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C. A. S.
"HE IS NOW AT REST;
AND PRAISE AND BLAME FALL ON HIS EAR ALIKE,
NOW DULL IN DEATH. YES, BYRON, THOU ART GONE,
gone like a star that through the firmament
shot and was lost, in its eccentric course
dazzling, perplexing. Yet thy heart, methinks,
was generous, noble—noble in its scorn
of all things low or little; nothing there
sordid or servile. If imagined wrongs
pursued thee, urging thee sometimes to do
things long regretted, oft, as many know,
none more than I, thy gratitude would build
on slight foundations: and, if in thy life
not happy, in thy death thou surely wert,
thy wish accomplish'd; dying in the land
where thy young mind had caught ethereal fire,
dying in Greece, and in a cause so glorious!

"THOU ART GONE;
AND HE WHO WOULD ASSAIL THEE IN THY GRAVE,
OH, LET HIM PAUSE! FOR WHO AMONG US ALL,
TRIED AS THOU WERT—EVEN FROM THINE EARLIEST YEARS,
WHEN WANDERING, YET UNSPOILT, A HIGHLAND BOY—
TRIED AS THOU WERT, AND WITH THY SOUL OF FLAME;
PLEASURE, WHILE YET THE DOWN WAS ON THY CHEEK,
UPLIFTING, PRESSING, AND TO LIPS LIKE THINE,
HER CHARMED CUP—AH, WHO AMONGST US ALL
COULD SAY HE HAD NOT ERR'D AS MUCH, AND MORE?"
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LETTERS AND JOURNALS

OF

LORD BYRON:

WITH NOTICES OF HIS LIFE,

BY

THOMAS MOORE.
TO

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET,

THIS VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

THOMAS MOORE.

December, 1829.
In presenting these Volumes to the public, I should have felt, I own, considerable diffi­

cence, from a sincere distrust in my own
dowers of doing justice to such a task, were
not well convinced that there is in the
subject itself, and in the rich variety of
materials here brought to illustrate it, a de­
gree of attraction and interest which it would
be difficult, even for hands the most unskilful,
to extinguish. However lamentable were the

circumstances under which Lord Byron be­
came estranged from his country, to his long
absence from England, during the most bril­
liant period of his powers, we are indebted
for all those interesting Letters which com­
pose the greater part of the Second Volume
of this work, and which will be found equal,
if not superior, in point of vigour, variety,
and liveliness, to any that have yet adorned
this branch of our literature.

What has been said of Petrarch, that “his
correspondence and verses together afford
the progressive interest of a narrative in
which the poet is always identified with the
man,” will be found applicable, in a far greater
degree, to Lord Byron, in whom the literary
and the personal character were so closely
interwoven, that to have left his works with­
out the instructive commentary which his
Life and Correspondence afford, would have
been equally an injustice both to himself
and to the world.

1 [The original edition was in two volumes, 4to.]

2 [“These Letters are among the best in our language. They are less affected than those of Pope and Walpole; they have more matter in them than those of Cowper. Knowing that many of them were not written merely for the gentleman to whom they were directed, but were general epistles meant to be read by a large circle, we expected to find them clever and spirited, but deficient in ease. We have been agreeably disappointed; and we must confess, that if the epistolary style of Lord Byron was artificial, it was a rare and admirable instance of that highest art, which cannot be distinguished from nature.” — Edinburgh Rev. 1831.]

“Theses letters cannot be perused without producing an enlarged estimation of the deceased poet’s talents and accomplishments. They render it hardly doubtful that had his life been prolonged, he would have taken his place in the very first rank of our prose literature also. Here are numberless brief and rapid specimens of narrative, serious and comic, distinguished by a masterly combina­tion of simplicity, energy, and grace,—of critical disquisition, at once ingenious and profound,—of satire both stern and playful, not surpassed in modern days; and, above all, here are transcripts of mental emotion in all possible varieties, worthy of him who was equally at home in the darkest passion of Harold, and the airiest levity of Beppo.” — Quart. Rev. 1830.]
PREFACE

TO

THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE FIRST EDITION.

The favourable reception which I ventured to anticipate for the First Volume of this Work has been, to the full extent of my expectations, realised; and I may without scruple thus advert to the success it has met with, being well aware that to the interest of the subject and the materials, not to any merit of the editor, such a result is to be attributed. Among the less agreeable, though not least valid, proofs of this success may be counted the attacks which, from more than one quarter, the Volume has provoked; — attacks angry enough, it must be confessed, but, from their very anger, impotent, and, as containing nothing whatever in the shape either of argument or fact, not entitled, I may be pardoned for saying, to the slightest notice.

Of a very different description, both as regards the respectability of the source from whence it comes, and the mysterious interest involved in its contents, is a document which I made its appearance soon after the former Volume, and which I have annexed, without a single line of comment, to the present; — contenting myself, on this painful subject, with entreaty the reader's attention to some extracts, as beautiful as they are, to my mind, convincing, from an unpublished pamphlet of Lord Byron, which will be found in the following pages. 2

Sanguinely as I was led to augur of the reception of our First Volume, of the success of that which we now present to the public I am disposed to feel even still more confident. Though self-banished from England, it was plain that to England alone Lord Byron continued to look, throughout the remainder of his days, not only as the natural theatre of his literary fame, but as the tribunal to which all his thoughts, feelings, virtues, and frailties were to be referred; and the exclamation of Alexander, "Oh, Athenians, how much it costs me to obtain your praises!" might have been, with equal truth, addressed by the noble exile to his countrymen. To keep the minds of the English public for ever occupied about him, — if not with his merits, with his faults; if not in applauding, in blaming him, — was, day and night, the constant ambition of his soul; and in the correspondence he so regularly maintained with his publisher, one of the chief mediums through which this object was to be effected lay. Mr. Murray's house being then, as now, the resort of most of those literary men who are, at the same time, men of the world, his Lordship knew that whatever particulars he might wish to make public concerning himself would, if transmitted to that quarter, be sure to circulate from thence throughout society. It was on this presumption that he but rarely, as we shall find him more than once stating, corresponded with any others of his friends at home; and to the mere accident of my having been, myself, away from England, at the time, was I indebted for the numerous and no less inte-

1 It is almost unnecessary to apprise the reader that the paragraph at p. 416. beginning "How groundless," &c. was written before the appearance of this extraordinary paper.
2 [See p. 661. and also Works, p. 801.]
resting letters with which, during the same period, he honoured me, and which now enrich this volume.

In these two sets of correspondence (given as they are here, with as little suppression as a regard to private feelings and to certain other considerations warrants) will be found a complete history, from the pen of the poet himself, of the course of his life and thoughts, during this most energetic period of his whole career; — presenting altogether so wide a canvass of animated and, often, unconscious self-portraiture, as even the communicative spirit of genius has seldom, if ever, before bestowed on the world.

Some insinuations, calling into question the disinterestedness of the lady whose fate was connected with that of Lord Byron during his latter years, having been brought forward, or rather revived, in a late work, entitled "Galt's Life of Byron," — a work wholly unworthy of the respectable name it bears ¹, — I may be allowed to adduce here a testimony on this subject, which has been omitted in its proper place ², but which will be more than sufficient to set the idle calumny at rest. The circumstance here alluded to may be most clearly, perhaps, communicated to my readers through the medium of the following extract from a letter, which Mr. Barry (the friend and banker of Lord Byron)

1 ["On his departure for Greece, Lord Byron left her, as it is said, notwithstanding the rank and opulence she had forsaken on his account, without any provision: he had promised to settle two thousand pounds on her, but he forgot the intention, or died before it was carried into effect." — GALT, p. 228.]

2 In p. 419., however, the reader will find it alluded to, and in terms such as conduct so disinterested deserves.

... did me the favour of addressing to me soon after his Lordship's death: — "When Lord Byron went to Greece, he gave me orders to advance money to Madame Guiccioli; but that lady would never consent to receive any. His Lordship had also told me that he meant to leave his will in my hands, and that there would be a bequest in it of 10,000£ to Madame Guiccioli. He mentioned this circumstance also to Lord Blessington. When the melancholy news of his death reached me, I took for granted that this will would be found among the sealed papers he had left with me; but there was no such instrument. I immediately then wrote to Madame Guiccioli, enquiring if she knew anything concerning it, and mentioning, at the same time, what his Lordship had said as to the legacy. To this the lady replied, that he had frequently spoken to her on the same subject, but that she had always cut the conversation short, as it was a topic she by no means liked to hear him speak upon. In addition, she expressed a wish that no such will as I had mentioned would be found; as her circumstances were already sufficiently independent, and the world might put a wrong construction on her attachment, should it appear that her fortunes were, in any degree, bettered by it." ⁴

3 June 12, 1828.

4 ["I happen to know that Lord Byron offered to give the Guiccioli a sum of money outright, or to leave it to her by will. I also happen to know that the lady would not hear of any such present or provision; for I have a letter in which Lord Byron extols her disinterestedness." — HOBHOUSE.]
NOTICES
OF THE
LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

CHAPTER I.

1788—1798.


It has been said of Lord Byron, that "he was prouder of being a descendant of those Byrons of Normandy, who accompanied William the Conqueror into England, than of having been the author of Childe Harold and Manfred." This remark is not altogether unfounded in truth. In the character of the noble Poet, the pride of ancestry was undoubtedly one of the most decided features; and, as far as antiquity alone gives lustre to descent, he had every reason to boast of the claims of his race. In Doomsday-book, the name of Ralph de Burun ranks high among the tenants of land in Nottinghamshire; and in the succeeding reigns, under the title of Lords of Horestan Castle, we find his descendants holding considerable possessions in Derbyshire; to which, afterwards, in the time of Edward I., were added the lands of Rochdale in Lancashire. So extensive, indeed, in those early times, was the landed wealth of the family, that the partition of their property, in Nottinghamshire alone, has been sufficient to establish some of the first families of the county.

Its antiquity, however, was not the only distinction by which the name of Byron came recommended to its inheritor; those personal merits and accomplishments, which form the best ornament of a genealogy, seem to have been displayed in no ordinary degree by some of his ancestors. In one of his own early poems, alluding to the achievements of his race, he commemorates, with much satisfaction, those "mail-covered barons" among them, "who proudly to battle Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain."

Adding,
'Near Askalon's towers John of Horiston slumbers;
Unnerved is the hand of his minstrel by death.'

As there is no record, however, as far as I can discover, of any of his ancestors having been engaged in the Holy Wars, it is possible that he may have had no other authority for this notion than the tradition which he found connected with certain strange groups of heads, which are represented on the old panel-work, in some of the chambers at Newstead. In one of these groups, consisting of three heads, strongly carved and projecting from the panel, the centre figure evidently represents a Saracen or Moor, with an European female on one side of him, and a Christian soldier on the other. In a second group, which is in one of the bedrooms, the female occupies the centre, while on each side is the head of a Saracen, with the eyes fixed earnestly upon her. Of the exact meaning of these figures there is nothing certain known; but the tradition is, I understand, that they refer to some love-adventure, in which one of those crusaders, of whom the young poet speaks, was engaged. 2

Of the more certain, or, at least, better known exploits of the family, it is sufficient, perhaps, to say, that, at the siege of Calais

---

1 "In the park of Horseley," says Thoroton, in his History of Nottinghamshire, "there was a castle, some of the ruins whereof are yet visible, called Horestan Castle, which was the chief mansion of his (Ralph de Burun's) successors."

2 ["'The first is, perhaps, an ecclesiastical allegory, descriptive of the Saracen and the Christian warrior contending for the liberation of the church; the other may have been the old favourite ecclesiastical story of Susanah and the elders."— GALT.]
under Edward III., and on the fields, memorable in their respective eras, of Cressy, Bosworth, and Marston Moor, the name of the Byrons reaped honours both of rank and fame, of which their young descendant has, in the verses just cited, shown himself proudly conscious.

It was in the reign of Henry VIII., on the dissolution of the monasteries, that, by a royal grant, the church and priory of Newstead, with the lands adjoining, were added to the other possessions of the Byron family. The favourite upon whom these spoils of the ancient religion were conferred, was the grand nephew of the gallant soldier who fought by the side of Richmond at Bosworth, and is distinguished from the other knights of the same Christian name in the family, by the title of “Sir John Byron the Little, with the great beard.” A portrait of this personage was one of the few family pictures with which the walls of the abbey, while in the possession of the noble poet, were decorated.

At the coronation of James I. we find another representative of the family selected as an object of royal favour,—the grandson of Sir John Byron the Little, being, on this occasion, made a knight of the Bath. There is a letter to this personage, preserved in Lodge's Illustrations, from which it appears, that notwithstanding all these apparent indications of prosperity, the inroads of pecuniary embarrassment had already begun to be experienced by this ancient house. After counselling the new heir as to the best mode of getting free of his debts, “I do therefore advise you,” continues the writer, “that so soon as you have, in such sort as shall be fit, finished your father’s funerals, to dispose and disperse that great household, reducing them to the number of forty or fifty, at the most, of all sorts; and, in my opinion, it will be far better for you to live for a time in Lanarkshire rather than in Notts, for many good reasons that I can tell you when we meet, fitter for words than writing.”

From the following reign (Charles I.) the nobility of the family date its origin. In the year 1643, Sir John Byron, great grandson of him who succeeded to the rich domains of Newstead, was created Baron Byron of Rochdale in the county of Lancaster; and seldom has a title been bestowed for such high and honourable services as those by which this nobleman deserved the gratitude of his royal master. Through almost every page of the History of the Civil Wars, we trace his name in connection with the varying fortunes of the king, and find him faithful, persevering, and disinterested to the last. “Sir John Biron,” says the writer of Colonel Hutchinson's Memoirs, “afterwards Lord Biron, and all his brothers, bred up in arms, and valiant men in their own persons, were all passionately the king’s.” There is also, in the answer which Colonel Hutchinson, when governor of Nottingham, returned, on one occasion, to his cousin-german, Sir Richard Byron, a noble tribute to the valour and fidelity of the family. Sir Richard having sent to prevail on his relative to surrender the castle, received for answer, that “except he found his own heart prone to such treachery, he might consider there was, if nothing else, so much of a Biron's blood in him, that he should very much scorn to betray or quit a trust he had undertaken.”

Such are a few of the gallant and distinguished personages, through whom the name and honours of this noble house have been transmitted. By the maternal side also Lord Byron had to pride himself on a line of ancestry as illustrious as any that Scotland can boast,—his mother, who was one of the Gordons of Gight, having been a descendant of that Sir William Gordon who was the third son of the Earl of Huntley, by the daughter of James I.

After the eventful period of the Civil Wars, when so many individuals of the house of Byron distinguished themselves,—there having been no less than seven brothers of that family on the field at Edgehill,—the manuscripts were discovered, and having from his hands passed into those of Sir Richard Kaye, a prebendary of Southwell, forms at present a very remarkable ornament of the cathedral of that place. A curious document, said to have been among those found in the eagle, is now in the possession of Colonel Wildman, containing a grant of full pardon from Henry V. of every possible crime (and the possession of Colonel Wildman, containing a grant of

1 [See Byroniana.]
2 The priory of Newstead had been founded and dedicated to God and the Virgin, by Henry II.; and its monks, who were canons regular of the order of St. Augustine, appear to have been peculiarly the objects of royal favour, no less in spiritual than in temporal concerns. During the lifetime of the fifth Lord Byron, there was found in the lake at Newstead, where it is supposed to have been thrown for concealment by the monks,—a large brass eagle, in the body of which, on its being sent to a watchmaker of Nottingham (by whom the concealed...
 celebrity of the name appears to have died away for near a century. It was about the year 1750, that the shipwreck and sufferings of Mr. Byron (the grandfather of the illustrious subject of these pages) awakened, in no small degree, the attention and sympathy of the public. Not long after, a less innocent sort of notoriety attached itself to two other members of the family,—one, the grand uncle of the Poet, and the other, his father. The former, in the year 1765, stood his trial before the House of Peers for killing, in a duel, or rather scuffle, his relation and neighbour Mr. Chaworth; and the latter, having carried off to the Continent the wife of Lord Carmarthen, on the noble marquis obtaining a divorce from the lady, married her. Of this short union one daughter only was the issue, the Honourable Augusta Byron, now the wife of Colonel Leigh.

In reviewing thus cursorily the ancestors, both near and remote, of Lord Byron, it cannot fail to be remarked how strikingly he combined in his own nature some of the best and, perhaps, worst qualities that lie scattered through the various characters of his predecessors,—the generosity, the love of enterprise, the high-mindedness of some of the better spirits of his race, with the irregular passions, the eccentricity, and daring recklessness of the world's opinion, that so much characterised others.

The first wife of the father of the poet having died in 1784, he, in the following year, married Miss Catherine Gordon, only child and heiress of George Gordon, Esq. of Gight. In addition to the estate of Gight, which had, however, in former times, been much more extensive, this lady possessed, in ready money, bank shares, &c. no considerable property; and it was known to be solely with a view of relieving himself from his debts, that Mr. Byron paid his addresses to her. A circumstance related, as having taken place before the marriage of this lady, not only shows the extreme quickness and vehemence of her feelings, but, if it be true that she had never at the time seen Captain Byron, is not a little striking. Being at the Edinburgh theatre one night when the character of Isabella was performed by Mrs. Siddons, so affected was she by the powers of this great actress, that, towards the conclusion of the play, she fell into violent fits and was carried out of the theatre, screaming loudly, "Oh, my Biron, my Biron!" On the occasion of her marriage there appeared a ballad by some Scotch rhymmer, which has been lately reprinted in a collection of the "Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland;" and as it bears testimony both to the reputation of the lady for wealth, and that of her husband for rakery and extravagance, it may be worth extracting:

**MISS GORDON OF GIGHT.**

| O whom are ye gaen, bonny Miss Gordon? |
| O whom are ye gaen, sae bonny an' brew? |
| Ye've married, ye've married wi' Johnny Byron, |
| To squander the lands o' Gight awa'. |

This youth is a rake, frae England he's come;  
The Scots dinna ken his extraction ava;  
He keeps up his misses, his landlord he duns,  
That's fast drawn' the lands o' Gight awa'.

| O whom are ye gaen, &c. |
| The shooten' o' guns, an' rattlin' o' drums, |
| The bugle in woods, the pipes 't he ha',  |
| The beagles a howlin', the hounds a growlin';  |
| These soundings will soon gar Gight gang awa'. |

| O whom are ye gaen, &c. |

Soon after the marriage, which took place, I believe, at Bath, Mr. Byron and his lady removed to their estate in Scotland; and it was not long before the prognostics of this ballad-maker began to be realised. The extent of that chasm of debt, in which her fortune was to be swallowed up, now opened upon the eyes of the ill-fated heiress. The creditors of Mr. Byron lost no time in pressing their demands; and not only was the whole of her ready money, bank shares, fisheries, &c., sacrificed to satisfy them, but a large

From all sides the house, hark the cry how it swells!  
While the boxes are torn with most heart-piercing yells,  
The misses all faint, it becomes them so vastly,  
And their cheeks are so red that they never look gnostly.  
Even ladies advanced to their grand climacteries.  
Are often led out in a fit of hysteries:  
The screams are wide-waited east, west, south, and north,  
Loud echo prolongs them on both sides the Forth."

Mr. Campbell says, that "the over-heated houses which she drew occasioned illness to many individuals, and that the medical faculty of Edinburgh owed her a token of their regard, seeing that their practice was increased by a prevalent indisposition, which got the name of the Siddons fever."
sum raised by mortgage on the estate for the same purpose. In the summer of 1786, she and her husband left Scotland to proceed to France; and in the following year the estate of Gight itself was sold, and the whole of the purchase money applied to the further payment of debts,—with the exception of a small sum vested in trustees for the use of Mrs. Byron, who thus found herself, within the short space of two years, reduced from competence to a pittance of 150l. per annum.

From France Mrs. Byron returned to England at the close of the year 1787; and on the 29th of January, 1788, gave birth, in Holles Street, London, to her first and only child, George Gordon Byron. The name of Gordon was added in compliance with a condition imposed by will on whoever should become husband of the heiress of Gight; and at the baptism of the child, the Duke of Gordon, and Colonel Duff of Fetteresso, stood godfathers.

In reference to the circumstance of his being an only child, Lord Byron, in one of his journals, mentions some curious coincidences in his family, which, to a mind disposed as his was to regard every thing connected with himself as out of the ordinary course of events, would naturally appear even more strange and singular than they are. "I have been thinking," he says, "of an odd circumstance. My daughter (1), my wife (2), my half-sister (3), my mother (4), my sister's mother (5), my natural daughter (6), and myself (7), are, or were, all only children. My sister's mother (Lady Conyers) had only my half-sister by that second marriage, (herself, too, an only child,) and my father had only me, an only child, by his second marriage with my mother, an only child too. Such a complication of only children, all tending to one family, is singular enough, and looks like fatality almost." He then adds, characteristically, "But the fiercest animals have the fewest numbers in their litters, as lions, tigers, and even elephants, which are mild in comparison."

From London, Mrs. Byron proceeded with her infant to Scotland; and, in the year 1790, took up her residence in Aberdeen, where she was soon after joined by Captain Byron. Here for a short time they lived together in lodgings at the house of a person named Anderson, in Queen Street. But their union being by no means happy, a separation took place between them, and Mrs. Byron removed to lodgings at the other end of the street. Notwithstanding this schism, they for some time continued to visit, and even to drink tea with each other; but the elements of discord were strong on both sides, and their separation was, at last, complete and final. He would frequently, however, accost the nurse and his son in their walks, and expressed a strong wish to have the child for a day or two, on a visit with him. To this request Mrs. Byron was, at first, not very willing to accede; but, on the representation of the nurse, that "if he kept the boy one night, he would not do so another," she consented. The event proved as the nurse had predicted; on inquiring next morning after the child, she was told by Captain Byron that he had had quite enough of his young visiter, and she might take him home again.

It should be observed, however, that Mrs. left Gight, and never returned to it; the estate being, in the following year, sold to Lord Haddo for the sum of 17,850l., the whole of which was applied to the payment of Mr. Byron's debts, with the exception of 1122l., which remained as a burden on the estate, (the Interest to be applied to paying a jointure of 55l. 11s. Id. to Mrs. Byron's grandmother, the principal reverting, at her death, to Mrs. Byron,) and 3000l. vested in trustees for Mrs. Byron's separate use, which was lent to Mr. Carswell of Rathbarlet, in Fife-shire."

"A strange occurrence," says another of my informants, "took place previous to the sale of the lands. All the doves left the house of Gight and came to Lord Haddo's, and so did a number of herons, which had built their nests for many years in a wood on the banks of a large loch, called the Hagberry Pot. When this was told to Lord Haddo, he peremptorily replied, 'Let the birds come, and do them no harm, for the land will soon follow; which it actually did.'"

1 The following particulars respecting the amount of Mrs. Byron's fortune before marriage, and its rapid disappearance afterwards, are, I have every reason to think, from the authentic source to which I am indebted for them, strictly correct:—

"At the time of the marriage, Miss Gordon was possessed of about 3000l. In money, two shares of the Aberdeen Banking Company, the estates of Gight and Monkshill, and the superiority of two salmon fisheries on Dee. Soon after the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Byron Gordon in Scotland, it appeared that Mr. Byron had involved himself very deeply in debt, and his creditors commenced legal proceedings for the recovery of their money. The cash in hand was soon paid away,—the bank shares were disposed of at 600l., (now worth 500l.)—timber on the estate was cut down and sold to the amount of 1500l.—the farm of Monkshill and the superior of the fisheries, affording a freehold qualification, were disposed of at 480l.; and, in addition to these sales, within a year after the marriage, 8000l., was borrowed upon a mortgage on the estate, granted by Mrs. Byron Gordon to the person who lent the money.

2 It appears, that she several times changed her residence during her stay at Aberdeen, as there are two other houses pointed out, where she lodged for some time; one situated in Virginia Street, and the other, the house of a Mr. Leslie, I think, in Broad Street."
Byron, at this period, was unable to keep more than one servant, and that, sent as the boy was on this occasion to encounter the trial of a visit, without the accustomed superintendence of his nurse, it is not so wonderful that he should have been found, under such circumstances, rather an unmanageable guest. That as a child, his temper was violent, or rather sullenly passionate, is certain. Even when in petticoats, he showed the same uncontrollable spirit with his nurse, which he afterwards exhibited when an author, with his critics. Being angrily reprimanded by her, one day, for having soiled or torn a new frock in which he had been just dressed, he got into one of his "silent rages" (as he himself has described them), seized the frock with both his hands, rent it from top to bottom, and stood in sullen stillness, setting his censurer and her wrath at defiance.

But, notwithstanding this, and other such unruly outbreaks,—in which he was but too much encouraged by the example of his mother, who frequently, it is said, proceeded to the same extremities with her caps, gowns, &c.,—there was in his disposition, as appears from the concurrent testimony of nurses, tutors, and all who were employed about him, a mixture of affectionate sweetness and playfulness, by which it was impossible not to be attached; and which rendered him then, as in his riper years, easily manageable by those who loved and understood him sufficiently to be at once gentle and firm enough for the task. The female attendant of whom we have spoken, as well as her sister, May Gray, who succeeded her, gained an influence over his mind against which he very rarely rebelled; while his mother, whose capricious excesses, both of anger and of fondness, left her little hold on either his respect or affection, was indebted solely to his sense of filial duty for any small portion of authority she was ever able to acquire over him.

By an accident which, it is said, occurred at the time of his birth, one of his feet was twisted out of its natural position, and this defect (chiefly from the contrivances employed to remedy it) was a source of much pain and inconvenience to him during his early years. The expedients used at this period to restore the limb to shape, were adopted by the advice, and under the direction, of the celebrated John Hunter, with whom Dr. Livingstone of Aberdeen corresponded on the subject; and his nurse, to whom fell the task of putting on these machines or bandages, at bedtime, would often, as she herself told my informant, sing him to sleep, or tell him stories and legends, in which, like most other children, he took great delight. She also taught him, while yet an infant, to repeat a great number of the Psalms; and the first and twenty-third Psalms were among the earliest that he committed to memory. It is a remarkable fact, indeed, that through the care of this respectable woman, who was herself of a very religious disposition, he attained a far earlier and more intimate acquaintance with the Sacred Writings than falls to the lot of most young people. In a letter which he wrote to Mr. Murray, from Italy, in 1821, after requesting of that gentleman to send him, by the first opportunity, a Bible, he adds—

"Don't forget this, for I am a great reader and admirer of those books, and had read them through and through before I was eight years old,—that is to say, the Old Testament, for the New struck me as a task, but the other as a pleasure. I speak as a boy, from the recollected impression of that period at Aberdeen, in 1796."

The malformation of his foot was, even at this childish age, a subject on which he showed peculiar sensitiveness. I have been told by a gentleman of Glasgow, that the person who nursed his wife, and who still lives in his family, used often to join the nurse of Byron when they were out with their respective charges, and one day said to her, as they walked together, "What a pretty boy Byron is! what a pity he has such a leg!" On hearing this allusion to his infirmity, the child's eyes flashed with anger, and striking at her with a little whip which he held in his hand, he exclaimed impatiently, "Dinna speak of it!" Sometimes, however, as in after life, he could talk indifferently and even jestingly of this lameness; and there being another little boy in the neighbourhood, who had a similar defect in one of his feet, Byron would say, laughingly, "Come and see the twa laddies with the twa club feet going up the Broad Street."

Among many instances of his quickness and energy at this age, his nurse mentioned a little incident that one night occurred, on her taking him to the theatre to see the "Taming of the Shrew." He had attended to the performance, for some time, with silent interest; but, in the scene between Catherine and Petruchio, where the following dialogue takes place,—

1 ['"As they have been to many millions of other children. Out of those lessons arose, long afterwards, the 'Hebrew Melodies,' but for them never would they have been written, though Byron had studied Lowth on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews all his life."—Professor Wilson.]
little Geordie (as they called the child), starting from his seat, cried out boldly, "But I say it is the moon, sir."

