass; also XI 54, 7: the eighty ‘greatest living poets’*”: which in turn echoes *Marino Faliero*, unpublished Dedication to Goethe, where, as here, the idea is associated with *Macbeth*: This opinion of yours only proves that the ‘*Dictionary of ten thousand living English authors*’ has not been translated into German. – You will have read in your friend Schlegel’s version the dialogue in *Macbeth* – ‘There are *ten thousand!* – *Macbeth. Geese – Villain!* – Answer. *Authors – Sir.* – Now of these ‘ten thousand authors – there are actually nineteen hundred and eighty seven poets – all alive at this moment – whatever their works may be – as their booksellers well know’ (CPW IV 545). See also letter to Murray, August 31st 1820: “I believe that (except Milman perhaps) I am still the youngest of the fifteen hundred first of living poets” (BLJ VII 168).

³⁷⁶: Anticipates *Don Juan* XI 49, 1: *The Milliners, who furnish “Drapery Misses”*, and B.’s lengthy prose note. *Don Juan* XI was not written until October 1822.

³⁷⁷: Note pending. Anybody got any ideas?

³⁷⁸: Unidentified. Anybody got any ideas?

³⁷⁹: “According to the law of that period”. Hard to decipher in connection with pyramids.

³⁸⁰: Kidd unidentified. Anybody got any ideas?

³⁸¹: Sir Claudius Hunter (1775-1851) Lord Mayor of London.

³⁸²: Edward Dawkins, English *Chargé d’Affaires* in Florence; see BLJ VI 142n. He was of service to B. after the Pisan Affray in 1822.

³⁸³: The Grand Duke of Tuscany.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Hoppner could not go on with him – 'tis hard to meet these characters except on expeditions.

Saturday December 20th 1817: Notes – rode – dine. Home – in evening went to St Lucia and heard Sgricci³⁸⁴ again. He was still in yellow slippers, his flux was as great as before, but there was a very thin house. His tragedy was his forty-third extempore – it was “the Earl of *Essex x x*”, whom he called “Odvardo” . He pretended to know nothing of the story and had it told to him by a gentleman in the stage box. This, Rizzo said, was a sham – however, he talked of Elizabeth making war on *France* and did seem most extraordinarily ignorant. His tragedy had lasted nearly two hours when we came away at twelve o'clock. He had talked out many of his then audience – his chorus was in rhyme – his characters were “Gulielmo, Ormondo, Elvira, Elizabeth, Essex” – the tragedy opened at break of day, in the Palace of London. Madame Albrizzi patronises him and was in the next box. It is a prodigy to an Englishman – but the Italians say it has no merit. His rhyme was Cleopatra at the tomb of Anthony – of which he knew nothing. There was [in the] next box a beauty, the daughter of the whore whom Prince Andreas Erizzo³⁸⁵ married, and who is herself married and separated, and lives with a German, and intrigues for *passa tempo*³⁸⁶ with anyone. My German caught her in infidelities and gave her a box in the ear – they quarrelled – her father-in-law did all he could to reconcile them, and when he succeeded gave a great dinner of forty people on the occasion – this is Madame Zagati's story, who knows the lady – the sole conversation between females here is about their *men*.

Sunday December 21st 1817: Notes. Went in gondola to ride, but was driven back by the mist. Home – dine – write notes till eleven o'clock. Went to bed, and had a bad night. I thought [it] was going as it certainly will before I die. In Hume I see that Captain William Bedloe is said in the title of a pamphlet, supposed to be written by him, to be one of the [] [] committee for carrying on the such fres!!³⁸⁷

³⁸⁴: Tommaso Sgricci, the celebrated *improvvisatore*: compare *Beppo* 33, 1-2.

³⁸⁵: In a letter to H. of 3 Mar 1818 B. refers to Andrea Erizzo giving Haydn and Handel oratorios at the San Benedetto. See also 25 Oct 1817, where his wealth is commented on.

³⁸⁶: “To pass the time”.

³⁸⁷: Ms. indecipherable.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Monday December 22nd 1817: Up at nine **write journal** – write notes – a rainy morning – dine and evening with Byron.

