

I am much mortified that Gifford don't take to my new dramas—to be sure they are as opposite to the English drama as one thing can be to another—but I have a notion that if understood they will in time find favour (though *not* on the stage) with the reader.—The Simplicity of plot is intentional—and the avoidance of *rant* also—as also the compression of the Speeches in the more severe situations.—What I seek to show in “the Foscaris’s” is the *suppressed* passions—rather than the rant of the present day.—For that matter

“Nay if thou’lt mouthe
I’ll rant as well as thou”—1

would not be difficult—as I think I have shown in my younger productions—*not dramatic* ones to be sure.—But as I said before I am mortified that Gifford don't like them—but I see no remedy—our notions on the subject being so different.—How is he? well I hope—let me know.—I regret his demur the more that he has been always my grand patron and I know no praise which would compensate me in my own mind for his censure.—I do not mind *revieris* as I can work them at their own weapons.

yrs. ever & truly
B

P.S.—By the way—on our next settlement (which will take place with Mr. Kinnaird) you will please to deduct the various sums for *books*—packages *received* and *sent*—the *bast*—tooth-powder &c. &c. expended by you on my account.—Hobhouse in his preface to “Rimini” will probably be better able to explain my dramatic system—than I could do—as he is well acquainted with the whole thing.—It is more upon the Alferi School than the English.—I hope that we shall not have Mr. Rogers here—there is a mean minuteness in his mind & rattle-tattle that I dislike—ever since I *found him out* (which was but slowly) besides he is not a good man—why don't he go to bed?—what does he do travelling? The Journal of 1814 I dare say Moore will give or a copy.—Has “Cain” (the dramatic third attempt) arrived yet? Let me know.—Address to me at *Pisa*—whither I am going.—The reason is that all my Italian friends here have been exiled and are met there for the present—and I go to join them, as agreed upon for the Winter.—

¹ *Hamlet*, Act V, scene 1.

[To THOMAS MOORE]

September 20, 1821

After the stanza on Grattan,¹ concluding with “His soul o'er the freedom implored and denied,” will it please you to cause insert the following “Addenda,” which I dreamed of during to-day's Siesta:

Ever glorious Grattan! &c. &c. &c.

I will tell you what to do. Get me twenty copies of the whole carefully and privately printed off, as *your* lines were on the Naples affair. Send me *six*, and distribute the rest according to your own pleasure.

I am in a fine vein, “so full of pastime and prodigality!”—So here's to your health in a glass of grog. Pray write, that I may know by return of post—address to me at Pisa. The gods give you joy!

Where are you? in Paris? Let us hear. You will take care that there be no printer's name, nor author's, as in the Naples stanza, at least for the present.

[To JOHN MURRAY]

Ravenna Septbr. 24th. 1821

Dear Murray!—I have been thinking over our late correspondence and wish to propose the following articles for our future.—1stly—That you shall write to me of yourself—of the health wealth and welfare of all friends—but of *me* (*quoad me*) little or nothing.—

2dly—That you shall send me Soda powders—tooth-paste—tooth-brushes—or any such anti-odontalgic or chemical articles as heretofore “ad libitum” upon being re-imbursed for the same.—

3dly—That you shall *not* send me any modern or (as they are called) *new* publications in *English*—*whatsoever*—save and excepting any writing prose or verse of (or reasonably presumed to be of) Walter Scott—Crabbe—Moore—Campbell—Rogers—Gifford—Joanna Baillie—*Irrving* (the American) Hogg—Wilson (Isle of Palms Man) or any especial *single* work of fancy which is thought to be of considerable merit.—*Travels* and *travels*—provided that they are *neither in Greece Spain Asia Minor Albania nor Italy* will be welcome—having travelled the countries mentioned—I know that what is said of them can convey nothing further which I desire to know about them.—No other *English* works whatsoever.—

4thly—That you send me *no periodical works* whatsoever—*no Edinburgh Quarterly*—*Monthly*—nor any Review—Magazine—Newspaper English or foreign of any description.—

¹ In *The Irish Avatar*.