The short visit of Captain Byron to Aberdeen has already been mentioned, and he again passed two or three months in that city, before his last departure for France. On both occasions, his chief object was to extract still more money, if possible, from the unfortunate woman whom he had beggared; and so far was he successful, that, during his last visit, narrow as were her means, she contrived to furnish him with the money necessary for his journey to Valenciennes, where, in the following year, 1791, he died. Though latterly Mrs. Byron would not see her husband, she entertained, it is said, a strong affection for him to the last; and on those occasions, when the nurse used to meet him in her walks, would inquire of her with the tenderest anxiety as to his health and looks. When the intelligence of his death, too, arrived, her grief, according to the account of this same attendant, bordered on distraction, and her shrieks were so loud as to be heard in the street. She was, indeed, a woman full of the most passionate extremes, and her grief and affection were bursts as much of temper as of feeling. To mourn at all, however, for such a husband was, it must be allowed, a most gratuitous stretch of generosity. Having married her, as he openly avowed, for her fortune alone, it was by ear only that I had acquired my learning than as a cheap mode of keeping the narrow boundaries of my first year's accomplishments were detected, my ears boxed, (which they did not deserve, seeing it was by ear only that I had acquired my letters,) and my intellects consigned to a new preceptor. He was a very devout, clever, little clergyman, named Ross, afterwards minister of one of the kirk's (East, I think). Under him I made astonishing progress; and I recollect to this day his mild manners and good-natured pains-taking. The moment I could read, my grand passion was history; and, why I know not, but I was particularly taken with the battle near the Lake Regillus in the Roman History, put into my hands the first. Four years ago, when standing on the heights of Tusculum, and looking down upon the little round lake that was once Regillus, and which dots the immense expanse below, I remembered my young enthusiasm and my old instructor. Afterwards I had a very serious, saturnine, but kind young man, named Paterson, for a tutor. He was the son of my shoemaker, but a good scholar, as is common with the Scotch. He was a rigid Presbyterian also. With him I began Latin in Ruddiman's Grammar, and continued till I went to the Grammar School, (Scoticè, 'Scuhie;' Aberdoniè, 'Squel,') where I threaded all the other, when she received the 1122. set apart for that lady's annuity, discharged the whole...  

1 By her advances of money to Mr. Byron (says an authority I have already cited) on the two occasions when he visited Aberdeen, as well as by the expenses incurred in furnishing the floor occupied by her, after his death, in Broad Street, she got in debt to the amount of 300l., by paying the interest on which her income was reduced to 135l. On this, however, she contrived to live without increasing her debt; and on the death of her grandma-
classes to the fourth, when I was recalled to England (where I had been hatched) by the demise of my uncle. I acquired this handwriting, which I can hardly read myself, under the fair copies of Mr. Duncan of the same city: I don't think he would plume himself much upon my progress. However, I wrote much better then than I have ever done since. Haste and agitation of one kind or another have quite spoilt as pretty a scrawl as ever scratched over a frank. The grammar-school might consist of a hundred and fifty of all ages under age. It was divided into five classes, taught by four masters, the chief teaching the fourth and fifth himself. As in England, the fifth, sixth forms, and monitors, are heard by the head masters.

Of his class-fellows at the grammar-school there are many, of course, still alive, by whom he is well remembered; and the general impression they retain of him is, that he was a lively, warm-hearted, and high-spirited boy — passionate and resentful, but affectionate and companionable with his school-fellows — to a remarkable degree venturesome and fearless, and (as one of them significantly expressed it) "always more ready to give a blow than take one." Among many anecdotes illustrative of this spirit, it is related that once, in returning home from school, he fell in with a boy who had on some former occasion insulted him, but had then got off unpunished — little Byron, however, at the time, promising to "pay him off" whenever they should meet again. Accordingly, on this second encounter, though there were some other boys to take his opponent's part, he succeeded in inflicting upon him a hearty beating. On his return home, breathless, the servant inquired what he had been about, and was answered by him with a mixture of rage and humour, that he had been paying a debt, by beating a boy according to promise; for that he was a Byron, and would never belie his motto, "Trust Byron."

He was, indeed, much more anxious to distinguish himself among his school-fellows by prowess in all sports and exercises, than by advancement in learning. Though quick, when he could be persuaded to attend, or had any study that pleased him, he was in general very low in the class, nor seemed ambitious of being promoted any higher. It is the custom, it seems, in this seminary, to invert, now and then, the order of the class, so as to make the highest and lowest boys change places, — with a view, no doubt, of piquing the ambition of both. On these occasions, and only these, Byron was sometimes at the head, and the master, to banter him, would say, "Now, George, man, let me see how soon you'll be at the foot again."

During this period, his mother and he made, occasionally, visits among their friends, passing some time at Fetteresso, the seat of his godfather, Colonel Duff, (where the child's delight with a humorous old butler, named Ernest Fidler, is still remembered,) and also at Banff, where some near connections of Mrs. Byron resided.

In the summer of the year 1796, after an attack of scarlet-fever, he was removed by his mother for change of air into the Highlands; and it was either at this time, or in the following year, that they took up their residence at a farm-house in the neighbourhood of Ballater, a favourite summer resort for health and gaiety, about forty miles up the Dee from Aberdeen. Though this house, where they still show with much pride the bed in which young Byron slept, has become naturally a place of pilgrimage for the worshippers of genius, neither its own appearance, nor that of the small bleak valley in which it stands, is at all worthy of being associated with the memory of a poet. Within a short distance of it, however, all those features of wildness and beauty, which mark the course of the Dee through the Highlands, may be commanded. Here the dark summit of Lachin-y-gair stood towering before the eyes of the future bard; and the verses in which, not many years afterwards, he commemorated this sublime object, show that, young as he was, at the time, its "frowning glories" were not unnoticed by him.

are set down according to the station each holds in his class, it appears that in April of the year 1794, the name of Byron, then in the second class, stands twenty-third in a list of thirty-eight boys. In the April of 1798, however, he had risen to be fifth in the fourth class, consisting of twenty-seven boys, and had got ahead of several of his contemporaries, who had previously always stood before him.

1 The old porter, too, at the College, " minds weel" the little boy, with the red jacket and nankeen trowsers, whom he has so often turned out of the College courtyard.

2 " He was," says one of my informants, "a good hand at marbles, and could drive one farther than most boys.

3 On examining the quarterly lists kept at the grammar-school of Aberdeen, in which the names of the boys

4 Notwithstanding the lively recollections expressed in this poem, it is pretty certain, from the testimony of his nurse, that he never was at the mountain itself, which stood some miles distant from his residence, more than twice.
"Ah, there my young footsteps in infancy wandered,  
And my toy-colours gay, there I played;
On childhood's long perish'd my memory ponder'd;
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade,
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar-star;
For Fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch-na-gar."

To the wildness and grandeur of the scenes, among which his childhood was passed, it is not unusual to trace the first awakening of his poetic talent. But it may be questioned whether this faculty was ever retained with all the vividness of recollection not so much in the objects themselves as in the poet sees around the forms of nature is of genius, be conceived. The light which making every allowance for the prematurity when fancy is yet hardly awake, and association, should be much felt at an age which derives its chief power from fancy and awakening of his poetic talent. But it may passed, it is not unusual to trace the first its sports, its first hopes and affections—all with the various other reminiscences which the poet feeds his imagination. But still, it is the newly-awakened power within him that is the source of the charm;—it is the force of fancy alone that, acting upon his recollections, impregnates, as it were, all the past with poesy. In this respect, such impressions of natural scenery, as Lord Byron received in his childhood must be classed with the various other reminiscences which that period leaves behind—of its innocence, its sports, its first hopes and affections—all of which the memory of the poet brings back the memory of his boyhood and Lachin-y-gair.

He who first met the Highland's swelling blue,  
Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue,
Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace.
Long have I roam'd through lands which are not mine,
Adored the Alp, and loved the Apennine,
Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep
Jove's Ida and Olympus crown the deep:
But 'twas not all long ages' lore, nor all
Their nature held me in their thrilling thrall;
The infant rapture still survived the boy,
And Loch-na-gar with Ida look'd o'er Troy,
Mix'd Celtic memories with Phrygian mount,
And Highland lines with Castalie's clear ounft."

In a note appended to this passage, we find him falling into that sort of anachronism in the history of his own feelings, which I have above adverted to as not uncommon, and referring to childhood itself that love of mountain prospects, which was but the after result of his imaginative recollections of that period.

"From this period" (the time of his residence in the Highlands) "I date my love of mountainous countries. I can never forget the effect, a few years afterwards in England, of the only thing I had long seen, even in miniature, of a mountain, in the Malvern Hills. After I returned to Cheltenham, I used to watch them every afternoon at sunset, with a sensation which I cannot describe." His love of solitary rambles, and peculiar features of nature, over which Memory has shed this reflective charm, are reproduced before the eyes under new and inspiring circumstances, and with all the accessories which an imagination, in its full vigour and wealth, can lend them, then, indeed, do both the past and present combine to make the enchantment complete; and never was there a heart more borne away by this confluence of feelings than that of Byron. In a poem, written about a year or two before his death, he traces all his enjoyment of mountain scenery to the impressions received during his residence in the Highlands; and even attributes the pleasure which he experienced in gazing upon Ida and Parnassus, far less to classic reminiscences, than to those fond and deep-felt associations by which they brought back the memory of his boyhood and Lachin-y-gair.

1 ["No more—no more—Oh! never more on me.
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,
Which out of all the lovely things we see
Extracts emotions beautiful and new,
Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee
Think'st thou the honey with those objects grew?
Alas! 'twas not in them, but thy power
To double even the sweetness of a flower." —Don Juan, c. L st. 214.]
2 The Island.
3 ["Perhaps he did; for either in contemplating a present, or meditating on an absent beautiful scene in nature, we always do, in unconscious confusion, blend, as Wordsworth says of his own delight in the groves, 'our present feelings with our past'; and thus is constituted one full and entire emotion. But neither Mr. Moore—poet as he is of a high, let us say of the highest order—nor any other man, can pretend either to tell or know with what feelings Lord Byron looked on Lachin-y-gair for the first time, and on the sea of mountains rolling away up from Ballater to the Linn of Dee. There must have been awakenings, and risings, and swellings of the divine spirit within him, that owed not—could not owe—their birth to the power of association."—Wilson.]
his taste for exploring in all directions, led him not unfrequently so far, as to excite serious apprehensions for his safety. While at Aberdeen, he used often to steal from home unperceived;—sometimes he would find his way to the sea-side; and once, after a long and anxious search, they found the adventurous little rover struggling in a sort of morass or marsh, from which he was unable to extricate himself.

In the course of one of his summer excursions up Dee-side, he had an opportunity of seeing still more of the wild beauties of the Highlands than even the neighbourhood of their residence at Ballaterach afforded,—having been taken by his mother through the romantic passes that lead to Invercauld, and as far up as the small water-fall, called the Linn of Dee. Here his love of adventure had nearly cost him his life. As he was scrambling along a declivity that overhung the fall, some heather caught his lame foot, and he fell. Already he was rolling downward, when the attendant luckily caught hold of him, and was but just in time to save him from being killed.

It was about this period, when he was not quite eight years old, that a feeling partaking more of the nature of love than it is easy to believe possible in so young a child, took, according to his own account, entire possession of his thoughts, and showed how early in this passion, as in most others, the sensibilities of his nature were awakened. The name of the object of this attachment was Mary Duff; and the following passage from a journal, kept by him in 1813, will show how freshly, after an interval of seventeen years, all the circumstances of this early love still lived in his memory:

"I have been thinking lately a good deal of Mary Duff. How very odd that I should have been so utterly, devotedly fond of that girl, at an age when I could neither feel passion, nor know the meaning of the word. And the effect! My mother used always to rally me about this childish amour; and, at last, many years after, when I was sixteen, she told me one day, 'Oh, Byron, I have had a letter from Edinburgh, from Miss Abercromby, and your old sweetheart Mary Duff is married to a Mr. Co." And what was my answer? I really cannot explain or account for my feelings at that moment; but they nearly threw me into convulsions, and alarmed my mother so much, that after I grew better, she generally avoided the subject—to me—and contented herself with telling it to all her acquaintance. Now, what could this be? I had never seen her since her mother's faux pas at Aberdeen had been the cause of her removal to her grandmother's at Banff; we were both the merest children. I had and have been attached fifty times since that period; yet I recollect all we said to each other, all our caresses, her features, my restlessness, sleeplessness, my tormenting my mother's maid to write for me to her, which she at last did, to quiet me. Poor Nancy thought I was wild, and, as I could not write for myself, became my secretary. I remember, too, our walks, and the happiness of sitting by Mary, in the children's apartment, at their house not far from the Plain-stones at Aberdeen, while her lesser sister Helen played with the doll, and we sat gravely making love, in our way.

"How the deuce did all this occur so early? where could it originate? I certainly had no sexual ideas for years afterwards; and yet my misery, my love for that girl were so violent, that I sometimes doubt if I have ever been really attached since. Be that as it may, hearing of her marriage several years after was like a thunder-stroke—it nearly choked me—to the horror of my mother and the astonishment and almost incredulity of every body. And it is a phenomenon in my existence (for I was not eight years old) which has puzzled, and will puzzle me to the latest hour of it; and lately, I know not why, the recollection (not the attachment) has recurred as forcibly as ever. I wonder if she can have the least remembrance of it or me? or remember her pitying sister Helen for not having an admirer too? How very pretty is the perfect image of her in my memory—her brown, dark hair, and hazel eyes; her very dress! I should be quite grieved to see her now; the reality, however beautiful, would destroy, or at least confute, the features of the lovely Peri which then existed in her, and still lives in my imagination, at the distance of more than sixteen years. I am now twenty-five and odd months. . . .

"I think my mother told the circumstances (on my hearing of her marriage) to the Parkynses, and certainly to the Pigot family, and probably mentioned it in her

intendono, e pochissime provano: ma a quel soli pochissimi è concesso l’uscire dalla folla vulgare in tutte le umane arti." Canova used to say, that he perfectly well remembered having been in love when but five years old.
answer to Miss A., who was well acquainted with my childish penchant, and had sent the news on purpose for me,—and thanks to her!

"Next to the beginning, the conclusion has often occupied my reflections, in the way of investigation. That the facts are thus, others know as well as I, and my memory yet tells me so, in more than a whisper. But, the more I reflect, the more I am bewildered to assign any cause for this precocity of affection."

Though the chance of his succession to the title of his ancestors was for some time altogether uncertain—there being, so late as the year 1794, a grandson of the fifth lord still alive—his mother had, from his very birth, cherished a strong persuasion that he was destined not only to be a lord, but "a great man." One of the circumstances on which she founded this belief was, singularly enough, his lameness;—for what reason it is difficult to conceive, except that, possibly (having a mind of the most superstitious cast), she had consulted on the subject some village fortune-teller, who, to ennoble this infirmity in her eyes, had linked the future destiny of the child with it.

By the death of the grandson of the old lord at Corsica in 1794, the only claimant, that had hitherto stood between little George and the immediate succession to the peerage, was removed; and the increased importance which this event conferred upon them was felt not only by Mrs. Byron, but by the young future Baron of Newstead himself. In the winter of 1797, his mother having chanced, one day, to read part of a speech spoken in the House of Commons, a friend who was present said to the boy, "We shall have the future Baron of Newstead himself. In the gloomy garden, were, by the fears of those of whom his illustrious successor was afterwards made the victim; and a female servant of the old lord, still alive, in contradicting both tales as scandalous fabrications, supposes the first to have had its origin in the following circumstance:—A young lady, of the name of Booth, who was on a visit at Newstead, being one evening with a party who were diverting themselves in front of the abbey, Lord Byron by accident pushed her into the basin which receives the cascades; and out of this little incident, as my informant very plausibly conjectures, the tale of his attempting to drown Lady Byron may have been fabricated.

After his lady had separated from him, the entire seclusion in which he lived gave full scope to the inventive faculties of his neighbours. There was no deed, however dark or desperate, that the village gossip was not ready to impute to him; and two grim images of satyrs, which stood in his gloomy garden, were, by the fears of those who had caught a glimpse of them, dignified by the name of "the old lord's devils." He was known always to go armed; and it is related that, on some particular occasion, what a total and talismanic change had been wrought in all his future relations with society, by the simple addition of that word before his name. That the event, as a crisis in his life, affected him, even at that time, may be collected from the agitation which he is said to have manifested on the important morning, when his name was first called out in school with the title of "Dominus" prefixed to it. Unable to give utterance to the usual answer "adsum," he stood silent amid the general stare of his school-fellows, and, at last, burst into tears.

The cloud, which, to a certain degree, undeservedly, his unfortunate affray with Mr. Chaworth had thrown upon the character of the late Lord Byron, was deepened and confirmed by what it, in a great measure, produced,—the eccentric and unsocial course of life to which he afterwards betook himself. Of his cruelty to Lady Byron, before her separation from him, the most exaggerated stories are still current in the neighbourhood; and it is even believed that, in one of his fits of fury, he flung her into the pond at Newstead. On another occasion, it is said, having shot his coachman for some disobedience of orders, he threw the corpse into the carriage to his lady, and mounting the box, drove off himself. These stories are, no doubt, as gross fictions as some of those of which his illustrious successor was afterwards made the victim; and a female servant of the old lord still alive, in contradicting both tales as scandalous fabrications, supposes the first to have had its origin in the following circumstance:—A young lady, of the name of Booth, who was on a visit at Newstead, being one evening with a party who were diverting themselves in front of the abbey, Lord Byron by accident pushed her into the basin which receives the cascades; and out of this little incident, as my informant very plausibly conjectures, the tale of his attempting to drown Lady Byron may have been fabricated.

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when his neighbour, the late Sir John Warren, was admitted to dine with him, there was a case of pistols placed, as if forming a customary part of the dinner service, on the table.

During his latter years, the only companions of his solitude—besides that colony of crickets, which he is said to have amused himself with rearing and feeding—were old Murray, afterwards the favourite servant of his successor, and the female domestic, whose authority I have just quoted, and who, from the station she was suspected of being promoted to by her noble master, received generally through the neighbourhood the appellation of “Lady Betty.”

Though living in this sordid and solitary style, he was frequently, as it appears, much distressed for money; and one of the most serious of the injuries inflicted by him upon the property was his sale of the family estate of Rochdale in Lancashire, of which the mineral produce was accounted very valuable. He well knew, it is said, at the time of the sale, his inability to make out a legal title; nor is it supposed that the purchasers themselves were unacquainted with the defect of the conveyance. But they contemplated, and, it seems, actually did realise, an indemnity from any pecuniary loss, before they could, in the ordinary course of events, be dispossessed of the property. During the young lord’s minority, proceedings were instituted for the recovery of this estate, and as the reader will learn hereafter with success.

At Newstead, both the mansion and the grounds around it were suffered to fall helplessly into decay; and among the few monuments of either care or expenditure which their lord left behind, were some masses of rockwork, on which much cost had been thrown away, and a few castellated buildings on the banks of the lake and in the woods. The forts upon the lake were designed to give a naval appearance to its waters; and frequently, in his more social days, he used to amuse himself with sham fights,—his vessels attacking the forts, and being cannonaded by them in return. The largest of these vessels had been built for him at some sea-port on the eastern coast, and, being conveyed on wheels over the forest to Newstead, was supposed to have fulfilled one of the prophecies of Mother Shipton, which declared that “when a ship laden with ling should cross over Sherwood Forest, the Newstead estate would pass from the Byron family.” In Nottinghamshire, “ling” is the term used for heather; and, in order to bear out Mother Shipton and spite the old lord, the country people, it is said, ran along by the side of the vessel, heaping it with heather all the way.

This eccentric piece, it is evident, cared but little about the fate of his descendants. With his young heir in Scotland he held no communication whatever; and if at any time he happened to mention him, which but rarely occurred, it was never under any other designation than that of “little boy who lives at Aberdeen.”

On the death of his grand-uncle, Lord Byron having become a ward of chancery, the Earl of Carlisle, who was in some degree connected with the family, being the son of the deceased lord’s sister, was appointed his guardian; and in the autumn of 1798, Mrs. Byron and her son, attended by their faithful May Gray, left Aberdeen for Newstead. Previously to their departure, the furniture of the humble lodgings which they have now dresses making for them by a Venetian tailor. —Newstead delighted me. There is grace and Gothic beauty, indeed,—good chambers, and a comfortable house. The monks formerly were the only sensible people that had really good mansions.—Correspondance, vol. ii. p. 31.

And here I may oblique that a shabby Scotch flat to a palace, and one that, with all its accompaniments of landscape and tradition, could not but stimulate to the highest pitch a spirit naturally solemn, almost not lightly tinged with superstition, and in which the pride of ancestry had been planted from the cradle, striking the deepest root, because of the forlornness and squalor of the property. During the young lord’s minority, proceedings were instituted for the recovery of this estate, and as the reader will learn hereafter with success.

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And here I may observe that a shabby Scotch flat can be turned into a palace, and one that, with all its accompaniments of landscape and tradition, could not but stimulate to the highest pitch a spirit naturally solemn, almost not lightly tinged with superstition, and in which the pride of ancestry had been planted from the cradle, striking the deeper root, because of the forlornness and squalor of every thing hitherto about him—anger, and resentment, and jealousy, the sense of injustice and indignity, and a haughty, solemn shame, all combining with, and moulding its earliest growth.” —Quart. Rev. 1881.]
had occupied was, with the exception of the plate and linen, which Mrs. Byron took with her, sold, and the whole sum that the effects of the mother of the Lord of Newstead yielded was 74l. 17s. 7d.

From the early age at which Byron was taken to Scotland, as well as from the circumstance of his mother being a native of that country, he had every reason to consider himself—as, indeed, he boasts in Don Juan—"half a Scot by birth, and bred a whole one." We have already seen how warmly he preserved through life his recollection of the mountain scenery in which he was brought up; and in the passage of Don Juan, to which I have just referred, his allusion to the romantic bridge of Don, and to other localities of Aberdeen, shows an equal fidelity and fondness of retrospect:

As Auld Lang Syne brings Scotland, one and all,
Scotch plaid's, Scotch snoods, the blue hills and clear streams,
The Dee, the Don, Balgownie's brig's black wall,
All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams
Of what I then desired, clothed in their own pall,
Like Banquo's offspring,—floating past me seems
My childhood in this childishness of mine;
I care not—'tis a glimpse of "Auld Lang Syne."  

He adds in a note, "The Brig of Don, near the 'auld town' of Aberdeen, with its one arch and its black deep salmon stream, is in my memory as yesterday. I still remember, though perhaps I may misquote the awful proverb which made me pause to cross it, and yet lean over it with a childish delight, being an only son, at least by the mother's side. The saying, as recollected by me, was this, but I have never heard or seen it since I was nine years of age:

"Brig of Balgownie, black 's your wa',
Wi' a wife's ac son, and a mear's ac foal,
Down ye shall fa'," 2

To meet with an Aberdeen was, at all times, a delight to him; and when the late Mr Scott3, who was a native of Aberdeen, paid him a visit at Venice in the year 1819, and in his early voyage into Greece, not of the country of his youth never forsook him. In his early voyage into Greece, not only the shapes of the mountains, but the kilts and hardy forms of the Albanese,—all,

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1 [See Works, p. 707.]
2 The correct reading of this legend is, I understand, as follows:

"Brig o' Balgownie, wight (strong) is thy wa';
Wi' a wife's ac son on a mear's ac foal,
Down shalt thou fa'.'" 3

3 [Mr. John Scott, author of "A Visit to Paris, 1814," "Paris Revisited, 1815," &c. He was killed in a duel in 1821.]
CHAPTER II.

1798—1801.

NEWSTEAD.—GUARDIANSHIP OF LORD CAR-LISLE.—CHARACTER OF THE LATE LORD BYRON.—EMPIRC AT NOTTINGHAM.—MRS. BYRON’S ENSINATION.—REMOVAL TO LONDON.—DR. BAILLIE.—DULWICH.—DR. GLENNIE.—TRAITS OF CHARACTER.—MARGARET PARKER.—“FIRST DASH INTO POETRY.”

It was in the summer of 1798, as I have already said, that Lord Byron, then in his eleventh year, left Scotland with his mother and nurse, to take possession of the ancient seat of his ancestors. In one of his latest letters, referring to this journey, he says, “I recollect Loch Leven as it were but yesterday—I saw it in my way to England in 1798.” They had already arrived at the Newstead toll-bar, and saw the woods of the Abbey stretching out to receive them, when Mrs. Byron, affecting to be ignorant of the place, asked the woman of the toll-house to whom that seat belonged. She was told that the owner of it, Lord Byron, had been some months dead. “And who is the next heir?” asked the proud and happy mother. “They say,” answered the woman, “it is a little boy who lives at Aberdeen.”—“And this is he, bless him!” exclaimed the nurse, no longer able to contain herself, and turning to kiss with delight the young lord, who was seated on her lap.

Even under the most favourable circumstances, such an early elevation to rank would be but too likely to have a dangerous influence on the character; and the guidance under which young Byron entered upon his new station was, of all others, the least likely to lead him safely through its perils and temptations. His mother, without judgment or self-command, alternately spoiled him by indulgence, and irritated, or—what was still worse—amused him by her violence. That strong sense of the ridiculous, for which lie was afterwards so remarkable, and which showed itself thus early, got the better even of his fear of her; and when Mrs. Byron, who was a short and corpulent person, and rolled considerably in her gait, would, in a rage, endeavour to catch him, for the purpose of inflicting punishment, the young urchin, proud of being able to outstrip her, notwithstanding his lameness, would run round the room, laughing like a little Puck, and mock-

1 “She would pass from passionate caresses to the repulsion of actual disgust; then ’we quote from a letter written by one of her relations in Scotland’ devouring at all her menaces. In a few anecdotes of his early life which he related in his ‘Memoranda,’ though the name of his mother was never mentioned but with respect, it was not difficult to perceive that the recollections she had left behind—at least those that had made the deepest impression—were of a painful nature. One of the most striking passages, indeed, in the few pages of that Memoir which related to his early days, was where, in speaking of his own sensitiveness, on the subject of his deformed foot, he described the feeling of horror and humiliation that came over him, when his mother, in one of her fits of passion, called him "a lame brat." As all that he had felt strongly through life was, in some shape or other, reproduced in his poetry, it was not likely that an expression such as this should fail of being recorded. Accordingly we find, in the opening of his drama, “The Deformed Transformed,”

Bertha. Out, hunchback! 
Arnold. I was born so, mother 1

It may be questioned, indeed, whether that whole drama was not indebted for its origin to this single recollection.

While such was the character of the person under whose immediate eye his youth was passed, the counteraction which a kind and watchful guardian might have opposed to such example and influence was almost wholly lost to him. Connected but remotely with the family, and never having had any opportunity of knowing the boy, it was with much reluctance that Lord Carlisle originally undertook the trust; nor can we wonder that, when his duties as a guardian brought him acquainted with Mrs. Byron, he should be deterred from interfering more than was absolutely necessary for the child by his fear of coming into collision with the violence and caprice of the mother.

Had even the character which the last lord left behind been sufficiently popular to pique his young successor into an emulation of his good name, such a salutary rivalry of the dead would have supplied the place of living examples; and there is no mind in which such an ambition would have been more likely to spring up than that of Byron. But unluckily, as we have seen, this was not the case; and not only was so fair a stimulus to good conduct wanting, but a rivalry of a very different nature substituted in its place. The strange anecdotes told of the last lord by the country people, among whom his fierce and solitary habits had procured for

2 [See Works, p. 300.]
him a sort of fearful renown, were of a nature lively to arrest the fancy of the young poet, and even to waken in his mind a sort of boyish admiration for singularities which he found thus elevated into matters of wonder and record. By some it has been even supposed that in these stories of his eccentric relative his imagination found the first dark outlines of that ideal character, which he afterwards embodied in so many different shapes, and ennobled by his genius. But however this may be, it is at least far from improbable that, destitute as he was of other and better models, the peculiarities of his immediate predecessor should, in a considerable degree, have influenced his fancy and tastes. One habit, which he seems early to have derived from this spirit of imitation, and which he retained through life, was that of constantly having arms of some description about or near him—it being his practice, when quite a boy, to carry, at all times, small loaded pistols in his waistcoat pockets. The affair, indeed, of the late lord with Mr. Chaworth had, at a very early age, by connecting duelling in his mind with the name of his race, led him to turn his attention to this mode of arbitrament; and the mortification which he had, for some time, to endure at school, from insults, as he imagined, hazarded on the presumption of his physical inferiority, found consolation in the thought that a day would yet arrive when the law of the pistol would place him on a level with the strongest.

On their arrival from Scotland, Mrs. Byron, with the hope of having his lameness removed, placed her son under the care of a person who professed the cure of such cases, at Nottingham. The name of this man, who appears to have been a mere empirical pretender, was Lavender; and the manner in which he is said to have proceeded was by first rubbing the foot over, for a considerable time, with handfuls of oil, and then twisting the limb forcibly round, and screwing it up in a wooden machine. That the boy might not lose ground in his education during this interval, he received lessons in Latin from Mr. Rogers, who read parts of Virgil and Cicero with him, and represents his proficiency to have been, for his age, considerable. He was often, during his lessons, in violent pain, from the torturing position in which his foot was kept; and Mr. Rogers one day said to him, "It makes me uncomfortable, my Lord, to see you sitting there in such pain as I know you must be suffering."—"Never mind, Mr. Rogers," answered the boy; "you shall not see any signs of it in me."

