

Augustus Darvell, a fragment of a Ghost Story

edited by Peter Cochran



The ruins of Ephesus, c.1850, engraved by Finden.

This is an unfinished prose piece, to go, to our frustration, with such unfinished dramatic pieces as *Heaven and Earth*, or *The Deformed Transformed* – a product perhaps of Byron’s bipolarity, his inability to see promising projects through. Written in June 1816, for the “Ghost story competition” at Diodati which also produced Polidori’s *The Vampyre* and (at length), *Frankenstein*, it was first published in June 1819, together with *Mazeppa*. Byron, having sent it to Murray, then claimed he hadn’t wanted it published “if not in a periodical paper”.¹ It thus joins *The Giaour*,² *The Blues*,³ and *The Vision of Judgement*⁴ in the group of works which he sent to his publisher, and then said he had never intended to be published.

On Thursday July 1st 1819, a fortnight before the publication of *Don Juan* I and II, Hobhouse wrote in his diary:

Election writing, and correcting Byron’s *Don Juan – Mazeppa* is making a great noise – now suppose anyone else had written it. It contains certainly some fine passages – but I can not make out what the devil Byron means by tacking a poor piece of prose to the end of his volume.

Burdett’s motion today.

It seems to have been Murray’s intention to place *Augustus Darvell* with *Mazeppa*, not Byron’s. Hobhouse’s brusque dismissal may be occasioned by the pain the piece caused him, for it clearly places him in the role of narrator, Byron in the role of Darvell, and describes the beginning of their friendship thus: “My advances [*that is, the fictionalised Hobhouse’s*] were received with sufficient coldness; but I was

1: BLJ VII 58; letter to Murray, March 20 1820.

2: BLJ III 62-3; letter to Murray, June 13 1813, and to E.D.Clarke, June 17 1813.

3: BLJ VIII 216 letter to Murray of September 20 1821.

4: BLJ X 72; letter to Kinnaid, December 30 1822.

young and not easily discouraged, and at length succeeded in obtaining to a certain degree that common place intercourse and moderate confidence of common and every day concerns – created and cemented by similarity of pursuit and frequency of meeting – which is called intimacy or friendship according to the ideas of him who uses those words to express them.”

Augustus Darvell contains many echoes of Hobhouse’s and Byron’s experiences at Ephesus on 13th-15th March 1810, as recorded in Hobhouse’s diary. The diary entries are reproduced below, after Byron’s text. Byron did not, of course, die at Ephesus – he wasn’t even ill there, as he was, for instance, at Marathon – and such an alternative, fictional version of the visit the tale creates, with Darvell / Byron as a Manfred-like being, with a stork eating a snake as his harbinger of death, must have struck Hobhouse, nine years later, as a very peculiar in-joke indeed.

Whether he appreciated what the story might have been about had it been continued or even completed, we can’t tell. Augustus Darvell, “a man of no common order”, just like Manfred, clearly has some secret which is destroying him, and which the innocent Hobhouse-narrator might have uncovered, had Byron been interested enough in the tale to go on with its composition. It might have had something to do with those Eleusynian mysteries which fascinated Julian the Apostate, Manfred, and Byron himself. We shall never know.



The ruins of Ephesus, c.1834, engraved by Finden.

Another interesting parallel between a prose piece by Byron and an extract from Hobhouse’s diary is in the prose preface to *Don Juan*, on this website. There the setting is Spain.

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The ruins of Ephesus, c.1836, engraved by Finden

June 17th 1816.

In the year 17 —, having for some time determined on a journey through countries not hitherto much frequented by travellers, I set out accompanied by a friend whom I shall designate by the name of Augustus Darvell. He was a few years my elder, and a man of considerable fortune and ancient family – advantages which an extensive capacity prevented him alike from undervaluing or overrating. Some peculiar circumstances in his private history had rendered him to me an object of attention of interest and even of regard, which neither the reserve of his manners, nor occasional indications of an inquietude at times nearly approaching to alienation of mind, could extinguish.

