

BYRON'S RAVENNA JOURNAL, JANUARY 4TH – FEBRUARY 27TH 1821



Palazzo Guiccioli.



This, the third of Byron's four diaries, records a watershed in his life. It shows his slow realisation that there is no hope of a revolution against the Austrian occupation of North Italy, and that even those of his friends who seemed closest to him in political fervour – Ruggiero and Pietro Gamba, father and brother to Teresa Guiccioli – have no real conviction. By the end of the diary, he's nostalgic for Greece.

When on January 24th Ruggiero and Pietro go on a shooting party, putting themselves *hors de concours*, his contempt does not disguise itself: "a real snivelling, popping, small-shot, water-hen waste of powder, ammunition, and shot" are his words.

Post-1815 Italy was a nest of tyrants. Those who ruled Sardinia and Tuscany were the relatively mild ones. The Carbonari ("charcoal-burners"), were one of many local groups of upper- and middle-class freemasons dedicated in theory not only to eliminating tyrants, but to eliminating gambling, drunkenness, and fornication too. The Pope ruled both his own states, and the Romagna, including Ravenna, where Byron had lived since 1819, when his affair with Teresa Guiccioli had started. The Austrians ruled Venice, and kept a paternal eye on what was going on everywhere else. Naples was ruled by the Bourbons, and it was there that what trouble there was occurred. The Neapolitans' revolt against their Bourbon King Ferdinand I had started on July 2nd, 1820, and three days later the terrified Ferdinand granted a constitution. A parliament was opened on October 1st, but achieved little; Ferdinand appealed to the Austrians for help; and his new government promptly declared war on Austria. Byron offered his services to the Neapolitan revolutionaries, but his letter (BLJ VII 187-8) was intercepted. Austria placed her occupying troops on a war footing; the would-be insurgents of northern Italy prepared for an uprising in mid-February 1821; the Austrians, forewarned, crossed the Po before that date; and on March 7th, on the plain of Rieti, the Neapolitan army fled from the

Austrians without a shot being fired. The Austrians occupied Naples by March 23rd, and a reign of terror ensued. Soon most of Italy was in its grip, and many men, including several Byron had met in Milan in 1816 – most famously, Silvio Pellico – were imprisoned. Naples had already lost many of its finest patriots in the massacres of 1799-1800, carried out with the support of Nelson.

Byron remained naïve in his judgements about continental politics. His recording of all the Carbonari passwords for the next month on January 30th shows an amusing *Boys-Own* streak in one otherwise so sophisticated. Himself an habitual ironist, He took liberal assertions at their face value in Europe, and didn't perceive how much so-called idealism was rhetoric and cant, masking, in the case of Italians, an overwhelming cynicism, fatalism and apathy, and in the case of Greeks an overwhelming innocence about any politics other than the local, the tribal, and the bloody. The Anglo-Saxon way in which he gets all martial with excitement and anticipated action on January 7th, only to find the following day that "It seems that, just at this moment (as Lydia Languish says) 'there will be no elopement after all,'" is sad, and the facetious quotation does not disguise his disillusion.

The anecdote, recorded on January 4th, about sheets of Richardson's *Clarissa* being wrapped around bacon and being used as evidence in a murder trial, register his previous disillusion, with writing: then on January 8th, we read, "And yet, there are materials in this people, and a noble energy, if well directed. But who is to direct them? No matter. Out of such times heroes spring". It's a sad aspiration, given the banality of what happens.

The diary records Byron's experiences, thoughts, reading, correspondence, digestive problems, and creative activity during that period. It was written in the Palazzo Guiccioli, in what is now the pedestrianised Via Cavour in Ravenna. The Palazzo was the property of Count Alessandro Guiccioli, the rich Romagna aristocrat whom Byron was cuckolding. Guiccioli and his wife had been separated by Papal decree in July 1820, and Teresa now lived with her father on the family estate at Filetto, to the south of Ravenna. The Gambas' house there was blown up by the retreating Germans at the end of World War II, but the Palazzo Guiccioli survives. When last I saw it, it was being turned into a student hostel: see illustrations.¹ Byron's frequent use of the phrase "my house" in connection with it (January 4th, 7th twice, February 16th and 18th) is a mite outrageous in the circumstances.

Charted here are Byron's reading in four important texts: Grillparzer's *Sappho*; Grimm's *Correspondance*; the lectures on world literature of F.W.Schlegel; and Diodorus Siculus, source for *Sardanapalus*. It would be an intriguing exercise to work out what connection there was between the failure of the Italian insurrection, and Byron's Assyrian tragedy: though the most interesting subtext here, both erotically and politically, seems to be the Grillparzer play.

There is no manuscript of the Ravenna Journal, and the text is from Moore's Life (1832) II 395-434, except for the section on Edward Noel Long (January 12th), which is at I 63-4. I have changed Moore's title ("Extracts from a diary of Lord Byron, 1821"), removed the inverted commas with which he surrounds the text, changed his single inverted commas to double, and filled-in abbreviations. Throughout I've consulted the editions of Prothero and Marchand. BLJ: *Byron's Letters and Journals* ed. Marchand; CMP: *Lord Byron the Complete Miscellaneous Prose* ed. Nicholson; CPW: *Lord Byron The Complete Poetical Works*, ed. McGann and Weller; *Vie: Lord Byron's Life in Italy by Guiccioli*, tr. Rees ed. Cochran.

1: The illustrations are from Google, Images, "Palazzo Guiccioli Ravenna" (website address too long to quote).

RAVENNA JOURNAL

Ravenna, January 4th, 1821.

“A sudden thought strikes me.”² Let me begin a Journal once more. The last I kept was in Switzerland, in record of a tour made in the Bernese Alps, which I made to send to my sister in 1816, and I suppose that she has it still, for she wrote to me that she was pleased with it. Another, and longer, I kept in 1813-1814, which I gave to Thomas Moore in the same year.

This morning I gat me up late, as usual – weather bad – bad as England – worse. The snow of last week melting to the sirocco of to-day, so that there were two d—d things at once. Could not even get to ride on horseback in the forest.³ Stayed at home all the morning – looked at the fire – wondered when the post would come. Post came at the Ave Maria,⁴ instead of half-past one o’clock, as it ought. Galignani’s Messengers,⁵ six in number – a letter from Faenza, but none from England. Very sulky in consequence (for there ought to have been letters), and ate in consequence a copious dinner; for when I am vexed, it makes me swallow quicker – but drank very little.

I was out of spirits – read the papers – thought what *fame* was, on reading, in a case of murder, that “Mr. Wych, grocer, at Tunbridge, sold some bacon, flour, cheese, and, it is believed, some plums, to some gypsy woman accused. He had on his counter (I quote faithfully) a *book*, the Life of *Pamela*, which he was *tearing* for *waste* paper, &c., &c. In the cheese was found, &c., and a *leaf* of *Pamela wrapt round the bacon*.” What would Richardson, the vainest and luckiest of *living* authors (i.e. while alive) – he who, with Aaron Hill,⁶ used to prophesy and chuckle over the presumed fall of Fielding (the *prose* Homer of human nature) and of Pope (the most beautiful of poets) – what would he have said, could he have traced his pages from their place on the French prince’s toiles (see Boswell’s Johnson) to the grocer’s counter and the gipsy-murderess’s bacon!!!

What would he have said? What can anybody say, save what Solomon said long before us?⁷ After all, it is but passing from one counter to another, from the bookseller’s to the other tradesman’s grocer or pastry-cook. For my part, I have met with most poetry upon trunks; so that I am apt to consider the trunk-maker as the sexton of authorship.⁸

Wrote five letters in about half an hour, short and savage, to all my rascally correspondents. Carriage came. Heard the news of three murders at Faenza and Forli – a carabinieri, a smuggler, and an attorney – all last night. The two first in a quarrel, the latter by premeditation.

Three weeks ago – almost a month – the 7th it was – I picked up the Commandant, mortally wounded, out of the street;⁹ he died in my house; assassins unknown, but presumed political. His brethren wrote from Rome last night to thank me for having assisted him in his last moments. Poor fellow! it was a pity; he was a good soldier, but imprudent. It was eight in the evening when they killed him. We heard the shot; my servants and I ran out, and found him expiring, with five wounds, two whereof mortal – by slugs they seemed. I examined him, but did not go to the dissection next morning.

Carriage at 8 or so – went to visit La Contessa G[uiccioli]. – found her playing on the piano-forte – talked till ten, when the Count, her father, and the no less Count, her brother,¹⁰ came in from the theatre. Play, they said, Alfieri’s Filippo¹¹ – well received.

2: B.’s inverted commas may signal a paraphrase: “Of a sudden, a Roman thought hath struck him” (*Antony and Cleopatra*, I ii 80). Or he may quote *The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, pp.172-3: MATILDA: A sudden thought strikes me – Let us swear an eternal friendship. CECILIA: Let us agree to live together! MAT.: Willingly. CEC.: Let us embrace. MAT.: Yes; I too have lov’d! You, too, like me, have been forsaken! CEC.: Too true! BOTH: Ah these men! these men!

3: The Ravenna pine forest. See *Don Juan* III st 105-6 (written 1819-20).

4: Compare *Don Juan* III, sts 101-3.

5: Galignani’s *Messenger* was an English language newspaper published in Paris.

6: Aaron Hill (1685-1750) flattered Richardson by abusing Pope.

7: Ecclesiastes, 1-2: *Vanity of vanities, all is vanity*.

8: Sexton: gravedigger, as in *Hamlet*. See *Churchill’s Grave*.

9: Luigi dal Pinto, the military commandant of Ravenna, had been assassinated outside the Palazzo Guiccioli on December 9th (not 7th) 1820. See *Don Juan* V sts 33-9.

10: Teresa’s father was Count Ruggiero Gamba; her brother, Count Pietro. Both were liberals and Carbonari.

11: *Filippo*: political tragedy by Vittorio Alfieri, whom B. admired, set in the Spain of Phillip II.

Two days ago the King of Naples passed through Bologna on his way to congress.¹² My servant Luigi brought the news. I had sent him to Bologna for a lamp. How will it end? Time will show.

Came home at eleven, or rather before. If the road and weather are conformable, mean to ride tomorrow. High time – almost a week at this work – snow, sirocco, one day – frost and snow the other – sad climate for Italy. But the two seasons, last and present, are extraordinary. Read a Life of Leonardo da Vinci by Rossi¹³ – ruminated – wrote this much, and will go to bed.

January 5th, 1821.

Rose late – dull and drooping – the weather dripping and dense. Snow on the ground, and sirocco above in the sky, like yesterday. Roads up to the horse's belly, so that riding (at least for pleasure) is not very feasible. Added a postscript to my letter to Murray.¹⁴ Read the conclusion, for the fiftieth time (I have read all W[alter]. Scott's novels at least fifty times) of the third series of "Tales of my Landlord", – grand work – Scotch Fielding, as well as great English poet – wonderful man! I long to get drunk with him.

Dined versus six o' the clock. Forgot that there was a plum-pudding, (I have added, lately, *eating* to my "family of vices,") and had dined before I knew it. Drank half a bottle of some sort of spirits – probably spirits of wine; for what they call brandy, rum, &c., &c., here is nothing but spirits of wine, coloured accordingly. Did *not* eat two apples, which were placed by way of dessert. Fed the two cats, the hawk, and the tame (but not *tamed*) crow. Read Mitford's History of Greece¹⁵ – Xenophon's Retreat of the Ten Thousand.¹⁶ Up to this present moment writing, 6 minutes before eight o' the clock – French hours, not Italian.

Hear the carriage – order pistols and great coat, as usual necessary articles. Weather cold – carriage open, and inhabitants somewhat savage – rather treacherous and highly inflamed by politics. Fine fellows, though, – good materials for a nation. Out of chaos God made a world, and out of high passions comes a people.

Clock strikes – going out to make love. Somewhat perilous, but not disagreeable. Memorandum – a new screen put up to-day. It is rather antique, but will do with a little repair.

Thaw continues – hopeful that riding may be practicable tomorrow. Sent the papers to Al[borghetti].¹⁷ – grand events coming.

11 o' the clock and nine minutes. Visited La Contessa G[uiccioli]. Nata G[hiselli]. G[amba]. Found her beginning my letter of answer to the thanks of Alessio del Pinto of Rome for assisting his brother the late Commandant in his last moments, as I had begged her to pen my reply for the purer Italian, I being an ultramontane, little skilled in the set phrase of Tuscany.¹⁸ Cut short the letter – finish it another day. Talked of Italy, patriotism, Alfieri, Madame Albany,¹⁹ and other branches of learning. Also Sallust's Conspiracy of Catiline, and the War of Jugurtha. At 9 came in her brother, Il Conte Pietro – at 10, her father, Conte Ruggiero.

