

plan of coming back here to see each other for a moment would be real folly—such a proposal really makes me think that you wish to be put in a *convent*—as was threatened.

I love you and shall love you as I have always loved you—but I cannot encourage such fatal madness as your return here would be, the day after your departure.—

Lega will write to you enclosing two letters of today's post which I have received for you—as you asked.—

A thousand messages to Ruggiero and Pierino.—Write often and quickly. Greet signor Costa⁴ and his wife, to whom I am very grateful for their friendship to your family.

"My daughter, be comforted, dry your tears"—and believe me (crede B. you know is my family motto) ever and entirely your friend and lover

B

P.S.—Little gossip—get into a good humour—things will go better than you think—Thank you for the flower, which has kept much of its scent—Everything here is as it was at your departure.

[TO COUNTESS TERESA GUICCIOLI]

[Lugli]o 29 1821

Mia Teresa/—Voi siete partita coll' intenzione di ritrovare la vostra famiglia in Firenze.—Questo fu il solo partito rispettabile o ragionevole per voi nelle circostanze attuali. Cosa vi fa trattarvi in Bologna? io non so—e se lo sapessi—non lo potrei approvare.—Vi *raccomando* dunque di bel nuovo di *proseguire* il viaggio per tutte le ragioni. Col vostro padre siete salva—e dappiù—fate il vostro dovere come figlia.—Dove siete, io non vedo che una donna senza appoggio—e *non* <d'un molto buon cuore che > dovete lasciare stare il suo padre nel' esilio senza fare un viaggio di 18 ore per consolarlo.—Se credete di essere sicura dalle tentative già fatte (e per fare ancora) per mettervi in un' ritiro—finche rimanete nei *stati del Papa—Sbagliate*.—Sono sempre il vostro

a.a.

B

P.S.—Spero sentire che siete partito per Firenze—allora vi scriverò in dettaglio.—

⁴ Professor Costa was Teresa's old teacher and a Gamba family friend, with whom she stayed in Bologna.

[TRANSLATION]

July 29th 1821

My Teresa: You left with the intention of joining your family in Florence—that was the only respectable and reasonable excuse for you in the present circumstances. What is detaining you in Bologna? I do not know, and if I knew—I could not approve.—Once again I *urge* you to continue your journey, for every reason. With your father you are safe—and besides—you are doing your duty as a daughter. Where you are, I can only see a woman without support, and not very kind, who leaves her father in exile without taking an 18 hours' journey to console him.—If you believe that you are safe from the attempts already made (and that would be made again) to put you away in a convent so long as you remain in the *Papal States—you are mistaken*.¹ I am always your friend and lover

B

P.S.—I hope to hear that you have left for Florence—then I will write to you in detail.

[TO ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE]

Ravenna. July 30th. 1821

Madam/—The enclosed letter which I had the honour of addressing to your Grace unfortunately for the subject of it—and for the writer—arrived after your Grace's departure.—I venture to forward it to Spa—in the hope that you may be perhaps tempted to interest yourself in favour of the persons to whom it refers by writing a few lines to any of yr. Roman acquaintances in power.—Two words from your Grace—I cannot help thinking would be sufficient—even if the request were still more presumptuous. I have ye. honour to be with greatest respect

yr. most obedt. very humble Servt.

BYRON

[TO JOHN MURRAY]

Ravenna July 30th. 1821

Dear Sir/—Enclosed is the best account of the Doge Faliero—which was only sent to me from an old M.S.S. the other day.—Get it translated and append it as a note to the next edition.¹—You will

¹ After receiving this letter Teresa finally left for Florence.

¹ Marino Sanudo's *Vite dei Doge*, translated by Francis Cohen, was published as an appendix to *Martino Faliero*. There is no record of this account from an old manuscript.

perhaps be pleased to see that my conceptions of his character were correct—though I regret not having met with this extract before.— You will perceive that he himself said exactly what He is made to say— about the Bishop of Treviso.²— You will see also that “he spoke very little and then only words of rage and disdain” after his arrest—which is the case in the play—except when he breaks out at the close of Act fifth.—But his speech to the Conspirators—is better in the M.S.S. than in the play—I wish that I had met with it in time.—Do not forget this note, with a translation.—

In a former note to the Juans—speaking of Voltaire I have quoted his famous “Zaire—tu pleures”—which is an error—it should be “Zaire vous pleurez”³—recollect this—& recollect also that your *vant* of recollection has permitted you to publish the note on the Kelso traveller⁴—which I had positively desired you not—for proof of which I refer you to my letters.—I presume that you are able to lay your hand upon these letters—as you are accused publicly in a pamphlet of showing them about. I wait your acknowledgment of the packets containing “the Foscaris”—notes—&c. &c.—now your Coronation is over—perhaps you will find time. I have also written to Mr. Kinnaird to say that I expect the two tragedies to be published speedily—and to inform him—that I am willing to make any abatement on your statement of loss liable to be incurred by publishing at an improper season.—I am so busy here about these poor proscribed exiles—who are scattered about—and with trying to get some of them recalled—that I have hardly time or patience to write a short preface—which will be proper for the two plays.—However I will make it out—on receiving the next proofs.—

yrs. ever
[Scraw]

P.S.—Please to append the letter about the *Hellesponts*⁵ as a note to your next opportunity of the verses on Leander &c. &c. &c. in Child Harold.—Don’t forget it amidst your multitudinous avocations—which I think of celebrating in a dithyrambic ode to Albemarle Street. Are you aware that Shelley has written an elegy on Keats—and accuses the Quarterly of killing him?—

² *Martino Falerio*, Act I, scene 2.

³ In an intended note on Bacon’s inaccuracies intended for *Don Juan*, Canto V, stanza 147, See Jan. 8, 1821, to Murray, and *L.J.*, V, 600.

⁴ See *Poetry*, IV, 471.

⁵ See Feb. 21, 1821, to Murray.

Who killed John Keats?
I, says the Quarterly
So savage & Tartarly

<Martyrly>

’Twas one of my feats—

Who <drew the [pen?]> shot the arrow?

The poet-priest Miliman

(So ready to kill man)

Or Southey or Barrow.—

You know very well that I did not approve of Keats’s poetry or principles of poetry—or of his abuse of Pope—but as he is dead—omit all that is said about him in any M.S.S. of mine—or publication.—His Hyperion is a fine monument & will keep his name—I do not envy the man—who wrote the article—your review people have no more right to kill than any other foot pads.—However—he who would die of an article in a review⁶—would probably have died of something else equally trivial—the same thing nearly happened to Kirke White⁷—who afterwards died of consumption.

[To PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY]

[July 30—31? 1821]

[First page missing] . . . omitted. The impression of Hyperion upon my mind was—that it was the best of his works.—Who is to be his editor? It is strange that Southey who attacks the reviewers so sharply in his Kirk White—calling theirs “the ungentle craft”—should be perhaps the killer of Keats.¹—Kirke White was nearly extinguished in the same way—by a paragraph or two in “the Monthly”—Such indignant sense of censure is surely incompatible with great exertion—have not all known writers been the subject thereof?—

yrs. ever & truly
B

P.S.—If moving at present should be inconvenient to you²—let me settle that—draw upon me for what you think necessary—I should do so myself on you without ceremony—if I found it expedient.—Write directly.—

⁶ See *Don Juan*, Canto XI, stanza 60.

⁷ The young Nottingham poet who died in 1806 at the age of 21.

¹ It was not Southey but John Wilson Croker who wrote the devastating review of Keats’s *Endymion* in the *Quarterly Review* in 1818.

² Byron had invited Shelley to pay him a visit at Ravenna.