I was yet young in life which I had begun early, but my intimacy with him was of a recent date. We had been educated at the same schools and university,⁵ but his progress through these had preceded mine, and he had been deeply initiated into what is called the World while I was yet in my noviciate. While thus engaged, I had heard much both of his past and present life – and although in these accounts there were many and irreconcilable contradictions, I could still gather from the whole that he was a being of no common order,⁶ and one who, whatever pains he might take to avoid remark, would still be remarkable. I had cultivated his acquaintance subsequently, and endeavoured to obtain his friendship; but this last appeared to be unattainable. Whatever affections he might have possessed seemed now – some to have been extinguished – and others to be concentrated: that his feelings were acute, I had sufficient opportunities of observing – for although he could control, he could not

5: H. and B. were at different schools, but the same university.

6: Compare *Manfred* II iv 52: ... *this man / Is of no common order, as his port / And presence here denote* ...

altogether disguise them. Still, he had a power of giving to one passion the appearance of another, in such a manner that it was difficult to define the nature of what was working within him: and the expressions of his features would vary so rapidly, though slightly, that it was useless to trace them to their sources. It was evident that he was a prey to some cureless disquiet – but whether it arose from ambition, love, remorse, grief – from one or all of these – or merely from a morbid temperament akin to disease, I could not discover. There were circumstances alleged which might have justified the application to each of these causes – but as I have before said – these were so contradictory and contradicted that none could be fixed upon with accuracy. Where there is Mystery, it is generally supposed that there must also be Evil. I know not how this may be, but in him there certainly was the one, though I could not ascertain the extent of the other, and felt loathe, as far as regarded himself, to believe in its existence. My advances were received with sufficient coldness; but I was young and not easily discouraged, and at length succeeded in obtaining to a certain degree that common place intercourse and moderate confidence of common and every day concerns – created and cemented by similarity of pursuit and frequency of meeting – which is called intimacy or friendship according to the ideas of him who uses those words to express them.

Darvell had already travelled extensively, and to him I had applied for information with regard to the conduct of my intended journey: it was my secret wish that he might be prevailed on to accompany me. It was also a probable hope, founded upon the shadowy restlessness which I had observed in him, and to which the animation which he appeared to feel on such subjects, and his apparent indifference to all by which he was more immediately surrounded, gave fresh strength. This wish I first hinted, and then expressed. His answer, though I had partly expected it, gave me all the pleasure of surprise: he consented, and after the requisite arrangements we commenced our voyages. After journeying through various countries of the south of Europe, our attention was turned towards the East – according to our original destination – and it was in my progress through those regions that the incident occurred upon which will turn what I may have to relate.

The constitution of Darvell – which must from his appearance have been in early life more than usually robust – had been for some time gradually giving way, without the intervention of any apparent disease: he had neither cough nor hectic, yet he became daily more enfeebled. His habits were temperate, and he neither declined nor complained of fatigue – yet he was evidently wasting away. He became more and more silent and sleepless, and at length so seriously altered that my alarm grew proportionate to what I conceived to be his danger.

We had determined, on our arrival at Smyrna,⁷ on an excursion to the ruins of Ephesus⁸ and Sardis, from which I endeavoured to dissuade him in his present state of indisposition, but in vain: there appeared to be an oppression on his mind, and a solemnity in his manner, which ill corresponded with his eagerness to proceed on what I regarded as a mere party of pleasure, little suited to a valetudinarian; but I opposed him no longer, and in a few days we set off together, accompanied only by a

7: On the west coast of Turkey. Modern Izmir.