This gentleman, who speaks with the most affectionate remembrance of his pupil, mentions several instances of the gaiety of spirit with which he used to take revenge on his tormentor, Lavender, by exposing and laughing at his pompous ignorance. Among other tricks, he one day scribbled down on a sheet of paper all the letters of the alphabet, put together at random, but in the form of words and sentences, and, placing them before this all-pretending person, asked him gravely what language it was. The quack, unwilling to own his ignorance, answered confidently, "Italian,"—to the infinite delight, as it may be supposed, of the little satirist in embryo, who burst into a loud, triumphant laugh, at the success of the trap which he had thus laid for imposture.

With that mindfulness towards all who had been about him in his youth, which was so distinguishing a trait in his character, he, many years after, when in the neighbourhood of Nottingham, sent a message, full of kindness, to his old instructor, and bid the bearer of it tell him, that, beginning from a certain line in Virgil which he mentioned, he could recite twenty verses on, which he well remembered having read with this gentleman, when suffering all the time the most dreadful pain.

It was about this period, according to his nurse, May Gray, that the first symptom of any tendency towards rhyming showed itself in him; and the occasion which she represented as having given rise to this childish effort was as follows:—An elderly lady, who was in the habit of visiting his mother, had made use of some expression that very much affronted him; and these slights, his nurse said, he generally resented violently and implacably. The old lady had some curious notions respecting the soul, which, she imagined, took its flight to the moon after death, as a preliminary essay before it proceeded further. One day, after a repetition, it is supposed, of her original insult to the boy, he appealed before his nurse in a violent rage. "Well, my little hero," she asked, "what's the matter with you now?" Upon which the child answered, that "this old woman had put him in a most terrible passion—that he could not bear the sight of her," &c. &c.—and then broke out into the following doggerel, which he repeated over and over, as if delighted with the vent he had found for his rage:—

In Nottingham county there lives at Swan Green,
As curst an old lady as ever was seen;
And when she does die, which I hope will be soon,
She firmly believes she will go to the moon.

It is possible that these rhymes may have been caught up at second-hand; and he himself, as will presently be seen, dated his
"first dash into poetry," as he calls it, a year later:—but the anecdote altogether, as containing some early dawning of character, appeared to me worth preserving.

The small income of Mrs. Byron received at this time the addition—most seasonable, no doubt, though on what grounds accorded I know not—of a pension on the Civil List, of 300l. a year. The following is a copy of the King's warrant for the grant:

(Signed) "George R.

"Whereas we are graciously pleased to grant unto Catharine Gordon Byron, widow, an annuity of 300l., to commence from 5th July, 1799, and to continue during pleasure: our will and pleasure is, that, by virtue of our general letters of Privy Seal, bearing date 5th November, 1760, you do issue and pay out of our treasure, or revenue in the receipt of the exchequer, applicable to the uses of our civil government, unto the said Catharine Gordon Byron, widow, or her assignees, the said annuity, to commence from 5th July, 1799, and to be paid quarterly, or otherwise, as the same shall become due, and to continue during our pleasure; and for so doing this shall be your warrant. Given at our Court of St. James's, 2d October, 1799, 39th year of our reign.

"By His Majesty's command, (Signed) "W. Pitt.

"S. Douglas,1 "Edw., Roberts, Dep. Cler.2 Pelium."

Finding but little benefit from the Nottingham practitioner, Mrs. Byron, in the summer of the year 1799, thought it right to remove her boy to London, where, at the suggestion of Lord Carlisle, he was put under the care of Dr. Baillie.2 It being an object, too, to place him at some quiet school, where the means adopted for the cure of his infirmity might be more easily attended to, the establishment of the late Dr. Glennie at Dulwich, was chosen for that purpose; and as it was thought advisable that he should have a separate apartment to sleep in, Dr. Glennie had a bed put up for him in his own study. Mrs. Byron, who had remained a short time behind him at Newstead, on her arrival in town took a house upon Sloane Terrace; and, under the direction of Dr. Baillie, one of the Messrs Sheldrake3 was employed to construct an instrument for the purpose of straightening the limb of the child. Moderation in all athletic exercises was, of course, prescribed; but Dr. Glennie found it by no means easy to enforce compliance with this rule, as, though sufficiently quiet when along with him in his study, no sooner was the boy released for play, than he showed as much ambition to excel in all exercises as the most robust youth of the school;—"an ambition," adds Dr. Glennie, in a communication with which he favoured me a short time before his death, "which I have remarked to prevail in general in young persons labouring under similar defects of nature."4

Having been instructed in the elements of Latin grammar according to the mode of teaching adopted at Aberdeen, the young student had now unluckily to retrace his steps, and was, as is too often the case, retarded in his studies and perplexed in his recollections, by the necessity of toiling through the rudiments again in one of the forms prescribed by the English schools. "I found him enter upon his tasks," says Dr. Glennie, "with alacrity and success. He was playful, good-humoured, and beloved by his companions. His reading in history and poetry was far beyond the usual standard of his age, and in my study he found many books open to him, both to please his taste and gratify his curiosity; among others a set of our poets from Chaucer to Churchill, which I am almost tempted to say he had more than once perused from beginning to end. He showed at this age an intimate acquaintance with the historical parts of the Holy Scriptures, upon which he seemed delighted to converse with me, especially after our religious exercises of a Sunday evening; when he would reason upon the facts contained in the Sacred Volume with every appearance of belief in the divine truths which they writer of the letter adds, that he was himself consulted by Lord Byron four or five years afterwards, and though unable to undertake the cure of the defect, from the unwillingness of his noble patient to submit to restraint or confinement, was successful in constructing a sort of shoe for the foot, which in some degree alleviated the inconvenience under which he laboured.

1 "The right hon. Sylvester Douglas, afterwards Lord Glenburnie. When in his 70th year, his lordship published a translation of the first canto of Fortequeue's "Riccardetto." He died in 1823.

2 [The illustrious physician, Dr. Matthew Baillie—a brother to the poetess Joanna Baillie, and brother-in-law to Lord Chief Justice Deman—died in 1823.]

3 In a letter addressed lately by Mr. Sheldrake to the editor of a Medical Journal, it is stated that the person of the same name who attended Lord Byron at Dulwich owed the honour of being called in to a mistake, and affected nothing towards the remedy of the limb. The

4 "Quelque," says Alfieri, speaking of his school-days, "je fais le plus petit de tous les grands qui se trouvaient au chapitre d'expression où j'étais, mais je m'y montrais précisément mon infériorité de taille, d'âge, et de force, qui me donnait plus de courage, et m'engageait à me distinguer."
LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

unfold. That the impressions,” adds the writer, “thus imbibed in his boyhood, had, notwithstanding the irregularities of his after life, sunk deep into his mind, will appear, I think, to every impartial reader of his works in general; and I never have been able to divest myself of the persuasion that, in the strange aberrations which so unfortunately marked his subsequent career, he must have found it difficult to violate the better principles early instilled into him.”

It should have been mentioned, among the traits which I have recorded of his still earlier years, that, according to the character given of him by his first nurse's husband, he was, when a mere child, “particularly inquisitive and puzzling about religion.”

It was not long before Dr. Glennie began to discover—what instructors of youth must too often experience—that the parent was a much more difficult subject to deal with than the child. Though professing entire acquiescence in the representations of this gentleman, as to the propriety of leaving her son to pursue his studies without interruption, Mrs. Byron had neither sense nor self-denial enough to act up to these professions; but, in spite of the remonstrances of Dr. Glennie, and the injunctions of Lord Carlisle, continued to interfere with and thwart the progress of the boy's education in every way that a fond, wrong-headed, and self-willed mother could devise. In vain was it stated to her that, in all the elemental parts of learning which are requisite for a youth destined to a great public school, young Byron was much behind other youths of his age, and that, to retrieve this deficiency, the undivided application of his whole time would be necessary. Though appearing to be sensible of the truth of these suggestions, she not the less embarrassed and obstructed the teacher in his task. Not content with the interval between Saturday and Monday, which, contrary to Dr. Glennie's wish, the boy generally passed at Sloane Terrace, she would frequently keep him at home a week on each new case of refusal were such as would have wearied out the patience of any less zealous and conscientious schoolmaster. Mrs. Byron, whose paroxysms of passion were not, like those of her son, “silent rages,” would, on all these occasions, break out into such audible fits of temper as it was impossible to keep from reaching the ears of the scholars and the servants; and Dr. Glennie had, one day, the pain of overhearing a school-fellow of his noble pupil say to him, “Byron, your mother is a fool;” to which the other answered gloomily, “I know it.” In consequence of all this violence and impracticability of temper, Lord Carlisle at length ceased to have any intercourse with the mother of his ward; and on a further application from the instructor, for the exertion of his influence, said “I can have nothing more to do with Mrs. Byron,—you must now manage her as you can.”

Among the books that lay accessible to the boys in Dr. Glennie's study was a pamphlet written by the brother of one of his most intimate friends, entitled, “Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Juno on the coast of Aracan, in the year 1795.” The writer had been the second officer of the ship, and the account which he had sent home to his friends of the sufferings of himself and his fellow-passengers had appeared to them so touching and strange, that they determined to publish it. The pamphlet attracted but little, it seems, of public attention, but among the young students of Dulwich Grove it was a favourite study; and the impression which it left on the retentive mind of Byron unsbounded and ripened under the same unhappy influences which had withered the bloom of his infancy.” — Quart. Rev. 1831.

[1] [This was a most unfortunate occurrence, and yet we do not see that it is possible to attach any serious blame to Lord Carlisle's conduct—at least until we reach a later stage of the story. The immediate consequence, however, was, that Lord Byron's mind continued to ex-

may have had some share, perhaps, in suggesting that curious research through all the various Accounts of Shipwrecks upon record, by which he prepared himself to depict with such power a scene of the same description in Don Juan. The following affecting incident, mentioned by the author of this pamphlet, has been adopted, it will be seen, with but little change either of phrase or circumstance, by the poet: —

"Of those who were not immediately near me I knew little, unless by their cries. Some struggled hard, and died in great agony; but it was not always those whose strength was most impaired that died the easiest, though, in some cases, it might have been so. I particularly remember the following instances. Mr. Wade’s servant, a stout and healthy boy, died early and almost without a groan; while another of the same age, but of a less promising appearance, held out much longer. The fate of these unfortunate boys differed also in another respect highly deserving of notice. Their fathers were both in the forefront when the lads were taken ill. The father of Mr. Wade’s boy hearing of his son’s illness, answered with indifference, ‘that he could do nothing for him,’ and left him to his fate. The other, when the accounts reached him, hurried down, and watching for a favourable moment, crawled on all-fours along the weather gunwale to his son, who was in the mizen rigging. By that time, only three or four planks of the quarter-deck remained, just over the weather-quarter gallery; and to this spot the unhappy man led his son, making him fast to the rail to prevent his being washed away. Whenever the boy was seized with a fit of retching, the father lifted him up and wiped the foam from his lips; and, if a shower came, he made him open his mouth to receive the drops, or gently squeezed them into it from a rag. In this affecting situation both remained four or five days, till the boy expired. The unfortunate parent, as if unwilling to believe the fact, then raised the body, gazed wistfully at it, and, when he could no longer entertain any doubt, watched it in silence till it was carried off by the sea; then, wrapping himself in a piece of canvass, sunk down and rose no more; though he must have lived two days longer, as we judged from the quivering of his limbs, when a wave broke over him.”

It was probably during one of the vacations of this year, that the boyish love for his young cousin, Miss Parker, to which he attributes the glory of having first inspired him with poetry, took possession of his fancy. “My first dash into poetry,” he says, “was as early as 1800. It was the ebullition of a passion for my first cousin, Margaret Parker (daughter and grand-daughter of the two Admirals Parker), one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings. I have long forgotten the verses, but it would be difficult for me to forget her — her dark eyes — her long eye-lashes — her completely Greek cast of face and figure! I was then about twelve — she rather older, perhaps a year. She died about a year or two afterwards, in consequence of a fall, which injured her spine, and induced consumption. Her sister Augusta (by some thought still more beautiful) died of the same malady; and it was, indeed, in attending her, that Margaret met with the accident which occasioned her own death.

1 The following is Lord Byron’s version of this touching narrative; and it will be felt, I think, by every reader, that this is one of the instances in which poetry must be content to yield the palm to prose. There is a pathos in the last sentences of the seaman’s recital, which the artifices of metre and rhyme were sure to disturb, and which, indeed, no verses, however beautiful, could half so naturally and powerfully express: —

"There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the one
Was more robust and hardly to the view,
But he died early; and when he was gone,
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance on him, and said, ‘Heaven’s will be done,
I can do nothing,’ and he saw him thrown
Into the deep without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaker child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit held aloof his fate;
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father’s heart,
With the deep, deadly thought, that they must part.

"And o’er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,
And the wish’d-for shower at length was come,
The boy’s eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
Brighten’d, and for a moment seem’d to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child’s mouth — but in vain.

"The boy expired — the father held the clay,
And look’d upon it long, and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burden lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watch’d it wistfully, until away
’Twa borne by the rude wave wherein ’twas cast:
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.”

Don Juan, Canto II.

In the collection of “Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea,” to which Lord Byron so skilfully had recourse for the technical knowledge and facts out of which he has composed his own powerful description, the reader will find the account of the loss of the Juno here referred to.
My sister told me, that when she went to see her, shortly before her death, upon accidentally mentioning my name, Margaret coloured through the paleness of mortality to the eyes, to the great astonishment of my sister, who (residing with her grandmother, Lady Holderness, 1 and seeing but little of me, for family reasons), knew nothing of our attachment, nor could conceive why my name should affect her at such a time. I knew nothing of her illness, being at Harrow and in the country, till she was gone. Some years after, I made an attempt at an elegy—a very dull one. 2

"I do not recollect scarcely anything equal to the transparent beauty of my cousin, or to the sweetness of her temper, during the short period of our intimacy. She looked as if she had been made out of a rainbow—all beauty and peace.

"My passion had its usual effects upon me—I could not sleep—I could not eat—I could not rest: and although I had reason to know that she loved me, it was the texture of my life to think of the time which must elapse before we could meet again, being usually about twelve hours of separation! But I was a fool then, and am not much wiser now."

He had been nearly two years under the tuition of Dr. Glennie, when his mother, discontented at the slowness of his progress—though being, herself, as we have seen, the principal cause of it—entreated so urgently of Lord Carlisle to have him removed to a public school, that her wish was at length acceded to; and "accordingly," says Dr. Glennie, "to Harrow he went, as little prepared as it is natural to suppose from two years of elementary instruction, thwarted by every art that could estrange the mind of youth from preceptor, from school, and from all serious study.

This gentleman saw but little of Lord Byron after he left his care; but, from the manner in which both he and Mrs. Glennie spoke of their early charge, it was evident that his subsequent career had been watched by them with interest; that they had seen even his errors through the softening medium of their first feeling towards him, and had never, in his most irregular aberrations, lost the traces of those fine qualities which they had loved and admired in him when a child. Of the constancy, too, of this feeling, Dr. Glennie had to stand no ordinary trial, having visited Geneva in 1817, soon after Lord Byron had left it, when the private character of the poet was in the very crisis of its unpopularity, and when, among those friends who knew that Dr. Glennie had once been his tutor, it was made a frequent subject of banter with this gentleman that he had not more strictly disciplined his pupil, or, to use their own words, "made a better boy of him."

About the time when young Byron was removed, for his education, to London, his nurse May Gray left the service of Mrs. Byron and returned to her native country, where she died about three years since. She had married respectably, and in one of her last illnesses was attended professionally by Dr. Ewing of Aberdeen, who, having been always an enthusiastic admirer of Lord Byron, was no less surprised than delighted to find that the person under his care had for so many years been an attendant on his favourite poet. With avidity, as may be supposed, he noted down from the lips of his patient all the particulars she could remember of his Lordship's early days; and it is to the communications with which this gentleman has favoured me, that I am indebted for many of the anecdotes of that period which I have related.

As a mark of gratitude for her attention to him, Byron had, in parting with May Gray, presented her with his watch,—the first of which he had ever been possessor. This watch the faithful nurse preserved fondly through life, and, when she died, it was given by her husband to Dr. Ewing, by whom, as a relic of genius, it is equally valued. The affectionate boy had also presented her with a full-length miniature of himself, which was painted by Kay of Edinburgh, in the year 1795, and which represents him standing with a bow and arrows in his hand, and a profusion of hair falling over his shoulders. This curious little drawing has likewise passed into the possession of Dr. Ewing.

The same thoughtful gratitude was evinced by Byron towards the sister of this woman, his first nurse, to whom he wrote some years after he left Scotland, in the most cordial terms, making inquiries of her welfare, and informing her, with much joy, that he had at last got his foot so far restored as to be able to put on a common boot,—"an event for which he had long anxiously wished, and which he was sure would give her great pleasure."

1 [This lady, daughter of M. Doublette, a Dutch gentleman, was married at the Hague, in 1743, to Robert D'Arey, fourth Earl of Holderness. Upon his death, in 1778, the earldom became extinct, and what remained of his estate, together with the barony of Conyers, descended to his only daughter, the first wife of the Poet's father. Lady Holderness died in London, October, 1801, aged eighty.] 2 [See Works, p. 376.]
In the summer of the year 1801 he accompanied his mother to Cheltenham, and the account which he himself gives of his sensations at that period shows at what an early age those feelings that lead to poetry unfolded themselves in his heart. A boy, gazing with emotion on the hills at sunset, because they remind him of the mountains among which he passed his childhood, is already, in heart and imagination, a poet. It was during their stay at Cheltenham that a fortune-teller, whom his mother consulted, pronounced a prediction concerning him which, for some time, left a strong impression on his mind. Mrs. Byron had, it seems, in her first visit to this person, (who, if I mistake not, was the celebrated fortune-teller, Mrs. Williams,) endeavoured to pass herself off as a maiden lady. The sibyl, however, was not so easily deceived;—she pronounced her wise consulter to be not only a married woman, but the mother of a son who was lame, and to whom, among other events which she read in the stars, it was predestined that his life should be in danger from poison before he was of age, and that he should be twice married,—the second time, to a foreign lady. About two years afterwards he himself mentioned these particulars to the person from whom I heard the story, and said that the thought of the first part of the prophecy very often occurred to him. The latter part, however, seems to have been the nearer guess of the two.

CHAPTER III.

1801—1805.


To a shy disposition, such as Byron's was in his youth—and such as, to a certain degree, it continued all his life—the transition from a quiet establishment, like that of Dulwich Grove, to the bustle of a great public school, was sufficiently trying. Accordingly, we find from his own account, that, for the first year and a half, he "hated Harrow." The activity, however, and sociableness of his nature soon conquered this repugnance; and, from being, as he himself says, "a most unpopular boy," he rose at length to be a leader in all the sports, schemes, and mischief of the school.

For a general notion of his dispositions and capacities at this period, we could not have recourse to a more trustworthy or valuable authority than that of the Rev. Dr. Drury, who was at this time head master of the school, and to whom Lord Byron has left on record a tribute of affection and respect, which, like the reverential regard of Dryden for Dr. Busby, will long associate together honourably the names of the poet and the master. From this venerable scholar I have received the following brief but important statement of the impressions which his early intercourse with the young noble left upon him:

"Mr. Hanson, Lord Byron's solicitor, consigned him to my care at the age of 13, with remarks, that his education had been neglected; that he was ill prepared for a public school, but that he thought there was a cleverness about him. After his departure I took my young disciple into my study, and endeavoured to bring him forward by enquiries as to his former amusements, employments, and associates, but with little or no effect;—and I soon found that a wild mountain colt had been submitted to my management. But there was mind in his eye. In the first place, it was necessary to attach him to an elder boy, in order to familiarise him with the objects before him, and with some parts of the system in which he was to move. But the information he received from his conductor gave him no pleasure, when he heard of the advances of some in the school, much younger than himself, and conceived by his own deficiency that he should be degraded, and humbled, by being placed below them. This I discovered, and having committed him to the care of one of the masters, as his tutor, I assured him he should not be placed till, by diligence, he might rank with those of his own age. He was pleased with this assurance, and felt himself on easier terms with his associates;—for a degree of shyness hung about him for some time. His manner and temperament soon convinced me, that he might be led by a silken string to a point, rather than by a cable;—on that principle I acted. After some continuance at Harrow, and when the powers of his mind had begun to expand, the late Lord Carlisle, his relation, desired to see me in town;—I waited on his Lordship. His object was to inform me of Lord Byron's expectations of property when he came of age, which he represented as contracted, and to inquire respecting his abilities. On the former circumstance I

1 See page 8.
made no remark; as to the latter, I replied, 'He has talents, my Lord, which will add lustre to his rank.' 'Indeed!!!' said his Lordship, with a degree of surprise, that, according to my feeling, did not express in it all the satisfaction I expected.

"The circumstance to which you allude, as to his declamatory powers, was as follows. The upper part of the school composed declamations, which, after a revival by the tutors, were submitted to the master: to him the authors repeated them, that they might be improved in manner and action, before their public delivery. I certainly was much pleased with Lord Byron's attitude, gesture, and delivery, as well as with his composition. All who spoke on that day adhered, as usual, to the letter of their composition; as, in the earlier part of his delivery, did Lord Byron. But, to my surprise, he suddenly diverged from the written composition, with a boldness and rapidity sufficient to alarm me, lest he should fail in memory as to the conclusion. There was no failure:—he came round to the close of his composition without discovering any impediment and irregularity on the whole. I questioned him, why he had altered his declamation? He declared he had made no alteration, and did not know, in speaking that he had deviated from it one letter. I believed him; and from a knowledge of his temperament am convinced, that fully impressed with the sense and substance of the subject, he was hurried on to expressions and colourings more striking than what his pen had expressed."

In communicating to me these recollections of his illustrious pupil, Dr. Drury has added a circumstance which shows how strongly, even in all the pride of his fame, that awe with which he had once regarded the opinions of his old master still hung around the poet's sensitive mind:—

"After my retreat from Harrow, I received from him two very affectionate letters. In my occasional visits subsequently to London, when he had fascinated the public with his productions, I demanded of him, why, as in duty bound, he had sent none to me? 'Because,' said he, 'you are the only man I never wish to read them':—but, in a few moments, he added—'What do you think of the Corsair?'"

I shall now lay before the reader such notices of his school-life as I find scattered through the various note-books he has left behind. Coming, as they do, from his own pen, it is needless to add, that they afford the liveliest and best records of this period that can be furnished.

"Till I was eighteen years old (odd as it may seem) I had never read a review. But while at Harrow, my general information was so great on modern topics as to induce a suspicion that I could only collect so much information from Reviews, because I was never seen reading, but always idle, and in mischief, or at play. The truth is, that I read eating, read in bed, read when no one else read, and had read all sorts of reading since I was five years old, and yet never met with a Review, which is the only reason I know of why I should not have read them. But it is true; for I remember when Hunter and Curzon, in 1804, told me this opinion at Harrow, I made them laugh by my ludicrous astonishment in asking them 'What is a Review?' To be sure, they were then less common. In three years more, I was better acquainted with that same; but the first I ever read was in 1806-7.

"At school I was (as I have said) remarked for the extent and readiness of my general information; but in all other respects idle, capable of great sudden exertions, (such as thirty or forty Greek hexameters, of course with such prosody as it pleased God,) but of few continuous drudgeries. My qualities were much more oratorical and martial than poetical; and Dr. Drury, my grand patron, (our head master,) had a great notion that I should turn out an orator, from my fluency, my turbulence, my voice, my copiousness of declamation, and my action.\(^1\) I remember that my first declamation astonished him into some unwonted fear (for he was economical of such) and sudden compliments, before the declaimers at our first rehearsal. My first Harrow verses, (that is, English, as exercises, a translation of a chorus from the Prometheus of Eschylus,) were received by him but coolly. No one had the least notion that I should subside into poesy.

"Peel, the orator and statesman, (that was, or is, or is to be,) was my form-fellow, Alonzo, and Lear's address to the storm. On one of these public occasions, when it was arranged that he should take the part of Drances, and young Peel that of Turnus, Lord Byron suddenly changed his mind, and preferred the speech of Latinus,—fearing, it was supposed, some ridicule from the Inappropriate taunt of Turnus, "Vento in lingua, pedibusque fugacibus texit."\(^2\) [Now the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel, 1838,]"
and we were both at the top of our remove (a public school phrase). We were on good terms, but his brother was my intimate friend. There were always great hopes of Peel amongst us all, masters and scholars—and he has not disappointed them. As a scholar he was greatly my superior; as a declamer and actor, I was reckoned at least his equal; as a schoolboy, out of school, I was always in scrapes, and he never; and in school, he always knew his lesson, and I rarely,—but when I knew it, I knew it nearly as well. In general information, history, &c. &c., I think I was his superior, as well as of most boys of my standing.

The prodigy of our school-days was George Sinclair¹ (son of Sir John); he made exercises for half the school (literally), verses at will, and themes without it. * * * He was a friend of mine, and in the same remove, and used at times to beg me to let him do my exercise,—a request always most readily accorded upon a pinch, or when I wanted to do something else, which was usually once an hour. On the other hand, he was pacific and I savage; so I fought for him, or thrashed others for him, or thrashed himself to make him thrash others when it was necessary, as a point of honour and stature, that he should so chastise;—or we talked politics, for he was a great politician, and were very good friends. I have some of his letters, written to me from school, still.

Clayton was another school-monster of learning, and talent, and hope; but what has become of him I do not know. He was certainly a genius.

My school friendships were with me passions, (for I was always violent,) but I do not know that there is one which has endured (to be sure some have been cut short by death) till now. That with Lord Clare⁴ begun one of the earliest, and lasted longest—being only interrupted by distance—that I know of. I never hear the word 'Clare' without a beating of the heart even now, and I write it with the feelings of 1803-4-5, ad infinitum."

The following extract is from another of his manuscript journals:

"At Harrow, I fought my way very fairly.⁵ I think I lost but one battle out of seven; and that was to H—the rascal did not win it, but by the unfair treatment of his own boarding-house, where we boxed: I had not even a second. I never forgave him; and I should be sorry to meet him now, as I am sure we should quarrel. My most memorable combats were with Morgan, Rice, Rainsford, and Lord Jocelyn,—but we were always friendly afterwards. I was a most unpopular boy, but led latterly, and have retained many of my school friendships, and all my dislikes—except to Dr. Butler, whom I treated rebelliously, and have been sorry ever since. Dr. Drury, whom I plagued sufficiently too, was the best, the kindest, (and yet strict, too,) friend I ever had—and I look upon him still as a father.

"P. Hunter, Curzon, Long, and Tatersall, were my principal friends. Clare, Dorset, C. Gordon, De Bath, Claridge, and J. Wingfield, were my juniors and favourites, whom I spoilt by indulgence. Of all human beings, I was, perhaps, at one time, the most attached to poor Wingfield, who died at Coburn, 1811, before I returned to England.⁶"

"Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled, Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray Of squabbling imps, but to the forest sped."

His highest authority, however, is Milton, who says of himself:

"When I was yet a child, no childish play To me was pleasing."

Such general rules, however, are as little applicable to the dispositions of men of genius as to their powers. It, in the instances which Mr. D'Israeli adduces, an indisposition to bodily exertion was manifested, as many others may be cited in which the directly opposite propensity was remarkable. In war, the most turbulent of exercises, Aschylus, Dante, Camaens, and a long list of other poets, distinguished themselves; and, though it may be granted that Horace was a bad rider, and Virgil no tennis-player, yet, on the other hand, Dante was, we know, a falconer as well as swordsman; Tasso, expert both as swordsman and dancer; Alfieri, a great rider; Klostock, a skater; Cowper, famous, in his youth, at cricket and foot-ball; and Lord Byron, pre-eminent in all sorts of exercises.

¹ [Now (1836) Sir George Sinclair, M. P. for Caithness: he succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father, the well known president of the board of agriculture, &c. &c., in December, 1832.]

² His letters to Mr. Sinclair, in return, are un luckily lost,—one of them, as this gentleman tells me, having been highly characteristic of the jealous sensitiveness of his noble schoolfellow, being written under the impression of some ideal slight, and beginning, angrily, "Sir."

³ On a leaf of one of his note-books, dated 1808, I find the following passage from Marimont, which no doubt struck him as applicable to the enthusiasm of his own youthful friendships:—"L'amitié, qui dans le monde est à peine un sentiment, est une passion dans les cloîtres."

⁴ [John Fitzgibbon, second Earl of Clare, born June 2: 1792. His father, whom he succeeded in 1802, was for many years Lord Chancellor of Ireland.]

⁵ Mr. D'Israeli, in his ingenious work "On the Literary Character," has given it as his opinion, that a disinclination to athletic sports and exercises will be, in general, found among the peculiarities which mark a youthful genius. In support of this notion he quotes Beattie, who thus describes his ideal minstrel:—

C 3
One of the most striking results of the English system of education is, that while in no country are there so many instances of manly friendships early formed and steadily maintained, so in no other country, perhaps, are the feelings towards the parental home so early estranged\(^1\), or, at the best, feebly cherished. Transplanted as boys are from the domestic circle, at a time of life when the affections are most disposed to cling, it is but natural that they should seek a substitute for the ties of home\(^2\) in those boyish friendships which they form at school, and which, connected as they are with the scenes and events over which youth threw its charm, retain ever after the strongest hold upon their hearts. In Ireland, and I believe also in France, where the system of education is more domestic, a different result is accordingly observable: — the paternal home comes in for its due and natural share of affection, and the growth of friendships, out of this domestic circle, is proportionately diminished.