Talked of various modes of warfare – of the Hungarian and Highland modes of broad-sword exercise, in both whereof I was once a moderate "master of fence".²⁰ Settled that the R[evolution]. will break out on the 7th or 8th of March, in which appointment I should trust, had it not been settled that it was to have broken out in October, 1820. But those Bolognese shirked the Romagnoules.

12: Ferdinand King of Naples is on his way to the Congress of Laibach (mod. Ljubljana: Jan 26th-May 12th 1821) which authorised the Austrian intervention in Naples. It was at Laibach that Tsar Alexander heard the news of Ypsilanti's invasion of the Danube provinces, which heralded the start of the Greek War of Independence.

13: "Rossi" should be "Bossi". Giuseppe Bossi published a two-part life of Leonardo in 1810-11.

14: BLJ VIII 56-7.

15: When B. writes "read" we are not to understand that he read the entire work: he means "read some of". The anti-democratic *History of Greece* (5 vols, 1784-1818) by William Mitford (1744-1827), which B. put on his juvenile reading list (CMP 4) and "dipped into" at this time while writing *Sardanapalus*.

16: These are not in the same book. B. reads Mitford, then Xenophon.

17: Count Giuseppe Alborghetti was Deputy Head of the government of Lower Romagna. Papers unidentified; but see *Vie*, 645: "Even the Secretary of the Government wrote to Byron, saying that he too was an Italian".

18: Echoes *Othello*, I iii 82: *Little blessed with the soft phrase of peace*.

19: Madame Albany was the separated wife of the Young Pretender. Alfieri had been her lover.

20: *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, I i, 259 (app.)

“It is all one to Ranger”,²¹ – One must not be particular, but take rebellion when it lies in the way. Came home – read the “Ten Thousand” again, and will go to bed.

Mem. – Ordered Fletcher (at four o’clock this afternoon) to copy out 7 or 8 apophthegms of Bacon, in which I have detected such blunders as a school-boy might detect rather than commit. Such are the sages! What must they be, when such as I can stumble on their mistakes or mistatements? I will go to bed, for I find that I grow cynical.

January 6th, 1821.

Mist – thaw – slop – rain. No stirring out on horseback. Read Spence’s *Anecdotes*.²² Pope a fine fellow – always thought him so. Corrected blunders in nine apophthegms of Bacon²³ – all historical – and read Mitford’s *Greece*. Wrote an epigram.²⁴ Turned to a passage in Guinguene²⁵ – ditto in Lord Holland’s *Lope de Vega*.²⁶ Wrote a note on *Don Juan*.²⁷

At eight went out to visit. Heard a little music – like music. Talked with Count Pietro G[amba]. of the Italian comedian Vestris,²⁸ who is now at Rome – have seen him often act in Venice – a good actor – very. Somewhat of a mannerist; but excellent in broad comedy, as well as in the sentimental pathetic. He has made me frequently laugh and cry, neither of which is now a very easy matter – at least, for a player to produce in me.

Thought of the state of women under the ancient Greeks – convenient enough. Present state, a remnant of the barbarism of the chivalry and feudal ages – artificial and unnatural. They ought to mind home – and be well fed and clothed – but not mixed in society. Well educated, too, in religion – but to read neither poetry nor politics – nothing but books of piety and cookery. Music – drawing – dancing – also a little gardening and ploughing now and then. I have seen them mending the roads in Epirus with good success. Why not, as well as hay-making and milking?

Came home, and read Mitford again, and played with my mastiff – gave him his supper. Made another reading to the epigram, but the turn the same. To-night at the theatre, there being a prince on his throne in the last scene of the comedy, – the audience laughed, and asked him for a *Constitution*. This shows the state of the public mind here, as well as the assassinations. It won’t do. There must be an universal republic, – and there ought to be.

My crow is lame of a leg – wonder how it happened – some fool trod upon his toe, I suppose. The falcon pretty brisk – the cats large – owl noisy – the monkeys I have not looked to since the cold weather, and they suffer by being brought up.²⁹ Horses must be gay – get a ride as soon as weather serves. Deuced muggy still – an Italian winter is a sad thing, but all the other seasons are charming.

What is the reason that I have been, all my lifetime, more or less *ennuyé*? and that, if any thing, I am rather less so now than I was at as far as my recollection serves? I do not know how to answer this, but presume that it is constitutional, – as well as the waking in low spirits, which I have invariably done for many years. Temperance and exercise, which I have practiced at times, and for a long time – together vigorously and violently, made little or no difference. Violent passions did; – when under their immediate influence – it is odd, but, I was in agitated, but *not* in depressed spirits.

A dose of salts has the effect of a temporary inebriation, like light champagne, upon me. But wine and spirits make me sullen and savage to ferocity – silent, however, and retiring, and not quarrelsome, if not spoken to. Swimming also raises my spirits, – but in general they are low, and get daily lower. That is *hopeless*: for I do not think I am so much *ennuyé* as I was at nineteen. The proof is, that then I must game, or drink, or be in motion of some kind, or I was miserable. At present, I can mope in quietness; and like being alone better than any company – except the lady’s whom I serve. But I feel a something, which makes me think that, if I ever reach near to old age, like Swift, “I shall die at top”³⁰

21: Benjamin Hoadly, *The Suspicious Husband* (1747), V ii.

22: Joseph Spence (1699-1768) Professor of Poetry at Oxford. His *Anecdotes* of Pope and others were not published until 1820.

23: B. puts these corrections into a note to *Don Juan* Canto V.

24: *On the Braziers’ Address*. See BLJ VIII 58.

25: Pierre Louis Guinguen , *Histoire Litt raire d’Italie* (1811-35). B. often relies on this authority.

26: Lord Holland, *Some Account of the Life and Writings of L.F. de Vega C pio* (1806, rptd. 1817).

27: The one at the end of *Don Juan* V, correcting Bacon’s Apophthegms. See BLJ VIII 58.

28: The Vestris family was a huge dynasty of actors and dancers. Referred to here is Luigi Vestri (1781-1841).

29: The beasts are kept on the ground floor.

30: Swift once said, “I shall be like that tree – I shall die at ‘top’”.

first. Only I do not dread idiotism or madness so much as he did. On the contrary, I think some quieter stages of both must be preferable to much of what men think the possession of their senses.

January 7th, 1821, Sunday.

Still rain – mist – snow – drizzle – and all the incalculable combinations of a climate, where heat and cold struggle for mastery. Read Spence, and turned over Roscoe,³¹ to find a passage I have not found. Read the 4th vol. of W. Scott's second series of "Tales of my Landlord". Dined. Read the Lugano Gazette. Read – I forget what. At 8 went to conversazione. Found there the Countess Geltrude, Betti V[icari].³² and her husband, and others. Pretty black-eyed woman that – *only* twenty-two – same age as Teresa, who is prettier, though.³³

The Count Pietro G[amba]. took me aside to say that the Patriots have had notice from Forli (twenty miles off) that to-night the government and its party mean to strike a stroke – that the Cardinal here has had orders to make several arrests immediately, and that, in consequence, the Liberals are arming, and have posted patrols in the streets, to sound the alarm and give notice to fight for it.

He asked me "what should be done?" I answered, "Fight for it, rather than be taken in detail," and offered, if any of them are in immediate apprehension of arrest, to receive them in my house (which is defensible), and to defend them, with my servants and themselves (we have arms and ammunition), as long as we can, – or to try to get them away under cloud of night. On going home, I offered him the pistols which I had about me – but he refused, but said he would come off to me in case of accidents.

It wants half an hour of midnight, and rains; – as Gibbet says, "a line night for their enterprise – dark as hell, and blows like the devil."³⁴ If the row don't happen now, it must soon. I thought that their system of shooting people would soon produce a reaction – and now it seems coming. I will do what I can in the way of combat, though a little out of exercise. The cause is a good one.

Turned over and over half a score of books for the passage in question, and can't find it. Expect to hear the drum and the musquetry momentarily (for they swear to resist, and are right,) – but I hear nothing, as yet, save the plash of the rain and the gusts of the wind at intervals. Don't like to go to bed, because I hate to be waked, and would rather sit up for the row, if there is to be one.

Mended the fire – have got the arms – and a book or two, which I shall turn over. I know little of their numbers, but think the Carbonari strong enough to beat the troops, even here. With twenty men this house might be defended for twenty-four hours against any force to be brought against it, *now* in this place, for the same time; and, in such a time, the country would have notice, and would rise, – if ever they *will* rise, of which there is some doubt. In the mean time, I may as well read as do any thing else, being alone.

January 8th, 1821, Monday.

Rose, and found Count P[ietro]. G[amba]. in my apartments. Sent away the servant. Told me that, according to the best information, the Government had not issued orders for the arrests apprehended; that the attack in Forli had not taken place (as expected) by the Sanfedisti – opponents of the Carbonari or Liberals – and that, as yet, they are still in apprehension only. Asked me for some arms of a better sort, which I gave him. Settled that, in case of a row, the Liberals were to assemble *here* (with me), and that he had given the word to Vincenzo G[allina]. and others of the *Chiefs* for that purpose. He himself and father are going to the chase in the forest; but V[incenzo]. G[allina]. is to come to me, and an express to be sent off to him, P[ietro]. G[amba]., if any thing occurs. Concerted operations. They are to seize – but no matter.

I advised them to attack in detail, and in different parties, in different *places* (though at the same time), so as to divide the attention of the troops, who, though few, yet being disciplined, would beat any body of people (not trained) in a regular fight – unless dispersed in small parties, and distracted with different assaults. Offered to let them assemble here if they choose. It is a strongish post – narrow street, commanded from within-and tenable walls.

31: William Roscoe's *Life and Pontificate of Leo X* (1805), was translated into both French and Italian.

32: B.'s flirtation with Geltrude Vicari had made Teresa Guiccioli jealous. See *Vie* 143 &n.

33: "nineteen" (Prothero). But Teresa was born on February 18th 1798.

34: Farquhar, *The Beaux' Stratagem*, IV ii.

Dined. Tried on a new coat. Letter to Murray, with corrections of Bacon's Apophthegms and an epigram³⁵ – the latter not for publication. At eight went to Teresa, Countess G[amba]. * * * * * At nine and a half came in Il Conte P. and Count P[ietro].G[amba].³⁶ Talked of a certain proclamation lately issued. Count R[uggiero].G[amba]. had been with * * (the * *), to sound him about the arrests. He, * *, is a *trimmer*, and deals, at present, his cards with both hands. If he don't mind, they'll be full. * * pretends (*I doubt him – they don't – we shall see*) that there is no such order, and seems staggered by the immense exertions of the Neapolitans, and the fierce spirit of the Liberals here. The truth is, that * * cares for little but his place (which is a good one), and wishes to play pretty with both parties. He has changed his mind thirty times these last three moons, to my knowledge, for he corresponds with me, But he is not a bloody fellow – only an avaricious one.

It seems that, just at this moment (as Lydia Languish says) “there will be no elopement after all.”³⁷ I wish that I had known as much last night – or, rather, this morning – I should have gone to bed two hours earlier. And yet I ought not to complain; for, though it is a sirocco, and heavy rain, I have not *yawned* for these two days.

Came home – read History of Greece – before dinner had read Walter Scott's Rob Roy.³⁸ Wrote address to the letter in answer to Alessio del Pinto, who has thanked me for helping his brother (the late Commandant, murdered here last month) in his last moments. Have told him I only did a duty of humanity – as is true. The brother lives at Rome.

Mended the fire with some “sgobole” (a Romagnuole word)³⁹ and gave the falcon some water. Drank some Seltzer-water. Mem – received to-day a print, or etching, of the story of Ugolino,⁴⁰ by an Italian painter – different, of course, from Sir Joshua Reynolds's, and I think (as far as recollection goes) *no worse*, for Reynolds's is not good in history. Tore a button in my new coat.

I wonder what figure these Italians will make in a regular row. I sometimes think that, like the Irishman's gun (somebody had sold him a crooked one), they will only do for “shooting round a corner;” at least, this sort of shooting has been the late tenor of their exploits. And yet, there are materials in this people, and a noble energy, if well directed. But who is to direct them? No matter. Out of such times heroes spring. Difficulties are the hot-beds of high spirits, and Freedom the mother of the few virtues incident to human nature.

Tuesday, January 9th, 1821.

