to peep: And I positively decree that every one who professes non melos do spell the term wch designates his calling with an e at the end of it—methodiste, not methodist, and pronounce the word in the French fashion. Every one's taste must revolt at confounding ourselves with that sect of horrible, snivelling, fanatics.

As to your botanical pursuits, I take it that the flowers you will be most desirous of culling will be of the class polyandria and not monogynia but nogyria. However so as you do not cut them it will all do very well. A word or two about hyacinths. Hyacinth, you may remember was killed by a Coit, but not that "full and to-be-wished-for Coit."

Have a care your Abbey Hyacinth be not injured by either sort of Coit. If you should find anything remarkable in the botanical line, pray send me word of it, who take an extreme interest in your anthology; and specify the class and if possible the name of each production.

Adieu my dear Lord; I wish you, not as Dr. Johnson wished Mr. Burke, all the success which an honest man can or ought to wish you, but as grand founder and arch-Patriarch of the Method I give your undertaking my benediction, and wish you, Byron of Byzantium, and you, Cam of Constantinople, jointly and severally, all the success which in your most methodistical fantasies, you can wish yourselves. 57

This letter unequivocally reveals the homosexual bond in the Cambridge circle. It clearly implies something hitherto unsuspected, that Hobhouse shared Byron's and Matthew's tastes. Matthews takes the lead as patriarch of the Cambridge neo-Methodists but addresses the other two men as sympathetic disciples. In a sense, the three share what would today be called a gay identity, based on common interests and a sense of alienation from a society they must protect themselves from by a special "mysterious" style and mutually understood codes.

Byron and Hobhouse arrived at Lisbon on July 7, then visited the village of Cintra, a few miles away, and saw the

57. I am obliged to John Murray for providing copies of this and the second Matthew's letter reproduced below. Some of Matthew's botanical allusions may need clarification: polyandrous flowers have male stamens; "monogynia" refers to the class of flowers with female stamens.
magnificent Moorish palace in which Beckford had lived during the first year of his bitter exile. “The first and sweetest spot in this kingdom,” Byron wrote to Hodgson, “is Montserrat, lately the seat of the great Beckford.” It was ironic that Byron, on his first arrival in Europe, should have been immediately reminded of another wealthy and literate bisexual who had been forced to live abroad. When Byron commemorated the visit in Canto I of *Childe Harold* three months later, the excursion to Cintra inspired the stanza on Beckford that we have already quoted and which Byron suppressed. However, he did include the following lines on Beckford’s ruined mansion:

And yonder towers the Prince’s palace fair:
There thou too, Vathek! England’s wealthiest son,
Once form’d thy Paradise, as not aware
When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath done,
Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,
Beneath yon mountain’s ever beauteous brow:
But now, as if a thing unblest by Man,
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!

The moralizing tone could hardly contrast more strikingly with Byron’s correspondence to Matthews. The future poet of *Don Juan* was still willing to compromise with convention.

Byron enjoyed Portugal; he was even more captivated by Cadiz and Seville, from which he sent home glowing letters on the beauty of Spanish women and their eagerness for intrigue. But when he was at Gibraltar waiting for a ship for Malta, an obscure crisis occurred. Byron had taken with him on the voyage, in the role of a page, Robert Rushton, the “Robin” of *Childe Harold*. This handsome boy stands behind Byron in the famous painting by George

Sanders, "Byron Landing from a Boat," which the poet had commissioned before he left England. Byron had taken Rushton into his entourage when he repossessed Newstead from Lord Grey in the fall of the preceding year. Jerome McGann has transcribed a stanza, which appears near the beginning of the manuscript of *Childe Harold*, a stanza Byron did not publish, in which Rushton (here called Alwin) is described:

Of all his train there was a henchman page  
A peasant boy who served his master well  
And often would his pranksome prate engage  
Childe Harold's ear when his proud heart did swell  
With sable thoughts that he disdained to tell  
Then would he smile on him, as Alwin smiled  
When aught that from his young lips archly fell  
The gloomy film from Harold's eye beguilèd  
And pleased the Childe appeared, nor e'er the boy reviled.⁶⁰

Rushton had been the object of some jealousy. When Byron's valet, William Fletcher, took the boy to a brothel in London prior to their departure, Byron was furious at both of them and threatened to send Rushton home to his father. We recall that Hobhouse had linked Edleston and Rushton as boys whose connection with Byron Moore had treated naively. Lady Caroline Lamb later told Lady Byron that Byron had confessed to her "that Rushton was one of those whom he had corrupted."⁶¹

Byron arrived at Gibraltar on August 4. At this point, he had some second thoughts. Perhaps the combination of close intimacy and lack of privacy while traveling was too much of a strain. Perhaps the discreet and antisentimental Hobhouse had delivered an ultimatum. Whatever the trouble, Byron sent Rushton back to England with an elderly servant, Joe Murray. Inevitably, he felt a need to ex-

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⁶⁰ It is interesting that in the first version of this stanza the opening lines read: "Of all his train there was a guilty page / A dark-eyed boy who loved his master well" (CPW, 2:10–11, my emphasis).

⁶¹ LLB, p. 243.
plain this decision to his mother, now managing Newstead for him: "I have sent... the boy back, pray show the lad any kindness as he is my great favourite. I would have taken him on"—here R. E. Prothero's 1898 edition of the letter ends, as if the sentence were incomplete. What Byron wrote and crossed out was "but you know boys are not safe amongst the Turks." To Rushton's father he rephrased the matter more discreetly: "The country which I am now about to travel through, is in a state which renders it unsafe, particularly for one so young." Since the "state" of Turkey was well known to Byron before he left England, these reasons must surely be fictitious.

Rushton's departure plunged Byron into gloom. The novelist John Galt, who accompanied him on the packet to Malta, noted his moodiness: Byron was sociable by day, but "when the lights were placed, he made himself a man forbid, took his station on the railing... and there, for hours, sat in silence, enamoured it may be, of the moon." Galt thought Byron's behavior affected and unaccountable. Hobhouse may have understood the cause, but obviously he would not have enlightened their fellow traveler. The parting had not been made easier by Rushton's marked unwillingness to return home.

