

BYRON'S ALPINE JOURNAL, September 18th-29th 1816
with that of John Cam Hobhouse for the same expedition

Byron left England on April 25th 1816, and, travelling across Belgium and down the Rhine, arrived at Geneva on May 25th. In June the companions he had met up with there, Percy Shelley, Mary Godwin and Claire Claremont, made an Alpine tour to Chamonix without him; on August 28th they left, two days after the arrival of the Shelley-incompatibles, John Cam Hobhouse and Scrope Berdmore Davies. With his two Cambridge friends he made a short tour to Chamonix and Mont Blanc, from August 29th to September 1st. It was on this tour that they found Shelley's "Atheist" inscription in at least one hotel visitors' book.

Davies left for England on September 5th, and Byron and Hobhouse then made this longer Alpine tour, during which both men kept diaries. Hobhouse's was a continuation of his usual journal; Byron's was made especially for the tour, with his sister Augusta as its intended reader.

It may be blasphemy to say so, but there's not much to choose between the two diaries. Hobhouse gives the reader more facts, especially political ones; Byron describes more imaginatively, and at the end displays some introspection and self-pity, the origins of which are in his failed marriage: see the letter he writes to Augusta on the day he starts out. Both men give superb accounts of the Swiss Alps in 1816, and of their sensations on seeing them for the first time.

The enigma is *Manfred*, which Byron was at least thinking about before Hobhouse arrived, and several details of which are prefigured in Byron's diary; but which is never referred to.

The two texts which I have consulted for Byron's journal are R.E.Prothero, *The Works of Lord Byron: Letters and Journals* (John Murray 1899: referred to as LJ) III pp. 349-65, and Leslie A. Marchand, *Byron's Letters and Journals* V (John Murray 1976: referred to as BLJ) pp. 96-105. Hobhouse's journal is from B.L.Add.Mss. 56536-7. I have also made use of John Clubbe's transcription and annotation of Hobhouse in John Clubbe and Ernest Giddey, *Byron et la Suisse: Deux Etudes* (Geneva, Librairie Droz, 1982: referred to as "John Clubbe").

I have printed Byron's journal unindented, and Hobhouse's indented and justified right. Hobhouse's spellings, abbreviations and punctuation have been silently corrected; Byron's have not. [] signifies an illegible word in Hobhouse's diary. A word or letter in square brackets in either diary is an editorial addition. B.: Byron. H.: Hobhouse. *PoC: The Prisoner of Chillon. CHP: Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*

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THE ALPINE JOURNALS OF LORD BYRON AND JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE

Byron:

Alpine Journal

Clarens. Sept^r. 18th. 1816

Yesterday September 17th. 1816 – I set out (with H[obhouse].) on an excursion of some days to the Mountains. – I shall keep a short journal of each day's progress for my Sister Augusta.

Sept^r. 17th.

Rose at 5. – left Diodati about seven – in one of the country carriages – (a Charaban)¹ – our servants on horseback – weather very fine – the Lake calm and clear – Mont Blanc – and the Aiguille of Argentières both very distinct – the borders of the Lake beautiful – reached Lausanne before Sunset – stopped & slept at Ouchy. – H[obhouse] went to dine with a Mr. O[c]keden² – I remained at our Caravansera (though invited to the house of H[obhouse]'s friend – too lazy or tired – or something else to go) and wrote a letter to Augusta³ – Went to bed at nine – sheets damp – swore and stripped them off & flung them – Heaven knows where – wrapt myself up in the blankets – and slept like a Child of a month's existence – till 5 o Clock of ...

Hobhouse: Tuesday September 17th 1816

Did not sleep – up at five. Off at past seven in the charaban with broken wheels and two saddle-horses, with Joseph⁴ and Berger.⁵ Breakfasted at Nyon – stopped some time also at Morges, a considerable town on the lake, and arrived at Lausanne, or Ouchy rather, the port, at five o'clock. Found a decent inn.

Walk[ed] up to Ockeden's, the great Bellevue above the town, and dined with him, his daughter and son, a Mlle Clasière, the late French minister's niece, Miss Clasière's governess, and Mr de Lujreau, or some such name. The latter had seen Gibbon⁶ – he said it was not true he was ever neglected, or is now forgotten by, the people of Lausanne. A grave is called a "Gebhoniae." Gibbon was a great tyrant in forms – he has heard Gibbon say, "Monsieur, je vous aie prie pour trois heures. Il fait trois heures et dix minutes! Faites servir!" Gibbon consulted a Dr William, a lucky quack, and placed great confidence in him. He spoke Vaudois – he was one day at table – a large trout was served – William said, "On ne vient jamais chez Mr Gibbon sans y rencontrer quelque monstre!" – Gibbon looked up and smiled – then, tapping his snuffbox, "De quel monstre parlez-vous?" – "Oh!" said William, catching himself, "pas de vous, Monsieur Gibbon!"

Monsieur de Lujreau, who is of Lausanne, said that there was still a very chosen society at Lausanne – he owned the English character had fallen since the peace – he told a funny story of Bicknell the Latter⁷ at Chamounix – Ockenden and he talked of the turn taken against the English in the *Bibliothèque universelle*, which was formerly called *Bibliothèque brittanique*.⁸ The first article is on English literature by Pictet de Rougemont,⁹ who was at Congress, and probably took his notions of the English from

1: A charabanc was a light carriage with forward-facing seats, suitable for hilly terrain.

2: Parry Ockenden was an Englishman resident in Lausanne. Otherwise unidentified.

3: BLJ V 94-6.

4: Joseph Poisson is H.'s valet.

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

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

7: Conjectural reading. Bicknell the Latter unidentified.

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

9: Marc-Auguste de Rougemont (1752-1825) one of its founders, brother of Pictet de Rougemont, official Genevan delegate to the Congress of Vienna, who had obtained recognition for Swiss

Castlereagh, and has been piqued by something against us. Madame de Staël has taken up the cudgel for us. I hear the article is a foolish one, and since see it is – very peremptory and rude. The Germans are elsewhere said to monopolize literature as the English do commerce. Lord Byron and Scott are, however, exempted in Madame’s article, in a passage omitted by Madame Necker de Saussure. Ockenden once heard Schlegel¹⁰ say to Madame de Staël, who was lauding the English, “I see that every nation is uppermost in turn in this house!” Madame was very angry.

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

Byron:

Sept. 18th.

Called by Berger (my Courier who acts as Valet for a day or two – the learned Fletcher being left in charge of Chattels at Diodati) got up – H[obhouse] walked on before – a mile from Lausanne – the road overflowed by the lake – got on horseback & rode – till within a mile of Vevey – the Colt young but went very well – overtook H[obhouse]. & resumed the carriage which is an open one – stopped at Vevey two hours (the *second* time I have visited it)¹¹ walked to the Church¹² – view from the Churchyard superb – within it General Ludlow (the Regicide’s)¹³ monument – black marble long inscription¹⁴ – Latin – but simple – particularly the latter part – in which his wife (Margaret¹⁵ de Thomas) records her long – her tried – and unshaken affection – he was an Exile *two and thirty years* – one of the King’s (Charles’s) Judges – a fine fellow. – I remember reading his memoirs in January 1815 (at Halnaby –) the first part of them very amusing – the latter less so, – I little thought at the time of their perusal by me of seeing his tomb – near him Broughton (who read King Charles’s sentence to Charles Stuart)¹⁶ – is buried with a *queer* and rather *canting* – but still a Republican epitaph¹⁷ – – Ludlow’s house shown – it retains still his inscription *Omne Solum forte patria*¹⁸ – Walked down to the Lake side – servants – Carriage – saddle horses – all set off and left us *plantés là*, by some mistake – and we walked on after them towards Clarens – H[obhouse] ran on before and overtook them at last – arrived the second time (1st. time was by water) at Clarens beautiful Clarens! – went to Chillon through Scenery worthy of I know not whom – went over

independence and neutrality. Pictet’s article (*Bibliothèque universelle*, 1816, *Littérature*, I pp. 7-8) is *Coup d’œil sur la littérature anglaise en 1815*, a general article selecting Scott and B. as the two most important British writers of the day. Having met B. in Geneva, de Rougemont embarked on a series of articles about him. At BLJ V 207 B. writes the Countess Albrizzi a guarded letter of introduction for him.