Rose – the day fine. Ordered the horses; but Lega⁴¹ (my *secretary*, an Italianism for steward or chief servant) coming to tell me that the painter had finished the work in fresco for the room he has been employed on lately, I went to see it before I set out. The painter has not copied badly the prints from Titian, &c., considering all things. * * * * *

Dined. Read Johnson's “Vanity of Human Wishes,” – all the examples and mode of giving them sublime, as well as the latter part, with the exception of an occasional couplet. I do not so much admire the opening. I remember an observation of Sharpe's (the *Conversationist*,⁴² as he was called in London, and a very clever man) that the first line of this poem⁴³ was superfluous, and that Pope (the best of poets, *I think*,) would have begun at once, only changing the punctuation –

“Survey mankind from China to Peru!”

The former line, “Let observation.” &c., is certainly heavy and useless. But 'tis a grand poem – and *so true!* – true as the 10th of Juvenal himself. The lapse of ages *changes* all things – time – language – the earth – the bounds of the sea – the stars of the sky, and every thing “about, around, and underneath”⁴⁴ man, *except man himself*, who has always been, and always will be, an unlucky rascal.

35: BLJ VIII 58-9.

36: There is only one Conte P.G. – Pietro Gamba. Moore may have misread “R” (“Ruggiero”), for “P”.

37: Sheridan, *The Rivals*, IV ii.

38: Published 1817.

39: Sgobole are dried pine-cones with no seeds inside. My thanks to Valeria Vallucci for the information.

40: See *Inferno* XXXII-III.

41: Lega Zambelli, perhaps a de-frocked priest. Lover of Fanny Silvestrini.

42: The dark-skinned Richard “Conversation” Sharpe, M.P., may have been the lover of Samuel Rogers.

43: *Let Observation, with extensive view* ...

44: Milton, *Il Penseroso*, 152: *Above, about, or underneath*.

The infinite variety of lives conduct but to death, and the infinity of wishes lead but to disappointment. All the discoveries which have yet been made have multiplied little but existence. An extirpated disease *is* succeeded by some new pestilence; and a discovered world has brought little to the old one, except the p[ox] – first and freedom afterwards – the *latter* a fine thing, particularly as they gave it to Europe in exchange for slavery.⁴⁵ But it is doubtful whether “the Sovereigns” would not think the *first* the best present of the two to their subjects.

At eight went out – heard some news. They say the King of Naples has declared, by couriers from Florence, to the *Powers* (as they call now those wretches with crowns) that his Constitution was compulsive, &c., &c., and that the Austrian barbarians are placed again on *war* pay, and will march. Let them – “they come like sacrifices in their trim,”⁴⁶ the hounds of hell! Let it still be a hope to see their bones piled like those of the human dogs at Morat, in Switzerland,⁴⁷ which I have seen.

Heard some music. At nine the usual visitors – news, *war*, or rumours of war. Consulted with P[ietro]. G[amba]., &c., &c. They mean to *insurrect* here, and are to honour me with a call thereupon. I shall not fall back; though I don’t think them in force or heart sufficient to make much of it. But, *onward!* – it is now the time to act, and what signifies *self*, if a single spark of that which would be worthy of the past can be bequeathed unquenchedly to the future? It is not one man, nor a million, but the *spirit* of liberty which must be spread. The waves which dash upon the shore are, one by one, broken, but yet the *ocean* conquers, nevertheless. It overwhelms the Armada, it wears the rock, and, if the *Neptunians* are to be believed,⁴⁸ it has not only destroyed, but made a world. In like manner, whatever the sacrifice of individuals, the great cause will gather strength, sweep down what is rugged, and fertilize (for *sea-weed* is *manure*) what is cultivable. And so, the mere selfish calculation ought never to be made on such occasions; and, at present, it shall not be computed by me. I was never a good arithmetician of chances, and shall not commence now.

January 10th, 1821.

Day fine – rained only in the morning. Looked over accounts. Read Campbell’s Poets⁴⁹ – marked errors of Tom (the author) for correction.

Dined – went out – music – Tyrolese air, with variations. Sustained the cause of the original simple air against the variations of the Italian school.⁵⁰ * * * * *

Politics somewhat tempestuous, and cloudier daily. To-morrow being foreign post-day, probably something more will be known. Came home – read. Corrected Tom Campbell’s slips of the pen. A good work, though – style affected – but his defence of Pope is glorious. To be sure, it is his *own cause* too, – but no matter, it is very good, and does him great credit.

Midnight.

I have been turning over different *Lives* of the Poets. I rarely read their works, unless an occasional flight over the classical ones, Pope, Dryden, Johnson, Gray, and those who approach them nearest (I leave the *rant* of the rest to the *cant* of the day), and – I had made several reflections, but I feel sleepy, and may as well go to bed.

January 11th, 1821.

Read the letters. Corrected the tragedy⁵¹ and the “Hints from Horace”.⁵² Dined, and got into better spirits. – Went out – returned – finished letters, five in number. Read Poets, and an anecdote in Spence.

45: Compare *Don Juan* I, st. 129.

46: *Henry IV* I, IV i 113.

47: See CHP III sts 63-5.

48: Neptunians were geologists (opposed by Vulcanists) who held that granite was not volcanic, but crystallised ocean.

49: Thomas Campbell, *Specimens of the British Poets* (9 vols. 1819).

50: See *Don Juan* XVI, 45, 6, B.’s note: “*Rot your Italianos! For my part I loves a simple Ballat!*” *Rossini will go a good way to bring most people to the same Opinion – some day.*

51: *Sardanapalus*. B. writes it between January 13th and May 27th .

52: B. is anxious to get *HfH* printed at last, having written it in 1811: but it is not printed in his lifetime.

Al[borghett]i writes to me that the Pope, and Duke of Tuscany, and King of Sardinia, have also been called to Congress; but the Pope will only deal there by proxy. So the interests of millions are in the hands of about twenty coxcombs, at a place called Leibach!

I should almost regret that my own affairs went well, when those of nations are in peril. If the interests of mankind could be essentially bettered (particularly of these oppressed Italians), I should not so much mind my own “sma’ peculiar”.⁵³ God grant us all better times, or more philosophy.

In reading, I have just chanced upon an expression of Tom Campbell’s; – speaking of Collins, he says that “no reader cares any more about the *characteristic manners* of his Eclogues than about the authenticity of the tale of Troy”. ’Tis false – we *do* care about “the authenticity of the tale of Troy”. I have stood upon that plain *daily*, for more than a month, in 1810; and, if any thing diminished my pleasure, it was that the blackguard Bryant⁵⁴ had impugned its veracity. It is true I read “Homer Travestied” (the first twelve books), because Hobhouse and others bored me with their learned localities, and I love quizzing. But I still venerated the grand original as the truth of *history* (in the material facts) and of *place*. Otherwise, it would have given me no delight. Who will persuade me, when I reclined upon a mighty tomb, that it did not contain a hero? – its very magnitude proved this. Men do not labour over the ignoble and petty dead – and why should not the *dead* be *Homer’s* dead? The secret of Tom Campbell’s defence of inaccuracy in costume and description is, that his Gertrude, &c.,⁵⁵ has no more locality in common with Pennsylvania⁵⁶ than with Penmanmaur. It is notoriously full of grossly false scenery, as all Americans declare, though they praise parts of the Poem. It is thus that self-love for ever creeps out, like a snake, to sting anything which happens, even accidentally, to stumble upon it.

January 12th, 1821.

The weather still so humid and impracticable, that London, in its most oppressive fogs, were a summer-bower to this mist and sirocco, which now has lasted (but with one day’s interval), chequered with snow or heavy rain only, since the 30th of December, 1820. It is so far lucky that I have a literary turn; – but it is very tiresome not to be able to stir out, in comfort, on any horse but Pegasus, for so many days. The roads are even worse than the weather, by the long splashing, and the heavy soil, and the growth of the waters.

Read the Poets – English, that is to say – out of Campbell’s edition. There is a good deal of taffeta in some of Tom’s prefatory phrases, but his work is good as a whole. I like him best, though, in his own poetry.

Murray writes that they want to act the Tragedy of Marino Faliero;⁵⁷ – more fools they, it was written for the closet. I have protested against this piece of usurpation, (which, it seems, is legal for managers over any printed work, against the author’s will) and I hope they will not attempt it. Why don’t they bring out some of the numberless aspirants for theatrical celebrity, now encumbering their shelves, instead of lugging me out of the library? I have written a fierce protest against any such attempt; but I still would hope that it will not be necessary, and that they will see, at once, that it is not intended for the stage. It is too regular – the time, twenty-four hours – the change of place not frequent – nothing *melodramatic* – no surprises, no starts, nor trap-doors, nor opportunities “for tossing their heads and kicking their heels” – and no *love* – the grand ingredient of a modern play.

I have found out the seal cut on Murray’s letter. It is meant for Walter Scott – or *Sir* Walter – he is the first poet knighted since Sir Richard Blackmore.⁵⁸ But it does not do him justice. Scott’s – particularly when he recites – is a very intelligent countenance, and this seal says nothing.

53: Scots quotation unidentified.

54: Jacob Bryant, *Dissertation concerning the war of Troy, and the expedition of the Grecians, as described by Homer; showing that no such expedition was ever undertaken, and that no sack of Phrygia ever existed* (1796). See *Don Juan* IV, 76, 4.

55: Campbell, *Gertrude of Wyoming* (1809). See *Don Juan*, I st 88 and B.’s note.

56: Campbell’s Wyoming is not the modern state, which does not yet exist, but an area of Pennsylvania.

57: B. wrote *Marino Faliero* in Ravenna between 4th April and 16th July 1820; it was first published by Murray (with *The Prophecy of Dante*) on 21st April 1821. Robert Elliston put on seven performances at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, April 25th-May 14th 1821.

58: Walter Scott was knighted in 1820. Sir Richard Blackmore (1650-1729); forgotten author of *King Arthur* (1695) and *The Creation* (1712).

Scott is certainly the most wonderful writer of the day. His novels are a new literature in themselves, and his poetry as good as any – if not better (only on an erroneous system) – and only ceased to be so popular, because the vulgar learned were tired of hearing “Aristides called the Just”, and Scott the Best, and ostracised him.

I like him, too, for his manliness of character, for the extreme pleasantness of his conversation, and his good-nature towards myself, personally. May he prosper! – for he deserves it. I know no reading to which I fall with such alacrity as a work of W[alter]. Scott’s. I shall give the seal, with his bust on it, to Madame la Comtesse G[uiccoli]. this evening, who will be curious to have the effigies of a man so celebrated.

How strange are my thoughts!⁵⁹ – The reading of the song of Milton, “Sabrina fair,” has brought back upon me – I know not how or why – the happiest, perhaps, days of my life (always excepting, here and there, a Harrow holiday in the two latter summers of my stay there) when living at Cambridge with Edward Noel Long, afterwards of the Guards, – who, after having served honourably in the expedition to Copenhagen (of which two or three thousand scoundrels yet survive in plight and pay), was drowned early in 1809, on his passage to Lisbon with his regiment in the St. George transport, which was run foul of, in the night, by another transport. We were rival swimmers – fond of riding – reading – and of conviviality. We had been at Harrow together; but – *there*, at least – his was a less boisterous spirit than mine. I was always cricketing – rebelling – fighting – *rowing* (from *row*, not *boat-rowing*, a different practice), and in all manner of mischiefs; while he was more sedate and polished. At Cambridge – both of Trinity – my spirit rather softened, or his roughened, for we became very great friends. The description of Sabrina’s seat reminds me of our rival feats in *diving*. Though Cam’s is not a very “translucent wave,”⁶⁰ it was fourteen feet deep, where we used to dive for, and pick up – having thrown them in on purpose – plates, eggs, and even shillings. I remember, in particular, there was the stump of a tree (at least ten or twelve feet deep) in the bed of the river, in a spot where we bathed most commonly, round which I used to cling, and “wonder how the devil I came there”.⁶¹

Our evenings we passed in music (he was musical, and played on more than one instrument, flute and violoncello), in which I was audience; and I think that our chief beverage was soda-water. In the day we rode, bathed, and lounged, reading occasionally. I remember our buying, with vast alacrity, Moore’s new quarto (in 1806),⁶² and reading it together in the evenings.

We only passed the summer together; – Long had gone into the Guards during the year I passed in Notts, away from college. *His* friendship, and a violent, though pure, love and passions – which held me at the same period – were the then romance of the most romantic period of my life.