5thly—That you send me *no* opinions whatsoever either *good*—*bad*—or *indifferent*—of yourself or your friends or others—concerning any work or works of mine—past—present—or to come.—
6thly—That all Negotiations in matters of business between you and me pass through the medium of the Honourable Douglas Kinnaird—my friend and trustee, or Mr. Hobhouse—as "Alter Ego" and tantamount to myself during my absence.—or presence.—

Some of these propositions may at first seem strange—but they are founded.—The quantity of trash I have received as books is incalculable, and neither amused nor instructed.—Reviews & Magazines—are at the best but ephemeral & superficial reading—*who thinks* of the *grand article* of *last year* in any *given review*? in the next place—if they regard *myself*—they tend to increase *Egotism*,—if favourable—I do not deny that the praise *elates*—and if unfavourable that the abuse *irritates*—the latter may conduct me to inflict a species of Satire—which would neither do good to you nor to your friends—*they* may smile *now*, and so may *you* but if I took you all in hand—it would not be difficult to cut you up like gourds. I did as much by as powerful people at nineteen years old—& I know little as yet in three & thirty—which should prevent me from making all your ribs—Gridirons for your hearts—if such were my propensity.—But it is *not*.—Therefore let me hear none of your provocations—if anything occurs so very *gross* as to require my notice—I shall hear of it from my personal friends.—For the rest—I merely request to be left in ignorance.—

The same applies to opinions *good*—*bad* or *indifferent* of persons in conversation or correspondence; these do not *interrupt* but they *soil* the *current* of my *Mind*;—I am sensitive enough—but *not* till I am *touched* & *here* I am beyond the touch of the short arms of literary England—except the few feelers of the Polypos that crawl over the Channel in the way of Extract.—All these precautions in England would be useless—the libeller or the flatterer would there reach me in spite of all—but in Italy we know little of literary England & think less except what reaches us through some garbled & brief extract in some miserable Gazette.—For *two years* (except two or three articles cut out & sent by *you*—by the post) I never read a newspaper—which was not forced upon me by some accident—& know upon the whole as little of England—as you all do of Italy—& God knows—that is little enough with all your travels &c. &c. &c.—The English travellers *know Italy* as *you* know Guernsey—how much is *that*?—If any thing occurs so violently gross or personal as to require notice, Mr. D[ouglas] Kinnaird will let me *know*—but of *praise* I desire to hear *nothing*.—

You will say—"to what tends all this?" I will answer THAT—to keep my mind *free and unbiassed*—by all paltry and personal irritabilities of praise or censure;—To let my Genius take its natural direction,—while my feelings are like the dead—who know nothing and feel nothing of all or aught that is said or done in their regard.—
If you can observe these conditions you will spare yourself & others some pain—let me not be worked upon to rise up—for if I do—it will not be for a little;—if you can *not* observe these conditions we shall cease to be correspondents,—but *not friends*—for I shall always be yrs. ever & truly

BYRON

P.S.—I have taken these resolutions not from any irritation against *you* or *yours* but simply upon reflection that all reading either praise or censure of myself has done me harm.—When I was in Switzerland and Greece I was out of the way of hearing either—& *how I wrote there!*—In Italy I am out of the way of it too—but latterly partly through my fault—& partly through your kindness in wishing to send me the *newest* & most periodical publications—I have had a crowd of reviews &c. thrust upon me—which have bored me with their jargon of one kind or another—& taken off my attention from greater objects.—You have also sent me a parcel of trash of poetry for no reason that I can conceive—unless to provoke me to write a new "English Bard's"—Now *this* I wish to avoid—for if ever I *do*—it will be a strong production—and I desire peace as long as the fools will keep their nonsense out of my way.—

[TO DOUGLAS KINNAIRD]

25th. Sept. 1821

My dear Douglas/—The enclosed letter is for Mr. Murray— which I pray you to forward or deliver and not to play me the trick which you did with my epistle to Miss Milbanke by *not* forwarding the same.—I leave it open that you may see that the Continents are of import to me—and at the same time—presentable.—

yrs. ever & truly & affectly

B

[TO COUNTESS TERESA GUICCIOLI]

[26 Settembre 1821]

Added to letter of Lega Zambelli to Countess Guiccioli]
Eccellenza P[etregola]—"E deserto il bosco &c. &c."—non v'è più comodo per il gatto.—Lega partirà in alcuni giorni—io verso il