Francis Galton in Mind of Byron
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Down the Danube to Constantinople in 1840, in the manner of those adventurous uncles, Theodore Galton and Sir Francis Sacheverell Darwin, reconstructed from letters, diaries and other authentic evidence

Gavan Tredoux
Francis Galton: a Work in Progress

1. Francis Galton at Cambridge: Letters and Diaries, 1840-1844
2. Francis Galton in Africa: 1850-1852
3. The Diary of Charles John Andersson: 1850-1851
4. Francis Galton’s Crisis: 1840-1868
5. Francis Galton on Mars: the Discontinuous Variation Notebook
6. Francis Galton and Alphonse de Candolle: Notes and Correspondence
7. Francis Galton in Mind of Byron: Down the Danube to Constantinople in 1840
I had saturated myself since the age of nine with Byron’s poetry, which gave me a longing to see the East. ...

The mementoes of Lord Byron at Newstead Abbey were well cared for, and most touching to me, for I had in my youth an unlimited admiration of his works; so I drank greedily with my eyes all that I saw connected with him.

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Introduction.

In July of 1840, when he was barely eighteen years old, Francis Galton set off on an impulse to Constantinople and Greece. At first he had hoped to study chemistry at Giessen in Germany, under the leading chemist Liebig, only to discover that—most unfortunately!—neither his mastery of the German language nor his knowledge of advanced chemistry would be up to the task. Letters home to his bemused parents begged their forgiveness for his being so ‘cool’, and requested letters of credit. But young Frank promised to be home in time to go up to Cambridge, where he planned to study mathematics that October. He regretted that, sadly, his rapid schedule made it impossible to wait for their replies to reach him. Meanwhile, the young student set off alone by coach from Giessen to Vienna, and from there by boat, down the Danube through Austro-Hungarian lands, to the Black Sea and Turkey. A great adventure, in mind of Byron. Farewell!

Today this journey can be reconstructed from the letters and substantial diary entries and sketches kept by Galton, supplemented by his later reminiscences in his Memories, with some scattered references by family and friends. None of the contemporary records that Galton kept were ever revised retrospectively, giving a fresh and immediate view of events as they happened, without the guile of hindsight or the wariness
of learning. They are the unfiltered records of a young and highly intelligent man, a keen observer just setting out in the world, eager to see things that he had only read of, rapt in *Childe Harold*.

Although Galton came from a family of midland industrialists—Quakers who had shrewdly transitioned from gun manufacturing to banking during the Napoleonic wars, making a fortune in the process—his life had never been sheltered. After an unconventional education in Boulogne and Birmingham, he had trained as a doctor since his mid-teens. His gruelling apprenticeship at the General Hospital of Birmingham introduced him to a broad swathe of human suffering, the indignities of disease and ill-treatment, the smell of sepsis and the constant presence of death. At King’s Hospital in London he had come into contact with some of the leading men in the field, including Professor Richard Partridge, with whom he boarded, and Daniell the chemist, who would often be over for dinner with a selection of the professor’s interesting friends.

Like many of his era, Galton had grown up steeped in the doomed romanticism of Byron—a country beyond the reach of any modern passport, where poetry is taken seriously and verses are memorized. Today, when distractions of all kinds multiply without end and attention dwindles, it is hard to understand that preoccupation. As an antidote to the abrasive grind of hospital life, the prospect of a solo trip to Greece and Turkey, those most storied of all Byronic associations, was irresistibly heroic. No matter that it was suggested off the cuff, in Giessen, by an Anglophile professor of philology. After all, it was continuing a family tradition. Two of Frank’s uncles—Theodore Galton and Francis Darwin—had been there together thirty years before, between 1808 and 1810, on a similar whim. At Athens and at Smyrna they had known and drunk from the same cup as Lord Byron and John Cam Hobhouse, even indulging in shared practical jokes. The adventures of these uncles, and their tragic conclusion, are now little-known,
but are full of curious and colourful characters like Robert Corner, Count Palin and Colonel Henry Rooke; figures requiring excavation from under the rubble of random oblivion.

For Galton, the unchaperoned Constantinople adventure was followed, after an interregnum at Cambridge, by a trip to Egypt, the Sudan and Syria between 1845 and 1846. Solo hunting trips in the Hebrides relieved a frustrated return to English society in 1847. All this culminated in an expedition to Southern Africa in 1850, which made his scientific name and set into motion the long series of investigations which would draw him into the world of Victorian science and emerge into the research programme he is remembered for today.
## Chapter 2

### Itinerary, 1840.

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CHAPTER 2. ITINERARY, 1840.
Chapter 3

London.

In July of 1840, Francis Galton was living in London, boarding with Professor Richard Partridge at 17 New Street, Spring Gardens. It was his third year as a medical student, an ordeal that had been underway since August 1838, when he had enrolled, at age 16, as a trainee doctor in the Birmingham General Hospital. Now he was at Kings College, where Partridge taught. After lobbying his parents for several years, he had eventually persuaded them to let him interrupt ‘mediculizing’ in order to study mathematics at Cambridge. He had even enlisted the aid of his non-mathematical cousin Charles Darwin, who had advised him to ‘read mathematics like a house on fire’, or so Francis relayed to his parents.

With the term at Kings College drawing to a close, Frank was due to go up to Cambridge in October. His studies under one of the principal chemists at the college, John Frederic Daniell—still remembered today as the inventor of a wet-cell battery—were going well, and he had gained a prize. Nevertheless he was increasingly restless, taken by a migratory passion that pointed far beyond Cambridge.

Some of Frank’s restlessness can be traced to a short trip he had taken that April, with his father and sister, to Paris. The King’s College term meant that he had to go back to London, while his father and sister went on from Paris to tour France
and Germany at length. Though he had been to Germany himself a few years earlier, in the company of doctors William Bowman and James Russell, a more mature appreciation of its attractions probably took hold of him, sparked by his father’s descriptions of all they had seen there.

The way he later told it, the sight of flat-bottomed barges under sail on the Thames put the frustrated student in a near frenzy: ‘it required all my efforts to disregard the associations of travel which they aroused’. When the weather was fine, and the wind blew south-west, the obsession became violent and drove him from Partridge’s house in Spring Gardens, down the Mall into adjacent St James’ Park, where the horse guards changed daily as they do now.

Fortunately summer was imminent. Frank now talked often of tours abroad, floating a tour to Norway and other parts of Scandinavia, or another trip to Paris. Then another outlet presented itself when he discovered that a party of his fellow-students was travelling to Giessen in Germany, where the 37-year-old ‘top-sawyer’ chemist Justus Freiherr von Liebig (1803–1873) had a laboratory. Later that year, Liebig would be awarded the Copley Medal of the Royal Society for his discoveries in organic chemistry, a medal that Galton himself would win many years later. The students would spend the summer in Giessen like migratory storks, along with many of the other aspiring chemists of Europe, and return in early September, freshly Germanized for the new term. Since Galton was bound for Cambridge himself, and mathematics, this was a dubious rationale from the start.

In his Memories, Galton recalled that his father Tertiush had arranged this trip for him, but a letter that July shows that it was Frank’s own idea, artfully recast as an invitation from a fellow-student, William Miller (who later became a leading chemist). As always, the student had followed the formality of seeking advice from the family confidant Dr. Hodgson. The doctor had been involved in his history since the very begin-
ning, delivering him when he was born at the Larches in Sparkbrook.

17 New St Spring Gardens

Dear Pater

Thanks for letter, I am in a great hurry for the post, so I will send accounts to-morrow.

Please write an answer and send it with all the speed a penny envelope is capable of.

Wm Miller is going to Giessen in Germany, to Liebig’s Laboratory—Liebig is the 1st Chemist (in organic chemistry) in the world—in his laboratory there is every opportunity for getting on, in addition to the certainty of a knowledge of German being acquired.¹ The terms are very low not more than £5 for admission though of course there are many more expenses in the way of tests & other chemicals. Wm Miller tries to persuade me to go with him. I should like to go. Have you any objection? I write to Hodgson by this post to ask his opinion. Miller is as you know exceedingly talented & will in all probability rise high. My acquaintance with Bowman² has proved to be most useful—a similar acquaintance with Miller promises to be so. Liebig’s assistance will of course be invaluable to me in after life; & as his immediate pupil, more especially as I am a foreigner & come with an introduction from Daniell,³ I shall have every opportunity of acquiring his friendship.

² William Bowman (1816–1892), the ophthalmologist and microscopist who accompanied Galton on a trip to Europe in 1838.
³ John Frederic Daniell (1790–1845), the chemist and inventor of a wet-cell battery that bears his name. Miller would succeed him as Professor of Chemistry at King’s College.
Again Daniell will necessarily be much pleased with one of his class more especially his prizeman, following up so good an opportunity of working at practical chemistry; he will of course give me introductions to Liebig & will take more interest in me. Liebig’s season begins next week & ends Sept. 8th nearly all which time I shall be with him. My going there will not interfere with my forensic Medicine Examination.

I am sure that it is the best thing that I can do. I shall not gain refinement most certainly—but will have every advantage possible for obtaining Chem: knowledge, & will return as dirty & as clever as can reasonably be expected.

Your affectionate Son
Fra§ Galton.

Glad, very, about asthma.

In Captain Donellan’s case you used to tell a story of a Mr Somebody who lent Capt. Donellan some book or other containing a description of the manufacture of laurel water, this book after the Capt.’s execution was found always to open in the place where the process was described. Please give me the names.  

Tertius Galton was an indulgent father, so long as detailed ac-

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4 The original MS for this portion of the letter appears to have been lost or misplaced. See Pearson 1914, 127 for the text. Captain John Donellan was hanged in 1781 for the murder of his brother-in-Law Sir Theodosius Boughton, supposedly by laurel-water poisoning. For the story about the book, see William West The History, Topography and Directory of Warwickshire (Birmingham, 1830), 741. ‘As a trifling particular connected with this melancholy event, it may be observed (though it was not adduced as evidence on the trial) that a respectable gentleman of Warwickshire, on examining the books in Captain Donellan’s usual room of retirement, found a Treatise on Poisons, with the leaf relating to laurel water doubled down’.
counts were duly submitted. The banker’s son generally got his way once he learned how to steer his parents in the desired direction, even if that process sometimes required a long series of persistent nudges, with accounts. In this case one request was enough. Tertius tactfully overlooked the glaring weaknesses in Frank’s case for studying under Liebig, immediately extending a generous letter of credit to cover expenses and contingencies in Europe. This we infer from his son’s grateful reply, since few of Tertius’ letters have been preserved. The reply shows that a place under Liebig was a speculation rather than a given opportunity, and that the student was already thinking of alternative sequels.

[Received 14 July 1840]

I duly acknowledge the receipt of your letter, telling me that there is a credit in my name of £250 at Barclay Bevan Gritton & Co.

I shall not have time to write to Liebig & to wait for an answer. I therefore propose setting off tomorrow week for Giessen (near Coblenz) & taking my chance of a vacancy. Suppose it shd happen that he cannot take me. What shall I do—go to Paris or Switzerland or what?

Your affectionate son
Fra§ Galton

Unsurprisingly, Dr. Hodgson approved of the trip, at least as it was described to him. It is hard to find a single example where Hodgson ever demurred to any of the multitudinous plans put to him over the years. But Frank could not set off before he completed his examinations for the closing term. After all, as one of the foremost students he expected to receive a prize.

July 16, 1840
17 New St. Spring Gardens
I hereby acknowledge the receipt of the credit on Barclay Bevan Griffon & Co. for £100

Dear Pater, thanks for letter. I would have acknowledged your letter of credit yesterday, but was...
detained beyond post office time by passport & other arrangements.

I have received a letter from Mr Hodgson today, saying that my Liebig expedition is the best thing that I can do, in which I quite agree with him—the place where Liebig lives is (hang it, somebody has taken the map out of the room) Giessen or Geissen (I forget which) on the Lahn not far from Capel or Coblenz.\(^5\)

Hodgson wishes me to go with Miller on Saturday, but as that will interfere with Forensic Medicine examination, I stay till Wednesday next. I will settle somewhere in Germany in case there not being a vacancy at Liebig’s. There will be capital opportunities for working in the laboratory from 8 in the morning till 8 at night (if we like it).

You enjoin me not to smoke cigars. I will not, but I will buy a Meerschaum with a pipe 4 feet & a half long, & with a bowl that will contain an ounce of tobacco at a time. Shall I get one for you? I have got my money changed into circular notes at Herries Farquhar & Co.\(^6\) I land at Ostend, railroad Liege—diligence Aix & Cologne—steam Coblentz, diligence or voiturier if I must, to Giessen. Does not Bessy return today? How is his worship the farmer at Claverdon getting on.\(^7\)

Good Bye affectionate Son
Fra\(^8\) Galton

I will write again—Loves & all that sort of thing.

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After the April examinations, Galton had received the second

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\(^5\) ‘Giessen’ is correct.

\(^6\) Acquired by Lloyds in 1893.

\(^7\) His brother Darwin Galton, who was to be married in September.
of two prizes for chemistry—awarded at a ceremony over which
the Archbishop of Canterbury presided—while William Miller
was the prizeman in Forensic Medicine. Now in the July exam-
inations, Frank got a certificate of honour for coming second
in Forensic Medicine. He was therefore one of the leading stu-
dents of his year in the college.

Meanwhile, money had to be changed, books and chemistry
supplies posted home, and London social calls paid.

Tuesday
[July 21, 1840]

My dear Father

I am 2nd in Forensic Medicine. There is only 1
prize & so I get a Certificate of Honour. I am much
vexed at not being first, but there was more compe-
tition than usual. One of the men (I am above him)
got a Certificate of Honour in the For: Med: last
year. As you understand the circumstances in which
I was placed as regards juniority, I shall not attempt
any further to justify my failure. If it be not infra
dig: after a Cambridge degree I shall of course go in
again.

I have got the £100 changed into circular notes.
(Herrie Farquhar & Co) Of the £50 I have drawn
£17.—.6. I have secured my berth in the Ostend
Steamer & start tomorrow at 12. I will send you
my medical books in a parcel. Don’t let them be
opened. My other books I will pack up separately.
My chemicals too I had rather were not touched.
I have been unavoidably prevented from calling on
Leonard Horner. Will you write to him to tell him of
my proceedings. I saw the Gurneys todays. She talks
about coaxing Bessy or Emma to Chiswick.

As I have much to do I will wish you a goodbye.
Loves to all
Your affectionate son Fras Galton

On the 22nd of July at 12 o’clock, Galton was on the Ostend Steamer, on schedule, and from there on the road by horse-drawn carriage, train and boat, to join William Miller at Liebig’s laboratory in Giessen.
Chapter 4

Giessen to Vienna.

The journey to Giessen took fully 4 days from London. On the ship to Ostend, by a curious coincidence, was Byron’s ex-wife Anne Isabella Noel nee Millbanke, who had styled herself Lady Noel after inheriting a barony on the death of her uncle Thomas Noel, Lord Wentworth. A letter home in the style of ‘Alfred Jingle’ in the recently published *Pickwick Papers*—‘Calm passage, not sick, good berth’—showed off Galton’s talents as the family humourist.¹

I set off from London at 12. Motley assemblage of passengers. Lady Noel on board; & with the exception of treading upon a little poodle-dog’s tail by accident, & making it squeal horribly, & of tumbling against a lady who was trying to drink unobserved a glass of wine, & so causing her to spill it over her neighbours, I got on very well. Calm passage, not sick, good berth, in which I didn’t sleep, and splendid appetite. Ostend at 3½ in the morning, shore at 4½, tooled about, got passport visééd &c., breakfast & railroad at 6. Very agreeable companions they had come with me in the steam-boat, and were travelling for their first time, a lady & her Governor; there were

¹ FG to STG, 1840/07/27.
other English also in the same carriage. Stopped \( \frac{1}{4} \) of an hour at Malines just looked about me. Liége at 4\( \frac{1}{2} \); ran about with one of my fellow-travellers—saw everything—dined and set off for Aix at 10 at night a couple of Englishmen still sticking to me, one of whom tried to inveigle me into acting as a sort of courier, &c. a “Speed Malise speed!”\(^2\) but I dished him nicely. Aix at 4\( \frac{1}{2} \) in morning, warm bath &c.—ran about the town, Charlemagne’s throne, &c., &c. Good breakfast & set off for Cöln at 7\( \frac{1}{2} \), arrived there at 3\( \frac{1}{2} \); bolted to the bankers; just had time to look at the cathedral & off in the steamer; we came opposite Drachenfels about \( \frac{1}{2} \) past 11 at night. I disembarked at Konigswinter; ran to the top of the Drachenfels & waited to see the sun rise (the steamer would have been in Coblentz by 4 o’clock), bolted down again in 13 minutes and \( \frac{3}{4} \) ter, grubbed in breakfast & off for Coblentz; found that I couldn’t set off to Giessen till 3 o’clock next morning, so I walked up the Chartreuse, & in every possible direction till I was thoroughly tired (boiling sun); reinvigorated myself with a brace of ices &c. The men at the inn (Hof zum Riesen) very uncivil, so I knew that if I went to bed they would not awake me at 2 in the morning; consequently I took my luggage to the Schnellpost office, told the man my unfortunate condition & asked him to let me sleep in a diligence. He immediately took compassion on me & bundled about for the keys of the Passagierstube, but the keys were not to be found so I picked out the most comfortable Postwagen & fell asleep most cosily. However the chocolate ices, bonbons, & coffee that I had taken not exactly agreeing in my inside, I had a desperate nightmare, fancying that 2 vipers were dancing the “Cachuca” whilst an old rattlesnake

\(^2\) Scott, *Lady of the Lake*. 
was posturising in the “La Gitana.” At this I squealed awfully & being thoroughly awakened by a desperate rattling at the door, I found the Sentinel standing with a fixed bayonet. I however kept still & soon went to sleep.

Set off at 3 in the morning (Sunday) & got to Giessen at 4½ p.m., tooled to the inn & on enquiring fortunately found Miller there. In the evening walked about the town round the ramparts &c., &c. Miller introduced me to Playfair, late chemical assistant to Graham, to Gilbert also assistant to Thompson, & to Herr Bettenbacher a Vienna professor, all studying at Liebig’s. Went to bed, slept gloriously, up at 6 this morning, went to the Laboratory, heard Liebig lecture, saw all that was going on.

An advance party was already there. Though pilgrimages to Liebig’s laboratory later became a fixed idea, and there was small colony of English chemistry students established under the renowned chemist, it is plain from Frank’s first letter home that neither the summer students nor their mentor Daniell knew what to expect when they got there.

The delegation of British students was loaded with talent. Aside from William Miller it included Lyon Playfair (1818–1898), who many years later would become a professor of chemistry, a notable Liberal M.P. and an ally of Galton in the Royal Society, where they were both fellows. On this trip, Playfair was hard at work translating Liebig’s text on ‘Organic Chemistry and its applications to Agriculture’. Joseph Henry Gilbert (1817–1901) was already at the laboratory, and would complete a rapid Ph.D. under Liebig later that year. Gilbert went on to preside for decades over the Rothamsted experimental station, which eventually hosted mathematical geneticists like R.A. Fisher, who would greatly extend statistical concepts

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3 Lyon Playfair (1818–1898).
first pioneered by Galton over thirty years after this trip. The Glaswegian John Stenhouse (1809–1880), also to become a fellow of the Royal Society in later years, was there with Gilbert. Stenhouse would help to found the Chemical Society soon after returning to London. The Scottish colony included Angus Smith (1817–1884), later known as the discoverer of acid rain was there too. The odd man out was the Mancunian Henry Edward Schunk (1820–1903), another future FRS who would win the Dalton medal in 1898.

But Galton immediately found that it would not be so straightforward to leap into Liebig’s advanced course of chemical experiments. Instead, he was pointed in the direction of a Professor Adrian.

Monday, 27 July, 1840,
Giessen 1 o’clock.

My Dear Father,

I arrived yesterday at Giessen in the afternoon. I find that Liebig’s laboratory is under quite different arrangements to those which Mr Daniell, Mr Miller & myself had expected. The plan with which it is conducted is as follows. A number of men (30 at present), who have long studied practical Chemistry, wish individually to examine certain organic substances. Now in analysing bodies of this class much tact is required in devising the mode of treating them, & in adapting trains of experiment to the individual case. These men go to Liebig who gives his opinion as to how they are to set to work. He has a room where there are tables & sinks & some furnaces, about a yard’s length of table is allotted to each man & there he experimentalises (he brings his own apparatus and tests). Liebig looks up the men once or twice a day, telling them how to go on, &c. &c. Their investigations are all published with the name of the experimentalizer
attached.

Liebig therefore presupposes delicacy of manipulation, & professes to teach the application of it to particular cases. It is the first part that I wish to practise &, not having done so sufficiently, of course instruction in the after part is useless. Under these circumstances & with the advice of Mr Miller I have determined not to enter the chemistry class, but shall work at learning German instead. My arrangements I will tell you at the end. [...] Made arrangements with the German Professor for daily lessons. My present plans are as follows. Work hard at German for a fortnight till I can speak it tolerably. I shall then expect letters from you with Berlin, Dresden or Hanover introductions, go to one of these places & mix in society & lark for 3 weeks at least & shall be in England on the 14th of September. Please write to Hodgson & tell him about my alteration mentioning that Miller thinks it the best thing that I can do. Write an answer please by return of post & another letter with introductions (if you approve of the plan) as soon as you can get them.

I am most comfortably housed &c., eating, drinking & sleeping cost 3 shillings a day. I dine with the chemicalizers at 6 o’clock. There are great topsawyers amongst them. We always speak German. I am much vexed at losing my Chemistry, but I shall gain far more by stewing at German, than I should had I worked at Chemistry, Liebig’s arrangements being as I had expected. I have enjoyed myself excessively,

Good bye. yr affectionate Son,

Fra§ Galton.

Miller and myself are great chums & we talk German

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4 See excerpt on page 17.
to each other most unintelligibly. I have no doubt that the linguists at the table d’hote will have much discussion on what the tongue is in which we converse.

Figure 4.1: Giessen, 1840/07/28. Galton’s Diary.

Figure 4.2: Gleiberg Castle, 1840/07/28.

The ‘German Professor’, from whom Frank hoped to learn the language, in lieu of chemistry, was Johann Valentin Adrian (1793-1864). The professor proved to be a significant find, a ‘delectable old man’, ‘quite an original’, who chain-smoked meerschaum pipes and was steeped in literature. He was originally from Klingenberg in Franconia, the son of a Catholic copper merchant who had died prematurely, leaving his son an orphan. After studying at Miltenberg, Aschaffenburg and
Charles University, the young man had broken off his studies in 1814 to volunteer in the fight against Napoleon, part of the ‘War of Liberation’ (also known as the War of the Sixth Coalition). Teaching stints followed in Switzerland and Frankfurt.

In 1819 Adrian travelled in Italy, and a few years later in France and England, describing his journeys in a series of literary articles for the magazines in Stuttgart. Tutoring the sons of Count Winzingerode put him touch with some influential figures in the world of German letters. He had been at Giessen since 1823 as an associate professor of modern languages and literature, subsequently of rhetoric. His reading lists were dominated by English literature, especially Shakespeare. Before Goethe’s death, Adrian was in the running as the literary executor of the great man, who had been impressed by the up and coming professor. Though this ultimately came to naught, Adrian was able to exploit his growing circle of influence to ascend the hierarchy at Giessen. The fact that he had married into Protestant circles helped his progress. He assumed the role of the Grand Ducal Censor, and the literary conflicts entailed by that, with the likes of emerging figures like Heinrich Heine (1797–1856).

Travel narratives and translations became Adrian’s lasting literary contributions. *Bilder aus England* (1822, 2 vols.) and *Skizzen aus England* (1830, 2 vols.) described trips made in 1820 and 1827, and were influential in their day. Translations of Scott and Cooper were capped by his rendition of *Lord Byron’s sämmtliche Werke* (1830) including *Lord Byron’s Leben*. It was that Byronic fascination that probably resonated with Frank’s own interests most.

In his *Memories* Galton confessed to having been steeped in Byron’s verse since the age of nine, with an ‘unlimited admiration’ for the poet. Now he had met an Anglophile who had not only translated the poet’s complete works, but had also recently journeyed down the Danube to the Black Sea, on a short-

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5 Galton 1908.
cut only just opened for travelers, to visit Constantinople and Greece. No doubt German lessons turned into smoke-haloed narratives of the historic river and Byron’s old haunts. Young Frank quickly shifted his attention from ‘scrubby, abominably paved’ Giessen, which he found ‘noisy, smoky & dirty’, to the far more exciting prospect of the Ottoman domains, past and present.

A letter home, and a diary entry later that day, record the impulsive change in plans, after just three day’s residence among the ‘chemicalizers’, and the Anglophile Professor’s role in setting off a 2,000 mile journey.

Giessen, July 30, 1840.

My Dear Father,

Being thoroughly ennuied at Giessen & having nothing to do from morning to night, I have determined to make a bolt down the Danube & to see Constantinople & Athens. I have made all the calculations of time & cost & they are very favourable. Can I take any message to the Skeys?

I do not wait for an answer before I start for two reasons, 1st that I have not time & 2ndly as you promised me a good summer’s tour to Sweden & Norway of course you can have no objection to a comparatively civilised trip. I am getting on in German capitaly, & shall learn almost as much of it in these my travels as if I had settled in the midst of Berlin. Much more than by staying in Giessen. Another reason for my unhesitating bolt is that as I shall have but very little time after I am settled at Cambridge, I had better make the most of the present opportunity. So I will fancy that I have received a favourable answer, & so thank you very much indeed for your consent.

My conscience being thus pacified, I will tell you
something of Giessen. It is a scrubby, abominably paved little town—cram full of students, noisy, smoky & dirty. Of these students, by far the best are the Chemicals, they being all first-rate men, wot write books & so forth; they are one shade less dirty than the others, that is to say they are of the colour of umber, the others being Bt Sienna.\(^6\) They have a table d’hote to themselves at 6 o’clock (at which I join) & they drink much sour wine & Seltzer water. Every now and then they dissipate, i.e. send for a quart bottle extra of Rauen-thaler, & drink healths and sing songs. To drink healths you clink your glass with everybody else’s glass at table, thereby spilling much wine on the table-cloth & over your neighbours’ necks—over which you are stretching. As there were 30 sitting down together at the one which I witnessed, by the simple rule of combinations, n (n - 1), or 30 x 29, the glasses must have clinked 870 times for each health that was drunk say (at a low computation 20 were drunk) then 17,400 clinks must have ensued!!\(^7\) If one student calls out to another “Sie sind Doctor” it is a challenge to drink 2 glasses of wine with him; if “Sie sind Professor,” then 4 & so on. They have also a very uncomfortable custom for foreigners which is this. One man walks up to another (whom he knows) & asks him if he has any objection to drink “Schmol-lens” with him, the consequence of which ceremony is the calling each other “du” ever after instead of “sie” & in fact making them perpetual chums. The way in which it is performed is by drinking a glass of wine, the arm which holds the glass being put through the corresponding arm of the other—and then saluting each

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\(^6\) Burnt Sienna.

\(^7\) As Pearson 1914 pointed out, this must be halved, since the clinkers are not ordered.
other on both cheeks—this last part to be continually repeated after any absence! I have not seen it performed, but I was in great fear & trepidation, even more so than when before Mary Luard at a Christmas party. The Professor who gives me lessons is a delectable old man—quite an original who has 17 (!!) pipes in his room & who smokes to a corresponding extent.8

Tell Penmey that there is a splendid cathedral at Limburg, almost unknown to Englishmen. And Byzantine architecture with a touch of Gothic, just like the church of the apostles at Köln, only much more splendid. By the bye in case that you sh’d fancy any part of this letter to be a “take in” I can assure you that I never was more in earnest in my life. Having nothing more to say—with many thanks for your kind consent to my travels—I remain

Your affectionate son Fra8 Galton

P.S. I have just opened it to say that I have seen one of the professors here who went a similar tour last year & the one that we have together concocted is Frankfort, Würtzburg, Nuremberg, Ratisbon, Passau, Linz, Vienna, Constantinople, Smyrna, Athens, Patras, Ancona, Rome, Livorno, Pisa, Florence, Livorno, Genoa, Marseilles & Paris.9 I have plenty of time. I could see this all very well, quarantines &c., & be back on the 18th Sept., but I will take more time.

I start tomorrow at 7 in the morning. In case of a letter from you crossing this Miller will take care of it.

Giessen, July 30th

8 Professor Dr. Johann Valentin Adrian (1793–1864).
9 An odd formulation, since that one professor was Prof. Adrian mentioned above.
4\(\frac{1}{2}\) p.m. being thoroughly ennuiied & kicking about on the sofa, I suddenly thought of a voyage to Constantinople &c. Made up my mind in a quarter of an hour & sent off my passport to be viséed to Frankfurt then went to Herr Prof. Adrian for my Grammar lesson who it seems went the same route last year & who gave me several good hints.\(^{10}\) Wrote a penitent letter home begging for absolution, & without waiting for an answer packed up.\(^{11}\)

The next day, young Frank was off for Vienna, via Frankfurt, by horse-drawn carriage. He was accompanied by a chemist, Dr. Meyer—another professor at the university who was departing for the summer break, but not before bonding with a number of his students in the drinking grapple known as ‘Schmollens’. The city was just over 40 miles away.

The delegation of his fellow students that Galton left behind would find their own ways to enliven Giessen, joining with the German students in raucous drinking sessions, after which they would take to the streets and serenade the residents. John Stenhouse abstained from such things, but one night they all poured into his room in the early hours and sang to him in bed by candle-light as he resolutely looked on.\(^{12}\) Both Professor Adrian and Liebig would cross back over to Glasgow in September to attend the meeting of the British Association there.

Unflappable Tertius received his son’s letter on the 8th of August, merely recording in his diary that ‘I received a letter from Francis mentioning his plan of going by the Danube to Constantinople, Athens, etc.’\(^{13}\) More pressing by far were the

\(^{10}\) It is likely that they had already discussed the topic in previous meetings.

\(^{11}\) FG Diary, 1840/07/30.


\(^{13}\) STG Diary, 1840/08/08.
arrangements for his son Darwin’s marriage to Miss Phillips that September, and the case of the Chartist prisoner Browne, who had tried, it was said, to ‘instil atheistic principles in the mind of a boy who was imprisoned on a charge of murder.’

[July] 31st set off with Dr Meyer for Frankfort 7 [a.m.] he having parted “Schmollens” fashion with several of his fellow students. Tiresome & dirty road & a very musical conductor. We all laid in a stock of plums & pears at Burtzbach (where the “buy a broom” girls come from) \(^{14}\) & eat away perseveringly. Arrived in Frankfort about 1½ p.m. too late to get the Austrian & the other necessary visées, & so must be content with staying at Frankfort. After dinner went to the New Church—a very good panoramic view from its top. (protestant) Mayence is hidden by trees. Went over the cathedral there are pictures by Lucas Cranach (ascension) very fresh—& a Rubens (Joseph Mary & the child) a Vandyke (Dead Christ) & others. It has several ancient monuments of groups of figures cut out of stone & painted. One of Charlemagne & the other of the martyrdom of some saint. Changed my money into Ducats & Brabant crowns. Walked round the town in the gardens. Vast quantities of Nurses & children. Shortly fat old Burgomaster with a daughter or so made their appearance & at about 7 o’clock the fashionable dropt in. Took some coffee in the Lust Garten where there was very good music, & then tooled along the banks of the Main.

After arriving at Frankfurt in the afternoon—having covered

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\(^{14}\) Groups of German girls who would sell brooms form door to door in England, a tradition that was soon obsolete. ‘As I went a-walking in the North Country, / Down by Kirby Steven I happened for to be, / As I was a-walking up and down the street, / A pretty little buy-a-broom I chanced to meet.’
the 40 miles in about $6\frac{1}{2}$ hours, a pace of just over 6 miles an hour for the carriage (noticeably slower than the average modern bicycle journey)—Galton was forced to wait another day to arrange passport visas for the onward journey. While cooling his heels waiting for the onward coach to Würtzberg, he was able to inspect Johann Heinrich von Dannecker’s celebrated sculpture *Ariadne and the Panther*. A few months earlier, on May the 15th, his sister and father—a connoisseur of art able to gain ready access to artists—had seen Dannecker’s work at Stuttgart. ‘The old Palace Yard contains a fine bronze statue of Schiller. The Palace is a large building of stone, much in the form of Buckingham House and contains some fine apartments but not many paintings of value; there are some fine specimens of sculpture by Danneker whose studio we visited; his head of Schiller and figure of Ariadne and some others were strikingly beautiful.’ \(^{15}\) Tertius had also seen *Ariadne* at Frankfurt, where he had ordered a large shipment of fine wine and several pounds of eider down. Diary entries record Frank’s own unfiltered impressions.

August 1st. Went at 9 o’clock to the Bavarian ambassador & got my passport viséed, “to travel towards Turkey”—then walked round Rothschild’s garden—prettily laid down but very twelve cake-ish. \(^{16}\) The summer house painted with many colours in small patterns—& an imitation castle gateway. Went to see English Ambassadors, viséed for Austria Turkey & Russia. The secretary scrawled a little saying that I ought to have had it done at Vienna instead. Russian Ambassador would not sign it saying that it ought to be an English passport, I then left it at the Austrian’s whence my valet de place fetched it in an hour or so signed & also got the police signature. Walked to

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\(^{15}\) STG Diary, 1840/05/15. Bessy was ill when STG visited the palace.

\(^{16}\) ‘Twelve-cake’ was the name for a set of water-colours sold in a box.
Ariadne & staid with her some time, it is certainly a beautiful statue, though I did not admire it so much as before.\textsuperscript{17} I thought that the arm which was supported by the leopard’s head was lying too quietly & lightly compared to the springy eagerness of the rest of the body. The “taughtness” of the figure is perfect. She, as Hogarth says in Jack Sheppard, has got no superfluous fat about her.\textsuperscript{18}

Walked back to the town, left my valet de place a Thaler which he received pretty graciously. Dined. Walked out & took the scetch on the opposite side.\textsuperscript{19}

Left in a parcel 1 coat 1 pr trowsers. Liebig’s Chemistry, Part I. Liebig’s Organic Analysis & the hand book for Northern Germany (1836) & with the Map torn out.