* * * * *

I remember that, in the spring of 1809, H[obhouse] laughed at my being distressed at Long’s death, and amused himself with making epigrams upon his name, which was susceptible of a pun – *Long, short, &c.* But three years after, he had ample leisure to repent it, When our mutual friend, and his, H[obhouse]’s particular friend, Charles Matthews, was drowned also, and he, himself, was as much affected by a similar calamity. But I did not pay him back in puns and epigrams, for I valued Matthews too much, myself, to do so; and, even if I had not, I should have respected his griefs.

Long’s father wrote to me to write his son’s epitaph. I promised – but I had not the heart to complete it. He was such a good, amiable being as rarely remains long in this world; with talent and accomplishments, too, to make him the more regretted. Yet, although a cheerful companion, he had strange melancholy thoughts sometimes. I remember once that we were going to his uncle’s, I think – I went to accompany him to the door merely, in some Upper or Lower Grosvenor or Brook Street, I forget which, but it was in a street leading out of some square, – he told me that, the night before, he “had taken up a pistol – not knowing or examining whether it was loaded or no – and had snapped it at his head, leaving it to chance whether it might not be charged.” The letter, too, which he wrote the on leaving college to join the Guards, was as melancholy in its tenour as it could well be on Such an occasion. But he showed nothing of this in his deportment, being mild and gentle; – and yet with

59: The five paragraphs on Edward Noel Long are extracted by Moore and placed at I 63-4.

60: Milton, *Lycidas*, 860.

61: Pope, *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, 172.

62: Moore’s *Epistles, Odes, and Other Poems* (1806).

much turn for the ludicrous in his disposition. We were both much attached to Harrow, and sometimes made excursions there together from London to revive our schoolboy recollections.

Midnight.

Read the Italian translation by Guido Sorelli of the German Grillparzer⁶³ – a devil of a name, to be sure, for posterity; but they *must* learn to pronounce it.⁶⁴ With all the allowance for a *translation*, and above all, an *Italian* translation (they are the very worst of translators, except from the Classics – Annibale Caro,⁶⁵ for instance – and *there*, the bastardy of their language helps them, as, by way of *looking legitimate*, they ape their fathers’ tongue) – but with every allowance for such a disadvantage, the tragedy of *Sappho* is superb and sublime! There is no denying it. The man has done a great thing in writing that play. And *who is he?* I know him not; but *ages will*. ’Tis a high intellect.

I must premise, however, that I have read *nothing* of Adolph Müllner’s (the author of “Guilt”),⁶⁶ and much less of Goethe, and Schiller, and Wieland, than I could wish. I only know them through the medium of English, French, and Italian translations. Of the *real* language I know absolutely nothing, – except oaths learned from postillions and officers in a squabble. I can *swear* in German potently, when I like – “Sacrament – Verfluchter – Hundsfoth”⁶⁷ – and so forth; but I have little of their less energetic conversation.

I like, however, their women, (I was once *so desperately* in love with a German woman, Constance,)⁶⁸ and all that I have read, translated, of their writings, and all that I have seen on the Rhine of their country and people – all, except the Austrians, whom I abhor, loathe, and – I cannot find words for my hate of them, and should be sorry to find deeds correspondent to my hate; for I abhor cruelty more than I abhor the Austrians – except on an impulse, and then I am savage – but not deliberately so.

Grillparzer is grand – antique – *not so simple* as the ancients, but very simple for a modern – too Madame de Staël-*ish*, now and then – but altogether a great and goodly writer.

January 13th, 1821, Saturday.

Sketched the outline and Drams. Pers. of an intended tragedy of Sardanapalus, which I have for some time meditated. Took the names from Diodorus Siculus,⁶⁹ (I know the history of Sardanapalus, and have known it since I was twelve years old), and read over a passage in the ninth vol. octavo of Mitford’s Greece, where he rather vindicates the memory of this last of the Assyrians.⁷⁰

Dined – news come – the *Powers* mean to war with the peoples. The intelligence seems positive – let it be so – they will be beaten in the end. The king-times are fast finishing. There will be blood shed like water, and tears like mist; but the peoples will conquer in the end. I shall not live to see it, but I foresee it.

I carried Teresa the Italian translation of Grillparzer’s *Sappho*, which she promises to read. She quarrelled with me, because I said that love was *not the loftiest* theme for true tragedy; and, having the advantage of her native language, and natural female eloquence, she overcame my fewer

63: Franz Grillparzer (1791-1872) published *Sappho*, a classical tragedy, in 1819. Sorelli translated it in the same year. Its bisexual heroine, derived in part from de Staël’s Corinne, in part from Virgil’s Dido, finds, as Shakespeare does in the Sonnets, her boyfriend and girlfriend betraying her, and hurls herself from a rock into the sea (compare CHP II st. 41, and *Don Juan* II st. 205, and IV st. 27). Her girlfriend, the eastern slave girl Melitta, is a forerunner of Myrrha in *Sardanapalus*. The play’s verse carries an Ionian charm which may have set B.’s mind working.

64: Grillparzer hated his own name and refused to have it on playbills.

65: Annibale Caro’s translation of the *Aenied* was published in 1581.

66: Adolf Müllner (1774-1829) published *Die Schuld* in 1812.

67: Compare *Don Juan* X, st 71.

68: Constance Spencer Smith, with whom B. had had an affair on Malta in 1809.

69: Greek historian, 90-30 BC.

70: The Mitford passage (IX, 311-13) is printed as a note to *Sardanapalus* (CPW VI 615): “A monument representing Sardanapalus was found [by Alexander] ... warranted by an inscription in Assyrian characters, of course in the old Assyrian language, which the Greeks, whether well or ill, interpreted thus: ‘Saradanapalus son of Anacyndaraxes in one day founded Achialus and Tarsus. Eat, drink, play; all other human joys are not worth a fillip.’”

arguments. I believe she was right. I must put more love into “Sardanapalus” than I intended.⁷¹ I speak, of course, *if* the times will allow me leisure. That *if* will hardly be a peace-maker.⁷²

January 14th, 1821.

Turned over Seneca’s tragedies. Wrote the opening lines of the intended tragedy of Sardanapalus. Rode out some miles into the forest. Misty and rainy. Returned – dined – wrote some more of my tragedy.

Read Diodorus Siculus – turned over Seneca, and some other books. Wrote some more of the tragedy. Took a glass of grog. After having ridden hard in rainy weather, and scribbled, and scribbled again, the spirits (at least mine) need a little exhilaration, and I don’t like laudanum now as I used to do. So I have mixed a glass of strong waters and single waters, which I shall now proceed to empty. Therefore and thereunto I conclude this day’s diary.

The effect of all wines and spirits upon me is, however, strange. It *settles*, but it makes me gloomy – gloomy at the very moment of their effect, and not gay hardly ever. But it composes for a time, though sullenly.

January 15th, 1821.

Weather fine. Received visit. Rode out into the forest – fired pistols. Returned home – dined – dipped into a volume of Mitford’s Greece – wrote part of a scene of “Sardanapalus”. Went out – heard some music – heard some politics. More ministers from the other Italian powers gone to Congress. War seems certain – in that case, it will be a savage one. Talked over various important matters with One of the initiated. At ten and half returned home.

I have just thought of something odd. In the year 1814, Moore (“the poet”, *par excellence*, and he deserves it) and I were going together, in the same carriage, to dine with Earl Grey, the Capo Politico of the remaining whigs.⁷³ Murray, the magnificent (the illustrious publisher of that name), had just sent me a Java gazette⁷⁴ – I know not why, or wherefore. Pulling it out, by way of curiosity, we found it to contain a dispute (the said Java gazette) on Moore’s merits and mine. I think, if I had been there, that I could have saved them the trouble of disputing on the subject. But, there is *fame* for you at six and twenty! Alexander had conquered India at the same age; but I doubt if he was disputed about, or his conquests compared with those of Indian Bacchus, at Java.

It was a great fame to be named with Moore; greater to be compared with him; greatest – *pleasure*, at least – to be *with* him; and, surely, an odd coincidence, that we should be dining together while they were quarrelling about us beyond the equinoctial line.

Well, the same evening, I met Lawrence⁷⁵ the painter, and heard one of Lord Grey’s daughters (a fine, tall, spirit – looking girl, with much of the *patrician, thorough-bred look* of her father, which I dote upon) play on the harp, so modestly and ingenuously, that she *looked music*. Well, I would rather have had my talk with Lawrence (who talked delightfully) and heard the girl, than have had all the fame of Moore and me put together.

The only pleasure of fame is that it paves the way to pleasure; and the more intellectual our pleasure, the better for the pleasure and for us too. It was, however, agreeable to have heard our fame before dinner, and a girl’s harp after.

January 16th, 1821.

Read – rode – fired pistols – returned – dined – wrote – visited – heard music – talked nonsense – and went home.

Wrote part of a Tragedy – advanced in Act 1st with “all deliberate speed.”⁷⁶ Bought a blanket. The weather is still muggy as a London May – mist, mizzle, the air replete with Scotticisms, which,

⁷¹: Teresa liked to think that this proves how big a creative input she had into *Sardanapalus*. See *Vie*, 261-4: but the play had not been started yet.

⁷²: Compare *As You Like It*, V iv, 97 (app.): *Much virtue in “If”*.

⁷³: Charles Grey, Second Earl Grey (1764-1845) architect of the 1832 Reform Act. B. gives him an Italian title, as if to parallel his own, as Capo of the Ravenna Carbonari.

⁷⁴: The official organ of the British Chamber of Commerce for the Netherlands East Indies.

⁷⁵: Sir Thomas Lawrence (1769-1830) greatest portrait painter of his age. Never painted B.

⁷⁶: Quotation unidentified.

though fine in the descriptions of Ossian, are somewhat tiresome in real, prosaic perspective. Politics still mysterious.

January 17th, 1821.

Rode i' the forest – fired pistols – dined. Arrived a packet of books from England and Lombardy – English, Italian, French, and Latin. Read till eight – went out.

January 18th, 1821.

To-day, the post arriving late, did not ride. Read letters – only two gazettes instead of twelve now due. Made Lega write to that negligent Galignani, and added a postscript. Dined.

At eight proposed to go out. Lega came in with a letter about a bill *unpaid* at Venice which I thought paid months ago. I flew into a paroxysm of rage, which almost made me faint. I have not been well ever since. I deserve it for being such a fool – but it was provoking – a set of scoundrels! It is, however, but five and twenty pounds.

January 19th, 1821.

Rode. Winter's wind somewhat more unkind than ingratitude itself, though Shakespeare says otherwise.⁷⁷ At least, I am so much more accustomed to meet with ingratitude than the north wind, that I thought the latter the sharper of the two. I had met with both in the course of the twenty-four hours, so could judge.

Thought of a plan of education for my daughter Allegra, who ought to begin soon with her studies. Wrote a letter – afterwards a post-script. Rather in low spirits – certainly hippish – liver touched – will take a close of salts.

I have been reading the Life, by himself and daughter, of Mr. R. L. Edgeworth, the father of *the* Miss Edgeworth.⁷⁸ It is altogether a great name. In 1813, I recollect to have met them in the fashionable world of London (of which I then formed an item, a fraction, the segment of a circle, the unit of a million, the nothing of something) in the assemblies of the hour, and at a breakfast of Sir Humphry and Lady Davy's, to which I was invited for the nonce. I had been the lion of 1812: Miss Edgeworth and Madame de Staël, with "the Cossack,"⁷⁹ towards the end of 1813, were the exhibitions of the succeeding year.

I thought Edgeworth a fine old fellow, of a clarety, elderly, red complexion, but active, brisk, and endless. He was seventy, but did not look fifty – no, nor forty-eight even. I had seen poor Fitzpatrick⁸⁰ not very long before – a man of pleasure, wit, eloquence, all things. He tottered – but still talked like a gentleman, though feebly. Edgeworth bounced about, and talked loud and long; but he seemed neither weakly nor decrepit, and hardly old.

He began by telling "that he had given Dr. Parr⁸¹ a dressing, who had taken him for an Irish bogtrotter," &c., &c. Now I, who know Dr. Parr, and who know (not by experience – for I never should have presumed so far as to contend with him – but by hearing him *with* others, and *of* others) that it is not so easy a matter to "dress him," thought Mr. Edgeworth an assertor of what was not true. He could not have stood before Parr for an instant. For the rest, he seemed intelligent, vehement, vivacious, and full of life. He bids fair for a hundred years.