To a youth like Byron, abounding with the most passionate feelings, and finding sympathy with only the ruder parts of his nature at home, the little world of school afforded a vent for his affections, which was sure to call them forth in their most ardent form. Accordingly, the friendships which he contracted, both at school and college, were little less than what he himself describes them, "passions." The want he felt at home of those kindred dispositions, which greeted him among "Ida's social band," is thus strongly described in one of his early poems:\(^3\)

14. 1811. On hearing of the loss of his beloved school-fellow, Lord Byron added the following stanza to the first canto of Childe Harold: —

"And thou, my friend! — since unavailing woe
Bursts from my heart, and mingleth with the strain —
Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,
Pride might forbid e'en Friendship to complain:
But thus unlaurel'd to descend in vain,
By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,
And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,
While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest!
What hast thou done to sink so peacefully to rest?"

\(^1\) ["We must dissent from this opinion, and, in doing so, we believe we may safely appeal to the personal experience of our readers of all classes. But the observation, even had it been just, might as well have been omitted in a life of Lord Byron, who certainly had no parental home from which his feelings could have been estranged by any possible system of education. The sweet sources of veneration had never flowed for him, and the charities of fraternal intercourse, nature's earliest and best antidotes to selfishness, he had never known." — \(\text{Quart. Rev. 1831.}\)]

\(^2\) ["At eight or nine years of age the boy goes to school. From that moment he becomes a stranger in his father's house. The course of parental kindness is interrupted. The smiles of his mother, those tender admonitions, and the solicitous care of both his parents, are no longer before his eyes — year after year he feels himself more detached from them, till at last he is so effectually weaned from the connection, as to find himself happier any where than in their company." — \(\text{Cooper, Letters.}\)]

\(^3\) Even previously to any of these school friendships, he had formed the same sort of romantic attachment to a boy of his own age, the son of one of his tenants at Newstead; and there are two or three of his most juvenile poems, in which he dwells no less upon the inequality than the warmth of this friendship. Thus:

"Let Folly smile, to view the names
Of thee and me in friendship twined;
Yet Virtue will have greater claims
To love, than rank with Vice combined.
And though unequal is thy fate,
Since title deck'd my higher birth,
Yet envy not this gaudy state,
The pride is the pride of modest worth.
Our souls at least congenial meet,
Nor can thy lot my rank disgrace;
Our intercourse is not less sweet,
Since worth of rank supplies the place."

"November, 1802."
Mr. Peel was one of his contemporaries at Harrow; and the following interesting anecdote of an occurrence in which both were concerned, has been related to me by a friend of the latter gentleman, in whose words I shall endeavour as nearly as possible to give it.

While Lord Byron and Mr. Peel were at Harrow together, a tyrant, some few years older, whose name was *******, claimed a right to flog little Peel, which claim (whether rightly or wrongly I know not) Peel resisted. His resistance, however, was in vain:— ****** not only subdued him, but determined also to punish the refractory slave; and proceeded forthwith to put this determination in practice, by inflicting a kind of bastinado on the inner fleshy side of the boy's arm, which, during the operation, was twisted round with some degree of technical skill, to render the pain more acute. While the stripes were succeeding each other, and poor Peel writhing under them, Byron saw and felt for the misery of his friend; and although he knew that he was not strong enough to fight ****** with any hope of success, and that it was dangerous even to approach him, he advanced to the scene of action, and with a blush of rage, tears in his eyes, and a voice trembling between terror and indignation, asked very humbly if ****** would be pleased to tell him "how many stripes he meant to inflict?"—"Why," returned the executioner, "you little rascal, what is that to you?"—"Because if you please," said Byron, holding out his arm, "I would take half!"

There is a mixture of simplicity and magnanimity in this little trait which is truly heroic; and however we may smile at the friendships of boys, it is but rarely that the sympathies of boys, it is but rarely that the friendship of manhood is capable of anything half so generous.

Among his school favourites a great number, it may be observed, were nobles or of noble family—Lords Clare and Delawarr, the Duke of Dorset, and young Wingfield; and that their rank may have had some half so generous.

hearing of this, came up to him, and said, "Wildman, I find you've got Delawarr on your list—pray don't lick him."—"Why not?"—"Why, I don't know—except that he is a brother peer. But pray don't." It is almost needless to add, that his interference, on such grounds, was any thing but successful. One of the few merits, indeed, of public schools is, that they level, in some degree, these artificial distinctions, and that, however the peer may have his revenge in the world afterwards, the young plebeian is, for once, at least, on something like an equality with him.

It is true that Lord Byron's high notions of rank were, in his boyish days, so little disguised or softened down, as to draw upon him, at times, the ridicule of his companions; and it was at Dulwich, I think, that from his frequent boast of the superiority of an old English barony over all the later creations of the peerage, he got the nickname among the boys, of "the Old English baron." But it is a mistake to suppose, that, either at school or afterwards, he was at all guided in the selection of his friends by aristocratic sympathies. On the contrary, like most very proud persons, he chose his intimates in general from a rank beneath his own, and those boys whom he ranked as friends at school were mostly of this description; while the chief charm that recommended to him his younger favourites was their inferiority to himself in age and strength, which enabled him to indulge his generous pride by taking upon himself, when necessary, the office of their protector.

Among those whom he attached to himself by this latter tie, one of the earliest (though he has omitted to mention his name) was William Harness, who at the time of his entering Harrow was ten years of age, while Byron was fourteen. Young Harness, still ill fitted to struggle with the difficulties of a public school; and Byron, one day, seeing him bullied by a boy much older and stronger than himself, interfered and took his part. The next day, as the little fellow was standing alone, Byron came to him, and said, "Harness, if any one bullies you, tell me, and I'll thrash him, if I can." The young champion kept the First's time, married into their family."—See Bry-3

1 [George-John, fifth Earl Delawarr, born October, 1791, succeeded his father, July, 1793. In an unpublished letter of Lord Byron, dated Harrow, Nov. 4. 1803, he says, "Lord Delawarr is considerably younger than me, but the most good-tempered, amiable, clever fellow in the universe: to all which he adds the quality (a good one in the eyes of a woman) of being remarkably handsome. Delawarr and myself are, in a manner, connected; for one of my forefathers in Charles 1

2 [George-John-Frederick, fourth Duke of Dorset, born Nov. 1793. This amiable nobleman was killed by a fall from his horse, while hunting near Dublin, Feb. 1815. See post, Letter, No. 217.]

3 [Mr. Harness is now minister of Regent Square Church. He has published "Sermons on the Sacrament," the "Connexion of Christianity with Happiness," &c.]
his word, and they were from this time, not-withstanding the difference of their ages, inseparable friends. A coolness, however, subsequently arose between them, to which and to the juvenile friendship it interrupted, Lord Byron, in a letter addressed to Harness six years afterwards, alludes with so much kindly feeling, so much delicacy and frankness, that I am tempted to anticipate the date of the letter, and give an extract from it here.

"We both seem perfectly to recollect, with a mixture of pleasure and regret, the hours we once passed together, and I assure you, most sincerely, they are numbered among the happiest of my brief chronicle of enjoyment. I am now getting into years, that is to say, I was twenty a month ago, and another year will send me into the world to run my career of folly with the rest. I was then just fourteen,—you were almost the first of my Harrow friends, certainly the first in my esteem, if not in date; but an absence from Harrow for some time, shortly after, and new connections on your side, and the difference in our conduct (an advantage decidedly in your favour) from that turbulent and riotous disposition of mine, which impelled me into every species of mischief,—all these circumstances combined to destroy an intimacy, which affection urged me to continue, and memory compels me to regret. But there is not a circumstance attending that period, hardly a sentence we exchanged, which is not impressed on my mind at this moment. I need not say more,—this assurance alone must convince you, had I considered them as trivial, they would have been less indelible. How well I recollect the perusal of your 'firstflights!' There is another circumstance you do not know,—the first lines I ever attempted at Harrow were addressed to you. You were to have seen them; but Sinclair had the copy in his possession when we went home;—and, on our return, we were strangers. They were destroyed, and certainly no great loss; but you will perceive from this circumstance my opinions at an age when we cannot be hypocrites.

"I have dwelt longer on this theme than I intended, and I shall now conclude with what I ought to have begun. We were once friends,—nay, we have always been so, for our separation was the effect of chance, not of dissension. I do not know how far our destinations in life may throw us together, but if opportunity and inclination allow you to waste a thought on such a hare-brained being as myself, you will find me at least sincere, and not so bigoted to my faults as to involve others in the consequences. Will you sometimes write to me? I do not ask it often; and, if we meet, let us be what we should be, and what we were."

Of the tenaciousness with which, as we see in this letter, he clung to all the impressions of his youth, there can be no stronger proof than the very interesting fact, that, while so little of his own boyish correspondence has been preserved, there were found among his papers almost all the notes and letters which his principal school favourites, even the youngest, had ever addressed to him; and, in some cases, where the youthful writers had omitted to date their scrawls, his faithful memory had, at an interval of years after, supplied the deficiency. Among these memorials, so fondly treasured by him, there is one which it would be unjust not to cite, as well on account of the manly spirit that dawns through its own childish language, as for the sake of the tender and amiable feeling, which, it will be seen, the re-perusal of it, in other days, awakened in Byron:

"TO THE LORD BYRON, &c. &c.

Harrow on the Hill, July 28. 1805.

"Since you have been so unusually unkind to me, in calling me names whenever you meet me, of late, I must beg an explanation, wishing to know whether you choose to be as good friends with me as ever. I must own that, for this last month, you have entirely cut me,—for, I suppose, your new cronies. But think not that I will (because you choose to take into your head some whim or other) be always going up to you, nor do, as I observe certain other fellows doing, to regain your friendship; nor think that I am your friend either through interest, or because you are bigger and older than I am. No,—it never was so, nor ever shall be so. I was only your friend, and am so still,—unless you go on in this way, calling me names whenever you see me. I am sure you may easily perceive I do not like it; therefore, only your friend, and am so still,—unless you go on in this way, calling me names whenever you see me. I am sure you may easily perceive I do not like it; therefore, why should I be so, if you treat me unkindly? I have no interest in being so. Though you do not let the boys bully me, yet if you reject. Why should I do so? Am I not your equal? Therefore, what interest can I have in doing so? When we meet again in the world, (that is, if you
choose it,) you cannot advance or promote
me, nor I you. Therefore I beg and entreat
of you, if you value my friendship,—which,
by your conduct, I am sure I cannot think
you do,—not to call me the names you do,
nor abuse me. Till that time, it will be out
of my power to call you friend. I shall be
obliged for an answer as soon as it is con­
venient; till then

"I remain yours,
* * *

"I cannot say your friend."

Endorsed on this letter, in the handwriting
of Lord Byron, is the following:—

"This and another letter were written
at Harrow, by my then, and I hope ever,
beloved friend, Lord **, when we were both
school-boys, and sent to my study in con­
sequence of some childish misunderstanding,
—the only one which ever arose between us.
It was of short duration, and I retain this
note solely for the purpose of submitting it
to his perusal, that we may smile over the
recollection of the insignificance of our first
and last quarrel.

"BYRON."

In a letter, dated two years afterwards,
from the same boy, there occurs the follow­
ing characteristic trait:—"I think, by your
last letter, that you are very much piqued
with most of your friends; and, if I am not
much mistaken you are a little piqued with
me. In one part you say, 'There is little
or no doubt a few years, or months, will
render us as politely indifferent to each other
as if we had never passed a portion of our
time together.' Indeed Byron, you wrong
me, and I have no doubt—at least, I hope
—you wrong yourself."

As that propensity to self-delineation,
which so strongly pervades his maturer
works is, to the full, as predominant in his
eyarly productions, there needs no better
record of his mode of life, as a school-boy,
than what these fondly circumstantial effu­
sions supply. Thus the sports he delighted
and excelled in are enumerated:—

"Yet when confinement's lingering hour was done,
Our sports, our studies, and our souls were one:
Together we impell'd the flying ball,
Together join'd in cricket's manly toil,
Or shared the produce of the river's spoil;
Or, plunging from the green, declining shore,
Our pliant limbs the buoyant waters bore;
In every element, unchang'd, the same,
All, all that brothers should be, but the name."

The danger which he incurred in a fight
with some of the neighbouring farmers—an
event well remembered by some of his
school-fellows—is thus commemorated:—

"Still I remember, in the factious strife,
The rustic's musket aim'd against my life;
High pos'd in air the massy weapon hung,
A cry of horror burst from every tongue:
Whilst, in combat with another foe,
Fought on, unconscious of the impending blow.
Your arm, brave boy, arrested his career—
Forward you sprung, insensible to fear;
Disarm'd and baffled by your conquering hand,
The grovelling savage rolled upon the sand."

Some feud, it appears, had arisen on the
subject of the cricket-ground, between these
"clods" (as in school-language they are
called) and the boys, and one or two skir­
mishes had previously taken place. But the
engagement here recorded was accidentally
brought on by the breaking up of school and
the dismissal of the volunteers from drill,
both happening, on that occasion, at the
same hour. This circumstance accounts for
the use of the musket, the butt-end of which
was aimed at Byron's head, and would have
felled him to the ground, but for the inter­
position of his friend Tatnersal, a lively,
high-spirited boy, whom he addresses here
under the name of Davus.

Notwithstanding these general habits of
play and idleness, which might seem to in­
dicate a certain absence of reflection and
feeling, there were moments when the youth­
ful poet would retire thoughtfully within

1 There are, in other letters of the same writer, some
curious proofs of the passionate and jealous sensibility
of Byron. From one of them, for instance, we collect
that he had taken offence at his young friend's addressing
him "my dear Byron," instead of "my dearest;" and
from another, that his jealousy had been awakened by some
expressions of regret which his correspondent had ex­
pressed at the departure of Lord John Russell for
Spain:—

"You tell me," says the young letter-writer, "that
you never knew me in such an agitation as I was when I
wrote my last letter; and do you not think I had reason
to be so? I received a letter from you on Saturday,
telling me you were going abroad for six years in March,
and on Sunday John Russell set off for Spain. Was not
that sufficient to make me rather melancholy? But how
himself, and give way to moods of musing uncongenial with the usual cheerfulness of his age. They show a tomb in the churchyard at Harrow, commanding a view over Windsor, which was so well known to be his favourite resting-place, that the boys called it "Byron's tomb"; and here, they say, he used to sit for hours wrapt up in thought, — brooding lonelily over the first stirrings of passion and genius in his soul, and occasionally, perhaps, indulging in those bright forethoughts of fame, under the influence of which, when little more than fifteen years of age, he wrote these remarkable lines:

"My epitaph shall be my name alone;
If that with honour fail to crown my clay,
Oh may no other fame my deeds repay!
That, only that, shall single out the spot,
By that remember'd, or with that forgot."

In the autumn of 1802, he passed a short time with his mother at Bath, and entered, rather prematurely, into some of the gaieties of the place. At a masquerade given by Lady Riddel, he appeared in the character of a Turkish boy, — a sort of anticipation, both in beauty and costume, of his own young Selim, in "The Bride." On his entering into the house, some person in the crowd attempted to snatch the diamond crescent from his turban, but was prevented by the prompt interposition of one of the party. The lady who mentioned to me this circumstance, and who was well acquainted with Mrs. Byron at that period, adds the following remark in the communication with which she has favoured me: — "At Bath I saw a good deal of Lord Byron, — his mother frequently sent for me to take tea with her. He was always very pleasant and droll, and, when conversing about absent friends, showed a slight turn for satire, which after-years, as we have seen, possessed with the childish notion that it loved, conceived an attachment which — young as he was, even then, for such a feeling — sunk so deep into his mind as to give a colour to all his future life. That unsuccessful loves are generally the most lasting, is a truth, however sad, which unluckily did not require this instance to confirm it. To the same cause, I fear, must be traced the perfect innocence and romance which distinguish this very early attachment to Miss Chaworth from the many others that succeeded, without effacing it in his heart; — making it the only one whose details can be entered into with safety, or whose results, however darkening their influence on himself, can be dwelt upon with pleasurable interest by others.

On leaving Bath, Mrs. Byron took up her abode, in lodgings, at Nottingham, — Newstead Abbey being at that time let to Lord Grey de Ruthen, — and during the Harrow vacations of this year, she was joined there by her son. So attached was he to Newstead, that even to be in its neighbourhood was a delight to him; and, before he became acquainted with Lord Grey, he used sometimes to sleep, for a night, at the small house near the gate, which is still known by the name of "The Hut." An intimacy, however, soon sprung up between him and his noble tenant, and an apartment in the abbey was from thenceforth always at his service. To the family of Miss Chaworth, who resided at Amnesley, in the immediate neighbourhood of Newstead, he had been made known, some time before, in London, and now renewed his acquaintance with them.

The young heiress herself combined with the many worldly advantages that encircled her imports and manners to the fashionable world. She was, even then, for such a feeling — sunk so deep into his mind as to give a colour to all his future life. That unsuccessful loves are generally the most lasting, is a truth, however sad, which unluckily did not require this instance to confirm it. To the same cause, I fear, must be traced the perfect innocence and romance which distinguish this very early attachment to Miss Chaworth from the many others that succeeded, without effacing it in his heart; — making it the only one whose details can be entered into with safety, or whose results, however darkening their influence on himself, can be dwelt upon with pleasurable interest by others.

1 To this tomb he thus refers in the "Childish Recollections," as printed in his first unpublished volume:

2 "That this affair gave a colour to all his future life we do not in the slightest degree believe. It was his own mind that gave the colour to the affair. It was his disposition to aim always at unattainable things. If he had married this idol, he would very soon have drawn the same conclusion respecting her, which he drew respecting all the objects of his more successful pursuit:

3 "That is an old lesson; Time approves it true,
And they who know it best deplore it most;
When all is won that all desire to woo,
The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost." — Westminster Rev.

4 I find this circumstance, of his having occasionally slept at the Hut, though asserted by one of the old servants, much doubted by others.
her, much personal beauty, and a disposition the most amiable and attaching. Though already fully alive to her charms, it was at the period of which we are speaking that the young poet, who was then in his sixteenth year, while the object of his admiration was about two years older, seems to have drunk deepest of that fascination whose effects were to be so lasting;—six short summer weeks which he now passed in her company being sufficient to lay the foundation of a feeling for all life. He used, at first, though offered a bed at Annesley, to return every night to Newstead, to sleep; alleging as a reason that he was afraid of the family pictures of the Chaworths,—that he fancied "they had taken a grudge to him on account of the duel, and would come down from their frames at night to haunt him." At length, one evening, he said gravely to Miss Chaworth and her cousin, "In going home last night I saw a bogle;"—which Scotch term being wholly unintelligible to the young ladies, he explained that he had seen a ghost, and would not therefore return to Newstead that evening. From this time he always slept at Annesley during the remainder of his visit, which was interrupted only by a short excursion to Matlock and Castleton, in which he had the happiness of accompanying Miss Chaworth and her party, and of which the following interesting notice appears in one of his memorandum-books:—

"When I was fifteen years of age, it happened that, in a cavern in Derbyshire, I had to cross in a boat (in which two people only could lie down) a stream which flows under a rock, with the rock so close upon the water as to admit the boat only to be pushed on by a ferryman (a sort of Charon) who wades at the stern, stooping all the time. The companion of my transit was M. A. C., with whom I had been long in love, and— and — and — what has been the result?"

In the dances of the evening at Matlock, Miss Chaworth, of course, joined, while her lover sat looking on, solitary and mortified. It is not impossible, indeed, that the dislike which he always expressed for this amusement may have originated in some bitter pang, felt in his youth, on seeing "the lady of his love" led out by others to the gay dance from which he was himself excluded. On the present occasion, the young heiress of Annesley having had for her partner (as often happens at Matlock) some person with whom she was wholly unacquainted, on her resuming her seat, Byron said to her pettishly, "I hope you like your friend?" The words were scarce out of his lips when he was accosted by an ungainly-looking Scotch lady, who rather boisterously claimed him as "cousin," and was putting his pride to the torture with her vulgarity, when he heard the voice of his fair companion retorting archly in his ear, "I hope you like your friend?"

His time at Annesley was mostly passed in riding with Miss Chaworth and her cousin, sitting in idle reverie, as was his custom, pulling at his handkerchief, or in firing at a door which opens upon the terrace, and which still, I believe, bears the marks of his shots. But his chief delight was in sitting to hear Miss Chaworth play; and the pretty Welsh air, "Mary Anne," was (partly, of course, on account of the name) his especial favourite. During all this time he had the pain of knowing that the heart of her he loved was occupied by another;—that, as he himself expresses it,

"Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
Even as a brother—but no more."

Neither is it, indeed, probable, had even her affections been disengaged, that Lord Byron would, at this time, have been selected as the object of them. A seniority of two years gives to a girl, "on the eve of womanhood," an advance into life with which the boy keeps no proportionate pace. Miss Chaworth looked upon Byron as a mere school-boy. He was in his manners, too, at that period, rough and odd, and (as I have heard from more than one quarter) by no means popular among girls of his own age. If, at any moment, however, he had flattened

See Works, p. 127.

1 It may possibly have been the recollection of these pictures that suggested to him the following lines in the Siege of Corinth:—

"Like the figures on arras that gloomily glare,
Stir'd by the breath of the wintry air,
himself with the hope of being loved by her, a circumstance mentioned in his “Memo-
randa,” as one of the most painful of those
humiliations to which the defect in his foot
had exposed him, must have let the truth in,
with dreadful certainty, upon his heart. He
either was told of, or overheard, Miss Cha-
worth saying to her maid, “Do you think I
could care any thing for that lame boy?”
This speech, as he himself described it, was
like a shot through his heart. Though late
at night when he heard it, he instantly
darted out of the house, and scarcely know-
whither he ran, never stopped till he
found himself at Newstead.

The picture which he has drawn of his
youthful love, in one of the most interesting
events and objects an undying lustre. The
old hall at Annesley, under the name of
“the antique oratory,” will long call up to
fancy the “maid and the youth” who once
stood in it: while the image of the “lover’s
steed,” though suggested by the unromantic
race-ground of Nottingham, will not the less
conduce to the general charm of the scene,
and share a portion of that light which only
genius and feeling can elevate the realities
of this life, and give to the commonest
objects and events a turn from Byron in all his
poetic animality going than a horse! Had his lord-
most impassioned song? As to the lover’s ‘steed,’—no
true to nature; but we cannot think it peculiarly appli-
cable to the ‘Dream.’ The old hall of Annesley is not a
common object, in itself, and still less so is the ancient
oratory: ‘A maiden and a youth,’ are doubtless common
objects; but have not such common objects many
millions of times—are they not the only themes, of all
most impressioned song? As to the lover’s ‘steed,’—no
more poetical animal going than a horse! Had his lord-
ship been about to mount a mule, or take his departure
on a donkey, it might have required all his genius to
throw an undying lustre over ‘that object’ and ‘that
event.’ The reader might have thought of Peter Bell.
With regard to the race-ground of Nottingham, as a
portion of the earth’s surface, it is not unromantic, but
quite the reverse; merely as a race-ground, it will be
neither the better nor the worse of Byron’s ‘Dream.’
Let Mr. Moore, the next time he philosophizes on the
power of poetical genius to shed undying lustre on ‘the
commonest objects and events,’ turn from Byron in all his
glory, to Wordsworth in all his—and then he will be
the tendency to corpulence derived from his
mother, gave promise, at this time, of that pecu-
liar expression into which his features
refined and kindled afterwards.

With the summer holidays ended this
dream of his youth. He saw Miss Chaworth
once more in the succeeding year, and took
his last farewell of her (as he himself used
to relate) on that hill near Annesley which,
in his poem of “The Dream,” he describes
so happily as “crowned with a peculiar
diadem.” No one, he declared, could have
told how much he felt—for his countenance
was calm, and his feelings restrained. “The
next time I see you,” said he in parting with
her, “I suppose you will be Mrs. Chaworth,”
—and her answer was, “I hope so.” It was
before this interview that he wrote, with a
pencil, in a volume of Madame de Maintenon’s
letters, belonging to her, the following verses,
which have never, I believe, before been pub-
lished 4:

1 "This is beautifully expressed, and the sentiment is
ture to nature; but we cannot think it peculiarly appli-
cable to the ‘Dream.’ The old hall of Annesley is not a
common object, in itself, and still less so is the ancient
oratory; ‘A maiden and a youth,’ are doubtless common
objects; but have not such common objects many
millions of times—are they not the only themes, of all
most impressioned song? As to the lover’s ‘steed,’—no
more poetical animal going than a horse! Had his lord-
ship been about to mount a mule, or take his departure
on a donkey, it might have required all his genius to
throw an undying lustre over ‘that object’ and ‘that
event.’ The reader might have thought of Peter Bell.
With regard to the race-ground of Nottingham, as a
portion of the earth’s surface, it is not unromantic, but
quite the reverse; merely as a race-ground, it will be
neither the better nor the worse of Byron’s ‘Dream.’
Let Mr. Moore, the next time he philosophizes on the
power of poetical genius to shed undying lustre on ‘the
commonest objects and events,’ turn from Byron in all his
glory, to Wordsworth in all his—and then he will be

2 Among the unpublished verses of his in my pos-
session, I find the following fragment, written not long
after this period:

3 The lady’s husband, for some time, took her family
name.

4 These stanzas, I have since found, are not Lord
Byron’s, but the production of Lady Tuite, and are con-
tained in a volume published by her Ladyship in the

3 T h e  lady’s husband, for some tim e, took h e r family
name.
'Take out your handkerchief first, for you will want it.' — 'Nonsense!' — 'Take out your handkerchief, I say.' He did so, to humour her. 'Miss Chaworth is married.' An expression very peculiar, impossible to describe, passed over his pale face, and he hurried his handkerchief into his pocket, saying, with an affected air of coldness and nonchalance, 'Is that all?' — 'Why, I expected you would have been plunged in grief!' — He made no reply, and soon began to talk about something else.

His pursuits at Harrow continued to be of the same tranquil description during the whole of his stay there; — "always," as he says himself, "cricketing, rebelling, rowing, and in all manner of mischiefs." The "rebellions" of which he here speaks, (though it never, I believe, proceeded to any act of violence,) took place on the retirement of Dr. Drury from his situation as head master, when three candidates for the vacant chair presented themselves, — Mark Drury, Evans, and Butler. On the first movement to which this contest gave rise in the school, young Wildman was at the head of the party for Mark Drury, while Byron at first held himself aloof from any. Anxious, however, to have him as an ally, one of the Drury faction said to Wildman — "Byron, I know, will not join, because he doesn't choose to act second to any one, but, by giving up the leadership to him, you may at once secure him." This Wildman accordingly did, and Byron took the command of the party.

The violence with which he opposed the election of Dr. Butler on this occasion (chiefly from the warm affection which he had felt towards the last master) continued to embitter his relations with that gentleman during the remainder of his stay at Harrow. Unhappily their opportunities of collision were the more frequent from Byron's being a resident in Dr. Butler's house. One day the young rebel, in a fit of defiance, tore down all the gratings from the window in the hall; and when called upon by his host to say why he had committed this violence, answered, with stern coolness, "Because they darkened the hall." On another occasion he explicitly, and so far manfully, avowed to this gentleman's face the pique he enter-

1 Gibbon, in speaking of public schools, says — "The mimic scene of a rebellion has displayed, in their true colours, the ministers and patriots of the rising generation." — Such prognostics, however, are not always to be relied on; — the mild, peaceful Addison was, when at school, the successful leader of a barring-out.

2 This anecdote, which I have given on the testimony of one of Lord Byron's schoolfellows, Dr. Butler himself assures me, has but very little foundation in fact. — Second Edition.

3 It is deplorable to consider the loss which children make of their time at most schools, employing, or rather casting away, six or seven years in the learning of words only, and that very imperfectly." — Cowley, Essays.

4 "Would not a Chinese, who took notice of our way of breeding, be apt to imagine that all our young gentlemen were designed to be teachers and professors of the dead languages of foreign countries, and not to be men of business in their own?" — Locke on Education.
in vain to expect that the mere pedantries of school could inspire; and the irregular, but ardent, snatches of study which he caught in this way, gave to a mind like his an impulse forwards, which left more disciplined and plodding competitors far behind. The list, indeed, which he has left on record of the works, in all departments of literature, which he thus hastily and greedily devoured before he was fifteen years of age, is such as almost to startle belief,—comprising, as it does, a range and variety of study, which might make much older "hellenous librosrum" hide their heads.