In Malta the ever-volatile Byron recovered sufficiently to fall in love with Constance Spencer Smith, a young married woman with a romantically adventurous past. Before he left the island, they had made an elaborate pact for a later reunion and elopement. The brief encounter ended when the young men sat sail for Greece and made plans to stop en route in Albania. Byron's imagination was immediately seized by the idea of an excursion to so romantic a

63. August 14, 1809, BLJ, 1:222.
64. Life of Lord Byron (London: Colburn & Bentley, 1830), pp. 62–63.
65. To Mrs. Byron, Constantinople, June 28, 1810, BLJ, 1:252.
country. He wrote his mother excitedly: "I... embark tomorrow for Patras from whence I proceed to Yanina where Ali Pacha holds his court, so I shall soon be among the Mussulmen." 66

Albania, though only fifty miles from the heel of Italy, was then, as now, the least known and least accessible part of Europe. Few Britons had visited the country, and Byron later boasted that he and Hobhouse had penetrated further than any other Englishman, except the government's official envoy. The ruler, Ali Pasha, was a brigand warlord of legendary fame, whose military prowess had won him the sobriquet, "the Napoleon of the East." He was nominally under the jurisdiction of the sultan but, in fact, independent through his clever balancing of England and France against Turkey. Treacherous, ruthless, affable, and feared, he had something about him of the tyrants of the Arabian Nights and Vathek and contributed traits to Byron's own Oriental tales.

Albania was remarkable in another respect. According to one theory, the Dorian tribesman who in post-Homeric times had introduced homosexuality into Greece as part of their military regimen had come from this part of Europe. In Byron's day, the culture, part Muslim and part Christian, was unique in that both factions preserved some aspects of this ancient tradition in an institutionalized form. Havelock Ellis thought the phenomenon sufficiently notable to incorporate anthropological reports on Albania into the first chapter of his Sexual Inversion. He cites Johann Georg von Hahn's Albanische Studien of 1853 to the effect that "the young men between 16 and 24 love boys from about 12 to 17. A Gege marries at the age of 24 or 25, and then he usually, but not always, gives up boy-love." Hahn quotes one of these mountain tribesmen:

"The sight of a beautiful youth awakens astonishment in the lover, and opens the door of his heart to the delight which the

66. September 15, 1809. BLJ, 1: 224.
contemplation of this loveliness affords. Love takes possession of him so completely that all his thought and feeling goes out in it. If he finds himself in the presence of the beloved, he rests absorbed in gazing on him. Absent, he thinks of nought but him. If the beloved unexpectedly appears, he falls into confusion, changes color, turns alternately pale and red. His heart beats faster and impedes his breathing. He has ears and eyes only for the beloved. He shuns touching him with the hand, kisses him only on the forehead, sings his praise in verse, a woman's never."

Hahn's knowledge of Plato and Sappho may have led him to emphasize elements in the man's speech that echoed the erotic psychology of classical antiquity; if not, the parallels are striking. Ellis reports Weigand's opinion in the Rheinisches Museum für Philologie (1907) that such affairs were "really sexual, although tempered by idealism" and noted that "while most prevalent among the Moslems, they are also found among the Christians, and receive the blessing of the priest in church." 67

But the tone of popular travel accounts in Byron's day differed from German scholarship on Albanian mountaineers. Napoleon's agent, François Pouqueville, whom Byron quotes in his notes to Childe Harold, had reacted more typically in his Travels in the Morea, Albania, and Other Parts of the Ottoman Empire, first published in English translation in 1806:

Why am I forced here to notice the deep offence against morality with which, in one respect, these people are to be charged? But it seems as if a passion disowned by the first laws of our nature is one of the ordinary concomitants of barbarism. The Albanian is no less dissolute in this respect than the other inhabitants of modern Greece, without seeming to have any idea of the enormity of his crime; especially since, far from seeing it discredited, he finds it rewarded by the chief to whom he is subjected. The wandering lives led by these people, their days

being passed chiefly amid camps, perhaps encourage this revolting passion. It is general among all classes. The women are not shut up under locks and bars, but in the mountains may be seen walking about perfectly free and unveiled. 68

Ponqueville’s reference to the Albanians’ chief doubtless reflected his knowledge of Ali Pasha’s court at Janina. Another French writer, General Guillaume de Vaudoncourt, was more explicit in his Memoirs on the Ionian Islands . . . Including the Life and Character of Ali Pacha (1816). Ali, he advised his readers, “is almost exclusively given up to Socratic pleasures, and for this purpose keeps up a seraglio of youths, from whom he selects his confidants, and even his principal officers.” 69 This unusual system of government, unknown in the West, except perhaps at St. Petersburg under Catherine the Great, was not uncommon in Muslim lands and was even more fully developed in the Japanese shogunate of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. 70

Both Byron and Hobhouse were to give accounts of their Albanian visit to the British public, Hobhouse in his Journey Through Albania first published in 1813, Byron in Childe Harold. In addition, we have Byron’s personal letters to England. It is interesting to see the way they tried to convey their knowledge of what were, to the English, unspeakable habits. Hobhouse is circumspect and erudite. His remarks in the Journey are meant to inform only the informed. Albanian soldiers, he tells us, live

independent of the other sex, whom they never mention, nor seem to miss in their usual concerns or amusements. The same habit is productive of a system, which is carried by them to an extent of which no nation, perhaps, either modern or an-


cient, unless we reluctantly except the Thebans, can furnish a similar instance. Not even the Gothic Taifali (I refer you to Gibbon for their depraved institution) could be quoted against this assertion, and you should have sufficient proof of its truth, were I not aware of the propriety of the maxim approved, or probably invented by the great Latin historian, "Sed erat opus ita dicere (dum puniuntur) flagitium abscondi." 71

The least obscure reference in this tissue of obscurities is to the Sacred Band of Thebes, the regiment of male lovers who fought in Greece in Plato's time. Tacitus's maxim—"Crimes should be blazoned abroad by the retribution, but abomination hidden"—appears in his account of the drowning of homosexuals by the ancient Germans. 72 Hobhouse's most recherché allusion, from Gibbon's Decline and Fall, is to a tribe in ancient Rumania, whose military renown, Gibbon declares, "was disgraced and polluted by the public infamy of their domestic manners. Every youth, on his entrance into the world, was united in ties of honourable friendship, and brutal love, to some warrior of the tribe; nor could he hope to be released from this unnatural connexion, till he had approved his manhood by slaying, in single combat, some huge bear, or a wild boar of the forest." 73