He was not much admired in London, and I remember a "ryghte merrie" and conceited jest which was rife among the gallants of the day, – viz. a paper had been presented for *the recall of Mrs. Siddons to the stage*, (she having lately taken leave, to the loss of ages, – for nothing ever was, or can be, like her), to which all men had been called to subscribe. Whereupon, Thomas Moore, of profane and poetical memory, did propose that a similar paper should be subscribed and *circumscribed* "for the recall of Mr. Edgeworth to Ireland."⁸²

⁷⁷: *As You Like It*, II vii: *Blow, blow, thou winter wind ...*

⁷⁸: R.L. Edgeworth, *Memoirs* (1820).

⁷⁹: An inappropriate title for de Staël's husband, the French officer Jean Rocca.

⁸⁰: General Richard Fitzpatrick (1747-1817) friend of Charles James Fox.

⁸¹: Samuel Parr (1747-1825), parson, pedant, classicist, and schoolteacher, "the Whig Johnson".

⁸²: Moore notes, "In this, I rather think he was misinformed; – whatever merit there may be in the jest, I have not, as far as I can recollect, the slightest claim to it".

The fact was – everybody cared more about her. She was a nice little unassuming “Jeanie Deans’-looking bodie,”⁸³ as we Scotch say – and, if not handsome, certainly not ill-looking.⁸⁴ Her conversation was as quiet as herself. One would never have guessed she could write her name; whereas her father talked, *not* as if he could write nothing else, but as if nothing else. was worth writing.

As for Mrs. Edgeworth, I forget – except that I think she was the youngest of the party. Altogether, they were an excellent cage of the kind; and succeeded for two months, till the landing of Madame de Staël.

To turn from them to their works, I admire them; but they excite no feeling, and they leave no love – except for some Irish steward or postillion. However, the impression of intellect and prudence is profound – and may be useful.

January 20th, 1821.

Rode – fired pistols. Read from Grimm’s Correspondence.⁸⁵ Dined – went out – heard Music – returned – wrote a letter⁸⁶ to the Lord Chamberlain to request him to prevent the theatres from representing the Doge,⁸⁷ which the Italian papers say that they are going to act. This is pretty work – what! without asking my consent, and even in opposition to it!

January 21st, 1821.

Fine, clear frosty day – that is to say, an Italian frost, for their winters hardly get beyond snow; for which reason nobody knows how to skate (or skait) – a Dutch and English accomplishment. Rode out, as usual, and fired pistols. Good shooting – broke four common, and rather small, bottles, in four shots, at fourteen paces, with a common pair of pistols and indifferent powder. Almost as good *wafering* or shooting – considering the difference of powder and pistol, – as when, in 1809, 1810, 1811, 1812, 1813, 1814, it was my luck to split walking – sticks, wafers, half-crowns, shillings, and even the *eye* of a walking-stick, at twelve paces, with a single bullet – and all by *eye* and calculation; for my hand is not steady, and apt to change with the very weather. To the prowess which I here note, Joe Manton⁸⁸ and others can bear testimony; – for the former taught, and the latter has seen me do, these feats.

Dined – visited – came home – read. Remarked on an anecdote in Grimm’s Correspondence, which says that “Regnard⁸⁹ et la plûpart des poètes⁹⁰ comiques étaient gens bilieux et mélancoliques; et que M. de Voltaire, qui est très gai, n’a jamais fait que des tragedies – et que la comedie gaie est le seul genre où il n’ait point réussi. C’est que celui qui rit et celui qui fait rire sont deux hommes fort differens.” – Vol. VI.⁹¹

At this moment I feel as bilious as the best comic writer of them all, (even as Regnard himself, the next to Molière, who has written some of the best comedies in any language, and who is supposed to have committed suicide),⁹² and am not in spirits to continue my proposed tragedy of Sardanapalus, which I have, for some days, ceased to compose.

83: Resembling Jeannie Deans, self-effacing heroine of Scott’s *The Heart of Midlothian*.

84: Hobhouse’s diary, May 4th 1822: *Miss Edgeworth is the smallest and most insignificant person I ever saw – very plain – she was not affected at all.*

85: The critical letters of Friedrich Melchior, Baron von Grimm (1723-1807), were published in 16 vols in 1813 (CMP 248).

86: This letter does not seem to have survived, but B. has paraphrased his intention in a letter to Murray of January 11th (BLJ VIII 59-60).

87: *Marino Faliero*.

88: Joe Manton kept a shooting gallery on the same premises as Gentleman John Jackson’s club for pugilists. He sold weaponry, too. B. was one of his clients / customers.

89: Jean-François Regnard (1656-1710), French comic dramatist.

90: Thus Moore (II 413). Marchand (BLJ VIII 31) corrects to “poètes”.

91: “Regnard, and most comic poets, were bilious and melancholy, and M. de Voltaire, who was very merry, only wrote tragedies – comedy was the one genre in which he had no success at all. It’s because he who smiles and he who causes other men to smile are completely different men”. Neither Prothero nor Marchand are able to locate this passage in Grimm. Neither am I. It is not in “Vol. VI”. The index to the 1877 Paris edition of the complete correspondence of Grimm, Diderot, and so on (ed. Tourneux), has one reference only to Regnard, and this one is not it.

92: Molière did not commit suicide, but died of a lung haemorrhage which occurred during a performance of *Le Malade Imaginaire*.

To-morrow is my birthday – that is to say, at twelve o’ the clock, midnight, i.e. in twelve minutes, I shall have completed thirty and three years of age!!! – and I go to my bed with a heaviness of heart at having lived so long, and to so little purpose.

It is three minutes past twelve. – “’Tis the middle of the night by the castle clock,”⁹³ and I am now thirty-three!

“Eheu, fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni;” –⁹⁴

but I don’t regret them so much for what I have done, as for what I *might* have done.

Through life’s road, so dim and dirty,
I have dragg’d to three-and-thirty.
What have these years left to me?
Nothing – except thirty-three.⁹⁵

January 22d, 1821.

1821.
Here lies interred in the Eternity
of the Past,
from whence there is no
Resurrection
for the Days – whatever there may be
for the Dust
the Thirty-Third Year
of an ill-spent Life,
Which, after
a lingering disease of many months
sunk into a lethargy,
and expired, January 22d, 1821, A. D.
Leaving a successor
Inconsolable
for the very loss which
occasioned its
Existence.⁹⁶

January 23d, 1821.

Fine day. Read – Rode – fired pistols, and returned. Dined – read. Went out at eight – made the usual visit. Heard of nothing but war, – “the cry is still, They come.”⁹⁷ The Car[bonar]¹. seem to have no plan – nothing fixed among themselves, how, when, or what to do. In that case, they will make nothing of the project, so often postponed, and never put in action.

Came home, and gave some necessary orders, in case of circumstances requiring a change of place. I shall act according to what may seem proper, when I hear decidedly what the Barbarians mean to do. At present, they are building a bridge of boats over the Po, which looks very warlike. A few days will probably show. I think of retiring towards Ancona, nearer the northern frontier; that is to say, if Teresa and her father are obliged to retire, which is most likely, as all the family are Liberals. If not, I shall stay. But my movements will depend upon the lady’s wishes – for myself, it is much the same.

I am somewhat puzzled what to do with my little daughter, and my effects, which are of some quantity and value, – and neither of them do in the seat of war, where I think of going. But there is an

⁹³: Coleridge, *Christabel*, first line.

⁹⁴: HOR. CARM. II xiv, 1-2: *Alas, O Posthumus, the years glide by swiftly!*

⁹⁵: B. puts this verse into a letter to Moore of January 22nd (the next day: BLJ VIII 67). He italicises *have* in the third line.

⁹⁶: Encircled with a wavy line in Moore.

⁹⁷: *Macbeth*, V v 2.

elderly lady who will take charge of *her*, and T[eresa]. says that the Marchese C[avalli].⁹⁸ will undertake to hold the chattels in safe keeping. Half the city are getting their affairs in marching trim. A pretty Carnival! The blackguards might as well have waited till Lent.

January 24th, 1821.

Returned – met some masques in the Corso – “Vive la bagatelle!” the Germans are on the Po, the Barbarians at the gate, and their masters in council at Leybach (or whatever the eructation of the sound may syllable into a human pronunciation), and lo! they dance and sing, and make merry, “for tomorrow they may die.” Who can say that the Arlequins are not right? Like the Lady Baussiere, and my old friend Burton – I “rode on.”⁹⁹

Dined – (damn this pen!) – beef tough – there is no beef in Italy worth a curse; unless a man could eat an old ox with the hide on, singed in the sun.

The principal persons in the events which may occur in a few days¹⁰⁰ are gone out on a *shooting party*. If it were like a “*highland* hunting,” a pretext of the chase for a grand re-union of counsellors and chiefs, it would be all very well. But it is nothing more or less than a real snivelling, popping, small-shot, water-hen waste of powder, ammunition, and shot, for their own special amusement: – a rare set of fellows for “a man to risk his neck with,” as “Marishal Wells” says in the *Black Dwarf*.¹⁰¹

If they gather, – “whilk is to be doubted,” – they will not muster a thousand men. The reason of this is, that the populace are not interested, – only the higher and middle orders. I wish that the peasantry *were*; they are a fine savage race of two-legged leopards. But the Bolognese won’t – the Romagnuoles can’t without them. Or, if they try – what then? They will try, and man can do no more – and, if he *would* but try his utmost, much might be done. The Dutch, for instance, against the Spaniards – *then*, the tyrants of Europe – since, the slaves and, lately, the freedmen.

The year 1820 was not a fortunate one for the individual me, whatever it may be for the nations. I lost a lawsuit, after two decisions in my favour. The project of lending money on an Irish mortgage was finally rejected by my wife’s trustee after a year’s hope and trouble. The Rochdale lawsuit had endured fifteen years, and always prospered till I married; since which, every thing has gone wrong – with me at least.¹⁰²

In the same year, 1820, the Countess T[eresa].G[uiccioli]. nata G[amb]a. G[hisell]i., in despite of all I said and did to prevent it,¹⁰³ *would* separate from her husband, Il Cavalier Commendatore G[uiccioli]i, &c. &c. &c., and all on the account of “P.P. clerk of this parish.” The other little petty vexations of the year – overturns in carriages¹⁰⁴ – the murder of people before one’s door, and dying in one’s beds¹⁰⁵ – the cramp in swimming – colics – indigestions and bilious attacks, &c. &c. &c.

“Many small articles make up a sum,
And hey ho for Caleb Quotem, oh!”¹⁰⁶

January 25th, 1821.

Received a letter from Lord S[idney].O[sborne].¹⁰⁷ state secretary of the Seven Islands¹⁰⁸ – a fine fellow – clever – dished in England five years ago, and came abroad to retrench and to renew. He wrote from Ancona, in his way back to Corfu, on some matters of our own. He is son of the late Duke of L[eed]s. by a second marriage. He wants me to go to Corfu. Why not? – perhaps I may, next spring.¹⁰⁹

98: The Marchese Clelia Cavalli was Teresa’s cousin and a leading Ravenna socialite. See *Vie*, 211&n.

99: Lady Baussiere is from *Tristram Shandy*; Burton is Robert Burton, author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*.

100: B. refers to Ruggiero and Pietro Gamba.

101: See Scott, *The Black Dwarf* (1816), chapter XIII.

102: See John Beckett, *Byron and Rochdale*, 2006 *Byron Journal*, pp.13-24.

103: B. was adept at making his own initiatives appear other people’s initiatives: but he may be right.

104: B.’s carriage had been overturned by Papal thugs in Ravenna. See *Vie*, Appendix 8.

105: Refers to the murder of Luigi dal Pinto.

106: From *The Review, or the Wags of Windsor* by George Colman the Younger.

107: Stepson to Augusta Leigh’s mother.

108: The Ionian Islands – an English protectorate.

109: Indicates that B. has given up on the Italian struggle.

Answered Murray's letter – read – lounged. Scrawled this additional page of life's log-book. One day more is over of it, and of me; – but “which is best, life or death, the gods only know,” as Socrates said to his judges, on the breaking up of the tribunal.¹¹⁰ Two thousand years since that sage's declaration of ignorance have not enlightened us more upon this important point; for, according to the Christian dispensation, no one can know whether he is *sure* of salvation – even the most righteous – since a single slip of faith may throw him on his back, like a skaiter, while gliding smoothly to his paradise.¹¹¹ Now, therefore, whatever the certainty of faith in the facts may be, the certainty of the individual as to his happiness or misery is no greater than it was under Jupiter.

It has been said that the immortality of the soul is a “grand peut-être”¹¹² – but still it is a *grand* one. Every body clings to it – the stupidest, and dullest, and wickedest of human bipeds is still persuaded that he is immortal.

January 26th, 1821.