Charges th 4.3 for coffee & butter bread, 2 table d’hotes & lodgings. A good inn English & French waiters. French valets de place.\textsuperscript{20} Scetched this church.

\textsuperscript{17} A sculpture by Johann Heinrich von Dannecker (1758–1841), completed between 1803 and 1814. Samuel Tertius had seen this, and visited Dannecker’s studio, on his tour of Germany that May, after his trip to Paris with Francis in April.

\textsuperscript{18} The novel \textit{Jack Sheppard} (1840) was by William Harrison Ainsworth, though it was based on some Hogarth sketches, \textit{Industry and Idleness} (1747). Sheppard was an elusive thief and an adversary of Jonathan Wild; he was hanged at Tyburn in 1724.

\textsuperscript{19} See Figure 4.5.

\textsuperscript{20} ‘The utility of a valet-de-place consists in his knowledge of the hours at which each church, picture-gallery, palace, or other sight, is open, or visible; how to procure tickets of admission, and where to find the keepers of them, which spares the traveller much time in running about in search of them, and, if he have a spare hour, furnishes the means of spending it advantageously. At the same time, it is necessary to put the traveller on his guard against the tricks of a valet-de-place. For his own advantage, and the interest of the innkeeper his patron, he will often endeavour to detain the traveller by framing excuses—that collections are not open—that the passport office is closed, or the minister out of town.’ Murray, \textit{A Handbook for Travellers on the Continent} (1868).
out of the coffee room windows.\textsuperscript{21}

Set off for Würtzberg at 8 p.m. there were a no\textsuperscript{r} of a Mr. [Steinhaus’s] (of Frankfort) boys of all nations, Portuguese, French Belgian & German & who jabbered away in an infinity of languages. They were going with Steinhaus on a walking tour over Franconian Switzerland & to Leipzig. I sat opposite a very pretty German girl & tried with “tout mon pouvoir”\textsuperscript{22}

\begin{figure}
\centering
\includegraphics[width=\textwidth]{ariadne_and_panther}
\caption{Ariadne and the Panther, by Johann Heinrich von Dannecker.}
\end{figure}

\textsuperscript{21} See Figure 4.4.
\textsuperscript{22} Everything in my power.
to make myself agreeable, but stuck fast in the middle of all my complimentary sentences. We passed through Offenbach & Aschaffenburg & through an immense forest, that of Spessart, the largest in Germany & the remains of the Hercynian forest of Caesar’s time.

Frank had apparently not seen what had struck his father at Frankfurt, ‘a curious contrivance of thimbles attached to wires which are placed upon the fingers of the dead so that if any person being entranced should revive he would pull a bell.’\(^{23}\) The student proceeded on south-east to Würtzberg, intending to connect there for the carriage to Austria: Vienna via

\(^{23}\) STG Diary, 1840/05/19.
August 2nd Sunday. Passed a ferry over the Main, & shortly afterwards near the château of a Count [Leuvenhof] (I think) a large white building with a tower & dome prettily situated half way up a woody hill overlooking the Main.

At last we came to Würtzberg, it is situated on level ground in the hollow of a valley, with numerous towers & domes & spires shooting up. It is overlooked by a Citadel of the top of a high & vine-covered hill & by the church of St Nicolas crowning another similar & opposite mountain.

It is traversed by the Main, wh. is crossed by a
many-arched stone bridge ornamented on each side by colossal marble statues of Bishops and Cardinals—“all proper” as the heralds say. The schloss is an immense & regular stone building, square & flanked in front by walls so as to present a semi-circular aspect behind & to the side, by gardens, which are prettily laid out in shady walks. The palace itself interiorly is like all palaces, it has one very curious room the Spiegel Zimmer the walls of which are all of looking glass variously painted in gold, blue scarlet &c. There are also stained glass reliefs. The Chapel gorgeous gold yellow & faded [timber] & the columns like corkscrews of [beansticks].

The Julius Spittal, large built round are long & square & have behind it gardens & row of trees each of which is different from its neighbour & has its name nailed on it for botanical students, it contains above 300 trees.

The Dome Munster has a curious pulpit & is highly ornamented. Cathedral [brutish] & very large but nothing particular. Ditto many other churches. Walked up the hill to St Nicholas’ Church, splendid view of the town, Main & [Catade] being about the same height as the last. The ascent to it is by a number of [elevated] platforms, each one like the others & connected with them by lateral flights of stairs.

University red stone has the highest tower in the town. Table d’hote was seated by the sister of mine host as the place of honour I suppose, could not get out 4 words together in the way conversation. There was a Tyrolese cock of the village sitting opposite me (known by the 3 feathers in his hat) with tremendous mustachios forming an awning almost over his chin. Walked out to some of the hills in the distance & took
the scetch in the next page. The women’s costume here is a red tight bodied gown & a peaked cap, with black & broad ribbon hanging down behind.

Figure 4.6: Munster Kirche from St Nicholas’ Church, Aug 2nd 1840. FG.

At Würtzberg Galton discovered that he would be sharing his carriage with a ‘scrubby looking little Hungarian’. Actually, this was N. Kaunitz, a noble from Pesth. It would turn out to be a fortunate meeting since his journey would later take him through the Hungarian city. Frank’s diary entries show an intriguing romantic flirtation on the carriage, sparked by the example of the Hungarian, with a girl calling herself Marie.

Went to sleep on the sofa in the coffee room & on awakening a scrubby looking little Hungarian addressed me in bad English, asked me my route & said that

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24 See Figure 4.7, page 36.
we shd be fellow travellers to Vien. Set off at 12 for Nuremberg, a Lady being the only other person in the diligence. The little Hungarian no sooner perceived a petticoat in the diligence then he bellowed out for lanterns most furiously, but notwithstanding his exertions could not get one, so cursing furiously awfully sat down with his eyes 3 inches from the Girl’s face. On passing out we came close by a lantern light which exposed the physiognomy of the girl & the Hungarian being satisfied commenced a most ardent vigorous courtship. He told me that it was quite necessary for me to make myself an adept in the art & so I tried & with some success. Fell fast asleep.

Aug 3d. Awoke & found him holding both hands of the girl & singing love songs. I accordingly burst out laughing in which they both joined. I accordingly then began my flirtation with much more success than my rival, at which his mustachios desponded & looked sad.

Arrived at Nuremberg at 12. Marie for such she

Figure 4.7: Wurtzburg—the Citadel & St Nicholas’s church towards sunset Aug 2d 1840. FG.
said was her name having given me a bit of the artificial flowers that she wore & said but w’d not let me crib some of her hair because I hd only a penknife to cut it with—though she said that had I had a p’r of scissors it would have been different. We passed the cuttings of the Danube canal they are very insignificant to what I had expected, certainly not larger than the Warwick & Leamington.

Went over the Lawrence kirche. Gothic building with a bronze & highly carved door. It contains painted windows the gift of different families & a tall [...] in Gothic architecture of white stone running up along the side of a column, at the base of which sacrament used to be taken.

Set off for Ratisbone at 1. Got there at 12 at night, the early part of the road lying through many hop plantations the hops growing up very high poles up to their tops & as they spread out much at the bottom, tapering upwards, gave the outlines of young larches.

At Ratisbon, Galton toured the Valhalla monument—on which construction was still underway but nearing completion—with the Hungarian Kaunitz. There he would make another acquaintance, the Englishman Major Parry, who was also bound for Vienna and emerges a short time later as a travelling companion from here to that city, though he is only mentioned later in Galton’s Diary.

Aug 4th. A desperate jolt awoke me which proceeded from the paved streets of Ratisbone. 12½ Put up at the Goldener Engel (a very fair & civil inn) & snoozed. Got up at 8, breakfasted &c &c & sallied

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26 Lorenz.
27 Tabernacle.
out in a carriage with my Hungarian friend & one of his friends to Walhalla.

We passed over a stone bridge over the Danube narrow arches so as to form a complete whirlpool of the water wh passed through it: it crosses the Danube just below an island, whence another bridge joins it at right angles so as to form a T.

![Figure 4.8: Ratisbon Stone Bridge.](image)

On this island are at least 60 water wheels. We then crossed a bridge over the Regens River by which many rafts were lying the trees which composed the these were fastened as in the picture,\textsuperscript{28} and 2 rafts were fastened longitudinally by the interlocking of their ends.

![Figure 4.9: Ratisbon Rafts.](image)

Passed some rocky & wooded mountains—and then the town of Donnerstauf\textsuperscript{29} with the hill and castle

\textsuperscript{28} See Figure 4.9, page 38.
\textsuperscript{29} Donaustauf.
overhanging it & then walked up to Walhalla. The building is situated on a hill which lies between two other hills Donnerstauf being one.

![Image of Donnerstauf from the Walhalla Hill Aug 4th 1840. FG.](image)

Figure 4.10: Donnerstauf from the Walhalla Hill Aug 4th 1840. FG.

It commands an extended view over the flatland of Bavaria bounded by the Huntersberg at Salzburg & (it is said) by the Tyrolene chain. The building is exactly like the Madeleine at Paris exteriorly but internally is a room walled with polished red marble & white marble pillars—between the pillars are white marble tablets with gold lettered inscriptions to the memory of great men of all nations. They are now all covered as is also the whole building. At the top of the pil-

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30 At the time, a replica of the Parthenon was being constructed on Valhalla and would be opened two years later, in 1842.
lars are immense slabs of marble over which again are female colossal figures which bear the roof. The framework of the roof is Iron & inside it of bronze plates. Returned to Regensburg.\textsuperscript{31} Saw the cathedral, richly painted windows a bronze by Peter Vischer of Nuremberg an exceptionally minute Christ feeding the multitude—artist unknown & others—a curious [draw well] is also in the church. A good view from the top of the [Earl’s] Thurn. There are two older chapels in the Saxon style, quite plain & whitewashed but very antique.

The Rathhaus dungeons are uncommonly inconvenient lodgings. You enter through a doorway about 4 feet high walls say [—] foot thick, you then come into a room about 5ft 8 high (I could just stand upright in the loftiest) a hole at the top for ventilation & one in the side for provisions, & a “commode” in the corner, very neatly boarded round. The door is thick wood & most complexly bolted. Just outside the door is a grated hole leading into a prison 12, 9, & 6 feet high (about). A piece of lighter paper is shoved through the grating to give a view of the contents. The torture chamber is well described in Murray, the modes of applying the torture are written in a book, kept in the Rathhaus. “Constitutio Criminalis Theresiana” printed 1769. St Sumerain Abbey is converted into the Palace of the Prince of Thurn & Taxis (not of the blood royal) Large stables most of the horses are English. In his chapel is Danneckers Christ (th 10,000),\textsuperscript{32} there is a duplicate at St Petersburg wh cost 14,000. The original clay model I saw before at Stuttgart.

A choice modern picture gallery containing a splen-\hfill

\textsuperscript{31} Ratisbon.
\textsuperscript{32} Johann Heinrich von Dannecker (1758–1841), see above for his \textit{Ariadne}. 
did marriage feast. The blushing smiling face of the bride round whose waist is the bridegroom’s arm, is excellent & there are many figures, all variously expressive. A Winter Scene, Ice and Snow [...] & a sleeping girl, improbable attitude viz. bolt upright—elbow on the side of a well & with a silk cloak (horrors!!) dropping into the water. In the garden there is a statue to Keppler who lived & died near here.  
Went to drink coffee in the gardens & to admire the pretty faces of the Ratisbone ladies. (The Hungarian name was N. Kanitz—Pesth.  
Galton finally met up with the Danube at Ratisbon, proceeding on now by steamer to Linz, along with Major Parry, his temporary travelling companion. At Linz he hoped to get a boat to Vienna, but when they arrived improvisation was called for to keep to the schedule he had worked out in order to get back to the new term at Cambridge on time.

Aug 5th. Steamer at 5 tiding. There are few castles on the banks & those not interesting, but immense dark & lonely forests of pine & here and there patches of very bright green. The stream is rapid & in several places almost so narrow as that one bank is within stones throw of the other. On leaving Passau the view is most splendid. The citadel on the top on [an] angular hill on the right wh is dark green on one side & bright emerald on the other—then the Danube; then Passau with the domes of its church—then the

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33 Johannes Kepler (1571–1630).
34 ‘I drove as far as time allowed among the Carpathians towards Mehadia, a then secluded watering-place, in the company of two Hungarians, with one of whom—a Kaunitz—I had struck up a travelling friendship, and who told me much about Hungary’, Galton 1908, 51.
CHAPTER 4. GIESSEN TO VIENNA.

Tun & their other dark hills. Got to Linz about 5½.
The river was so much flooded that above Passau the
bridge was scarcely high enough to allow the passage
of the steamer. Arriving we found that the Vienna
Steamer was injured. So we made arrangements for a
small boat with two rowers for (th. 26) me & a Major
Parry whom I had met at the Walhalla & with whom
I was now travelling. Supper & bed.

‘Major Parry’ is hard to identify with certainty. Frank noted
down the Major’s address as the ‘Junior United Service Club’,
and recorded in a letter home that Parry had seen service in
Canada. The leading candidate is Major Richard Parry (?–1845),
of the Second Marine Artillery, who had fought in the
war of 1812 against the Americans, at Fort Wellington in On-
tario. He had retired from the service in 1835, and appears to
have been an eccentric character.35

Relying on Parry to engage the small boat that they now
proposed to take down the river from Linz to Vienna was a
mistake. There was either a misunderstanding—Parry, who
was hurrying to some pressing business in Vienna, could speak
virtually no German—or they had been cheated. The boat
proved to be no more than ‘a punt of unplaned boards kept to-
gether with wooden spikes.’ And by the time they had pushed
off in the dark of early morning, into the fast-flowing current
of the river, instead of two rowers they found only an old man
and a boy in the boat. A lot of rowing assistance would be
required over the 130 mile journey, most of it by the younger
man—‘my companion wanted both youth and muscle’.36 A
great deal of bailing was required too. Half-way at Mölk in
the early afternoon, they were able to stop for refreshments

35 Another candidate is the entomologist Major Frederic Sidney Parry
(1810–1885), who had served in the 17th lancers between 1831 and
1835. But he retired as a cornet, and was only made a major in 1857.
There is also no evidence that the entomologist ever served in Canada.

36 Galton 1908, 50, which incorrectly remembers the distance as 70 miles.
and engage another rower—but see Frank’s letter home below, which identified Stein as the place they stopped, and Mölk as the place where he started rowing.

Figure 4.11: Convent at Mölk.

They reached the outskirts of Vienna at around midnight, but still had a few miles to walk. A journey of twenty-one hours, at just over six miles per hour!

Aug 6th. Off at 3 o’clock. Very cold & wind in our teeth. The rascals had only sent 1 rower with us instead of 2. We took our own provisions—got to Mölk about 2. I there took an oar, to Stein. There we got another rower & went as far towards Vien as the police regulations permitted. At about 12 (midnight) had to walk about 2 miles to the police station. Bag-
gage examined passports not taken from us, then another mile to a lodging house 13 beds in our room, we however were the only occupiers.


Vienna, hurrah!! Aug. 7, 1840.

Stadt Frankfort Hotel.

My Dear Pater. It has just struck me (i.e. after having taken my place to Constantinople—not before) that this expedition of mine is about the coolest & most impudent thing that I have done for a long time. But I remember when about 6 yrs old you telling Darwin and Erasmus of an exploit of yours in kindly offering to escort some young lady (I forget who) from Birmingham for a mile or two, & somehow or other when once in the carriage you thought it better to go on to Bromsgrove merely as a protection to her; at Bromsgrove of course the same reason held good & so on to Worcester. I thought it then a very naughty thing. Now from Birmingham to Worcester is at least 40 miles & from Frankfort to Constantinople is only 2075 (I have carefully counted them) a leettle more certainly but not enough to matter so please be lenient. How I shall get scolded when

\[37\] To Archduchess Maria Christina.
I return! But there is one consolation, viz. that I go too fast for any letter to overtake me & to disturb my serenity when once departed from here (on Monday next, the 10th). Now for my diary.

Left Giessen with top sawyer’s chemist (Dr. Meyer) we went together to various coffee gardens music &c in Frankfort, re-saw all the sights. Had to stay a day longer than I wanted for passport signatures Austrian. Off to Würzburg by night, old town, antique gothic buildings, some 30 domes or sharp spires, 2 hills with wine yards, on one side on this town the one with a citadel on the top, & the other with a pilgrimage. Russian church. Went to the fashionable coffee garden & smoked a cigar!! Staid all day, off for Nuremberg at night, got there next day ran about & saw the sights. Old gable-ended houses—high & half tumbled down. Cathedrals with paintings by Albert Dürer, Lucas Carnach &c. Set off for Ratisbon at 12 with an Hungarian noble, with long mustachios & a scrubby face. Got to Ratsibon at 2½ a.m., crossing the Danube. The sight of it almost made me dance, but there wasn’t room to do so in the eilwagen.\textsuperscript{38} Went to bed at 6. Rattled about the town with the Hungarians. Saw the torture chambers Cathedrals & Walhalla. Walhalla is the Pantheon of Bavaria built after the model (externally) of the Madeleine of Paris, on the top of a high hill 5 miles from Ratisbone, the Danube running below it. It is not yet finished. In it are to be the statues of all the eminent men who have been born in Bavaria & tablets, with marble gold letters for the 2nd rate top-sawyers. A splendid building.

Steamed it next day to Linz. Splendid scenery, dark lonely pine-wood forests: many rapids & boiling

\textsuperscript{38} Express coach.
sun. Here you feel that it is the sun, it puts life into one and warms one quite into the sublime. Bye the bye I am as nearly mad in that way as a person can possibly be imagined to be, who does not actually turn down his shirt collar and go about without his cravat. On arriving at Linz found that the steamboat was, as a waiter who tried to speak French said to an Englishman who was with me, “malade” i.e. injured in one of the rapids & obliged to lie by. I accordingly made an agreement with this Englishman whom I had picked up the day before to hire a boat between us & to get down as we could to Vienna. Well a boat we got i.e. a punt of unplaned boards kept together with wooden spikes & in this we set off at 3 a.m. It was horribly cold & a strong wind in our teeth—but we luckily got on, bailing out continually. On leaving the hills the wind troubled us less & about 2 o’clock we passed Mölk having gone down all the rapids; here the wind freshened. I accordingly took an oar i.e. a tip of a fir-tree with a bit of board nailed to one end & rowed as hard as I could to Stein (look in the map). It was very hard work. At Stein we changed men & got two rowers & arrived at Vienna at 2 o’clock this morning. Being not allowed to cross the barriers in a boat we had to walk two miles with baggage to the Police Station & then another mile to a sleeping place, 13 beds in one room. Got up at 7 & have been walking about, seeing sights, till about an hour ago 9\frac{1}{2} p.m. The Englishman is a Major Parry, has seen some Canadian service & in an eternal fuss & flurry, clubs with me & as he does not know one word of

39 Major Parry.
40 This is at variance with Galton 1908 and Galton’s diary, which identified Mölk as the place they stopped. Stein is quite a bit further down the river.
German is always full of gratitude to me. I have just come from hearing Strauss play. I have had the pleasantest possible voyage—nice companions—very nice indeed in some cases. N.B. Linz is universally famous for the beauty of its fair sex & so is Würtzburg, and everything prosperous. I have never enjoyed myself more. I shall be back in quite time enough to Cambridge (I have altered my return route) so don’t be at all uneasy about that—& shall be in Constantinople on the 23d. Don’t write after me because I am not sure of my return route but I will write, if I have time, from Constantinople. I would have given anything to see your physiognomies when you received my letter from Giessen. Didn’t Bessy say: “What a monkey!”? Well, good bye & believe me ever your affectionate son

Fras. Galton.

Dear Pemmy. I have been sketching away. I wish that I had you with me, you would so enjoy the journey. You certainly nowhere see such universally happy faces as in Germany, it puts one in the best possible temper. I am laughing half the day, and I am tanned as red as mahogany perfectly independent & in the best good humour imaginable. Then in the evenings I tool with a diligence friend to the coffee gardens where all the fashionable of the town are assembled & flirt furiously. Really I feel quite at home everywhere. I saw such splendid etchings & sketches today by all the first Masters. Every style from Albert Dürer to Raphael, the trees are done beautifully. I wish you could see them they are the Archduke Charles’ Collection & 35,000 in all—& how is Bessy, I suppose as fat & healthy as possible after Tenby & Delly & Mammy & Lucy & brothers? I should like
just to have a peep at all your pretty faces again, it seems at least a month since I left Frankfort & I don’t know how long since I saw you last. Well Good bye, I think of you all sometimes.

Fras. Galton

There is a distinct echo in this letter—which Tertius received at Leamington on the 18th—of a pattern that would intensify later into debilitating breakdowns, after Galton got to Cambridge. Notice especially the expressions of exaggerated relief, and the contrasts that they imply. ‘I have never enjoyed myself more’ and ‘I am laughing half the day, and I am tanned as red as mahogany perfectly independent & in the best good humour imaginable.’ The pressure of study and the cycle of examinations were never compatible with Galton’s temperament, which easily turned to obsession. Now he drank in everything that the Austro-Hungarian empire had to offer, not all of which agreed with him.

8th. Sight seeing [...]. Went in the evening to the opera. Madame Lutzer was a great deal talked of & much applauded but I certainly did not like her much. There was a Mdlle (?Aspel Birn) who sang very well, & also a very pretty girl but rather wicked looking who had a very sweet voice. [Chambres] what they call very fine but horribly noisy. Bassoons thrumming, fiddle squeaking flageolets shrieking. Trumpets & drum & an eternal roar of voices is really too much of a good thing. Especially when as in this case the finale consists in the discharge of a couple of pistols.

9th Sunday. All the shops closed. We stayed a great part of the morning in St Peter’s hearing the music. [Mdlle] (?Aspel Birn) sang. We walked into

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41 Tredoux 2018.
several of the churches & in the afternoon took an omnibus for Schönbrunn Palace. Bulky, has a garden behind, the walks are contrived so as to meet 7 in one point, there are several of these centres. Trees stiff & carefully pruned. 2 ponds one above the other in lower a jet d’eau 40 ft, say, crammed with gold fish who seem very hungry, at least they came in shoals to any person on the bank in expectation. Behind the highest pond is La Gloriette a row of columns with wings & a promenade at the top with an extensive view especially of Vienna. Went to some coffee garden close by where Strauss played. Eat much ice. Went to the ballrooms of the Goldenen Birne. From I suppose the laws of mutual attraction of two bodies moving in space, the Gentlemen & Ladies heads approximated strongly as they waltzed. I regretted much that I took no dancing apparel with me & would certainly have gone to Vienna & changed dress had not there been a great storm of rain.
Chapter 5

Vienna to Constantinople.

Figure 5.1: The Danube from Vienna to Orsova.

The journey further down the Danube to Pesth (modern-day Budapest) where he had introductions to the Kaunitz family, would prove to be a lot easier than the Linz to Vienna stretch. At Pesth, as Galton later recalled, he ‘was quite unprepared for the grandeur of its quays and buildings’, but he only had one day to see the town of 64,000 inhabitants, not yet
united with Buda on the other side of the river. Money was becoming a pressing concern, and attempts to economize on the steamer by taking a second-class berth had proved counterproductive.

Monday 10 [Aug]. Set off 3 o’clock in the Company’s busses—was very sleepy. Passed through the Prater & was ejected by the steamer. I had taken a 2nd [...]. The fore part was crammed, only one pretty girl & she would hold down her eyes. Set off in Packet at 5. English Captain & Engineer, & went on as in the Guide Book. About 12 o’clock navigation was rather difficult. Almost got stuck on a sand bank. We scraped very hard on it. In making a sharp turn the stern of the vessel bumped against some water mills—not damaged. The water mills are funny—consist of two boats, one large the other little, to both of these is the water wheel attached & in the largest the Miller lives & works & in it is the machinery.²

![Water Mill on the Danube to Pesth.](image)

Figure 5.2: Water Mill on the Danube to Pesth.

Came at night to Pesth, Koningen von England large & whitewashed brilliantly.

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¹ A large public garden.
² See Figure 5.2, page 52.
11th. Walked about and made purchases, went in a Cab to the Kaiser bad, where there was a pool of beautiful clear water & the tomb of a Turkish Saint on the top of the hill. Near there I took the following sketch.

![Figure 5.3: Aug 11th 1840. F.G. Pesth.](image)

Pesth puts me very much in mind of Frankfort. Especially the Quai. Passport when sent to the bureau was returned with a message to say that a visé was unnecessary. Wrote home for £15 at Trieste.

Pest Aug 11th 1840

[Der] Königin von England Hof

My dear Father.

I am sorry to bother you in another letter, the purport of which is as follows. I have in my [pocket] not including fare to Constantinople £82 (the fare there, best place, is about £12.8). I calculate my future travelling expenses to be almost £76. Which would leave a surplus of £6, but in case of accidents it would be awkward to have none of the “essential”. Would you therefore send me to Trieste £15. If the
correct way of sending it be in letters of credit please make them payable at several of the places about there Venice especially. Should you however have disinherited me, or forbidden my reading mathematics (“fudge”) or some equally severe punishment, then please send duplicates of that letter to Malta, Syra, Athens &c &c, because after that I have read one of them I shall be sure not to enquire after the others & they will so amaze the postmasters. Well here I am in the most Hungarian town of Hungary & already fully entitled to the travelling club. There is such a capital specimen of an Hungarian opposite that I must scetch him. The hair & mustachios are no exaggeration.

I never fully understood what a hot day was till I came here. In truth, sightseeing opens the mind & the perspiratory pores also. The water that I drink oozes through as fast as through a patent filtering machine. I must really invest in a parasol today, the heat at midday is absolutely awful. This morning I actually saw a live cow not half-roasted but really & truly quite dun. I have got a mosquito net of which I shall find the full benefit, shortly, about Skela Gladova (pronounced Skela Glä|döv|ä). A waterproof Pea coat is the greatest comfort imaginable. Yesterday in a storm of rain on the river which bye the bye was much more violent than any Scotch storms and which looked just as in the scetch.

I cooly posted myself on the top of the paddle box, looking quietly & comfortably, with my hands in my pocket, at the poor miserable looking passengers for whom there was not room in the cabin & who, umbrellas being useless, posted themselves as well as they could under the tarpaulin, their exposed parts

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3 See Figure 5.4.
4 See Figure 5.5, page 55.
Figure 5.4: Mustachios, 1840/08/11.

Figure 5.5: Storm, 1840/08/11.
CHAPTER 5. VIENNA TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

suffering considerably. I was considered a maniac or something like it, but two or three Newfoundland-dog-like-shakes made my pea coat half-dry, & not an atom of rain had gone through it. The nights are bitterly cold. Yesterday to economize I tried the 2nd place, but I find that it really won’t do in the lower part of the river. There are no berths & we stay on board at least 8 nights.

Figure 5.6: River Bank, 1840/08/11.

No awning, & the heat is truly awful, passengers are beastly, spitting ad infinitum, & very much crowded—when all on deck, scarcely standing room & they have to make way for the cargo. In the first place, on the quarter-deck (as in all steamers) very few beastly snobs are present, & there I am more likely to get necessary information. The difference is £4 between the 2 places from Vienna to Istanboul (Constantinople I mean). So shall take my place on the quarter deck.

Pest is quite a newly sprung up town—broad quay but not paved, high regular & whitewashed houses extending 1½ mile—half of them unfinished, much the
same character as Frankfort. Shops scattered. Some very fine, especially lithograph & painting shops. It is faced by Buda, situated on a hill, or Ofen (Oven—on account of its hot springs) [It] was very much frequented by the Romans, once belonged to the Turks. Several Turkish baths remain, also the tomb of a Turkish saint to which Turkish pilgrimages are occasionally made. I had an invite here by an Hungarian noble with whom I travelled & saw sights but did not accept it, he not being here & I only staying 1 day. As it is very hot & I have had a splendid dinner with very fair wine for 1.4d I can’t stir out & so will copy a sketch or two.

Figure 5.7: Pesth and Buda, 1840/08/11.

When you go to the Birm: [Music] Meeting I wish that you would ask Bowman if you see him) to come

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5 Mr. Kaunitz.

6 William Bowman.
over for a day or two at Leamington, though I am afraid that he will have scarcely enough time, but do ask him please as he has been so very good natured at different times to me & has helped me on so much. Please tell me in your Trieste letter who Lady Noel is as regards Lord Byron & by the peerage, what her age is & her sisters.\(^7\) Also whether the Duke of Wellington has not a Nephew at the Ambassade at Vienna\(^8\) & whether he, the Duke, has not a sister or that Nephew an Aunt, about 56 yrs old, & this lady a daughter, if so what is her age? In 11 days more I am in Istamboul, hurrah!

I remember a bit of advice of Darwin’s when I was climbing up a ladder to the cistern in the yard at the Larches: not to look down, but only upward & see what is left to be climbed (not “clomb”). Just so with my present tour. I fancy myself not much further than Belgium, quite at home & only calculate what I have to do.

Goodbye, affectionate son
Fra\(^8\) Galton.

After Pesth, ‘we entered comparative barbarism’, with ‘natives beastly dirty’. The river took them through Peterwardein, Semlin (360 miles from Pesth), Belgrade (seen only by moonlight from the river, because it was in quarantine, under Turkish control), Semendra, and Moldova. It was only past Drenkova and the onset of the rapids that the scenery struck Galton as remarkable.

12. set off at 4 in the morning there were on board 5 other English 4 of whom officers. A Wallachian, light

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\(^7\) Galton had met Lady Noel on the steamer to Ostend, en route to Giessen. She was Byron’s ex-wife.

\(^8\) Henry Richard Charles Wellesley, later first Earl Cowley (1804–1884) was then an attaché at the embassy in Vienna.
complexion, long hair & speaking French. A Frenchman who spoke good Italian & an Italian who spoke capital French & 2 ladies. Also a German Colonel who flirted considerably with one of them.

The river runs due south, there is nothing magnificent in it, merely a broad Birmingham and Warwick canal. Some pretty woods & inlets. No towns on the banks, absolutely nothing to sketch. About 4pm an occasional hum a sharp prick announced the presence of mosquitos, they soon were very plaguing. Mohács mud huts and five churches, scene of a great battle vide Murray.⁹ A painting of it is preserved in the bishop’s palace whither I with my Wallachian & Foreign friends repaired. Bishop not at home—bailiff impudent, servants ignorant, could not get admission but just on returning we met the Bishop (a short intelligent looking man) with his suite. He very good-naturedly shewed it to us. Nothing particular & not worth the trouble of visiting. Returned to the steamer, the beds were formed by drawers under the cabin seats which pulled out, the lid then opened &

⁹ 1526. Suleiman vs. Lewis II.
resting upon 2 feet elongated the upper surface.

Figure 5.9: Cabin seats, Aug 12th 1840. FG.

13th. Steamed as before. The natives beastly dirty sheep’s skin clothes, wide full trowsers, long
greasy hair, black turned up hat. Passed Peterwardein, anything but picturesque.
Slept at Semlin, having first walked about dirty town & up the cemetery, where is a very good view of junction of the Sava & Danube. It was too dark to see Belgrade well. Sang God Save the Queen & went to bed loyal.

14th. Arrived at Drenkova about 1 having passed Semendria & Moldova, here we enter a defile & the
Figure 5.12: Peasant near Peterwardein, Aug 13th, 1840.

Figure 5.13: Belgrade from Semlin, Aug 13th 1840. Moonlight.

rapids & beautiful scenery commences.

The defile begins with Babacaj rock in the centre of the stream, Castle of Golumbacz on right. Sketch with cavern of Golumbacz (see Murray) on left.  

But writing back home, he painted a sunnier picture. ‘I never in my life had a more pleasant voyage than down the Danube.

\[10\] See Figure 5.14, page 63.
The funny costumes & languages viz. German, Wallachian, Sclavonian, Illyrian, Turkish, Russian, Italian, French & English were all spoken around me. We eat water melons and grapes. I scetched a good deal, walked on the land wherever the steamer stopped & really saw an immense deal. Tell Bessy that I passed by the cave where St George killed the Dragon & sketched too & that the putrid body of the Dragon gives birth yearly (so says the legend) to myriads of mosquitoes, very many of whom bye the bye bit me.\textsuperscript{11} In fact these were not mosquitoes but the local flies which plagued the area.

In the Carpathians, the ancient Roman resort, ‘The Baths of Hercules’, then as now called Mehadia, was not far off the Danube. It is unclear how close Galton got to the town, which was still a popular spa in those days, patronized by the piano-playing Hungarian nobility (today it is derelict, a staple of \textit{wandervogel} travelogues). His diary contains a partly-legible

\textsuperscript{11} FG to STG, 1840/08/22.
entry titled ‘Journey to Mehadia’, to which he set off when the steamer stopped on the 14th of August for a few days at Orsova, just before the gorge containing the rapids known as the ‘Iron Gates’ of the Danube. Baggage and freight had to be transferred between steamers, down to Skela Gladova, to circumvent the rapids, so he had time to kill. He appears to have been in the area through the 16th.

In a letter to his father, Frank implied he had made it to the waters. ‘At Orsova I went to the baths of Mehadia (see Murray—as you have got my “Southern Germany Murray” you must read up my route) the rapids & between Alt Mordova & Skela Gladova are very fine rough brown mountains on each side, a good deal of wood, a swift stream below, whirlpools occasionally, & splendid eagles soaring about.’

But his Mem­o­ries sug­gests that Gal­ton stopped short of

Figure 5.15: Cavern of Golumbacz “where St George killed the dragon”.

12 FG to STG, 1840/08/22.
the historic spa town. ‘I drove as far as time allowed among the Carpathians towards Mehadia, a then secluded watering-place, in the company of two Hungarians, with one of whom—a Kaunitz—I had struck up a travelling friendship, and who told me much about Hungary.’

However, the Baths were only 12 miles away from Orsova, so he should have been able to get there, absent detours, with plenty of time to spare.

[ circa Aug 15–16 ] Journey to Mehadia. Pigs with yokes to keep them from passing hedges. Indian corn & gourd plantings [...] wicker bridges [...] plow the corn Straw then tied in faggots.