Ten years later, Hobhouse was imprisoned for a radical pamphlet he had written while electioneering for Parliament. When he was in Newgate, he heard an execution

71. (Philadelphia: M. Carey, 1817), 1: 130.
72. Dialogus, Agricola, Germania, trans. Sir William Peterson (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1963), p. 231. In this passage, Tacitus describes how the ancient Germans plunged men who were connoted infames (sexually infamous) "in the mud of marshes with a hurdle on their heads" (Germania, 22). Heinrich Himmler, when told that homophobia had its origins in Judaism, apparently used this passage to justify the Nazi persecutions that sent thousands of homosexuals to death camps (Harry Wilde, Der Schicksal der Verfemte [Tübingen: Katzmann, 1964], p. 62). Tacitus was important to German racial theory because he described the ancient Germans as "a race untainted by marriage with other races" and "a people peculiar and pure" (Germania, 4).
73. The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, ed. J. B. Bury (London: Methuen, 1900), 3: 106.
outside his cell. The style of the account he wrote in his diary on December 29, 1819, contrasts markedly with the paragraph in his journey:

A man was hanged this morning for an unnatural crime. Had my windows fastened up but could not sleep. They began putting up the scaffold at 4 o'clock. The tolling of the bell at 8 was frightful. I heard the crash of the drop falling and a woman scream violently at the same moment. Instantly afterwards, the sound of the pye man crying, "all hot, all hot." Tis dreadful hanging a man for this practise.74

The climax of Byron's journey was inevitably his meeting with Ali Pasha. If he had no previous knowledge of Ali's temperament, he was enlightened on his first day in Albania. His ship had landed at Prevesa, where he was shown Ali's local palace by the Albanian governor, "a most merry man who laughed much with little Signior Bosari and told him . . . 'avec une sourire impudent' that one of the rooms was for the 'boys.'" 75 After a stay in Janina, Byron and Hobhouse had to travel inland for eight days through rugged terrain to Tepelene to meet Ali, who was engaged in "a little war" and interested in cultivating English allies. Ali was capable of ordering a massacre on a whim, but Byron found him in a benevolent mood. Indeed, he received them standing in his audience chamber and overwhelmed them with amiability. But Byron soon became aware that Ali was as much struck by his person as his nationality. Byron was bemused: he had not counted on playing the part of the young Caesar in Bithynia. He obviously relished telling the story some three weeks later in a letter to his mother, which shows a remarkable talent for social comedy:

The Vizier received me in a large room paved with marble, a fountain was playing in the centre, the apartment was surrounded by scarlet Ottomans. He received me standing, a won-

derful compliment from a Mussulman, & made me sit down on his right hand. . . . His first question was why at so early an age I left my country? . . . He said he was certain I was a man of birth because I had small ears, curling hair, & little white hands, and expressed himself pleased with my appearance & garb. —He told me to consider him as a father whilst I was in Turkey, & said he looked on me as his son. —Indeed he treated me like a child, sending me almonds & sugared sherbet, fruit & sweetmeats 20 times a day. —He begged me to visit him often, and at night when he was more at leisure.

Byron thought Albanian men were “the most beautiful race in point of countenance in the world. Their women are sometimes handsome also.” If his mother read all this with shocked amusement—the compliments on her family’s aristocracy would have pleased her vanity—one wonders what she made of Byron’s declaration that he had “no desire to return to England, nor shall unless compelled by absolute want & Hanson’s neglect.” Or of his postscript on Ali’s grandsons—“They are totally unlike our lads, have painted complexions like rouged dowagers, large black eyes & features perfectly regular. They are the prettiest little animals I ever saw.” Byron departed from Tepelene, still persona grata, with letters for Ali’s son, who lorded it over the Peloponnesus.

On the same day he wrote to his mother, Byron reiterated his determination to avoid England to Hanson, with the evasive reasons we have already quoted. About this time he showed Hobhouse a journal he had kept at Cambridge. Hobhouse urged him to burn it—presumably it was too candid about his feelings for Edleston.” On their

76. Prevesa, November 12, 1809, B.L., 1:227-28.
77. Thomas Moore, in the manuscript “Notes” for his Life of Byron, recorded the episode in these words:

He said that when he and Hobhouse were together in Albania, Hobhouse laid hold of a great quantity of manuscript paper, which had fallen out of his portmantau, and asked what it was. On being told that it was an account of his early life and opinions, he persuaded him to burn it. “Yes,” said he, “if any sudden accident occur they will print it, and thus injure your memory.” “The loss,” he said, “is irreparable.” (Poems and Verses. Humorous, Satirical and Sentimental, with Suppressed Passages from the Memoirs of Lord Byron, ed. Richard Herne Shepherd [London: Chatto & Windus, 1878], p. 439)
way back, at Janina on October 31, Byron began Childe Harold. Canto I expresses his guilt about his heterosexual promiscuity but gives no hint of Byron's most urgent reason for traveling to the East. These lines, including the stanza on Beckford's fall, were written just before the letters to his mother and to Hanson. Clearly, he had been meditating on English severity at the same time he was observing Albanian manners.

It was not until March 28 of the following year that Byron composed Canto II, the part of Childe Harold that contains his impressions of Albania and Greece. In some verses radically revised before publication, he wrote first of Ali's harem, with a truly Oriental complacency. There, the typical harem woman lived

... apart,
And scarce permitted, guarded, veil'd, to move,
She yields to one her person and her heart,
Tam'd to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove.

Then, more candidly, something nearer the truth about Ali's pederasty:

For boyish minions of unhallowed love
The shameless torch of wild desire is lit,
Caressed, preferred even to women's self above,
Whose forms for Nature's gentler errors fit
All frailties mote excuse save that which they commit."

These lines, like the Beckford stanza, were later omitted and replaced by some innocuous reflections on Oriental motherhood. At this stage of his career, Byron was still afraid to affront the British public by "improper allusions."