H. is witnessing the beginnings of continental Byronism. From 1816 onwards, the *Bibliothèque universelle* prints translated extracts from *Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage*, *The Prisoner of Chillon*, *The Corsair*, *Lara*, *The Giaour*, *The Lament of Tasso*, and *The Siege of Corinth*; these are anthologised in 1820 as *Choix de poésies de Byron, W. Scott et Moore, traduction libre par l’un des rédacteurs de la Bibliothèque universelle*. This in turn creates a demand for complete translations, which leads to the massive labour of Amedée Pichot, whose prose translations sell in huge quantities, and are read by – among others – Pushkin.

10: August W. Schlegel was a house-guest of Madame de Staël’s at Coligny. B. and H. found him hard to take.

11: The first time was with Shelley between June 22nd and 27th.

12: St Martin’s church, Vevey.

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

14: Ludlow’s inscription is at LJ III 350-1n.

15: Ludlow’s wife was called Elizabeth, as the inscription states: Hobhouse gets it right in his, the next entry.

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

17: The Broughton inscription is at LJ III 361n.

18: H. gives a fuller version below. “To the brave man every soil is a native land because it is his father’s.” B. remembers this line at *Detached Thought* 84 (BLJ IX 41).

the Castle of Chillon¹⁹ again – on our return met an English party in a carriage – a lady in it fast asleep!²⁰ – fast asleep in the most anti-narcotic spot in the world – excellent – I remember at Chamouni – in the very eyes of Mont Blanc – hearing another woman – English also – exclaim to her party – “did you ever see any thing more *rural*” – as if it was Highgate or Hampstead – or Brompton – or Hayes. – “*Rural*” quotha! – Rocks – pines – torrent – Glaciers – Clouds – and Summits of eternal snow far above them – and “*Rural!*” I did not know the thus exclaiming fair one – but she was a – very good kind of a woman. – – After a slight & short dinner – we visited the Chateau de Clarens – an English woman has rented it recently – (it was not let when I saw it first) the roses are gone with their Summer – the family out – but the servants desired us to walk o²¹ver the interior – saw on the table of the saloon – Blair’s sermons²² – and somebody else’s (I forgot who’s –) sermons – and a set of noisy children – saw all worth seeing and then descended to the “Bosquet de Julie”²³ &c. &c. – our Guide full of *Rousseau* – whom he is eternally confounding with *St. Preux*²⁴ – and mixing the man and the book – on the steps of a cottage in the village – I saw a young *paysanne* – beautiful as Julie herself – went again as far as Chillon to revisit the little torrent from the hill behind it – Sunset – reflected in the lake – have to get up at 5 tomorrow to cross the mountains on horseback – carriage to be sent round – lodged at my old Cottage – hospitable & comfortable – tired with a longish ride – on the Colt – and the subsequent jolting of the Charaban – and my scramble in the hot sun – shall go to bed – thinking of you dearest Augusta. – –



Chillon Castle

Mem. – The Corporal who showed the wonders of Chillon was as drunk as Blucher²⁵ – and (to my mind) as great a man. – He was *deaf* also – and thinking every one else so – roared out the legends of the Castle so fearfully that H[obhouse] got out of humour – however we saw all things from the Gallows to the Dungeon (the *Potence* & the *Cachots*) and returned to Clarens with more freedom than belonged to the 15th. Century. – –²⁶ At Clarens – the only book (except the Bible) a translation of “*Cecilia*” (Miss Burney’s *Cecilia*)²⁷ and the owner of the Cottage had also called her dog (a fat Pug *ten* years old – and hideous as *Tip*)²⁸ after Cecilia’s (or rather Delville’s) dog – Fidge²⁹ –

19: B. had visited Chillon Castle with Shelley on their tour of the lake the previous June, and had written *PoC* almost at once. Evidently he and H. did not discuss Shelley much.

20: H. mentions her too.

21: Her name is Lady Mary Ross: see Hobhouse’s entry, next.

22: For the eighteenth-century Scots divine Hugh Blair, see *Don Juan*, II, 165, 6.

23: “Julie’s arbour,” in which the heroine of Rousseau’s novel *La Nouvelle Héloïse* (1761) surprises St. Preux with his first intoxicating kiss: see *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, Part I Chapter XIV.

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

25: Marshal Blücher, the Prussian general who helped Wellington win Waterloo. A comic figure to B.

26: LJ ends the September 19th entry here.

27: Fanny Burney’s novel *Cecilia* (1782).

28: Tip was Augusta’s dog.

29: The favourite spaniel of Mortimer Delvile [sic] in *Cecilia* is called Fidel.

Hobhouse: Wednesday September 18th 1816

Up at five, and at six walked on towards Vevey, keeping near the lake. Not on the turnpike road till I came to the village of Lutry – noble view of mountains opposite – the country all vines, and getting more precipitous until the vineyards raised on terraces supported with regular walls. The houses with little high windows, wooden galleries, long pents in the hills, reminding me of the south of Europe. Road close to the lake good, between vineyard walls, the [] above the doors of the vineyards in the walls looking like embrasures. Grapes appeared many, but little hopes of ripening. This is the farmers' [] [].³⁰

After walking three hours, and passing two or three little narrow streeeted towns, of which the best [is] St Saphorin, sat upon a rock and [a]waited the carriage, which overtook me. Saw Vevey, then in a flat below before me. Arrived there at near ten – drove to the city of London in the beautiful market place,³¹ which was shut up, and then came to the Three Crowns. Breakfasted, then walked up to the church on a lovely terrace commanding a noble view of the lake, the mountains of the Vallais, and Savoy, and also of the background – the viney, wooded hillocks above the course of the river Veyveyse – and overlooking Vevey.

Saw, in the church, Ludlow's monument, of which the epitaph, as an Englishman told me in the church, is given in Addison's *Travels*.³² It is singular that no notice is given of his voting for the death of Charles. The Latin is nothing singular: he lived thirty-two years abroad, and was buried by his faithful wife, Elisabeth de Thomas,³³ in 1693. On the ground nearby, beneath Ludlow's monument but in the aisle, is the black slab covering the remains of Broughton, who read the sentence on Charles and was exiled for it – both which facts are mentioned, somewhat singularly, “sententiam regis regum profari,”³⁴ meaning that Charles' sentence was from God. Coming from the church and lolling on the bench of the terrace, there where Ludlow may have often contemplated the noble scenery of the lake, I tried to write something but could only boggle:

It is not cowardice to fly
From tyranny's triumphant face
It is not banishment to die
An exile only from disgrace –³⁵

Came down. Walked into the pretty market-place, opening upon the banks of the lake – the market house a handsome, colonnaded structure, looking very well from the water. The carriage, &c., got off before us. We had to walk, which we did, and saw near the gate, going out on the right, Ludlow's house – over the door within the court is “Omne solum forti patria – quia patris 1684” in gold letters.

Walked two-thirds of way to Clarens to overtake the carriage – arrived Clarens³⁶ – most delicious village. Put up at a farmer's house, then drove on to Chillon. Clarens is three-quarters of a league from Vevey, and Chillon about the same from Clarens. The road to Chillon, with the lake close under to the right and the woody knolls, precipices, and dells on the left under magnificent mountains, interspersed with villages, running up

30: John Clubbe hazards “wind mill”.

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

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

33: H. gets Ludlow's wife's name correct, B. incorrect. She was Elizabeth Thomas of Glamorganshire.

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

35: H.'s verse shows his empathy with the seventeenth-century radicals. Later his politics modified.