Not to argue, however, from the powers and movements of a mind like Byron’s, which might well be allowed to take a privileged direction of its own, there is little doubt, that to any youth of talent and ambition, the plan of instruction pursued in the great schools and universities of England, wholly inadequate as it is to the intellectual wants of the age, presents an alternative of evils not a little embarrassing. Difficult, nay, utterly impossible, as he will find it, to combine a competent acquisition of useful knowledge with that round of antiquated studies which a pursuit of scholastic honours requires, he must either, by devoting the whole of his attention and ambition to the latter object, remain ignorant on most of those subjects upon which mind grapples with mind in life, or by adopting, as Lord Byron and other distinguished persons have done, the contrary system, consent to pass for a dunce or idler in the schools, in order to afford himself even a chance of attaining eminence in the world.

From the memorandums scribbled by the young poet in his school-books, we might almost fancy that, even at so early an age, he had a sort of vague presentiment that everything relating to him would one day be an object of curiosity and interest. The date of his entrance at Harrow, the names of the boys who were, at that time, monitors, the list of his fellow pupils under Doctor Drury,—all are noted down with a fond minuteness, as if to form points of retrospect the list, indeed, which he has left on record of his "Scriptores Graeci," we find, in his schoolboy hand, the following memorial:

— "George Gordon Byron, Wednesday, June 26th, A. D. 1805, 3 quarters of an hour past 3 o'clock in the afternoon, 3d school,—Calvert, monitor; Tom Wildman on my left hand and Long on my right. Harrow on the Hill." On the same leaf, written five years after, appears this comment:

— "Eheu fugaces, Posthume! Posthume! Labantur anns."

B. January 9th, 1809.—Of the four persons whose names are here mentioned, one is dead, another in a distant climate, all separated, and not five years have elapsed since they sat together in school, and none are yet twenty-one years of age.

The vacation of 1804 he passed with his mother at Southwell, to which place she had removed from Nottingham, in the summer of this year, having taken the house on the Green called Burgage Manor. There is a Southwell play-bill extant, dated August 8th, 1804, in which the play is announced as bespoke "by Mrs. and Lord Byron." The gentleman, from whom the house where they resided was rented, possesses a library of some extent, which the young poet, he says, ransacked with much eagerness on his first coming to Southwell; and one of the books that most particularly engaged and interested him was, as may be easily believed, the life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

CHAPTER IV.

1805—1807.

TRINITY COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE. — COLLEGE FRIENDSHIPS. — VISIT TO SOUTHWELL. — THE PIGOTS. — FAMILY QUARREL. — VOLUME OF POEMS IN THE PRESS. — VISIT TO HARROWGATE. — SOUTHWELL PRIVATE THEATRICALS. — PUBLICATION OF THE POEMS SUPPRESSED. — TRAITS OF CHARACTER AND DISPOSITION. — PUBLICATION OF "HOURS OF IDLENESS." — HABITS AND MODE OF LIFE.

In the month of October, 1805, he was removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, and his feelings on the change from his beloved

1 "A finished scholar may emerge from the head of Westminster or Eton in total ignorance of the business and conversation of English gentlemen in the latter end of the eighteenth century."—Gibbon.

2 "Byron, Harrow on the Hill, Middlesex, Alumnus Scholae Lyonensis primus in anno Domini 1801, Ellinon Dupe."

3 "Monitors, 1801. — Ellison, Royston, Hunxman, Rashleigh, Hokey, Leigh."

3 "Drury’s Pupils, 1804. — Byron, Drury, Sinclair, Hoare, Bolder, Annesley, Calvert, Strong, Acland, Gordon, Drummond."

4 During one of the Harrow vacations, he passed some time in the house of the Abbé de Roufigny, in Toot’s-court, for the purpose of studying the French language; but he was, according to the Abbé’s account, very little given to study, and spent most of his time in boxing, fencing, &c., to the no small disturbance of the reverend teacher and his establishment.
Ida to this new scene of life are thus described by himself:

"When I first went up to college, it was a new and a heavy-hearted scene for me: firstly, I so much disliked leaving Harrow, that though it was time (I being seventeen), it broke my very rest for the last quarter with counting the days that remained. I always hated Harrow till the last year and a half; but there I liked it. Secondly, I wished to go to Oxford, and not to Cambridge. Thirdly, I was so completely alone in this new world, that it half broke my spirits. My companions were not unsocial, but the contrary—lively, hospitable, of rank and fortune, and gay far beyond my gaiety. I mingled with, and dined, and supped, &c., with them; but, I know not how, it was one of the deadliest and heaviest feelings of my life to feel that I was no longer a boy." 1

But though, for a time, he may have felt this sort of estrangement at Cambridge, to remain long without attaching himself was not in his nature; and the friendship which he now formed with a youth named Eddleston, who was two years younger than himself, even exceeded in warmth and romance all his schoolboy attachments. This boy, whose musical talents first drew them together, was, at the commencement of their acquaintance, one of the choir at Cambridge, though he afterwards, it appears, entered into a mercantile line of life; and this disparity in their stations was by no means without its charm for Byron, as gratifying at once both his pride and good-nature, and founding the tie between them on the mutually dependent relations of protection on the one side, and gratitude and devotion on the other;—the only relations, according to Lord Bacon, in which the little friendship that still remains in the world is to be found. It was upon a gift presented to him by Eddleston, that he wrote those verses entitled "The Cornelian," which were printed in his first, unpublished volume, and of which the following is a stanza:

"Some, who can sneer at friendship's ties,
Have for my weakness oft reproved me;
Yet still the simple gift I prize,
For I am sure the giver loved me." 3

Another friendship, of a less unequal kind, which had been begun at Harrow, and which he continued to cultivate during his first year at Cambridge, is thus interestingly dwelt upon in one of his journals:

"How strange are my thoughts!—The reading of the song of Milton, 'Sabrina fair,' has brought back upon me—I know not how or why—the happiest, perhaps, days of my life (always excepting, here and there, a Harrow holiday in the two latter summers of my stay there) when living at Cambridge with Edward Noel Long, 5 afterwards of the Guards,—who, after having served honourably in the expedition to Copenhagen (of which two or three thousand scoundrels yet survive in plight and pay), was drowned early in 1809, on his passage to Lisbon with his regiment in the St. George transport, which was run foul of in the night by another transport. We were rival swimmers—fond of riding—reading—and of conviviality. We had been at Harrow together; but there, at least—his was a less boisterous spirit than mine. I was always cricketing—rebelling—fighting—rowing (from row, not boat-rowing, a different practice), and in all manner of mischiefs; while he was more sedate and polished. At Cambridge—both of Trinity—my spirit rather softened, or his roughened, for we became very great friends. The description of Sabrina's seat reminds me of our rival feats in diving. Though Cam's is not a very translucent wave, it was fourteen feet deep, where we use to dive for, and pick up—having thrown them in on purpose—plates, eggs, and even shillings. I remember, in particular, there was the stump of a tree (at least ten or twelve feet deep) in the bed of the river, in a spot where we bathed most commonly, round which I used to cling, and 'wonder how the devil I came there.'

"Our evenings we passed in music (he was musical, and played on more than one instrument, flute and violoncello), in which I was audience; and I think that our chief beverage was soda-water. In the day we rode, bathed, and lounged, reading occasionally. I remember our buying, with vast alacrity, Moore's new quarto 6 (in 1809), and reading it together in the evenings.

With scarce one speck to cloud the pleasing scene,
No vice degrades that purest soul serene:
On the same day our studious race begun;
On the same day our studious course was run."—

[Works, p. 404.]

1 ["Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,
When Youth itself survives young Love and Joy?
Ah! happy years! once more, who would not be a boy?"

Childe Harold, c. ii. st. 23.]

2 Between superior and inferior, "whose fortunes (as he expresses it) comprehend the one and the other." 3

3 [See Works, p. 388.]

4 [The Cleon of "Childish Recollections;"

"Now last, but nearest, of the social band,
See honest, open, generous Cleon stand;"

5 ["Sabrina fair,

Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of illies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair," &c.]

6 ["Epistles, Odes, and other Poems; by Thomas Moore, Esq."]
"We only passed the summer together; — Long had gone into the Guards during the year I passed in Notts, away from college. His friendship, and a violent, though pure, love and passion — which held me at the same period — were the then romance of the most romantic period of my life.

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

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

These affecting remembrances are contained in a Journal which he kept during his residence at Ravenna, in 1821, and they are rendered still more touching by the circumstances under which they were noted down. Domesticated in a foreign land, and even connected with foreign conspirators, whose arms, at the moment he was writing, were in his house, he could yet thus wholly disengage himself from the scene around him, and borne away by the current of memory into other times, live over the lost friendships of his boyhood again. An English gentleman (Mr. Wathen) who called upon him, at one of his residences in Italy, having happened to mention in conversation that he had been acquainted with Long, from that moment Lord Byron treated him with the most marked kindness, and talked with him of Long, and of his amiable qualities, till (as this gentleman says) the tears could not be concealed in his eyes.

In the summer of this year (1806) he, as usual, joined his mother at Southwell,— among the small, but select, society of which place he had, during his visits, formed some intimacies and friendships, the memory of which is still cherished there fondly and proudly. With the exception, indeed, of the brief and bewildering interval which he passed, as we have seen, in the company of Miss Chaworth, it was at Southwell alone that an opportunity was ever afforded him of profiting by the bland influence of female society, or of seeing what woman is in the true sphere of her virtues, home. The amiable and intelligent family of the Pigots received him within their circle as one of themselves; and in the Rev. John Becher — the youthful poet found not only an acute and judicious critic, but a sincere friend. There were also one or two other families — as the Leacrofts, the Houseons — among whom his talents and vivacity made him always welcome; and the proud shyness with which, through the whole of his minority, he kept aloof from all intercourse with the neighbouring gentlemen seems to have been entirely familiarised away by the small, cheerful society of Southwell. One of the most intimate and valued of his friends, at this period, has given me the following account of her first acquaintance with him:

"The first time I was introduced to him was at a party at his mother’s, when he was so shy that she was forced to send for him three times before she could persuade him

1 ["ere you silver lam• of night
Has thrice retraced her path of light,
I trust that we, my gentle friend,
Shall see her rolling orbit wend
Above the dead and loved peaceful sea,
Which once contained our youth’s retreat;
And then with those our childhood knew,
We’ll mingle in the festive crew."

Lines to E. N. Long, Esq. See Works, p. 414.]

2 A gentleman who has since honourably distinguished himself by his philanthropical plans and suggestions for that most important object, the amelioration of the condition of the poor. [Now prebendary of Southwell, and author of several valuable works on the Constitution of Friendly Societies, the regulation of Prisons and Penitentiaries, &c.]
to come into the drawing-room, to play with the young people at a round game. He was then a fat bashful boy, with his hair combed straight over his forehead, and extremely like a miniature picture that his mother had painted by M. de Chambruland.

The next morning Mrs. Byron brought him to call at our house, when he still continued shy and formal in his manners. The conversation turned upon Cheltenham, where we had been staying, the amusements there, the plays, &c.; and I mentioned that I had seen the character of Gabriel Lackbrain very well performed. His mother getting up to go, he accompanied her, making a formal bow, and I, in allusion to the play, said, "Good by, Gaby." His countenance lighted up, his handsome mouth displayed a broad grin, and all his shyness vanished, never to return, and, upon his mother's saying 'Come, Byron, are you ready?"—no, she might go by herself, he would stay and talk a little longer; and from that moment he used to come in and go out at all hours, as it pleased him, and in our house considered himself perfectly at home."

To this lady was addressed the earliest letter from his pen that has fallen into my hands. He corresponded with many of his Harrow friends,—with Lord Clare, Lord Powerscourt¹, Mr. William Peel², Mr. William Bankes³, and others. But it was then little foreseen what general interest would one day attach to these schoolboy letters; and accordingly, as I have already had occasion to lament, there are but few of them now in existence. The letter, of which I have spoken, to his Southwell friend, though containing nothing remarkable, is perhaps for that very reason worth insertion, as serving to show, on comparing it with most of its successors, how rapidly his mind acquired confidence in its powers. There is, indeed, one charm for the eye of curiosity in his early habits and tastes by which Lord Byron, though in other respects so versatile, was distinguished. In the juvenile letter, just cited, there are two characteristics of this kind which he preserved throughout the remainder of his life;—namely, his punctuality in immediately answering letters, and his love of the simplest ballad music. Among the chief favourites to which this latter taste led him at this time were the songs of the Duenna, which he had the good taste to delight in; and some of his Harrow contemporaries still remember the joyousness with which, when dining with his friends at the memorable mother Barnard's, he used to roar out, "This bottle's the sun of burtable." ²

LETTER 1.  TO MISS PIGOT.

Burghage Manor, August 29th, 1804.

"I received the arms, my dear Miss Pigot, and am very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken. It is impossible I should have any fault to find with them. The sight of the drawings gives me great pleasure for a double reason,—in the first place, they will ornament my books, in the next, they convince me that you have not entirely forgot me. I am, however, sorry you do not return sooner—you have already been gone an age. I perhaps may have taken my departure for London before you come back; but, however, I will hope not. Do not overlook my watch-riband and purse, as I wish to carry them with me. Your note was given me by Harry, at the play, whither I attended Miss L—— and Dr. S——; and now I have sat down to answer it before I go to bed. If I am at Southwell when you return,—and I sincerely hope you will soon, for I very much regret your absence,—I shall be happy to hear you sing my favourite, 'The Maid of Lodi.' My mother, together with myself, desires to be affectionately remembered to Mrs. Pigot, and, believe me, my dear Miss Pigot, I remain your affectionate friend, "Byron."

"P. S. If you think proper to send me any answer to this, I shall be extremely happy to receive it. Adieu.

"P. S. 2d. As you say you are a novice in the art of knitting, I hope it don't give you too much trouble. Go on slowly, but surely. Once more, adieu."

We shall often have occasion to remark the fidelity to early habits and tastes by which Lord Byron, though in other respects so versatile, was distinguished. In the juvenile letter, just cited, there are two characteristics of this kind which he preserved unaltered during the remainder of his life;—namely, his punctuality in immediately answering letters, and his love of the simplest ballad music. Among the chief favourites to which this latter taste led him at this time were the songs of the Duenna, which he had the good taste to delight in; and some of his Harrow contemporaries still remember the joyousness with which, when dining with his friends at the memorable mother Barnard's, he used to roar out, "This bottle's the sun of our table."

His visit to Southwell this summer was interrupted, about the beginning of August, by one of those explosions of temper on the part of Mrs. Byron, to which, from his earliest childhood, he had been but, too well accustomed, and in producing which his own

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1 [Richard Wingfield, fifth viscount Powerscourt. His lordship was born September, 1790, and died August, 1823.]
2 [The Right Honourable William Yates Peel, member of parliament for Tamworth, 1830.]
3 [William Bankes, Esq., the well known Eastern traveller.]
rebels spirit was not always, it may be supposed, entirely blameless. In all his portraits of himself, so dark is the pencil which he employs, that the following account of his own temper, from one of his journals, must be taken with a due portion of that allowance for exaggeration, which his style of self-portraiture, "overshadowing even the shade," requires.

"In all other respects," (he says, after mentioning his infant passion for Mary Duff,) "I differed not at all from other children, being neither tall nor short, dull nor witty, of my age, but rather lively—except in my sullen moods, and then I was always a Devil. They once (in one of my silent rages) wrenched a knife from me, which I had snatched from table at Mrs. B.'s dinner (I always dined earlier), and applied to my breast;—but this was three or four years after, just before the late Lord B.'s decease."

"My ostensible temper has certainly improved in later years; but I shudder, and must, to my latest hour, regret the consequence of it and my passions combined. One event—but no matter—there are others not much better to think of also—and to them I give the preference. . . . .

"But I hate dwelling upon incidents. My temper is now under management—rarely loud, and when loud, never deadly. It is when silent, and I feel my forehead paling, that I cannot control it; and then. . . . but unless there is a woman (and not any or every woman) in the way, I have sunk into tolerable apathy."

Between a temper at all resembling this, and the loud hurricane bursts of Mrs. Byron, the collision, it may be supposed, was not a little formidable; and the age at which the young poet was now arrived, when—as most parents feel—the impatience of youth begins to champ the bit, would but render the occasions for such shocks more frequent. It is told, as a curious proof of their opinion of each other's violence, that, after parting one evening in a tempest of this kind, they were known each to go privately that night to the apothecary's, inquiring anxiously allowance for exaggeration, which his style of self-portraiture, "overshadowing even the shade," requires.

expedient he was driven at the period of which we are speaking; but not till after a scene had taken place between him and Mrs. Byron, in which the violence of her temper had proceeded to lengths, that, however outrageous they may be deemed, were not, it appears, unusual with her. The poet, Young, in describing a temper of this sort, says—

"The cups and saucers, in a whirlwind sent, Just intimate the lady's discontent."

But poker and tongs were, it seems, the missiles which Mrs. Byron preferred, and which she, more than once, sent resounding after her fugitive son. In the present instance, he was but just in time to avoid a blow aimed at him with the former of these weapons, and to make a hasty escape to the house of a friend in the neighbourhood; where,concerting the best means of baffling pursuit, he decided upon an instant flight to London. The letters, which I am about to give, were written, immediately on his arrival in town, to some friends at Southwell, from whose kind interference in his behalf, it may fairly be concluded that the blame of the quarrel, whatever it may have been, did not rest with him. The first is to Mr. Pigot, a young gentleman about the same age as himself, who had just returned, for the vacation, from Edinburgh, where he was, at that time, pursuing his medical studies.

LETTER 2. TO MR. PIGOT.

"16. Piccadilly, August 9. 1806."

"My dear Pigot,

"Many thanks for your amusing narrative of the last proceedings of my amiable Alceto, who now begins to feel the effects of her folly. I have just received a penitential epistle, to which, apprehensive of pursuit, I have despatched a moderate answer, with a kind of promise to return in a fortnight; this, however (entre nous), I never mean to fulfill. Her soft warblings must have delighted her auditors, her higher notes being particularly musical, and on a calm moonlight evening would be heard to great advantage. Had I been present as a spectator, nothing would have pleased me more; but to have come forward as one of the 'dramatis personae'—St. Dominic defend me from such a scene! Seriously, your mother has laid me under great obligations, and you, with the rest of your family, merit my warmest thanks for your kind connivance at my escape from 'Mrs. Byron urious.'

"Oh! for the pen of Ariosto to rehearse, in epic, the scolding of that momentous eve,—or rather, let me invoke the shade of Dante to inspire me, for none but the
author of the Inferno could properly preside over such an attempt. But, perhaps, where the pen might fail, the pencil would succeed. What a group!—Mrs. B. the principal figure; you cramming your ears with cotton, as the only antidote to total deafness; Mrs. —— in vain endeavouring to mitigate the wrath of the lioness robbed of her whelp; and last, though not least, Elizabeth and Wonsky, wonderful to relate!—both deprived of their parts of speech, and bringing up the rear in mute astonishment. How did S. B. receive the intelligence? How many puns did he utter on so facetious an event? In your next inform me on this point, and what excuse you made to A. You are probably, by this time, tired of deciphering this hieroglyphical letter;—like Tony Lumpkin, you will pronounce mine to be a d—d up and down hand. All Southwell, without doubt, is involved in amazement. Apropos, how does my blue-eyed nun, the fair * * * Is she ‘robed in suble garb of woe’?

"Here I remain at least a week or ten days; previous to my departure you shall receive my address, but what it will be I have not determined. My lodgings must be kept secret from Mrs. B. You may present my compliments to her, and say any attempt to pursue me will fail, as I have taken measures to retreat immediately to Portsmouth, on the first intimation of her removal from Southwell. You may add, I have now proceeded to a friend's house in the country, to remain a fortnight."

"I have now blotted (I must not say written) a complete double letter, and in return shall expect a monstrous budget. Without doubt, the dames of Southwell reprobate the pernicious example I have shown, and tremble lest their babes should disobey their mandates, and quit, in dudgeon, their mammas on any grievance. Adieu!—Now to encounter my woe-begone countenance. This gunpowder intimation of her arrival (confound her activity!) breathes less of terror and dismay than you will probably imagine, from the volcanic temperament of her ladyship; and concludes with the comfortable assurance of all present motion being prevented by the fatigue of her journey, for which my blessings are due to the rough roads and restive quadrupeds of his Majesty's highways. As I have not the smallest inclination to be chased round the country, I shall e'en make a merit of necessity; and since, like Macbeth, 'they've tied me to the stake, I cannot fly,' I shall imitate that valorous tyrant, and 'bear-like fight the course,' all escape being precluded. I can now engage with less disadvantage, having drawn the enemy from her intrenchments, though, like the prototype to whom I have compared myself, with an excellent chance of being knocked on the head. However, 'lay on Macduff, and d——d be he who first cries, Hold, enough.'

"I shall remain in town for, at least, a week, and expect to hear from you before its expiration. I presume the printer has brought you the offspring of my poetic mania. Remember in the first line to read 'loud the winds whistle,' instead of 'round,' which that blockhead Ridge has inserted by mistake, and makes nonsense of the whole stanza. Addio!—Now to encounter my Hydra. Yours ever."

LETTER 4. TO MR. PIGOT.

"London, Sunday, midnight, August 10. 1806.

"Dear Pigot,

"This astonishing packet will, doubtless, amaze you; but having an idle hour this evening, I wrote the enclosed stanzas, which I request you will deliver to Hidge, to be printed separate from my other compositions, as you will perceive them to be improper for the perusal of ladies; of course, none of the females of your family must see them. I offer 1000 apologies for the trouble I have given you in this and other instances. Yours truly."

LETTER 5. TO MR. PIGOT.

"Piccadilly, August 16. 1806.

"I cannot exactly say with Caesar, 'Veni, vidi, vici:' however, the most important part of his laconic account of success applies to my present situation; for, though Mrs. Byron took the trouble of 'coming,' and..."
immediately on receiving it. Nor can I conceive the reason of his not acquainting me with his bill, which I will discharge immediately, but I proceed, with all my laurels, to Worthing, on the Sussex coast; to which place you will address (to be left at the post office) your next epistle. By the enclosure of a second gingle of rhyme, you will probably conceive my muse to be vastly prolific; her inserted production was brought forth a few years ago, and found by accident on Thursday among some old papers. I have recopied it, and, adding the proper date, request that it may be printed with the rest of the family. I thought your sentiments on the last bantling would coincide with mine, but it was impossible to give it any other garb, being founded on facts. My stay at Worthing will not exceed three weeks, and you may possibly behold me again at Southwell the middle of September.

"Will you desire Ridge to suspend the printing of my poems till he hears further from me, as I have determined to give them a new form entirely. This prohibition does not extend to the two last pieces I have sent with my letters to you. You will excuse the dull vanity of this epistle, as my brain is a chaos of absurd images, and full of business, preparations, and projects.

"I shall expect an answer with impatience; believe me, there is nothing at this moment could give me greater delight than your letter.

LETTER 6. TO MR. PIGOT.

"London, August 18. 1806.

"I am just on the point of setting off for Worthing, and write merely to request you will send that idle scoundrel Charles with my horses immediately; tell him I am excessively provoked he has not made his appearance before, or written to inform me of the cause of his delay, particularly as I supplied him with money for his journey. On no pretext is he to postpone his march one day longer; and if, in obedience to the caprices of Mrs. B. (who, I presume, is again spreading desolation through her little monarchy), he thinks proper to disregard my positive orders, I shall not, in future, consider him as my servant. He must bring the surgeon's bill with him, which I will discharge immediately on receiving it. Nor can I conceive the reason of his not acquainting Frank with the state of my unfortunate qua-

"P. S. I delegate to you the unpleasant task of despatching him on his journey—Mrs. B.'s orders to the contrary are not to be attended to; he is to proceed first to London, and then to Worthing, without delay. Every thing I have left must be sent to London. My Poetics you will pack up for the same place, and not even reserve a copy for yourself and sister, as I am about to give them an entire new form: when they are complete, you shall have the first fruits. Mrs. B. on no account is to see or touch them. Adieu."

LETTER 7. TO MR. PIGOT.

"Little Hampton, August 26. 1806.

"This morning received your epistle, which I was obliged to send for to Worthing, whence I have removed to this place, on the same coast, about eight miles distant from the former. You will probably not be displeased with this letter, when it informs you that I am 30,000£ richer than I was at our parting, having just received intelligence from my lawyer that a cause has been gained at Lancaster assizes, which will be worth that sum by the time I come of age. Mrs. B. is, doubtless, acquainted of this acquisition, though not apprised of its exact value, of which she had better be ignorant; for her behaviour under any sudden piece of favourable intelligence, is, if possible, more ridiculous than her detestable conduct on the most trifling circumstances of an unpleasant nature. You may give my compliments to her, and say that her detaining my servant's things shall only lengthen my absence; for unless they are immediately despatched to 16. Piccadilly, together with those which have been so long delayed, belonging to myself, she shall never again behold my radiant countenance illuminating her gloomy mansion. If they are sent, I may probably appear in less than two years from the date of my present epistle.

"Metrical compliment is an ample reward for my strains; you are one of the few votaries of Apollo who unite the sciences over which that deity presides. I wish you to send my poems to my lodgings in London immediately, as I have several alterations and some additions to make; every copy must be sent, as I am about to amend them, and you shall soon behold them in all their glory. I hope you have kept them from that
From these letters it will be perceived that Lord Byron was already engaged in preparing a collection of his poems for the press. The idea of printing them first occurred to him in the parlour of that cottage, which, during his visits to Southwell, had become his adopted home. Miss Pigot, who was not before aware of his turn for versifying, had been reading aloud the poems of Burns, when young Byron said that "he, too, was a poet sometimes, and would write down for her some verses of his own which he remembered." He then, with a pencil, wrote those lines, beginning "In thee I fondly hoped to clasp," which were printed in his first unpublished volume, but are not contained in the editions that followed. He also repeated to her the verses I have already referred to, "When to this airy hall my fathers' voice," so remarkable for the anticipations of his future fame that glimmer through them.

From this moment the desire of appearing in print took entire possession of him;—though, for the present, his ambition did not extend its views beyond a small volume for private circulation. The person to whom fell the honour of receiving his first manuscripts was Ridge, the bookseller, at Newark; and while the work was printing, the young author continued to pour fresh materials into his hands, with the same eagerness and rapidity that marked the progress of all his materer works.

His return to Southwell, which he announced in the last letter we have given, was but for a very short time. In a week or two after he again left that place, and, accompanied by his young friend Mr. Pigot, set out for Harrowgate. The following extracts are from a letter written by the latter gentleman, at the time, to his sister.

"Harrowgate is still extremely full; Wednesday (to-day) is our ball-night, and I meditate going into the room for an hour, although I am by no means fond of strange faces. Lord B., you know, is even more shy than myself; but for an hour this evening I will shake it off. * * * How do our theatricals proceed? Lord Byron can say all his part, and I most of mine. He certainly acts it inimitably. Lord B. is now poetising, and, since he has been here, has written some very pretty verses. He is very good in trying to amuse me as much as possible, but it is not in my nature to be happy without either female society or study. * * * There are many pleasant rides about here, which I have taken in company with Bo'swain, who, with Brighton, is universally admired. You must read this to Mrs. B., as it is a little Tony Lumpkinish. Lord B. desires some space left: therefore, with respect to all the comedians elect, believe me to be," &c. &c.

To this letter the following note from Lord Byron was appended:—

"My dear Bridget,

"I have only just dismounted from my Pegasus, which has prevented me from descending to plain prose in an epistle of greater length to your fair self. You regretted, in a former letter, that my poems were not more extensive; I now for your satisfaction announce that I have nearly doubled them, partly by the discovery of some I conceived to be lost, and partly by some new productions. We shall meet on Wednesday next; till then believe me yours affectionately."

"Byron."

"P. S.—Your brother John is seized with a poetic mania, and is now rhyming away at the rate of three lines per hour—so much for inspiration! Adieu!"

By the gentleman, who was thus early the companion and intimate of Lord Byron, and who is now pursuing his profession with the success which his eminent talents deserve, I have been favoured with some further recollections of their visit together to Harrowgate, which I shall take the liberty of giving in his own words:—

"You ask me to recall some anecdotes of the time we spent together at Harrowgate in the summer of 1806, on our return from college, he from Cambridge, and I from Edinburgh; but so many years have elapsed since then, that I really feel myself as if recalling a distant dream. We, I remember, went in Lord Byron's own carriage, with post-horses; and he sent his groom with two saddle-horses, and a beautifully formed, very ferocious, bull-mastiff, called Nelson, to meet us there. Boatswain went by the side of his valet Frank on the box, with us.