By a lateful coincidence, Byron's first visit to Greece began with a brief stay at the town of Missolonghi. Then he and Hobhouse traveled along the shores to the Gulf of Corinth, by way of Delphi, Parnassus, and Thebes to Athens, arriving on Christmas day, 1809. In Albania he had been still intermittently under the spell of Constance Spencer
Smith and had expressed his feelings in several poems—
"To Florence," "Stanzas Composed . . . in a Thunder-
storm," and "Stanzas Written in passing the Ambracian
Gulph." In Athens, he recorded the dissipation of this pas-
sion in the lines, "The spell is broke, the charm is flown!"
The two Englishmen lodged at the house of Tarsia Macri,
the widow of the English vice-consul, and were waited on
by her three daughters. Byron was soon writing appreci-
atively in his letters of these girls, especially the young-
est, Theresa, who was twelve. Everything in Athens con-
spired to charm Byron during what were probably the
happiest months of his life. The city had the air of a primi-
tive small town with no hotels, no luxury, no social life. But
the historical and literary associations fascinated him, and
his excursions to Pentelicus, Sunium, and Marathon all
worked on his imagination. After England, the clear skies
and winter warmth seemed paradisiacal: Byron never lost
the predilection for the Mediterranean that his stay in
Athens awakened. Later, he declared that Greece had made
him a poet:

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is ever vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told.
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon;
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone. 79

The political situation, on the other hand, looked de-
pressing. The western European colony in Athens was
united on only one point: their conviction that the Greeks
were sunk irremediably in servitude through their "na-
tional and individual depravity." Byron thought them much
inferior to the Albanians and to their Turkish masters. But,
usually inclined to take the side of the underdog, he re-

79. ibid., p. 73.
acted in their favor: "It seems to me rather hard to declare so positively and pertinaciously, as almost every body has declared, that the Greeks, because they are very bad, will never be better." He tried to steer a course between enthusiastic philhellenes like Nicolas Sonnini and William Eton and the Greeks’ more vehement detractors. He thought, however, they would need Western aid: "The English have at last compassionated their Negroes, and under a less bigoted government may probably one day release their Catholic brethren: but the interposition of foreigners alone can emancipate the Greeks, who, otherwise, appear to have as small a chance of redemption from the Turks, as the Jews have from mankind in general." Byron was a pessimistic optimist. But at a time of almost complete apathy and despair, the notes to *Childe Harold* held out a flicker of hope, pointing the way to the Greek independence movement that began a decade later.

But what of the "Hyacinths" Byron had hoped to find on classical soil? Inevitably, some scenes reminded him of homosexual associations with Greek history. Sailing south on the west coast from Prevesa, he passed the island of Levka or Santa Mauros, with the famous Leucadian cleft from which Sappho was supposed to have leaped to her death:

Dark Sappho! could not Verse immortal save
That breast imbued with such immortal fire?
Could not she live who life immortal gave?

Byron visited Leuctra, where the Sacred Band defeated the Spartans in 371 B.C., and Chaeronea, where they were annihilated by Alexander, who built there a monument to their fame still standing in Byron’s day—and ours. Athens itself must have called to mind Aristogiton and Harmodius. Hailed as the patron saints of Athenian democracy

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80. Ibid., p. 201.
82. Ibid., p. 56.
because they had sacrificed their lives in ending the reign of the tyrants, the lovers had been commemorated in poetry and by statues that stood within the Agora. Five years after his visit to Greece, Byron was to celebrate Harmodius as a liberator in stanza 20 of Canto III of Childe Harold.

One other famous instance of Greek love and sacrifice also caught his imagination. The emperor Hadrian had met the young Antinoüs in Bithynia. Struck by his beauty, he took him into his entourage. During a state visit to Egypt, Antinoüs was drowned in the Nile. Hadrian built a temple in his honor on the shore and then a city, "Antinoöpolis," and filled the empire with memorial statues. Later, a legend sprang up that Hadrian had heard a prophecy that he would succeed in his ambitions only if that which he loved most would die. Antinoüs, hearing this, is supposed to have drowned himself. Byron, as one might expect, was powerfully drawn to the story. Using the mandatory ambivalent language of the day, he speaks, in his notes to Childe Harold, of Antinoüs, "whose death was as heroic as his life was infamous." 83

As a result of Byron's epistolatory silence, there is no account of Athenian manners to match his letters from Albania. In March, he and Hobhouse visited Asia Minor. Almost immediately on arriving, Byron wrote to his mother: "Pray take care of Murray and Robert, and tell the boy it is the most fortunate thing for him that he did not accompany me to Turkey." 84 No doubt his mother caught the innuendo. In Smyrna Byron regularly frequented the Turkish baths he was afterward to describe as "marble palace[s] of sherbet and sodomy." 85 Then two months later, after visiting Ephesus and the Plains of Troy, he wrote again to Henry Drury, to whom he had written from Falmouth. He was elated over having just swum the Hellespont, and his

83. Ibid., p. 190.
85. To John Murray, Bologna, August 12, 1819, BLJ, 6:207.
high spirits led him again to speak of Eastern mores to his old schoolmaster. He had just visited Mount Ida where, he lamented, "the Shepherds are nowadays not much like Ganymede." Perhaps this reminded him of his facetious promise to write Drury an essay on pederasty. There follow these lines, which Moore printed in his Life:

I see not much difference between ourselves and the Turks, save that we have * * * and they have none—that they have long dresses, and we short, and that we talk much and they little. * * * * * * They are a sensible people. 67

Moore regularly indicated omissions in Byron's letters by asterisks, with which the Life abounds. R. E. Prothero in 1898 and Peter Quennell in 1950 reprinted the letter in this form. The full text, in the new edition of Marchand, shows that Byron fulfilled his pledge, after a fashion. The missing word in Moore's text was "foreskins." The sentence that followed read:

In England the vices in fashion are whoring & drinking, in Turkey, Sodomy & smoking. We prefer a girl and a bottle, they a pipe and a lancet.—They are sensible people. Ali Pacha told me he was sure I was a man of rank because I had small ears and hands and curling hair. 68

Here is nothing of "unhallowed thirst" in the familiar rhetorical style. Byron ended his letter with the news that he was "dying for love of three Greek girls in Athens."

In Constantinople, Byron and Hobhouse were exposed to another side of Turkish culture regularly witnessed and as regularly abominated by Western visitors. In Islamic countries at that time and later, public performances by dancing girls—of the sort the European ballet or music hall provided—were proscribed as unthinkably indecent. Instead, transvestite boys performed in public places or at

86. Dardanelles, May 3, 1810, Bll., 1:238.
87. LL, 1:722.
weddings, circumcisions, and other family affairs. Byron and Hobhouse saw such dances in the coffee houses of Galata, the foreign suburb of the city. Hobhouse described the performance as “beastly.” Byron’s reaction has not been recorded.