8: Site in the ancient world of one of the Seven Wonders, namely the Temple of Artemis, and of a shrine to Zeus centred supposedly on a meteorite. See Acts 19 for the reaction of “Diana”’s votarists to the idea of giving up the silver crafts associated with her cult. Sleeping place of the Seven Sleepers, and setting for *The Comedy of Errors*. The temple was destroyed by the Goths in 263 AD, and the site excavated in 1869.

serrugee and a single janizary.⁹ We had passed halfway towards the remains of Ephesus, leaving behind us the more fertile environs of Smyrna, and were entering upon that wild and tenantless track through the marshes and defiles which lead to the few huts yet lingering over the broken columns of Diana, the roofless walls of expelled Christianity, and the still more recent but complete desolation of abandoned mosques¹⁰ – when the sudden and rapid illness of my companion obliged us to halt at a Turkish cemetery, the turbaned tombstones of which were the sole indication to that human life had ever been a sojourner in this wilderness.¹¹ The only caravanserai¹² we had seen was left some hours behind us – not a vestige of a town or even cottage was within sight or hope – and this “City of the Dead” appeared to be the sole refuge for my unfortunate friend, who seemed on the verge of becoming the last of its inhabitants.

In this situation, I looked round for a place where he might most conveniently repose. Contrary to the usual aspect of Mahometan burial-grounds, the cypresses were in this few in number, and these thinly scattered over its extent – the tombstones were mostly fallen and worn with age.¹³ Upon one of the most considerable of these, and beneath one of the most spreading trees, Darvell supported himself in a half-reclining posture, with great difficulty he asked for water. I had some doubts of our being able to find any, and prepared to go in search of it with hesitating despondency – but he desired me to remain, and turning to Suleiman, our janizary¹⁴ (who stood by us smoking with great tranquillity),¹⁵ he said, “Suleiman, verbana su” (i.e. bring some water), and went on describing the spot where it was to be found with great minuteness – at a small well for camels a few hundred yards to the right. The janizary obeyed. I said to Darvell, “How did you know this?” He replied, “From our situation you must perceive that this place was once inhabited, and could not have been so without springs. I have also been here before –”

“You have been here before – how came you never to mention this to me? and what could you be doing in a place where no one would remain a moment longer than they could help it?” To this question he returned no answer. In the mean time, Suleiman returned with the water, leaving the serrugee and the horses at the fountain. The quenching of his thirst had the appearance of reviving him for a moment, and I conceived hopes of his being able to proceed, or at least to return, and I urged the attempt. He was silent, and appeared to be collecting his spirits for an effort to speak. He began.

“This is the end of my journey, and of my life. I came here to die – but I have to request to make – a command – for such my last words must be – you will observe it?”

“Most certainly – but have better hopes –”

“I have no hopes – nor wishes – but this – conceal my death from every human being –”

“I hope there will be no occasion – that you will recover – and –”

9: Both Turkish words variously transliterated. A serrugee managed the horses; a janizary was a soldier hired as bodyguard.

10: No relics either of paganism, Christianity, or Islam, remain active in the area. All three religions are dead.

11: Compare H.’s diary: “Mussulmen’s graves along the pathway under the tree ...”

12: A caravanserai was a larger posting-house than a han.

13: Compare H.’s diary: “... a mosque shaded with high cypresses on the wall of the burial-yard round ...”

14: Compare H.’s diary: “... the Janissary Sulyman and his two Romenian Surgees ...”

15: Compare *Don Juan* VIII, 98, 3-5: *The Old Pacha sits among some hundreds dead, / “Smoking his pipe quite calmly ’midst the din / Of our Artillery and his own ... also VIII, 121, 2-3.*

“Peace! it must be so – promise this –”

“I do –”

“Swear it by all that” – he here dictated an oath of great solemnity –

“There is no occasion for this – I will observe your request – and to doubt me is –”

“It cannot be helped – you must swear –”

I took the oath. It appeared to relieve him. He removed a seal ring from his finger, on which were some Arabic characters, and presented it to me. He proceeded,

“On the ninth day of the Month at Noon precisely – (what month you please, but this must be the day), you must fling this ring into the salt springs which run into the bay of Eleusis.¹⁶ The day after, at the same hour, you must repair to the ruins of the temple of Ceres, and wait one hour –”

“Why?”