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13 Galton 1908, 51.
14 See Figure 5.17.
Figure 5.17: Journey to Mehadia circa 1840/08/15.
Figure 5.18: The Pascha’s Mosque, residence & seraglio at Orsova, built partly of wickerwork and tiled.
Even during Galton’s own lifetime, the impassable Iron Gates, which then fell 16 feet over a distance of 7200 feet, would be altered beyond recognition, blasted using dynamite to improve navigation. Now the area is entirely drowned by a huge hydro-electric dam. Past Orsova and the Gates lay Wallachia (ancient Dacia, modern Bulgaria and Romania) and the lower Danube, as it wound its way down to the Black Sea. Galton resumed his journey down the river on the 16th. ‘The Iron Gate is a humbug, the rapid is swift enough but the scenery nothing particular. At Orsova (Ör-shöv-a) on stepping into the boat we were tabooed for 10 days quarantine had we returned, & we were in a minute among turbanned Turks. The Quarantine laws are a great bore. A Turk has 3 days Quarantine in Wallachia & 10 in Hungary, a Wallachian 7 days in Hungary. So there are 3 nations close together none of whom can trade &c to any extent with the other. See Murray as to the way of making exchanges, & passing the money through water.’

Later memories of the route onward were darker. ‘The flat shores of Wallachia were most uninteresting and looked fever-
haunted. The only human life visible for miles together was that of an occasional coast-guardsman perched in a crow’s nest on the top of a pole, to prevent smugglers from crossing the Danube unseen. At one place we cut through a shoal of water snakes crossing the river, with their heads out of water and their bodies wriggling horizontally. It was a sight upon which a horrible nightmare might have been founded. On the 17th he was at Sistova, a town of 21,000 inhabitants, where the river was over 4,000 feet wide.

Figure 5.21: Castle overhanging Sistova, Aug 17th 1840.

Galton 1908.
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The second-leg steamer stopped some distance from the Black Sea, at Czernaboda. A short-cut was available from there—perhaps this was the ‘new route’ that Galton had heard of from Professor Adrian in Giessen—cutting 200 miles off the journey and avoiding the shallow delta of the river. A sedate overland journey eastward by ox-waggon to Kustendji on the Black Sea followed an ancient course of the Danube, past the lake of Carasou. He reached the Black Sea on the 19th, after walking most of the way through the valley from Czernaboda.

Writing to his father, Frank described the thirty-four mile journey with studied nonchalance. ‘Stopped at Czernaboda (that is a Russian name) and went overland to Kustendje—3 other English with myself made the first English party who had ever done it with the exception of one solitary Englishman about 3 weeks since. We arrived at Kustendje & the Black Sea (!!!) all comfortably (except one breakdown of the axle tree), & found a very good inn & actually Barclay & Perkins’ porter—a bottle of which I drank to the health of all at home. Steamer was to set off next morning at 12, was lent a gun by an inhabitant & so went out a-shooting. Shot a couple of Sea Gulls first then broke the leg of a heron when flop flap flap up got an eagle, bang! Mr. Eagle lay a subject for dissection on the ground. Accordingly I did dissect him, at least skin him to the admiration of all beholders (I had my dissecting knives with me). I shall bring him to England. It is not a large one just about $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 feet from tip to tip of wings, but a very powerful one. (Dinner’s ready so I must stop.)’

Six years later, Galton would drink generous amounts of Barclay & Perkins Porter while cruising down the Nile with the family scion Hedworth Barclay, his own distant relation. Now at Kustendji (Roman Constantia), Galton picked up a passage to Constantinople, over Byron’s ‘dark Euxine’. ‘Set off in a steamer on the Black Sea having first bathed therein. Very windy—cross sea worst passage since March. My breakfast & dinner were soon food for fishes if they could digest
them. I could not, in fact I was horribly squeamish at last having during my short time of health seen a splendid storm, lightning as bright as in the most vivid illumination, a broad glare of sheet lightning extending along a quadrant of the horizon concentrated itself together in the middle to a broad band of forked lightning, it was splendid. The Black Sea is really very black, I do not know to what it is owing—rocky bottom? Sailed down the Bosphorous through the Symplegades. Egad the Bosphorus beats any thing in the way of a view I have.
ever set my peepers upon. The kiosks are so opera-scene-like, so white, & so much trellis work about them. The mountains are so grand & the Bosphorous so broad and blue, that (I am stuck fast in the mud about how to finish the sentence being afraid of verging on the [romantic]).’

The student used those ‘peepers’ to dutifully sketch and describe the Symplegades (the Clashing, or Cyanean Rocks) at the mouth of the Bosphorus. ‘The symplg. are just the height of the mast of a large cutter. They (it properly) are not “blue” but a thoroughly browny yellow (lichen). ... The Symplegades are of plain pudding stone—top covered with orange lichen & a fragment of marble pillar at top. Giant’s mountain.’ Rather more accurately than Byron had done.

Figure 5.24: Symplegades by the side of the Castle of Europe.

And from the Alban Mount we now behold
Our friend of youth, that ocean, which when we
Beheld it last by Calpe’s rock\(^19\) unfold
Those waves, we follow’d on till the dark Euxine\(^20\) roll’d

\(^17\) FG to STG, 1840/08/22.
\(^18\) FG Diary, Aug. 21–22, 1840.
\(^19\) Gibraltar.
\(^20\) The Black Sea.
Upon the blue Symplegades: long years –
Long, though not very many, since have done
Their work on both; some suffering and some tears
Have left us nearly where we had begun:
Yet not in vain our mortal race hath run,
We have had our reward – and it is here;
That we can yet feel gladdened by the sun,
And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear
As if there were no man to trouble what is clear.\(^{21}\)

After covering over 2,000 miles since he set off from Giessen,
just twenty days earlier, Frank would soon be in Constantinople. In mind of Byron.

\(^{21}\) Byron, *Childe Harold.*
CHAPTER 5. VIENNA TO CONSTANTINOPLE.
In 1840, Byron had only been dead for sixteen years. And young Frank had closer ties to Byron and the Levant than Professor Adrian was aware of back in Giessen. Two of his uncles had befriended the auto-mythologizing poet there in 1809-10, carousing with him in Athens and Smyrna. Byron was still only on the verge of a global reputation, and their own careers had yet to start. Only one out of the two would return alive from this adventure, which took them from the theatre of the Peninsular War in Portugal and Spain to the Barbary Coast, Malta, and the Ottoman domains. They courted danger at every turn.

6.1 England.

The Darwin and Galton families had been intertwined ever since the early 1780s, when the influential Doctor Erasmus Darwin (1731–1802) had tended to Samuel Galton’s wife Lucy, who was often ill for months at a time. Galton, a wealthy Birmingham gun manufacturer, could easily afford Darwin’s steep fees, which rose sharply when the doctor relocated to Derby in late 1781. A single house-call, by well-provisioned carriage from Derby, could run to 100 guineas. The Doctor
soon discovered that Samuel was really a frustrated scientist, unwillingly pressed into his overbearing father’s business and forced to find intellectual relief in after-hours investigations of the natural world. Galton was quickly inducted into an informal society of like-minded men of the Midlands, who had gravitated toward Darwin’s considerable mass. They came to be known as the Lunar Society. Footpads could be avoided with the aid of moonlight. Others members included Joseph Priestley, Matthew Boulton, James Watt, Thomas Withering, Josiah Wedgwood, and Richard Lovell Edgeworth.

Intellectual intercourse became heritable when the Lunar families intermarried. Erasmus’ son Robert Waring Darwin (1766-1848) married Susannah Wedgwood (1765–1817) in 1796, a union that would produce Charles Darwin the evolutionist. Erasmus was strongly ruled by the generative instinct, and, aside from some illegitimate children, produced a number of children by a second marriage. Violetta Darwin (1783–1874) was one of those. In 1807 she was married to one of Samuel Galton’s sons, Samuel Tertius (1783–1844), by then a partner in the family business, which was in the process of pivoting from guns to banking. Other members of the two families found common ground too. Two of these were Francis Darwin, Violetta’s boisterous younger brother, and Theodore Galton, a bookish younger brother of Tertius.

We know considerably more about the early career of Francis Darwin, born in 1786, than we do about his slightly older friend Theodore Galton, born in 1784. From an early age, Erasmus’ son showed signs of a frisky temperament, leading to family legends. Tormented at school by his fellow-scholars, he brought a rifle to St Peter’s Churchyard and shot at them. Launching arrows into pigs with a friend went badly wrong when a rabid dog was attracted, driving the pair into the trees and leading to the death of a pig and a horse, at the hands of a mob who supposed them to be rabid after being bitten by the dog. Confined to bed with a dog bite, Francis howled and
barked to alarm his mother, who supposed that her son had contracted hydrophobia, and tumbled down the stairs entangled with a visitor. At Shrewsbury he fought a bull, beating it into a stream. His sister Violetta collected a series of these robust anecdotes.

Against these odds, Francis was educated at Derby, Mansfield and Repton schools. He was sixteen when Erasmus succumbed to a heart attack in 1802, and he was placed under a private tutor at Clun. Like his father and several of his siblings he went on to study medicine at Edinburgh University, qualifying in 1807, after defending a thesis (like several of his fellow students) on ‘De hydrothorace’. Emmanuel College at Cambridge followed later that year, but he soon lost interest in the university, leaving after less than a year when he decided
to travel abroad with Theodore Galton.

Theodore had a twin sister Adele (1784–1869), who later became Mrs Booth. The details of his early education are now obscure. It was said that he ‘rarely sought pleasures in public, or spent an evening from home, but passed his leisure hours in the attainment of knowledge, and in the delights of elegant literature. He had been led to a love of study, after his school education was over, by some events of his life, but principally by a mind which had acquired a discerning taste, and that was capable of the richest cultivation’.¹

This ‘love of study’ seems to have led to an interest in bookselling, and in 1808, with his brother Tertius as a co-signer, he entered into a partnership with Jonathan Knott and Robert Lloyd of Birmingham. Knott and Lloyd were well-known around the midland city as book-sellers and printers, and had recently bought *Aris Birmingham Gazette* from the Aris Pearson family. Prior to this Theodore had partnered in an export/import business with John Lewis (Jean Louis) Moilliet, a thriving and well-capitalized immigrant from Switzerland, but the arrangement was dissolved on Dec. 1, 1806.²

Procreation, business and religion combined. Theodore had formed a connection with Mary Gibbins (1785–1875), a daughter of a Quaker business partner of his father. By 1808 they were (perhaps tacitly) engaged to be married. Though Joseph Gibbins had been among the Quaker elders sent in 1795 to disown Samuel Galton and his father from the sect for selling guns, there were no hard feelings. Engaged or not, in 1808 Theodore resolved to take off to the Levant with his brother-in-law Francis Darwin.

If the two were not already familiar through the general ties between the Galton and Darwin families, the marriage in 1807 between Francis’ sister Violetta and Theodore’s brother Tertius would have thrown them together. Even so, exactly

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¹ Anonymous 1810a; Anonymous 1810b.
² *Morning Chronicle*, Monday 08 December 1806.
why they resolved to explore the Levant a year later is not obvious. Francis had just qualified as a doctor, and was ripe for a tour abroad, if only to relieve the tedium of Cambridge. But Theodore had active business interests, and there was his emerging connection to Mary Gibbins. Much of what we know about the tour is due to a later reminiscence by Francis, which, though it was based on his diary, is vague about their intent
and how the plans were formed. That may have been exactly how it happened.
6.2 Portugal.

The fact that the Peninsular War had recently broken out between Britain and France could have been taken as an obstacle. Napoleon had invaded Portugal the previous year, assisted by the Spanish, when they had failed to close their ports to British trade. Then the Corsican had fallen out with his new allies. The British had landed a large force of 30,000 in Portugal in August and all but defeated the French, yet somehow bungled a premature treaty, letting their opponents off lightly at Cintra. In mid-October, a second British contingent of roughly 13,000, embarked at Falmouth in Cornwall, was landed at Corunna in the north of Portugal. Just over a month later, on the 26th of November, Francis and Theodore followed behind the expeditionary force in the Eliza packet.3

Theodore’s well-read mother Lucy Galton (nee Barclay) was insouciant about all that. The previous day she had written to her son John Howard, Theodore’s brother, that the two friends were ‘hoping to see Madrid—the Alhambra at Granada—& Seville—& see Portugal likewise, in an Episode. They mean to pay their respects to the Knights at Malta—& to Mt Aetna in Sicily. But a little more formidable mountain is, I fear, in the way—it is Bonaparte! I think it is probable now, that they may re-embark at Corunna, & go by sea to Oporto; keeping out of harms way. Tho’ perhaps it might be said now, as it was by Cicero formerly to a friend of his, who had hid himself to avoid Caesar—‘why do you think of being more secure in a Village in Asia—it is as well to come to Rome: Caesar is everywhere!’4

Neither Francis nor Theodore had any intention of taking part in the fighting in the Peninsula, but several of their fellow passengers were bound directly for it. One such, a “Mr.

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3 Captain Sampson.
Clarke”,\(^5\) was a former soldier who had enthusiastically volunteered to join the Spanish Army, now at the throats of their quondam allies the French. Another, a “Mr. Adey”,\(^6\) was proceeding to join the 52nd regiment under the ill-fated Sir John Moore. They befriended a third passenger, Robert Arbuthnot (1761–1809), who was a soldier-turned diplomat and administrator. Arbuthnot had been a Chief Secretary in Ceylon between 1801 and 1806, and was now returning to his post. As Francis remembered it, their own connection was deepening too. ‘T. G. and myself now became more acquainted every hour; and on this voyage we formed a most sincere friendship, which increased and strengthened as our dispositions were better known to each other’\(^7\).

Landing at Corunna on the 30th, after a difficult passage, Galton and Darwin made their way south overland, via St Jago, Pontevedra, Vigo, Oporto, Coimbra and Leira, fetching up in Lisbon shortly after Christmas. Arbuthnot prudently proceeded on by ship instead, meeting them in Lisbon. Clarke had immediately set off on his own from Corunna to find the Spanish Army at St Jago, but didn’t last the night, falling prey on the road to banditti who robbed and murdered him. The brothers-in-law soon met up with the Whig politician Lord Holland,\(^8\) an eccentric Lusophile with Bonapartist sympathies, who was auditing the action from his carriage. The locals were alarmed when the sun glinted on his windows from a distance, thinking that the French were coming—an understandable mistake.

The entire country between Oporto and Lisbon was teeming with bands of army deserters who had organized themselves for private gain. There were close calls and persistent rumours along the route. Near Villa Franca, Galton and Darwin bar-

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\(^{5}\) Not traced.  
\(^{6}\) Not traced.  
\(^{7}\) C. Darwin 1958, 1.  
\(^{8}\) Henry Richard Vassall-Fox, 3rd Baron Holland (1773–1840).
ricaded themselves inside a house and kept watch all night, but were not attacked. The ‘nocturnal vermin’ and cold stone kitchen floors for beds turned out to be more trouble, but that could easily have turned out differently.

The brothers-in-law took several days to recover in Lisbon from the rigours of the overland route, soon learning that their former companion ‘Mr. Adey’ had died in the strategic retreat from Salamanca back to Corunna, in which his commander Sir John Moore and 7,000 other men lost their lives—the remainder were evacuated by sea back to Falmouth. ‘Accounts of frequent murders arrive daily from the road towards Oporto, and it is thought wonderful how we have escaped.’

Though Lisbon itself was ‘grand’, Darwin lamented that the beggars there were ‘almost as numerous as the dogs: what is so disagreeable, they are allowed to infest the best coffee-houses and even to beg at the table, and it is no uncommon thing for them to sit down with you at meals and afterwards to beg’ (the beggars, or the dogs?)

A tour through the cork, pine and orange groves of Cintra, with its castles and Moorish fortifications, restored them. Sated, they sailed on the 16th of January 1809 for Cadiz, along with Arbuthnot, and other friends acquired earlier when sampling the port-wine of Oporto.

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9 F. S. Darwin 1927, 17.
6.3 Spain.

Figure 6.4: Spanish Itinerary, 1808-9.
In the days of sail, danger lurked even on a short trip to Cadiz. They were nearly driven onto the rocks during a difficult passage on the *General Wolfe* that ended up lasting a full week. But on the 23rd they were safely lodged in Woods’ American Hotel, and getting to know Sir William Ingilby (1783–1854, later Amcotts-Ingilby) and his companion Mr. (or Captain?) Mackinnon, who were also touring. The harbour was full of around 9,000 French prisoners of war, held on ships. Thrown unceremoniously overboard when they succumbed to disease or malnutrition, up to 15 a day, dead Frenchmen floated in the harbour and washed ashore bloated. Shot was too precious to waste on weights for corpses. Arrangements were quickly made to travel inland, through the sherry country of Xeres, to Seville, where they would rejoin Ingilby and Mackinnon, who were making their own way to the city.

The travelers from the Midlands left Cadiz on the 30th of January by boat, heading for Port St Mary’s, cutting over the bay. This was another close call, as the boat was swamped by a surge. On the verge of sinking, frantically bailing with their hats, a squall righted them just in time and they squelched through to Xeres. Reports of *banditti* kept them up, as they chanced the trip from Xeres to Seville, travelling straight through from midnight. They had moonlight but not the usual escort of armed dragoons. They were in luck, arriving at Seville unmolested on the afternoon of the 1st of February. At the city a notable figure received them: John Hookham Frere, British plenipotentiary to the Spanish *Junta*, but rather more familiar to Francis as the literary nemesis of his father Erasmus.

Frere had collaborated with his Eton school-friend George Canning (1770–1827), a future prime minister, on the satirical *Anti-Jacobin, or, Weekly Examiner*. It was short-lived—lasting only for the Parliamentary session of November 20, 1797 to July 9, 1798—but highly influential, as an animadversion against the ‘enlightened’ strain in England that had

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11 Not identified.
been fascinated by the French Revolution.\textsuperscript{12} The parodies they published lived on in the collected \textit{Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin} (1799). Most of the best pieces in this were by Frere, with the help of Canning, the former Whig George Ellis (1753–1815) and others around the dinner table, where they sharpened knives and verses.

Ready objects for caricature included Erasmus Darwin’s \textit{improving poetry with footnotes}, for which Frere produced \textit{The Progress of Man} and \textit{The Loves of the Triangles}. The latter was a marvellous riff on Darwin’s ‘Loves of the Plants’, which had formed the second part of his florid \textit{Botanic Garden} of 1791, intent to ‘inlist Imagination under the banner of Science, and to lead her votaries from the looser analogies, which dress out the imagery of poetry, to the stricter ones, which form the ratiocination of philosophy’.\textsuperscript{13}

Frere ratiocinated wickedly in rhyme about circles joining ‘in osculation sweet’, invoking the ‘charms of secants and tangents’ and wondering ‘How Loves and Graces in an Angle dwell’. Philosophizing footnotes derive the universe from the elongation of a single ‘PRIMEVAL point’, ‘evolving itself by its own energies’ into ‘SPACE’ and ’MATTER’, and by a succession of steps into ‘VEGETABLES’. The more social vegetables develop wings and feet, then decide to become ‘MEN’, invent language and discover fire, all while rubbing off their tails by sitting on them. A story charming enough for Cinderella, that ‘sad victim of domestic spite’, to feel ‘new ear-rings deck her listening ears’ with diamonds, after which she is transported to the ball by six cock-tailed mice (with learned footnotes on mice, rats, and ancient laws concerning Welsh cats).

Now, in Seville, Frere was in a difficult spot, unable to

\textsuperscript{12} Edited by William Gifford, and not to be confused with an imitator, the \textit{Anti-Jacobin Review, a Monthly Political and Literary Censor}, which followed it in 1798.

\textsuperscript{13} See \textit{The works of John Hookham Frere in verse and prose} (1872) edited by his nephews W. E. and Sir Bartle Frere.
please his superiors in London or the public, at a time when the war was going badly. In his diary Darwin refers to him only as ‘Mr. Frere’, and found that over dinner he was not forthcoming about the movements of their actively-engaged armies. Selected to take the fall for the disaster at Corunna, Hookham Frere was recalled shortly after Darwin and Galton met him.
Many years later, in 1845, Francis Galton would narrowly miss an opportunity to see Frere at Malta, where he long been retired but was soon to die.

Once they had toured the cathedrals, tobacco factories and other sights of Seville, Theodore and Francis retraced their route to Cadiz, leaving on the 4th of February (perhaps accompanied by Ingilby). At the city, where the mob had earlier torn suspected French sympathizers to pieces, Sir George Smith, a friend of their Falmouth companion Robert Arbuthnot, had succumbed to a long illness. Arbuthnot persuaded Galton and Darwin to join him on the four-gun schooner *HMS Viper*, to transport Smith’s body to Gibraltar. Delayed by the weather, they took up an alternative offer of horses for the overland route, which Ingilby and a Captain Pickering\(^{14}\) had already taken, leaving Arbuthnot to follow after on the ship.

The overland journey led through a nest of criminals in the ‘Cork Wood’. They came across the ‘horrid sight’ of quartered corpses hanging from the trees, but were at its end rewarded with a ‘most delightful view of Gibraltar’. A crossing from Algeciras to the Rock marinated them thoroughly in sea water once again when a mast their boat was towing struck and nearly sunk the vessel. Still, they had escaped the fate of Arbuthnot, who had disappeared along with *HMS Viper*. The ship was never found. It was only the 12th of February 1809 and just two remained of the party of five which had left Falmouth a few months earlier.

After a short stop in the garrison at Gibraltar, new explorations inland were planned, to visit Granada and the mountains of the Sierra Nevada, the highest in all Spain. Sir William Ingilby and Mr. Mackinnon, who appear to have had ample spare time, joined them. They went via Malaga, taking an overnight boat there. The trip was not too short for new experiences. Darwin, a tall man of 6’ 3”, was stunned for days after he cracked his head against the cabin rafters in the night,

\(^{14}\) Not traced.
fancying that he heard Galton’s name called. This started In- 

gilby and Mackinnon, who also cracked their heads. Galton, 

meanwhile, had stayed safely on deck. Departure inland from 

Malaga was delayed until the 21st of February, while heads 
mended.

The party proceeded to Granada on horseback, assisted by 

mutinous muleteers, successfully governed by the wrong side 

of a blunderbuss, arriving on the 21st of the month. Here 

Darwin was soon sated with visits to the Moorish relics of the 

Alhambra, and persuaded Mackinnon to go climbing with him 

instead, up the Sierra Nevada, whose snows could be seen from 

the city by moonlight.

Winter still lingered, but the snows were perpetual anyway. 

Darwin may or may not have had specific experience of moun-

taineering, which had yet to come into its vogue reached in the 

Victorian era. Undaunted, the doctor was soon ‘prepared with 

a bottle of laudanum, nails in my shoes, a hammer and stick’. 

Sensibly, neither Mackinnon nor the guides they had engaged 

would follow the tall young doctor beyond the snow line, at 

8,000 feet, so he proceeded from there solo. He was aiming 

for an exposed piece of rock near the summit, supposing that 

its composition would reveal the original process which had 

formed the mountains.

To modern thinking, Laudanum is an unusual sort of aid 

for mountain climbing. Derived from opium, the active in-

gredient is morphine, with some codeine, dissolved in ethyl 

alcohol and delivered orally. As Darwin climbed higher, he 

used his hammer to crack footholds in the ice, aided by regu-

lar doses. ‘Had it not been for the opium, which I took every 

ten or fifteen minutes, I might have been hurled down the steep 

upon the ice with dreadful velocity for many miles—as it ap-

peared—into the bosom of the earth, or into a valley of eternal 

winter.’ It was already 9 o’clock at night when he eventu-

ally reached the exposed rock he was after. ‘Here—within one 

hundred feet of the highest part of this chain of mountains—I
rested and took more laudanum. Now the most awful hours I ever witnessed began. Darkness prevailed below, and thunder shook the rocks. There was some light above from an obscured moon. The lightning played into the hills beneath on all sides, and set fire to the woods in several places—adding grandeur to the scene. The situation of an individual on this elevation, and at such a time, is too difficult to describe. I was kept here by the lightning until 2 o’clock in the morning.

By the time Darwin had descended, after chipping off a specimen of the exposed granite, the entire bottle of laudanum had been consumed. Normally this would be a fatal dose, which suggests that he had developed tolerance for the drug over time. As a depressant, it must have been useful as a pain killer, or nerve settler, more than anything else. Possibly he was dependent on it, perhaps after being introduced to its use through his medical training, or by his father Erasmus, who prescribed it liberally. Maybe the drug steeled him to a near miss at the base of the mountain, with guerrillas who very nearly shot him in the dim light. They let him go after examining his passport, and he returned to Granada in time for breakfast at 10 o’clock that morning, ‘bringing back a piece of granite, and an empty bottle of laudanum’.15 His diary does not offer any deductions about the formation of the mountains.

There was another encounter with guerrillas on the return trip to Malaga, when Theodore and Mr. Mackinnon were arrested outside Antequera, but released unharmed. At Malaga, which the party of four reached on the 6th of March, they found the author Robert Semple (1777-1816).16 The American was also staying at the Los Quatro Naciones hotel, kept by French women now under local suspicion. He would travel together with Galton and Darwin for some time after this.

Semple was born in Boston to loyalist parents, of Scottish

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16 Referred to throughout F. S. Darwin 1927 as ‘Temple’, doubtless a transcription error since Darwin certainly knew his correct name.
extraction, who were imprisoned and expelled shortly after his birth, during the Revolution. After an education in England he had established himself in 1798 as a merchant at Cape Town, with his father Robert Senior, but had left the town in 1803, by which time the colony had been ceded back to the Dutch. After publishing a whimsical narrative describing his walking tours in

Figure 6.6: Francis Sacheverell Darwin as a young man (mistaken for Theodore Galton in Pearson 1914).
the Southern Cape, he travelled in South America and the West Indies, producing the novel *Charles Ellis* from the experience. Then he had seen Spain in 1805, quickly penning a second travel narrative.\(^{17}\) Now he had commenced from Falmouth in February, taking the packet to Lisbon in search of Peninsular War impressions. The overland route to Seville followed, and Semple had also been mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada at Granada, where he was sobered by close calls and hypothermia (his account does not mention laudanum). Darwin’s party had first met Semple at Granada, though the diary kept by Francis does not record that.\(^{18}\)

After seeing the Roman remains of the area together, which made no impression on Darwin, the foreigners all set off for the New Mole, Gibraltar, setting sail on the 8th of March. The crossing, by gun-boat, was rapid but not straightforward. A sudden hurricane did not deter the commander, who had despatches to deliver—‘to the great astonishment of the Spaniards’.\(^{19}\) The passengers were roped onto the deck, where they were soaked through under a press of sail, but not washed overboard. On the rock, the famous Garrison Library kept them diverted, and they collected fossils from St Michael’s cave.

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\(^{17}\) Semple 1803; Semple 1806; Semple 1807; Semple 1808.

\(^{18}\) ‘At one end of the alameda, and fronting it, is the hotel of Los Quatro Naciones, where I took up my residence, and where I found four English gentlemen with whom I had formed an acquaintance at Granada. Three of them afterwards accompanied me to Barbary, and we made our researches at Malaga together’, Semple 1809, 205-6.

\(^{19}\) F. S. Darwin 1927, 33.
Figure 6.7: Robert Semple.
6.4 The Barbary Coast.

Plans were formed at the base for an expedition over the straits to the Barbary Coast. Darwin, Galton, Inglisby and Semple hoped to go inland to see Fez, then seen by few visitors (Mackinnon had already returned to England). Samuel Serfatty, a Jewish interpreter from an exiled family long-established in Barbary but well-known in Gibraltar, was engaged for the duration. Leaving on the 28th of March, 1809, their first destination was Tetuan, a day trip of sixteen miles away, by bullockboat. They brought a store of the presents that served as currency for travellers. Six miles inland at Tetuan, they quickly swapped Serfatty’s residence in the Jewish quarter for a hotel in the town run by a European woman. But the resident nabob, mistaken by Darwin for the governor himself, kept them waiting.

Permission from the Governor, Mohamed Ben Abdeslam Slowey, would be required to proceed the eleven miles inland to Fez, a most unusual request. The potentate was away pacifying the provinces. A modest present of two white sugar-loaves and two pounds of green tea bought them permission to explore the environs while they waited, under an armed guard of Janissaries. There were fields of grain and perfumed orange groves all around. ‘In the hands of an intelligent people this delightful spot might be rendered, not merely the garden of Barbary, but of all Africa.’ The nearby Atlas mountains had game, so Semple bagged an eagle. Darwin amused himself studying local poisons, but suffered from long and dangerous delirium after hatlessly inviting sunstroke.

Kept kicking their heels for three weeks, the party was informed that Governor Slowey had refused permission for their journey to Fez, since military action was expected there. They were forced to stick to the coast, and so proceeded despon-

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20 Also given as Serfatti.
21 Semple 1809, 232.
dently to Tangiers, overland, on the 17th of April. Sounds of nearby lions and hyenas enlivened their nights. At a stop on their way, a solicited present of brandy produced a snake charmer. Darwin had sufficiently recovered from sunstroke to nonchalantly snatch at a snake twisted round the charmer. The serpent was advertised as deadly, but he noticed that its teeth were drawn. The Janissaries restrained the embarrassed charmer’s musket, and the doctor lived on.

Semple tried to make sense of the physical anthropology en route. ‘There are evidently two distinct races of men among these mountaineers, immediately distinguishable by the difference of their features; and I regretted not to be able to trace these distinctions farther, or to discover whence they probably arose. One has the face long, perfectly oval, the nose regular and slightly aquiline, the lips delicate, and the complexion a light olive. The men of the other race are of a far stouter make, a broader forehead, a nose shorter and more square, with thicker lips, and a darker complexion.’

At Tangiers on the 19th of April or thereabouts, they noted that the British and French consuls were not speaking to each other, which Semple judged unworthy of civilized and polite nations, but worthy of Tangiers. The next day they took an open Spanish felucca over the straits, with a crew they found to be four sheets to the wind before even setting off. Overnighting at Tarifa, short of Gibraltar, Serfaty slept on board, as Jews were prohibited from setting foot in Spain. They had already discovered that the Moors hated the Jews, that the Jews secretly hated the Moors in return, and that the Moors openly spat at the sight of an Englishman in the street—but consoled themselves by fancying that the Moors hated the French even more than they did the English. Some time later they heard reports that their landlady in Tetuan had been murdered.

Semple left Gibraltar for England three weeks after their return. Before the year was out, he forced out another travel nar-

22 Semple 1809, 248.
rative, bookended with philosophical ruminations. Sir William Ingilby, who had already started his long political career back home but who obviously had few pressing duties in those years, left in the *Hind* for Malta; he would reappear later. Before long Darwin and Galton were off too, having secured passage to Malta in the formidable *Hibernia*, under Captain Robert Neave. Armed with 120 guns and a crew of nearly a thousand, they were escorted by a convoy of 17 more ships of the line to safeguard the million and half of silver which Neave was delivering to fund the Austrian and Sicilian armies. Corsairs were nowhere to be seen. The convoy made good time, docking at the harbour of Valette in Malta on the 23rd of May.

### 6.5 Malta to Milo.

Nearly a month passed on Malta: attending Governor Ball’s Ball and befriending his son, roaming through the extensive catacombs, and exploring the Roman Temple of Prosperpine—reduced by then to foundations only, its blocks decorating sundry houses around the town. They were guided by an intriguing resident antiquarian, Robert Sedgely Corner (1753–1819). Corner had fought the French during the American Revolutionary War, at the Battle of the Saintes (1782), and had at one time commanded a naval press gang. He was second lieutenant on the *Pandora*, which had captured the 14 surviving *Bounty* mutineers at Otaheite in 1791, and he had seen the only extant fragment of Captain Bligh’s ship. Subsequently he served under Horatio Nelson on the *Victory*. At Malta he acted as Captain of the Port and as a magistrate, amassing a collection of valuable manuscripts, artworks and sepulchral vases, all of which fascinated Darwin. Corner had, he noted, ‘great historical information, and much urbanity of manner’.

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23 Semple 1809.
A convoy of 34 ships, led by the Trafalgar veteran Captain Abel Ferris on the 16-gun brig-sloop HMS Wizard, cruised away from Malta on the 19th of June. They were bound for Smyrna, so French privateers and freelance Barbary corsairs were a constant danger. One ship in the convoy, Captain Le Bree’s American schooner Dolphin, carried the two Englishmen, happy to pay $50 each for passage and board, eager to see the Ottoman possessions in the Aegean. Becalmed off Sicily, at night they watched ‘the pale lightnings that played round Mt. Etna, and the blue sulphurous glimmer issuing from its volcano’. The tremendous storm that followed threatened to destroy the convoy. ‘One time the Fleet appeared all on fire; now it streamed as if on a particular ship; at another time it resembled a ball of fire dropping upon the waves; and it repeatedly surrounded every part of our own vessel.’ A corsair was indeed sighted behind Cervi, but it kept coy.

The Wizard and its convoy stopped at the isle of Milo (now known as Milos, or Melos) on the 29th. A few hundred inhabitants remained, keeping to the hills to avoid plague-stricken travellers and raids by Barbary pirates, who were known to ‘infest the archipelago’. This visit led to the only description of the journey published by Darwin in his lifetime, in the Annals of Philosophy for 1823. They clambered over every part of Milo and its neighbour Polino, and were struck by the signs of volcanic genesis: the crater which formed the harbour, the hot sulphurous springs of up to 120°F, which vented ‘sulphuretted hydrogen gas’. Catacombs in red sandstone below the waterline suggested more recent eruptions. Darwin found ‘curious basaltic rocks, which do not appear to contain zeolite’.

Near the former hot baths, the travellers noticed an an-

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24 Not traced. Surely this was not the to-be privateer out of Baltimore that was later captured by the British during the war of 1812 and converted to HMS Dolphin?
26 F. S. Darwin 1823.
cient inscription mentioning Diagoras, the poet and sophist born on Milo. But as they walked over the ‘quite ruinous’ and abandoned Old Town, they were (like everyone else) oblivious to the graceful figure of Aphrodite, formerly the object of a local cult, concealed beneath the scree of a millennium, long stripped of its pigment. A decade later it would be chanced on and pried from its nook in the earth—with part of an arm and a plinth, which somehow got lost in the warehouses of the Louvre. It is famously armless and plinthless today, on display as the misnamed ‘Venus de Milo’. But Darwin did not leave unrewarded. ‘I obtained an ancient Greek vase taken from one of these sepulchres, which has all the characters of the very earliest period of the arts.’