Tuesday December 23rd 1817: Notes – ride – go to Madame Albrizzi's, I think, this evening, and have a great dispute about Ms. of Saint Helena, Denon swearing it is Napoleon's.³⁸⁸ They have distributed it in every corner of Northern Italy. Young Carvella³⁸⁹ recommended Pignotti's *Storia Toscana*³⁹⁰ to me as very liberal.

Wednesday December 24th 1817: Notes – ride – dine. Fletcher's *terra firma* countess³⁹¹ has thrown him into trouble. He thinks he has a right to a lady.³⁹² Byron asked him whether he would not like a bottle of claret at dinner – “No”, said Fletcher, “I am not nice at meals – ” not at all seeing the turn.³⁹³

Thursday December 25th 1817: Notes – ride. A woman – the Countess Tiretti³⁹⁴ – met us on the shore of Lido with handkerchief in hand, and cried “O my lord!” Byron turned his horse with “Scusi signora” – this creature thinks to humbug him and me, as she has Fletcher, who is in despair. Pretends to stabbing and drowning

³⁸⁸: That there was a “great dispute” over the St Helena manuscript, Denon asserting it to be genuine, indicates that H. thinks it a forgery – something which he has never made clear.

³⁸⁹: H. has given no indication that Nicholas Karvella (1799-1872) is in Venice. He 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, lived to see. See 14 Sep, 16; 13 Oct, 16; and 18 Sep, 22; also BLJ X 169 and n, 172, and 184-6.

³⁹⁰: Pignotti, Lorenzo (1739-1812) *Storia della Toscana sino al principato con diversi saggi sulle scienze, lettere e arti* (Pisa, 1815).

³⁹¹: “A ‘Terra Firma Countess’ was a title of disrespect as belonging to someone below the private citizen of the *Dominante*” – *Italy* (I 143).

³⁹²: The surname name of Fletcher's lady was Tiretta – see next entry, and BLJ VI 45n and 255. In his letter to H. of June 1818 B., pretending to be Fletcher announcing his death, gives an account of the affair in Fletcher's idiom: “... if I did keep the Countess (she is or ought to be a Countess although she is upon the town) Marietta – Monetta – Piretta – after passing my word to you and my Lord that I would not never no more – still he was an indulgent master – and only said I was a damned fool – and swore and forgot it again. – What Could I do – she said as how she should die – or kill herself if I did not go with her – and so I did – and kept her out of my Lord's washing and ironing – and nobody can deny that although the charge was high – the linen was well got up” (BLJ VI 45).

³⁹³: Fletcher, being a servant, is no more entitled to a mistress than he is to claret at dinner.

³⁹⁴: Fletcher's mistress (or woman).

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

and going to England with other tragical consequences – and has been had by half Venice.

Dine – read Hume upwards. He completely proves the absolute power of Queen Elizabeth – she made a merit of seldom calling Parliaments – that is, of seldom taxing the people. In all her reign she did not procure so much as the minister got in two months in Henry's time. Hume foretells our ruin from our debt, and raves against the war of 1784. Elizabeth seems justified in beheading Mary, and certainly Essex. His account of literature is confined to Spenser.

Friday December 26th 1817: Notes – rode – dine – in evening the long expected Fenice³⁹⁵ – which completely failed – Zagati said that next day there would be letters to all Italy with the news – Signor Nullo came in with the news of the other houses – it is the great annual event at Venice – the Musico had tight pantaloons – Rizzo came into the box, and attacked her *ventre sfrenato*³⁹⁶ – Madame Zagati was present – came away before the last act – ballet bad – not over till two.

Saturday December 27th 1817: Notes – ride – dine – evening at home – Hume.

Sunday December 28th 1817: Notes – ride – dine – evening at Fenice – went into Madame Albrizzi's box – dull work indeed.³⁹⁷

Monday December 29th 1817: Notes – ride – dine. Went in evening to St Moïse. *Gazza Ladra*³⁹⁸ made an opera by Rossini – the Annette a little Jew with a beard,³⁹⁹ who has been recommended to Madame Albrizzi – these *recommendaturi* are usual – went to Mr and Mrs Hoppner's box.