“You will see –”

“The *ninth* day of the month, you say?”

“The ninth.”

As I observed that the present was the ninth day of the month, his countenance changed, and he paused as he sat, evidently becoming more feeble. A stork, with a snake in her beak, perched upon a tombstone near us, and without devouring her prey appeared to be steadfastly regarding us.¹⁷ I know not what impelled me to drive it away, but the attempt was useless – she made a few circles in the air, and returned exactly to the same spot. Darvell pointed to it, and smiled – he spoke – I know not whether to himself or to me – but the words were only, “’Tis well”.

“What is well? – what do you mean?”

“No matter – you must bury me here – this evening – and exactly where that bird is now perched – you know the rest of my injunctions –”

He then proceeded to give me several directions as to the manner in which his death might be best concealed. After these were finished he exclaimed, “You perceive that bird?” – “Certainly”. – “And the serpent writhing in her beak?” – “Doubtless – there is nothing uncommon in it – it is her natural prey. But it is odd that she does not devour it.”

He smiled in a ghastly manner, and said faintly, “It is not yet time”. As he spoke, the stork flew away. My eyes followed it for a moment – it could hardly be longer than ten might be counted. I felt Darvell’s weight, as it were, increase upon my shoulder, and, turning to look upon his face, perceived that he was dead.

I was shocked with the sudden certainty which could not be mistaken – his countenance, in a few minutes, became nearly black. I should have attributed so rapid a change to poison, had I not been aware that he had no opportunity of receiving it unperceived. The day was declining – the body was rapidly altering – and nothing remained but to fulfil his request. With the aid of Suleiman’s ataghan,¹⁸ and my own sabre, we scooped a shallow grave upon the spot which Darvell had indicated. The earth easily gave way, having already received some preceding Mahometan tenant. We dug as deeply as the time permitted us, and, throwing the dry earth upon all that

16: Gibbon (*Decline and Fall*, Chapter 23) relates how Julian the Apostate went to Ephesus to become initiate at the mysteries of Artemis, in the same way that he visited Eleusis.

17: Compare H.’s diary: “Large nest of a stork in a tree, close to the coffee-house with the bird on it”. At *Metamorphoses* VI 70-102, Juno is depicted as turning Antigone into a stork (*ciconia*). Storks are usually seen as benign omens, not harbingers of death.

18: An ataghan is a short sword or long dagger, for stabbing rather than slashing. See *The Giaour*, 355 and B.’s note.

remained of the singular being so lately departed, we cut a few sods of greener turf from the less withered soil around us and laid them upon his sepulchre.

Between astonishment and grief, I was tearless –

Extracts from Hobhouse's diary for the expedition from Smyrna to Ephesus and back

Tuesday March 13th 1810: At two o'clock pm, set off from Smyrna for Ephesus. Went through Turk town, by the Jews' burying-ground on the side of the hill of the castle, then on a paved road for some distance, then between hedges on a hard English kind of road. In an hour, view of Boudjah on the left, a village where Consul Werry has a country house. South-south-west, farther on, another village on the right – a complete English-looking country, with beautiful and extensive prospects on a much larger scale than Greece. Large plots of greensward, cotton grounds, and ploughed lands. Mountains far off to the left, running about east and west – and nearer to the right, covered with trees to their summits. Now the road over common land with prickly shrubs, on which droves of camels feeding.

In three hours more, passed through a pretty village with a green, and the country, especially on the right, looking more lovely and like the pasturelands of our finest counties, than ever. All enclosed with low hedges and trees, disposed after the manner in England. Road south-south-east and south. In an hour more, over an excellent road, through pasture lands, another village, Greek and Turk, and a river which [we] crossed, and get into a marshy, extensive flat, directing towards the woody hills south. Then into a stony, bad road, and arrived at a half to nine at the village, where is the small mud coffee house, and a large well-built building for horses.