36: The village immortalised by Rousseau in *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, and more recently by B. in *CHP* III stanzas 101-4 (which H. has read).

the woody [], [is] altogether unparalleled. Rousseau did well to fix on this spot for his Julie. The situation of Montreux village, in a woody niche under the mountain Dent de Jaman, most surpassing.

Came to Chillon Castle. Formidable walls, but small in comparison with Welsh castles. Went to it over wooden bridge – shown it by deaf drunken soldier, one of two or three guarding the garrison. Saw the colonnaded dungeons, the column to which Bonivard³⁷ was attached for six years. The iron ring still there, the black beam in the next dungeon, on which the wretches were hung by torchlight without the parade which administers courage to dying malefactors. Saw in another part dungeons three deep, to which the entry by ladders one above another. Our drunkard observed, happy was he who had the upper dungeon. Chillon, now a small store for arms and a few cannon and powder, belongs to the Canton of Vaud. The dungeons under the level of the water, which is 600 feet close under the walls.³⁸ Saw view of the lake from the upper part of the castle, where Rhone comes into the lake.³⁹ Also the little islet with a few trees on it, the only islet in the lake.⁴⁰

Returned to Clarens – dined on fish and omelette – next up the hill, after dinner, to le Chatelard, or Castle of Clarens. Found it just rented by Lady Mary Ross.⁴¹ Saw her sitting-room, a large handsome room, in which were paintings on the wainscot – one was pointed out by the farmer's wife, who was our guide, as "Rousseau and Julie," thus identifying St Preux, as was done before, with Rousseau. Saw Blair's and some other sermons on the table. Looked at the noble view from the terrace and the top of the house – such a spot!! The castle rises on a pyramidal hill of vineyards, with thickets of noble trees behind and in the neighbouring dells. Coming down, we had pointed to us by our peasant guide where the *bosquet de Julie* was formerly, before cut down by the monks of St Bernard – its site was a vineyard just above Clarens. The peasant had read Rousseau, whom he also confounded with St Preux. He said Rousseau wrote from Meillerie – he added, "now and then – they are but embellishments," and yet he gave a certainty to the recorded spots as if something had happened there. No romance has ever received such a complete local habitation⁴² – perhaps the actual Héloïse has given some identity to her new namesake – we wandered into a neighbouring grove of noble trees on the declivity of the hills, where Byron said Julie and St Preux might have walked.⁴³

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

Byron:

Sept. 19th.

Rose at 5 – ordered the carriage round. – Crossed the mountains to Montbovon on horseback – and on Mules – and by dint of scrambling on foot also, – the whole route beautiful as a *Dream* and now to me almost as indistinct, – I am so tired – for though healthy I have not the strength I possessed but a few years ago. – At Mont Davant we breakfasted – afterwards on a

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

38: "800 feet" is B.'s statistic, in his note to line 111 of *The Prisoner of Chillon*, with which H. is clearly now intimate; in his last reference to it (1 Sept 1816) he had not read it.

39: Compare *PoC*, line 336.

40: Compare *PoC*, lines 341-2.

41: Lady Mary Ross unidentified.

42: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, V i 17.

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

steep ascent – dismounted – tumbled down & cut a finger open – the baggage also got loose and fell down a ravine, till stopped by a large tree – swore – recovered baggage – horse tired & dropping – mounted Mule – at the approach of the summit of Dent Jamant – dismounted again with H[obhouse]. & all the party. – Arrived at a lake in the very nipple of the bosom of the Mountain. – left our quadrupeds with a Shepherd – & ascended further – came to some snow in patches – upon which my forehead’s perspiration fell like rain making the same dints as in a sieve⁴⁴ – the chill of the wind & the snow turned me giddy – but I scrambled on & upwards – H[obhouse]. went to the highest *pinnacle* – I did not – but paused within a few yards (at an opening of the Cliff) – in coming down the Guide tumbled three times – I fell a laughing & tumbled too – the descent luckily soft though steep & slippery – H[obhouse]. also fell – but nobody hurt. The whole of the Mountain superb – the shepherd on a very steep & high cliff playing upon his *pipe*⁴⁵ – very different from *Arcadia*⁴⁶ – (where I saw the pastors with a long Musquet instead of a Crook – and pistols in their Girdles) – our Swiss Shepherd’s pipe was sweet – & his time agreeable – saw a cow strayed – told that they often break their necks on & over the crags – descended to Montbovon – pretty scraggy village with a wild river – and a wooden bridge. – H[obhouse]. went to fish – caught one⁴⁷ – our carriage not come – our horses – mules &c. knocked up – ourselves fatigued – (but so much the better – I shall sleep). The view from the highest point of today’s journey comprized on one side the greatest part of Lake Lemman – on the other – the valleys & mountains of the Canton Fribourg – and an immense plain with the Lakes of Neufchatel & Morat – and all which the borders of these and of the Lake of Geneva inherit⁴⁸ – we had both sides of the Jura before us in one point of view, with Alps in plenty. – In passing a ravine – the Guide recommended strenuously a quickening of pace – as the stones fall with great rapidity & occasional damage – the advice is excellent – but like most good advice impracticable the road being so rough in this precise point – that neither mules nor mankind – nor horses – can make any violent progress. – Passed without any fractures or menace thereof. – The music of the Cows’ bells (for their wealth like the Patriarchs is cattle) in the pastures (which reach to a height far above any mountains in Britain –) and the Shepherds’ shouting to us from crag to crag & playing on their reeds where the steeps appeared almost inaccessible, with the surrounding scenery – realized all that I have ever heard or imagined of a pastoral existence – much more so than Greece or Asia Minor – for there we are a little too much of the sabre & musquet order – and if there is a Crook in one hand, you are sure to see a gun in the other – but this was pure and unmixed – solitary – savage and patriarchal⁴⁹ – the effect I cannot describe – as we went they played the “Ranz des Vaches”⁵⁰ and other airs by way of farewell. – I have lately reepeople my mind with Nature.⁵¹

44: The crippled B. must have found even moderate mountaineering difficult.

45: See *Manfred*, I ii 48-56:

The natural music of the mountain reed –
 For here the patriarchal days are not
 A pastoral fable – pipes in the liberal air,
 Mixed with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd;
 My Soul would drink those echoes. Oh, that I were
 The viewless Spirit of a lovely sound,
 A living voice, a breathing harmony,
 A bodiless enjoyment, born and dying
 With the blest tone which made me!

46: The real, not the mythical, Arcadia, where B. and H. had been in 1809.

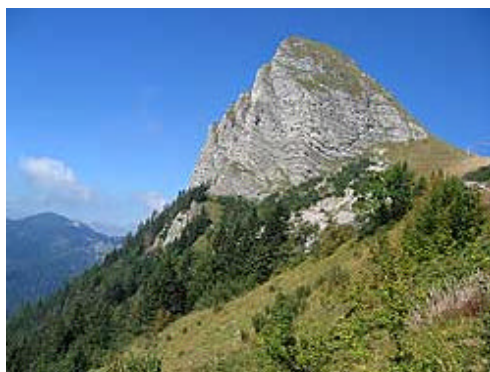
47: This is the only time when H.’s fishing serves them for food. For B.’s ungrateful riposte, see *Don Juan*, XIII, stanza 106n.

48: For this use of “inherit”, see *The Tempest*, IV i 154.

49: Compare *Manfred* I ii 49-50, quoted above.

50: A “calling together the cows,” as H. translates it. The *Ranze des Vaches* was a song of intense patriotic nostalgia. See Wordsworth’s sonnet *On Hearing the “Ranz des Vaches” on the top of the Pass of St. Gothard*. For a description, see *Diary of Lady Frances Shelley*, I 257.

51: Perhaps a covert reference to the writing of *Manfred*.