Fine day – a few mares' tails portending change, but the sky clear, upon the whole. Rode – fired pistols – good shooting. Coming back, met an old man. Charity – purchased a shilling's worth of salvation. If that was to be bought, I have given more to my fellow-creatures in this life – sometimes for *vice*, but, if not more *often*, at least more *considerably*, for virtue – than I now possess. I never in my life gave a mistress so much as I have sometimes given a poor man in honest distress; but no matter. The scoundrels who have all along persecuted me (with the help of * * who has crowned their efforts) will triumph; – and, when justice is done to me, it will be when this hand that writes is as cold as the hearts which have stung me.

Returning, on the bridge near the mill, met an old woman. I asked her age – she said “*Tre croci*”.¹¹³ I asked my groom (though myself a decent Italian) what the devil *her* three crosses meant. He said, ninety years, and that she had five years more to boot!! I repeated the same three times – not to mistake – ninety-five years!!! – and she was yet rather active – *heard* my question, for she answered it – *saw* me, for she advanced towards me; and did not appear at all decrepit, though certainly touched with years. Told her to come to-morrow, and will examine her myself. I love phenomena. If she *is* ninety-five years old, she must recollect the Cardinal Alberoni,¹¹⁴ who was legate here.

On dismounting, found Lieutenant E[lisei].¹¹⁵ just arrived from Faenza. Invited him to dine with me to-morrow. Did not invite him for to-day, because there was a small *turbot*, (Friday, fast regularly and religiously,) which I wanted to eat all myself. Ate it.

Went out – found T[eresa]. as usual – music. The gentlemen, who make revolutions and are gone on a shooting,¹¹⁶ are not yet returned. They don't return till Sunday – that is to say, they have been out for five days, buffooning, while the interests of a whole country are at stake, and even they themselves compromised.

It is a difficult part to play amongst such a set of assassins and blockheads – but, when the scum is skimmed off or has boiled over, good may come of it. If this country could but be freed, what would be too great for the accomplishment of that desire? for the extinction of that Sigh of Ages? Let us hope. They have hoped these thousand years. The very revolvment of the chances may bring it – it is upon the dice.

If the Neapolitans have but a single Massaniello¹¹⁷ amongst them, they will beat the bloody butchers of the crown and sabre. Holland, in worse circumstances, beat the Spains and Philips; America beat the English; Greece beat Xerxes; and France beat Europe, till she took a tyrant; South America beats her old vultures out of their nest; and, if these men are but firm in themselves, there is nothing to shake them from without.

110: As related in Cicero's Tusculan Disputations, I 41.

111: Compare *Giaour* 483, B.'s note: *Al-Sirat, the bridge of breadth less than the thread of a famished spider, over which the Mussulmans must skate into Paradise ...*

112: A saying attributed to Rabelais on his death-bed.

113: “Three crosses”. But one cross was ten years. Marchand (BLJ VIII 35) suggests she said “tre tre croci”.

114: Cardinal Alberoni (1664-1752) ruled Spain for four years and tried to unite San Marino with the Papal States.

115: Marchand (BLJ VIII 36) suggests “Giovanni Battista Elisei, with whom Byron used to ride in the Pineta during the summer of 1820”.

116: Pietro and Ruggiero.

117: Tommaso Aniello (in fact Masaniello: 1623–47), insurgent against the Spanish Viceroy of Naples. His own associates killed him because of his cruelty.

[NO ENTRY FOR JANUARY 27TH]

January 28th, 1821.

Lugano Gazette did not come. Letters from Venice. It appears that the Austrian brutes have seized my three or four pounds of English powder.¹¹⁸ The scoundrels! – I hope to pay them in ball for that powder. Rode out till twilight.

Pondered the subjects of four tragedies to be written (life and circumstances permitting) to wit, Sardanapalus, already begun, Cain, a metaphysical subject, something in the style of Manfred, but in five acts, perhaps, with the chorus;¹¹⁹ Francesca of Rimini, in five acts; and I am not sure that I would not try Tiberius.¹²⁰ I think that I could extract a something, of *my* tragic, at least, out of the gloomy sequestration and old age of the tyrant – and even out of his sojourn at Caprea – by softening the *details*, and exhibiting the despair which must have led to those very vicious pleasures. For none but a powerful and gloomy mind overthrown would have had recourse to such solitary horrors, being also, at the same time, *old*, and the master of the world.

Memoranda.

What is Poetry? – The feeling of a Former world and Future.¹²¹

Thought Second.

Why, at the very height of desire and human pleasure, – worldly, social, amorous, ambitious, or even avaricious, – does there mingle a certain sense of doubt and sorrow – a fear of what is to come – a doubt of what is – a retrospect to the past, leading to a prognostication of the future? (The best of Prophets of the future is the Past.) Why is this? or these? – I know not, except that on a pinnacle we are most susceptible of giddiness, and that we never fear falling except from a precipice – the higher, the more awful, and the more sublime; and, therefore, I am not sure that Fear is not a pleasurable sensation; at least, *Hope is*; and *what Hope* is there without a deep leaven of Fear? and what sensation is so delightful as Hope? and, if it were not for Hope, where would the Future be? – in hell. It is useless to say *where* the Present is, for most of us know; and as for the Past, *what* predominates in memory? – *Hope baffled*. Ergo, in all human affairs, it is Hope – Hope – Hope. I allow sixteen minutes, though I never counted them, to any given or supposed possession. From whatever place we commence, we know where it all must end. And yet, what good is there in knowing it? It does not make men better or wiser. During the greatest horrors of the greatest plagues, (Athens and Florence, for example – see Thucydides and Machiavelli) men were more cruel and profligate than ever. It is all a mystery. I feel most things, but I know nothing, except — —

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Thought for a Speech of Lucifer, in the Tragedy of Cain: –

Were *Death* an *evil*, would *I* let thee *live*?

118: The Austrians did not seize B.'s superior English gunpowder: Siri and Wilhalm, his bankers, terrified at the consequences of being found with such incriminating stuff, threw it into the nearest canal.

119: *Cain* has three acts and no chorus.

120: Neither *Francesca* nor *Tiberius* materialise.

121: See J. Drummond Bone, *Byron's Ravenna Diary Entry: What is Poetry?*, *Byron Journal* 6 (1978) pp 78-89.

122: Moore (II 420n) writes "Thus marked, with impatient strokes of the pen, in the original." Marchand (BLJ XI 234) suggests that "what Byron omitted was a verse of poetry". Drummond Bone, in *Byron and Sterne, A Source for a Journal Entry* (*Byron Journal* 1981 p.99), suggests an allusion to *Tristram Shandy*, V 2.

Fool! live as I live – as thy father lives,
And thy son's sons shall live for evermore.¹²³

Past Midnight. One o' the clock.

I have been reading W[ilhelm]. F[riedrich]. S[chlegel].¹²⁴ * * (brother to the other of the name)¹²⁵ till now, and I can make out nothing. He evidently shows a great power of words, but there is nothing to be taken hold of. He is like Hazlitt, in English, who *talks pimples* – a red and white corruption rising up (in little imitation of mountains upon maps), but containing nothing, and discharging nothing, except their own humours.

I dislike him the worse (that is, S[chlegel],) because he always seems upon the verge of meaning; and, lo, he goes down like sunset, or melts like a rainbow, leaving a rather rich confusion, – to which, however, the above comparisons do too much honour.

Continuing to read Mr. F[rederich] S[chlegel]. He is not such a fool as I took him for, that is to say, when he speaks of the North. But still he speaks of things *all over the world*¹²⁶ with a kind of authority that a philosopher would disdain, and a man of common sense, feeling, and knowledge of his own ignorance, would be ashamed of. The man is evidently wanting to make an impression, like his brother, – or like George in the Vicar of Wakefield, who found out that all the good things had been said already on the right side, and therefore “dressed up some paradoxes” upon the wrong side – ingenious, but false, as he himself says – to which “the learned world said nothing, nothing at all, sir.”¹²⁷ – The “learned world,” however, *has* said something to the brothers S[chlegel].

It is high time to think of something else. What they say of the antiquities of the North is best.¹²⁸

January 29th, 1821.

Yesterday, the woman of ninety-five years of age was with me. She said her eldest son (if now alive) would have been seventy. She is thin – short, but active – hears, and sees, and talks incessantly. Several teeth left – all in the lower jaw, and single front teeth. She is very deeply wrinkled, and has a sort of scattered grey beard over her chin, at least as long as my mustachios. Her head, in fact, resembles the drawing in crayons of Pope the poet's mother, which is in some editions of his works.

I forgot to ask her if she remembered Alberoni (legate here), but will ask her next time. Gave her a louis – ordered her a new suit of clothes, and put her upon a weekly pension. Till now, she had worked at gathering wood and pine-nuts¹²⁹ in the forest – pretty work at ninety-five years old! She had a dozen children, of whom some are alive. Her name is Maria Montanari.

Met a company of the sect (a kind of Liberal Club) called the “Americani” in the forest, all armed, and singing, with all their might, in Romagnuolo “*Sem tutti soldat' per la liberta*” (“we are all soldiers for liberty”). They cheered me as I passed – I returned their salute, and rode on. This may show the spirit of Italy at present.

My to-day's journal consists of what I omitted yesterday. To-day was much as usual. Have rather a better opinion of the writings of the Schlegels than I had four-and-twenty hours ago; and will amend it still farther, if possible.

They say that the Piedmontese have at length risen – *ça ira!*¹³⁰

Read S[chlegel]. Of Dante he says that “at no time has the greatest and most national of all Italian poets ever been much the favourite of his countrymen.”¹³¹ 'Tis false! There have been more editors and commentators (and imitators, ultimately) of Dante than of all their poets put together. *Not a*

123: The lines do not occur in the final text of *Cain*, which was written in Ravenna from July 16th to September 9th 1821, and first published (with *Sardanapalus* and *The Two Foscari*) in *December* 1821.

124: F.W. Schlegel's *Lectures on the History of Literature* had been published in 1814. B. has a two-volume 1818 Edinburgh translation by John Gibson Lockhart, Scott's son-in-law (CMP 252).

125: “the other” is August Wilhelm Schlegel, whom B. had met in 1816 and whom he thought a charlatan.

126: Schlegel pretends to a knowledge of Hebrew, Persian and Indian literature, as well as European.

127: “I therefore drest up three paradoxes with some ingenuity ... The learned world said nothing to my paradoxes, nothing at all, Sir” (Goldsmith, *The Vicar of Wakefield*).

128: Schlegel's sixth and eighth lectures are about such things as the *Niebelungenlied*.

129: Not *sgobole* (see above).

130: *Ça ira* is a French revolutionary song of the kind which B. would associate in England with Painite radicals – his detestation.

131: Schlegel, II 14.

favourite! why, they talk Dante – write Dante – and think and dream Dante at this moment (1821) to an excess, which would be ridiculous, but that he deserves it.

In the same style this German talks of gondolas on the Arno – precious fellow to dare to speak of Italy!¹³²

He says also that Dante's chief defect is a want, in a word, of gentle feelings.¹³³ Of gentle feelings! and Francesca of Rimini¹³⁴ – and the father's feelings in Ugolino¹³⁵ – and Beatrice – and “La Pia!”¹³⁶ Why, there is gentleness in Dante beyond all gentleness, when he is tender. It is true that, treating of the Christian Hades, or Hell, there is not much scope or site for gentleness – but who *but* Dante could have introduced any “gentleness” at all into *Hell*? Is there any in Milton's? No – and Dante's Heaven is all love, and glory, and majesty.

1 o'clock.

I have found out, however, where the German is right – it is about the Vicar of Wakefield. “Of all romances in miniature (and, perhaps, this is the best shape in which Romance can appear) the *Vicar of Wakefield* is, I think, the most exquisite.”¹³⁷ He thinks! – he might be sure. But it is very well for a S[chlegel]. I feel sleepy, and may as well get me to bed. To-morrow there will be fine weather.

“Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay.”¹³⁸

January 30th, 1821.

The Count P[ietro]. G[amba]. this evening (by commission from the C[arbonar]i.) transmitted to me the new *words* for the next six months. * * * and * * *.¹³⁹ The new sacred word is * * * – the reply * * * – the rejoinder * * *. The former word (now changed) was * * * – there is also * * * – * * * Things seem fast coming to a crisis – *ça ira!*

We talked over various matters of moment and movement. These I omit; – if they come to any thing, they will speak for themselves. After these, we spoke of Kosciusko.¹⁴⁰ Count R[uggiero].G[amba]. told me that he has seen the Polish officers in the Italian war burst into tears on hearing his name.