Loud croaking of the frogs.

Took up our beds in the latter.¹⁹ Amused, before bedtime, by the religious songs and ejaculations of a Dervish in the coffee-room before a promiscuous company. The thing had a very ridiculous air – the holy man seemed to laugh at himself, and was half laughed at by the Turks, who were present, though they said nothing.

Wednesday March 14th 1810: Up at sunrise. Land enclosed, and like Lincolnshire village – all Turks – close under woody hills to the South. Large nest of a stork²⁰ in a tree, close to the coffee-house²¹ with the bird on it. Mussulmen's graves²² along the pathway under the tree. A lake, east. Set off to the head of this lake, turned south-south-east by the side of it under a low hill for one-and-a-half hours. Not a broad lake – cross a plain between hills. Come to a burial place under trees – ascend low hills. Bad, stony road for an hour, then through a kind of narrow pass through a water course, then through low wood, arriving by twelve o'clock at a coffee-house, where stopped to piss, i.e., the horses, which I observed the Janissary Sulyman and his two Romenian Surgees²³ did every hour and a half, about.

Turned a little to the left. An extensive, reedy marsh to the right as far as we could see (the marsh of Ephesus). Came to where some camel- and goat-keepers had pitched

19: The frogs rupture H.'s syntax. He and B. took up their beds in the "building for horses".

20: Compare *Augustus Darvell*: "A stork, with a snake in her beak, perched upon a tombstone near us, and without devouring her prey appeared to be steadfastly regarding us".

21: A han is a Turkish posting-house / warehouse. This one sold coffee and nothing else.

22: Compare *Augustus Darvell*: "a Turkish cemetery, the turbaned tombstones of which were the sole indication to that human life had ever been a sojourner in this wilderness ..."

23: Compare *Augustus Darvell*: "... we set off together, accompanied only by a serrugee and a single janizary ..."

their black tents,²⁴ the high heads of the camels peering here and there above the tall reeds. Went over, for a mile, a stone causeway, marsh on both sides. Castle, if in sight, south-south-east under the hills. Turned west, not being able to go directly to the castle on account of the boggy ground. Kept over a sandy flat by the side of a large pool some way, then arrived at a ferry-river, which [we] crossed in a triangular raft with sides a foot high. Turned east, and in an hour came to the village – Aisaluk – three o’clock.

Took our cold fowl and sausage on the slab side stone of a fountain, opposite a mosque shaded with high cypresses on the wall of the burial-yard round²⁵ it. Close over against the fountain to was a flat, long stone, laid for the prostration of the Turks – and one young man, having first washed his hands and feet, performed his prayers there in a very devout way, totally inattentive to our appearance and operations within a yard and a half of him.

In this open part of the village is a marble sarcophagus, very large and thick, with a bass-relief, not distinguishable, on one side of it, and the high marble mouth of an ancient well. The coffee-house is close by – Aisaluk, a scene of most perfect desolation. A small Turk village, containing the ruins of three worships: the Pagan, Xtian, and even of the Mahomedan,²⁶ there being several ruined mosques, whose minarets, at a distance, may easily be taken for the decayed columns of some Grecian temple. It is situated in a tangly, shrubby flat, formed by an amphitheatre of hills, from the middle of which flat projects a narrow tongue of high land, on the which is built the castle, now in ruins. From the hill on it, east to the castle mount, are the ruins of an aqueduct. Continuing now from the hill south-east thirty-two piers, then one, then seventeen. The marble stones supporting the brickwork of the arch contain several inscriptions, but the inscribed stones are many, placed sideways and upside down, as if taken from former ruins to compose this work.²⁷

ΦΑΛΛΙΑΛΛΑΝ...