The Dent de Jaman

Hobhouse: Thursday September 19th 1816

Sent off coachman and Joseph to go round by Bulle with the charaban. Byron and I, with Berger, a guide and a mule, and our two saddle horses, set off at half-past eight to cross the Dent de Jaman, 3,200 and odd feet above the level of the lake.⁵² Continued ascending amongst rich pastures and declivities till we passed Chernex, a small town in the mountains, part of which was lately burnt down. One hour from Clarens. Continued ascending through the same pasture scenery; road now and then very difficult. One hour more, till we came to an open and larger range of rising meadows. Here we stopped at L'Union de Mont d'Avant, a post-house in those hills, where are many isolated shepherd huts. These green hanging meadows quite new to me. We took fried fish and wine we had brought with us, refreshed our horses for an hour, and marched on.

We came to a torrent where we [were] told to pass quickly, for fear stones should fall, and thence had a perpetual ascent up stony stairs, and now and then *wooden* paths. In one hour we were on the top of the pass, a green isthmus of pasture land with half-a-dozen scattered chalets for cattle, having the serrated ridges of hills on our left, green up to the summit, and the Dent de Jaman⁵³ on our right, towering above us, apparently nearly perpendicular in this position. We had here a view into the fathomless vallies of the Saane, or Sarine,⁵⁴ immediately under us. A decent-looking young woman was sitting on a stone looking down upon them as if for curiosity, though she belonged to the shepherd – the shepherdess of the Alps.

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

From the top had a view of the Lake of Geneva, and particularly the north shore, with the Canton of Vaud laid out like a map – saw the two branches of the Rhone – the

52: Bulle. B. and H. now set off into the Alps proper.

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

54: More commonly Sarine.

mountains of Savoy – the Alps of the Canton of Berne. Berger got up, but Lord Byron halted twenty⁵⁵ yards below. The thin clouds flitted under us like a *coup de canon*, as Berger observed. The same pointed out that ants had built their nests close to the peak.

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

The whole scene gave us quite a new idea of Alpine life. Byron observed that the glowing green pastures, with their cottages and cows in these heights, were like a dream, something too brilliant and wild for reality.⁵⁶ The cows are driven to the hills the 11th of June and down the 11th of October – many perish by falling from the rocks.

Descended from these pastures into some fine woods and got into the path. Descending, crossed through a wall⁵⁷ into the Canton of Friburgh. Continued going downhill, a rocky path, into the depths of the valleys. Passed a small village or town in the mountains – observed the religious inscriptions, on the houses as elsewhere in this district – “House raised by the Divine Succour” – “This house built by the hand of — —, but a better house in heaven,” &c. Some of an ancient date in the valleys – “1688,” [and] the carpenter’s name recorded. An immense quantity of wood employed on the pents, some of the wooden tiles of which kept down by stones. Observed the Friburgh women [with] large coils of hair on their heads, made out with stuffing.

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

Byron:

Sept. 20th.

Up at 6 – off at 8 – the whole of this days journey at an average of between from two thousand seven hundred to three thousand feet above the level of the Sea. This valley the longest – narrowest – & considered one of the finest of the Alps – little traversed by travellers – saw the Bridge of La Roche – the bed of the river very low & deep between immense rocks & rapid as anger – a man & mule said to have tumbled over without damage – (the mule was lucky at any rate – unless I knew the *man* I should be loth to pronounce *him* fortunate). – The people looked free & happy and *rich* (which last implies neither of the former) the cows superb – a Bull nearly leapt into the Charaban – “agreeable companion in a postchaise”⁵⁸ – Goats & Sheep very thriving – a mountain with enormous Glaciers to the right – the Kletsgerberg – further on – the Hockthorn – nice names – so soft – Hockthorn I believe very lofty & craggy – patched with snow only – no Glaciers on it – but some good epaulettes of clouds. – Past the boundaries – out of Vaud – & into Bern Canton – French exchanged for a bad German – the district famous for Cheese – liberty – property – & no taxes. – H[obhouse]. went to fish – caught none – strolled to river – saw a boy [and] a kid – kid followed him like a dog – kid could not get over a fence & bleated piteously – tried myself to help kid – but nearly upset both self & kid into the river. – Arrived here about six in the

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

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

57: Conjectural reading.

58: Quotation unidentified.

evening – nine o'clock – going to bed – H[obhouse]. in next room – knocked his head against the door – and exclaimed of course against doors – not tired today – but hope to sleep nevertheless – women gabbling below – read a French translation of Schiller – Good Night – Dearest Augusta. – –

Hobhouse: Friday September 20th 1816

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

Up between five and six – waited till seven, and then set off walking. Went what is called the high road. Observed the effect of the morning scene on these green declivities⁵⁹ and glowing woods – on hills narrowing and opening by turns – saw cataract of the Saane rushing under an Alpine bridge, where another joins it from another valley – the small black and white church tower of Rossinière in green hanging meadows. On the other side of Saane they were cutting down the second crop – flax grown here. Cross a village called Moulins, where a mountain-torrent rushes into the Saane. Observed an inn there, with a religious inscription showing it was built in 1688.

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

The car came up, and we went on to Rougemont, an hour more – the church and Bailly's house⁶⁰ on a green hillock to the right, entering. Stopped to breakfast at the great wooden inn; observed there many *signalements* stuck up from the government at Lausanne – amongst others two of women expelled the canton of Vaud one for *mauvaise conduite* and the other *libertinage* – there also was the description of Didier of Grenoble.⁶¹ Paid twelve francs for tea, coffee, and cold meat, this being reckoned a poor country, as no corn is grown here, and the bread is sent from Thoun. The language of the Pays Gessenai and of the Pays de Vaud is patois French, and the district itself is called Pays d'Enhaut Romand.

Left Rougemont for Saanen, or Gessenai. Taking my fishing rod and descending to the river flowing, or rather rushing, between pine precipices, went up a rivulet and then descending to the Saane, fished without a rise. Climbed up a precipice from the river – passed the ruined tower of the Chateau of Vanel, belonging to the Counts of Gruyere – formerly from this point and the rivulet, begins the German part of the Pays de Gessenai – tried all down the river to opposite Saanen, where it runs a quarter of a mile to the right, and where it flows from the narrow valley of the Launen.⁶²

Crossed through Gessenai, being about to mistake the way, and got up a green hill into the road for Thoun. Saw the charaban following – saw snow mountains down the Lauen valley. Ascending almost continually, on hard, stoney roads through a high country [of] pasture lands crossed with mountains – a house or two and a village – small black cherry- and walnut- and pear- and apple-trees by the roadside. Got into Canton of Berne,

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

60: The Bailly was the local ruling magistrate.

61: Didier of Grenoble unidentified.

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

and descending into the Simmenthal – there the valley again narrow – the mountains to the right covered with snow – the pastures running off the hills. Black cottages dotting the green steeps – cows, &c. The Ebel⁶³ says [this] is one of the richest counties in [the Swiss Alps]⁶⁴ – its cheeses and its wools are esteemed. It may be so, but it is certainly the dearest – forty-five francs charged us in the miserable inn of Zweisimmen, of which [we] paid thirty. The whole valley is thirteen leagues long – three long hours from Gessenai. The road very bad.

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

Byron:

Sept^r. 21st.

Off early – the valley of Simmenthal as before – entrance to the plain of Thoun very narrow – high rocks – wooded to the top – river – new mountains – with fine Glaciers – Lake of Thoun – extensive plain with a girdle of Alps – walked down to the Chateau de Schadau – view along the lake – crossed the river in a boat rowed by women – *women* went right for the first time in my recollection. – Thoun a pretty town – the whole day's journey Alpine & proud. –

Hobhouse: Saturday September 21st 1816

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

We breakfasted at Weissenburg. Twelve francs!!! again declared *voleurs* by our *voiturier*. Left Weissenburg half-past one for Thoun. Five hours – road still on the pent of the left declivity of the valley, which became more narrow. Passed Latterbach and Erlenbach⁶⁵ – saw to the right a tremendous deep valley closed up by a glacier alp. The Nieder Simmen river flowing through it, green. Niesen 5,564 feet above the Lake of Thoun,⁶⁶ and 7,340 feet above the sea rising in front before, looking green to the high summit.