Something must be up in Piedmont – all the letters and papers are stopped. Nobody knows anything, and the Germans are concentrating near Mantua. Of the decision of Leybach nothing is known. This state of things cannot last long. The ferment in men's minds at present cannot be conceived without seeing it.

January 31st, 1821.

For several days I have not written any thing except a few answers to letters. In momentary expectation of an explosion of some kind, it is not easy to settle down to the desk for the higher kinds of composition. I *could* do it, to be sure, for, last Summer, I wrote my drama¹⁴¹ in the very hustle of Madame la Contessa G[uiccioli].'s divorce,¹⁴² and all its process of accompaniments. At the same time, I also had the news of the loss of an important lawsuit in England. But these were only private and personal business; the present is of a different nature.

132: “Individual parts and episodes of his [*Tasso's*] poem are frequently sung in the Gondolas of the Arno and Po” (Schlegel II 105). Compare: SHELLEY (excitedly, [in Pisa]): Their gondola is approaching now (Elma Dangerfield, *Mad Shelley*, p.195).

133: “His [*Dante's*] chief defect is, in a word, a want of gentle feelings – but these are mere spots on the sun” (Schlegel II 16).

134: See *Inferno* V.

135: See *Inferno* XXXIII.

136: See *Purgatorio* V.

137: Schlegel II 213.

138: Dryden, *Aurengzebe*, IV i.

139: Moore (II 422) writes, “In the original MS. these watch-words are blotted over so as to be illegible”.

140: For the Polish patriot Tadeusz Kosciusko (1746-1817), see *Don Juan* X, 59, 7-8.

141: *Marino Faliero*.

142: Teresa could not be divorced from the Count, any more than Donna Julia in *Don Juan* could in Catholic Spain be divorced from Don Alfonso. B. means “separation”.

I suppose it is this, but have some suspicion that it may be laziness, which prevents me from writing; especially as Rochefoucault says that “laziness often masters them all”¹⁴³ – speaking of the *passions*. If this were true, it could hardly be said that “idleness is the root of all evil,” since this is supposed to spring from the passions only: ergo, that which masters all the passions (laziness, to wit) would in so much be a good. Who knows?

Midnight.

I have been reading Grimm’s Correspondence. He repeats frequently, in speaking of a poet, or of a man of genius in any department, even in music, (Grétry,¹⁴⁴ for instance), that he must have “une ame qui se tourmente, un esprit violent”.¹⁴⁵ How far this may be true, I know *not*; but if it were, I should be a poet “per excellenza;” for I have always had “une ame”, which not only tormented itself but every body else in contact with it; and an “esprit violent”, which has almost left me without any “esprit” at all. As to defining what a poet *should be*, it is not worth while, for what are *they* worth? what have they done?

Grimm, however, is an excellent critic and literary historian. His Correspondence forms the annals of the literary part of that age of France, with much of her politics, and still more of her “way of life”. He is as valuable, and far more entertaining than Muratori or Tiraboschi – I had almost said, than Guingéné¹⁴⁶ – but there we should pause. However, ’t is a great man in its line.

Monsieur St. Lambert has

“Et lorsqu’à ses regards la lumière est ravie,
Il n’a plus, en mourant, à perdre que la vie.”¹⁴⁷

This is, word for word, Thomson’s

“And dying, all we can resign is breath,”¹⁴⁸

without the smallest acknowledgment from the Lorrainer of a poet. M. St. Lambert is dead as a man, and (for any thing I know to the contrary) damned, as a poet, by this time. However, his Seasons have good things, and, it may be, some of his own.

[NO ENTRY FOR FEBRUARY 1ST]

February 2d, 1821.

I have been considering what can be the reason why I always wake, at a certain hour in the morning, and always in very bad spirits – I may say, in actual despair and despondency, in all respects – even of that which pleased me over night. In about an hour or two, this goes off, and I compose either to sleep again, or, at least, to quiet. In England, five years ago, I had the same kind of hypochondria, but accompanied with so violent a thirst that I have drank as many as fifteen bottles of soda-water in one night, after going to bed, and been still thirsty – calculating, however, some lost from the bursting out and effervescence and overflowing of the soda-water, in drawing the corks, or striking off the necks of the bottles from mere thirsty impatience. At present, I have *not* the thirst; but the depression of spirits is no less violent.

I read in Edgeworth’s *Memoirs* of something similar (except that his thirst expended itself on *small beer*) in the case of Sir F. B. Delaval;¹⁴⁹ – but then he was, at least, twenty years older. What is it? –

143: La Rochefoucault, *Réflexions Morales*, 274.

144: André Ernest Modeste Grétry (1741-1813) Belgian composer.

145: “A self-tormenting, violent spirit”. See Grimm, *Correspondance*, VI 158.

146: Ludovico Muratori (1672-1750) historian; Geronimo Tiraboschi (1731-94) literary historian; Pierre Louis Guingéné (1748-1816), literary historian. All three authorities are much used by B.

147: François, Marquis de St Lambert (1716-1803), encyclopediste and poet. The lines are from his *Automne* (1769): *And as beneath his glance the light fades, in dying, he has nothing left but life*. B. is reading Grimm, *Correspondance*, VI 322.

148: From James Thomson’s *Verses Occasioned by the Death of Mr Aikman*.

149: Delaval died (according to Edgeworth), of a ruptured stomach occasioned by drinking all through the night.

liver? In England, Le Man (the apothecary)¹⁵⁰ cured me of the thirst in three days, and it had lasted as many years. I suppose that it is all hypochondria.

What I feel most growing upon me are laziness, and a disrelish more powerful than indifference. If I rouse, it is into fury. I presume that I shall end (if not earlier by accident, or some such termination) like Swift “dying at top.” I confess I do not contemplate this with so much horror as he apparently did for some years before it happened. But Swift had hardly *begun life* at the very period (thirty-three) when I feel quite an *old sort* of feel.

Oh! there is an organ playing in the street – a waltz, too! I must leave off to listen. They are playing a waltz which I have heard ten thousand times at the balls in London, between 1812 and 1815. Music is a strange thing.¹⁵¹

[NO ENTRIES FOR FEBRUARY 3RD OR 4TH]

February 5th, 1821.

At last, “the kiln’s in a low.”¹⁵² The Germans are ordered to march, and Italy is, for the ten thousandth time to become a field of battle. Last night the news came.

This afternoon – Count P[ietro].G[amba]. came to me to consult upon divers matters. We rode out together. They have sent to the C[arbonari]. for orders. To-morrow the decision ought to arrive, and then something will be done. Returned – dined – read – went out – talked over matters. Made a purchase of some arms for the new inrolled Americani, who are all on tiptoe to march. Gave order for some *harness* and portmanteaus necessary for the horses.

Read some of Bowles’s dispute about Pope,¹⁵³ with all the replies and rejoinders. Perceive that my name has been lugged into the controversy, but have not time to state what I know of the subject. On some “piping day of peace”¹⁵⁴ it is probable that I may resume it.

[NO ENTRIES FOR FEBRUARY 6TH, 7TH OR 8TH]

February 9th, 1821.

Before dinner wrote a little; also, before I rode out, Count P[ietro]. G[amba]. called upon me, to let me know the result of the meeting of the C[arbonari] at F[aenza] and at B[ologna] * * returned late last night. Every thing was combined under the idea that the Barbarians would pass the Po on the 15th inst. Instead of this, from some previous information or otherwise, they have hastened their march and actually passed two days ago; so that all that can be done at present in Romagna is, to stand on the alert and wait for the advance of the Neapolitans. Every thing was ready, and the Neapolitans had sent on their own instructions and intentions, all calculated for the *tenth* and *eleventh*, on which days a general rising was to take place, under the supposition that the Barbarians could not advance before the 15th.

As it is, they have but fifty or sixty thousand troops, a number with which they might as well attempt to conquer the world as secure Italy in its present state. The artillery marches *last*, and alone, and there is an idea of an attempt to cut part of them off. All this will much depend upon the first steps of the Neapolitans. *Here*, the public spirit is excellent, provided it be kept up. This will be seen by the event.

It is probable that Italy will be delivered from the Barbarians if the Neapolitans will but stand firm, and are united among themselves. *Here* they appear so.

150: Dr Francis Le Mann was called in by Lady Byron to pronounce on B.’s sanity. This is the only reference to his curing B. of his nocturnal drinking. See *Don Juan* II, 29, 8.

151: Moore comments (II 425): “In this little incident of the music in the streets thus touching so suddenly upon the nerve of memory, and calling away his mind from its dark bodings to a recollection of years and scenes the happiest, perhaps, of his whole life, there is something that appears to me peculiarly affecting”.

152: Scott, *Rob Roy*, II xx. (imperfectly recollected).

153: B. writes *A Letter to ***** (John Murray Esqr) on the Rev. W. L. Bowles’ *Strictures on the Life and Writings of Pope* between 7th and 10th February 1821. It is published by Murray on 31st March 1821.

154: *Richard III*, I i 24: should be “weak, piping time”.

February 10th, 1821.

Day passed as usual – nothing new. Barbarians still in march – not well equipped, and, of course, not well received on their route. There is some talk of a commotion at Paris.

Rode out between four and six – finished my letter to Murray on Bowles's pamphlets – added postscript. Passed the evening as usual – out till eleven – and subsequently at home.

February 11th, 1821.

Wrote – had a copy taken of an extract from Petrarch's Letters, with reference to the conspiracy of the Doge, M[arino] Faliero, containing the poet's opinion of the matter.¹⁵⁵ Heard a heavy firing of cannon towards Comacchio – the Barbarians rejoicing for their principal pig's¹⁵⁶ birthday, which is to-morrow – or Saint day – I forget which. Received a ticket for the first ball to-morrow. Shall not go to the first, but intend going to the second, as also to the Veglioni.

[NO ENTRY FOR FEBRUARY 12TH]

February 13th, 1821.

To-day read a little in Louis B[onaparte].s Hollande,¹⁵⁷ but have written nothing since the completion of the letter on the Pope controversy. Politics are quite misty for the present. The Barbarians still upon their march. It is not easy to divine what the Italians will now do.

Was elected yesterday "Socio" of the Carnival ball society. This is the fifth carnival that I have passed. In the four former, I racketed a good deal. In the present, I have been as sober as Lady Grace herself.

February 14th, 1821.

Much as usual. Wrote, before riding out, part of a scene of "Sardanapalus" The first act nearly finished. The rest of the day and evening as before – partly without, in conversazione – partly at home.

Heard the particulars of the late fray at Russi, a town not far from this. It is exactly the fact of Romão and Giulietta – *not* Romão, as the Barbarian¹⁵⁸ writes it. Two families of Contadini (peasants) are at feud. At a ball, the younger part of the families forget their quarrel, and dance together. An old man of one of them enters, and reproves the young men for dancing with the females of the opposite family. The male relatives of the latter resent this. Both parties rush home and arm themselves. They meet directly, by moonlight, in the public way, and fight it out. Three are killed on the spot, and six wounded, most of them dangerously, – pretty well for two families, methinks – and all *fact*, of the last week. Another assassination has taken place at Cesenna, – in all about *forty* in Romagna within the last three months. These people retain much of the middle ages.

February 15th, 1821.

Last night finished the first act of Sardanapalus. To-night, or tomorrow, I ought to answer letters.

February 16th, 1821.

Last night Il Conte P[ietro].G[amba]. sent a man with a bag full of bayonets, some muskets, and some hundreds of cartridges to my house, without apprizing me, though I had seen him not half an hour before. About ten days ago, when there was to be a rising here, the Liberals and my brethren C[arbonar]i asked me to purchase some arms for a certain few of our ragamuffins. I did so immediately, and ordered ammunition, &c., and they were armed accordingly. Well – the rising is prevented by the Barbarians marching a week sooner than appointed; and an *order* is issued, and in force, by the Government, "that all persons having arms concealed, &c. &c., shall be liable to," &c.

¹⁵⁵: B. puts this as note III to *Marino Faliero*. See CPW IV 537-9. *Faliero* was published April 21st 1821.

¹⁵⁶: Francis II (1768-1835). Emperor of Austria. His administration ran down the Venetian economy so that the poor were reduced to eating grass. One of his hobbies was painting faces at the bottoms of ladies' potties. Metternich was his Foreign Minister.

¹⁵⁷: *Documents Historiques, et Réflexions sur le Gouvernement de la Hollande* (1820). Louis Bonaparte, Napoleon's brother, had been King of Holland. As he fled the Allies in 1814 he had deliberately soiled every bed he slept in.

¹⁵⁸: Shakespeare. His versification requires the first syllable of Romeo's name to be stressed, not the second as in Italian.