Constantinople, however, did not excite Byron the way Albania did. Near the end of his visit he became depressed and apologized to the English ambassador for his unsociability—“some particular circumstances” had affected his spirits. Marchand conjectures that this was bad news about his financial affairs in England, which were forcing him to return earlier than he hoped. But he also draws attention to an entry in Hobhouse’s diary for June 6: “Messenger arrived from England—bringing a letter from Hodgson to B—tales spread—the Edleston accused of indecency.” Presumably the tales linked Byron’s name with Edleston’s and arose because Edleston had been apprehended by the metropolitan police. But if the accusation meant that Edleston was in trouble with the law, Byron must have flinched at the possibility of his friend’s exposure to the London mob in the pillory. The thought that any exertion on Edleston’s behalf would in turn have made Byron himself liable to more suspicion must also have tortured him; this is a common dilemma homosexuals and bisexuals face when their friends are in trouble. Later, Byron tells us, in one of the Thyrza lyrics, that Edleston was much in his mind on the return voyage to Athens:

On many a lone and lovely night
   It soothed to gaze upon the sky;
For then I deem’d the heavenly light
   Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye:
And oft I thought at Cynthia’s noon,
   When sailing o’er the Aegean wave,
“Now Thyrza gazes on that moon.”

88. Ibid., p. 247.
89. Ibid., p. 245n.
90. “One Struggle More, and I am Free.” The next line is puzzling.
On their return to Greece on July 17, Hobhouse took ship for England from Zea. The usually unsentimental Hobhouse was much affected by their parting, but Byron had grown impatient of his company. He told his mother he was "very glad to be once more alone, for I was sick of my companion (not that he was a bad one) but because my nature leads me to solitude." 93 Hobhouse, devoted to Byron as he was, was not happy when Moore referred to this comment in his Life, even though Moore tried to soften the effect by rhapsodizing on Byron's poetic nature: "So enamoured ... had he become of these lonely musings, that even the society of his fellow-traveller, though with pursuits so congenial to his own, grew at last to be a chain and a burthen on him; and it was not till he stood, companionless, on the shores of the little island in the Aegean, that he found his spirit breathe freely." 94 This effusion was too much for the down-to-earth Hobhouse, who underscored the passage in his copy of the Life and wrote angrily in the margin: "On what authority does Tom say this? He has not the remotest grasp of the real reason which induced Lord B. to prefer having no Englishman immediately [or] constantly near him." 95

On June 7, 1810, Byron had written "A Farewell Petition to JCH Esq." in anticipation of their parting six weeks later. The poem was not published until 1887 when it appeared in Murray's Magazine. Byron bids Hobhouse return to England "And in my name the man of Method greet," that is, Charles Skinner Matthews. Until now the epithet has been unintelligible. Now we can understand it as referring to the "Methodism" Matthews had used as a code word for homosexuality in his letter a year earlier.

94. LJL, 1:254.
95. LJL, p. 90.

However, since it reads "Alas, it gleam'd upon her grave." Edleston did not die before Byron sailed the Aegean but while Byron was in Malta on his way home (CPW, 1:352).
Tell him, that not in vain shall I essay
To tread and trace our "old Horatian way,"
And be (with prose supply my dearth of rhymes)
What better men have been in better times. 96

Byron's "old Horatian way" is, of course, a reference to
Horace's bisexuality, which Byron hopes to emulate like an
ancient Greek or Roman.

But if Byron did not want Hobhouse on the scene in
Athens, he was not at all shy about telling him of his amorous
escapades once the latter had returned to England.
Indeed, the series of letters he now wrote to keep Hobhouse,
and, through Hobhouse, Matthews, informed of his adventures
are crucial documents for our knowledge of
Byron's homosexual life in Greece. As soon as he was alone,
Byron left on a long-planned tour of the Morea. He went
first to Vostitza where he added to his suite a young boy
named Eustathius Georgiou, whom he had met there in
December 1809 when Hobhouse and he were en route to
Athens. A letter dated January 1, 1810, written in an illiterate
hand either by the boy or a public scribe, indicates that
Byron had asked to have Eustathius sent to Athens but that
he was at that time too ill to come. 97 Another letter, dated
April 7, says that Eustathius understands that Byron is
about to travel again and wishes to accompany him. By
then, of course, Byron had left for Smyrna. But on July 29,
a week and a half after Hobhouse's embarkation, Byron
met Eustathius again at Vostitza and a few days later sent
Hobhouse a detailed account of their reunion. Eustathius
was a temperament, effeminate youngster, whose relations
with Byron were affectionate but by no means placid.
Byron was amused at the difficulties the affair landed
him in:

At Vostitza I found my dearly-beloved Eustathius—ready to
follow me not only to England, but to Terra Incognita, if so my

96. CPW, 1:283.
97. BB, 1:231n.
To the East

compass pointed that way.—This was four days ago, at present affairs are a little changed.—The next morning I found the dear soul upon horseback clothed very sprucely in Greek Garments, with those amiable curls hanging down his amiable back, and to my utter astonishment and the great abomination of Fletcher, a parasol in his hand to save his complexion from the heat.—However, in spite of the parasol on we travelled very much enamoured, as it should seem, till we got to Patras, where Strané received us into his new house where I now scribble.—Next day he went to visit some accursed cousin and the day after we had a grand quarrel. Strané said I spoilt him, I said nothing, the child was as froward as an unbroken colt, and Strané’s Janizary said I must not be surprised, for he was too true a Greek not to be disagreeable.—I think I never in my life took so much pains to please anyone, or succeeded so ill. I particularly avoided every thing which could possibly give the least offense in any manner. Somebody says that those who try to please will please. This I know not; but I am sure that no one likes to fail in the attempt.—At present he goes back to his father, though he is now become more tractable.—Our parting was vastly pathetic, as many kisses as would have sufficed for a boarding school, and embraces enough to have ruined the character of a county in England, besides tears (not on my part) and expressions of “tenerezza” [tenderness] to a vast amount.