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27 F. S. Darwin 1823.
Figure 6.8: Francis Darwin’s map of Milo, from F. S. Darwin 1823.
6.6 Smyrna.

The ships of the convoy began to peel off to their various destinations after passing Zea and Cape Doré on the 5th of July. The *Dolphin* proceeded on to Smyrna, but did not stop again. Passengers had to satisfy themselves with telescopic views of the Temples of Minerva and Jupiter, and the outlines of the Aegean islands, including Scio and Mitylene (Lemnos), and so on into the Gulf of Smyrna. The ‘worthy and intelligent’ British Consul-General Francis Werry (1745–1832), long resident there, was at the town to welcome them on the 8th. Though the newly-arrived friends were in an ethnically Greek settlement, they were nonetheless (like all of Greece itself) in the Turkish domain, and would see much of their obliging Consul in months to come.

Werry’s forebears were originally from Cornwall. Bookish Theodore was surely intrigued to discover that the tall consul had known Henry and Hester Thrale at Streatham, where he had met Samuel ‘Dictionary’ Johnson and General Paoli. Not only had he voyaged to China and India, during the American Revolution he had held ‘letters of marque’. He first captained a 36-gun privateer, the *Tweed*,\(^28\) then the 28-gun *King George*, outfitted by the City of London, against the French and Spanish allies of the rebels. Galton and Darwin must have talked with him of Corunna too. When the superior French ship *Le Concord* captured the *King George* in 1778, Werry spent three years as a prisoner of war in the Portuguese city they had so recently passed through. Appointed consul at Smyrna in 1793, nominated by the Levant Company, the old sailor had been there ever since. Like other consuls in the Levant, his duties included acting as a magistrate in the city of 90,000 inhabitants, as well as forwarding valuable intelligence to figures like Nelson.

That evening Galton and Darwin dined with Werry in his

\(^{28}\) Not to be confused with *HMS Tweed*. 
inn-like house—long and narrow, and serviced by three Armenian attendants. In the street outside they heard the gunfire of a Janissary. ‘Plague’ had broken out in the settlement and he was dispatching cats, following the theory that they spread the disease. This is not unreasonable in the light of modern knowledge, which still supports the idea that fleas on small animals can transmit *Yersinia pestis* bacteria. But here one can only guess which disease was implicated, since the term ‘plague’ covered everything from Bubonic Plague proper to typhus and other infectious diseases with flu-like symptoms.\textsuperscript{29}

\textsuperscript{29} But not cholera, which is believed to have emerged from India only in 1817.
Mrs Werry had already fled the town for the country to avoid the disease, whatever it was, and the next day the travellers set off too. But it seems they were unafraid of the contagion, since Dr. Darwin would actively seek it out as soon as he got back. Instead they were drawn by the ruins of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus (modern Selçuk in Turkey). An overnight trip on horseback, through a wood filled with the stench of shallow graves, got them there.

At Ephesus they found that the ancient rubble had been incorporated into a medieval Genoese castle, itself ruined in due course, leaving only extensive foundations to wonder at and ponder over. Likewise, ancient pillars from Ephesus had been recycled into the structure of St. Sophia in Constantinople, once a Byzantine cathedral but now a mosque. The Englishmen returned to Smyrna via the Ionian city of Colophon (‘the summit’), at one time on the leading-edge of forecasting technology: oracular divination by devotees of the multifarious god Apollo.

Back at Smyrna, the tall young doctor was able to catch up with the ‘plague’, which had now claimed 400 more victims in three or so days. ‘I had now an opportunity of watching the progress of this disorder in several English sailors, who having been on shore had caught the infection. I also visited the Armenian and Greek Hospitals, where numbers were dying daily of the Plague.’

Given the defective knowledge of internal medicine in that era, there is little good he could have done for the victims, except ease their pain with laudanum, and bolster their self-belief. Evidently Galton did not accompany him, but both were now at risk of catching the disease.

6.7 Constantinople.

Provincial Smyrna, however plague-stricken, was not the main object of the travelers’ interest, and on the 14th of July they

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\[30\] F. S. Darwin 1927, 47.
departed for Constantinople, overland on horseback once more. Their route took them due north, through Magnesia, Penda-hora (‘the most romantic and beautifully grand scenery’ with serpents and tortoises), Meelakets (Mualitch, ‘a dreary ride’), where they enjoyed a boat down ‘a most delightful river’ to the sea of Marmara (ancient Propontis) and over to Constantino-ple. It was the 21st of July, a week after they had departed from Smyrna.

The Turkish capital had just recently been in uproar. The literate reforming Sultan Selim III had been assassinated the previous July, by forces temporarily united by opposition to his mild innovations. Those reforms had involved catch-up
measures to keep the old empire competitive with western advances, and novel military units for curtailing and supplanting the Praetorian guard of Janissaries, who had become a reactionary threat. Selim had first been deposed in 1807 by a revolution instigated by the Janissaries, who replaced him with his cousin Mustafa IV. Selim was confined to the palace and swore loyalty to his cousin. A year later, Mustafa was forced to move more decisively, when another Mustafa, Bayraktar, marched on the capital from the provinces, seeking to restore Selim to the throne. The ill-starred Selim was pre-emptively cut to death in the palace quarters he was confined to, probably on Mustafa’s orders (the details are disputed). During this episode, Selim’s brother Mahmud, another target, managed to hide away and survive. This was in turn unfortunate for Mustafa, who was rapidly deposed by Mahmud and strangled to death in November 1808—a more traditional method of succession.

Thus when Darwin and Galton arrived, a figure far more acceptable to the military establishment was in place: Mahmud II was finding his stride, and order had been re-established. The Turks had just that January concluded a peace treaty with the British, who were alarmed in 1806 by signs that the Ottomans were joining with Napoleon, after allowing the French fleet access to the Black Sea. In 1807 a punitive expedition by Sir Thomas Duckworth to bombard Constantinople had gone badly awry, with the accidental destruction of *HMS Ajax*, after a fire from the bread ovens onboard spread overnight and the formidable vessel blew up at daybreak. There were two more losses in some engagements off Constantinople. Though the portion of the Turkish fleet deployed in the sea of Marmara had been destroyed, Duckworth decided against testing the strength of the Turkish shore batteries more rigorously.

The British ambassador, Robert Adair, had negotiated the peace just in time, at least from the point of view of his personal comfort, since it later emerged that the whole diplomatic
delegation was otherwise destined for the Turkish Prison of the Seven Towers, where both the French and Russian delegations had once been taken as hostages. All this dramatic recent history must have dominated an evening of dinner conversation between Adair and the travellers, at his official residence in Petra. All foreigners were required to live at this suburb outside the city, which was more or less administered by their combined diplomatic corps. The Governor of Malta, Sir William Ball, had given the friends a letter of introduction to the ambassador, who showed them ‘much kindness and attention’. But two more travellers from England were busy tracing a path that would intersect with theirs.

Lord Byron and John Cam Hobhouse were already underway from Lisbon to Seville. Byron was just making his name as a poet with the publication of his acid satire on those English Bards and Scotch Reviewers who were unkind to his public debut, Hours of Idleness, published late in 1807. Now the brooding poet was eager to get away from England, for reasons which remain murky today. Though he was famously hard up and heavily in debt, Byron paid the passage for his friend Hobhouse, a Cambridge entanglement turned travelling companion. Both of them had left the university not long before, without the formality of taking a degree.

As with Darwin and Galton, Byron and Hobhouse had embarked at Falmouth, but proceeded directly to Lisbon. After the customary enchantment at castled Cintra, they had taken horses to Spain. They would go over much the same ground as Darwin and Galton in the coming months. From Gibraltar they would try to get over to the Barbary Coast, but would be frustrated by circumstance, and proceed on to Malta instead, meeting Sir William Ball. From there, on to Albania, Greece, Smyrna and Constantinople, where they would meet and describe several of the same people and visit the same places, giving us a useful supplement to Darwin’s increasingly sparse diary.
Ambassador Adair, whose father had been the King’s surgeon, was a Whig MP before he initiated his diplomatic career. He had travelled widely, including a mission to Catherine the Great at St. Petersburg in 1791. Hobhouse described him as mild-mannered, ‘very pale and weak, dark eyes, but an ugly man’. In the capital, the ambassador extended his prior reputation as a skirt-chaser, which Hookham Frere’s collaborator George Canning had already made fun of in verse. He would quickly move on to another posting the following year, perhaps to avoid scandal. Fondness for alcohol was an added complication. Some time later, in 1815, Hobhouse overheard the French Ambassador confide that Adair was ‘a passionate man who disgraced himself by following the servant maids of Pera, which shocked the Mussulman gravity’. This gossip would resurface in the scurrilous poem *Don Leon*, once attributed to Byron but now thought by some to have been written by Hobhouse himself—though, like all competing attributions, on thin evidence.

> Adair delights his manhood to display  
> From window casements, and across the way  
> Wooes some sultana’s fascinated eyes,  
> Convinced the surest argument is size.

Perhaps recognizing that the predominant interests of Darwin and Galton were not amorous, Adair at once referred them to the leading antiquarian in Constantinople. This was the Swedish Minister, Count Nils Gustaf Palin (1765–1842), whose name Darwin remembered phonetically as ‘Pallen’. The Swede had served in the capital since 1805, before which he was posted in Dresden, Madrid and Vienna, but his principal interests lay in Egypt. He went down the Nile several times, and became an early expert on Hieroglyphics, a subject he had already published extensively on by the date that the travellers met him.

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31 Wednesday May 16th 1810, and footnote, Hobhouse 2015.  
32 Anonymous circa1850.
Beside that, he built up a notable collection of old manuscripts, and a trove of Greek coins, medallions and Egyptian artifacts. Their old travelling companion from Spain and Morocco, Sir William Ingilby, who was in Constantinople in 1810, got to know Palin well. ‘God, Sir he’s a wonderful fellow—he reads the Owls and Elephants like A and δ.’³³ By which Ingilby meant hieroglyphics. However Pera, like Constantinople, had disadvantages for the collector. Runaway fires swept through the area several times a year, and in 1817 a conflagration consumed part of Palin’s hoard. Worse even than this, in 1842 Palin would be murdered by a furloughed robber at Rome, where he had settled down to quiet research after his retirement in 1824.

Palin would have helped them to devise their itinerary, which covered not only the Mosques, the former cathedrals converted to Mosques, and the beheaded metal Tripod, but also oddities like the granite Egyptian Obelisk of Theodosius. The pillar had been transported to the city and erected there at the hippodrome, ‘raised on four copper supporters on a base which is surrounded by hieroglyphics’.³⁴ Visiting the mosques required a firman from the Sultan, which Adair obligingly made arrangements for. However they could only secure an audience with a senior official, rather than the Grand Vizier himself. That exalted personage was sending off the troops, marching north to engage the Russians over the Danube in Romania. The Tsar would not budge, and the war slowly bled on. An encounter with the Vizier’s elaborate procession to the Mosque on a Friday was the closest they would get to him.

Adair’s duties did not prevent him from devoting a day to personally accompanying Darwin and Galton round the mosques in order of descending size, followed by a coffee shop, there to squat, dining on mutton kebabs marinated in milk, refreshed by over-sweet but cold sherbet. Like all foreigners

³³ Monday June 4th 1810, Hobhouse 2015.
³⁴ F. S. Darwin 1927, 51.
in the city, they had to be escorted by an armed Janissary, as attacks on unaccompanied visitors had forced the authorities to make it a requirement. Darwin makes no mention of the wine-houses of Galata, convenient to Pera, where troupes of dancing boys enticed the audience. Travelling from Smyrna, they had come across an exhibition in the village of Ephesus. ‘A mat was then spread, and a boy in petticoats with two men and their guitars danced for our amusement and their own profit. It would have been impossible to help laughing, had it not been for the very grave countenances of some older Mahometan barbarians’\(^{35}\)

\[\text{Figure 6.11: Janissaries carrying hot water in Constantinople, circa 1809.}\]

Given the dearth of society, one suspects that the wine-houses of Galata were visited on some evening or other, even if they were left out of Darwin’s diary. In a few months time, Hobhouse would protest that the acts on display there were revolting. ‘I saw a boy dancing in a style indescribably beastly, scarcely moving from one place, but making a thousand lascivious motions with his thighs loins and belly. Small tables set out in various parts of the gallery. The boys Greeks with very thick and long hair.’\(^{36}\) Since Hobhouse returned on multiple

\(^{35}\) F. S. Darwin 1927, 46.

\(^{36}\) Thursday May 17th 1810, Hobhouse 2015. In his published account,
occasions to be certain of his revulsion, bringing Byron along as a witness and observer, he was able to determine that the boys were invariably foreign—Greek or Armenian—and never themselves Turkish.

Palin, along with Adair and the other ambassadors, had a seaside property outside the city, in the village of Buyakdere (Buyuk-dere, the ‘big rivulet’), with ‘a grand view of the Black Sea, the Sea of Marmora, the whole of the Bosphorus, the Minarets of Constantinople, and the distant mountains of the Asiatic Olympus.’ The ladies of the Sultan’s seraglio were known to frequent the oaked and meadowed valley. While the ladies go unmentioned, at the village the companions met another resident, a Mr. Keen, who had survived the destruction of *HMS Ajax* and had settled among those he would once have helped to bombard. But though Darwin mistakenly supposed that Keen was ‘one of the few persons saved’, more than 400 of the crew escaped.

Not far from Buyuk-dere, Mary Wortley Montague had once lived as an Ambassador’s wife in the bijou village of Belgrade, close to two striking aqueducts. The thick forest surrounding Belgrade appealed more to Darwin’s sporting instincts than to Theodore, who apparently had no interest in hunting. Galton would have been even more surprised to learn that Mrs Montague’s husband Edward brought a principal manuscript of the *1001 Nights* to England, where it was translated later in the 19th century by Sir Richard Francis Burton (who had the manuscript photographed when the Bodleian library would not lend it to him). Or that by an odd coincidence, and without ever knowing it, Burton had spent his early years in Barham House (near Canterbury), where Mrs. Montague had herself once lived. Not to mention that in later years Burton would befriend then later fall out with Theodore’s nephew Francis Galton.

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Hobhouse was more guarded but still perfectly clear.

37 Not traced.
The European with the Asian shore
Sprinkled with palaces; the ocean stream
Here and there studded with a seventy-four;
Sophia’s cupola with golden gleam;
The cypress groves; Olympus high and hoar;
The twelve isles, and the more than I could dream,
Far less describe, present the very view
Which charm’d the charming Mary Montagu.

I have a passion for the name of ‘Mary,’
For once it was a magic sound to me;
And still it half calls up the realms of fairy,
Where I beheld what never was to be; ...  

After returning to Pera, Doctor Darwin was able to persuade ‘Mr. Muir’ to join him on an exploration of the woods, represented by the locals as impenetrable and infested with deadly creatures. Here ‘Muir’ appears to be another phonetic spelling, slightly misheard or misremembered, or perhaps a transcription error. The most likely candidate is David Richard Morier (1784–1877), whose father was Consul-General. Educated at Harrow, with a position in the consulate which would lead to a long diplomatic career, Morier was the right age to be pushing through hilly undergrowth on horseback with the enterprising young doctor. On the 25th of August, they tested whether the forest really was full or not of ‘bears, wolves, wild bulls, boars, monkeys, jackals, hyaenas, poisonous serpents etc.’ Skepticism did not preclude precautions, each being ‘armed with a double-barrelled gun, a pistol, and a large knife’. Quite possibly Darwin felt jilted by danger, for they ‘met no enemies, nor could any burial place be more silent: the wildness of the scenery was truly sublime. Towards mid-day, being fortunate enough to find a spring of water in rather an open spot, we dismounted and, though expecting to be attacked every moment, regaled ourselves for an hour.’  

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38 Byron, *Don Juan*.
startled to see them return unharmed late after hours.

Some days later, Erasmus Darwin’s son may have made the first discovery of coal in the area. Wandering with Morier not far from Belgrade, five miles outside Doumousdere (‘the valley of the wild boars’), they came across a seam that undulated in the sandstone along the coast of the Black Sea. Some of it was over six feet thick. Francis applied midland natural philosophy, which he understood broadly, in the family tradition. ‘The strata of sandstone are frequently divided by large veins of a compact argillaceous nature containing Mica and running in the same direction. The coal at the surface is quite woody; but at the depth of two or three feet it loses this appearance and assumes that of Pitch. It does not soil the fingers, and is very light.’ Iron-depositing springs ran from the rock. That was intriguing to any doctor, since ‘chalybeate’ mineral waters were rated highly as a ‘sovereign remedy’ well into the 19th century, for everything from colic to old age, before the invention of randomized experiments nudged experience closer to knowledge. But the springs were counter-balanced by the disappointment that the coal itself appeared to be free of shells or the fossilized animal remains that inspired the evolutionary speculations of Erasmus, whose own world was awash in coal.

Some eight months later Darwin would pass on his discovery to Hobhouse, who would promptly make a note in his journal, then announce the presence of coal in his travel narrative, published a few years later, without crediting his informant.40 The Turks took no notice anyway, as Darwin had suspected from the beginning. ‘The ignorance of the Turks prevents them working here: a Pit or Coal trade might turn to great advantages.’41 Incredibly, it may been as late as 1841 before coal deposits were reported in Turkey to a British engineer, and then exploited.

General technological backwardness was everywhere appar-

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40 Hobhouse 1813, Vol. 2, 860.
41 F. S. Darwin 1927, 118–119.
ent. Darwin noted that in the cannons cast at Constantinople, the molten dross was not discarded but simply included in the final product. Welcome news no doubt to the Russian army. ‘All things in Turkey are contrived with so little ingenuity that even the shoeing of an ass requires three men—one to hold his head, another his leg, and a third puts on the shoe which has been purchased at a neighbouring shop. We constantly observed them cast a horse before they could shoe him. Their ploughs are made entirely of wood, and a man carries it home several miles in the evening as they do in Spain.’

After nearly two months, having exhausted what was of interest to them within and around Constantinople, the travelers set off again, back to Smyrna. It was already mid-September, but they expected their firman from the Sultan to ease the journey. On the way up from Smyrna they had taken the shortest overland route: due north, then directly over the sea of Marmara. Now they followed the much longer and inherently more interesting coastline, going east over the Bosphorus to Scutari.

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42 F. S. Darwin 1927, 63.
and working their way down through a long sequence of recursive ruins with classical initiators, surrounded by romantic landscapes suitable for pondering over from lofted heights. An armed Janissary provided additional security which local governors would supplement, after grave warnings about local banditti.

Outside Jezba, once Lybissa, they stopped at Hannibal Barca’s supposed tomb. The Carthaginian general had fled there after his defeat by Scipio Africanus and his forced subservience to Rome. He found refuge in Asia Minor as a sort of military-genius-for-hire, securing some quick victories. It is said that he poisoned himself at Lybissa when the Romans were tipped off about his location, but less dramatic endings and burial sites have been conjectured. In 1809 there were no formal marks or monuments left at the large mound which had become associated with his name. The modern monument, erected there in 1934 by Kemal Ataturk, is symbolic, as may be inferred from its fallacious description of Elephants at the battle of Cannae, where the animals were not used.

Thunderstorms and lightning-lit wildfires were a more immediate threat than bandits. Short of Ismit, rounding the sea of Marmara and heading for Brusa, one such fire nearly left them lying baked among the roasted tortoises: ‘the wood appeared on fire, and the flames spread over the valley and cut off our retreat. It was necessary now to hasten on with all expedition, the fire before us raging through the thicket and increasing rapidly; and we had just time to accomplish our end, when the whole road which we had just left was in one vast conflagration.’

At Brusa, the travelers were parboiled in the languid bathing ritual which drew droves of the rheumatic and infirm to the city. Just over eighteen months later, in the Spring of 1811, Lady Hester Stanhope (1776–1839) would live there for a spell, taking the cure for two months. Her frustrated young

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43 Also given as Brousa, Boursa, or Bursa.
lover Michael Bruce (1787–1861) and her personal physician Charles Lewis Meryon (1783–1877) came too. Dr. Meryon tried and commended the baths himself, but abhorred the vermin which infested the rugs and towels there. In Brusa, the eccentric Lady Hester would move in the same narrow social circle that Galton and Darwin briefly enjoyed. M. Arles and his wife formed its center. An expatriate French merchant, Arles exported fine silk from the silkworms fed on the extensive mulberry groves of the well-watered region, and welcomed visitors bearing letters of introduction, as both Darwin and Lady Hester did.

Lady Stanhope was an exceptional niece of the Prime Minister, William Pitt the Younger. She had attained wide influence when she ran his household—and acted as his secretary when he left office—from 1803 until his death in 1806. After that, made independent by a personal pension of £1,200 a year, she was bored without the intrigues of Pitt and socially blighted by an excess of candour and wit. This escalated with the death, at the battle of Corunna, of General Sir John Moore, an unrequited target of her hopes. As we have seen, Darwin and Galton had skirted past the scene of that action. George Canning, that coming man already familiar to us from his Anti-Jacobin days, had, like several others, politely ignored her signals too.

After leaving England in April of 1810, Lady Hester fetched up in Gibraltar, at Malta, and then at Athens—where her path intersected, as that of Darwin and Galton would, with Lord Byron. Before coming to Brusa, she had lived at Pera in Constantinople for the Autumn and Winter of 1810-11. During her wanderings she had openly taken Bruce as a lover, preferring those services to his offer of marriage. Later, after being shipwrecked off Rhodes en route to Cairo, she would settle unmarried in Syria: to cow the natives, conduct political intrigues.

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44 Arlez in Darwin’s rendition, but perhaps it should be Auzet, of which there were two brothers in trade at Brusa.
with aplomb, descend into the occult, and finally wither away.

Perhaps it was M. Arles who introduced Darwin and Galton to Nouradin Effendi, a well-to-do Turk of Brusa who, it turned out, had commanded one of those ships which in early August of 1799 landed the Turkish expeditionary force at Aboukir Bay on the Nile. Though the Turks were promptly annihilated by Napoleon, who was in possession of the country, a week later Nelson descended on the French fleet in the bay and completely destroyed it. Nouradin knew Nelson and several of his commanders well, and presented a rare opportunity for the travelers to familiarize themselves with the native population on equal terms.

When not exchanging dirt and dust for lice at the baths of Brusa, or being introduced by the Arles family, Darwin and Galton were climbing Olympos in Mysia. Confusingly, Darwin called it Mount Olympus, but it is now called Mount Uludag. A whole roasted sheep, dispatched and dressed by their armed escorts with as much skill as might have been applied to their more ordinary victims, refreshed them near the summit. It is hard not to suspect that the Turks were slyly pulling Darwin’s leg when, after seeing the travelers sprinkle gunpowder on their meat in lieu of salt, ‘they asked if the English always ate gunpowder, and if that made them so formidable in war’. The leader of these—a ruthless mute called ‘Bayracta’ by Darwin, though that really meant no more than that the Turk was a standard-bearer (Bayraktar) and executioner—accompanied them on the journey out of Brusa.

The route now led West, around the Lake of Apollonia (Uluabat), back up to the coastline of the Sea of Marmara, and over to Kemmer. On the way, near some Genoese ruins outside Mikalitza, they had been forced to soak themselves in much colder water, swimming the Rhyndacus River\(^45\) in the dark

\(^{45}\) Also known as the Orhaneli, the Adirnaz, or the Mustafakemalpaşa. For whatever reason, Darwin (or his editor) calls Mikalitza ‘Morlech’, and the Rhyndacus ‘Rhyndague’.
to dodge brigands in copses that even the mute executioner Bayracta feared. At Kemmer on October the 5th, where they heard of still more brigands in the countryside, they boarded a boat through the Dardanelles, heading for the plains of Troy. One assumes it was here that they took leave of the mute Bayracta.

Passing overnight through the narrow Hellespont, in near-total darkness, the travellers were in Abydos by daybreak. Nearby were the four shore batteries which had inflicted damage on the British fleet in 1807. Perhaps the Turks were not entirely backward after all: some of their 400 or so cannon could shoot missiles weighing up to 1,000 kilograms into the mile-wide channel. Those bronze siege weapons, originally invented by the Hungarians, were well-tested, having first been used to take Constantinople in 1453.

The suspected site of Troy lay inland, east of Abydos. But, with nothing interpretable visible there, sixty years before Heinrich Schliemann would uncover its treasures, they soon detoured to the island of Tenedos. The litter of a war just two years prior—almost brand-new ruins—bit them deeper. *HMS Ajax* lay broken on the sea bottom and scattered on the shore. The old settlements still gaped blackly, burned and deserted mementos of the ‘no quarter given’ Russian occupation which had preceded the disaster on the *Ajax*.

Inland once more, they found the nine hour hike up the ‘micaceous schistus’ of Mount Ida more impressive even than the black marble columns and sarcophagi in the woods at Alexandria Troas. Darwin enthused over the ‘most magnificent view of the Plain of Troy, Tenedos, Imbros, Lemnos, and other distant objects. The Propontis appeared like an immense lake; and altogether it was the grandest picture we ever witnessed.’ After a seven hour descent, ‘we could scarcely sleep from contemplating the wonderful expanse of scenery we had just seen’. On the 16th of October they trotted into Smyrna, having cut south through Kemereh and Bergama on the way from Mount
Ida.

Darwin and Galton had been gone from the Greek and Armenian settlement for just over three months, and in that time the plague had kept spreading through the town. The doctor made full use of the remainder of October 1809 and an invitation to attend the hospitals once more. Not only were there the plague victims, there were cases of psoriasis (*Leptra Graecorum*) and tuberculosis (or phthisis) too, suitable for experimenting on. Unfortunately his working hypothesis, involving a diet of salt fish and eggs, must have depressed the plague victims without the compensation of improved health. While Darwin was off in the wards, it was probably Theodore who befriended a local antiquarian, Thomas Burgon (1787-1858), who would accompany them on the next leg of their tour.

Burgon, who came from a Yorkshire family, was a member of the Levant Company monopoly, and had long been established at Smyrna as a moderately successful merchant. However, excavating and collecting artifacts interested him far more than trading ever did. ‘So innate in him was the passion for research into the monuments of antiquity, that, as a child, he is said to have buried halfpence in his father’s garden, and to please himself with digging them up again, and making believe that they were old coins discovered by excavation.’ Entirely self-educated, he eventually became a recognized authority in his field, amassing a large collection of coins, vases, manuscripts and other curios, and returning several times for more after he relocated back to London in 1814. Several of the better pieces in his hoard, especially his terracotta reliefs, would come from Milo, which Darwin and Galton had visited earlier on the *Dolphin*.

John William Burgon, a son of Thomas, became the Dean of Chichester and made a name for himself as an unshakable defender of biblical literalism. The Dean described his father

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46 Goulburn 1892, 10.
as ‘very antipoetical—never read a romance in his life—a high Tory and high Churchman—the creature of habit—fond of matter-of-fact reading and conversation—still fonder of chewing the cud of his own thoughts over his pipe—in a great measure self-taught—that is to say all his pursuits were struck out and followed alone’.  

After Burgon finally went bankrupt in 1842, the British Museum bought part of his collection, which is still there today. The banker-poet Samuel Rogers then intervened to secure Burgon a job in the museum’s coin room. The Ashmolean Museum holds a large collection of his interesting watercolours, depicting his own and other finds in the region. Aside from a few numismatic articles, Burgon left a written description of his antiquarian work in ‘An attempt to point out the vases of Greece proper which belong to the heroic and Homeric ages’ published in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, 1847. 

Now, in 1809, Darwin, Galton and Thomas Burgon the antiquarian set forth from Smyrna for Athens on the 2nd of October. They followed the line of the bay overland to Vourla (Urla), then cut across a peninsula to Chesmee (Çeşme), taking a boat from there to Scio island. The ‘Temple of Apollo’ was disappointingly small, and after some exploration they hired a triangular-sailed barque, with a crew of ten, to carry them on to Athens. This proved harder than they expected. After leaving Scio on the 7th of November, the journey took a whole week. Grim weather forced them to find shelter at Andros, where they were compensated by ‘some very old specimens of vases and pottery’, though the extant inscriptions had already been claimed by the local Bishop. Unfortunately the wind

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47 Goulburn 1892, 13.  
48 http://legacy.ashmolean.org/ash/amulets/buronarchive/.  
49 Burgon 1847.  
50 Darwin calls this a *sacralever* but no other references to this could be found. Perhaps the boat was a felucca.
deserted them at the Gulf of Athens, and their ten crewmen had to row all night up to Piraeus, and from there on to the Athens, where they arrived on the night of the 14th.

Darwin was taken up with a Romantic sense of place and moment. ‘There is no country in the world so rich in natural and artificial wonders, consequently so interesting, as Greece; and none enjoys a more delightful climate. A first view of Athens appears like a dream; and a kind of reverence and awe takes possession of the mind in first contemplating the vast ruins of ancient genius.’\(^{51}\) They found lodgings at the house of Theodora Mina Macri, of which Hobhouse left a contemporary description. ‘Her lodgings consisted of a sitting-room and two bed-rooms, opening into a court-yard where there were five or six lemon-trees, from which, during our residence in the place, was plucked the fruit that seasoned the pilaf, and other national dishes served up at [her] frugal table. The site of this house is easily distinguished at a distance, as there is a tall flagstaff rising from the yard’.\(^{52}\) Here they would encounter a number of the foreign travelers.

The remarkable French Consul Louis François Sébastien Fauvel (1753-1838) was an active excavator in the Athens region and beyond. Putting the pettiness of the Napoleonic wars aside, he was an expert source of information about the sites. Like Burgon, he also painted a bit. A rather more professional painter who proved useful was the tall and thin Italian, Don Battista Lusieri (1755?–1821), resident in Athens since 1799. The painter was now working for a former British Ambassador to Constantinople: Thomas Bruce, the 7th Earl of Elgin.\(^{53}\) The remaining batches of the famous ‘marbles’ were being prised loose from the Parthenon by Lord Elgin’s men and shipped off to England, a process that had been underway since 1801. Unfortunately, at this stage of his career—which

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\(^{51}\) F. S. Darwin 1927, 75.

\(^{52}\) Hobhouse 1813, Vol. 1, 291.

\(^{53}\) Darwin wrote his name as ‘Lusiere’.
had once included archaeological painting for the Kingdom of Naples—Signor Lusieri started far more of his ultra-realistic pieces than he ever finished. Much of his Greek output was later lost anyway in the shipwreck of HMS Cambrian off Crete in January of 1828 (the man-o-war had attacked some pirates sheltering in a bay but foundered on the rocks during the action). But Lusieri did leave a picture of the Parthenon when it was still intact with those marbles, which are famously on display, shorn from their context, in the British Museum today.

One of Elgin’s arguments for shipping the precious marbles back to England was that they would be looked after there more carefully than they would be under Turkish rule. Indeed he had at first intended only to have records and drawings made of the treasures at Athens. But travelers, Turks and the Greeks themselves were eroding or carrying off everything there. Some support for this idea is offered by Darwin, who remarked that some of the monuments were being used for target practice. ‘There are a few cannon mounted on the Acropolis; and the Turks occasionally exercise their skill by firing at the remaining columns of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, and thus contribute with the waste of ages to their destruction.’

When the Turks were not shooting at them, they would grind down parts of the monuments into mortar. Elgin took care to obtain a firman from Constantinople, authorizing the removal of artifacts.

Fauvel also shipped pieces of the Parthenon back to the Louvre, and the marbles acquired by Elgin were on the Frenchman’s list. A month later Lusieri told Hobhouse that ‘the French for twenty years have been attempting to procure that which Lord Elgin has got, and are now doing what they can to prevent the remainder of the antiquities from being shipped.’ Hobhouse pondered: ‘Query? is not this a good excuse for my Lord’s barbarous love for these antiquities?’

54 F. S. Darwin 1927, 76.
55 Tuesday December 26th 1809, Hobhouse 2015.
Galton and Darwin were soon digging with the others, using hired men. Burgon joined with them. They had a tomb excavated near Piraeus, turning up a shallow Greek dish, or *patera*. On the 19th of November they were already ranging further afield, sailing down to Aegina (with red sails to reduce visibility to Pirates). Apart from shooting partridges, Darwin pragmatically bought objects already uncovered by others, including a ‘beautiful votive offering in Terra Cotta’ from a sepulchre at the Temple of Juno, and antique coins. They sailed on to the port of Epidaurus in the Peloponnese, south-west over the bay from Athens. Then they proceeded overland through the valley of Liguria (Lygourio), past amphitheatres, baths and Genoese castles, to Argos.

The three travelers were at Mycenae, close to Argos, on the 27th of November. After failing to bribe the Turks to let them into the nearby fort—they were shot at instead—Burgon could explore more profitably. ‘A little south of the southernmost angle of the wall of the Acropolis of Mycenae, is a small sloping plot of tilled ground, which, when I was there in 1809, was *remarkably* strewed with small fragments of ancient pottery ... with respect to colour and style of ornament (which consisted chiefly of spiral lines), these fragments were quite unlike those which I had generally noticed in the neighbourhood of Athens, and other ancient sites’.56 The field was an old graveyard, turned to agriculture. The fragments, which had been ploughed up by accident and broken, were decorated with unusual red spiral lines, and Burgon later regretted that he did not pick up more than the three he kept.