Tuesday December 30th 1817: Notes – ride – fine day but hard frost, the first I have seen. Hume. After dinner went to St Benedict. Perseus and Andromeda made half a farce – I did not know that the scene was laid in Æthiopia. House full, and

³⁹⁵: The opening of the new season at the Teatro la Fenice; Jack Wasserman points out that the Carnival began with this social event.

³⁹⁶: “Uncontrolled belly”.

³⁹⁷: Dull work identifiable.

³⁹⁸: Premiered at La Scala Milan on 31 May 1817. It is from a play, *La pie voleuse* (The Thieving Magpie) by J. M. T. Badouin d'Aubigny and Louis-Charles Caigniez.

³⁹⁹: There is no character called Annette in *La Gazza Ladra*. The opera's heroine is called Ninetta. It is hard to imagine her played by “a little Jew with a beard”.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

delighted at trash which passed even our patience. Byron has a letter asking him to pay a debt of honour⁴⁰⁰ – in bad humour, both.

Wednesday December 31st 1817: This morning finished looking over the notes, but have still a book or two to consult – a dull, rambling but curious compilation in some respects⁴⁰¹ – **wrote journal** – am preparing for my homeward bound voyage – rode at Lido – home – dine – evening with Byron – and ushered in the New Year together.

Thursday January 1st 1818: Up late. Snow – today at home – evening with Byron.

Friday January 2nd 1818: Reading at the public library for my notes. Wet day – snow on ground – evening with Byron.

Saturday January 3rd 1818: At the public library – hear that no books are allowed to be exported without a permit from the librarian, who is not to suffer first editions. *Capi d'opera*, &c. to leave the place. The Abbate Morelli talked of the order with contempt – as everyone must. The general contempt of the Austrians is inconceivable – nine thousand houses besides seventy-two palaces have been levelled since their arrival. I have bought Muratori⁴⁰² for 250 francs – first volume small paper – med. oeri⁴⁰³ – fifty.

Rode at Lido with Byron. Dine – evening with Byron.

Sunday January 4th 1818: Up late – read the beginning of a novel of Byron's⁴⁰⁴ – he adumbrates himself Don Julian. Florian⁴⁰⁵ has made himself also a young Spaniard – there is not, however, the least plagiary or resemblance, it must be said.

I sent some verses to Byron for New Year's Day.

1

⁴⁰⁰: There is no reference anywhere else to B. being challenged at this time.

⁴⁰¹: On 13 Jan 1818 B. writes to Kinnaird, "Hobhouse's notes are rather lengthy – and you are so damned sincere you will be telling him so – now *don't* – at least until I come" (BLJ VI 7).

⁴⁰²: Lodovico Antonio Muratori (1672-1750) Italian historian whose complete historical works fill forty-seven volumes.

⁴⁰³: Note pending. Anybody got any ideas?

⁴⁰⁴: B. seems to have destroyed this work.

⁴⁰⁵: See 14 Aug 1817.

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

*Let others measure, year by year,
The progress of their dull decay,
And, flushed by hope or chilled by fear,
Forget they wither, day by day –*

2

*These mortal æons should not bind
The periods of thy nobler race –
The bright creations of thy mind
Are beings nor of time nor space.*

3

*Our narrow scan may fondly hail
With joy the only year we see –
Thy genius spreads the loftier sail,
And meditates eternity.*

I had written “And launches for eternity”, but Byron said it looked like hanging. Yesterday we plotted an epic for him – Albion was thought of – but after I proposed the founding of the Exarchate and Fall of the Goths in Italy – this could embrace both Belisarius and Narses,⁴⁰⁶ out of one of which Tasso thought of. Ride, dine, evening with Byron.

A friend of mine was riding a concubine from a baker’s wife.⁴⁰⁷ The clock struck two and she put down her petticoats with one hand and crossed herself with the other.⁴⁰⁸

⁴⁰⁶: *Decline and Fall* Chapters 41-3. B. ignores H.’s plans, and on 3 July 1818, starts *Don Juan*.