Thence the valley straitening, we went lower down into it, advancing through thick brushwood below and pines above, through a grand pass of gigantic rocks above woods on our left and woods in hills to our right, under the Niesen, till we squeezed out of the Simmenthal and saw the Chateau of Wimmis on the feet of the Niesen, amidst woods at our right. The road, going under woody acclivities and a green plain, gave us now, as we looked back, a view of the great frozen Alps. The Blumis Alp, next to the Niesen and the

63: B. and H. are following Ebel, *Manuel du Voyageur en Suisse*, Voyage No 33 (pp. 89-90).

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

65: In fact they must have passed these two places in the reverse order.

66: The Thuner See.

Jungfrau,⁶⁷ which, Joseph contended, were not so high as the Niesen. Left the river flowing between a woody dell to our right – caught a view of part of the Lake of Thoun. Went over a rising ground and came to the marshland, which Thoun stands a little way up. The mouth of the Aar, Thoun two leagues from Wimmis. Got there by a quarter past five.

Put up at the Freyhoff, an excellent inn. Walked out on the bank of the Aar to the Chateau of Schadau, as recommended, with its terrace which we could not miss, by Sharp⁶⁸ – the lake pretty, the Alps in clouds, the Stockhorn to the right of the Simmenthal visible. Schadau Chateau in very good active order – belongs to a Mr Ney⁶⁹ of Berne.⁷⁰

Returned, crossing the river, in a female ferry-boat, to our inn. Heard concert given by a music school company. Dined in great room, and fell upon Clintons⁷¹ and Mr Poynton and women.⁷²

From the outlet of Simmenthal the country is quite different. Find roads, good inns, and crowds of English. Wrote journal and went to bed in good bed.

Byron:

Sept^r. 22^d.

Left Thoun in a boat which carried us the length of the lake in three hours – the lake small – but the banks fine – rocks down to the water's edge. – Landed at Neuhaus – passed Interlachen – entered upon a range of scenes beyond all description – or previous conception. – Passed a rock – inscription – 2 brothers – one murdered the other – just the place fit for it.⁷³ – After a variety of windings came to an enormous rock – Girl with fruit – very pretty – blue eyes – good teeth – very fair – long but good features – reminded me of F^y.⁷⁴ bought some of her pears – and patted her upon the cheek – the expression of her face very mild – but good – and not at all coquettish. – Arrived at the foot of the Mountain (the Yung-frau – i.e. the Maiden) Glaciers – torrents – one of these torrents *nine hundred feet* in height of visible descent – lodge at the Curate's – set out to see the Valley – heard an Avalanche fall – like thunder – saw Glacier – enormous – Storm came on – thunder – lightning – hail – all in perfection – and beautiful – I was on horseback – Guide wanted to carry my cane – I was going to give it him when I recollected that it was a Swordstick and I thought that the lightning might be attracted towards him – kept it myself – a good deal encumbered with it & my cloak – as it was too heavy for a whip – and the horse was stupid – & stood still every other peal.

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

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

69: Could be "They."

70: Ney (could be "They") unidentified.

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

72: Mr Poynton and women unidentified.

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

74: Marchand suggests Frances Wedderburn Webster; but she was never referred to as "Fanny".



Got in – not very wet – the Cloak being staunch – H[obhouse]. wet through – H[obhouse]. took refuge in cottage – sent man – umbrella – & cloak (from the Curate’s when I arrived –) after him. – Swiss Curate’s house – very good indeed – much better than most English Vicarages – it is immediately opposite the torrent I spoke of – the torrent is in shape curving over the rock – like the *tail* of a white horse streaming in the wind – such as it might be conceived would be that of the “*pale horse*” on which *Death* is mounted in the Apocalypse.⁷⁵ – It is neither mist nor water but a something between both – it’s immense height (nine hundred feet) gives it a wave – a curve – a spreading here – a condensation there – wonderful – & indescribable. – I think upon the whole – that this day has been better than any of this present excursion.⁷⁶ –

The Staubbach

Hobhouse: Sunday September 22nd 1816

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

Off half-past eight. Got to Neuhaus twelve – beautiful passage. Saw the Blumis Alp, Jungfrau, and the two higher summits, distinctly at first, with tide of white clouds resting in their lower regions. The Niesen and Stockhorn summits not visible. We kept near the left bank – woody, and getting more high and precipitous as we advanced, till ended in rocks cut down close to water’s edge, and curving mountains whose clouds rose to the Alp tops – reminded of Utraikee⁷⁷ in appearance. The single house of Neuhaus – landed – instant offer of one-horse German waggons made to us. Chose one, left word for Joseph to come on, and drove to Interlaken and Unterseen, looking about for the Interlaken, of which we had heard so much. This isthmus is composed of flat, very green meadows, and orchards between high woody mountains, but not equal to our Gessenai valleys, we thought. Interlaken is a sort of suburb to Unterseen, a largish town, but the inn of Interlaken is on the other side, near Brientz.

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

75: *Revelation* 6: 8.

76: The entry suggests that the spectacular Staubbach waterfall may have formed B’s imagined setting for Manfred’s dialogue with the Witch of the Alps in Act I Scene ii. See also BLJ VII 113 (letter to Murray, June 7th 1820).

77: Utraique in Greece, where they had been on November 14th and 15th 1809.

The only inn at Lauterbrunnen was full with young ladies and gentlemen, and a red-waistcoated groom, who observed the place was not much like England. Whilst he said this he looked at the Staubbach waterfall, rushing down a rock 900 perpendicular feet, just opposite on our right. We lodged at the pastor's, *just opposite* the Staubbach, and before dinner went with a guide, and horse for Byron, lower down the valley, till we came to a waterfall roaring down a crevice into a pool below from the roots of the Jungfrau. The valley was closed up by the glaciers of the ⁷⁸ mountain, and just here the rocks on both sides were cut down perpendicularly from an immense height, as if they had been torn asunder. On the left called the Hunnenflue, on the right the Pletschberg.

We returned to the parsonage through a tremendous shower, accompanied with lightning and *echoing* thunder. I sought shelter under the eaves of a cottage, and was not treated with much ceremony, either by the rain or by the peasants within. The folks here are too much accustomed to tourists. Wet through, dressed and dined. The pastor sat down with us. He told us that Heber, the painter of Captain Cook's scenery,⁷⁹ was his relation, and had been in the house. There was a young painter of Neufchatel in the house then, who shewed us some exquisite views. Everything was very comfortable in the parson's house, which has two good rooms at least – travellers pay their expenses, &c. Joseph asked for ours and was told they were twenty-six francs, which is comparatively cheap – slept well.



Manfred and the Witch of the Alps by John Martin

Byron:

Sept^r. 23^d.

Before ascending the mountain – went to the torrent (7 in the morning) again – the Sun upon it forming a *rainbow* of the lower part of all colours⁸⁰ – but principally purple and gold – the bow moving as you move – I never saw anything like this – it is only in the Sunshine. – – Ascended the Wengren⁸¹ Mountain. – – at noon reached a valley near the summit – left the horses – took off my coat & went to the summit – 7000 feet (English feet) above the level of the *sea* – and about 5000 above the valley we left in the morning – on one side our view comprized the *Yung frau* with all her glaciers – then the *Dent d'Argin* – shining like truth –

78: Ms. gap: John Clubbe gives the missing word as “Breithorn.”

79: John Clubbe reads the painter's name as “Hodges,” which is indeed the name of the illustrator (William Hodges) of Captain Cook's 1777 travel book; but the diary reads “Heber”: H. may be confusing Hodge's name with that of Reginald Heber.

80: See *Manfred*, II ii opening, B.'s note: *This Iris is formed by the rays of the Sun over the lower part of the Alpine torrents. It is exactly like a rainbow come down to pay a visit, and so close that you may walk into it. This effect lasts till Noon.* –

81: Prothero has “Wengen”.