From Mycenae, Darwin’s party made their way back north-east, going overland to the caverns of Nemea and from there to Corinth, where they were denied permission to climb the Acrocorinth. Perhaps they simply did not offer enough money, for travelers had long been extorted capriciously for exorbitant salary supplements. They could have used the experience of

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56 Burgon 1847, 263.
Edward Dodwell at the Athens Acropolis, a few years earlier. Dodwell (1767–1832), an Irishman who was imprisoned for a lengthy spell by Bonaparte, had turned the tables decisively
on a greedy warden, or *Disdar*.\(^{57}\)

After experiencing numerous vexations from this mercenary Turk a ridiculous circumstance at length released us from the contin-
uance of his importunities. I was one day engaged in drawing the Parthenon with the aid of my camera obscura, when the Disdar, whose surprise was excited by the novelty of the sight, asked with a sort of fretful inquietude, what new conjuration I was performing with that extraordinary machine? I endeav-
ouered to explain it, by putting in a clean sheet of paper, and making him look into the camera obscura; he no sooner saw the temple instantaneously reflected on the paper in all its lines and colours, than he imagined that I had produced the effect by some magical process; his astonishment appeared mingled with alarm, and stroking his long black beard, he repeated the words *Allah Masch Allah* several times. He again looked into the camera obscura with a kind of cautious diffidence, and at that moment some of his soldiers happening to pass before the reflecting glass, were beheld by the astonished Disdar walking upon the paper: he now became outrageous; and after calling me pig, devil, and Buonaparte, he told me, that if I chose, I might take away the temple and all the stones in the citadel; but that he would never permit me to conjure his soldiers into my box. When I found that it was in vain to reason with his ignorance, I changed my tone, and told him that if he did not leave me unmolested, I would put *him* into my box; and that he should find it a very difficult matter to get out again. His alarm was now visible; he immediately retired, and ever after stared at me with a mixture of apprehension and amazement. When he saw me come to the Acropolis, he carefully avoided my ap-

Similar treatment might have helped with the disobliging Gov-
ernor of Corinth, who refused Darwin’s party permission to proceed over the isthmus. Instead they hired a boat from there back to Athens, stopping at Megara and the Temple of Ceres at Eleusis. At the latter, an earlier traveler, Edward Daniel Clarke (1769-1822), had demonstrated that transport-

\(^{57}\) Dodwell 1819, 294–295.
ing the antiquities wasn’t always the safest alternative. A bust of Ceres, which Clarke had taken from the temple and tried to ship back to England, was lost in the wreck of the *Princessa* off Beachy Head in November 1801. A manuscript of the *Arabian Nights* went down with it.

It was a short hop onward to their Athens base, which they returned to late on the 2nd of December, after inspecting one of Fauvel’s prior excavations of a sepulchre on the outskirts. ‘The beautiful landscape of the Plain of Athens now faded upon the sight, the evening closed in fast, and darkness prevailed ere we reached the gate of the City. Our worthy hostess, Theodora Mina Macri, welcomed our return, and prepared all the delicacies of Athens for supper—after which we enjoyed repose, and dreamed of ancient Greece’.

For the next two weeks Darwin, Galton and their friend Burgon stuck to Athens and its environs, engaging a guide and taking in all the by-then conventional ruins and relics. They visited the Sufi order which had colonized the Tower (or Temple) of the Winds, to see the whirling dervishes: cloaked and hatted, turning toward the truth around their rotating sheik, under sixteen ostrich eggs, on show every Friday at noon.

At the Temple of Theseus they comprehended the tomb of John Tweddell (1769–1799), an English traveller who had died of fever in Athens ten years previously.\(^{58}\) The family of the unfortunate traveller would ignite a scandal in 1813 by accusing Signor Lusieri’s patron Lord Elgin of appropriating some their son’s literary and artistic remains. These had come into the custody of the Earl’s agents, then mysteriously diminished (Elgin furiously denied the charges).

Though there was no plague to revel in, Dr. Darwin found he could rapidly build up a practice in the city, then a small backwater of the Ottoman empire. Most patients could only pay in kind with ‘sheep, fowls, ducks, wine, etc.’, except the Governor, who was impressed with the solemn ritual of having

\(^{58}\) Incorrectly given as called ‘Tweedale’ in F. S. Darwin 1927.
his pulse read and tried to retain the tall young doctor on £30 per annum.

In the meanwhile, some sort of crisis had been building up between Theodore Galton and his friend. The two had been together abroad for over a year by this stage. Perhaps some fric-
tion was caused by the addition of Burgon to the party, an unrecorded slight, or the realization that Darwin’s risk-scoring explorations were incompatible with Galton’s own more sedate interests. When the next stage of the trip was planned, through the Greek isles in the Aegean back to Smyrna, Theodore declined to go, preferring to stay on in Greece and go his own way. He had ‘spared not labour or expense in collecting coins, vases, etc. etc.’ and was ‘determined to visit every remarkable place in Attica’. He also ‘talked of returning by India’ after visiting all the islands.

It is hard to separate Theodore’s intended itinerary, and his collecting activities, from the interests of Darwin (or Burgon), suggesting that a personal falling out had taken place. Darwin unintentionally reinforces this in his description of the tour, which takes rather too much care to record the ‘solemn pledges of mutual esteem’ with which the doctor parted from his ‘kind and intelligent friend’; things that would not need to be said otherwise. When Burgon and Darwin headed on an excursion to the battlefields of Marathon, shortly before leaving Athens, that kind and intelligent friend declined to accompany them, ‘being resolved to take another opportunity’. On returning, Darwin and Burgon were reduced to ‘telling to our worthy friend the wonders of our excursion’.

Galton cultivated his own circle in Athens, using his good French to deepen his friendship with Fauvel and that consul’s connections, which included a ‘M. Roche’ and the Austrian consul Georg Christian Gropius (1776-1850), yet another sketching antiquarian, who had established himself in Athens since 1803 and was fluent in Greek and Turkish. After Dar-

59 Though Darwin’s posthumously published narrative, F. S. Darwin 1927, takes the form of a diary, internal evidence shows it was actually written much later, though based on diaries. It incorporates a retrospective point of view.

60 Called ‘Gropins’ in F. S. Darwin 1927, 81 and wrongly identified as French. He was from Brunswick in Germany. ‘Roche’ could not be traced, and may be another spelling error by Darwin.
win and Burgon left for Smyrna from Piraeus on the 13th of December, information about Theodore slips out of Darwin’s narrative and our sight. Just after Christmas, he resurfaces, but now in the diary of John Cam Hobhouse.

Hobhouse and Byron had been ambling through parts of Albania—far less visited than Greece—since landing at Prevesa on September the 26th. They had visited the Turkish potentate Ali Pasha—nominally answerable to the Ottomans, but really a power in his own right. The Pasha, who used boys freely for his pleasure, had taken to the boyish-looking Byron, but the poet found the satyr repulsive. The Spenserian stanzas of Byron’s *Childe Harold* were initiated after that, at Janina in Albania. Traveling via Prevesa, Missolonghi and over the water to Patras, the poet’s party had passed through Corinth not long after Darwin’s group, arriving in Athens on Christmas day. Naturally they headed straight to Mrs. Macri’s lodging house, where Theodore was still resident. Hobhouse found it ‘not so good as expected’ and the supper ‘bad’, contrary to Darwin (see above). Since Theodore already occupied one out of the two rooms there, Byron must have been accommodated next door, in the house owned by Tarsia Macri, which had a connecting door. Tarsia was a widowed sister-in-law of Theresa with three attractive young daughters, which had important consequences later.

Theodore came over to introduce himself to the new arrivals on the 27th—they had already met Lusieri. Perhaps he was out of town earlier, which would explain why he had not appeared immediately on the 26th. In any event, Hobhouse and Byron had dinner with him in his rooms the following evening—after a third day of sightseeing, ciceroned by Lusieri. Perhaps Galton had found alternatives to Mrs. Macri’s lemon rice pilaf. They talked until one in the small hours. On the following day, Hobhouse, Byron and Galton walked out into the town, intending to visit the Acropolis. However, Lusieri diverted them to the

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Tower of the Winds, the Lantern of Demosthenes and other attractions, after explaining the bribes required in advance by the Disdar. In the afternoon, Hobhouse and Byron rode off alone to the harbour at Piraeus. ‘Returned after seeing the
chests which are Elgin’s cargoes, and the Idriote ship to convey them’. In fact it would be March 1811 before Elgin’s next (and last) consignment was ready to be shipped.

After returning to Athens late on the 29th, Byron and Hobhouse dined once more with Galton, who had already told them about his imminent departure from Athens. As a parting present he gave them two sardonic balls of lead shot for sling-ing. One had ‘take this’ inscribed on it in Greek, the other had ‘Phillipis’ (Philip of Macedon had the misfortune of accepting an arrow in his right eye).\(^6^2\) Theodore left the following morning, after breakfasting with the poet and his companion, leaving his comfortable room at Mrs Macri for their use. His destination from Athens is unknown, as is the rest of his history for the next two months or so.

While Byron and Hobhouse had been making their way to Athens, Darwin and Burgon had been island hopping, stopping first at Tino—‘a most interesting island for its mineral-ogy’, with signs of asbestos, lead, iron and tungsten—then at Myconi (in the Cyclades), Delos Greater and Lesser, and Scio. Of these, uninhabited Lesser Delos, with its Temple of Apollo and structures associated with the Oracles, appeared the most promising for systematic excavation. They landed at Chesmee on the mainland, where they had embarked en route to Athens. While retracing their steps to Smyrna they intimidated some pensive bandits by showing their guns. Thus Darwin and Burgon were back safely with Consul Werry and friends in time for Christmas.

The sixteen-gun sloop *HMS Pylades*, a pirate-pursuer captained by George Ferguson, had anchored not far from Smyrna. Ten days before Darwin and Burgon returned, Ferguson had captured the ten-gun French privateer xebec *l’Aigle* off Syrah, for which the crew were being feted (though perhaps not by the French merchants there). When the sloop resumed its patrol on the 3rd of January, Darwin (now without Burgon) was

\(^6^2\) Friday December 29th 1809, Hobhouse 2015.
onboard, having wangled a safe passage back to Myconι in the Cyclades islands. No doubt Dr. Darwin’s surgical skills were attractive to Captain Ferguson. From Myconι the doctor planned to take another boat to close-by Naxos and Antiparos. The latter had a much-advertised cavern, an irresistible feature for Darwin, while Naxos had a different attraction: Colonel Henry Rooke (1749–1814), to whom Darwin had received a letter of introduction from a merchant at Smyrna, a ‘Mr. Hase’. Darwin had probably already heard of Rooke, a glorious character, from multiple sources.

Bad weather delayed the crossing from Myconι, which offered neither game nor antiquity hunting. Instead the snow-covered peaks of Naxos frustrated Darwin from a distance. A lull in the wind on the 9th of January finally allowed him to cross the 20 mile-wide channel. He could not miss the tower-house, still standing today, of the local Vice-Consul, Count Georgakis Fragkopoulos, who obligingly took him to be introduced to Colonel Rooke. There were no inns to be found, so Darwin was completely dependent on Rooke for hospitality while he was there.

Over the next few days, as they walked and shot over the island valleys—well-stocked with woodcock, deer and wild boar—Darwin discovered that Henry Rooke was a man of parts and consequence who had more or less resigned from society to brood: ‘Here alone ... is retirement to be found. Yonder ruin points a once civilised country: now silence rules the scene, and gives a pensive mind time to reflect.’ Darwin was ‘much struck’ by this mood and fell in alongside his new friend. ‘A few wild deer still browse upon the heights, and the sturdy boar still haunts the glens. Here Nature has been most bountiful. Fruits of all kinds appear naturally luxuriant; and the dispo-

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63 ‘Hase’ could not be traced and may well be another spelling or transcription error.

64 Or Frangopoulos. He is called ‘Frangoppolo’ by Darwin. The Count came from a family that had lived in Naxos since 1628.
tions of the inhabitants of this island are superior to those of
the others. We killed only a couple of cocks, and, as the serene
evening advanced, walked back to the lonely Convent of the
vale—where, around a fire of Cedar wood and over a bottle
of excellent Santorine wine, I obtained much information from
the intelligent Colonel Rooke.'

Most travellers to the region met up with Henry Rooke
sooner or later, even if only at second-hand. Hobhouse and
Byron would run into him later that year in Constantinople:
‘met Colonel Rooke, (called “Captain” by Adair) a singular
fellow, an old grey-headed man who lives amongst the Islands,
keeps a boat of a hundred tons, and has been here eight or
nine years.’

Hobhouse found the Colonel ‘rattling’ (good) and ‘incorrect’ (even better). Some remembered him in later
years as ‘Rook’ or as ‘Colonel Rourke’ and confidently, but
wrongly, supposed that the old soldier was Irish. By a curious
set of circumstances he even became conflated with that other
English ‘Lord’ close to Hobhouse: Byron.

Far from being Irish, Henry Rooke was from a family long
established in London, where he was born in 1749. His father,
also called Henry (?–1775) was Chief Clerk of the Records in
the Tower of London, and had married Margaret Cook (?–
1798) eleven years before Henry’s birth. Young Henry, who
eventually had 6 brothers and 3 sisters, was educated at Ton-
bridge school nearby, then at Trinity College in Cambridge.
After matriculating in the Lent term of 1765, he gained a schol-
arship and was admitted to the Inner Temple the following year
to train for the bar. After taking his B.A. degree in 1769 he
was awarded a fellowship in 1770, and was clearly a man of
unusual ability. But two years later, on the 23rd of May, after
the formality of accepting his M.A. degree, he appeared in the
lists of the Third ‘King’s Own’ Dragoons. His progress through
the ranks was rapid: Lieutenant on 1 April 1775; Captain on

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65 Monday July 2nd 1810, Hobhouse 2015.
66 See for example Hasluck 1926, 28th February, 1915 and Turner 1820.
14 May 1778; Major on 11 October 1779. By the 9th of January 1781 he had transferred to the 100th Regiment of Foot, still as Major.

On the 13th of March, 1781, just a few months after his transfer, Rooke shipped with his regiment from Spithead for the Cape of Good Hope, then a Dutch possession.\textsuperscript{67} He would describe this trip in his well-received travelogue \textit{Travels to the Coast of Arabia Felix} (1783), which also had French and German editions.\textsuperscript{68} As the Dutch were allies of the French, the British had declared war against Holland in late 1780, and hoped to capture the important way station to the East. The convoy had a total of 46 vessels, with 10 ships of the line, carrying 3,000 soldiers. The French fleet delayed them in an attack at the Cape Verde Islands, taking punishment in the process. As a result, when British force eventually arrived at the Cape on the 12th of June, they found that a strong French force, from Pondicherry in India, was already dug in there to receive them. The diminished French fleet was there too. Even though the British captured some Dutch merchant ships in the Battle of Saldanha Bay, they thought better of taking on the new shore batteries installed by the Pondicherry troops. The delay at Cape Verde cost Rooke’s convoy the Cape of Good Hope. Instead they pushed on for India.

After stopping at the Comoros, an epidemic of malaria broke out in the convoy when it departed for Bombay, and it was forced to put in at Morebat Bay in South Arabia (present-day Mirbat in Oman) on the 27th of November, 1880. Rooke’s own health was already poor by this stage, so he took leave of the expedition and set off in a small boat to Mocha, and from there to Jeddah. Though his health improved in the Arabian peninsula, he did not care for the Arabs, their customs or their seamanship. So he pushed on to Suez, arriving there on April 24th, 1781 after sharing a boat in a convoy with crowds of Had-

\textsuperscript{67} Rooke 1784.
\textsuperscript{68} Rooke 1783; Rooke 1784; Rooke 1788.
jis returning from their pilgrimage to Mecca. He suffered from a ‘most disagreeable journey across the Desert’ in an armed caravan from Suez to Cairo. It was reported that Christians were forbidden to use the route.

At Cairo the convalescent discovered that foreigners were compelled to ride jack-asses rather than horses, and paid a visit to the pyramids—‘those stupendous fabricks’—mounted on one such ass, with the usual tour inside the Great Pyramid. Rooke found the Mameluke (former Circassian and Georgian slave) government of Egypt ‘the most oppressive system of tyranny in the world’, with the ‘languid and effeminate’ native spirit unable to resist it.

Rooke’s estimate of the Egyptian government sank even further after he was arrested by a Bey, one Mustapha, for a £500 debt of another Englishman, contracted in Cairo two years earlier, on the grounds that he, Rooke, was an Englishman too. After refusing to pay he was promptly imprisoned by Mustapha. Luckily a rich Turk he knew intervened on his behalf, and he was liberated shortly after by a superior Bey, Ibrahim. Disgusted with Cairo, he went further down the Nile to Rosetta and Alexandria, becoming ‘a daily witness of the sad revolution that has taken place in men, manners, arts, and learning at Alexandria; too long a time to dwell on an unpleasing picture.’

A passage to Malta gave Rooke his first sight of the Greek archipelago when the captain fled from bad weather, far off-course to the closest shelter. But the only island he saw up close was Rhodes, where they stopped for a while. More adventure lay ahead, when the befuddled captain completely missed Malta and was surprised to discover the Barbary Coast, landing at Tunis. The principal industry there turned out to be piracy and enslavement of the victims. Rooke would have stayed longer to explore the country thoroughly, but was still not fully recovered. Instead he had to confine himself to touring the ruins of Carthage and wondering at its poor substi-
tutes. Quarantine in Italy at the lazaretto of Livorno (then called Leghorn in England) closed off his peregrinations. He was ‘happy to have exchanged the barbarous climes of Asia and Africa, for regions of taste, pleasure and refinement.’ At the close of his long circumnavigation of Africa, it was already August 15th, 1782.

Soon after his return to England, Rooke must have resigned his commission in the 100th foot, since he does not appear in the 1784 army list.\textsuperscript{69} He received the brevet rank of Lieutenant Colonel (conferring the honour but not the operational authority). At some stage he must also have come into money, since he lived the rest of his life as a private gentleman on his own means, all of it abroad in various parts of Europe. One source mentions a property in Kent that brought in £2000 a year, a fortune at that time.\textsuperscript{70}

For most of the 1780s, Rooke completely drops out of sight again, and the next reports we have place him in revolutionary Paris during the terror. Pryse Lockhart Gordon (1762–1845) was introduced to him in Florence by the British Ambassador, and remembered the colonel in his memoirs. ‘When the French Revolution broke out, he was at Moscow; but being desirous of witnessing the extraordinary scenes that were going on in France, he sold his stud and posted to Paris, where he arrived a few days before the execution of the unhappy monarch Louis XVI.’\textsuperscript{71} Naivete about the new rulers evaporated upon being arrested as an enemy of the Republic, denounced by a former hanger-on with designs on his money, and imprisoned—this time not by a Bey but rather by a gang of democrats. It took some time to get out. An English expatriate Doctor of Divinity with radical sympathies used his connections to get him released, just as his money was running out, and Rooke fled gratefully for Switzerland.

\textsuperscript{69} Carman 1982.
\textsuperscript{70} Gordon 1830.
\textsuperscript{71} Gordon 1830.
After this awakening Rooke wandered around Europe again. He was drawn into the Napoleonic wars at the fortress of Ancona, on the Adriatic, in 1799. He volunteered with the Russian contingent which blockaded the French at the town from the sea. Ultimately the city was taken by the Austrians, but Rooke received the Order of St Anne from the Tsar for his contribution, and wrote a (now rare) pamphlet describing the affair. Another report surfaces in July of 1800 from Vienna, where Lady Minto ran into him, and recalled meeting him in Italy in former years.

Sources do not agree on Rooke’s arrival date in the Greek islands, but when Darwin encountered him the colonel had been established there for some time. According to the young traveler William Turner (1792-1867), Rooke ‘had a residence in most of the islands of the Archipelago, in some a room at a friend’s house, and in some a house of his own; but he lived generally in his boat, of which he had furnished the interior with every luxury both of Europe and Asia, and in which he always made it a fixed rule to sail before the wind, for as he was equally at home in all the islands, it was a matter of perfect indifference to him to which of them he steered his course. He had a good library on board, and was a very clever well-informed man.’ In 1812, on a visit to Mitylene (Lesbos), John Mitford came across reports of a mysterious English Lord—described by a young Greek there as ‘an odd, but a very good man’ who shuttled between the islands.

This account excited our curiosity very much, and we lost no time in hastening to the house where our countryman had resided. We were kindly received by an old man, who conducted us over the mansion. It consisted of four apartments on the ground-floor—an entrance hall, a drawing-

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72 Rooke 1800.
73 Anna Maria Kynynmound (née Amyand), Countess of Minto (1752-1829).
74 Turner 1820.

room, a sitting parlour, and a bed-room, with a spacious closet annexed. They were all simply decorated: plain green-stained walls, marble tables on either side, a large myrtle in the centre, and a small fountain beneath, which could be made to play through the branches by moving a spring fixed in the side of a small bronze Venus in a leaning posture; a large couch or sofa completed the furniture. In the hall stood half a dozen English cane chairs, and an empty book-case: there were no mirrors, nor a single painting. The bedchamber had merely a large mattress spread on the floor, with two stuffed cotton quilts and a pillow—the common bed throughout Greece. In the sitting-room we observed a marble recess, formerly, the old man told us, filled with books and papers, which were then in a large seaman's chest in the closet: it was open, but we did not think ourselves justified in examining the contents. On the tablet of the recess lay Voltaire's, Shakespeare's, Boileau's, and Rousseau's works complete; Volney's Ruins of Empires; Zimmerman, in the German language; Klopstock's Messiah; Kotzebue's novels; Schiller's play of the Robbers; Milton's Paradise Lost, an Italian edition, printed at Parma in 1810; several small pamphlets from the Greek press at Constantinople, much torn, but no English book of any description. Most of these books were filled with marginal notes, written with a pencil, in Italian and Latin. The Messiah was literally scribbled all over, and marked with slips of paper, on which also were remarks.

The old man said: “The lord had been reading these books the evening before he sailed, and forgot to place them with the others; but,” said he, “there they must lie until his return; for he is so particular, that were I to move one thing without orders, he would frown upon me for a week together; he is otherways very good. I once did him a service; and I have the produce of this farm for the trouble of taking care of it, except twenty zechines which I pay to an aged Armenian who resides in a small cottage in the wood, and whom the lord brought here from Adrianople; I don’t know for what reason.”
The appearance of the house externally was pleasing. The portico in front was fifty paces long and fourteen broad, and the fluted marble pillars with black plinths and fret-work cornices, (as it is now customary in Grecian architecture,) were considerably higher than the roof. The roof, surrounded by a light stone balustrade, was covered by a fine Turkey carpet, beneath an awning of strong coarse linen. Most of the house-tops are thus furnished, as upon them the Greeks pass their evenings in smoking, drinking light wines, such as "lachryma christi," eating fruit, and enjoying the evening breeze.

On the left hand as we entered the house, a small streamlet glided away, grapes, oranges and limes were clustering together on its borders, and under the shade of two large myrtle bushes, a marble seat with an ornamental wooden back was placed, on which we were told, the lord passed many of his evenings and nights till twelve o'clock, reading, writing, and talking to himself. "I suppose," said the old man, "praying" for he was very devout, "and always attended our church twice a week, besides Sundays."

The view from this seat was what may be termed "a bird’s-eye view." A line of rich vineyards led the eye to Mount Calcla, covered with olive and myrtle trees in bloom, and on the summit of which an ancient Greek temple appeared in majestic decay. A small stream issuing from the ruins descended in broken cascades, until it was lost in the woods near the mountain’s base. The sea smooth as glass, and an horizon unshadowed by a single cloud, terminates the view in front; and a little on the left, through a vista of lofty chestnut and palm-trees, several small islands were distinctly observed, studding the light blue wave with spots of emerald green. I seldom enjoyed a view more than I did this; but our enquiries were fruitless as to the name of the person who had resided in this romantic solitude.

Mitford caused a great deal of confusion by (anonymously) identifying the itinerant ‘Lord’ as Byron, based on a casual speculation or leg-pull by another visitor he met later, the ar-
The poet had never been on Mitylene, and was perplexed by the invention, but steadily became resigned to fantastic tales about himself. Although the ‘Lord’ in question was really Rooke, the mistake persisted as late as 1921, when F. W. Hasluck finally cleared it up.\textsuperscript{76}

Rooke, of course, was one more antiquarian, and had amassed a first-rate collection of ancient medallions, manuscripts and other relics while scouring the islands of the archipelago and beyond. Like Byron, the colonel was a philhellene and an early advocate for Greek independence, though, unlike Byron, he had money. When Edward Blaquière met him at Malta in 1809, he had sight of a long document Rooke wrote to the British Government, ‘principally valuable as proving the sentiments of the Greeks, and their disposition to coalesce with any power disposed to aid in their liberation’.\textsuperscript{77}

On Naxos, Rooke was happy to hunt and pass the nights in conversation with Darwin, but the old colonel declined to explore caverns with the overactive doctor, who was excited to hear of an even larger underground formation there than neighbouring Antiparos was supposed to have. Accordingly, Darwin accepted the society of his personal servant and a local guide who led him to its location on the Jupiter (Zas) peak, but they refused to follow him too far into its depths. Undaunted, Darwin could make do with just his own company in the Cave of Zeus. ‘I secured my own candle in my hat; and taking the guide’s light in one hand, and that of my servant in the other, I marched slowly forward—leaving them to pursue the pale reflected light of day behind me.’ Descending down into the complex of stalagmites and stalactites, Dr. Darwin hammered off samples. But even he realized that the time to retreat had come when the dripping water threatened to put all his candles

\textsuperscript{75} In Polidori 1819, a confection by Byron’s former lawyer, initially passed-off as Byron’s own work by an enterprising publisher.

\textsuperscript{76} Hasluck 1921.

\textsuperscript{77} Blaquièr 1824, 322.
out and leave him in the dark.

Darwin left Naxos and Rooke on the 13th of January, taking a small boat for nearby Paros. Three guards armed with blunderbusses were on board to deter pirates. A fourth had scampered when news arrived of fresh pirate activity. Darwin’s own servant prepared to desert too, ‘but, on my pointing the gun at his head and declaring I would shoot him if he attempted to depart, he sat down again in the bottom of the boat.’ After overnighting at a convent on Paros, the doctor engaged a row boat over to Antiparos and its ‘subterraneous saloons’.

Lord Elgin had been at the extensive Grotto in earlier years and eased the long journey in and down by installing helpful rope ladders. Having entered it at 4AM, Darwin was soon gazing on the ‘grand resplendent and snow-white columns’ inside, which caused him to ‘tremble at the vast and secret works of Nature’, but not so much as to prevent him from small acts of vandalism, as he hammered off some more samples. Nevertheless, he regretted rewarding the nest of pirates who inhabited the island. Bad weather detained him there till the 15th, when he hired a boat to sail to Syrah.

At Syrah, Darwin learned that the *Pylades* had left many loose ends when it had captured the the *l’Aigle* xebec-turned-privateer\(^78\) at the island’s harbour in December. When he saw the British sloop anchor a mile offshore, Captain Gaetano Scotto had evacuated his ship and barricaded his men on land behind shore batteries built using the ship’s cannon. (In Constantinople, Adair would convert this action into a most egregious offence against civilization in representations to the Porte.) Some of the batteries were destroyed by Captain Ferguson’s gunners, and the ‘Eagle’ itself was captured and towed away. A fair number of the privateer’s three hundred or so crew onshore had fallen in the fighting but the majority had

\(^78\) A three-masted sailing ship used in the Mediterranean, typically used for trade but converted here for use in war. Also called a ‘zebec’.
dispersed over the island. They were still there when Darwin landed in the dark of Monday the 15th of January. Moreover, a fellow-passenger on the boat was intent on joining the privateers, something that Darwin had been completely unaware of in transit when he played a practical joke on the Frenchman, declaring that the man was now his prisoner and would be handed over to the British when they landed.79

Now the situation was reversed and not at all funny. ‘On my landing they understood I was an Englishman, and I thought I saw revenge light up all their countenances. The Vice-Consul, a Greek, was much alarmed for his own safety, as well as mine. I passed the night in meditating an escape, and Tuesday morning hung very heavy upon me.’ While he holed up at the residence of the Consul, intelligence was gathered. ‘I sent George, my Greek servant, to the water side—to the sailors were selling what they had preserved from Captain Fergusson to the inhabitants of the island. By mingling with them as a native, he presently understood that a man was stationed at the corner of a street to shoot me if I stirred from the Consul’s house.’ The servant ‘joined in the common detestation of me, and was then told in confidence by one of them that I was to be dragged from the house at mid-night, and to be robbed and murdered.’

The (supposed) attackers appear to have been easily diverted. Darwin had his servant engage a boat at the harbour for midnight, supposedly to flee, but actually left by an entirely different route at 8 o’clock that night, travelling over the rooftops from the consul’s house, then by a back road to a beach at the other end of the island, where a son of his host happened to be on a fishing trip. Using their boat, the bold

79 In his travelogue, F. S. Darwin 1927, 99, the doctor confuses the dates, supposing that when he landed at Syrah the Pylades had taken the privateer only six hours earlier, but a month had already passed since the capture of the xebec l’Aigle. See Robert Adair The Negotiations for the Peace of the Dardanelles in 1808-9 (1845) Volume 1, 336–338.
6.7. CONSTANTINOPLE.

doctor was safely ferried over to Tino, where he put up in the convent, leaving his Syrah confederates to take their chances. Tino proved to be of little interest to Darwin, though it did have a cavern at least, but at least there were some close calls with pirates and some bad weather when sailing around it. After an unremarkable stop at the trading center of Ipsera, Darwin was back in Smyrna on the 12th of February.

The *Pylades*, accompanied now by the *Frederickstein*, soon set off once more from Smyrna on privateer patrol through the archipelago. Darwin seized the chance to go with them as ship surgeon. At Tino, on the 24th of February, he ran into Theodore Galton again. His former traveling companion was staying at the house of the British Consul, Signor Vitali. ‘We had much pleasure in relating to each other our adventures since we had met.’ If so, Darwin leaves no clue as to what his friend Galton had been doing, exactly, in the intervening month and a half, nor does he clarify whether this was a chance meeting or arranged. ‘We stayed two hours at Tino; but I could not persuade my friend to accompany us, when we joined our ship and stood towards Siphanto.’\(^{80}\) The unspoken break had not healed.

From Tino the *Pylades* went on through the islands to the harbour of Piraeus, allowing Darwin to pay another visit to Athens, this time joined by Captain Ferguson.\(^{81}\) On the 4th of March John Cam Hobhouse and Lord Byron, still staying at Mrs Macri’s lodgings in town, received him there. ‘Called on by Dr Darwin, a tall young man, and Captain Ferguson. Offered and accepted a passage in him [the *Pylades*] to Smyrna.’\(^{82}\)

Darwin recorded only that he ‘found Lord Byron and Mr Hobhouse’ at Athens, where they were ‘visiting the remains

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\(^{80}\) F. S. Darwin 1927, 107.

\(^{81}\) The Scottish writer John Galt, in his *Life of Byron* (1836), 137, suggests that Galton landed at Piraeus with Darwin but that is false, however often it is repeated.

\(^{82}\) Hobhouse 2015.
of Grecian splendour’. The poet and his acolyte had been a great deal busier than that, as Hobhouse’s private journal entry for the previous day recorded. ‘Teresa [Macri], twelve [years] old brought here to be deflowered, but Byron would not’.\textsuperscript{83} One must suppose that Teresa had been offered in exchange for money by the hard-up widow Tarsia Macri, after she noticed that Byron had fallen in love with all three of her daughters, for who else would have brought the girl? Byron’s embarrassment could have been financial rather than moral: he was flat stony broke. In after years this tawdry episode would be mythologized into popular memory in far more ambiguous terms through Byron’s poem \textit{The Maid of Athens}, which is often described as his most trite effort.

Byron’s combination of vigorous heterosexual adventure with interests in pedophilia has been much misunderstood, especially by those who would make use of him for present-day purposes. The Macri episode shows that he could stretch to both sexes when they were under the usual age, and his various attachments to young boys have been extensively documented

\textsuperscript{83} Hobhouse 2015.
or hinted at.\textsuperscript{84} However, as Peter Cochran pointed out, Byron showed no interest, as far as we know, in men from his own age or even class.\textsuperscript{85} It is not helpful to describe him as homosexual since the more specific description of pedophile (as opposed to pederast) exactly fits that aspect of his predilections. Similarly, calling him bisexual is to call a jack-knife an oblong metal object: strictly true but strictly misleading. He was a very special kind of bisexual: mostly women, sometimes boys, and only now and then girls. Darwin gives no hint anywhere in his notes of these kinks, either in Byron or in anyone else he met in the East (at least in the published version). But Byron made no especial attempt to hide his peculiarities from people who knew him, and as a practicing doctor Darwin was well familiar with the details.

On the 5th of March, Hobhouse, Byron and Darwin were on board the \textit{Pylades}, heading out at sunset for Smyrna. Perhaps they talked of Theodore Galton, who must have seen much of Hobhouse and Byron while Darwin was rapt in colloquy with Colonel Rooke and sampling stalagmites from the grottoes of the Cyclades. Natural philosophy certainly came up. ‘Darwin tells me that the shoals in the Gulf of Smyrna have all appeared in a few years, and that there is every reason to suspect that in time the Gulf will be filled up entirely.’\textsuperscript{86} Finally, on the night of the 24th of March they were dining on board the ship at Smyrna with Consul Werry and Captain Nourse of the \textit{Frederickstein}.

The morning after arriving, Hobhouse (and, one imagines, Byron—Hobhouse is often ambiguous about the presence of his idol) ‘walked about the Frank town with Darwin, who is nothing but a wag after all.’ Byron shared in one of Darwin’s practical jokes on the captain of the \textit{Pylades}. ‘In the evening Captain Ferguson, Byron and Darwin went to Miss

\textsuperscript{84} Marchand 1957.
\textsuperscript{85} Hobhouse 2015.
\textsuperscript{86} Hobhouse 2015, Wednesday, 1810/03/07.
Marascini’s, but the two latter ran downstairs when they got to the drawing-room door, to the discomfiture of the Captain’ (thus making Ferguson look like he had called all on his own on the young lady, who had played the harp for them the previous night).

At Smyrna the poet and his companion saw a great deal of the waggish doctor, who Hobhouse records ‘lounged’ about with them, exchanging gossip about Gibraltar with Captain Nourse and information about Constantinople. On the 28th of March, Darwin took Hobhouse on a tour of the local asylum for old women. One case, ‘Athoula’, about sixty years old, had been discovered wandering feral in a forest. ‘When found, she was without any clothes; she had not the use of her feet, but appeared young and active’. Hobhouse supposed that she had been abandoned there shortly before she was found, since she was too idiotic to look after herself. Lord Monboddo would be disappointed, Hobhouse twitted, to learn that she had no tail. Over the next few days Hobhouse and Darwin went out walking the town streets and country together. While out shooting with Byron and Werry, they found their role suddenly converted to prey when a Turk fired at them from a bridge.