1 This precious pencilling is still, of course, preserved. [For a fac-simile of it, see Works, p. 1.]
2 [See Works, p. 378.]
3 The verses "To a beautiful Quaker," in his first volume, were written at Harrowgate. [See Works, p. 357.]
4 A horse of Lord Byron's:—the other horse that he had with him at this time was called Sultan.
5 The favourite dog, on which Lord Byron afterwards wrote the well-known epitaph. [See Works, p. 539.]
The bull-dog, Nelson, always wore a muzzle, and was occasionally sent for into our private room, when the muzzle was taken off, much to my annoyance, and he and his master amused themselves with throwing the room into disorder. There was always a jealous feud between this Nelson and Boatrain; and whenever the latter came into the room while the former was there, they instantly seized each other: and then, Byron, myself, Frank, and all the waiters that could be found, were vigorously engaged in parting them,—which was in general only effected by thrusting poker and tongs into the mouths of each. But, one day, Nelson unfortunately escaped out of the room without his muzzle, and going into the stable-yard fastened upon the throat of a horse from which he could not be disengaged. The stable-boys ran in alarm to find Frank, who taking one of his Lord's Ogdon's pistols, always kept loaded in his pocket, shot poor Nelson through the head, to be disengaged. The stable-boys immediately seized each other; and then, Byron, the swain; and whenever the latter came into the room while the former was there, they retired very soon after dinner, much to my annoyance, and he and his mother desires that he should return, his mother desires he will write to her, as she shall be miserable if he does not arrive the day he fixes. Mr. W. B. has written a card to Mrs. H. to offer for the character of 'Henry Woodville,'—Mr. and Mrs. *** not approving of their son's taking a part in the play: but I believe he will persist in it. Mr. G. W. says, that sooner than the party should be disappointed, he will take any part,—sing—dance—in short, do anything to oblige. Till Lord Byron returns, nothing can be done; and positively he must not be later than Tuesday or Wednesday.

We have already seen that, at Harrow, his talent for declamation was the only one by which Lord Byron was particularly distinguished; and in one of his note-books he adverts, with evident satisfaction, both to his school displays and to the share which he took in these representations at Southwell:

"When I was a youth, I was reckoned a good actor. Besides Harrow speeches (in which I shone), I enacted Penruddock in the Wheel of Fortune, and Tristram Fickle in Allingham's farce of the Weathercock, for three nights (the duration of our compact), in some private theatricals at Southwell in 1806, with great applause. The occasional prologue for our volunteer play was also of my composition. The other performers were young ladies and gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and the whole went off with great effect upon our good-natured audience."

It may, perhaps, not be altogether trifling to observe, that, in thus personating with such success two heroes so different, the young poet displayed both that love and power of versatility by which he was afterwards impelled, on a grander scale, to present himself under such opposite aspects to the world;—the gloom of Penruddock, and the whim of Tristram, being types, as it were, of the two extremes, between which his own character, in after-life, so singularly vibrated.

These representations, which form a memorable era at Southwell, took place about
The latter end of September, in the house of Mr. Leacroft, whose drawing-room was converted into a neat theatre on the occasion, and whose family contributed some of the fair ornaments of its boards. The prologue which Lord Byron furnished, and which may be seen in his "Hours of Idleness," was written by him between stages, on his way from Harrowgate. On getting into the carriage at Chesterfield, he said to his companion, "Now, Pigot, I'll spin a prologue for our play;" and before they reached Mansfield, he had completed his task, interrupting, only once, his rhyming reverie, to ask the proper pronunciation of the French word "début," and, on being told it, exclaiming, in the true spirit of Bysho, "Ay, that will do for rhyme to new."

The epilogue on the occasion was from the pen of Mr. Becher; and for the purpose of affording to Lord Byron, who was to speak it, an opportunity of displaying his powers of mimicry, consisted of good-humoured portraits of all the persons concerned in the representation. Some intimation of this design having got among the actors, an alarm was felt instantly at the ridicule thus in store for them; and to quiet their apprehensions, the author was obliged to assure them that if, after having heard his epilogue at rehearsal, they did not, of themselves, pronounce it harmless, and even request that it should be preserved, he would most willingly withdraw it. In the mean time, it was concerted between this gentleman and Lord Byron that the latter should, on the morning of rehearsal, deliver the verses in a tone as innocent and as free from all point as possible, —reserving his mimicry, in which the whole sting of the pleasantry lay, for the evening of representation. The desired effect was produced; —all the personages of the green-room were satisfied, and even wondered how a suspicion of waggery could have attached itself to so well-bred a production. Their wonder, however, was of a different nature a night or two after, when, on hearing the audience convulsed with laughter at this same composition, they discovered, at last, the trick which the unsuspected mimic had played on them, and had no other resource than that of joining in the laugh which his playful imitation of the whole dramatic personae excited.

The small volume of poems, which he had now for some time been preparing, was, in the month of November, ready for delivery to the select few among whom it was intended to circulate; and to Mr. Becher the first copy of the work was presented. The influence which this gentleman had, by his love of poetry, his sociability and good sense, acquired at this period over the mind of Lord Byron, was frequently employed by him in guiding the taste of his young friend, no less in matters of conduct than of literature; and the ductility with which this influence was yielded to, in an instance I shall have to mention, will show how far from untractable was the natural disposition of Byron, had he more frequently been lucky enough to fall into hands that "knew the stops" of the instrument, and could draw out its sweetness as well as its strength.

In the wild range which his taste was now allowed to take through the light and miscellaneous literature of the day, it was but natural that he should settle with most pleasure on those works from which the feelings of his age and temperament could extract their most congenial food; and, accordingly, Lord Strangford's Camoëns and Little's Poems are said to have been, at it be that young persons commence authorship at an earlier age than heretofore, whilst their fancy is as yet unchastised by experience, it is a melancholy truth, that delicacy is almost excluded from the species of poetry now before us. The young author of the present day suffers his mind to wander without restraint or control; and the extravagances of a prurient imagination, tricked out in all the tinsel and frippery of the modern poet's effeminate vocabulary, are thoughtlessly put into the hands of youth, by those who would have been shocked at the far less seducing danger of a downright obscenity. — Vol. vi. p. 465.
this period, his favourite study. To the indulgence of such a taste his reverend friend very laudably opposed himself,—representing with truth, (as far, at least, as the latter author is concerned,) how much more worthy models, both in style and thought, he might find among the established names of English literature. Instead of wasting his time on the ephemeral productions of his contemporaries, he should devote himself, his adviser said, to the pages of Milton and of Shakspeare, and, above all, seek to elevate his fancy and taste by the contemplation of the sublimer beauties of the Bible. In the latter study, this gentleman acknowledges that his advice had been, to a great extent, anticipated, and of the Bible. In the latter study, this gentleman acknowledges that his advice had been, to a great extent, anticipated, and that with the poetical parts of the Scripture he found Lord Byron deeply conversant:—a circumstance which corroborates the account given by his early master, Dr. Glennie, of his great proficiency in scriptural knowledge while yet but a child under his care.

To Mr. Becher, as I have said, the first copy of his little work was presented; and this gentleman, in looking over its pages, among many things to commend and admire, as well as some almost too boyish to criticise, found one poem in which, as it appeared to him, the imagination of the young bard had indulged itself in a luxuriousness of colouring beyond what even youth could excuse. Immediately, as the most gentle mode of conveying his opinion, he sat down and addressed to Lord Byron some expostulatory verses on the subject 1, to which an answer, also in verse, was returned by the noble poet as promptly, with, at the same time, a note in plain prose, to say that he felt fully the justice of his reverend friend’s censure, and that, rather than allow the poem in question to be circulated, he would instantly recall all the copies that had been sent out, and cancel the whole impression. On the very same evening this prompt sacrifice was carried into effect;—Mr. Becher saw every copy of the edition burned, with the exception of that which he retained in his own possession, and another which had been despatched to Edinburgh, and could not be recalled.

This trait of the young poet speaks sufficiently for itself;—the sensibility, the temper, the ingenuous pliability which it exhibits, show a disposition capable, by nature, of every thing we most respect and love.

Of a no less amiable character were the feelings that, about this time, dictated the following letter;—a letter which it is impossible to peruse without acknowledging the noble candour and conscientiousness of the writer:—

LETTER 8. TO THE EARL OF CLARE.

"Southwell, Notts, February 6. 1807.

"My dearest Clare,

"Were I to make all the apologies necessary to atone for my late negligence, you would justly say you had received a petition instead of a letter, as it would be filled with prayers for forgiveness; but instead of this, I will acknowledge my sins at once, and I trust to your friendship and generosity rather than to my own excuses. Though my health is not perfectly re-established, I am out of all danger, and have recovered every thing but my spirits, which are subject to depression. You will be astonished to hear I have lately written to Delawarr, for the purpose of explaining (as far as possible without involving some old friends of mine in the business) the cause of my behaviour to him during my last residence at Harrow (nearly two years ago), which you will recollect was rather en cavalier. Since that period, I have discovered he was treated with injustice both by those who misrepresented his conduct, and by me in consequence of their suggestions. I have therefore made all the reparation in my power, by apologising for my mistake, though I never expected any answer, but desired one for form’s sake; that has not yet arrived, and most probably never will. However, I have eased my own conscience by the atonement, which is humiliating enough to one of my disposition; yet I could not have slept satisfied with the reflection of having, even unintentionally, injured any individual. I have done all that could be done to repair the injury, and there the affair must end. Whether we renew our intimacy or not is of very trivial consequence.

"My time has lately been much occupied with very different pursuits. I have been transporting a servant 3, who cheated me,—rather a disagreeable event;—performing in private theatricals;—publishing a volume of poems (at the request of my friends, for their perusal);—making love,—and taking physic. The two last amusements have not had the best effect in the world; for my attentions have been divided amongst so many fair damsels, and the drugs I swallow are of such variety in their composition, that between Venus and Æsculapius I am...

1 [See Byroniana.] 2 [See Works, p. 402.] 3 His valet, Frank.
harassed to death. However, I have still leisure to devote some hours to the re-
collections of past, regretted friendships, and
in the interval to take the advantage of the
moment, to assure you how much I am, and
ever will be, my dearest Clare,

"Your truly attached and sincere

"BYRON."

Considering himself bound to replace the
copies of his work which he had withdrawn,
as well as to rescue the general character of
the volume from the stigma this one offender
might bring upon it, he set instantly about
preparing a second edition for the press, and,
during the ensuing six weeks, continued
busily occupied with his task. In the be-
beginning of January we find him forwarding
a copy to his friend, Dr. Pigot, in Edin-
burgh:

LETTER 9. TO MR. PIGOT.

"Southwell, Jan. 13. 1807.

"I ought to begin with sundry apologies,
for my own negligence, but the variety of my
avocations in prose and verse must plead my
excuse. With this epistle you will receive
a volume of all my Juvenilia, published since
your departure : it is of considerably greater
size than the copy in your possession, which
I beg you will destroy, as the present is much
more complete. That unlucky poem to my
poor Mary1 has been the cause of some
animadversion from ladies in years. I have
not printed it in this collection, in conse-
quence of my being pronounced a most pro-
fligate sinner, in short, a 'young Moore,' by
your * * * friend. I believe, in
general, they have been favourably re-
cieved, and surely the age of their author
will preclude severe criticism. The adven-
tures of my life from sixteen to nineteen, and
the dissipation into which I have been
thrown in London, have given a voluptuous
tint to my ideas; but the occasions which
called forth my muse could hardly admit
any other colouring. This volume is vastly
correct and miraculously chaste. Apropos,
talking of love, * * * * * * * 
"If you can find leisure to answer this
farrago of unconnected nonsense, you need
doubt what gratification will accrue
from your reply to yours ever," &c.

1 Of this "Mary," who is not to be confounded either
with the heiress of Annesley, or "Mary" of Aberdeen,
all I can record is, that she was of a humble, if not equi-
vocal, station in life,—that she had long, light golden
hair, of which he used to show a lock, as well as her
picture, among his friends; and that the verses in his

To his young friend, Mr. William Bankes,
who had met casually with a copy of the
work, and wrote him a letter conveying his
opinion of it, he returned the following
answer:

LETTER 10. TO MR. WILLIAM BANKES.

"Southwell, March 6. 1807.

"Dear Bankes,

"Your critique is valuable for many
reasons: in the first place, it is the only one
in which flattery has borne so slight a part;
in the next, I am cloyed with insipid com-
pliments. I have a better opinion of your
judgment and ability than your feelings.
Accept my most sincere thanks for your
kind decision, not less welcome, because
totally unexpected. With regard to a more
exact estimate, I need not remind you how
few of the best poems, in our language, will
stand the test of minute or verbal criticism:
it can, therefore, hardly be expected the ef-
fusions of a boy (and most of these pieces
have been produced at an early period) can
derive much merit either from the subject or
composition. Many of them were written
under great depression of spirits, and during
severe indisposition;—hence the gloomy
turn of the ideas. We coincide in opinion
that the "poésies érotiques" are the most ex-
ceptionable; they were, however, grateful to
the deities, on whose altars they were offered
—more I seek not.

"The portrait of Pomposus2 was drawn
at Harrow, after a long sitting; this accounts
for the resemblance, or rather the caricatura.
He is your friend, he never was mine,—for
both our sakes I shall be silent on this head.
The collegiate rhymes3 are not personal—
one of the notes may appear so, but could not
be omitted. I have little doubt they will be
deservedly abused—a just punishment for
my unflial treatment of so excellent an
Alma Mater. I sent you no copy, lest we
should be placed in the situation of Gil Blas
and the Archbishop of Grenada; though
running some hazard from the experiment, I
wished your verdict to be unbiassed. Had
my 'Libellus' been presented previous to
your letter, it would have appeared a species
of bribe to purchase compliment. I feel no
hesitation in saying, I was more anxious to
hear your critique, however severe, than the
praises of the million. On the same day I was

"Hours of Idleness," entitled "To Mary, on receiving
her Picture," were addressed to her. [See Works,
p. 357.]

2 [See Works, p. 404.]

3 ["Thoughts suggested by a College Examination."
—See Works, p. 397.]
honoured with the encomiums of Mackenzie, the celebrated author of the ‘Man of Feeling.’ Whether his approbation or yours elated me most, I cannot decide.

‘You will receive my Juvenilia,—at least all yet published. I have a large volume in manuscript, which may in part appear hereafter; at present I have neither time nor inclination to prepare it for the press. In the spring I shall return to Trinity, to dismantle my rooms, and bid you a final adieu. The Cam will not be much increased by my tears on the occasion. Your further remarks, however caustic or bitter, to a palate vitiated with the sweets of adulation, will be of service. Johnson has shown us that no poetry is perfect; but to correct mine would be an Heraclean labour. In fact I never looked beyond the moment of composition, and published merely at the request of my friends. Notwithstanding so much has been said concerning the ‘Genus irritabile vatum,’ we shall never quarrel on the subject—poetic fame is by no means the acme of my wishes. — Adieu. Yours ever,

“BYRON.”

This letter was followed by another, on the same subject, to Mr. Bankes, of which, unluckily, only the annexed fragment remains:

* * * * * * *

“For my own part, I have suffered severely in the decease of my two greatest friends, the only beings I ever loved (females excepted); I am therefore a solitary animal, miserable enough, and so perfectly a citizen of the world, that whether I pass my days in Great Britain or Kamtschatka, is to me a matter of perfect indifference. I cannot evince greater respect for your alteration than by immediately adopting it—this shall be done in the next edition. I am sorry your remarks are not more frequent, as I am certain they would be equally beneficial. Since my last, I have received two critical opinions from Edinburgh, both too flattering for me to detail. One is from Lord Woodhouselee,2 at the head of the Scotch literati, and a most voluminous writer (his last work is a Life of Lord Kaimes); the other from Mackenzie, who sent his decision a second time, more at length. I am not personally acquainted with either of these gentlemen, nor ever requested their sentiments on the subject: their praise is voluntary, and trans-mitted through the medium of a friend, at whose house they read the productions.

“Contrary to my former intention, I am now preparing a volume for the public at large: my amatory pieces will be exchanged, and others substituted in their place. The whole will be considerably enlarged, and appear the latter end of May. This is a hazardous experiment; but want of better employment, the encouragement I have met with, and my own vanity, induce me to stand the test, though not without sundry palpitations. The book will circulate fast enough in this country, from mere curiosity, what I prin——”3

* * * * *

The following modest letter accompanied a copy which he presented to Mr. Falkner, his mother’s landlord:

LETTER II. TO MR. FALKNER.

“Sir,

“The volume of little pieces which accompanies this, would have been presented before, had I not been apprehensive that Miss Falkner’s indisposition might render such trifles unwelcome. There are some errors of the printer which I have not had time to correct in the collection: you have it thus, with ‘all its imperfections on its head,’ a heavy weight, when joined with the faults of its author. Such ‘Juvenilia,’ as they can claim no great degree of approbation, I may venture to hope, will also escape the severity of uncalled for, though perhaps not undeserved, criticism.

“They were written on many and various occasions, and are now published merely for the perusal of a friendly circle. Believe me, sir, if they afford the slightest amusement to yourself and the rest of my social readers, I shall have gathered all the bays I ever wish to adorn the head of yours, very truly,

“BYRON.”

“P.S.—I hope Miss F. is in a state of recovery.”

Notwithstanding this unambitious declaration of the young author, he had that within which would not suffer him to rest so easily; and the fame he had now reaped within a limited circle made him but more eager to try his chance on a wider field. The hundred copies of which this edition consisted were hardly out of his hands, when

1 [Mr. Mackenzie died in January 1831, at the advanced age of eighty-six.]
3 Here the imperfect sheet ends.
with fresh activity he went to press again,—and his first published volume, "The Hours of Idleness," made its appearance. Some new pieces which he had written in the interim were added, and no less than twenty of those contained in the former volume omitted;—for what reason does not very clearly appear, as they are, most of them, equal, if not superior, to those retained.

In one of the pieces, reprinted in the "Hours of Idleness," there are some alterations and additions, which, as far as they may be supposed to spring from the known feelings of the poet respecting birth, are curious. This poem, which is entitled "Epitaph on a Friend," appears, from the lines I am about to give, to have been, in its original state, intended to commemorate the death of the same lowly-born youth, to whom some affectionate verses, cited in a preceding page, were addressed:—

"Though low thy lot, since in a cottage born,
No titles did thy humble name adorn;
To me, far dearer was thy artless love
Than all the joys wealth, fame, and friends could prove."

But, in the altered form of the epitaph, not only this passage, but every other containing an allusion to the low rank of his young companion, is omitted; while, in the added parts, the introduction of such language as

"What, though thy sire lament his failing line,
seems calculated to give an idea of the youth's station in life, wholly different from that which the whole tenour of the original epitaph warrants. The other poem, too, which I have mentioned, addressed evidently to the same boy, and speaking in similar terms of the "lowness" of his "lot," is, in the "Hours of Idleness," altogether omitted.

That he grew more conscious of his high station, as he approached to manhood, is not improbable; and this wish to sink his early friendship with the young cottager may have been a result of that feeling.

As his visits to Southwell were, after this period, but few and transient, I shall take the present opportunity of mentioning such miscellaneous particulars respecting his habits and mode of life, while there, as I have been able to collect.

Though so remarkably shy, when he first went to Southwell, this reserve, as he grew more acquainted with the young people of the place, wore off; till, at length, he became a frequenter of their assemblies and dinner-parties, and even felt mortified if he heard of a rout to which he was not invited. His horror, however, at new faces still con-

1 [See Works, p. 377.]

2 [See Works, p. 410.]
might have inspired. His next visit was usually to his friend Mr Becher’s, and from thence to one or two other houses on the Green, after which the rest of the day was devoted to his favourite exercises. The evenings he usually passed with the same family, among whom he began his morning, either in conversation, or in hearing Miss Pigot play upon the piano-forte, and singing over with her a certain set of songs which he admired—among which the “Maid of Lodi,” (with the words, “My heart with love is beating,”) and “When Time who steals our years away,” were, it seems, his particular favourites. He appears, indeed, to have, even thus early, shown a decided taste for that sort of regular routine of life,—bringing round the same occupations at the stated periods,—which formed so much the system of his existence during the greater part of his residence abroad.

Those exercises, to which he flew for distraction in less happy days, formed his enjoyment now; and between swimming, sparring, firing at a mark, and riding, the greater part of his time was passed. In the last of these accomplishments he was by no means very expert. As an instance of his little knowledge of horses, it is told, that, seeing a pair one day pass his window, he exclaimed, “What beautiful horses! I should like to buy them.”—“Why, they are your own, my Lord,” said his servant. Those who knew him, indeed, at that period, were rather surprised, in after-life, to hear so much of his riding;—and the truth is, I am inclined to think, that he was at no time a very adroit horseman.

In swimming and diving we have already seen, by his own accounts, he excelled; and a lady in Southwell, among other precious relics of him, possesses a thimble which he borrowed of one of his neighbours. This bed, which the old lord had killed Mr. Chaworth, and which his descendant always kept as a memorial by his bedside. Such is the ready process by which fiction is often engraven upon fact;—the sword in question being a most innocent and bloodless weapon, which Lord Byron, during his visits at Southwell, used to borrow of one of his neighbours.

His fondness for dogs—another fancy which accompanied him through life—may be judged from the anecdotes already given, in the account of his expedition to Harrowgate. Of his favourite dog Boatswain, whom he has immortalised in verse, and by whose side it was once his solemn purpose to be buried, some traits are told, indicative, not only of intelligence, but of a generosity of spirit, which might well win for him the affections of such a master as Byron. One of these I shall endeavour to relate as nearly as possible as it was told to me. Mrs. Byron had a fox-terrier, called Gilpin, with whom her son’s dog, Boatswain, was perpetually at war, taking every opportunity of attacking and worrying him so violently, that it was very much apprehended he would kill the animal. Mrs. Byron therefore sent off her terrier to a tenant at Newstead; and on the departure of Lord Byron for Cambridge, his “friend” Boatswain, with two other dogs, was intrusted to the care of a servant till his return. One morning the servant was much alarmed by the disappearance of gone past the window with his bat on his shoulder to cricket, which he is as fond of as ever.”

1 [See Works, p. 388.]

4 [Ib. p. 539.]

5 In one of Miss Pigot’s letters, the following notice of these canine feuds occurs:—“Boatswain has had another battle with Tippoo at the House of Correction, and came off conqueror. Lord B. brought Bos’en to our window this morning, when Gilpin, who is almost always here, got into an amazing fury with him.”
Boatswain, and throughout the whole of the day he could hear no tidings of him. At last, towards evening, the stray dog arrived, accompanied by Gilpin, whom he led immediately to the kitchen fire, licking him and lavishing upon him every possible demonstration of joy. The fact was, he had been all the way to Newstead to fetch him; and having now established his former foe under the roof once more, agreed so perfectly well with him ever after, that he even protected him against the insults of other dogs (a task which the quarrelsome nature of the little terrier rendered no sinecure), and, if he but heard Gilpin’s voice in distress, would fly instantly to his rescue.

In addition to the natural tendency to superstition, which is usually found in connection with the poetical temperament, Lord Byron had also the example and influence of his mother, acting upon him from infancy, to give his mind this tinge. Her implicit belief in the wonders of second sight, and the strange tales she told of this mysterious faculty, used to astonish not a little her sober English friends; and it will be seen, that, at so late a period as the death of his friend Shelley, the idea of fetches and forewarnings impressed upon him by his mother had not wholly lost possession of the poet’s mind. As an instance of a more playful sort of superstition I may be allowed to mention a slight circumstance told me of him by one of his Southwell friends. This lady had a large agate bead with a wire through it, which had been taken out of a barrow, and lay always in her work-box. Lord Byron asking one day what it was, she told him that it had been given her as an amulet, and the charm was, that as long as she had this bead in her possession, she should never be in love. “Then give it to me,” he cried, eagerly, “for that’s just the thing I want.” The young lady refused; but it was not long before the bead disappeared. She taxed him with the theft, and he owned it; but said, she never should see her amulet again.

Of his charity and kind-heartedness he left behind him at Southwell—as, indeed, at every place, throughout life, where he resided any time—the most cordial recollections. “He never,” says a person, who knew him intimately at this period, “met with objects of distress without affording them succour.” Among many little traits of this nature, which his friends delight to tell, I select the following,—less as a proof of his generosity, than from the interest which the simple incident itself, as connected with the name of Byron, presents. While yet a school-boy, he happened to be in a bookseller’s shop at Southwell, when a poor woman came in to purchase a Bible. The price, she was told by the shopman, was eight shillings. “Ah, dear sir,” she exclaimed, “I cannot pay such a price; I did not think it would cost half the money.” The woman was then, with a look of disappointment, going away,—when young Byron called her back, and made her a present of the Bible.

In his attention to his person and dress, to the becoming arrangement of his hair, and to whatever might best show off the beauty with which nature had gifted him, he manifested, even thus early, his anxiety to make himself pleasing to that sex who were, from first to last, the ruling stars of his destiny. The fear of becoming, what he was naturally inclined to be, enormously fat, had induced him, from his first entrance at Cambridge, to adopt, for the purpose of reducing himself, a system of violent exercise and abstinence, together with the frequent use of warm baths. But the embittering circumstance of his life,—that, which haunted him like a curse, amidst the buoyancy of youth, and the anticipations of fame and pleasure, was, strange to say, the trifling deformity of his foot. By that one slight blemish (as in his moments of melancholy he persuaded himself) all the blessings that nature had showered upon him were counterbalanced. His revered friend, Mr. Becher, finding him one day unusually dejected, endeavoured to cheer and rouse him, by representing, in their brightest colours, all the various advantages with which Providence had endowed him,—and, among the greatest, that of “a mind which placed him above the rest of mankind.”—“Ah, my dear friend,” said Byron, mournfully,—“if this (laying his hand on his forehead) places me above the rest of mankind, that (pointing to his foot) places me far, far below them.”

It sometimes, indeed, seemed as if his sensitiveness on this point led him to fancy that he was the only person in the world afflicted with such an infirmity. When that accomplished scholar and traveller, Mr. D. Baillie, who was at the same school with him at Aberdeen, met him afterwards at Cambridge, the young peer had then grown so fat that, though accosted by him familiarly as his school-fellow, it was not till he mentioned his name that Mr. Baillie could recognise him. “It is odd enough, too, that you shouldn’t know me,” said Byron—“I thought nature had set such a mark upon me, that I could never be forgot.”

1 [David Baillie, Esq. of Hailes-hall, Wiltshire.]
But, while this defect was such a source of mortification to his spirit, it was also, and in an equal degree, perhaps, a stimulus:— and more especially in whatever depended upon personal prowess or attractiveness, he seemed to feel himself piqued by this stigma, which nature, as he thought, had set upon him, to distinguish himself above those whom she had endowed with her more "fair proportion." In pursuits of gallantry he was, I have no doubt, a good deal actuated by this incentive; and the hope of astonishing the world, at some future period, as a chieftain and hero, mingled little less with his young dreams than the prospect of a poet's glory. "I will, some day or other," he used to say, when a boy, "raise a troop,—the men of which shall be dressed in black, and ride on black horses. They shall be called 'Byron's Blacks,' and you will hear of their performing prodiges of valour."

I have already adverted to the exceeding eagerness with which, while at Harrow, he devoted all sorts of learning,—excepting only that which, by the regimen of the school, was prescribed for him. The same rapid and multifarious course of study he pursued during the holidays; and, in order to deduct as little as possible from his hours of exercise, he had given himself the habit, while at home, of reading all dinner-time.1 In a mind so versatile as his, every novelty, whether serious or light, whether lofty or mundane, was eagerly sought. He was seized with a particular relish for whatever was remarkable; and when we recollect that the reader of all these volumes was, at the age of eighteen, the possessor of a most retentive memory, it may be doubted whether, among what are called the regularly educated, the contenders for scholastic honours and prizes, there could be found a single one who, at the same age, has possessed anything like the same stock of useful knowledge.

CHAPTER V.
1807—1808.

CAMBRIDGE.—MEMORANDA OF READINGS.
—DETACHED POEMS.—'THE NEWSTEAD OAK.'—'VERSES TO MY SON.'—'PRAYER OF NATURE.'—THE ROCHDALE CAUSE.—VISIT TO SOUTHWELL.—DEATH OF EDLESTON.—COLLEGE ANECDOTES.—CORRESPONDENCE.—SUCCESS OF THE POEMS.—REVIEW OF WORDSWORTH.—DISSIPATIONS OF LONDON AND CAMBRIDGE.—PROJECTED TOUR TO THE HIGHLANDS.—COMMENCEMENT OF 'BOSWORTH FIELD,' AN EPIC.

I shall now give, from a memorandum-book begun by him this year, the account, as I find it hastily and promiscuously scribbled out, of all the books in various departments of knowledge, which he had already perused at a period of life when few of his schoolfellows had yet travelled beyond their longs and shorts. The list is, unquestionably, a remarkable one;—and when we recollect that the reader of all these volumes was, at the same time, the possessor of a most retentive memory, it may be doubted whether, among what are called the regularly educated, the contenders for scholastic honours and prizes, there could be found a single one who, at the same age, has possessed anything like the same stock of useful knowledge.