⁴⁰⁷: B. and Margarita Cogni. Evidence that the reign of Cogni has begun.

⁴⁰⁸: On Cephalonia B. told James Kennedy, “I have known in Italy a person engaged in sin, and when the vesper-bell has rung, stop and repeat the *Ave Maria*, and then proceed in the sin: absolution cured all.” (Kennedy, p. 86) He writes to Murray, 1 Aug 1819: “I forgot to mention that she [Marianna] was very devout – and would cross herself if she heard the prayer-bell strike – sometimes – when that ceremony did not appear to be much in unison with what she was then about” (BLJ VI 197).

Venice, *Childe Harold IV* and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

Monday January 5th 1818: Occupied in making preparation for departure. Ride with Byron. Dine, pass the evening with him looking over Fourth Canto and notes.

Tuesday January 6th 1818: Ditto. Ride with Byron. Pass the evening with him as before.

Wednesday January 7th 1818: Went to my bankers. Saw two chests of books deposited there, directed to Baring and Brothers. Got my little funds, for £30 the exchange low, at 23..80..

Walked to church of St Paul and John to see the tomb of Marino Falieri⁴⁰⁹ – his ashes confounded, I suppose, under *Valeriorum Principum cineres*.

A beautiful day. Walked about the place of St Mark, to take a last look. Trumpets and drums at the wooden theatre on the quay, at this opening of Carnival.⁴¹⁰ Made a few purchases, combs, 45 *lire Venete*, beads, 30. Paid house-bill, and gave 52 *lire* above. Zanatto,⁴¹¹ 40. My bankers made me pay 62 centimes a piece for *napoleons d'or* – my servant's bills here have been about 80 *lire* a week, dinner, candles, wood and everything included, or a little more.

On Monday, going over to Lido, Byron had two men to sing Tasso.⁴¹² One was a gondolier, another a carpenter. One sat at the prow, the other the stern – they gave us a sort of chaunt or recitative. The gondolier behind held up his hand to his mouth to make the notes louder. They could not help using actions – we had the death of Clorinda and, I believe, the enchanted palace of Armida.⁴¹³ They sang the Tuscan, not the Venetian, but the carpenter, who was the cleverest of the two, said he could translate the Tuscan – he could sing about three hundred stanzas, he said, but had not *morbin* spirits to learn or sing now – time and idleness were necessary. “And,” said the poor fellow, “look at my clothes. I am half starving.” They sang alternately about four lines, but following the sense.

⁴⁰⁹: Doge of Venice (1274-1355) about whom Byron was to write his first classical tragedy in 1820.

⁴¹⁰: Byron had written *Beppo* out of his experience of the Venetian Carnival in 1817. H. arrived too late for the 1817 one and leaves just as the 1818 one starts.

⁴¹¹: Unidentified servant.

⁴¹²: Thus disproving *Childe Harold IV* 3, 1-2: *In Venice Tasso's ditties are no more, / And silent rows the songless gondolier ...* H. writes the experiment up in a note (first edition 104-5).

⁴¹³: Tasso, *Gerusalemme Liberata*, XII Stanzas 51-68 (death of Clorinda) and XV Stanzas 55-66 (enchanted palace of Armida).

Venice, *Childe Harold* IV and *Beppo*, July 30th 1817-January 7th 1818

The distress and general complaints are beyond conception. Andretta, my bookseller, dated the fall of Venice from the first invasion of religious property in 1777.⁴¹⁴ He said the Austrians were liked in their short reign before,⁴¹⁵ but now they have learnt everything bad from Napoleon.

Took my last ride with Byron. The tide very low. Home, dine. Read to him my opening paper for our other world, which he says is not so *stiff* as my usual style – a hint which I shall follow. Passed the evening with Byron, who put the last hand to his *Childe Harold*, and took leave of my dear friend, for so I think him, at twelve o'clock. A little before my going, he told me he was originally a man of great feeling, but it had been absorbed. I believe the first part of what he said – literally. God bless him.

⁴¹⁴: Note pending. Anybody got any ideas?

⁴¹⁵: Between the treaties of Campo Formio (1797) and Pressburg (1805); my thanks to Chris Little here.