After whiling away the time past mid-April, Darwin took off with Captain Joseph Nourse on HMS Frederickstein for another tour. Byron and Hobhouse had already left for Constantinople on the 13th, onboard the Salsette, and their paths would not directly cross with Darwin again in the East. But between island stops, Darwin spent another two days in Athens. Byron would later discover that his new friend the doctor and Captain Nourse had been at his rooms in Mrs Macri’s lodging house. ‘Nourse and Darwin had been at Athens scribbling all sorts of ribaldry over my old apartment, where Sligo before my arrival had added to your B.A. an A.S.S. and scrawled the compliments of Jackson, Deville, Miss Cameron, and “I am very unappy, Sam Jennings.”’

Darwin may not have been

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87 Byron to Hobhouse, 1810/07/29. ‘Sam Jennings’ is a reference to James
entirely to blame for this, since the decisive Captain Nourse would later recommend the burning of Washington D.C. and the White House to General Ross during the War of 1812.

The *Frederickstein* proceeded from Athens to Milo and Cerigo, then on to Coroni (Coron, or Koroni) in the Morea, where on April the 23rd some excitement in the form of a French privateer, the *Indomptable*, and one of its prizes, a schooner anchored in the harbour, presented itself. Captain Nourse promptly liberated the schooner when he discovered it to be an English commercial vessel recently captured and refitted with guns by the French. He also freed its English crew, who was detained at the premises of the French consul and at the customs-house. Nourse deduced that the intent was to sail the converted English ship under the pretense that it was the *Indomptable* itself, as they looked alike. This sort of recycling and deception was not unknown. When the *Indomptable* proper was captured later that year off the Lizard by *HMS Glendower*, the privateer turned out to be a former British revenue cutter the *Swan*, which had been captured in 1807 by the French.

Now Nourse sent the faux *Indomptable* on to Malta, along with another ship of suspicious provenance that had been seized, and joined the gun brig *HMS Confounder* in a convoy to Modari.

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Beresford’s comic bestseller *The Miseries of Human Life: Or, The Groans of Samuel Sensitive and Timothy Testy: with a few supplemen-
tary sighs from Mrs. Testy* (1806), which counts insanities scrawled on dusty windows in inns among life’s numberless annoyances, from which the author grimly samples. Byron has improved ‘unhappy’ to ‘unappy’. Miss Cameron was one of Byron’s kept women. John ‘Gentleman’ Jackson (1769-1845) was a pugilist and friend of Byron. Deville could not be discerned—he is not the phrenologist of ten years later.

In the confusing account of this action given in F. S. Darwin 1927, 108–109, it is not made clear that the newly-converted privateer was seized here, not the *Indomptable*, and that the second ship was not a prize of the seized privateer, but another ship entirely. See Adair 1845, 62–65 for Nourse’s description of events, which is by no means clear either.
island. Darwin was pleased to find that Sir William Ingilby, his companion in Morocco and Spain, happened to be on board the brig. From Modari, the convoy hoped to sail to the coast of Africa, but they were turned back by foul weather at Cape Matapan on the southern end of the Mani, eventually putting in at Smyrna once more on the 12th of May, and those islands now long-familiar to Darwin: Milo, Delos, Tino and Scio.

On returning to Smyrna, Darwin heard that his friend Galton had given up on his earlier plans to detour home via India, and had already set off a week earlier on a Tunisian vessel for Malta, intending to quarantine there and transfer to a ship for England. The version of events told by the doctor has him persuading Captain Nourse to advance the date of departure of the Frederickstein, which was heading for Malta too, ‘that I might the sooner again join my friend’. The urgency is not explained. They had been traveling apart for almost five months by this stage, and Galton had refused to rejoin with him. Nor had Galton waited at Smyrna for his brother-in-law before leaving. Possibly Darwin wanted to return to England together with Galton, as they had left, so that any version of events abroad would not be told in his absence, with delayed explanations on his part. His own statement that he only decided to return to England once he was at Malta, argues against this. Or he feared that the rupture between them had become more serious than he had supposed, and was hastening to repair it. In any event, his urgency was justified.

Galton arrived at Malta on the 16th of May or thereabouts. Like all travelers he was confined to the local lazaretto in quarantine. When Darwin landed at the way-station on the 29th of May, his friend was already far-gone with typhus fever, ‘in that sad state almost too painful to describe’. ‘I found that he had arrived from Smyrna nine days before in an infected Tunisian vessel commanded by Signor Campanelli: she was laden with
6.7. **CONSTANTINOPLE.**

Mr Simmons, a Constantinople merchant,\(^{90}\) and two Ragusee gentlemen who spoke French, were fellow passengers with him. Such ships should always be avoided in time of plague, as in the Mediterranean they are invariably unsafe. Nothing could exceed the kindness of Mr Simmons, who was confined in the same cell of the Lazaretti with my friend; and Messrs Kerr, Chabot,\(^{91}\) Cartwright, Dr Franchioli (physician to the Lazaretti) and Dr Thomas (first Physician to the Garrison of Malta) came every day from Valette into the quarantine harbour with provisions and to offer their assistance. ... all the guns were alternately fired from the bastions of Malta in celebration of the King’s birthday; and the loud roar of cannon shook the Lazaretti, and produced in my poor friend a delirium much too dreadful to think upon’.\(^{92}\)

Hobhouse left for England via Malta in July, leaving Byron at Constantinople (though the poet would soon return to Athens, where he avoided the widow Macri by lodging in a convent). The acolyte would discover a short while later from the Scottish writer John Galt, who was present in Malta, that events around Galton took a bizarre turn. Darwin prudently omitted the details from his own account. As the Scotsman told it, Theodore went ‘quite mad and vowing that all his family were visited by God on account of some great sin. Dr. Darwin & a Mr. Car\(^3\) dressed up a Midshipman as an angel to undeceive him on this head—but the scheme had no effect.’ Repeating this story in a letter to Byron, Hobhouse added a sardonic speculation about their friend ‘poor Galton’. ‘The angel was not a good one or did not know his part’.\(^{94}\)

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\(^{89}\) It was widely believed at the time that cotton could transmit ‘plague’ but epidemic typhus is actually spread by infected body lice.

\(^{90}\) Apparently a jeweller or diamond merchant.

\(^{91}\) Most likely James Chabot (1768?–1850), from an old Huguenot family.

\(^{92}\) F. S. Darwin 1927, 110–111.

\(^{93}\) Surely the Kerr referred to by Darwin above.

\(^{94}\) Hobhouse to Byron, 1810/07/31. See also Peter Graham *Darwin’s Bulldog* (1984), 36.
end came on the 5th of June, and is affectingly described by Darwin. ‘He said at last, after many incoherent sentences, “My heart is disquieted within me, and the fear of death is fallen upon me.” I endeavoured to raise him up; his eyes were fixed on mine; a kind of cold bloody sweat dropped from his forehead and he was dead.’

Figure 6.17: Graveyard in Malta containing Theodore Galton, circa 1822.

Figure 6.18: Casket in Malta containing Theodore Galton, circa 1822.

Distraught, and probably reproaching himself for not being present far sooner to protect and doctor his friend—with
modern knowledge, a delusion—Darwin decided to return immediately from Malta to England. It was early August before he emerged from quarantine at Falmouth. Theodore’s father Samuel ‘John’ met him. Samuel transmitted the news to Theodore’s sweetheart Mary Gribbins through his Quaker cousin Charles Lloyd (at Bingley, near Birmingham).95

Saturday, 4th August, 1810.

Dear Cousin,

We have this morning rec’d the most afflictive acct respecting our dear Theodore. The Packet by which he intended to return is just arrived. Sacheverel Darwin is come in it, but Theodore, our dear Theodore, is at Malta in his Grave; he was seized with a malignant fever, and expired on the 3rd June, in the arms of his friend.96

His mother97 bears this heavy affliction with calmness; her grief is deep but silent, and I am anxious for its remoter consequences on her Health. Mr. and Mrs. Schimmelpenninck arrived last night.98 Thou wilt conceive the situation of our family, and sympathise with us. Affectionately,

Samuel Galton.

In his narrative of the adventure, Darwin remarked that of the five who set off for Falmouth for Corunna, only one had returned alive. However, the reader should add up the repeated and cavalier risks that the brothers-in-law took while they were abroad, discounting the two soldiers they met on board. Britain was at war with the French. The roads were crawling with bandits and deserters. The seas were preyed on

95 Emma Gibbins Records of the Gibbins family (Birmingham, 1911).
96 Darwin stipulated the 5th of June.
97 Lucy Galton.
98 Samuel’s accomplished sister Mary Anne and her husband Lambert Schimmelpenninck.
by pirates, and bad weather could easily founder a vessel under sail. ‘Plague’ was prevalent everywhere in Asia, and was actively sought out by Darwin, as a diversion from climbing mountains solo, steeled by laudanum, or spelunking solo with candles perched on his hat. Given all that, it is remarkable that any of them returned alive: and that the greatest risk taker of them all.

After his return from Asia Minor, Francis Darwin settled down in Lichfield to build a successful medical practice, as his eminent father had done before him. From General William Dyott the doctor bought a brick-built mansion house in Tamworth-street—with a walled and fruited garden, hot-house, coach house, stable, and other outbuildings—on an acre of land.

Mary Gibbins was said to have mourned Theodore for many years, but eventually married Henry Aggs in 1820, giving birth to four children. Aggs had trained as a banker with Mary’s father, but eventually became a stockbroker. Until her death at age 90, she preserved a lock of Theodore’s hair and other memorabilia, now to be found in the archives of Swarthmore College in Pennsylvania, among her papers. She lived to old age, and in the last few years of her life when, unable to get out much, her son and his wife generally called on Sunday after meeting. They frequently found her at a desk, and in front of her a copy of the Gentleman’s Magazine, which contained an account of the death of the lover of her early days.

Robert Semple was later arrested in 1813, while he was following the action in Germany during the Napoleonic wars. It was suspected that the writer was an American spy. In fact, though Semple had been born in Boston in 1777, his parents were loyalists who went back to England. Luckily John Cam Hobhouse was nearby and prepared to vouch for him. We

99 1761–1847
100 http://www.swarthmore.edu/library/friends/ead/5058haag.xml.
101 Gibbins 1911.
[rode] to the fortress of Silberberg. Our object was to visit an English gentleman, a prisoner there, confined at the recommendation of Lord Cathcart. This was R. Semple, author of “Travels in Portugal, Spain, and the Levant.” I had heard of him at Smyrna from Dr. Darwin, and, upon seeing him, was enabled to speak to his identity, which Lord Cathcart, and Mr. Jackson, our envoy to Berlin, had disputed, and thus caused his arrest. I wrote to Lord Cathcart in his behalf, and my companion, Mr. Kinnaird, wrote to Sir Charles Stewart. Mr. Semple, shortly after our visit, was released. He published an account of his imprisonment.' In 1815 Semple was appointed a governor of the Hudson Bay company, but was killed in a skirmish there the following year, soon after arriving at his new post.

Darwin’s intelligent and interesting friend Colonel Henry Rooke died at Omodos in Cyprus, on July 7th of 1814. The British ambassador at Constantinople dispatched a guard of Janissaries to secure the colonel’s valuable collections. Henry Light, a Royal Artillery Captain, stayed in Rooke’s rooms at Cyprus just days after his death, and was impressed by the ‘gentleman whose memory seemed to be held in great respect at Cyprus, and whose inclination for travel had kept him for a long time in the East, where he lavished large sums in objects of research and in acts of generosity, endearing him to the natives of the countries he visited’.103

Rooke’s intriguing memorial on a church wall at the village of Omodos, near Limmasol in Cyprus, is regularly rediscovered. ‘Under This Marble Are Deposited The Remains of Henry Rooke Esq formerly Major in the hundredth Regiment of Foot with Brevet rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the Service of his Britannic Majesty King George the Third. After Quitting the Army he travelled thro’ various parts of Europe and being in Italy in the year 1799 joined the Russian Army before

102Hobhouse 1909, Vol. 1, 51. See also Semple 1814.
103Light 1818.
Ancona as a volunteer officer & for his services and assistance in reducing that fortress his late Imperial Majesty of All the Russias Paul conferred upon him the Order of St Anne of Holstein 3d class. He died in this Convent the 7th day of July in the year of our Lord & Saviour 1814 and was interred by the Holy Fathers underneath this Stone with their consent and that of the Most Reverend the Bishop of the Greek Church in the island of Cyprus. His only surviving brother Wm Rooke as a last tribute of fraternal regard and affection hath caused this Memorial to be conveyed and placed over his grave.\textsuperscript{104}

At Lichfield, Darwin’s growing local influence led to his election as a Senior Bailiff. He was married to Jane Harriet Ryle (1794–1866) on the 16th of December 1815 at St. George’s Church, Hanover Square London. They eventually had ten children. Then in 1820, after he delivered a loyal address from the citizens of Lichfield to King George IV, he was knighted. When his nephew Francis Galton was born in 1822, Sir Francis consented to become the boy’s godfather.

By 1823 Sir Francis had tired of practicing medicine and sold his house in Lichfield, retiring at the age of 37 to the Derbyshire Peak district. He bought Sydnope Hall—5km from Matlock at the top of the gorge of Synope Brook—from the Dakeyne family of Holt House, flax-spinners who had used the gorge water for power. In 1826 Darwin extended the house considerably and laid out ambitious new gardens, with fountains, alcoves and grottoes. The poor regularly received large portions of beef and potatoes from him. He also served as a Deputy Lieutenant of Derbyshire.

Bessy Galton, Frank’s sister, went to see her Uncle at Sydnope in May of 1826. At the time, Sir Francis’ wife Jane was confined with Violetta, his 7th child. ‘We then went on to my uncle Sir Francis Darwin at Sydnope, who sent a pair of horses to help ours up the steep hill to the house. It was a wild place, but a very amusing visit. The six children slept

\textsuperscript{104} Notes and Queries, 10S V1 Oct 20 1906.
in hammocks and kept pet snakes.’ There were Chinese sows from Canton and wild boars too, imported from the Pyrenees for ‘sport’.

A glimmer survives from this time of Darwin’s association with Byron, who had famously returned to Greece to fight the Turks for independence, only to die in 1824 of fever, at Missolonghi. Four years later, on the 12th of September, ‘Sir Francis S. Darwin and party’ visited Byron’s tomb at Hucknall, signing the visitor’s book.\(^{105}\) The fact that Byron only gets passing attention in the diaries kept by Sir Francis during those years suggests that his attitude to the poet was rather different than the near-universal worship that set in after Missolonghi, which his godson would be swept up in.

Another nephew of Sir Francis, the naturalist Charles Darwin, seems to have visited his curious uncle only once, in the late 1820s before he left Cambridge. Darwin made the expedition to Sydnope Hall along with his friend W. D. Fox, and noticed that Sir Francis had crossed a wild Pyrenean boar with a Cantonese sow. Years later, Darwin remarked to Fox that ‘I have been struck with surprise in comparing my memoranda how often crossed animals are said to be very wild, even wilder than either parent: I have thought I would just put a foot-note to this effect, giving my cases: my memory, which I dare not trust, tells me that the cross from wild Boar & common pig at Sydnope was wilder than the wild Boar: do you remember anything of this: I refer to our, memorable visit to Sydnope.’\(^{106}\) In the second volume of his *Variation of Animals under Domestication* Darwin, apparently quoting his uncle, stated that ‘Sir F. Darwin crossed a sow of the latter breed with a wild Alpine boar which had become extremely tame, but the young, though having half-domesticated blood...

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\(^{105}\) *Athenaeum* 1834, 628

in their veins, were “extremely wild in confinement, and would not eat swill like common English pigs”.

Throughout this time, Sir Francis maintained close relations with the Galtons. His son Edward Levett was roughly the same age as his godson Francis Galton, and they were schooled together by Mrs French in Sparkbrook, where the Galtons lived. During this time Edward boarded often with his cousins at their home ‘The Larches’. The country pursuits of the father appealed strongly to the son, who later wrote a best-selling treatise *A game-preserver’s manual* under the pen-name ‘High Elms’.

While he was abroad on the *Beagle*, Charles heard occasional reports of his increasingly eccentric uncle, whose mother Mrs. Erasmus Darwin (nee Chandos Pole) had died at Breadsall Priory in 1832. Charles’s sister Susan wrote that ‘Sir Francis & Lady Darwin will I conclude leave their mountainous abode & come to the Priory now, which the latter must prefer to the society of Eagles & Wild Boars’ She had heard some bizarre gossip too. ’I dined at Onslow last Thursday & I met there a Capt Meynard who put me to the blush for my Uncle Sir Francis Darwin by telling me he travelled with him in Greece & that Sir F’s chief sport was disfiguring & mutilating all the Statues he came across.’ This is really a garbled version of the doctor’s observation that the Turkish authorities took potshots at the artifacts, which he was always a keen collector and connoisseur of. And Darwin was not about to swap his wilderness for civilization just yet.

Two years later, William Fox relayed that ‘I heard a few days since a very poor account of Sir Francis Darwin’s health.

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107 *Variation of Animals under Domestication* vol. 2, 45.
He fancies that he has some mortal disease and doctors himself for it. He either has used strong Medicines which have much brought him down, or is become very low spirited. He does not go out any where to his old friends & is very uncomfortable about himself. He is just expecting an increase to his Family from Lady Darwin, who had I imagined long since ceased from such expectations. Here Fox probably refers to Laudanum, with whom, as we saw in the Sierra Nevada of Spain, Sir Francis was an old acquaintance.

The doctor continued to live at Sydnope after the death of his mother in 1832, and preferred to let her (comparatively sedate) house, Breadsall Priory, to tenants, rather than take it up himself. After all, his father Erasmus had only removed to the house shortly before his death there in 1802. Before the end of the decade, the last of the wild boars was accounted for in a way that does not do the master of Sydnope credit.

In the grounds attached to Sydnope House, and in a part called “The Rough,” a breed of wild boars were for many years kept, and roamed about undisturbed in all the wild fierceness of their nature—one being occasionally hunted, or otherwise killed, and eaten, the “boar’s head” gracing the board in true mediaeval style. In 1837 the herd had become reduced to a single boar—the last of his race—a fine noble looking and venerable animal, with tusks of enormous size.

This, the last of the wild pigs—ultimus Romanorum—had been caught and kept some weeks in a sty in the farmyard for fattening. Sir Francis Darwin determined that as “Jack,” as the boar was named, had been born and bred in “The Rough,” and was the last of his noble race, he should die as he had lived, in his

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primitive wildness. A “boar hunt” was therefore determined upon, and, the boar having previously been turned out into his native “Rough,” a cavalcade, a la Wouermans, was formed, and accompanied by a number of dogs and a large number of persons on foot, descended into the valley. ... The hunting party soon found the boar, but he having been kept in a sty for some time, and grown fat and effeminate, gave but little sport, and was ignobly shot while squatting on his haunches at the foot of a tree where he had turned to keep the dogs at bay. His body, as a trophy, was carried back in triumph to Sydnope House.\footnote{\textit{Journal of Horticulture and Practical Gardening}, Volume 26, 1874/03/19, 239.}

Thomas Burgon’s distinguished son William visited Sir Francis at Sydnope in the 1840s, acting only on the basis of the stories that his father had told him. A prior attempt to look the doctor up in Lichfield had been met with laughter, and the retort that Sir Francis had retired twenty years earlier, but later William tried Sydnope Hall. ‘At last we reached a solitary place—far off and alone—on the shoulder of a hill, and commanding a wide and wild view—and there we found the object of our search. He was not a little surprised, but I believe more pleased than surprised, to see us. I was older than my father was, when he parted from Darwin, and the sight of us set our host a-dreaming of old times, and seemed to make him feel that he was an oldish man. He introduced us to his wife and daughters (grown up women by the way), and we passed a very happy evening. Next day he showed me some of his father’s books, gave me four lines of ‘The Botanic Garden’ in his father’s autograph and lionized us over his singular dwelling; after which we reluctantly bade him farewell; and his son conducted us a round-about way across the hills to Matlock.’

Burgon found Darwin ‘a very remarkable creature. I think
there is something morbid in his temperament; for he seemed to shrink from the idea of London, and wandering from his own fireside. He said he hoped to live quietly and to die there—and never to stir till he went down to be buried with his fathers in the family resting-place, which is not far off. ... Sydnope is
all of his own contrivance; and he glories in having created an
oasis in that wilderness. When he came, there was no house—
no water—no trees—no nothing! ‘Now’ said he, ‘I have built
a village—here is abundance of wood and water, yonder are
three trout ponds’—in short, he seemed to think it a disgrace
to live in a house made comfortable to your hand, and has let
a fine old paternal mansion to strangers, accordingly. He pro-
cured a wild boar from the Pyrenees, and a sow from Canton,
and peopled his woods with wild boars to the terror of all the
country round; but the breed is deteriorating now—in other
words the neighbours are no longer kept in terrorem.\footnote{112}

As late as 1847, Darwin finally gave up the remote charms
of the Peak District and moved into the old Priory. He ratt-
tled away his time there for the last twelve years of his life,
renovating the building and its follies, preoccupied with fruit-
less digging in search of rumoured secret tunnels, and other
excavations. Though he is said to have spent all his copious
spare time over the years on scientific and naturalist pursuits,
he actually published very little. The \textit{Annals of Philosophy} for
1823 printed his ‘Notice Upon the Volcanic Island of Milo’,\footnote{113}
extracted from the journal of his visit in 1810. His diary of his
eastern travels was worked up over the years from a rougher
form—it contains several references to subsequent events, plac-
ing the last revision after 1842 at least—but on his death in
1859 it remained unpublished. Instead the curious manuscript
was passed around the family.

Francis Galton in particular was well-aware of his godfa-
ther’s written record of the Eastern voyage with Uncle Theo-
dore, as a letter to his niece Lucy Biggs shows.\footnote{114} ‘I have
intended to write to ask whether you would care to read, what
to me is very interesting, the Journal kept by Sir Francis Dar-
win of his travels in Spain, Greece and Asia Minor, the first part in company with Theodore Galton. It has been copied clearly in a limp quarto MS. book by Mrs Fellowes, a daughter of Mrs Oldenshaw, who has lent it to me. We are writing to her for permission to send it you. I was pleased to find confirmation of the fact that Dean [Burgon] of anti-Revised-Version notoriety did meet them abroad. There is not a word about eastern travel in his published life, but my recollection seemed certain that it was he, who spoke to me most appreciatively of Uncle Theodore at an Oxford dinner where I sat next to him. He thought him a man of rare promise, as so many others seem to have done. The pluck of Sir F. D. and of Th. G. was amazing. They travelled during most troublous times, viz. about 1809—brigands, pirates, and murderers everywhere. Well into the next century, Francis D. Swift Darwin finally brought out an edited version of his forebear’s narrative, through Cambridge University Press. The complete diary was deposited in the libraries of Cambridge University, where it remains today, unexamined and relatively inaccessible.

\[115\] Pearson transcribes the Dean’s name as ‘Burgess’, a rare blunder, but Galton means Dean John William Burgon (1813–1888), whose father Thomas Burgon (1787-1858) was, as we have seen, a merchant and antiquarian based at Smyrna. The Dean was a tireless proponent of literal biblical accuracy. However he was not born until 1813, and the diary references made by Sir Francis Darwin to Burgon meant the father, not to the son—though the son certainly recalled stories from the father about the two travellers, and had visited Sir Francis at Sydnope. Galton, who became hard of hearing, probably misheard or misunderstood the reminiscences of the son. The published life of Dean Burgon does refer to Francis Darwin’s eastern voyage, and to the visit paid to Sir Francis by Dean Burgon—see Goulburn 1892.

\[116\] Pearson 1930, 592.

\[117\] F. S. Darwin 1927.
Chapter 7

Turkey, Greece and Italy.

Now, in 1840, Francis Galton’s diary recorded his first impressions of turbaned Constantinople, where he arrived onboard the steamer from Kustendje on the morning of the 22nd of August. He had put up at Josephine’s Lodging House in Pera, where all Europeans were still required to live, as they had been when his uncles were there in 1809.

Constantinople Saturday Aug 22nd

Walked out in the morning with Mr. S[andis] & bathed in a Turkish bath. Operation as follows. 1st enter a large room balconied round with trellis work on which were a number of beds something a la German—counterpanes & towels in abundance. Some Turks stripped & having only a piece of calico tied around middle in waiting. Here we stripped, tucked in a piece of the aforesaid calico round our middle & walked down the stairs, put our feet into a pair of pattens & walked into the steaming room. A large marble domed room heated to about 96° with a dodecagonal marble slab in the middle & round its sides

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1 Omitted in text, but Sandis is given below. Not identified. Perhaps Sandis was one of three Englishmen who accompanied Galton to Kustendje.

2 Really, Turkish bathing clogs, ‘Nalin’.
6 or 8 recesses with a tap of cold & of hot water with a baptismal font looking thing to hold the water. We first laid down full sprawl upon the marble slab on our back & in came two of the attendants who with all the gravity of an operator in Animal Magnetism knelt down by our sides & punched and pummelled & hosed us in a variety of indescribable manners in order to make use lissome. We then took our seats in one of the recesses, had hot water hosed over us & were scrubbed with a horse hair glove then with a lather of soap & water then douched & at last only being
finished we were beckoned out a towel turban was put on our head, towels on my back & then upstairs to the balcony where I laid in bed drank coffee, dressed & back to Josephine’s for breakfast. Then walked down to the sea, ferried over to Stamboul, saw beggars, very crowded & stinking, horribly paved and noisy. Then the Slave Market. Saw few but Black girls & boys some with fetters on their legs but all seemed happy enough. Several of the girls’ nails were painted with henna—I thought it dirty looking—the fetters were very heavy. We then walked to the Mosque of Sultan Achmed, numberless domes, 4 minarets very tall. 2 columns, 1 brought from Arabia covered with hieroglyphics. The 1000 and 1 columns [alias] less the 222 columns which supported a cistern for holding waters, they are of various sizes & dirty road amongst them where people were spinning silk. Mosque of San Sophia we tried to enter the courtyard but several Turks looked furious & beckoned us away. Mr. Sandis with whom I was walking went to bathe. I in the meantime am writing this sitting on the pedestals of one of columns in front. Turks innumerable coming to stare at me writing, stay about half a minute & walk off with an ejaculation of surprise. We passed by a Turkish fountain near some barracks very richly painted in fresco of small patterns. Verses of the Koran &c. The houses are miserable. Stones seldom to be seen, all wood. The sign of the crescent with inscribed star continually to be seen. Pavements are horrid, [...] with dogs, mangy and growling.

A letter home to Tertius described the excitement of Frank’s first ‘Eastern’ experience—and the pressing need for money to get home. The truant student had, as he expected to, outrun

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3 See Figure 7.3.
any communication from home.

Stamboul, Aug. 22nd, 1840

[Mrs] (not Madame) Josephine’s Lodging House.

My Dear Father.

Here I am at Constantinople—among Turks, Armenians, Greeks, Jews and Franks, in a good Lodging House, as well as possible & happier & happier every day. The Golden Horn is just in front of me, crammed full of mosques & minarets, Seraglios & Towers. Scutari to my left on the other side of the Bosphorus & on bona fide Asia & I myself in Pera on the top of the Giaour’s Hill (remember the “G” in that word is pronounced hard, & it is only two syllables, thus (Gow ar) the “ia” is just audible). 4 [...] 5

Arrived at Stamboul seeing as Byron says

“The selfsame view
That charmed the charming Mary Montague.”

The seraglios are splendid, ditto palaces, such a great deal of trellis work about them, & then there are cypresses & the veiled ladies just looking out between folds of gauze & very pretty eyes they have too.

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4 Well-known from Byron’s poem ‘The Giaour: A Fragment of a Turkish Tale’ (1813).
5 See sections describing the journey down the Danube from Pesth excerpted on pages 62, 64, 68, 70, 70 (again).
Then there are the Greeks, I never saw such black eyes in all my life. I should like to put one of them in a rage—they must look splendid then. I saw the women’s slave-market today—if I had had 50 pounds at my disposal I could have invested in an excessively beautiful one, a Georgian. Some of the slaves had their nails dyed with henna. Most of the black ones were fettered—but they seemed very happy, dancing and singing & looking an complacently whilst a couple of Turks were wrangling about their prices. I took a Turkish bath today, such a shampooing & lathering & steaming.

Now about getting home. These plaguy quarantines have been extended, though there is no plague now in Turkey (a great bore for I wanted to see some cases) & that at Syra, with that at Trieste, will be I fear 24 days. I therefore shall scarcely be able to see you before going to Cambridge. If I can get books I will read away in quarantine at Mathematics & Classics; if I can’t why I must learn Turkish or do something desperate of that sort. In my last letter (from Pesth) I asked you to send me £15 to Trieste, if you have not done so already please send it now, as I shall

Figure 7.4: Veiled woman.
then have no possible anxiety about money matters.
Good bye, loves in all directions.
Your affectionate son,
Fraґ Galton.

Later memories suggest that Frank moved lodgings at Pera after running into a connection in the city, whose friend Miseri welcomed company. They also rehearse a theme that came up more than once in Galton’s recollections: the idea of sampling the dark underbelly as an educational exercise. He would say the same of his experiences in Khartoum in 1846. ‘I revelled in the glory of the place and in the picturesque and turbaned groups. The hotel kept by Miseri was then a small establishment, more like a pension. He had been courier to a connection of mine, and I was taken in and made very comfortable. The numerous acquaintances I picked up there and the stories I heard of the current rascalities gave an insight into a phase of humanity which I did not esteem but was glad to know about.’

Tertius had received his son’s letter from Pesth a fortnight after it had been sent, just in time to dispatch generous letters of credit abroad, far more than had been asked for. The ex-banker’s diary shows no expression of concern about the risks that his youngest child had just taken, though the grim example of his own brother Theodore must have been foremost in his mind. ‘August 24th. Monday. Leamington. ... I rode with Emma to Whitnash and afterwards received a letter from Francis dated Pesth, August 11th, and in compliance with his wishes wrote to Barclays to send me a letter of credit for him for £50 upon Trieste, Venice and Paris. I wrote letters to Francis for Malta and Trieste.’ It was the 18th of September before Frank’s letter home from Constantinople reached his father, who recorded in his diary that ‘I received a letter from

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6 Galton 1908, 52.
7 Diary of Samuel Tertius Galton, 1840/08/24.
Francis dated Constantinople, 22nd. August, mentioning his being perfectly well and happy. After four days in the Turkish capital, Frank set off south to the Greek and Armenian settlement of Smyrna, where his uncles had spent so much time together in the Autumn of 1809—and where Uncle Francis, by then separated from Theodore, had roamed with Byron and Hobhouse in the Spring of the following year. Along the way he saw something of the plains of Troy, but, since he was not classically inclined, was rather less impressed by it than his godfather had been thirty years earlier.

Aug. 26. Set off from Constantinople in the Crescent at 4 p.m. Italian captain, English mate. One English gentleman, 4 ditto Ladies; French, Greeks, &c &c innumerable Turks & Greeks lying about, men & women smoking or drinking coffee. They are a great nuisance. The clear space on the quarter deck is not 18 inches broad & the consequence is that when the ship rolls you are almost sure to tumble over their feet right into the middle of them & as they are mostly women such a position is very indelicate & as they are all sea sick, highly disagreeable also. Very rainy on setting out it was soon dark. Entered the Dardanelles at 8 next morning.

August 27. Entered the Dardanelles passed between Sestos & Abydos regular Turkish towns & that’s all. The Fortification low & as the Dardanelles are some breadth I should think it would be difficult to hit a vessel passing in the middle of the river. Came to the place where Troy was, thoroughly disappointed. There is no truth in the proverb ‘Ex nihilo, nihil fit’ for Homer has shown its fallacy. He must have had

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8 STG Diary, 1840/09/18.
a brilliant imagination to make a little bit of plain 2 miles long & 1 mile broad the scene of all the manoeuvres of a ten years’ war. The idea too of fighting ten years for a woman! Catch me doing such a thing for the fair Mary Anne, but the days of gallantry have passed. Achilles’ tomb a little hillock. As for Tenedos opposite which the Greek toiled a couple of days to reach, I would bet anything that I could row over to in 40 minutes (supposing the marsh on which Troy stood to have been increased by alluvial deposit, still Mount Ida & the rocks of Tenedos are necessarily stationary & so there cannot be much mistake about relative distances). Tenedos is rocky & barren, has a large stone fortress built on it. Mytelene rocky & barren also; if it used to be in the same state Orpheus must have been a dab hand to find beasts to charm with his lyre. Anchored off Smyrna at 11 p.m, drifted the first time, but the 2nd time but all right. Strong breeze blowing. Slept on board.

Figure 7.5: The Troad. Mount Ida. Island of Tenedros at most 3 miles distant from the mainland. Aug 27 1840 FG.

At Smyrna, Frank bought a pistol—which would soon hang on the wall of his rooms at Cambridge, with another—and went shooting in the hills near the Roman aqueduct. He also visited the village of Bournabat, where all the French merchants had
lived when his uncles were there. Though they had found the village charming in 1809, it must have changed dramatically by the time that their nephew saw it.

Aug 28. No room at the Naval Hotel (M. Salvo) so went to the Pension Swiss, full of noisy Frenchmen. I do hate the generality of Frenchmen, the women are good enough but there is an impudent offhandedness in a Frenchman’s talk which is disgusting. Walked round the bazaars with are suspicious looking Jew who acted as valet de place & who was exceptionally desirous that I should buy everything that presented itself. Returned to breakfast table d’hote at 10. Think of the impudence of Smyrna of all places trying to appear fashionable—breakfast lasted at least an hour then I set off on horseback to see the ruins of a [Genoese] fortress very large square and turrets perched on the top of a hill all covered with stones about the size of bricks (The remains of former buildings?) A curious picturesque aqueduct very

Figure 7.6: Aqueduct near Smyrna, drawn after I had been pistol shooting. Aug 28th 1840, FG.
clear & cool water. Then to the villages of Bougria and Bournabat neither anything [particular] & home. Bought a pistol, 120 piastres, of these I saw my guide keep 10, but his presence kept me from being cheated to a greater extent.