&c. – and what do my friends, the patriots, do two days afterwards? Why, they throw back upon my hands, and into my house, these very arms (without a word of warning previously) with which I had furnished them at their own request, and at my own peril and expense.

It was lucky that Lega was at home to receive them. If any of the servants had (except Tita and F[letcher]. and Lega) they would have betrayed it immediately. In the mean time, if they are denounced, or discovered, I shall be in a scrape.

At nine went out – at eleven returned. Beat the crow for stealing the falcon's victuals. Read "Tales of my Landlord" – wrote a letter – and mixed a moderate beaker of water with other ingredients.

[NO ENTRY FOR FEBRUARY 17TH]

February 18th, 1821.

The news are that the Neapolitans have broken a bridge, and slain four pontifical carabinieri, whilk carabinieri wished to oppose. Besides the disrespect to neutrality, it is a pity that the first blood shed in this German quarrel should be Italian. However, the war seems begun in good earnest for, if the Neapolitans kill the Pope's carabinieri, they will not be more delicate towards the Barbarians. If it be even so, in a short time "there will be news o' thae craws," as Mrs. Alison Wilson says of Jenny Blane's "unco cockernony" in *Tales of my Landlord*.¹⁵⁹

In turning over Grimm's Correspondence to-day, I found a thought of Tom Moore's in a song of Maupertuis to a female Laplander.

"Et tous les lieux
Où sont ses yeux,
Font la zone brûlante."¹⁶⁰

This is Moore's –

"And those eyes make my climate, wherever I roam."

But I am sure that Moore never saw it; for this was published in Grimm's Correspondence in 1813, and I knew Moore's by heart in 1812. There is also another, but an antithetical coincidence

"Le soleil luit,
Des jours sans nuit
Bientôt il nous destine;
Mais ces longs jours
Seront trop courts,
Passés près de Christine."¹⁶¹

This is the *thought, reversed*, of the last stanza of the ballad on Charlotte Lynes, given in Miss Seward's Memoirs of Darwin, which is pretty – I quote from memory of these last fifteen years.

"For thy first night I'll go
To those regions of snow,
Where the sun for six months never shines;
And think, even then
He too soon came again,
To disturb me with fair Charlotte Lynes."¹⁶²

¹⁵⁹: Scott, *Old Mortality* Chapter V.

¹⁶⁰: Grimm, *Correspondance*, V 394. Pierre Louis Moreau de Maupertuis (1698-1759). "And all the places where eyes are make burning zones". It sounds more poetical in French.

¹⁶¹: Ibid. "The sun shines bright / When there's no night / We're destined for each other; / But such long days / Will seem too short / Near Christine".

¹⁶²: Anna Seward, *Memoirs of the Life of Dr Darwin* (1804), pp.72-7.

To-day I have had no communication with my Carbonari cronies; but, in the mean time, my lower apartments are full of their bayonets, fusils, cartridges, and what not. I suppose that they consider me as a depôt, to be sacrificed, in case of accidents. It is no great matter, supposing that Italy could be liberated, who or what is sacrificed. It is a grand object – the very *poetry* of politics. Only think – a free Italy!!! Why, there has been nothing like it since the days of Augustus. I reckon the times of Cæsar (Julius) free; because the commotions left every body a side to take, and the parties were pretty equal at the set out. But, afterwards, it was all prætorian and legionary business – and since! – we shall see, or, at least, some will see, what card will turn up. It is best to hope, even of the hopeless. The Dutch did more than these fellows have to do, in the Seventy Years' War.

February 19th, 1821.

Came home solus – very high wind – lightning – moonshine – solitary stragglers muffled in cloaks – women in masks – white houses clouds hurrying over the sky, like spilt milk blown out of the pail – altogether very poetical. It is still blowing hard – the tiles flying, and the house rocking – rain splashing – lightning flashing – quite a fine Swiss Alpine evening, and the sea roaring in the distance.

Visited – conversazione. All the women frightened by the squall: they *won't* go to the masquerade because it lightens – the pious reason!

Still blowing away. A[lborghetti]. has sent me some news to-day. The war approaches nearer and nearer. Oh those scoundrel sovereigns! Let us but see them beaten – let the Neapolitans but have the pluck of the Dutch of old, or the Spaniards of now, or of the German protestants, the Scotch presbyterians,¹⁶³ the Swiss under Tell, or the Greeks under Themistocles – *all* small and solitary nations (except the Spaniards and German Lutherans), and there is yet a resurrection for Italy, and a hope for the world.

February 20th, 1821.¹⁶⁴

The news of the day are, that the Neapolitans are full of energy. The public spirit *here* is certainly well kept up. The “Americani” (a patriotic society here, an under branch of the “Carbonari”) give a dinner in *The Forest* in a few days, and have invited me, as one of the C[arbonar]i. It is to be in *the Forest* of Boccaccio's and Dryden's “Huntsman's Ghost”,¹⁶⁵ and, even if I had not the same political feelings, (to say nothing of my old convivial turn, which every now and then revives), I would go as a poet, or, at least, as a lover of poetry. I shall expect to see the spectre of “Ostasio degli Onesti” (Dryden has turned him into Guido Cavalcanti – an essentially different person, as may be found in Dante)¹⁶⁶ come “thundering for his prey” in the midst of the festival. At any rate, whether he does or no, I will get as tipsy and patriotic as possible.

Within these few days I have read, but not written.

February 21st, 1821.

As usual, rode – visited, &c. Business begins to thicken. The Pope has printed a declaration against the patriots, who, he says, meditate a rising. The consequence of all this will be, that, in a fortnight, the whole country will be up. The proclamation is not yet published, but printed ready for distribution. * * [Alborghetti]¹⁶⁷ sent me a copy privately – a sign that he does not know what to think. When he wants to be well with the patriots, he sends to me some civil message or other.

For my own part, it seems to me, that nothing but the most decided success of the Barbarians can prevent a general and immediate rise of the whole nation.

[NO ENTRY FOR FEBRUARY 22ND]

163: B. remembers Scott's *Old Mortality*.

164: Hobhouse's diary starts this day with, “Positive intelligence arrived that [the] Austrian army has crossed the Po to march on Naples.”

165: *Boccaccio: Decameron*, Day 5 story 8, is set in the Ravenna pine forest. *Dryden's “Huntsman's Ghost”*: John Dryden, wrote an English version of the Boccaccio story, called *Theodore and Honoria*. Byron often refers in letters to the tale and its setting: nevertheless, he confuses the lover (Nastagio, not “Ostasio”, degli Honesti) with the spectral horseman (Guido degli Anastagi). As Guido's name is only mentioned once it's easy to get them mixed up.

166: See *Inferno* X.

167: Name added by Marchand, BLJ VIII 48.

February 23d, 1821.

Almost ditto with yesterday – rode, &c. – visited – wrote nothing – read Roman History.

Had a curious letter from a fellow, who informs me that the Barbarians are ill-disposed towards me.¹⁶⁸ He is probably a spy, or an imposter. But be it so, even as he says. They cannot bestow their hostility on one who loathes and execrates them more than I do, or who will oppose their views with more zeal, when the opportunity offers.

February 24th, 1821.

Rode, &c., as usual. The secret intelligence arrived this morning from the frontier to the C[arbonar]ⁱ. is as bad as possible. The plan has missed – the Chiefs are betrayed, military, as well as civil – and the Neapolitans not only have *not* moved, but have declared to the P[apal]. government, and to the Barbarians, that they know nothing of the matter!!!

Thus the world goes; and thus the Italians are always lost for lack of union among themselves. What is to be done *here*, between the two fires, and cut off from the N[orther]ⁿ. frontier, is not decided. My opinion was, – better to rise than be taken in detail; but how it will be settled now, I cannot tell. Messengers are despatched to the delegates of the other cities to learn their resolutions.

I always had an idea that it would be *bungled*; but was willing to hope, and am so still. Whatever I can do by money, means, or person, I will venture freely for their freedom; and have so repeated to them (some of the Chiefs here) half an hour ago. I have two thousand five hundred scudi, better than five hundred pounds, in the house, which I offered to begin with.

February 25th, 1821.

Came home – my head aches – plenty of news, but too tiresome to sit down. I have neither read nor written, nor thought, but led a purely animal life all day. I mean to try to write a page or two before I go to bed. But, as Squire Sullen says, “My head aches consumedly: Scrub, bring me a dram!”¹⁶⁹ Drank some Imola wine, and some punch.

[NO ENTRY FOR FEBRUARY 26TH]

*Log-book continued.*¹⁷⁰

February 27th, 1821.

I have been a day without continuing the log, because I could not find a blank book. At length I recollected this.

Rode, &c. – wrote down an additional stanza for the 5th canto of D[on] J[uan] which I had composed in bed this morning.¹⁷¹ Visited *l’Amica*. We are invited, on the night of the Veglione (next

168: The Austrian censor was to ban *Marino Faliero*.

169: Farquhar, *The Beaux’ Stratagem*, V iv.

170: Moore notes (I 432): “In another paper-book”.

171: It becomes stanza 158:

Ravenna <February> March 1st. 1821

Dear Moray –

After the Stanza near the close of Canto 5th. which ends with

“Has quite the contrary effect on Vice.”

Insert the following.

Thus in the East they are extremely strict

And Wedlock and a Padlock mean the same

Excepting only when the former’s picked

replaced

It neer can be <repaired> in proper frame,

Spoilt, as a pipe of Claret is when pricked –

Domenica)¹⁷² with the Marchesa Clelia Cavalli and the Countess Spinelli Rasponi. I promised to go. Last night there was a row at the ball, of which I am a “socio”. The Vice-legate¹⁷³ had the imprudent insolence to introduce *three* of his servants in masque – *without tickets*, too! and in spite of remonstrances. The consequence was, that the young men of the ball took it up, and were near throwing the Vice-legate out of the window. His servants, seeing the scene, withdrew, and he after them. His reverence Monsignore ought to know, that these are not times for the predominance of priests over decorum. Two minutes more, two steps farther, and the whole city would have been in arms, and the government driven out of it.

Such is the spirit of the day, and these fellows appear not to perceive it. As far as the simple fact went, the young men were right, servants being prohibited always at these festivals.

Yesterday wrote two notes on the “Bowles and Pope” controversy and sent them off to Murray by the post.¹⁷⁴ The old woman whom I relieved in the forest (she is ninety-four years of age) brought me two bunches of violets. “*Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus.*”¹⁷⁵ I was much pleased with the present. An Englishwoman would have presented a pair of worsted stockings, at least, in the month of February. Both excellent things; but the former are more elegant. The present, at this season, reminds one of Gray’s stanza, omitted from his elegy:

“Here scatter’d oft, the *earliest* of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The red-breast loves to build and warble here,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.”¹⁷⁶

As fine a stanza as any in his elegy. I wonder that he could have the heart to omit it.

Last night I suffered horribly – from an indigestion, I believe. I *never* sup – that is, never at home. But, last night, I was prevailed upon by the Countess Gamba’s persuasion, and the strenuous example of her brother, to swallow, at supper, a quantity of boiled cockles, and to dilute them, *not* reluctantly, with some Imola wine. When I came home, apprehensive of the consequences, I swallowed three or four glasses of spirits, which men (the venders) call brandy, rum, or Hollands, but which Gods would entitle spirits of wine, coloured or sugared. All was pretty well till I got to bed, when I became somewhat swollen, and considerably vertiginous. I got out, and mixing some soda-powders, drank them off. This brought on temporary relief. I returned to bed; but grew sick and sorry once and again. Took more soda-water. At last I fell into a dreary sleep. Woke, and was ill all day, till I had galloped a few miles. Query – was it the cockles, or what I took to correct them, that caused the commotion? I think both. I remarked in my illness the complete inertion, inaction, and destruction of my chief mental faculties. I tried to rouse them, and yet could not – and this is the *Soul!!!* I should believe that it was married to the body, if they did not sympathize so much with each other. If the one rose, when the other fell, it would be a sign that they longed for the natural state of divorce. But as it is, they seem to draw together like post-horses.

Let us hope the best – it is the grand possession.

But then their own Polygamy’s to blame,
Why don’t they knead two virtuous souls for life,
Into that moral Centaur, Man and Wife? (John Murray Archive / National Library of Scotland)

172: “(next Sunday)”.

173: Vice-legate unidentified.

174: The two notes are at CMP 125-6 (Lady Mary Wortley Montagu) and 146 (the Seedsman’s Catalogue).

175: Abraham Cowley, *Epitathium vivi Auctoris*, final stanza, second line: “For life rejoices in the death of flowers”.

176: Thomas Gray, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, omitted stanza.