"LIST OF HISTORICAL WRITERS WHOSE WORKS I HAVE PERUSED IN DIFFERENT LANGUAGES."


"Scotland.—Buchanan, Hector Boethius, both in the Latin.

"Ireland.—Gordon.

"Rome.—Hooke, Decline and Fall by Gibbon, Ancient History by Rollin (including an account of the Carthaginians, &c.), besides Livy, Tacitus, Eutropius, Cornelius Nepos, Julius Caesar, Arrian, Sallust.

"Greece.—Mitford's Greece, Leland's Philip, Plutarch, Potter's Antiquities, Xenophon, Thucydides, Herodotus.

"France.—Mezeray, Voltaire.

"Spain.—I chiefly derived my knowledge of old Spanish History from a book called the Atlas, now obsolete. The modern history, from the intrigues of Alberoni down to the Prince of Peace, I learned from its connection with European politics.

"Portugal.—From Vertot; as also his account of the Siege of Rhodes,—though the last is his own invention, the real facts being totally different.—So much for his Knights of Malta.

"Turkey.—I have read Knolles, Sir Paul

1 "It was the custom of Burns," says Mr. Lockhart, in his Life of that poet, "to read at table."

2 ["Few young men at College, Mr. Moore thinks, had read so much: we think so too: we may make large deductions from it, and still think so. There is, however,
MEMORANDA OF READINGS.

Rycaut, and Prince Cantemir\(^1\), besides a more modern history, anonymous. Of the Ottoman History I know every event, from Tangralopi, and afterwards Ohnum I., to the peace of Passarowitz, in 1718,—the battle of Cutzka, in 1739, and the treaty between Russia and Turkey in 1790.

Russia.—Tooke's Life of Catherine II., Voltaire's Czar Peter.

Sweden.—Voltaire's Charles XII., also Norberg's Charles XII.—in my opinion the best of the two.—A translation of Schiller's Thirty Years' War, which contains the exploits of Gustavus Adolphus, besides Harte's Life of the same Prince.\(^2\) I have somewhere, too, read an account of Gustavus Vasa, the deliverer of Sweden, but do not remember the author's name.

Prussia.—I have seen, at least, twenty Lives of Frederick II., the only prince worth recording in Prussian annals. Gillies, his own Works, and Thiebault,—none very amusing. The last is paltry, but circumstantial.

Denmark—I know little of. Of Norway I understand the natural history, but not the chronological.

Germany.—I have read long histories of the house of Suabia, Wenceslaus, and at length, Rodolph of Hapsburgh and his thick-lipped Austrian descendants.

Switzerland.—Ah! William Tell, and the battle of Morgarten, where Burgundy was slain.

Italy.—Davila, Guicciardini, the Gulphs and Ghibellines, the battle of Pavia, Massaniello, the revolutions of Naples, &c. &c.

Hindostan.—Orme and Cambridge.

America.—Robertson, Andrews' American War.

Africa—merely from travels, as Mungo Park, Bruce.

Biography.

Robertson's Charles V.—Cæsar, Sallust (Catiline and Jugurtha), Lives of Marlborough and Eugene, Tekeli, Bonnard, Buonaparte, all the British Poets, both by Johnson and Anderson, Rousseau's Confessions, Life of Cromwell, British Plutarch, British Nepos, Campbell's Lives of the Admirals, Charles XII., Czar Peter, Catherine II., Henry Lord Kaimes, Marmontel, Teignmouth's Sir William Jones, Life of Newton, Belisaire, with thousands not to be detailed.

Law.

Blackstone, Montesquieu.

Philosophy.


Geography.

Strabo, Cellarius, Adams, Pinkerton, and Guthrie.

Poetry.

All the British Classics as before detailed, with most of the living poets, Scott, Southey, &c.—Some French in the original, of which the Cid is my favourite.—Little Italian.—Greek and Latin without number;—these last I shall give up in future.—I have translated a good deal from both languages, verse as well as prose.

Elocution.

Demosthenes, Cicero, Quintilian, Sheridan, Austin's Chironomia, and Parliamentary Debates from the Revolution to the year 1742.

Divinity.

Blair, Porteus, Tillotson, Hooker,—all very tiresome. I abhor books of religion, though I reverence and love my God, without the blasphemous notions of sectaries, or belief in their absurd and damnable heresies, mysteries, and Thirty-nine Articles.

Miscellanies.

Spectator, Rambler, World, &c. &c.—Novels by the thousand.

All the books here enumerated I have taken down from memory, I recollect reading them, and can quote passages from any mentioned. I have, of course, omitted several in my catalogue; but the greater part of the above I perused before the age of fifteen. Since I left Harrow, I have become idle and conceited, from scribbling rhyme and making love to women.

B.—Nov. 30. 1807.

\(^1\) 'He was as good a sovereign of the sort As any mention'd in the histories Of Cantemir, or Knölles, where few shine Save Solynian, the glory of their line.'—Don Juan, c. v. st. 147.

\(^2\) [Norberg was a native of Sweden. His Life of Charles XII., which is rather a collection of useful materials, than a well-digested narrative, was published in 1740, in two volumes folio.]

\(^3\) [Dr. Walter Hare was tutor to Lord Chesterfield's natural son, Mr. Stanhope. His History of Gustavus Adolphus appeared in 1729. "Harte," said Dr. Johnson, "was excessively vain. Poor man! he left London the day of the publication of his book, that he might be out of the way of the great praise he was to receive; and he was ashamed to return, when he found how ill his book had succeeded; it was unlucky in coming out on the same day with Robertson's History of Scotland."— Boswell, vol. VIII. p. 33.]
I have also read (to my regret at present) above four thousand novels, including the works of Cervantes, Fielding, Smollet, Richardson, Mackenzie, Sterne, Rabelais, and Rousseau, &c. &c. The book, in my opinion, most useful to a man who wishes to acquire the reputation of being well read, with the least trouble, is "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy," the most amusing and instructive medley of quotations and classical anecdotes I ever perused. But a superficial reader must take care, or his intricacies will bewilder him. If, however, he has patience to go through his volumes, he will be more improved for literary conversation than by the perusal of any twenty other works with which I am acquainted,—at least in the English language.1

To this early and extensive study of English writers may be attributed that mastery over the resources of his own language with which Lord Byron came furnished into the field of literature, and which enabled him, as fast as his youthful fancies sprang up, to clothe them with a diction worthy of their strength and beauty. In general, the difficulty of young writers, at their commencement, lies far less in any lack of thoughts or images, than in that want of a fitting organ to give those conceptions vent, to which their unacquaintance with the great instrument of the man of genius, his native language, dooms them. It will be found, indeed, that the three most remarkable examples of early authorship, which, in their respective lines, the history of literature affords—Pope, Congreve, and Chatterton—were all of them persons self-educated2, according to their own intellectual wants and tastes, and left, undistracted by the worse than useless pedantries of the schools, to seek, in the pure "well of English undeciled," those treasures of which they accordingly so very early and intimately possessed themselves.3 To these three instances may now be added, virtually, that of Lord Byron, who, though a disciple of the schools, was, intellectually speaking, in them, not of them, and who, while his comrades were pitying curiously into the graves of dead languages, betook himself to the fresh, living sources of his own4, and from thence drew those rich, varied stores of diction, which have placed his works, from the age of two-and-twenty upwards, among the most precious depositories of the strength and sweetness of the English language that our whole literature supplies.

In the same book that contains the above record of his studies, he has written out, also from memory, a "List of the different poets, dramatic or otherwise, who have distinguished their respective languages by their productions." After enumerating the various poets, both ancient and modern, of Europe, he thus proceeds with his catalogue through other quarters of the world:

"Arabia.—Mahomet, whose Koran contains most sublime poetical passages, far surpassing European poetry.

"Persia.—Ferdousi5, author of the Shah Nameh, the Persian Iliad—Sadi6, and Hafiz, the immortal Hafiz, the oriental Anacreon. The last is reverenced beyond any bard of ancient or modern times by the Persians, who resort to his tomb near Shiraz, to celebrate his memory. A splendid copy of his works is chained to his monument.7

1 ["Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy' is a valuable work. It is, perhaps, overloaded with quotation: but there is a great spirit and great power in what Burton says, when he writes from his own mind. It is the only book that ever took me out of bed two hours sooner than I wished to rise."—Johnson. Boswell, vol. iii. p. 135., and vi. p. 70.]
2 ["I took to reading by myself," says Pope, "for which I had a very great eagerness and enthusiasm. I followed every where, as my fancy led me, and was like a boy gathering flowers in the fields and woods, just as they fell in his way. These five or six years I still look upon as the happiest part of my life." It appears, too, that he was himself aware of the advantages which this free course of study brought with it: "Mr. Pope," says Spence, "thought himself the better, in some respects for not having had a regular education. He (as he observed in particular) read originally for the sense, whereas we are taught, for so many years, to read only for words."
3 Before Chatterton was twelve years old, he wrote a catalogue, in the same manner as Lord Byron, of the books he had already read, to the number of seventy. Of these the chief subjects were history and divinity.
4 The perfect purity with which the Greeks wrote their own language was, with justice, perhaps, attributed by themselves to their entire abstinence from the study of any other. "If they became learned," says Ferguson, "it was only by studying what they themselves had produced."
5 ["Ferdousi died A.D. 1021. He is the Homer of the Persians, and his verses are as familiar among the military class, as if their preservation depended merely upon oral tradition. The practice of reciting them before engaging in battle, proves that he enjoys as high a reputation among his countrymen as the poets of ancient Greece, or the bards of Northern Europe."—Quarter. Rev. vol. xxxv. p. 302.]
6 [Sadi was born at Schezar in 1175, educated at Damascus, and died at the age of 120. Of his works, the Gulistan, or Flower Garden, consisting of short tales, anecdotes, and apologues, is most known to European readers. A translation into English, by Francis Gladwin, in two volumes, 4to, appeared in 1808-9.]
7 ["Hafiz is the universal favourite of the Persians, who visit his tomb in dust, to do honour to his memory, by strewing flowers and pouring out libations of the choicest wines. The great Latin poet has said,—

"Exegi monumentum aere perennius," &c.
"America. — An epic poet has already appeared in that hemisphere, Barlow, author of the Columbiad. — not to be compared with the works of more polished nations."

"Iceland, Denmark, Norway, were famous for their Skalds. Among these Lodburgh was one of the most distinguished. His Death Song breathes ferocious sentiments, but a glorious and impassioned strain of poetry."

"Hindostan is undistinguished by any great bard, at least the Sanscrit is so imperfectly known to Europeans, we know not what poetical relics may exist."

"The Birman Empire. — Here the natives are passionately fond of poetry, but their bards are unknown."

"China. — I never heard of any Chinese poet but the Emperor Kien Long, and his Ode to Tea. What a pity their philosopher Confucius did not write poetry, with his precepts of morality!"

"Africa. — In Africa some of the native melodies are plaintive, and the words simple and affecting; but whether their rude strains of nature can be classed with poetry, as the songs of the bards, the Skalds of Europe, &c. &c., I know not."

"This brief list of poets I have written down from memory, without any book of reference: consequently some errors may occur, but I think, if any, very trivial. The works of the European, and some of the Asiatic, I have perused, either in the original or translation."

And Hafiz, with the same confidence of genius, thus claims lasting fame for his works: — "Blithely sing, O Hafiz; you have uttered odes, you have sung pearls, and Heaven has enriched you with the crown of the Pleiades." He is unquestionably the Horace of the East, and, notwithstanding the difference of national manners, he is the oriental writer with whose works a European scholar will most wish to become familiar." — Sin Joux Malcolm.

1 [An edition of the "Columbiad" appeared in London in 1809, and is thus noticed by the Edinburgh Reviewers: — "Mr. Barlow, we are afraid, will not be the Homer of his country; and will never take his place among the enduring poets either of the old or of the new world. As to the Americans, their want of literature is to be ascribed, not to the immaturity of their progress in civilization, but to the nature of the occupations in which they are generally engaged. These federal republicans bear no sort of resemblance to the Greeks of the days of Homer, or the Italians of the age of Dante; but are very much such people as the modern traders of Manchester, Liverpool, or Glasgow. They have all a little Latin whipped into them in their youth; and read Shakspeare, Pope, and Milton, as well as bad English novels, in their days of courtship and leisure. They are just as likely to write epic poems, therefore, as the inhabitants of our trading towns at home." Vol. xvi. p. 24. At one time Barlow was a red-hot republican. In 1792, he published the "Conspiracy of Kings," and in 1798 composed a song for the celebration of the 4th of July, in which he prayed that God may

"Save the guillotine,
Till England's king and queen
Her power shall prove."
When he first went to Newstead, on his arrival from Aberdeen, he planted, it seems, a young oak in some part of the grounds, and had an idea that as it flourished so should he. Some six or seven years after, on revisiting the spot, he found his oak choked up by weeds, and almost destroyed.

In this circumstance, which happened soon after Lord Grey de Ruthen left Newstead, originated one of these poems, which consists of five stanzas, but of which the few opening lines will be a sufficient specimen:

"Young Oak, when I planted thee deep in the ground,
I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine;
That thy dark-waving branches would flourish around,
And thy trunk be undamaged by the winds of fate."

"Such, such was my hope, when, in infancy's years,
Young Oak, when I planted thee deep in the ground,
Of five stanzas, but of which the few opening lines will be a sufficient specimen:

"They decay, not the weeds that surround thee can hide.
I left thee, my Oak, and since that fatal hour,
A stranger has dwelt in the hall of my sire," &c. &c.

The subject of the verses that follow is sufficiently explained by the notice which he has prefixed to them; and, as illustrative of the romantic and almost lovelike feeling which he threw into his school friendships, they appeared to me, though rather quaint and elaborate, to be worth preserving.

"Some years ago, when at Harrow, a friend of the author engraved on a particular spot the names of both, with a few additional words as a memorial. Afterwards, on receiving some real or imagined injury, the author destroyed the frail record before he left Harrow. On revisiting the place in 1807, he wrote under it the following stanzas:"

"Here once engaged the stranger's view
Young Friendship's record simply traced;
Few were her words,—but yet though few,
Rejoicing's hand the line defaced.

"Deeply she cut—but, not erased,
The characters were still so plain,
That Friendship once return'd, and gazed.—
Till Memory half'd the words again.

"Repentance placed them as before;
Forgiveness join'd her gentle name;
So fair the inscription seem'd once more,
That Friendship thought it still the same.

1 [See Works, p. 356. Shortly after Colonel Wildman, the present proprietor of Newstead, took possession, he one day said to the servant who was with him, 'Here is a fine young oak; but it must be cut down, as it grows in an improper place.'—'I hope not, sir,' replied the man; 'for it's the one my lord was so fond of, because he set it himself.' The Colonel, of course, taken every possible care of it; and it is already regularly enquired after by strangers, as 'The Byron Oak.']

2 [See Works, p. 537.]

3 [Ibid. p. 412.]

4 The only circumstance I know, that bears even re-

"Thus might the record now have been;
But, oh, in spite of Hope's endeavour,
Or Friendship's tears, Pride rush'd between,
And blotted out the line for ever!"

The same romantic feeling of friendship breathes throughout another of these poems, in which he has taken for the subject the ingenious thought "L'Amitié est l'Amour sans alles," and concludes every stanza with the words, "Friendship is Love without his wings." Of the nine stanzas of which this poem consists, the three following appear the most worthy of selection:

"Why should my anxious breast repine,
Because my youth is fled?
Days of delight may still be mine,
Affection is not dead.

In tracing back the years of youth,
One firm record, one lasting truth,
Celestial consolation brings;
Behold it, ye breezes, to the seat,
Where first my heart responsive beat,—
Friendship is Love without his wings!"

"My Lyceus! wherefore dost thou weep?
Thy falling tears restrain;
Affection for a time may sleep,
But, oh, 'twill wake again.

Think, think, my friend, when next we meet,
Our long-wish'd intercourse how sweet!
From this my hope of rapture springs,
While youthful hearts thus fondly swell,
Absence, my friend, can only tell,
Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Whether the verses I am now about to give are, in any degree, founded on fact, I have no accurate means of determining. Fond as he was of recording every particular of his youth, such an event, or rather era, as is here commemorated, would have been, of all others, the least likely to pass unmentioned by him;—and yet neither in conversation nor in any of his writings do I remember even an allusion to it. On the motety on the subject of this poem, is the following.

About a year or two before the date affixed to it, he wrote to his mother, from Harrow (as I have been told by a person to whom Mrs. Byron herself communicated the circumstance), to say, that he had lately had a good deal of uneasiness on account of a young woman, whom he knew to have been a favourite of his late friend, Curzon, and who, finding herself, after his death, in a state of progress towards maternity, had declared Lord Byron was the father of her child. This, he positively assured his mother, was not the case; but, believing, as he did firmly, that the child belonged to Curzon, it was his wish..."
other hand, so entirely was all that he wrote, —making allowance for the embellishments of fancy,—the transcript of his actual life and feelings, that it is not easy to suppose a poem, so full of natural tenderness, to have been indebted for its origin to imagination alone.

"TO MY SON!"

"Those flaxen locks, those eyes of blue,
Bright as thy mother's in their hue;
Those rosy lips, whose dimples play
And smile to steal the heart away,
Recall a scene of former joy,
And touch thy Father's heart, my Boy!"

"And thou canst, like a father's name—
Ah, William, were thine own the same,
No self-reproach—but, let me cease—
My care for thee shall purchase peace;
Thy mother's shade shall smile in joy,
And pardon all the past, my Boy!"

"Her lowly grave the turf has prest,
And thou hast known a stranger's breast.
Derision sneers upon thy birth,
And yields thee scarce a name on earth;
Yet shall not these one hope destroy,
A Father's heart is thine, my Boy!"

"Why, let the world unfeeling frown,
Must I fond Nature's claim disown?
Ah, no—though moralists reprove,
I hail thee, dearest child of love,
In justice done to thee, my Boy!"

"Oh, 'twill be sweet in thee to trace,
Ere age has wrinkled o'er my face,
At once a brother and a son;
And all my wane of years employ
In justice done to thee, my Boy!"

"Although so young thy heedless sire,
Youth need not parental fire;
And, wilt thou still less dear to me,
White Helen's form revives in thee,
The breast, which beat to former joy,
Will ne'er desert its pledge, my Boy!"

"B——, 1807." 1

But the most remarkable of these poems is one of a date prior to any I have given, being written in December, 1806, when he was not yet nineteen years old. It contains, that it should be brought up with all possible care, and he, therefore, entreated that his mother would have the kindness to take charge of it. Though such a request might well (as my informant expresses it) have composed a temper more mild than Mrs. Byron's, she not-withstanding answered her son in the kindest terms, saying that she would willingly receive the child as soon as it was born, and bring it up in whatever manner he desired. Happily, however, the infant died almost immediately, and was thus spared the being a tax on the good nature of any body. — [But see Don Juan, c. xvi. st. 61.] 1

In this practice of dating his juvenile poems he followed the example of Milton, who (says Johnson), "by affixing the dates to his first compositions, a boast of which the learned Politian had given him an example,

as will be seen, his religious creed at that period, and shows how early the struggle between natural piety and doubt began in his mind.

"THE PRAYER OF NATURE."

"Father of Light! great God of Heaven!
Hearst thou the accents of despair?
Can guilt like man's be o'er forgiven?
Can vice atone for crimes by prayer?
Father of Light, on thee I call!
Thou see'st my soul is dark within;
Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert from me the death of sin.
No shrine I seek, to sects unknown,
Oh point to me the path of truth!
Thy dread omnipotence I own,
Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth.
Let bints rear a gloomy face,
Let superstition fill the pile,
Let priests, to spread their sable reign,
With tales of mystic rites beguile.
Shall man confine his Maker's sway
To Gothic domes of mouldering stone?
Thy temple is the face of day;
Earth, ocean, heaven, thy boundless throne.
Shall man condemn his race to hell
Unless they bend in pompous form;
Tell us that all, for one who fell,
Must perish in the mingling storm?
Shall each pretend to reach the skies,
Yet doom his brother to expire,
Whose soul a different hope supplies,
Or doctrines less severe inspire?
Shall these, by creeds they can't expound,
Prepare a fancied bliss or woe?
Shall reptiles, grovelling on the ground,
Their great Creator's purpose know?
Shall those who live for self alone,
Whose years float on in daily crime—
Shall they by Faith for guilt atone,
And live beyond the bounds of Time?
Father! no prophet's laws I seek,—
Thy laws in Nature's works appear—
I own myself corrupt and weak,
Yet will I pray, for thou wilt hear!
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star
Through trackless realms of Æther's space;
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose hand from pole to pole I trace:
Thou, who in wisdom placed me here,
Who, when thou wilt, can take me hence,
Ah! whilst I tread this earthly sphere,
Extend to me thy wide defence.

seems to commend the earliness of his own compositions to the notice of posterity." The following trifle, written also by him in 1807, has never, as far as I know, appeared in print:

"EPITAPH ON JOHN ADAMS, OF SOUTHWELL, A CARRIER, "WHO DIED OF DRUNKENNESS."

"John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
A Carrier, who carried his can to his mouth well;
He carried so much, and he carried so fast,
He could carry no more—so was carried at last;
For, the liquor he drank being too much for one,
He could not carry off,—so he's now carrier-on."

"B——, Sept. 1807."
To Thee, my God, to Thee I call;
Whatever weal or woe betide,
By thy command I rise or fall,
In thy protection I confide.
If, when this dust to dust restored,
My soul shall float on airy wing,
How shall thy glorious name adored,
Inspire her feeble voice to sing!
But, if this fleeting spirit share
With clay the grave's eternal bed,
While life yet throbs, I raise my prayer,
Though doom'd no more to quit the dead.
To Thee I breathe my humble strain,
Grateful for all thy mericles past,
And hope, my God, to thee again
This erring life may fly at last.

"29th Dec. 1806.

In another of these poems, which extends to about a hundred lines, and which he wrote under the melancholy impression that he should soon die, we find him concluding with a prayer in somewhat the same spirit. After bidding adieu to all the favourite scenes of his youth, he thus continues,—

"Forget this world, my restless sprite,
Turn, turn thy thoughts to heav'n;
There must thou soon direct thy flight,
If errors are forgiven.
To bigots and to sects unknown,
Bow down beneath the Almighty's throne;
To him address thy trembling prayer;
He, who is merciful and just,
Will not reject a child of dust,
Although his meanest care.
Father of light, to thee I call,
My soul is dark within;
Thou, who canst mark the sparrow fall,
Avert the death of sin.
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive;
And, since I soon must cease to live,
Instruct me how to die.

1807."

We have seen, by a former letter, that the law proceedings for the recovery of his Rochdale property had been attended with success in some trial of the case at Lancaster. The following note to one of his Southwell friends, announcing a second triumph of the cause, shows how sanguinely and, as it turned out, erroneously, he calculated on the results.

"Feb. 9. 1807.

"Dear ——,

"I have the pleasure to inform you we have gained the Rochdale cause a second time, by which I am £60,000 plus. Yours ever,

"BYRON."

In the month of April we find him still at Southwell, and addressing to his friend, Dr. Pigot, who was at Edinburgh, the following note:—

"Southwell, April, 1807.

"My dear Pigot,

"Allow me to congratulate you on the success of your first examination—Courage, mon ami." The title of Doctor will do wonders with the damsels. I shall most probably be in Essex or London when you arrive at this d——d place, where I am detained by the publication of my rhymes.

"Adieu. — Believe me yours very truly,

"BYRON."

"P. S. Since we met, I have reduced myself by violent exercise, much physic, and hot bathing, from 14 stone 6 lb. to 12 stone 7 lb. In all I have lost 27 pounds. Bravo! — what say you?"

His movements and occupations for the remainder of this year will be best collected from a series of his own letters, which I am enabled, by the kindness of the lady to whom they were addressed, to give. Though these letters are boistryly written, and a good deal of their pleasantry is of that conventional kind which depends more upon phrase than thought, they will yet, I think, be found curious and interesting, not only as enabling us to track him through this period of his life, but as throwing light upon various little traits of character, and laying open to us the first working of his hopes and fears while waiting, in suspense, the opinions that were to decide, as he thought, his future fame.

1 Annesley is, of course, not forgotten among the number:—

"And shall I here forget the scene,
Still nearest to my breast?
Rocks rise and rivers roll between
The rural spot which passion blest;
Yet, Mary, all thy beauties seem
Fresher as in Love's bewitching dream," &c. &c.

2 It appears from a passage in one of Miss Pigot's letters to her brother, that Lord Byron sent, through this gentleman, a copy of his poems to Mr. Mackenzie, the author of the Man of Feeling:—"I am glad you mentioned Mr. Mackenzie's having got a copy of Lord B.'s poems, and what he thought of them—Lord B. was so much pleased!"

In another letter, the fair writer says,—"Lord Byron desired me to tell you that the reason you did not hear from him was because his publication was not so forward as he had flattered himself it would have been. I told him, he was no more to be depended on than a woman," which instantly brought the softness of that sex into his countenance, for he blushed exceedingly."
The first of the series, which is without date, appears to have been written before he had left Southwell. The other letters, it will be seen, are dated from Cambridge and from London.

LETTER 12. TO MISS PIGOT.

"June 11. 1807.

"Dear Queen Bess,

"Savage ought to be immortal:— though not a thorough-bred bull-dog, he is the finest puppy I ever saw, and will answer much better; in his great and manifold kindness he has already bitten my fingers, and disturbed the gravity of old Boatswain, who is grievously discomposed. I wish to be informed what he costs, his expenses, &c. &c., that I may indemnify Mr. G——. My thanks are all I can give for the trouble he has taken, make a long speech, and conclude it with 1 2 3 4 5 6 7. 1 I am out of practice, so deputize you as a legate, — ambassador would not do in a matter concerning the Pope, which I presume this must, as the whole turns upon a Bull. Yours,

"Byron.

"P. S. I write in bed."

LETTER 13. TO MISS PIGOT.

"Cambridge, June 30. 1807.

"Better late than never, Pal," is a saying of which you know the origin, and as it is applicable on the present occasion, you will excuse its conspicuous place in the front of my epistle. I am almost superannuated here. My old friends (with the exception of a few) all departed, and I am preparing to follow them, but remain till Monday to be present at three Oratorios, two Concerts, a Fair, and a Ball. I find I am not only thinner but taller by an inch since my last visit. I was obliged to tell every body my name, nobody having the least recollection of my visage, or person. Even the hero of my Cornelian (who is now sitting vis-à-vis, reading a volume of my Poetics) passed me in Trinity walks without recognising me in the least, and was thunderstruck at the alteration which had taken place in my countenance, &c. &c. Some say I look better, others worse, but all agree I am thinner,— more I do not require. I have lost two pounds in my weight since I left your cursed, detestable, and abhorred abode of scandal, where, excepting yourself and John Becher, I care not if the whole race were consigned to the Pit of Acheron, which I would visit in person rather than contaminate my sandals with the polluted dust of Southwell. Seriously, unless obliged by the emptiness of my purse to revisit Mrs. B., you will see me no more.

"On Monday I depart for London. I quit Cambridge with little regret, because our set are vanished, and my musical protégé before mentioned has left the choir, and is stationed in a mercantile house of considerable eminence in the metropolis. You may have heard me observe he is exactly an hour two years younger than myself. I found him grown considerably, and as you will suppose, very glad to see his former Patron. He is nearly my height, very thin, very fair complexion, dark eyes, and light locks. My opinion of his mind you already know;— I hope I shall never have occasion to change it. Every body here conceives me to be an invalid. The University at present is very gay from the fêtes of divers kinds. I supped out last night, but eat (or ate) nothing, sipped a bottle of claret, went to bed at two, and rose at eight. I have commenced early rising, and find it agrees with me. The Masters and the Fellows all very polite, but look a little askance — don't much admire lampoons — truth always disagreeable.

"Write, and tell me how the inhabitants of your Menagerie go on, and if my publication goes off well: do the quadrupeds growl? Apropos, my bull-dog is deceased — Flesh both of ear and man is grass.' Address your answer to Cambridge. If I am gone, it will be forwarded. Sad news just arrived— Russians beat — a bad set, eat nothing but oil, consequently must melt before a hard fire. I get awkward in my academic habiliments for want of practice. Got up in a window to hear the oratorio at St. Mary's, popped down in the middle of the Messiah, tore a woeful rent in the back of my best black silk gown, and damaged an egregious pair of

1 He here alludes to an odd fancy or trick of his own; — whenever he was at a loss for something to say, he used always to gabble over "1 2 3 4 5 6 7."