ΘΥΓΑΤΕΡΑ very plain on the sixth piece from the

MAYΘΗΛΙΟΥ hillside

ΚΑΙΣΑΡΟΣΣΕΒΑΣΤΟΥ

24: H.’s book *A Journey through Albania, and other Provinces of Turkey in Europe and Asia, to Constantinople, during the years 1809 and 1810*, (1813, II 651-2) elaborates: “We came to where a few black tents were dispersed in different parts of the plain; and on the brow of a low stony hill on our left, belonging to the Turcomans, a wandering tribe, who have no other habitation, but change their abode whenever it becomes expedient to drive their cattle to fresh pastures. Their similarity to the ancient Scythian shepherds has been recognised by travellers ... it is generally acknowledged that those amongst them who do not plunder by violence, support themselves partly by private theft. Those whom we saw were black-looking half-naked wretches. A few goats, sheep, and small cattle, together with some camels and two or three lean horses, were feeding near their tents”.

25: Compare *Augustus Darvell*: “Contrary to the usual aspect of Mahometan burial-grounds, the cypresses were in this few in number, and these thinly scattered over its extent ...”

26: *Journey* (II 659) elaborates: “The decay of three religions is there presented at one view to the eye of the traveller! The marble spoils of the Grecian temple adorn the mouldering edifice, once, perhaps, dedicated to the service of Christ, over which the tower of the Mussulman, the emblem of another triumphant worship, is itself seen to totter, and sink into the surrounding ruins”. B., in a letter to Henry Drury of May 3rd, is more blasé: “I omitted Ephesus in my Catalogue, which I visited during my sojourn in Smyrna, – but the temple has almost perished, and St. Paul need not trouble himself to epistolize the present brood of Ephesians who have converted a large church built entirely of marble into a Mosque, and I don’t know that the edifice looks the worse for it” (BLJ I 240). *Augustus Darvell* has, “... the broken columns of Diana, the roofless walls of expelled Christianity, and the still more recent but complete desolation of abandoned mosques ...”

27: *Journey* (II 662) rejects the idea that the piers were all that was left of the Temple of Diana; but at CHP IV st.153 (written 1817) B. affects, at least, to think the contrary.

Go up the castle hill. See an arch with bass-relief, still very entire – copied by Tournefort.²⁸ Pass through it, and on the hill meet with large masses of brick. The castle itself not worth seeing – built partly of brick, partly of stone, in ruins.

Also came down the hill towards the village again, to a singular-looking building, having from the road by which we came the appearance of a Venetian house in ruins, there being square corridors and a flight of steps to the front, which is of marble but not in large pieces. It was a Xtian church and is composed of two parts now – a weedy court with two doors with [a] flight of steps to them. Over the west door is raised the minaret of the mosque, for a mosque it now is, but that is in ruins, and has a large stork nest in the summit of it. The other part of the building is the body [of the] church itself, where there are five arches, the middle one bigger than the rest, and four large porphyry pillars. Now there are two walls dividing this body into these compartments, the middle one of which, containing the altar-place, is covered in with two small cupolas, one smaller than the other next the altar, the other two having now no roof, and being overgrown with weeds. In this [], on the west side of the altar, is a pulpit place with a marble flight of steps, which the Mahometan reader now uses.

We wandered about this place by twilight, and found it most desolate and melancholy.

The marble to make the front of the Greek church was most probably taken from some Greek temple in ruins, and over the Xtian church, also now in ruins, you may observe the tower of the Mussulman itself in decay. A Greek who walked with me here told me that one hour and half to the east was a large Greek town, three hundred houses – Kerkejah.

Slept in the coffee house, a wretched place. Turks idling there till late.²⁹ Luckily only two travellers slept in the chamber with us. I observed scores chalked up over my head, and found there debts of the customers to the landlord – a cup of coffee one *paraw* – waiter nothing.