Walked by myself as today was the Sunday of my Jewish valet de place. Took one of my pistols in my pocket & stepped towards the aqueduct, not an easy thing to reach on account of the innumerable garden walls intersecting each other at all angles & the number of blind alleys. Caught a splendid locust which I keep for Delly; got to the Aqueduct at last having had previously to walk up the middle of the stream on natural stepping stones for about 200 yards & trespassing in orchards innumerable. The Aqueduct is a very large one, I should guess 500 yards & from 3 to 5 feet wide. I walked on the top of it from one side to the other, a feat which my valet de place had told me had been once accomplished at great peril by an adventurous Englishman. The learned talk about the ignorance of our ancestors in making aqueducts of stone instead of using metal pipes, but that's gammon; in those which are carried around mountains they must be much cheaper, the stone is on the spot & the common workman can built a sciff (is is spelt right?) & plaster the inside afterwards, then it can be [unroofed] at any place & the water can at once be got at & whether the supply of water be large or great it is always equally distributed, it is besides much purer. Fired off my pistols sundry times for practise & much approved of it, then took sketch on last page. Walked home. Bought a rifle barrel for 28 piastres & am as happy as possible with my purchase.

The need to return to England in order to enroll in the com-
ing Cambridge term was looming. ‘My allowance of time was drawing to a close, for I had to make ample allowance for long detention in quarantines, which were in those times an especial nuisance. They were put on or taken off with apparent caprice, sometimes it was said for purely commercial reasons. So I was able to allow only two or three days for seeing the environs of Smyrna, and then started in a steamer to the island of Syra, where I was placed for ten days in quarantine.’

It was Syra where his Uncle Francis had made that dramatic escape over the rooftops from the house of the consul, pursued by marooned French privateers—shortly after visiting Colonel Henry Rooke on Naxos, and the grotto of Antiparos.

Aug 29th. Set off on board French man of war steamer Dante for Syra; wery\textsuperscript{10} large and roomy, very slow sailer. Eat a fearful large breakfast of meat & fruits, drowsiness & some symptoms of multigrub\textsuperscript{11} supervened. Passed Scio, rocky & bare. Eat an enormous dinner, terrible cholera, stomach-ache & nausea all night.\textsuperscript{12}

My rooms were like those of a khan, wholly unfurnished, the guardian supplying bedding and food at moderate cost. He followed me as a prisoner under his charge, with a long stick wherewith to ward me from touching or being touched by any body or thing that was not in the same quarantine as myself. The quarantine buildings enclosed a large square. My rooms opened at the back into a cheerful covered balcony which looked on the sea. My neighbouring occupant was a lady, a near relative to Arthur Cayley, the great

\begin{itemize}
  \item \textsuperscript{9} Galton 1908.
  \item \textsuperscript{10} A play on Dickens’ Sam Weller in \textit{The Pickwick Papers}.
  \item \textsuperscript{11} Indigestion.
  \item \textsuperscript{12} FG Diary, 1840/08/29.
\end{itemize}
mathematician, whom I even then had learnt to revere, and whose pupil I became during one of my happy long vacations at Cambridge.\textsuperscript{13}

Galton’s diary records a remarkable prophetic dream at Syra

\textsuperscript{13} Galton 1908.
about a ‘Miss Hawke’, which he characteristically turned into an experiment with a skeptical conclusion when he returned home.

Quarantine, Syra, Sep. 6th.

Dreamt very vividly last night that I went to Miss Hawke’s parlour by the Dead Room passage, whom told me that she had been excessively ill the day before so as to apprehend immediate death, this continued until last night when she (I think) slept soundly & was quite recovered in the morning. I can’t help fancying this true.

A vivid dream at Syra Sep 6 (which signified nothing)\textsuperscript{14}

\begin{figure}[h]
\centering
\includegraphics[width=\textwidth]{figure.png}
\caption{Altar found at [Tinos] placed in the middle of the quarantine court at Syra Sept 6th 1840.}
\end{figure}

\textsuperscript{14} Later annotation.
The ponderous quarantine arrangements at Syra were recalled vividly by Galton, who had a professional interest as a doctor in observing them.

The nine or ten days’ rest in quarantine at Syra was by no means ungrateful. I made myself occupation, and they passed pleasantly. The process of giving “pratique” was amusing. We were drawn up in a row, and the medical officer walked up and down sternly scrutinising us. Then he gave the order of “Put out your tongues,” which we all did simultaneously, and he passed along the line at two paces distance from it, looking at our tongues. Then he added, “Do exactly as I do,” whereupon he clapped himself sharply under the left armpit with his right hand, and under the right armpit with the left hand. Similarly on the left and right groins. This was to prove that none of the glandular swellings that give the name of “bubonic” plague were there, otherwise the pain of the performance would have been intolerable. Then,
with a sudden change from a stern aspect, he put on a most friendly and courteous smile, and stepping forwards he shook each of us cordially by the hand, and we were freed. A couple of days had to pass before the next steamer started for Trieste, which I occupied in rambling about the island, living for one day almost wholly on figs—which was unwise, because too much of them affects the kidneys.\textsuperscript{15}

\begin{figure}[h]
\centering
\includegraphics[width=\textwidth]{Cape_Columna_moonlight_1840.jpg}
\caption{Cape Columna by moonlight, Sep 12th 1840 FG.}
\end{figure}

By the time quarantine at Syra was completed it was nearly mid-September, and there was little time left to visit the Greek mainland, where Byronic associations were far stronger, and doomed Uncle Theodore had shared meals with the poet until the wee hours at the Macri lodging duplex. So Galton had to make do with a sketching day-trip to Athens—‘few, but memorable, hours’—on September the 12th, and distant views from onboard the steamer. His diary includes a sketch of the Plain of Missolonghi, where Byron had died of fever in 1824, during the Greek War of Independence—attended, curiously enough, by a ‘Major Parry’.

\textsuperscript{15} Galton 1908.
Figure 7.12: Diogenes’ Lantern Sep 12th 1840 FG.

Figure 7.13: Areopagus from Acropolis, Sep 12 1840. FG
Figure 7.14: Entrance to the Bay of Navarino Sept. 13th 1840. FG.

Figure 7.15: The plain of Missolonghi & the mountain opposite Patras Sep 14th 1840 FG.
Chapter 7. Turkey, Greece and Italy.

On the way home yet another quarantine was required at Trieste. No diary entries or letters survive from this ordeal, and we are dependent on the description given in Galton’s Memories, 68 years later. First there was a waiting period of a few days off Ancona in Italy, then they were confined at the Lazaretto in the Austrian port for more vigorous inspection.

There was a curious custom at Trieste of “making Spoglio,” as they phrased it. When three or four days of the normal length of quarantine had still to run, it was permissible to strip and leave all clothes behind, to bathe, to put on new clothes, and to be free. The process is based on the assumption that the well-washed human body, if in apparent health after say a week’s seclusion, may justly be considered free from infection, whereas the clothes worn by it must remain still longer in quarantine. What happened was this. We were inspected by the doctor, and then directed to the edge of a covered quay, opposite to which was another quay where old-clothes men displayed their wares; a strip of sea water, perhaps 4 or 5 feet deep and 20 wide, separated the two quays. A bargain had to be made with one of the old-clothes men by shouting across the water. I was to leave everything I had on me, excepting coin or other metal, and papers which were about to be fumigated, in exchange for the offered clothes. When the bargain was concluded, I stripped, plunged in, and emerged on the opposite quay stark naked, to be newly clothed and to receive freedom. The clothes-man got my old things in due time—that was his affair. The new clothes were thin, and the trousers were made of a sort of calico and deficient in the fashionable cut of my old ones; but as it was not then late in the year the thinness mattered little in those latitudes, and I did not care about the
rest.

I occupied two of the days I had saved by making Spoglio, in visiting the wonderful caves of Adelsberg. A view over the Adriatic when driving up the mountain-side on the way to that place, remains still in my mind as one of the three or four most glorious views that I have had the privilege to see. The long walk underground at Adelsberg, the black and vicious stream that ran through it, looking like a river of death, and the fantastic stalactites and stalagmites were indeed astonishing. I bought two of the curious creatures called Proteus, that live in these underground waters. They have no real eyes, but sightless dots in the place of them; their colour is that of the buried portion of stems of celery (etiolated, as it is commonly called), and they have both gills and lungs. They were the first living creatures of their kind brought to England. I gave them to King’s College; one soon died, the other lived and was yearly lectured on, as I heard, until fate in the form of a cat ended him.¹⁶

Frank had to make haste to get back to England in time to share his experiences with his family before going up to Cambridge, so he embarked on an epic week-long return overland via Milan and Switzerland, straight through. Prior to the spread of railways, that meant horse-drawn ‘diligences’ all the way from Milan to Geneva and on to Boulogne.

‘I went from Trieste by steamer to Venice, and thence by diligence to Milan, whence I travelled by diligence to Geneva, with the bottle containing the two Proteus under my thin coat, for fear of the water freezing while crossing the Alps.

¹⁶ A live proteus anguinus was exhibited in Edinburgh in 1837 before an audience of the Wernerian Natural History Society. The Edinburgh Philosophical Journal 19, 1837, 427.
At Geneva I had a few evening hours to spare, which I spent at the theatre, and thence on by diligence to Boulogne. It took me either seven days and eight nights, or conversely, to reach Boulogne from Milan, and it was of course tiring to sit up and be shaken in a diligence during that long time. My legs began to swell before I reached Boulogne, but the two or three hours of lying down in the Channel steamer quite restored them.  

Tertius’ diary records the arrival home of his adventurous son in early October, in good time. ‘October 7th, Wednesday. Claverdon. Francis arrived here soon after 10 o’clock having travelled all the way from Milan to Boulogne in 7 nights and 8 days without once going to bed. He looked very well notwithstanding his fatiguing journey. ’

As Frank recalled ‘I reached my home in Leamington safely and in good time, and my dear kind father took my escapade humorously. He was pleased with it rather than otherwise, for I had much to tell and had obviously gained a great deal of experience. This little expedition proved to be an important factor in moulding my after-life. It vastly widened my views of humanity and civilisation, and it confirmed aspirations for travel which were afterwards indulged.’

The trust that Tertius had shown in his son was validated by a letter from the banker’s old confidante Leonard Horner, who was full of praise for the exploits of the truant student.

London 16 Oct 1840

My Dear Tertius

I have had the pleasure of receiving a letter from your son Francis, who has given me some account of the places he visited. I congratulate you and Mrs Galton upon his safe return: I had heard of it a week

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17 See below.
18 Galton 1908.
19 Diary of Samuel Tertius Galton.
20 Galton 1908.
ago from Mr. Partridge. What a fine enterprising active young man he is, and with all his attainments & knowledge, how modest unpretending & natural he is. I shall write to him in a day or two and ask him if I can be of any use to him in the way of introductions to my friends in Cambridge. ...

Less than a week after Frank’s return from abroad, on October the 13th, Tertius and his son set off on the *Rising Sun* coach from Leamington to Cambridge. Although his fellow students at the university had an edge in classical and mathematical training, few of them would be able to match the worldly experience of their new companion, who had gone straight from the gory hospital surgeries and dissecting tables of London to burst, solo, through the stale routine of the Grand Tour into the Ottoman domains. With sketches of caves, castles, peasants and rafts, and a fund of stories: the quays of Pesth; snake throngs in the Danube; the Iron Gates; lonely lookout posts for smugglers in outer Wallachia; the mouth of the Bosphorus and fettered and hennaed slaves in the market at Constantinople. Not to mention souvenir pistols from Smyrna.
Appendix A

Uncles, Aunts and Cousins.

Samuel Galton Jr (1753–1832), from a family of Midland industrialists and Quakers, married Lucy Barclay (1757–1817) of Ury, a descendant of Barclay the apologist and a fellow Quaker. They had eight children:


Erasmus Darwin (1731–1802) first married Mary (Polly) Howard (1740–1770), in 1757. They had four sons and one daughter:

1. Charles Darwin (1758–1778)
2. Erasmus Darwin II (1759–1799)
3. Elizabeth Darwin (1763, survived 4 months)
4. Robert Waring Darwin (1766–1848), father of the naturalist Charles Darwin
5. William Alvey Darwin (1767, survived 19 days)

After the death of Mary in 1770, Erasmus married Elizabeth Pole nee Chandos Collier (or Colyear) (1747–1832). She was the widow of Colonel Edward Pole (1718-1780) by whom she had three children. Elizabeth is reputed to have been the illegitimate daughter of Charles Colyear (1700-1785), the 2nd Earl of Portmore. Erasmus and Elizabeth had seven children:


Offspring of Sir Francis Sacheverel Darwin and Jane Harriet Ryle.
1. Mary Jane Darwin 1817.02.12–1874.
2. Reginald Darwin, 1818.04.04–1892.
6. Georgiana Elizabeth Darwin 1823.08.12–1902.
7. Violetta Harriot Darwin 1826.03.05–1880.
8. Anne Eliza Thomasine Darwin 1828.06.02–1904.
9. Millicent Susan Darwin 1833.03.26–1899.
Appendix B

Observations on the Plague, by Henry Rooke.

A superstitious idea prevails among the Greeks, that the plague never rages in a time of war; for this they assign a moral cause, deduced from the Divine clemency, which out of compassion to mortals, will not accumulate evils on their heads. I do not know whether they are deserving of such compassion, and therefore, as no physical cause can be assigned, I suppose, from having accidentally happened so once or twice, it is become a matter of belief and popular error. It is true, that the present instance coincides with that prejudice. During the last war with Russia, the Levant was free from this contagious disorder, and it broke out last year (1812) about the time of making the peace; at which period it began to manifest itself in the Ottoman capital, with a degree of fury rarely experienced, and swept off, in the course of the summer and autumn, till the severity of the winter checked it, three hundred and fifty thousand souls. From the capital on one side, and Egypt on the other, it has been diffused over all the coast of Asia Minor, and the islands most contiguous. The Cyclades and others of the Egean Sea have hitherto escaped, partly from the precautions taken, and partly perhaps from the quality of the air, less calculated than that of the continent of Asia to serve as a vehicle thereto. The writer having been in different places where it raged, and hav-
ing endeavoured to inform himself of the various symptoms and circumstances attending it, communicates herein the result of his observations on that subject:—

That the plague is a disorder putrid in the extreme, seems to be universally granted, and manifestly apparent. The symptoms and sufferings thereof are various; the degrees of its violence differ from a slight fever to a raging delirium; but the most common sort, although not the most fatal, is the inguinary pest, which particularly attacks the groin and sometimes the arm-pits: it begins by a nausea, or disposition to vomit, violent headache, and raging fever; the greater or less degree of violence observed in it may probably proceed from the habit of body of the person affected: with many the tumours of the groin etc., or buboes, as they are commonly called, suppurate, break, and the patient escapes: some have black and livid spots on the body without buboes, and these generally die; others have it in so slight a degree as to bear no exterior marks in the countenance, suffer very little diminution of strength, and mixing with the world, keep it concealed, for fear of being sent to the hospital, or forsaken by every one, and it often passes off without much fever or confinement: these are the most dangerous to society, carrying with them and communicating the infection wherever they go.

The general idea is, that the plague can only be communicated by contact; but, from certain circumstances, it should appear, that it may be conveyed likewise through the medium of the air. It is a well-known fact, that those people who have recovered from the disorder, feel certain symptoms in subsequent times of plague; and, sometimes before the disorder has manifested itself in a place from pains in the groin, and other parts where they have had sores, forebode the evil. I learned two or three very curious anecdotes of these sympathetick sensations from Mr. D—— a very respectable Greek merchant at Vathi in the island of Samos. He informed me, that to withdraw from the scene of mortality last year at Constantinople
he retired to a small village in the neighbourhood, called St. Stephen, where he took a solitary half-ruined house. As he was reading in his balcony one afternoon, he suddenly felt a kind of twitching pain in his groin, which somewhat alarmed him, fearing that he might have taken the infection: at the same time he heard some men talking in the street just under his balcony, and, looking through the boards of the floor, which were broken he discovered a group of Turks who belonged to the same village and who died two or three days after of the plague. He mentioned to me an anecdote of a Greek whom he knew, that was living last summer at the convent in the island of Chalce (one of the Princes islands) about twelve miles from Constantinople. He had formerly had the plague, and, before it was known that the disorder was in the village about a mile distant from the convent, he foretold it from pains he felt in his groin; and the following day it broke out. A young man, son-in-law of Mr. Emanuel Thouka, a merchant under the English protection, whom I likewise knew at Vathi, and who had once had the plague, felt the same symptoms before we knew that there was any plague in the place, but in a day or two after, it made its appearance.

There is a bizarrerie or contradiction in this disorder difficult to account for; so easy to catch, that a bit of wool or cotton can retain it for years, and convey it, with all its symptoms of horror. On the contrary, some are proof against the most violent Contagion. It often happens that the wife is infected, and the husband escapes. The child at the breast will be free, and the mother die of it, and vice versa.

The great vehicles of the pest are furs, cotton and woollen; the great prophylactics, wine, spirits, and acids. The destroyers thereof, heat, cold, fumigation, moisture, and ventilation. The baneful virus seems to propagate itself in the first-mentioned materials, and will remain for years unextinguished, if excluded from the air. The opening of a trunk, where some infected article has been deposited, will revive the infection many years
after, for which reason it is constantly kept alive in Turkey, where the people cannot be persuaded to burn the clothes and furniture of those that die and either take it themselves, or leave it as an heritage to their posterity. The English Consul at Vathi, who has been long resident in Egypt, confirmed this observation by an instance he related to me of a young woman at Cairo, who, on her marriage, took the plague from a ring with a small bit of cotton twisted round it, which had belonged to a former wife of her husband, who had died of the plague nine years before.

The plague is generally observed to break out after times of famine, as in the present case, since, for two years preceding it, the great scarcity of corn, which has been up at fifteen shillings the bushel (or piastres the kiloe) has reduced the poorer sort to make use of all kinds of unwholesome food for their subsistence; and it is a well-known fact that those are most subject to it who live badly, and whose blood is in a low impoverished state, for which reason it may be considered rather as a disorder of the poor than of the rich.

The Turks are the greatest victims to it, on account of their religious tenets, and their abstinence from wine, although it is very rare to hear of a Pasha or rich Turk that dies of it; for many of these drink wine and spirits secretly, and all of them live upon substantial, wholesome, and nutritious food. The Greeks are more cautious, but die in great numbers, which may partly be attributed to their numerous fasts, which they observe for at least half the year, and during those they live badly and upon unwholesome food: intemperance therefore, in time of plague, appears excusable, and my countrymen who often suffer for this vice from the long train of evils and disorders which it occasions, would in such a case, find it a sevenfold shield to protect them: instances occur where they have escaped in the midst of the contagion, as in one related to me by the English Consul of Tripoli in Syria, of an English ship of war detached from the squadron on the coast of Egypt to
that port, on board of which he sent his Secretary, who was immediately struck by the appearance of some French officers (prisoners) on the quarter-deck, who had the plague; the English officers who were entirely free, seemed very easy at the observation he made upon the danger of their situation; but he, more prudent and cautious, immediately jumped into the boat, and did not find himself easy for many days.

But without launching into excess, a person in the country, during the time of plague, should not be too scrupulous an observer of the rules of temperance; and the use of spirits is adopted by many as a sure preservative: a fact notorious at Constantinople during the plague of last year is that the vintners, or tavern-keepers, in Pera and Galata, who sell wine from morning to night, and live constantly in the fumes, and under the influence thereof, escaped to a man, although many infected people must daily have resorted to their houses; we may infer from this that wine is a powerful prophylactic; it must not, however, be supposed that wine, spirits, acids, and generous living, will entirely prevent a person from taking the infection, but it is no less incontestable that they will tend very much to prevent it, or by the tone which they give to the machine, render it more capable to combat wherewith, if attacked.

But although rules may be prescribed for guarding against the contagion, yet no certain ones can be given for the treatment of the disorder when it breaks out, as no medicine has been discovered competent to the cure thereof; the cause of which, most probably, is that it has not fallen sufficiently under the notice and observation of scientifick men as the dangerous nature of this disorder keeps physicians at a distance; there have, indeed, been some of the faculty who from a philanthropick zeal, have boldly ventured to stare it in the face; but the skill of these men not having kept pace with their courage, they have fallen victims to it themselves without making any discovery: such was the case of an English empirick at Alexan-
dria, who imagined that inoculation would succeed, as in the small-pox, and not finding any one mad enough to let him try the experiment upon him, tried it on himself, and died in three days: if he had been more conversant with the nature of the disorder, he would have known that people are to be met with in this country who have had it six or seven times; it is, however, observed that they do not take it so easily as others, and have it each time with a less degree of virulence.

With the plague different causes produce the same effect; great heat and great cold equally subdue it; the southern parts of Turkey, therefore, are free from it in summer, the northern ones in winter; in Egypt, however violent may have been the contagion in winter and spring, it ceases about the summer solstice, and on St. John’s day, old style, being the sixth of July, the inhabitants open their houses and go out; they attribute it to the heavy dews, and to the inundation of the Nile, which begins about that time, which probably may contribute thereto, since moisture is almost as powerful an antidote as heat. I have heard of people with that disorder on them having been exposed to the night damps with success, and at Alexandria and in Egypt, during the summer months, they all sleep on their terraces: at Cyprus, and in Syria, the heats of summer likewise subdue it; but to the northward of Rhodes, at Smyrna, Samos, Scio, &c, this depends upon the season; very hot summers will produce that effect,—but cool ones, not.

Populous cities should always be avoided; and the surest way to destroy the plague where it breaks out, is to evacuate the place, the inhabitants dispersing themselves about the country, and living under tents or huts separate from each other; a mode which was adopted at Samos this summer and destroyed the contagion in its infancy, for when it broke out at Vathi in two or three houses, the families, or any that had had communication with them, were removed to solitary places in the country by the magistrates; and the inhabitants likewise left the town, and dispersed themselves about the country; the
other villages of the island put that place under quarantine, and it was thus prevented from spreading.

Had the same precaution been taken at Malta on the commencement of this calamity, the same good consequences would probably have resulted; but fear seems so totally to have taken possession of the minds of the magistrates on that occasion, that it left no room for salutary counsels.

In a memorial published some years ago by a British Consul, long resident in Egypt, we are told that frictions of oil are not only a certain preventative, but likewise an infallible cure; I agree with him in the former part of his proposition, but entirely dissent from him in the latter; nor could I ever find that oil has been used in the Levant with success; vinegar, on the contrary, seems to be much more efficacious, not only taken internally with the food, but used externally as a lotion.

From some instances above given it should seem that the infection may be received by the air; else, whence can proceed those warnings which people who have had the inguiary pest receive in a time of plague, and often previous to its being manifested, (since many who have it frequently conceal it,) or which others, who have never had the disorder, experience from sensations and twitchings in the groin; they most probably will have inhaled some pestiferous particles that had flown off from an infected body, and were floating about in the air, but perhaps so corrected and mollified by the action of the air upon them as to be rendered harmless, and capable only of conveying a slight sensation, except in very populous cities where the plague rages violently, and then these particles may become noxious, and, if inhaled, communicate the infection strongly.

The subtle and potent virus of this disorder, which is so easily propagated and communicated, would render it capable of destroying the whole race of man, had not, ultimately, nature rendered it as easy to subdue; any material that has imbibed the infection, by being exposed to the air for some time loses

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1 George Baldwin (1744–1826).
its destructive quality, and more certainly by the operation of water, fire, or fumigation; and were it not so, all commerce and communication betwixt one country and another must be at an end; nor would that suffice, since even the birds can convey it, for in Tuscany they date a plague from the killing a crow that came from Corsica, where the plague then raged: the danger in populous cities at such a time proceeds likewise from the domestick animals, and even flies may possibly carry it from one chamber to another: therefore the best remedy an eminent physician could prescribe for so contagious a disorder, was to run away from it.

Having thrown out these hints for the consideration of professional men, I shall leave to them all further discussion on the subject; being persuaded that much may be done by the scientifick professor in ascertaining the phenomena of the plague, and discovering a corrective for the most dangerous and baneeful disorder that falls to the lot of humanity.
Appendix C

Timeline, 1808–10.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1807/—/—</td>
<td>France, allied with Spain, occupies Portugal.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1808/10/13</td>
<td>Baird leaves Falmouth and lands at Corunna in Portugal with 12,000 troops, joining 30,000 troops already in the country.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1808/11/26</td>
<td>Francis S. Darwin and Theodore Galton leave Falmouth for Corunna in Portugal. On the boat they meet Robert Arbuthnot, Mr. Adey, and Mr. Clarke.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1808/11/30</td>
<td>They land at Corunna. Clarke leaves alone for St Jago de Compostella and is murdered by bandits on the road. Adey leaves to join the troops advancing on Salamanca.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1808/12/01</td>
<td>Travel to St Jago, skirting French positions, and learn there of Clarke’s murder.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Date</td>
<td>Event Description</td>
</tr>
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<td>-------------</td>
<td>-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1808/12/06</td>
<td>Leave St Jago for Pontevedra, ‘small, poor, ill-built, and un-interesting’ reaching there in the evening (40 miles).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1808/12/07</td>
<td>Proceeded to Vigo and overnighted in the garrison.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1808/12/08</td>
<td>Departed for Viana, reaching it in the evening.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1808/12/09</td>
<td>After an uncomfortable night on a kitchen floor, left for Oporto but slept on the road to it.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1808/12/11</td>
<td>Reached Oporto through hilly Pine forests.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1808/12/12</td>
<td>Toured Oporto, met the wine merchant James Gooden.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1808/12/18</td>
<td>Left Oporto on the road for Coimbra. Soldiers on the road.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1808/12/21</td>
<td>Arrived much fatigued at Coimbra, ‘it looks better at a distance than when you are in its streets’.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1808/12/22</td>
<td>After touring the town, left for Lisbon in a two-mule curricle. Overnighted at Pombal where they found the army.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1808/12/24</td>
<td>Passed through the University of Leira to Carvallos, plagued by nocturnal vermin.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1808/12/25</td>
<td>On to Rio Major, surviving an accident in the curricle.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Date</td>
<td>Event</td>
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<td>-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1808/12/26</td>
<td>Rumours of deserter banditti on the road, barricaded themselves in a house short of Villa Franca.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1808/12/27</td>
<td>Through Villa Franca, ‘where we breakfasted on fish and olives’, arriving in Lisbon that evening, ‘a good deal worn with the fatigues of our journey by land all the way from Corunna’.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1808/12/28</td>
<td>Met up with Arbuthnot and Gooden who had sailed there from Corunna. They hear that Adey had died in the retreat from Salamanca (the British lost 7,000 troops before they got back home). Explored Lisbon. ‘The beggars in this grand city are almost as numerous as the dogs: what is so disagreeable, they are allowed to infest the best coffee-houses and even to beg at the table, and it is no uncommon thing for them to sit down with you at meals and afterwards to beg’.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/01/01</td>
<td>Travelled to Cintra and overnighted till the rain cleared.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Date</td>
<td>Event</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/01/02</td>
<td>Toured the palaces and Moorish fortifications of Cintra, ‘covered with woods of Cork, Pine, and Oranges’.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/01/04</td>
<td>Returned to Lisbon. ‘Accounts of frequent murders arrive daily from the road towards Oporto, and it is thought wonderful how we have escaped.’</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/01/16</td>
<td>Sailed for Cadiz in Spain, on board the “General Wolfe” with Arbuthnot, Gooden, Bailey, Knutzen and Poppe.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/01/22</td>
<td>Rounded Cape St Vincent and narrowly avoided the rocks.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/01/23</td>
<td>Landed in Cadiz, stayed at Wood’s American Hotel. Met Sir William Ingilby and Mr. Mackinnon.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/01/30</td>
<td>By boat to Port St Mary’s, nearly drowning en route, proceeding to Xeres and the road to Seville.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/02/01</td>
<td>In Seville, sightseeing, dined with John Hookham Frere (1769–1846), a plenipotentiary to the Central Junta who would soon be recalled.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/02/04</td>
<td>Overland back to Cadiz.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1 Later Sir William Amcotts-Ingilby (1783–1854).
2 Of Darwin-baiting Anti-Jacobin fame.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1809/02/10</td>
<td>Fortuitously obtain horses to go overland through the bandit-infested Cork Wood from Cadiz to Gibraltar. Arbuthnot sails with their trunks to Gibraltar in the 4-gun schooner <em>HMS Viper</em>, which they had intended to take, but drowns when it founders en route.</td>
<td>Spain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/02/11</td>
<td>Arrive at Algericas.</td>
<td>Spain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/02/12</td>
<td>Cross to Gibraltar by boat, nearly drowning, rejoining Ingilby and Pickering.</td>
<td>Spain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/02/17</td>
<td>In Malaga</td>
<td>Spain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/02/21</td>
<td>Travel overland from Malaga to Granada and the Sierra Nevada.</td>
<td>Spain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/02/22</td>
<td>Darwin climbs a peak in the Sierra Nevada, accompanied part-way by Captain Mackinnon, ‘prepared with a bottle of laudanum, nails in my shoes, a hammer and stick.’[^3]</td>
<td>Spain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/03/04</td>
<td>Leave Granada overland, overnighting at Loja</td>
<td>Spain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/03/05</td>
<td>At Antiquera. Galton and Mackinnon briefly taken prisoner.</td>
<td>Spain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/03/06</td>
<td>They reach Malaga,</td>
<td>Spain</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1809/03/08</td>
<td>Robert Semple meets up with them, and they all sail to Gibraltar in an English gunboat in dangerous conditions. ‘We were all tied with ropes on the deck to prevent being washed overboard.’</td>
<td>Spain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/03/28</td>
<td>Embark from Gibraltar to Tetuan in Morocco, intending to visit Fez, with Semple, Ingilby and the Jewish interpreter Samuel Serfatti (or Sefaty).</td>
<td>Morocco</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/04/06</td>
<td>Still waiting for Governor to obtain Emperor’s permission to travel to Fez. Darwin gets severe sunstroke. They are detained nearly 3 weeks.</td>
<td>Morocco</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/04/17</td>
<td>Allowed to proceed to Tangier but not to Fez where an insurrection was being quashed.</td>
<td>Morocco</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/04/18</td>
<td>Snake charmer, Darwin tries to snatch a snake out of charmer’s hand, ‘having observed their teeth were drawn’.</td>
<td>Morocco</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/04/19</td>
<td>Leave Tangier for Tarifa where they overnight.</td>
<td>Spain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/04/20</td>
<td>Arrive back at Gibraltar. Semple and Ingilby leave separately for England.</td>
<td>Spain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/04/—</td>
<td>Darwin and Galton board the <em>Hibernia</em> for Malta.</td>
<td>Spain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Date</td>
<td>Event</td>
<td>Location</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/05/23</td>
<td>Arrive in Valette, Malta, by way of Minorca and Toulon.</td>
<td>Malta</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/06/05</td>
<td>Soiree with Sir Alexander Ball, Governor of Malta.</td>
<td>Malta</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/06/19</td>
<td>Depart Malta on board the American schooner <em>Dolphin</em>, bound for Smyrna.</td>
<td>Malta</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/06/29</td>
<td>Land at Milo after passing a Corsair.</td>
<td>Milo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/07/05</td>
<td>Cape Doré passed.</td>
<td>Greece</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/07/08</td>
<td>Landed at Smyrna and met the ‘worthy and intelligent’ Consul-General Francis Werry (1745–1832). ‘Plague’ present.</td>
<td>Smyrna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/07/09</td>
<td>Depart for Ephesus overland.</td>
<td>Smyrna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/07/10</td>
<td>Arrive in Ephesus.</td>
<td>Ephesus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/07/11</td>
<td>Return to Smyrna via Colophon. Plague is catching.</td>
<td>Smyrna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/07/14</td>
<td>Depart overland for Constantinople.</td>
<td>Smyrna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/07/20</td>
<td>Overnight at Meekalets (Mualitch).</td>
<td>Meekalets</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/07/21</td>
<td>Sailed down into the sea of Marmora (Propontis).</td>
<td>Marmora</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/07/21</td>
<td>Anchored at Constantinople.</td>
<td>Constantinople</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/07/26</td>
<td>Interview with the Grand Vizier, obtaining firman to see mosques.</td>
<td>Constantinople</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/08/04</td>
<td>Visit to Buyakdere and Marriott’s European Hotel.</td>
<td>Buyakdere</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/08/10</td>
<td>Across the Bosphorus, one mile wide</td>
<td>Bosphorus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Date</td>
<td>Event</td>
<td>Location</td>
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<tr>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/08/12</td>
<td>From Buyakdere to the nearby village of Belgrade.</td>
<td>Belgrade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/08/17</td>
<td>Return to Pera.</td>
<td>Constantinople</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/08/25</td>
<td>Shooting trip to Belgrade with Muir, through the ‘forest’.</td>
<td>Belgrade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/08/—</td>
<td>Visit to Doumousdere on the coast, where Darwin noticed a coal seam.</td>
<td>Doumousdere</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Followed by ‘many pleasant days’ with Messrs Ball and Vaux, arrived from Malta.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/09/15</td>
<td>Depart Constantinople overland for Smyrna, overnighting at Nicomedia.</td>
<td>Nicomedia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/09/24</td>
<td>In Brusa seeing sights, at the foot Mt Olympus.</td>
<td>Brusa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/09/—</td>
<td>Darwin and Galton climb Mt Olympus.</td>
<td>Brusa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/09/29</td>
<td>Depart Brusa, overnighted at Morlech.</td>
<td>Morlech</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/09/30</td>
<td>Left Morlech for Artace, touring ruins and caverns there.</td>
<td>Artace</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/10/04</td>
<td>Left Artace for the Genoese ruins at Caraboa, overnighting there.</td>
<td>Caraboa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/10/05</td>
<td>Arrived at Kemmer, taking a boat from there down through the Dardanelles to avoid banditti on the road.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/10/07</td>
<td>At Abydos, intent on visiting Troy.</td>
<td>Abydos</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Date</td>
<td>Event Description</td>
<td>Location</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/10/08</td>
<td>Left Abydos for Troy but forced to overnight at Chibluk, ‘where we were ex-</td>
<td>Chibluk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>tremely annoyed the whole night with vermin and filth’.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/10/09</td>
<td>On the plains of Troy, catching snakes to keep as pets.</td>
<td>Troy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/10/—</td>
<td>Climbed Mount Ida but not all the way to the top, ‘we could scarcely sleep from</td>
<td>Abjelik</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>contemplating the wonderful expanse of scenery we had just seen’.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/10/15</td>
<td>Arrived at Bergamo (Pergamon) via Kemmar.</td>
<td>Bergamo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/10/16</td>
<td>Returned to Smyrna, where the plague had been catching. Darwin ‘had an oppor-</td>
<td>Smyrna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>tunity of attending and taking charge of several hospitals’.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/11/02</td>
<td>Darwin, Galton &amp; Burgon leave Smyrna for Chesmee, overnighthing at Vourma.</td>
<td>Vourma</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/11/03</td>
<td>Arrive at Chesmee where they stay with the reluctant Governor.</td>
<td>Chesmee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/11/04</td>
<td>By boat to the island of Scio, habituated by the Harpies and the school of Homer.</td>
<td>Scio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/11/07</td>
<td>Embark for Athens but bad weather forces them to take cover.</td>
<td>Scio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/11/08</td>
<td>Shelter at Andros.</td>
<td>Andros</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/11/09</td>
<td>Shelter at Sera.</td>
<td>Sera</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Date</td>
<td>Event</td>
<td>Location</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------</td>
<td>------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>--------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/11/13</td>
<td>Enter the Gulf of Athens.</td>
<td>Zea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/11/14</td>
<td>Dock at Piraeus and overland to Athens, with its ‘vast ruins of ancient genius’.</td>
<td>Athens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/11/18</td>
<td>Excavate at Piraeus and uncover a tomb.</td>
<td>Piraeus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/11/20</td>
<td>To Aegina and the Temple of Juno by sail.</td>
<td>Aegina</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/11/23</td>
<td>By boat to Epidaurus, sheltering at Angistri. ‘Our boat had red sails, which are less visible to the pirates’.</td>
<td>Epidaurus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/11/24</td>
<td>Overland through ‘a most beautiful and romantic vale’ to Liguria.</td>
<td>Liguria</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/11/25</td>
<td>Sail to Argos, past Napoli di Romana and the ruins of Tiryns.</td>
<td>Argos</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/11/—</td>
<td>Agamemnon’s tomb, Nemea &amp; the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter, to Corinth. Refused permission to ascend the Acropolis.</td>
<td>Corinth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/11/—</td>
<td>To the Port of Rhetum and by boat over the Gulf of Athens to Megara.</td>
<td>Megara</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Date</td>
<td>Event</td>
<td>Location</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------</td>
<td>-----------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/12/02</td>
<td>Depart Megara for Athens via Eleusis and the Temple of Ceres, ‘which figure was carried away by Dr Clarke and lost at Sea.’(^4) At Athens they lodged again with Theodora Mina Macri who ‘welcomed our return, and prepared all the delicacies of Athens for supper’.(^5)</td>
<td>Athens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/12/03</td>
<td>Call on Messrs Ball(^6) and Vaux, arrived from Malta.</td>
<td>Athens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/12/—</td>
<td>Darwin dabbles profitably in practicing medicine, but wants to move on. However Galton ‘resolved to stay in Greece for several months longer’.</td>
<td>Athens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/12/08</td>
<td>Galton refuses to accompany Darwin to Marathon, ‘being resolved to take another opportunity’. That night Darwin told ‘to our worthy friend the wonders of our excursion’</td>
<td>Athens</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

\(^4\) Edward Daniel Clarke (1769–1822). A Bust of Ceres was lost on the wreck in Nov. 1801, near Beachy Head, of the ship *Princessa*, along with a manuscript of the *Arabian Nights*.