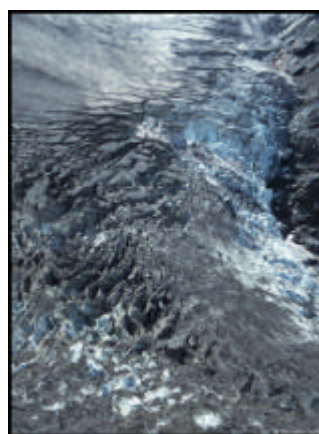
then the *little Giant* (the Kleiner Eigher) & the great Giant (the Grosser Eigher) and last not least – the Wetterhorn. – The height of the Yung frau is 13000 feet above the sea – and 11000 above the valley – she is the highest of this range, –



The Jungfrau

... heard the Avalanches falling every five minutes nearly – as if God was pelting the Devil down from Heaven with snow balls – from where we stood on the *Wengren Alp* – we had all these in view on one side – on the other the clouds rose from the opposite valley curling up perpendicular precipices – like the foam of the Ocean of Hell during a Springtide – it was white & sulphery – and immeasurably deep in appearance – the side we ascended was (of course) not of so precipitous a nature – but on arriving at the summit we looked down the other side upon a boiling sea of cloud – dashing against the crags on which we stood (these crags on one side quite perpendicular); – staid a quarter of an hour – began to descend – quite clear from cloud on that side of the mountain – in passing the masses of snow – I made a snowball & pelted H[obhouse]. with it – got down to our horses again – eat something – remounted – heard the Avalanches still – came to a morass – H[obhouse]. dismounted – H[obhouse]. got well over – I tried to pass my horse over – the horse sunk up [to] the chin – & of course he & I were in the mud together – bemired all over – but not hurt – laughed & rode on. –

Arrived at the Grindenwald – dined – mounted again & rode to the higher Glacier – twilight – but distinct – very fine Glacier – like a *frozen hurricane* – Starlight – beautiful – but a devil of a path – never mind – got safe in – a little lightning – but the whole of the day as fine in point of weather – as the day on which Paradise was made. – Passed *whole woods of withered pines* – *all withered* – trunks stripped & barkless – branches lifeless – done by a single winter – their appearance reminded me of me & my family. –



The Grindelwald glacier

Hobhouse: Monday September 23rd 1816

Up seven.⁸² Our parson told us of a village on the opposite hills 5,000 feet above the sea, whose inhabitants come down to his church, and which he is obliged to visit once a year. The young painter observed that the view of the Jungfrau and other high Alps was best at a certain distance – they appear to mount as you mount, he said.

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

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



The Jungfrau and the two Eighers.

In two hours we were just opposite to the majestic Jungfrau and the two Eighers, the first a mass of rock and ice and snow, whose roots and whose summit were visible close to us. The sun glazed the conical point of the Silver Tooth,⁸³ a peak rising a little to the right below the summit of the Jungfrau, then the white cone of the Wetterhorn rose upon us as we mounted higher up the slope of Wegern Alp, the ridge of which, where there is a division wall,⁸⁴ we attained by half-past eleven and looked down upon the Grindelwald. It is during the half hour before arriving at this point. when you are turning round the green slopes of the Wengernberg or Alp, that you have the best view of the Jungfrau, only separated from you by the dale, half-choaked-up with snows and avalanches, called the Trümleten-thal.

We took the bridles off our horses and put them to feed near a pool half-formed by a ridge of melting snows under the wall. Byron and I ascended to the summit, called Malinetha,⁸⁵ to the left, 6,285 French feet above the level of the sea, an easy ascent, although on the Lauterbrun side it is one vast precipice. We were fifty minutes getting up, and when we arrived, the valley of Lauterbrun and the sides of the Jungfrau and Eighers were enveloped in clouds, which dashed up like waves of foam from the measureless crater and gulphs below and made the depths appear more hideous. The two Eighers were

82: H. does not say that at seven they went to inspect the Staubbach waterfall again.

83: The Dent d'Argent.

84: The Kleine Scheidegg.

85: John Clubbe hazards the Männlichen.

soon clear. The Grindelwald was a sunny tract, beneath whose frequent [] black cottages looked like scattered flocks of goats.

We lay down a short time contemplating this glorious scene, the wildness of which had, however, been somewhat infringed upon by the apparition of two or three females on horseback, just as we were congratulating ourselves on the superior solitariness of these scenes to Chamounix. We wrote our names on a bit of paper, which we hid under a small stone near a blue flower.⁸⁶ The flowers on these Alps appeared to me of a more bright and distinct hue – some yellow plants seemed to have communicated their tints to the stones, which appeared spotted with inlaid gold ... here it struck me one might have for a simile, that the constitution of our country was like an avalanche, which a word louder than a whisper would crumble upon our heads⁸⁷ – so say the ministers. Here one's spirits seemed lighter, one's head more clear. We descended. I lost my cane-head. Come to our horses, refreshed with meat and wine, in which I dissolved some snow. Heard avalanches echoing down the great Alps beside us, but could not catch a sight of the fall.

Setting off for the Grindelwald, we found the descent more stony and difficult than the rise from the other side. We had the enormous precipices of the great Giant (Eigher) splitting down the whole mountain close on our right, without an intervening dell. The ride down into the valley was a delightful close to our day's journey – it was of three hours, nearly. I left the party to get to the bed of the black Lutschine, a stream flowing from the lower glacier of the Grindelwald between the Eigher and the Mettenbergh Alp, which is a branch of the great valley stretching between the Schreckhorn⁸⁸ the Wetterhorns and the Mettenberg. Joseph could catch no fish in this frozen stream. The inhabitants of the Grindelwald valley were getting in their second harvest – they were more jocose and less simple with us passengers than to be expected from these regions, but the Grindelwald is a frequented valley, only a day and a half from Berne.



The Schreckhorn.

Arrived at the Bear, a new inn, at four. A damp wood house, too full of Clintons⁸⁹ and others. We dined, and afterwards set out for the upper glacier, an hour's ride on horseback, with our parson's man for guide. We went by a rocky path, and it was almost dark before we reached the foot of this frozen sea, tumbling from between the Mettenbergh and Wetterhorn Alps in vast billows over our heads. A seat of deal is put

86: Not mentioned by B.

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

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

89: Whom they had met two days previously.

now for the accommodation of ladies. We went down to the ice, then returned over the same path, rather perilous in the *dark*, the sky dotted with stars, the valley with cottage lights, with now and then a faint flash of lightning, added to the *strangeness* of the scene.

Came back, tea'd, and took []⁹⁰ and went to bed. A goat with a bell running about the gallery, and noisy couples about, above, and underneath, did not let me sleep much.

Byron:

Sept^r. 24th.

Set out at seven – up at five – passed the black Glacier – the Mountain Wetterhorn on the right – crossed the Scheideck mountain – came to the *Rose* Glacier – said to be the largest & finest in Switzerland. – *I* think the Bossons Glacier at Chamouni – as fine – H[obhouse]. does not – came to the Reichenback waterfall – two hundred feet high – halted to rest the horses – arrived in the valley of Oberhasli – rain came on – drenched a little – only 4 hours rain however in 8 days – came to Lake of Brientz – then to town of Brientz – changed – H[obhouse]. hurt his head against door. – In the evening four Swiss Peasant Girls of Oberhasli came & sang the airs of their country – two of the voices beautiful – the tunes also – they sing too that *Tyrolese air* & song which you love – Augusta – because I love it – & I love because you love it – they are still singing – Dearest – you do not know how I should have liked this – were you with me – the airs are so wild & original & at the same time of great sweetness. – –



The Reichenbach falls

The singing is over – but below stairs I hear the notes of a Fiddle which bode no good to my nights rest.⁹¹ – The *Lard* help us!⁹² – I shall go down & see the dancing. –

Hobhouse: Tuesday September 24th 1816

Set off at half-past seven, with our own two horses and two from Lauterbrun, with the parson's man for guide, a slow good-natured dunce, at six francs a day, the horses at twelve each, accompanied by peasants, who chose to take care of them *gratis*.⁹³

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

91: There is a party in progress, which B. describes the next day. See H., next entry.