Thursday March 15th 1810: Set off for Smyrna, to take the rest of the ruins in our way, which are also between the castle of Aisaluk and a tower which you will see on a hill to the west about two miles and a half distance. The chief part of them is in a hollow, formed by a high perpendicular hill directly behind in the south, and a lower hill, east on which is scooped the amphitheatre, which can still be discerned, having one large arch remaining, and the <facing> walls of the – – – – – (I do not know what).³⁰ A little beyond on the north of this is a large arch of marble standing detached by itself. Then, surrounding, as it were, the sides of the hill on the south, are wall-stones of a large size. In the hollow are masses of brick, and parts of walls standing together

28: *Journey* (II 656) clarifies: “The smaller marble represents boys in a vineyard, the two others seem to relate to one subject, which was at first thought to be the persecution of the Christians, and then the revenge of Achilles on the body of Hector, but has, by a late author, been called the bringing of the corpse of Patroclus to Achilles. If that be the case, very little ceremony is observed towards either the living or the dead hero, for a soldier is dragging Patroclus on the ground by the left leg”. M. Tournefort (*A Voyage into the Levant*, 1741 English translation) has the arch in an engraving at III 357. The figures are just visible.

29: *Journey* (II 654) makes clear the reason for their idling: “Our wooden bedsteads and our bed-clothes were the principal objects of their curiosity; but when we went to bed, they watched the progress of our undressing with a smile of astonishment; and seeing us divest ourselves of one article after another, looked as if they waited until we should strip off our skins, for they continued staring to the last, even after we were in bed, and then burst into a laugh”.

30: In *Journey* H. still confesses defeat here; but points out that Wheler, Tournefort and Pococke – previous travellers – were no more successful than he. He implies that Chandler identified the building; but does not say what Chandler said it was. In fact, at *Travels in Asia Minor* p.120, Chandler hazards “An Odéum or music-theatre”.

with small arches still discernible, and brick coated with stones, full of artificial small niches or holes. In one place are four large pillars on the ground. They are *porphyry*, under the largest mass of ruins.

Byron also saw heaps of pillars of stone – as for the temple, not a single trace of it.

The situation of Ephesus, on the south-south-east side of a marsh, six miles long, three broad about, [is] not favourable at all to all appearance. The city must have been long and narrow, the mountain enclosing it on the south, the marsh on the north, but the clearest and best piece of ground is between Aisaluk and the hill of the amphitheatre, where there are no remains, though this must have been the site of the city also.

Aisaluk is two hours from the sea – a river as broad as the Cam³¹ runs winding through the marsh, but not from Aisaluk, more northwards.

This day in vain tried to make [our] Janissary go on before with us, leaving Andrew with the baggage, so galloped off and lost my way in the marsh. Came back to the ferry, and enquired of a Greek who I asked to accompany me on the road. He, after hesitating, said that he would, but must send for his gun to go into the mountains with me.³² This I would not wait for, so galloped on, and luckily hit upon the causeway, and overtook the party at the first coffee-house, three hours from Aisaluk. On the plain here saw a man ([a]Turk) following a plough, with two oxen, on horseback, which is one of the lazy child's three wishes.³³ At Aisaluk only one Greek,³⁴ a baker.

Travelled all day till eleven at night, when got to Mr Werry's, not having slept on the road except for ten minutes, and going about four miles an hour. Fine weather all three days. Returned through the cypress burying-ground of Smyrna. Never saw a churchyard so populous. Everything quiet in the city ...

31: *Journey* (II 652-3) has “The Cayster is in this place about the size of the Cam near Cambridge, but more rapid, as its waters are raised by a fisherman's weir ...”

32: *Journey* (II 668) has “I showed him my pistols, and said that they would be sufficient defence. To this he replied, ‘Yes, for you and I to go into the hills; but not for me, when you have joined your party, and I am coming back alone’.”

33: *Journey* (II 667) has “This, according to a saying common in some of our northern counties, is one of the lazy child's three wishes, and is perfectly congenial to the idle listless temper of the Turks”.

34: *Journey* (II 666) has “At present, one Greek, the baker of the village, at Aiasaluk, [sic] three or four fishermen ... are the only Christians to be found in the vicinity of Ephesus ...”