\(^5\) Byron later stayed at the same lodgings and fell for the three adolescent daughters (including Teresa Black, nee Macri, 1797-1875, see ‘Maid of Athens’) of Mrs Macri, the widow of the British Vice-Consul.

\(^6\) William Keith Ball (1791–1874), son of Sir Alexander John Ball (1759–1809) Governor of Malta, who had just died.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1809/12/13</td>
<td>Darwin leaves Athens for Smyrna via Piraeus, ‘taking leave of our kind and intelligent friend Galton, with solemn pledges of mutual esteem.’</td>
<td>Athens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/12/14</td>
<td>[Darwin] Sailed to Myconi, staying with the English Consul.</td>
<td>Myconi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/12/16</td>
<td>[Darwin] Left for Scio after spending the day on the Lesser Delos island.</td>
<td>Myconi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/12/19</td>
<td>[Darwin] From Scio to Chesmee.</td>
<td>Chesmee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/12/20</td>
<td>[Darwin] From Chesmee to Vourla.</td>
<td>Vourla</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/12/21</td>
<td>[Darwin] Rode from Vourla to Smyrna, displaying their guns to intimidate banditti on the road.</td>
<td>Smyrna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/12/25</td>
<td>‘[Darwin] We passed the time very agreeably with Captain Ferguson and the officers of the &quot;Pylades&quot; at Mr Werry’s.’</td>
<td>Smyrna</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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7 F. S. Darwin 1927, 85.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Entry</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1809/12/27</td>
<td>[Hobhouse and Byron are at Mrs Macri’s lodging house, where Theodore Galton introduces himself]</td>
<td>Athens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/12/28</td>
<td>[Hobhouse] Thursday ... Went out with Byron on horseback to the Temple of Theseus and the tomb of Philopappus ... Home to dinner in Mr Galton’s apartment. To bed one, near.</td>
<td>Athens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/12/29</td>
<td>[Hobhouse] Friday ... Up ten. Walked out with Mr Galton to the east, through the city, to go to the Acropolis, but prevented by Mr Lusieri, who informed me that without previous communication and a present of tea and sugar, the governor of the citadel would not admit us. ... Dined with Mr Galton, who gave me as a parting present the sling lead[^sling] “[take this!][^greek]” ... he had another with “Philippis” on it – see the story of “to Philip’s right eye”.</td>
<td>Athens</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

[^sling]: Sling shot.
[^greek]: In Greek.
[^Hobhouse 2015]: Hobhouse 2015.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Entry</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1809/12/30</td>
<td>[Hobhouse] Saturday ... Up eleven. Breakfasted with Mr Galton. ... Tea, and evening in the room left today by Mr Galton – very comfortable.\textsuperscript{13}</td>
<td>Athens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/01/03</td>
<td>[Darwin] Cruised among the islands with the ship \textit{Pylades} and stopped at Myconi.</td>
<td>Isles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/01/06</td>
<td>[Darwin] Greek Xmas.</td>
<td>Myconi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/01/09</td>
<td>[Darwin] Sailed in a little boat to Naxos, introduced to Colonel Rooke.\textsuperscript{14}</td>
<td>Naxos</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809/02/24</td>
<td>[Darwin] Landed on Tino and ‘found Galton at Mr Vitali’s. We had much pleasure in relating to each other our adventures since we had met. We stayed two hours at Tino; but I could not persuade my friend to accompany us, when we joined our ship and stood towards Siphanto.’</td>
<td>Tino</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810/03/03</td>
<td>‘[Hobhouse] Teresa [Macri], twelve [years] old brought here to be deflowered, but Byron would not’.\textsuperscript{15}</td>
<td>Athens</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

\textsuperscript{13} Hobhouse 2015.

\textsuperscript{14} Col. Henry Rooke, who died at Cyprus in 1814/07/07.

\textsuperscript{15} Hobhouse 2015. Peter Cochran notes that ‘\textit{here} would be in H.’s quarters ... Teresa would not have been left so dangerously unchaperoned without her mother’s knowledge. See letter to H., 23 Aug 1810 (BLJ II 13): ‘... the old woman Teresa’s mother was mad enough to imagine I was going to marry the girl’; or 15 May 1811 (BLJ II 46): ‘I was near bringing away Teresa but the mother asked 30 000 piastres!’ ’
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Entry</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1810/03—</td>
<td>‘[Darwin] We anchored in the harbour of Piraeus, and found Lord Byron and Mr Hobhouse here visiting the remains of Grecian splendour. Captain Ferguson gave them a passage in the &quot;Pylades&quot; to Smyrna...’</td>
<td>Athens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810/03/04</td>
<td>‘[Hobhouse] Sunday ... Dressed in Albanian suit. Called on by Dr Darwin, a tall young man, and Captain Ferguson. Offered and accepted a passage in him to Smyrna.’</td>
<td>Athens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810/03/05</td>
<td>‘[Hobhouse]...arrived on board the Pylades, Captain Ferguson, Lieutenant Tattersall, Dr. Darwin; weighed anchor at sunset contrary to pilots’ advice...’</td>
<td>Athens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810/03/07</td>
<td>‘[Hobhouse] Wednesday ... In the mouth of the Gulf of Smyrna. ... Darwin tells me that the shoals in the Gulf of Smyrna have all appeared in a few years, and that there is every reason to suspect that in time the Gulf will be filled up entirely.’</td>
<td>Smyrna</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

17 Hobhouse 2015.
18 Hobhouse 2015.
19 Hobhouse 2015.
APPENDIX C. TIMELINE, 1808–10.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Entry</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1810/03/09</td>
<td>‘[Hobhouse] Friday Up eleven. Walked about the Frank town with Darwin, who is nothing but a wag after all. Puts me in mind of a Spanish town—streets, narrow but not so stinking. ... Called on a French-protected family, four or five of us entirely unknown, and received most politely, and a pretty Miss Marascini played on the harp. ...’</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Smyrna</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810/03/10</td>
<td>‘[Hobhouse] Saturday ... Up late. Walked out with Dr Darwin. ... In the evening Captain Ferguson, Byron and Darwin went to Miss Marascini’s, but the two latter ran downstairs when they got to the drawing-room door, to the discomfiture of the Captain.’</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Smyrna</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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20 Hobhouse 2015.

21 Hobhouse 2015. Thus Byron and Darwin made Captain Ferguson seem to be a ‘gentleman caller’. A different version appeared in Hobhouse 1909, 28 under 1810/03/08: ‘We said adieu to Athens on the 5th, and went by the Pylades to Smyrna. ... We are to stay at Smyrna with Mr. Werry. In the evening we both, with Captain Ferguson and Mr. Darwin, went to call on a pretty Miss Maraschini. When they reached the drawing-room door, Byron and Darwin ran downstairs, leaving Captain Ferguson and me to pay our call alone—a most unusual trait on Byron’s part.’
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Entry</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1810/03/—</td>
<td>‘[Darwin] ... I embarked again in a few days with Captain Ferguson, and we visited Athens once more, also Hydrae, Napoli, and Castro, the ruins of Hermione, and the town of Razeni or Tiryns ...’²²</td>
<td>Aegean</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810/03/23</td>
<td>‘[Hobhouse] ... Darwin tells me that cattle at Malta are fattened on cotton-plant ...’²³</td>
<td>Smyrna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810/03/24</td>
<td>‘[Darwin] Arrived once more at Smyrna, ... Mr Werry, Lord Byron, Mr Hobhouse, and Captain Nourse, dined with us on board the &quot;Pylades.&quot;’²⁴</td>
<td>Smyrna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810/03/26</td>
<td>‘[Hobhouse] Monday ... Deaf. Lounged about with Darwin and Captain Nourse, who tells me that Mrs Dickens was a kept mistress at Gibraltar.’²⁵</td>
<td>Smyrna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810/03/27</td>
<td>‘[Hobhouse] Tuesday ... Lounged with Darwin to the Frederickstein. Went on board. Repairs cost about £300. Coal found by Darwin in the wood of Belgrade....’²⁶</td>
<td>Smyrna</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

²³ Hobhouse 2015.
²⁵ Hobhouse 2015.
²⁶ Hobhouse 2015.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Entry</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1810/03/28</td>
<td>‘[Hobhouse] Wednesday ... Went with Dr Darwin and Captain Nourse to a hospital for madmen and women and idiots, an asylum for very old women, and a room for the sick. Very neat. Saw a woman who had been found in a wood near Smyrna, deaf, dumb, idiotic.’&lt;sup&gt;27&lt;/sup&gt;</td>
<td>Smyrna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810/03/29</td>
<td>‘[Hobhouse] Thursday ... Deaf. Walked out with Darwin. Saw attempt made by armed Albanians to bully young Mr Werry out of some coffeehouse defeated by old Mr Werry.’&lt;sup&gt;28&lt;/sup&gt;</td>
<td>Smyrna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810/03/31</td>
<td>‘[Hobhouse] Saturday... Deaf. Going on the water with guns, Darwin, Nourse, Byron, and myself to the south of Smyrna. A Turk levelled a gun over a bridge on shore and fired, either at us or near us.’&lt;sup&gt;29&lt;/sup&gt;</td>
<td>Smyrna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810/04/02</td>
<td>‘[Hobhouse] Monday ... Deaf. Rainy day. Yorkshire horse in Dr Darwin’s rooms.’&lt;sup&gt;30&lt;/sup&gt;</td>
<td>Smyrna</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<sup>27</sup> Hobhouse 2015.<br> <sup>28</sup> Hobhouse 2015.<br> <sup>29</sup> Hobhouse 2015.<br> <sup>30</sup> Hobhouse 2015.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
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<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1810/04/03</td>
<td>‘[Hobhouse] Tuesday ... Deaf. Walked out to the marshes towards Bounabut with Darwin, who told me that the Teriotes to this day universally carry their sticks, guns &amp;c. over their shoulders behind, with their arms each end [sketch] which figure is on the old coin of Tiro.’[^31]</td>
<td>Smyrna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810/04/—</td>
<td>‘[Darwin] ... I now embarked with Captain Nourse in the &quot;Frederickstein,&quot; and again visited Athens for two days ...’</td>
<td>Athens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810/05/06</td>
<td>[Galton sails from Smyrna for Malta.]</td>
<td>Smyrna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810/05/12</td>
<td>‘[Darwin] Saturday ... Here I found that Galton had sailed for Malta, on the Sunday before, in a Tunisian vessel. Captain Nourse had now occasion to go to Malta, and kindly expedited the day of sailing that I might the sooner again join my friend.’</td>
<td>Smyrna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810/05/22</td>
<td>[Darwin] Cerigo</td>
<td>Cerigo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810/05/29</td>
<td>[Darwin] Arrived in Malta, ‘found poor Galton in that sad state almost too painful to describe. He lingered until 3 o’clock in the morning of the 5th June’.</td>
<td>Malta</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

[^31]: Hobhouse 2015.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1810/07/30</td>
<td>[Darwin] Arrives back in Falmouth via Gibraltar, but quarantined.</td>
<td>England</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810/08/08</td>
<td>[Darwin] Released from quarantine at Falmouth.</td>
<td>England</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Appendix D

Register.

D.1 Adair, Robert.

1763–1855. Ambassador to the Sublime Porte at Constantinople, to which he was transferred to in 1808. Prior to that he was a Whig MP. Several of his works describe his diplomatic experiences, e.g. *The Negotiations for the Peace of the Dardanelles: In 1808-9* (1845). He travelled widely, including a mission to St Petersburg. He appears to have gained a reputation in Constantinople for womanizing, which may or may not explain his rapid departure in 1810.

D.2 Adrian, Johann Valentin.

1793–1864. Professor of philology at Giessen University, where Galton met him in 1840. Something of an Anglophile, Adrian travelled in England extensively, and was the author of *Skizzen aus England* (Sketches from England) (1830) and numerous other works, including translations of Byron’s complete works into German. It is probably from the multi-faceted Adrian, that Galton got the idea of travelling down to Constantinople and then to Greece, a route that the professor had taken himself. In September that year Adrian attended the British Association in Glasgow, where he delivered a paper on the state
of libraries in Germany.

D.3 Burgon, Thomas.

1787-1858. A merchant at Smyrna, and a member of the monopoly, The Levant Company, of long standing. From a Yorkshire family. A self-educated expert antiquarian, he built up a valuable collection of some 300 artifacts, including coins and vases, gathered in the region. ‘Having so long had dealings with the Turks, Mr. Burgon well knew how to pursue and to obtain without suspicion objects of value that had been discovered.’ Many of these objects came from Milo. He moved back to London in 1814. After he went bankrupt in 1841, he donated his collection to the British Museum. He later joined the coin department at the British Museum, where he gained a reputation for quick detection of forgeries, but only after his literary connections like Samuel Rogers intervened on his behalf. The Burgon amphora, which he excavated in 1813 outside Athens, is named for him. His son John William Burgon (1813–1888) would become the Dean of Chichester and a Victorian fixture, as the tireless proponent of literal biblical accuracy.

D.4 Darwin, Sir Francis Sacheverell.

1786–1859. Born on June 17, 1786 to Erasmus Darwin and his second wife Elizabeth Chandos Pole. Some sources give ‘Sacheverel’ as his middle name. Educated at Derby, Mansfield and Repton School. On the death of Erasmus in 1802 he was placed under a private tutor in Clun. Qualified as a Doctor at Edinburgh in 1807, submitting ‘Disputatio medica inauguralis de hydrothorace’. Attended Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Matriculated in 1807 but left without taking a degree.

1 Athenaeum, Jul-Dec 1858, 331.
2 The School Register lists only a “John” Darwin with father Erasmus Darwin.
In November 1808 he embarked on a long tour to Portugal, Spain, Morocco, Turkey and Greece, in the company of his friend Theodore Galton.

D.5 Galton, Theodore.

1884–1810. Theodore was the younger brother of Samuel Tertius Galton and thus an uncle of Francis Galton. He was the fourth child of Samuel Galton Jr. and Lucy Barclay, and the (fraternal) twin of Adele Booth nee Galton (1784–1869). He travelled abroad with his brother-in-law Francis Darwin, between 1808 and 1810, but died of fever at Malta on June 5, 1810.

The Annual Register for 1810 printed a long tribute to Theodore Galton after his death at Malta.

On the fifth of June, at Malta in the twenty-seventh year of his age, Mr. Theodore Galton, second son of Samuel Galton, esq. of Dudson, near Birmingham. He was returning from a long voyage, undertaken from a classical taste, in search of knowledge, to the coasts of the Mediterranean, and particularly to Asia Minor and Greece. He had been daily and impatiently expected by his anxious friends; and was actually supposed to be on board the vessel that brought the account of his decease. This young man is deeply and most deservedly regretted. Few persons have been so strikingly distinguished for those attractive qualities and graces of the mind that excite regard, and for those disinterested and generous perfections that retain it. A school may be considered as the epitome of the world, where the future character is first unfolded and made known. A native dignity that scorned a meanness or a misrepresentation or any plausible duplicity, soon distinguished him; a high sense of honour
and all the magnanimous virtues that stamp the mind with true nobility, excited in his equals at school a kind of idolatry towards him; even his preceptors felt the force of his character. His superiors learnt to respect and honour him, communicating to his parents exultingly, from time to time, extraordinary instances of his great and feeling mind, and of that sacred observance of truth in its unperverted simplicity, which raised him in after-life above little designing men. Such was the basis of his future character, a character which never abandoned him, but which might be said to have grown with his manly growth, and to have strengthened with his advancing years. The same influence of a superior nature that was felt by his early connexions and associates, was felt ever after in future life by all who approached him. Those who obtained dominion over the youthful mind through fear, could never succeed in debasing his, but many undue advantages were obtained through the medium of his affections. It was a preeminent excellence, and it distinguished him from the cradle to the grave, that to a Roman spirit he united the most affectionate sensibilities; he might perhaps in some instances, have merited that observation which is made by Fielding respecting Allworthy; “that the best of heads, was misled by the best of hearts.”\(^3\) The phlegmatic and cold may consider this censure; such censure is distinguished praise. Mr. Theodore Galton was never known to have lost the affections of a friend. The regard he had once excited was a feeling deeply established in the heart, and the boy who had been attached to him, however early the period, became so imperceptibly more and more as life advanced. Nor

\(^3\) Henry Fielding *Tom Jones* (1749). This phrase does not appear in the text but the sentiment does.
was he remembered with indifference even by those who had not seen or heard of him during long periods of time: he was thought of with regret, for scarcely was his equal to be expected in future life. He never had a personal enemy; though upon one or two occasions of his life he had been ill used from motives of interest, by designing and sordid minds. He was, however, not capable of a malignant feeling; he was never known to have harboured a resentment; he was often known to have entirely forgotten that he had been injured; he was capable of being made angry, but his anger was not the retaliation of low passions; it was the indignation of a noble mind that spurned at a meanness, or at any injurious suspicion that cast a shade over the open daylight of his own conduct. His commanding figure, and the Grecian contour of his features, might have been considered by the sculptor as models for his art; the dark shade of his hair and eyes, and the manly red and white of his complexion, gave a brilliant effect and added a rich lustre to his face. These personal advantages were, however, forgotten, and as it were lost, in the captivating influence of his manners and countenance. No human features were ever lighted up with more beaming splendours, with more intelligence, or with finer sensibilities, always awakened to the occasion. His mind was seen in its emanations, it shone forth externally, and its brightness seemed like a light to surround him. In every society he was a distinguished object, and his superiors in age, in class, and even in attainments, felt themselves flattered by his notice: this influence was never weakened by habit, it was felt by those who lived with him equally as by others. Almost every person who had accidentally met him as a stranger, left him with the feelings of a friend; this was ex-
emplified in the following fact:—A gentleman who had never before seen Mr. Theodore Galton, spent one morning with him by chance, not long before he left England: when the same gentleman afterwards saw, in the public papers, an account of his death, he burst into tears. Those who possessed a congenial nobility of mind, felt the influence of his character particularly. Mr. Simmons a merchant from Smyrna, and a stranger to Mr. Theodore Galton, embarked in the same Tunisian vessel from Malta. When Mr. Theodore Galton was given over by the physicians, and the fever declared highly infectious, Mr. Simmons, who was performing quarantine in the same apartment, was offered another for his own preservation, but Mr. Simmons refused to abandon him, and he continued to sleep where he was, and to attend him as he had throughout, with an assiduous care until the last, being fixed to the spot by his anxieties, although Mr. Theodore Galton’s invaluable friend and travelling companion, Dr. Sacheverel Darwin, was there, and watched him unremittingly night and day at the hazard of his own life. This short account flows from a heart warmed by the virtues of no common character; and also from a wish inspired by a sense of justice that such a character should not pass away unknown and unnoticed, merely because coincident events are wanting to bring it more publicly forth. But the public can never fully know or appreciate Mr. Theodore Galton as he appeared in private life, bringing joy and animation, and diffusing brightness round a circle of friends at home, where he was an ornament and a pride to his family. He rarely sought pleasures in public, or spent an evening from home, but passed his leisure hours in the attainment of knowledge, and in the delights of elegant literature. He had been led to
a love of study, after his school education was over, by some events of his life, but principally by a mind which had acquired a discerning taste, and that was capable of the richest cultivation. It was necessary to have resided under the same roof in order to have seen how deeply his deportment had interested every class throughout a large family; for his heart and behaviour were governed by sympathies that were in accordance with the feelings of those who wanted protection or who wanted support. Every friend and every domestic felt his gentle kindness, a kindness rarely combined with the strong energies of such character; but he possessed very opposite perfections, and such as are not often brought together in bright assemblage in one mind. Those who habitually resided with Mr. Theodore Galton were well aware how great he was upon all small, as well as upon the most important occasions of life; they saw and felt the sublime in all his actions, in his minute actions, even in his errors, for he never committed a fault but it was instantly repaired with such a noble candour as established him more firmly in the affections of the person inadvertently offended. His heart was warmed towards every friend, it was a heart that exulted in their joys and that met their sorrows. To his parents he exhibited a very uncommon and sublime example of filial duty and of filial love. But he is seen no more! May he still be contemplated in his character, like a fine model for imitation. Should this inadequate sketch meet the eye of any of his juvenile friends, from whom time and events may long have divided him, the heart of that friend will acknowledge the likeness, and the influence be revived of such feelings as probably no other individual has since excited. He will dwell with a mournful satisfaction upon the past; and recalling
the image of his bright associate, he will embalm his memory with tears.

D.6 Ingilby, Sir William.

1783–1854. From Ripley (Castle), in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Later called Amcotts-Ingilby. British MP, in the Whig interest, known for violent rhetoric, radical pro-reform positions, and eccentricity in manners and person. “More than once mistaken for a ‘poor farming-like sort of person’, his cigar-smoking, bizarre taste in cheap hats and facetiousness at political meetings endeared him to the freeholders.” He built many follies on his Yorkshire estate, and Ripley Village, modeled on a French village in Alsace-Lorraine which had taken his fancy.

Sir William encountered Darwin and Galton several times in Spain, in 1809, journeyed with them in Morocco later that year, and met up with them again in the Aegean the following year. He also met Byron and Hobhouse in Constantinople, in company with Count Nils Palin, who Ingilby pointed out could read hieroglyphics. “At dinner were present Mr Palin the Swedish minister, Mr ——, the Spanish resident, and Count Ludolf, the Sicilian. Mr Palin is an antiquarian. Sir W.Ingleby [sic] M.P.—funny little fellow. Sat next him, and [he] told me, “God, Sir he’s a wonderful fellow—he reads the Owls and Elephants like A and δ.”

Though he married twice, Ingilby had no children. Byron insinuated in a letter to Hobhouse that Ingilby had been playing for the other team when they had known him in Turkey. ‘Sir W. with whom you are so wrothfully displeased, is gone to Edinbug – burgh, I tell you, he is not what you take him for, but is going to be married, reformed and all that’.

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5 Hobhouse Diary, Monday June 4th 1810, Hobhouse 2015.
6 17 Nov 1811, BLJ II, 131. But Ingilby did not actually marry his first
is hardly conclusive, but it is notable that Ingilby appears to have had younger male companions in Spain, e.g. Mackinnon and Pickering.

D.7 Morier, David Richard.

1784–1877. Probably the “Muir” referred to by Darwin, who went hunting with him in the forest at Belgrade (Belgrad), across the straits from Constantinople. At the time (1808–1812) he was attached to the British Embassy there. He helped Adair negotiate the Treat of the Dardanelles in January 1809. Educated at Harrow. His father Isaac was Consul-General in Constantinople.

D.8 Palin, Count Nils Gustaf.

1765–1842. Swedish ambassador at Constantinople (1805–1814). Earlier he had served in Dresden, Madrid and Vienna. He had also traveled widely, going down the Nile more than once.

The Count was a noted collector of coins and manuscripts, and an early expert on hieroglyphics, but his collection was badly burned in 1817 in one of the regular fires at Pera. He retired from the consular service in 1824, settling down to antiquarian research in Rome. He was murdered there in 1842, at the Villa Malla, by a robber (a furloughed prisoner). He wrote several books, including Lettres sur les hiéroglyphes (1802), Essai sur les hiéroglyphes (1804), Analyse de l’inscription du monument trouvé à Rosette (1804), and l’étude des hiéroglyphes (1812).

Palin met Galton and Darwin at Constantinople in 1809, over dinner with the British Ambassador Adair, though note that Darwin called him ‘Pallen’. Hobhouse and Byron also met him at Constantinople. ‘Called on Mr Palin, who showed wife Louisa Atkinson until 1822; after her death in 1836 he married Mary Anne Clementson in 1843.'
me a very large collection of coins, and some Egyptian nicknacks. He *does* read the Owls and Elephants:  

takes up a little cylinder, and gives you a verse of the Psalms, as if the Hebrew were the sacred language of the Egyptians. He says the Patriarchs wrote in hieroglyphics .”

**D.9 Parry, Major F. J. Sidney F.L.S.**

1810–1885. Entomologist. Educated at Harrow School (1823). Lived at the Cedars, Sunninghill, Berkshire. Author of “A Catalogue of Lucanoid Coleoptera: With Illustrations and Descriptions of Various New and Interesting Species”. The *Entomologist’s Monthly Magazine* stated that he was "of Onslow Square, died at his daughter’s residence, The Warren, Bushey Heath, on February 1st, aged 74. In him the Entomological Society of London has lost one of its oldest members, he having been elected in 1840, and he became a Fellow of the Linnean Society in 1842. He was born October 28th, 1810. In 1831 he joined the 17th Lancers as a cornet, but retired from the army in 1835. His earliest published paper appears to have been on a new genus of Lucanidae from New Zealand, communicated to the Entomological Society in 1843, and although he published on other families of Coleoptera, it was with the Lucanidae that he became more especially associated, and on them he published numerous memoirs, the most important (but by no means the last) in the *Trans. Ent. Soc. for* 1870, to which he appended a revised List, enumerating 357 species. During the whole of his entomological career he had been associated by friendship with Prof. Westwood, who supplemented and illustrated several of his papers. At one time he had a general collection of Coleoptera, but latterly it was limited to Lucanidae and Cetoniidae, the former being very valuable, and probably the

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7 Hieroglyphics.  
8 Hobhouse 2015.
most complete in existence."\textsuperscript{9}

\section*{D.10 Parry, Major Richard.}

?—1845. Served in the Second Royal Marine Artillery, and fought in the War of 1812 in the Americas, e.g. at Fort Wellington in Ontario. Made First Lieutenant in 1801, Captain in 1809. Retired in 1835. His curious death was widely reported, as per below.

\begin{quote}
STRANGE OCCURRENCES, AND AWFULLY SUDEN DEATH.—On Tuesday last, a Major Parry, of the Royal Marines, arrived at Llwynuris, in the county of Cardigan, the seat of John Griffith, Esq., on a visit to that gentleman. The hour of his arrival in a post-chaise from Newcastle-Emlyn being as late as ten o'clock in the evening, after partaking of some slight refreshment he shortly retired to rest, and complaining of shortness of breath, he desired the servant to tuck up the bed-curtains and open the window in order to have a little air. The servant remonstrated as to lifting up the window, observing that the night air was very cold, but that the tucking up of the bed-curtains would afford him sufficient air. The servant then retired. At all early hour in the morning the Major rang the bell, and upon one of the maid-servants answering, he asked for a glass of water. He was then sitting on a chair by the bedside, with one of the blankets wrapped about him. The servant, after taking up the water, was desired to withdraw. The footman some time afterwards went up to inquire how he was. He knocked at the door several times, and, receiving no answer, he gently opened it, when he found the Major in the same position as the maid servant
\end{quote}

\textsuperscript{9} \textit{Entomologist’s Monthly Magazine} (3) 21 240.
had left him, only that his head was reclining on the bed, and was apparently dead. The servant then communicated his fears immediately to his master, who instantly left his room, and, upon seeing the gallant Major, observed that he was no more. An inquest was held upon the body, and the verdict returned of Natural Death. The Major had secreted in a belt round his body 105 in Bank of England notes, and 11 loose money in his pocket. He has, we understand, considerable property in the neighbourhood of Llanidloes.\footnote{The Era, Sunday 24 August 1845, 4.}

**D.11 Prior, John.**

An ‘intelligent’ merchant at Constantinople, who met Darwin and Galton there and gave them scorpions to observe. He was a treasurer of the Levant Company.

**D.12 Rooke, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry.**

1749–1814/07/07.

Formerly major in the 100th regiment of foot, with the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel. ‘For his services at the siege of Ancona, in 1799, as a volunteer acting with the Russian army, he had the Order of St. Anne, 2d class, conferred upon him by the late Emperor of Russia’. *The European Magazine, and London Review*, 66.

‘On a slab affixed to the outer wall of the church at Omodos, a village some 25 miles N.W. of Limassol:— “Under This Marble Are Deposited The Remains of Henry Rooke Esq formerly Major in the hundredth Regiment of Foot with Brevet rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the Service of his Britannic Majesty King George the Third. After Quitting the Army he travelled thro’ various parts of Europe and being in Italy in the year 1799..."
joined the Russian Army before Ancona as a volunteer officer & for his services and assistance in reducing that fortress his late Imperial Majesty of All the Russias Paul conferred upon him the Order of St Anne of Holstein 3d class. He died in this Convent the 7th day of July in the year of our Lord & Saviour 1814 and was interred by the Holy Fathers underneath this Stone with their consent and that of the Most Reverend the Bishop of the Greek Church in the island of Cyprus. His only surviving brother Wm Rooke as a last tribute of fraternal regard and affection hath caused this Memorial to be conveyed and placed over his grave.”” Notes and Queries, 10S V1 Oct 20 1906.

Rooke wrote several travel narratives, including Travels to the Coast of Arabia Felix: And from Thence by the Red-Sea and Egypt, to Europe. Containing a Short Account of an Expedition Undertaken Against the Cape of Good Hope (1783). ‘A little 8vo. pamphlet of 129 pages only, which had a second edition in 1784, and a third in 1788, There was also a French edition in 1788, and a German one, published at Leipzig, in 1789.’ (Genealogist, 1880). And Account of the Expedition of Ancona, undertaken by a Russian and Turkish Armament, 1799 (London, 1800) 8vo.

D.13  Semple, Robert.

1777\textsuperscript{11}-1816. Born in Boston in 1777. His parents, Robert Semple (1750–?)\textsuperscript{12}, originally of Renfrewshire in Scotland, and Mary Wheat (1757–?)\textsuperscript{12} were loyalists during the American Revolution. They fled to Halifax, Nova Scotia, with the loyalist troops and other evacuees in 1876. While en route back from Halifax to Boston on the ship Peggy in July 1776 they were captured, imprisoned. Subsequently they were proscribed and

\textsuperscript{11} The DNB has 1766 but this seems to be an error.

\textsuperscript{12} Some sources say Anne Greenlaw.
banished in 1778, and disowned by the Wheat family.\footnote{See Lorenzo Sabine Biographical Sketches of Loyalists of the American Revolution, Volume 3, 274; and Richard c. Wiggin Embattled Farmers (2014). John Semple, Robert’s brother, who had married Betty Wheat, was captured at the same time.}

Semple was educated in England, having lived six years in the United States. He set up as a trader with his father at the Cape of Good Hope in March 1798, leaving there in 1803. Hew was the author of numerous travel narratives and a novel.\footnote{Semple 1803; Semple 1806; Semple 1807; Semple 1808; Semple 1809; Semple 1812; Semple 1814.} He met Darwin and Galton at Malaga in Spain, his second trip to the area, in March 1809. Subsequently he travelled with them in Morocco, describing the journey in\footnote{Semple 1809.}. He was appointed governor of the Hudson Bay Company in 1816, but killed in a skirmish shortly after arriving there.

### D.14 Zohrab, Constantine.

1770-1842. Probably the “Zorab” referred to by Francis Darwin. He was a Jewish-Armenian who had been born in Constantinople. Hobhouse and Byron would meet him too, and his Armenian wife Mary de Serpos.
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