92: Only LJ reads "Lard".

93: They can't have been authentic Swiss.



The Wetterhorn.

Wetterhorn, 11,453.⁹⁵ The Schreckhorns and Vieschorns one or two hundred feet higher.

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

We did not see a soul in this mountain except by the posthouse in the forest. Crossed the Reichenbach, and travelled an hour about by its right bank, where it runs more furiously through rocks and torn-up trees, down forests of blasted pines, till we went through a sort of pass of high hills on the left and woody summits on the right. Went by a village, and soon after came upon the noble valley of Hasli, with its green-peopled mountains beyond. Of this we had a fine prospect from a green knoll at the mouth of the high ravine, called the Zmirgi. This is most magnificent indeed; a lovely vale through which runs the Aar, and where is seen the pretty town of Meiringen laid out between high woody sweeping acclivities, stretching as far as the eye can reach towards the greater Alps of the Grimsel to the south, and winding to the north toward the lake of Brienz,

94: The Eigher.

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

Went first by the upper glacier. The Schreckhorn rose upon us above the Mettenbergh, between that mountain and the Wetterhorn; the hills before us partially covered, but the white razor ridge of the great giant⁹⁴ was blazing in the sun. The Wetterhorn was close to our right with its mighty precipices. We ascended an easy road in point of height, but bad for our horses, up the marshes and pastures of the Bach Alp and Ross Alp, till we got to the ridge of the Grosse Scheidegg in two hours and a half, the latter part of our journey in cold vapour, which showed us but partial views of the Alps on our right and behind us. The ridge is called the Eselsrucken, or ass's back, 6,045 French feet above the sea. The height of these Alps is about thus, as given in Ebel: Jungfrau, 12,852; Eigher, 12,268;

interlaced with fine waterfalls. The ride had been rather tedious from the Scheideck downwards, and much in mist.

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

Arrived half-past one at the Bath house, a miserable solitary post-house, where we ate something, and took tea as usual – opposite side of the valley, three high waterfalls – the Hasli valley ten leagues long. The people are reckoned the finest in Switzerland. Bonstetten⁹⁶ has since told me that he has found Swedish words in this valley; the women famous for beauty, and, Bonstetten says, for incontinence.

Went from Hazli baths, half past three, in the rain, and travelled three hours by the side of the Aar, which we crossed at the mouth of the valley to Brientz, a wooden hamlet on the corner of the lake of that name. As the lake opened upon us with its woody cliffs and precipices close to the water's edge more than half an hour before our arrival, we saw snow had fallen that day on the hills above the lake. Arrived quite soaked through Pulsford's waterproof cloak,⁹⁷ where it was not double, below but dry above, at a very decent inn, where I should have enjoyed myself better if the door of our dinner room had been higher and I had not knocked my forehead a violent blow.

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

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

Byron:

Sept. 25th.

The whole town of Brientz were apparently gathered together in the rooms below – pretty music – & excellent Waltzing – none but peasants – the dancing much better than in England – the English can't Waltz – never could – nor ever will. – One man with his pipe in his mouth – but danced as well as the others – some other dances in pairs – and in fours – and very good. – I went to bed but the revelry continued below late & early. – Brientz but a village. – Rose early. – Embarked on the Lake of Brientz. – Rowed by women in a long boat – one very young & very pretty – seated myself by her⁹⁸ – & began to row also – presently we put to shore & another woman jumped in – it seems it is the custom here for the boats to be *manned by women* – for of five men & three women in our bark – all the women took an oar –

96: Karl Victor von Bonstetten, old friend of Thomas Gray, whom they had met in Geneva.

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

98: Compare H.'s attitude to the women (next entry).

and but one man. -- Got to Interlachen in three hours -- pretty Lake -- not so large as that of Thoun. -- Dined at Interlachen -- Girl gave me some flowers -- & made me a speech in German -- of which I know nothing -- I do not know whether the speech was pretty but as the woman was -- I hope so. -- Saw another -- very pretty too -- and *tall* which I prefer -- I hate short women -- for more reasons than one.⁹⁹ -- Reembarked on the Lake of Thoun -- fell asleep part of the way -- sent our horses round -- found people on the shore blowing up a rock with gunpowder -- they blew it up near our boat -- only telling us a minute before -- mere stupidity -- but they might have broke our noddles. -- Got to Thoun in the Evening -- the weather has been tolerable the whole day -- but as the wild part of our tour is finished, it don't matter to us -- in all the desirable part -- we have been most lucky in warmth & clearness of Atmosphere -- for which "Praise we the Lord." --

Hobhouse: Wednesday September 25th 1816

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

Went a little way down the outlet of the Aar, and landed near a covered bridge. The Aar runs rather rapidly beyond this spot, and I tried to fish, but was stopped by the rain, when went into the Interlachen inn hard by -- good and cheap, kept by a pantaloon who said he had been hired at a hundred louis a year, and his two daughters at thirty each, by an English Lord to go to England with him. Said he had been ruined by the revolution, that is, had not got a fortune by it. He told us the son -- youngest -- of the great Haller,¹⁰⁰ "president of all the universities in Switzerland and Germany," lived here. "I saw his house -- he is the bailiff here, I fancy." Byron dined. Interlachen inn is where travellers ought to stop.

Set off in three-franc charabanc for Neuhaus, arriving at which, set off with our old boatman of Thoun for that town, Joseph going with the horses round by land on our right, and a very bad, craggy path he found it. We saw him, and cattle, scrambling on the rocks. It was fine weather, and I walked the last hour or so, beating the boat -- a hard race. Arrived at half-past five at the Freyhoff -- found it was Thoun fair. Saw a pretty, genteel young woman dressed as a peasant. I dined well, and heard from the cream-faced waiter¹⁰¹ that one Alexander _____, who can neither write nor read, and was not worth a sixpence when he married, has now 300 cows, and makes a procession crowning his cattle with mountain roses, accompanied by all his friends when he drives his herds from and to the mountains. He told me something of the former riches of the Bailliage of Thoun under the old Berne government, which made a man 100,000 francs in five years.

Byron:

Sept. 26th.

Being out of the mountains my journal must be as flat as my journey. -- From Thoun to Bern good road -- hedges -- villages -- industry -- prosperity -- and all sorts of tokens of insipid civilization. -- From Bern to Fribourg. -- Different Canton -- Catholics -- passed a field of

99: Annabella was short. B. expects Augusta to find this reference to her sister-in-law amusing.

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

101: *Macbeth* V iii 11: "The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!"

Battle – Swiss beat the French – in one of the late wars against the French Republic. – Bought a dog – a very ugly dog – but “*très méchant*”. This was his great recommendation in the owner’s eyes & mine – for I mean him to watch the carriage – he hath no tail – & is called “*Mutz*” – which signifies “*Short-tail*” – he is apparently of the Shepherd dog genus! – The greater part of this tour has been on horseback – on foot – and on mule; – the Filly (which is one of two young horses I bought of the Baron de Vincy) carried me very well – she is young and as quiet as anything of her sex can be – very goodtempered – and perpetually neighing – when she wants any thing – which is every five minutes – I have called her *Biche* – because her manners are not unlike a little dog’s – but she is a very tame – pretty childish quadruped. –

Hobhouse: Thursday September 26th 1816

Set off at half-past eight, after paying enormous bill, for Berne, five leagues – good road on the right of the Aar – country rich, corn-enclosed, woody, uneven, but not hilly. Women kating flax¹⁰² in companies. Byron lost his cane after we heard the mare was lamed. We went on, philosophising on ill and good luck, to Berne, where we put up at the Falcon at half-past eleven. Whilst Byron dined, I walked about. Went to natural history cabinet, and saw what large birds are natives of Switzerland.