The lightheartedness with which Byron here touches on contrasting English manners is amusing. Next day the emotional weather cleared:

My new Greek acquaintance has called thrice, and we improve vastly, in good truth, so it ought to be, for I have quite exhausted by poor powers of pleasing, which God knows are little enough, Lord help me!—We are to go to Tripolitza and Athens together. I do not know what has put him into such good humour unless it be some Sal Volatile I administered for his headach [sic] and a green shade instead of that effeminate parasol, but so it is, we have redintegrated (a new word for you) our affections at a great rate.—Now is not all this very ridiculous? Pray tell Matthews it would do his heart good to see me travelling with my Tartar, Albanius, Buffo, Fletcher, and this amiable παῖδι [boy] prancing by my side. 98

Byron must have been reminded of the difficulties Ascytius had with the temperamental Giton in the Satyricon. Two weeks later Byron describes their final parting:

I have sent Eustathius back to his home. He plagued my soul out with his whims, and is besides subject to epileptic fits (tell M this) which made him a perplexing companion. In other matters he was very tolerable. I mean as to his learning, being well versed in the Ellenis—you remember Nicolo at Athens, Lusieri's wife's brother.—Give my compliments to Matthews from whom I expect a congratulatory letter.—I have a thousand anecdotes for him and you, but at present Ti ve keymo? [What to do?] I have neither time nor space, but in the words of Dawes, "I have things in store."

Doris Langley Moore in her essay "Byron's Sexual Ambivalence" interprets these lines to mean Byron is asking Matthews to congratulate him on an affair with Nicolo Giraud. The passage is confusing since Byron is attempting to squeeze in so many hints. Apparently Matthews had some theory connecting sex and epilepsy. (Untreated epilepsy can, on occasion, cause the erratic emotional behavior Byron was "plagued" by.) Byron's remark that the illiterate Eustathius was versed in Hellenic (i.e., classical) Greek, as opposed to the contemporary "Romaic," has undoubtedly a sexual meaning.

One of the attractions of the Morea was a chance to meet Ali Pasha's son, Veli Pasha, in his capital of Tripolitza. John Galt, who had visited him shortly before, described Veli as "free and affable, with a considerable tincture of humour and drollery." 99 Byron also found him playful and, in one respect, very much his father's son:

Velly Pacha received me even better than his Father did, though he is to join the Sultan, and the city is full of troops and confusion, which as he says, prevents him from paying proper attention.—He has given me a very pretty horse and a most par-

99. To John Cam Hobhouse, Tripolitza, August 16, 1810, BLJ, 2:10.
ticular invitation to meet him at Larissa [in northwest Greece],
which last is singular enough, as he recommended a different
route to Ld. Sligo who asked leave to accompany him to the
Danube.—I asked no such thing, but on his enquiring where I
meant to go, and receiving for an answer that I was about to
return to Albania for the purpose of penetrating higher up the
country, he replied, “No, you must not take that route, but go
round by Larissa where I shall remain some time on my way. I
will send to Athens, and you shall join me. We will eat and
drink well, and go a hunting.”—He said he wished all the old
men (specifying under that epithet North, Foresti, and Strané)
to go to his father, but the young ones to come to him, to use
his own expression, “vecchio con vecchio, Giovane con
Giovane.”

Byron was flattered by this attention, but a bit embarrassed
when the young ruler threw his arm around his waist,
squeezed his hand, and called him a ευμορφός παιδί
[beautiful boy], “with a variety of other sayings which
made Stranè stare, and puzzled me in my replies.”

No longer shy in the embraces of Oriental potentates, Byron
made up his mind to join Veli at Larissa.

By August 19, Byron was back in Athens. Some tensions
now developed between him and Tarsia Macri over her
daughter Theresa. Throughout the nineteenth century the
famous lines addressed to the “Maid of Athens” led visitors
to regard this young girl as the focus of Byron’s sentimental
life in Greece. Countless tourists visited the Macri house,
wrote passages in their journals, and kept alive an aura of
romance. Thomas Moore played up this aspect of Byron’s
stay by making much of it in his Life, and Theresa, who af-
fterward married a Mr. Black, basked in her fame and lived
and died “in an odor of Byronism.” But, in fact, Byron had
a falling out with her mother, who must have thought his
attentions were becoming dangerous. “Intrigue flourishes,”
Byron wrote Hobhouse on August 26; “the old woman,
Theresa’s mother, was mad enough to think I was going to

201. To John Cam Hobhouse, Tripolitza, August 26, 1810, BLJ, 2:
9-10.
marry the girl." Byron was aristocrat enough to dismiss all thought of any alliance that did not bring birth and money. He had by this time removed himself from the Macri household to a Franciscan convent where, as he put it significantly, he had found "better amusement." 102

The "convent" was in fact a monastery, which did duty also as a hostel and a boy's school. Accommodation was scarce in Athens, but it was likely that Nicolo Giraud's residence as a scholar there drew Byron to this domicile. As he explained to Hobhouse:

I am most auspiciously settled in the Convent, which is more commodious than any tenement I have yet occupied, with room for my suite, and it is by no means solitary, seeing there is not only "il Padre Abbate" but his "schuola" [school] consisting of six "Regatzi" [boys] all my most particular allies.—These Gentlemen being almost (saving Fauvel and Lusieri) my only associates, it is but proper their character, religion, and morals should be described. Of this goodly company three are Catholics and three are Greeks, which Schisms I have already set a boxing to the great amusement of the Father who rejoices to see the Catholics conquer.—Their names are Bartholemi, Giuseppe, Nicolo, Yani, and two anonymous, at least in my memory.—Of these Bartholemi is a "simplice Fancullo" [simple boy] according to the account of the Father, whose favorite is Giuseppe who sleeps in the Lantern of Demeosthenes.—We have nothing but riot from Noon till night.—The first time I mingled with these Sylphs, after about two minutes reconnoitering, the amiable Signor Bartholemi without any previous notice seated himself by me, and after observing by way of compliment, that my "Signoria" [Lordship] was the "pier belle" [most beautiful] of his English acquaintances saluted me on the left cheek, for which freedom being reproved by Giuseppe, who very properly informed him that I was a "μασχολος" [great man], he told him I was his "φίλος" [friend] and "by his beard," he would do so again, adding to the question of "διατε αυτοσανερ;" [why did you kiss him?] you see, he laughs, as in good truth I did very heartily. But my friend, as you may easily imagine is Nicolo, who by the bye, is my Italian master, and we are very philosophical.—I am his "padrone"

102. To John Cam Hobhouse, Athens, August 23, 1810, BLJ, 2:13.
and his "amico" and the Lord knows what besides. It is about
two hours since that after informing me that he was desirous
to follow him (that is me) over the world, he concluded by tell-
ing me it was proper for us not only to live but "morire insi-
eme" [to die together].—The latter I hope to avoid, as much
of the former as he pleases.10

Clearly, this high-spirited and affectionate playfulness was
shot through on Byron's part, and on the part of the boys,
by an undercurrent of amorous feeling.

Giraud now undertook the task of teaching Byron Italian. How interested Byron was in the language at this time
and to what extent the lessons merely served as a pretext
for their constant companionship, it is impossible to say.
Byron jokingly calls their relation "very philosophical." Perhaps he had in mind Lucian's statement that the love of
boys was "more philosophical" than the love of women,
or he may have recalled Cicero's cynical remark that the
Greeks pursued pederastic interests "under the thin veil of
philosophy." At any rate, they spent many hours together.
Byron took much pleasure in swimming at the Piraeus
where, he noted, the Greek boys, unlike the Turks, swam
trunkless: Giraud was "vergogno" ("shameless"). Byron
called him a poor swimmer—like the mysterious "Abbe
Hyacinth of Falmouth."

Thomas Moore was quite aware of Byron's close associa-
tion with Giraud, and the relation was well enough known
that he thought it worth some comment in his Life. This is
the way he presented the friendship to the British public:

During this period of his stay in Greece, we find him forming
one of those extraordinary friendships,—if attachment to per-
sons so inferior to himself can be called by that name,—of
which I have already mentioned two or three instances in his
younger days, and in which the pride of being a protector, and
the pleasure of exciting gratitude, seem to have constituted to
his mind the chief, pervading charm. The person, whom he
now adopted in this manner, and from similar feelings to
those which had inspired his early attachments to the cottage-
boy near Newstead, and the young chorister at Cambridge,
was a Greek youth, named Nicolo Giraud, the son [sic], I
believe, of a widow lady in whose house the artist, Lusieri,
lodged. In this young man he appears to have taken the most
lively, and even brotherly, interest:—so much so, as not only
to have presented him to, on their parting, at Malta, a consid-
erable sum of money, but to have subsequently designed for
him, as the reader will learn, a still more munificent, as well as
permanent, provision.\footnote{104}

Moore was quite right in stressing the chivalrous, pro-
tective side of Byron’s feeling for Giraud and other boys,
though one can detect behind the velvety manner a certain
apprehension about how his readers will interpret Byron’s
generosity. Lusieri and Giraud’s sister were gratified at the
English nobleman’s patronage and appreciative of the in-
terest he was showing in the obviously happy boy, who
was, in fact, Lusieri’s brother-in-law and not his son, as
Moore supposed. If Lusieri suspected a sexual side to the
affair, he made no difficulties; perhaps his views were
those of the eastern Mediterranean. In the evening of the
same day in which he had written Hobhouse of his escap-
pades with the boys, Byron added a postscript on further
developments:

I have employed the greater part of today in conjugating the
verb “\textit{αἰρομαι}” [to embrace, kiss] (which word being Ellenc as
well as Romain may find a place in the Chogen’s [i.e., Mat-
thews’s] Lexicon). I assure you my progress is rapid, but like
Caesar, “nulla actum reputas dum quid superset agendum”
[considering nothing done while anything remained to be
done], I must arrive at the pl & opt C, and then I will write to
———, I hope I escape the fever, at least till I finish this affair,
and then it is welcome to try . . . . Take a quotation—“\textit{Et
Lycus nigris oculis, nigroque Crine decorum}” [“And Lycus
beautiful for his black eyes and black hair”].\footnote{105}
Marchand connects these lines with the melodramatic episode of Byron's rescuing a girl condemned to be drowned (which he used in *The Giaour*) in a way that suggests that Byron's mention of love-making here pertains to the girl. But the passage must surely refer to Giraud.

In September 1810 Byron set out for a second tour of the Morea with his young friend. He found him far more capable a person than the flighty Eustathius and gave him the responsibility of acting as major-domo of the expedition. Fletcher, the valet, was left behind; only Greeks and Albanians accompanied the pair. Unfortunately, the trip proved a disaster. The fever Byron had mentioned so lightly to Hobhouse did not wait until the end of the affair: Byron became seriously ill at Patras. Later, in England, three years after his return from Greece, he wrote to Lady Caroline Lamb's aunt, Lady Melbourne, who had become his confidante, about the near-lethal assault of this fever and noted, without specifying the gender of his bedmate, that it in no way abated his sexual passion; at one point, he told her, the disease was so severe that he thought he might expire in coitus. He began a letter to Hobhouse on September 25 but was too ill to finish it until October 2. At this point he was nursing "poor Nicolo" who had "waited on me day and night till he is worse than I was." Even at this juncture Byron could not refrain from boasting of his sexual prowess. Two days later he asks Hobhouse to "tell M that I have obtained above two hundred pl & opt Cs and am almost tired of them. For the history of these he must wait my re-

506. January 12, 1814, BLJ, 41:26–27: "The last dangerous illness I had was a fever in the Morea in 1811—this very month [Byron has misremembered; this fever was in September 1810]—and what do you suppose was the effect?—I really can't tell you—but it is perfectly true—that at the time I myself thought & everyone else thought I was dying—I had very nearly made my exit like some 'just man' whom a King of Poland envied." The king was presumably Augustus, elector of Saxony, and later king of Poland, who reputedly fathered over 300 illegitimate children.
turn, as after many attempts I have given up the idea of conveying the information on paper.—You know the monastery of Mendele. It was there I made myself the master of the first." 107 By November 26 enthusiasm had given way to satiety, and Byron was writing in a decidedly jaded tone:

I have now seen the World, that is the most ancient of the ancient part. I have spent my little all. I have tasted all sorts of pleasure (so tell the Citoyen). I have nothing more to hope, and may begin to consider of the most eligible way of walking out of it. . . . Mention to M that I have found so many of his antiques on this classical soil that I am tired of pl (& opt Cs, the last thing I could be tired of. I wish I could find some of Socrates's hemlock but Lusieri tells me it dont poison people nowadays. 108

Byron soon recovered from this depression. The remaining months in Greece were, in fact, his most social. He now made friends with Frenchmen, Danes, and Germans in the foreign colony in Athens, went on historical and archaeological expeditions, studied modern Greek literature, and collected the materials on Romainc and Albanian culture which were to make up the notes for Canto II of Childe Harold. He also labored at one not very distinguished poem—Hints from Horace—and began another, The Curse of Minerva, the latter an attack on Elgin's depredations. It was a productive and happy time. He expatiated to his mother on the beneficent effects of foreign travel—not the least of which was the counteracting of the "bitter effects of staying at home with all the narrow prejudices of an Islander." 109 a reference which probably glances at English homophobia. Unfortunately, his financial affairs continued to look bad. More pressing was the case of Scrope Davies, from whom he had earlier borrowed a substantial sum and who was now facing serious difficulties.