Cane recovered, and mare reported well – we compared ourselves to Polycrates.¹⁰³

Set off at half-past three for Fribourg, six leagues. We went through the same rich country, with now and then a little rising ground – enclosed corn and meadow fields, like England. Crossed the La Singine river at La Singine village, halfway into county of Fribourg. Here, we were told, was fought one of the battles between Swiss and French in 1799. The landlord seemed to exult in the number of French killed, and said General Pigeon¹⁰⁴ was pigeoned here, but Berger, a Pays de Vaud man, said the French passed.

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

Byron:

Sept^r. 28th. [27th.]

Saw the tree planted in honour of the battle of Morat¹⁰⁵ – 340 years old – a good deal decayed. – Left Fribourg – but first saw the Cathedral – high tower – overtook the baggage of the Nuns of La Trappe who are removing to Normandy from their late abode in the Canton of Fribourg – afterwards a coach with a quantity of Nuns in it – Nuns old – proceeded along the banks of the Lake of Neufchatel – very pleasing & soft – but not so mountainous – at least the Jura not appearing so – after the Bernese Alps – reached Yverdun in the dusk – a long line of large trees on the border of the lake – fine & sombre – the Auberge nearly full – with a German Princess & suite – got rooms – we hope to reach Diodati the day after tomorrow – and I wish for a letter from you my own dearest Sis – May your sleep be soft and your dreams of me. – I am going to bed – good night. –

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

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

104: General Pigeon unidentified.

105: The battle of Morat (1476) where the Swiss beat the Burgundians: see CHP III stanzas 63-4.

Hobhouse: Friday September 27th 1816

Walked to the catholic church of St Nicholas opposite, during service. Thence to the Morat lime tree¹⁰⁶ ... it is not a mulberry tree, as Ebel says.¹⁰⁷ Its branches are supported by trellice-work, raised on pillars of stone erected in 1756 – it is hollow and much shrunk, but still in full leaf. A man grinding knives under it seemed the historian of the tree – it is still a very considerable shade. Saw the beautiful position of this town, looking on woody acclivities on the other side of the river, which flows nearly round the base of the town.

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

Overtook the goods of the monks of la Trappe, leaving the charteaux here for Normandy – they have been sent back to France by order of the Diet, as being great intriguers – Joseph said they castrated boys!!! which was received with a loud laugh by our coachman, but persisted in. The landlord at Payerne said he had known them come into his house dressed as officers, and leave it as monks. They are very rich. We soon overtook a diligence carrying some of the nuns of the same order – ugly and old, as far as I saw, whilst they unpacked themselves at Payerne. Passed a country house belonging to the procureur of St Bernard hospice, where are two dogs sculptured so well on the gateway posts that our coachman cried out, “Voilà beaux chiens!” Passed the village of Belfaux, where the people would have burnt Comte the Ventriloquist if an old soldier had not saved him.¹⁰⁸

Country like England – road good, and between fruit trees – arrived at Payerne half-past one. Saw at the inn, Hotel de Ville, the relic called Queen Bertha’s Saddle¹⁰⁹ – her majesty road astride, as high as a Tartar, apparently.

At half-past three set out for Yverdun. Went through the same sort of English country at first, except that we had tobacco grounds, furnishing the Fribourg snuffs – the plant will not ripen this year. We came to the lake¹¹⁰ winding down its sandy woody banks, under whose beautiful acclivities we had a charming evening ride to Yverdun. We came to the town through large rows of tall poplars under the high walls, which gave a singular appearance to this place. Put up at a cheap inn, which would have given us good accommodation had it not been for the Duchess of Courland¹¹¹ being there.

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

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

108: Near-lynching unidentified.

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

110: The Lac de Neuchâtel.

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

Byron:Sept^r. 29th. [28th.]

Passed through a fine & flourishing country – but not mountainous – in the evening reached Aubonne (the entrance & bridge something like that of Durham) which commands by far the fairest view of the Lake of Geneva – twilight – the Moon on the Lake – a grove on the height – and of very noble trees. – Here Tavernier (the Eastern traveller)¹¹² bought (or built) the Chateau because the site resembled and equalled that of *Erivan*¹¹³ (a frontier city of Persia) here he finished his voyages – and I this little excursion – for I am within a few hours of Diodati – & have little more to see – & no more to say. – In the weather for this tour (of 13 days) I have been very fortunate – fortunate in a companion (Mr. H[obhouse]) fortunate in our prospects – and exempt from even the little petty accidents & delays which often render journeys in a less wild country – disappointing. –



I was disposed to be pleased – I am a lover of Nature – and an Admirer of Beauty – I can bear fatigue – & welcome privation – and have seen some of the noblest views in the world. – But in all this – the recollections of bitterness – & more especially of recent & more home desolation – which must accompany me through life – have preyed upon me here – and neither the music of the Shepherd – the crashing of the Avalanche – nor the torrent – the mountain – the Glacier – the Forest – nor the Cloud – have for one moment – lightened the weight upon my heart – nor enabled me to lose my own wretched identity in the majesty & the power and the Glory – around – above – & beneath me. – I am past reproaches – and there is a time for all things – I am past the wish of vengeance – and I know of none like for what I have suffered – but the hour will come – when what I feel must be felt – & the – – but enough. – –

Manfred in the Alps by Ford Madox Brown

To you – dearest Augusta – I send – and for you – I have kept this record of what I have seen & felt. – Love me as you are beloved by me. – –

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

113: Yerevan, now capital of Armenia.

Hobhouse: Saturday September 28th 1816

Took a view of the lake of Neuchatel from the poplar marsh in a delicious morning. Had an excellent breakfast. We had told us that Pestalozzi¹¹⁴ had a hundred scholars at thirty louis board and lodging each.

We set off at nine through beautifully open country of vineyards and corn grounds and woody dells, with the Jura to our right. To Orbe¹¹⁵ two leagues – beautiful position of Orbe, its old castle, the dell, and river winding up the recesses of Mont Jura and the Val d’Orbe. Passed the same beautiful country to Lassara, two leagues, coming by a village¹¹⁶ called The Middle of the World, because the little rivulet divides, and one stream runs to the Lake of Geneva and thence to the Mediterranean, the other to the lake of Neuchatel and thence to the North Sea. Lassara, on a height, commands a full view. Went one league to Cossonay.

There, whilst Byron dined at a wretched dear inn, I walked out and found a sloping green field, where are a few apple trees, opposite the grounds and gardens of the chateau or house belonging to Mr Delanat. From this field I looked down upon the deep woody dell in which runs the Orbe – on the swelling plains of mead- and wine-land set with villages – on the Lake of Geneva and its Savoy hills, with the Clarens mountains – in short, on one of the most lovely prospects in Switzerland. The spot appeared to have been well selected for a view, as I found an overgrown bower. I lay down in the sun, enjoyed myself most entirely, and dared to write down in my pocket-book¹¹⁷ that I was happy. After, sat under a walnut-tree in Mr Delanat’s grounds, which are open to strangers.

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

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

I supped alone,¹¹⁸ and Berger told me about the former state of Pays de Vaud, when under the government of Berne.¹¹⁹ He owned the government to be paternal, and attentive to the wants and distresses of the people, but keeping up its authority by perpetual and intolerable perquisites – a peasant was not allowed to salt a pig without leave, so that in 1814, when it was supposed Berne would make an attempt to recover her dominions, the very children and women were ready to fight. Napoleon’s arrival prevented the insurrection, as probably did it that of the canton of Aargau.

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

115: La Sarraz.

116: Pompaples.

117: A different book from his diary.

118: That is, without Byron. Berger, being a wage-earner, doesn’t count. In Italy H. is constantly surprised when he sees aristocrats treating their servants as friends.

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

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

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

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

Sunday September 29th 1816

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

Found a letter from Lady Melbourne, from my father, from Matty,¹²⁰ and [an] invitation from Madame de Staël for Tuesday next. Dined at home as usual. Lake. &c.

120: His half-sister Matilda.