109. Athens, January 14, 1811, BLJ, 2:34.
Byron felt he must return to England to find money to repay him. Reluctantly, in April 1811, he set sail for home. He did not forget Giraud, whom he took to Malta on his return trip. During his month’s stay there, Byron had to make embarrassed explanations to Constance Spencer Smith, who had, to his distress, lived up to her name and remained expectant. He remained on good terms with Luiseri, who was also with them, and made provision for Giraud by placing him in a religious school under the supervision of a Father Vicenzo Aquilina in Malta. Doris Langley Moore has translated letters from Malta that detail Giraud’s progress as a scholar. Since he knew Greek well, he was to be taught English, arithmetic, and calligraphy and to polish his Italian. Probably Byron had in mind that, like Edlestone, he would enter on a career in business. Giraud wrote Byron a number of letters in Greek, in which he promised to study hard and hoped for his continued protection, so he would be “like your son and Your Excellency like my kindly father.” 110 By October he was writing in English. Byron had apparently dictated a letter to Giraud to his Greek servant Demetrio Zograffo, acknowledging the receipt of two letters in Greek and asking Giraud to write in English. Doris Langley Moore has published the reply: Giraud indicates that Demetrio had informed him that “Your Excellency will come back to Malta in June, which gives me very great pleasure, and I shall begin now to pay more attention to my studies, that when you come you will find me as you wish.” In December 1812 Giraud wrote that he had been expelled from school for going “with Mr. Cockerell to the play.” He had moved in with a Maltese family known to his brother-in-law, “with whom I live happy, without being among so many priests, who troubled my head every moment and taught me nothing.” Byron was by now famous as the author of Childe Harold. At this point Giraud drops from sight.

110. LBAR, pp. 441–42.
Doris Langley Moore thinks Giraud did not hold a very important place among Byron's loves since he wrote no poems about him. It is true that frustrated love is notoriously more inspirational than love satisfied. Byron's love poems are "complaints," in the traditional sense, or laments over impossibilities. But Giraud left him nothing to complain about or to regret. He stirred his blood, won his respect, and moved him to take a paternal, protective interest on parting. On his return to England Byron made a bolder gesture still, hardly conceivable if he had planned to stay in the country. He made Giraud the beneficiary of 57,000 (perhaps about $200,000 in today's inflated currency). Such bequests to young foreigners had been the occasion of scandal and litigation in some English families.  

No doubt it was this gesture that made Thomas Moore think it necessary to give some explanation in his Life. Some years later Byron canceled the will. But his memories of Giraud seem to have remained tender and passionate. Late in 1812, after he had become famous, Byron met a woman in London who, he told Lady Melbourne, "does not speak English, & to me nothing but Italian, a great point for from certain coincidences the very sound of that language is Music to me, & she has black eyes & not a very white skin, & reminds me of many in the Archipelago I wish to forget, & makes me forget what I ought to remember."  

The "music" was the Italian Giraud had first taught him. The "many" were the boys of Greece, with

111. In 1811 the Earl of Findlater, a peer who had lived abroad for thirty years, died and left a large fortune to a young Saxon named Fischer, who had been his page and secretary. The earl's family contested the will on the grounds that the relation had been immoral. "But the scandal became so great, of a noble family attempting to fix such a stigma on the memory of their relative from pecuniary motives" that a compromise was reached, and Fischer received 560,000 (Pisamonis Fraxi [pseud. of Henry Spencer Ashbee], Index Librorum Prohibitorum, Vol. 1 of Bibliography of Prohibited Books [1877; rpt. New York: Jack Brussel, 1962], p. 347).

112. September 25, 1812, BLJ, 2:208.
Giraud at their head, who had made him forget his English inhibitions.

We do not know what became of Giraud, who at this point disappears from the purview of Byron scholarship. A good knowledge of Italian, English, and Greek would have prepared him for a responsible position in some trading company. He seems to have been a spirited lad: the boy who complained that the priests "troubled his head" had earlier (in 1810) been "taken up by the guard, perhaps for some mimicry of the Turkish authorities." 113 It seems a shame to lose sight of him. Perhaps the annals of Valletta or Naples or Athens will one day yield information. Did he ever come to identify his patron-lover with the famous poet and leader of the struggle for Greek independence? We do not know. But he may have remembered his liaison with the English lord as the happiest and most notable adventure of his boyhood. And Byron, who later managed to make the lives of so many women miserable, must have looked back on the affair with a certain satisfaction.

113. February 14, 1810, BB, 1:231.
Byron proceeded home in a dejected mood, sorry to leave Greece and plagued by a variety of maladies. His fever returned; he had hemorrhoids and gonorrhea contracted from womanizing with Greek and Turkish paramours. He was much concerned for the literary and worldly affairs of his friend Hobhouse and filled his letters with advice on his friend's writing and military career. There is also much mention of Matthews, whom he calls the "Citoyen" because of his atheistic radicalism. The idea of returning to England seems to have cast a pall over Byron's spirits. This must have been due in part to his awareness of how unwelcome bisexuals were in that realm.

It may, in fact, be plausibly argued that homophobia had reached a zenith in the British Isles in 1810 while Byron was abroad. The year saw a constitutional crisis: George III was now irremediably mad, and the Prince of Wales was declared Regent. The war with Napoleon dragged on, with no end in sight. Reaction, in the person of Lord Castletreagh, was firmly in the saddle both at home and in foreign affairs. In the two preceding decades only one notable liberal measure had been passed: the abolition of the slave trade in 1807. But the Wilberforce who had led that effort had also, as we have seen, founded the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and England's moral climate had become increasingly puritan. The Society, as it was popularly called, attacked cruel sports such as bear or bull baiting, but the pillory still survived, long after it had passed out of use in the more enlightened states of the Continent. Through it, all classes, rich or poor, pious or profane, could