2 Notwithstanding the abuse which, evidently more in sport than seriousness, he lavishes, in the course of these letters, upon Southwell, he was, in after days, taught to feel that the hours which he had passed in this place were far more happy than any he had known afterwards. In a letter written not long since to his servant, Fletcher, by a lady who had been intimate with him, in his young days, at Southwell, there are the following words: — "Your poor, good master always called me 'Old Piety,' when I preached to him. When he paid me his last visit, he said, 'Well, good friend, I shall never be so happy again as I was in old Southwell.' His real opinion of the advantages of this town, as a place of residence, will be seen in a subsequent letter, where he most strenuously recommends it, in that point of view, to Mr. Dallas.

E 3
breeches. Mem.— never tumbled from a church window during service. Adieu, dear

— to forget and be forgotten by the people of Southwell is all I aspire to."

**LETTER 14. TO MISS PIGOT.**


"Since my last letter I have determined to reside another year at Granta, as my rooms, &c. &c. are finished in great style, several old friends come up again, and many new acquaintance made; consequently my inclination leads me forward, and I shall return to college in October if still alive. My life here has been one continued routine of dissipation—out at different places every day, engaged to more dinners, &c. &c. than my stay would permit me to fulfil. At this moment I write with a bottle of claret in my head and tears in my eyes; for I have just parted with my 'Cornelian,' who spent the evening with me. As it was our last interview, I postponed my engagement to devote the hours of the Sabbath to friendship:—Edleston and I have separated for the present, and my mind is a chaos of hope and sorrow. To-morrow I set out for London: you will address your answer to 'Gordon's Hotel, Albemarle Street,' where I sojourn during my visit to the metropolis.

"I rejoice to hear you are interested in my protégé; he has been my almost constant associate since October, 1805, when I entered Trinity College. His voice first attracted my attention, his countenance fixed it, and his manners attached me to him for ever. He departs for a mercantile house in town in October, and we shall probably not meet till the expiration of my minority, when I shall leave to his decision either entering as a partner through my interest, or residing with me altogether. Of course he would in his present frame of mind prefer the latter, but he may alter his opinion previous to that period;—however, he shall have his choice. I certainly love him more than any human being, and neither time nor distance have had the least effect on my (in general) changeable disposition. In short, we shall put Lady E. Butler and Miss Ponsonby to the blush, Pytades and Orestes out of countenance, and want nothing but a catastrophe like Nausa and Eurytus, to give Jonathan and David the 'go by.' He certainly is perhaps more attached to me than even I am in return. During the whole of my residence at Cambridge we met every day, summer and winter, without passing one tiresome moment, and separated each time with increasing reluctance. I hope you will one day see us together. He is the only being I esteem, though I like many.

"The Marquis of Tavistock was down the other day; I supped with him at his tutor's—entirely a Whig party. The opposition musters strong here now, and Lord Hartington, the Duke of Leinster, &c. &c. are to join us in October, so every thing will be splendid. The music is all over at present. Met with another 'accidency'—upset a

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1 [It was about the year 1779, that Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby first associated themselves to live in retirement. It was thought desirable to separate two individuals who appeared to encourage each other's eccentricities, and after their first departure together, they were brought back to their respective relations, but soon effected a second elopement. The place of their retreat in the Vale of Llangollen, was only confided to a female servant, and they lived for years unknown to their neighbours by any other appellation, except 'the Ladies of the Vale.' Lady Eleanor Butler died at Llangollen, in June, 1829.]

2 It may be as well to mention here the sequel of this enthusiastic attachment. In the year 1811 young Edleston died of a consumption; and the following letter, addressed by Lord Byron to the mother of his dear Southwell correspondent, will show with what melancholy faithfulness, among the many his heart had then to mourn for, he still dwelt on the memory of his young college friend:


"Dear Madam,

"I am about to write to you on a silly subject, and yet I cannot well do otherwise. You may remember a cornelian, which some years ago I consigned to Miss Pigot, indeed gave to her, and now I am going to make the most selfish and rude of requests. The person who gave it to me, when I was very young, is dead, and though a long time has elapsed since we met, as it was the only memorial I possessed of that person (in whom I was very much interested), it has acquired a value by this event I could have wished it never to have borne in my eyes. If, therefore, Miss Pigot should have preserved it, I must, under these circumstances, beg her to excuse my requesting it to be transmitted to me at No. 8. St. James's Street, London, and I will replace it by something she may remember me by equally well. As she was always so kind as to feel interested in the fate of him that formed the subject of our conversation, you may tell her that the giver of that cornelian died in May last of a consumption, at the age of twenty-one, making the sixth, within four months, of friends and relatives that I have lost between May and the end of August.

"Believe me, dear Madam, yours very sincerely,

"BYRON.

"I rejoice to hear you are interested in my protégé; he has been my almost constant associate since October, 1805, when I entered Trinity College. His voice first attracted my

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3 [Francis, Marquis of Tavistock, born 13th May, 1788; married in 1806, Anna Maria, daughter of Charles, third Earl of Harrington.]

4 [William-Spencer Cavendish, born May, 1790, now Duke of Devonshire.]

5 [Augustus-Frederick Fitzgerald, Duke of Leinster; born August, 1791.]
butter-boat in the lap of a lady — look'd very blue — spectators grinned — 'curse 'em!' Apropos, sorry to say, been drunk every day, and not quite sober yet — however, touch no meat, nothing but fish, soup, and vegetables, consequently it does me no harm — sad dogs all the Cantads. Mem. — we mean to reform next January. This place is a monoton of endless variety — like it — hate Southwell. Has Ridge sold well? or do the ancients denote? What ladies have bought?

"Saw a girl at St. Mary's the image of Anne ---, thought it was her — all in the wrong — the lady stared, so did I — I blushed, so did not the lady, — sad thing — wish women had more modesty. Talking of women, puts me in mind of my terrier Fanny — how is she? Got a headach, must go to bed, up early in the morning to travel. My protégé breakfasts with me; parting spoils my appetite — excepting from Southwell. Mem. I hate Southwell. Yours, &c.

LETTER 15. TO MISS PIGOT.

"Gordon's Hotel, July 13. 1807.

"You write most excellent epistles — a fig for other correspondents, with their nonsensical apologies for 'knowing nought about it;' — you send me a delightful budget. I am here in a perpetual vortex of dissipation (very pleasant for all that), and, strange to tell, I get thinner, being now below eleven stone considerably. Stay in town a month, perhaps six weeks, trip into Essex, and then, as a favour, irradiate Southwell for three days with the light of my countenance; but nothing shall ever make me reside there again. I positively return to Cambridge in October; we are to be uncommonly gay, or in truth I should cut the University. An extraordinary circumstance occurred to me at Cambridge; a girl so very like * * * made her appearance, that nothing but the most minute inspection could have undeceived me. I wish I had asked if she had ever been at H * * *

"What the devil would Ridge have? Is not fifty in a fortnight, before the advertisements, a sufficient sale? I hear many of the London booksellers have them, and Crosby has sent copies to the principal watering places. Are they liked or not in Southwell? * * * * * I wish Boatswain had swallowed Damon! How is Bran? by the immortal gods, Bran ought to be a Count of the Holy Roman Empire.

"The intelligence of London cannot be interesting to you, who have rusticated all your life — the annals of routs, riots, balls and boxing-matches, cards and crim. cons., parliamentary discussion, political details, masquerades, mechanics, Argyle Street Institution and aquatic races, love and lotteries, Brookes's and Buonaparte, opera-singers and oratorios, wine, women, wax-work, and weathercocks, can't accord with your insulated ideas of decorum and other silly expressions not inserted in our vocabulary.

"Oh! Southwell, Southwell, how I rejoice to have left thee, and how I curse the heavy hours I dragged along, for so many months, among the Mohawks who inhabit your kraals! — However, one thing I do not regret, which is having pared off a sufficient quantity of flesh to enable me to slip into an el-skim, and vie with the slim beaux of modern times; though I am sorry to say, it seems to be the mode amongst gentlemen to grow fat, and I am told I am at least fourteen pound below the fashion. However, I decrease instead of enlarging, which is extraordinary, as violent exercise in London is impracticable; but I attribute the phenomenon to our evening squeezes at public and private parties. I heard from Ridge this morning (the 14th, my letter was begun yesterday): he says the poems go on as well as can be wished; the seventy-five sent to town are circulated, and a demand for fifty more complied with, the day he dated his epistle, though the advertisements are not yet half published. Adieu.

"P. S. Lord Carlisle, on receiving my poems, sent, before he opened the book, a tolerably handsome letter: — I have not heard from him since. His opinions I neither know nor care about: if he is the least insolent, I shall enrol him with Butler * and the other worthies. He is in Yorkshire, poor man! and very ill! He said he had not had time to read the contents, but thought it necessary to acknowledge the receipt of the volume immediately. Perhaps the Earl * bears no brother near the throne; — if so, I will make his sceptre totter in his hands. — Adieu!"

LETTER 16. TO MISS PIGOT.

"Gordon's Hotel, July 28. 1807.

"London begins to disgorge its contents — town is empty — consequently I can scribble at leisure, as occupations are less numerous. In a fortnight I shall depart to fulfil a country engagement; but expect two epistles from you previous to that period. Ridge does not proceed rapidly in Notts — very possible.

* In the collection of his Poems printed for private circulation, he had inserted some severe verses on Dr. Butler, which he omitted in the subsequent publication,

— at the same time explaining why he did so, in a note little less severe than the verses.

E 4
In town things wear a more promising aspect, and a man whose works are praised by reviewers, admired by duchesses, and sold by every bookseller of the metropolis, does not dedicate much consideration to rustic readers. I have now a review before me, entitled 'Literary Recreations,' where my bardism is applauded far beyond my deserts. I know nothing of the critic, but think him a very discerning gentleman, and myself a devilish clever fellow. His critique pleases me particularly, because it is of great length, and a proper quantum of censure is administered, just to give an agreeable relish to the praise. You know I hate insipid, unqualified, common-place compliment. If you would wish to see it, order the 13th Number of 'Literary Recreations' for the last month. I assure you I have not the most distant idea of the writer of the article — it is printed in a periodical publication — and though I have written a paper (a review of Wordsworth 1), which appears in the same work, I am ignorant of every other person concerned in it — even the editor, whose name I have not heard. My cousin, Lord Alexander Gordon, who resided in the same hotel, told me his mother, her Grace of Gordon 2, requested he would introduce my Poetical Lordship to her Highness, as she had bought my volume, admired it exceedingly, in common with the rest of the fashionable world, and wished to claim her relationship with the author. I was unluckily engaged on an excursion for some days afterwards; and, as the Duchess was on the eve of departing for Scotland, I have postponed my introduction till the winter, when I shall favour the lady, whose taste I shall not dispute, with my most sublime and edifying conversation. She is now in the Highlands, and Alexander took his departure, a few days ago, for the same blessed seat of 'dark rolling winds.'

"Crosby, my London publisher, has disposed of his second importation, and has sent to Ridge for a third — at least so he says. In every bookseller’s window I see my own name, and say nothing, but enjoy my fame in secret. My last reviewer kindly requests me to alter my determination of writing no more; and 'A Friend to the Cause of Literature' begs I will gratify the public with some new work 'at no very distant period.' Who would not be a bard? — that is to say, if all critics would be so polite. However, the others will pay me off; I doubt not, for this gentle encouragement. If so, have at 'em? By the by, I have written at my intervals of leisure, after two in the morning, 380 lines in blank verse, of Bosworth Field. I have luckily got Hutton’s account. 3 I shall extend the poem to eight or ten books, and shall have finished it in a year. Whether it will be published or not must depend on circumstances. So much for egotism! My laurels have turned my brain, but the cooling acids of forthcoming criticisms will probably restore me to modesty.

"Southwell is a damned place — I have done with it — at least in all probability; excepting yourself, I esteem no one within its precincts. You were my only rational companion; and in plain truth, I had more respect for you than the whole bevy, with whose foibles I amused myself in compliance with their prevailing propensities. You gave yourself more trouble with me and my manuscripts than a thousand dolls would have done. Believe me, I have not forgotten your good nature in this circle of sin, and one day I trust I shall be able to evince my gratitude. Adieu, yours, &c.

"P. S. Remember me to Dr. P."

LETTER 17. TO MISS PIGOT.

"London, August 11. 1807.

"On Sunday next I set off for the Highlands. 4 A friend of mine accompanies me in my carriage to Edinburgh. There we

1 This first attempt of Lord Byron at reviewing (for it will be seen that he, once or twice afterwards, tried his hand at least poetical of employments) is remarkable only as showing how plausibly he could assume the established tone and phraseology of these minor judgment-seats of criticism. For instance: — "The volumes before us are by the author of Lyrical Ballads, a collection which has not undeservedly met with a considerable share of public applause. The characteristics of Mr. Wordsworth's muse are simple and flowing, though occasionally inharmonious, verse — strong and sometimes irresistible appeals to the feelings, with unexceptionable sentiments. Though the present work may not equal his former efforts, many of the poems possess a native elegance," &c. &c. &c. If Mr. Wordsworth ever chances to cast his eye over this article, how little could he have suspected that under that dull prosaic mask lurked one who, in five short years from themee, would rival even

2 [The witty Duchess of Gordon, born Miss Maxwell of Monteth, died in April, 1812.]

3 ["The Battle of Bosworth Field; to which is prefixed a History of Richard III.'s Life till he assumed the regal power." A new edition of this work, with additions by the indefatigable John Nichols, appeared in 1813.]

4 [This plan (which he never put in practice) had been talked of by him before he left Southwell, and is thus noticed in a letter of his fair correspondent to her brother: — "How can you ask if Lord B. is going to visit the Highlands in the summer? Why, don't you know that he never knows his own mind for ten minutes together? I tell him he is as fickle as the winds, and as uncertain as the waves."
shall leave it, and proceed in a tandem (a species of open carriage) through the western passes to Inverary, where we shall purchase shelties, to enable us to view places inaccessible to vehicular conveyances. On the coast we shall hire a vessel, and visit the most remarkable of the Hebrides; and, if we have time and favourable weather, mean to sail as far as Iceland, only 300 miles from the northern extremity of Caledonia, to peep at Hecla. This last intention you will keep a secret, as my nice mamma would imagine I was on a Voyage of Discovery, and raise the accustomed maternal warwhoop.

"Last week I swam in the Thames from Lambeth through the two bridges, Westminster and Blackfriars, a distance, including the different turns and tacks made on the way, of three miles! You see I am in excellent training in case of a squall at sea. I mean to collect all the Erse traditions, poems, &c. &c., and translate, or expand the subject to fill a volume, which may appear next spring under the denomination of 'The Highland Harp,' or some title equally picturesque. Of Bosworth Field, one book is finished, another just begun. It will be a work of three or four years, and probably never conclude. What would you say to some stanzas on Mount Hecla? they would be written at least with fire. How is the immortal Bran? and the Phoenix of canine quadrupeds, Boatswain? I have lately purchased a thorough-bred bull-dog, worthy to be the coadjutor of the aforesaid celestials—his name is Smut!—Bear it, ye breezes, on your balmy wings!"

"Write to me before I set off, I conjure you, by the fifth rib of your grandfather. Ridge goes on well with the books—I thought that worthy had not done much in the country. In town they have been very successful; Carpenter (Moore's publisher) told me a few days ago they sold all theirs immediately, and had several enquiries made since, which, from the books being gone, they could not supply. The Duke of York, the Marchioness of Headfort, the Duchess of Gordon, &c. &c., were among the purchasers; and Crosby says, the circulation will be still more extensive in the winter, the summer season being very bad for a sale, as most people are absent from London. However, they have gone off extremely well altogether. I shall pass very near you on my journey through Newark, but cannot approach. Don't tell this to Mrs. B., who supposes I travel a different road. If you have a letter, order it to be left at Ridge's shop, where I shall call, or the post-office, Newark, about six or eight in the evening. If your brother would ride over, I should be devilish glad to see him—he can return the same night, or sup with us and go home the next morning—the Kingston Arms is my inn."

"Adieu, yours ever,

"BYRON."

LETTER 18. TO MISS PIGOT.

"Trinity College, Cambridge, October 26, 1807.

"My dear Elizabeth,

"Fatigued with sitting up till four in the morning for the last two days at hazard 1, I take up my pen to inquire how your highness and the rest of my female acquaintance at the seat of archiepiscopal grandeur go on. I know I deserve a scolding for my negligence in not writing more frequently; but racing up and down the country for these last three months, how was it possible to fulfil the duties of a correspondent? Fixed at last for six weeks, I write, as thin as ever (not having gained an ounce since my reduction), and rather in better humour;—but, after all, Southwell was a detestable residence. Thank St. Dominica, I have done with it: I have been twice within eight miles of it, but could not prevail on myself to suffocate in its heavy atmosphere. This place is wretched enough—a villainous chaos of din and drunkenness, nothing but hazard and burgundy, hunting, mathematics, and Newmarket, riot and racing. Yet it is a paradise compared with the eternal dulness of Southwell. Oh! the misery of doing nothing but make love, enemies, and verses.

"Next January, (but this is entre nous only, and pray let it be so, or my maternal persecutor will be throwing her tomahawk at any of my curious projects,) I am going to sea for four or five months, with my cousin Captain Bettesworth, who commands the Tartar, the finest frigate in the navy. I have seen most scenes, and wish to look at a naval life. We are going probably to the Mediterranean, or to the West Indies, or—to the d—I; and if there is a possibility of taking me to the latter, Bettesworth will remained with Lord Byron, as did some other feelings and foibles of his boyhood, long after the period when, with others, they are past and forgotten; and his mind, indeed, was but beginning to outgrow them, when he was snatched away.

1 We observe here, as in other parts of his early letters, that sort of display and boast of rakishness which is but too common a folly at this period of life, when the young aspirant to manhood persuades himself that to be prodigal is to be manly. Unluckily, this boyish desire of being thought worse than he really was,
do it; for he has received four and twenty wounds in different places, and at this moment possesses a letter from the late Lord Nelson, stating Bettesworth as the only officer in the navy who had more wounds than himself:

"I have got a new friend, the finest in the world, a tame bear. When I brought him here, they asked me what I meant to do with him, and my reply was, 'he should sit for a fellowship.' Sherard will explain the meaning of the sentence, if it is ambiguous. This answer delighted them not. We have several parties here, and this evening a large assortment of jockeys, gamblers, boxers, authors, parsons, and poets, sup with me,—a precious mixture, but they go on well together; and for me, I am a spice of every thing except a jockey; by the bye, I was dismounted again the other day.

Thank your brother in my name for his treatise. I have written 214 pages of a novel,—one poem of 380 lines, to be published (without my name) in a few weeks, with notes,—506 lines of Bosworth Field, and 250 lines of another poem in rhyme, besides half a dozen smaller pieces. The poem to be published is a Satire. Apropos, I have been praised to the skies in the Critical Review, and abused greatly in another publication. So much the better, they tell me, for the sale of the book: it keeps up publication. So much the better, they tell me, for the sale of the hook: it keeps up publication. So much the better, they tell me, for the sale of the hook: it keeps up publication. So much the better, they tell me, for the sale of the hook: it keeps up publication. So much the better, they tell me, for the sale of the hook: it keeps up publication. So much the better, they tell me, for the sale of the hook: it keeps up publication. So much the better, they tell me, for the sale of the hook: it keeps up publication. So much the better, they tell me, for the sale of the hook: it keeps up publication. So much the better, they tell me, for the sale of the hook: it keeps up publication. So much the better, they tell me, for the sale of the hook: it keeps up publication. So much the better, they tell me, for the sale of the hook: it keeps up publication.

"P.S. Write, write, write!!!"

1 [Captain George-Edward-Byron Bettlesworth, born in 1781, was the son of a clergyman in the north of England. In the short space of eight years from his first entering the service as a boy, he had risen by his merit to the post of Commander. When the above letter was written, he had just been appointed to the Tartar frigate, in which he was killed in the May following, while engaging with some Danish gun-boats off Bergen. He had recently married Lady Hannah-Althea Grey, sister to Earl Grey; who afterwards married the right hon. Edward Ellice.]  
2 The poem afterwards enlarged and published under the title of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." It appears from this that the ground-work of that satire had been laid some time before the appearance of the article in the Edinburgh Review.

CHAPTER VI.  

1808.  


It was at the beginning of the following year that an acquaintance commenced between Lord Byron and a gentleman, related to his family by marriage, Mr. Dallas,—the author of some novels, popular, I believe, in their day, and also of a sort of Memoir of the noble Poet, published soon after his death, which, from being founded chiefly on original correspondence, is the most authentic and trustworthy of any that have yet appeared. In the letters addressed by Lord Byron to this gentleman, among many details, curious in a literary point of view, we find, what is much more important for our present purpose, some particulars illustrative of the opinions which he had formed, at this time of his life, on the two subjects most connected with the early formation of character—morals and religion.

It is but rarely that infidelity or scepticism finds an entrance into youthful minds. That readiness to take the future upon trust, which is the charm of this period of life, would naturally, indeed, make it the season of belief as well as of hope. There are also, still fresh in the mind, the impressions of early religious culture, which even in those who begin soonest to question their faith, give way but slowly to the encroachments of doubt, and, in the mean time, extend the benefit of their moral restraint over a portion of life when it is acknowledged such restraints are most necessary. If exemption from the
checks of religion be, as infidels themselves allow, a state of freedom from responsibility dangerous at all times, it must be peculiarly so in that season of temptation, youth, when the passions are sufficiently disposed to usurp a latitude for themselves, without taking a licence also from infidelity to enlarge their range. It is, therefore, fortunate that, for the causes just stated, the inroads of scepticism and disbelief should be seldom felt in the mind till a period of life when the character, already formed, is out of the reach of their disturbing influence; — when, being the result, however erroneous, of thought and reasoning, they are likely to partake of the sobriety of the process by which they were acquired, and being considered but as matters of pure speculation, to have as little share in determining the mind towards infidelity and epicureanism. It is, therefore, fortunate that, for every reason, most of pure speculation, to have as little share in determining the mind towards infidelity and epicureanism. It is, therefore, fortunate that, for every reason, most
placed him upon a level with the first men of his day, a memoir was, at one time, intended to be published by his relatives; and to Lord Byron, among others of his college friends, application for assistance in the task was addressed. The letter which this circumstance drew forth from the noble poet, besides containing many amusing traits of his friend, affords such an insight into his own habits of life at this period, that, though infringing upon the chronological order of his correspondence, I shall insert it here.

LETTER 19. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, 9th 12. 1820.

"What you said of the late Charles Skinner Matthews has set me to my recollections; but I have not been able to turn up any thing which would do for the purposed Memoir of his brother,—even if he had previously done enough during his life to sanction the introduction of anecdotes so merely personal. He was, however, a very extraordinary man, and would have been a great one. No one ever succeeded in a more surpassing degree than he did as far as he went. He was indolent, too; but whenever he stripped, he overthrew all antagonists. His conquests will be found registered at Cambridge, particularly his Downing one, which was hotly and highly contested, and yet easily won. Hobhouse was his most intimate friend, and can tell you more of him than any man, William Bankes also a great deal. I myself recollect more of his oddities than of his academical qualities, for we lived most together at a very idle period of my life. When I went up to Trinity, in 1805, at the age of seventeen and a half, I was miserable and untoward to a degree. I was wretched at leaving Harrow, to which I had become attached during the two last years of my stay there; wretched at going to Cambridge instead of Oxford (there were no rooms vacant at Christ-church); wretched from some private domestic circumstances of different kinds, and consequently about as unsocial as a wolf taken from the troop. So that, although I knew Matthews, and met him often then at Bankes's, (who was my collegiate pastor, and master, and patron,) and at Rhodes', Milnes's, Price's, Dick's, Macnamara's, Farrell's, Galley Knight's, and others of that set of contemporaries, yet I was neither intimate with him nor with any one else, except my old school-fellow Edward Long (with whom I used to pass the day in riding and swimming), and William Bankes, who was good-naturedly tolerant of my ferocities.

"It was not till 1807, after I had been upwards of a year away from Cambridge, to which I had returned again to reside for my degree, that I became one of Matthews's familiar's, by means of Hobhouse, who, after hating me for two years, because I wore a white hat, and a grey coat, and rode a grey horse (as he says himself), took me into his good graces because I had written some poetry. I had always lived a good deal, and got drunk occasionally, in their company—but now we became really friends in a morning. Matthews, however, was not at this period resident in College. I met him chiefly in London, and at uncertain periods at Cambridge. Hobhouse, in the mean time, did great things: he founded the Cambridge 'Whig Club' (which he seems to have forgotten), and the 'Amicable Society,' which was dissolved in consequence of the members constantly quarrelling, and made himself very popular with 'us youth,' and no less formidable to all tutors, professors, and heads of Colleges. William Bankes was gone; while he stayed, he ruled the oast—or rather the roasting—and was father of all mischiefs.

"Matthews and I, meeting in London, and elsewhere, became great cronies. He was not good tempered—nor am I—but with a little tact his temper was manageable, and I thought him so superior a man, that I was willing to sacrifice something to his humours, which were often, at the same time, amusing and provoking. What became of his papers (and he certainly had many), at the time of his death, was never known. I mention this by the way, fearing to skip it over, and as he wrote remarkably well, both in Latin and English. We went down to Newstead together, where I had got a famous cellar, and Monk's dresses from a masquerade warehouse. We were a company of some seven or eight, with an occasional neighbour or so for visitors, and used to sit up late in our friars' dresses, drinking burgundy, claret, champagne, and what not, out of the skull-cup, and all sorts of glasses, and buffooning all round the house, in our conventual garments. Matthews always denominated me 'the Abbot,' and never called me by any other name in his good humours, to the day of his death. The harmony of these our symposia was somewhat interrupted, a few days after our assembling, by Matthews's threatening to throw Hobhouse out of a window, in consequence of I know not what commerce of jokes ending in this epigram. Hobhouse came to me and said, that 'his respect and regard for me as host would not permit Him to call out any of my guests, and that he should go to town next morning.' He did. It was in vain that I represented to him that
the window was not high, and that the turf under it was particularly soft. Away he went.

“Matthews and myself had travelled down from London together, talking all the way incessantly upon one single topic. When we got to Loughborough, I know not what chasm had made us diverge for a moment to some other subject, at which he was indignant. ‘Come,’ said he, ‘don’t let us break through — let us go on as we began, to our journey’s end;’ and so he continued, and was as entertaining as ever to the very end. He had previously occupied, during my year’s absence from Cambridge, my rooms in Trinity, with the furniture; and Jones, the tutor, in his odd way, had said, on putting him in, ‘Mr. Matthews, I recommend to your attention not to damage any of the moveables, for Lord Byron, Sir, is a young man of tumultuous passions.’ Matthews was delighted with this; and whenever anybody came to visit him, begged them to handle the very door with caution; and used to repeat Jones’s admonition in his tone and manner. There was a large mirror in the room, on which he remarked, ‘that he thought his friends were grown uncommonly assiduous in coming to see him, but he soon discovered that they only came to see themselves.’ Jones’s phrase of ‘tumultuous passions,’ and the whole scene, had put him into such good humour, that I verily believe that I owed to it a portion of his good graces.

“When at Newstead, somebody by accident rubbed against one of his white silk stockings, one day before dinner; of course the gentleman apologised. ‘Sir,’ answered Matthews, ‘it may be all very well for you, who have a great many silk stockings, to dirty other people’s; but to me, who have only this one pair, which I have put on in honour of the Abbot here, no apology can compensate for such carelessness; besides, the expense of washing.’ He had the same sort of droll sardonic way about every thing. A wild Irishman, named Farrell, one evening beginning to say something at a large supper at Cambridge, Matthews roared out ‘Silence!’ and then, pointing to Farrell, cried out, in the words of the oracle, ‘Orson is endowed with reason.’ You may easily suppose that Orson lost what reason he had acquired, on hearing this compliment. When Hobhouse published his volume of poems, the Miscellany (which Matthews would call the ‘Miss-sell-any’), all that could be drawn from him was, that the preface was ‘extremely like Walsh.’ Hobhouse thought this at first a compliment; but we never could make out what it was, for all we know of Walsh is his Ode to King William, and Pope’s epithet of ‘knowing Walsh.’ When the Newstead party broke up for London, Hobhouse and Matthews, who were the greatest friends possible, agreed, for a whim, to walk together to town. They quarrelled by the way, and actually walked the latter half of their journey, occasionally passing and repassing, without speaking. When Matthews had got to Highgate, he had spent all his money but three-pence halfpenny, and determined to spend that also in a pint of beer, which I believe he was drinking before a public-house, as Hobhouse passed him (still without speaking) for the last time on their route. They were reconciled in London again.

“One of Matthews’s passions was ‘the Fancy;’ and he sparred uncommonly well. But he always got beaten in rows, or combats with the bare fist. In swimming, too, he swam well; but with effort and labour, and too high out of the water; so that Scrope Davies and myself, of whom he was therein somewhat emulous, always told him that he would be drowned if ever he came to a difficult pass in the water. He was so; but surely Scrope and myself would have been most heartily glad that

“‘the Dean had lived, And our prediction proved a lie.’

“His head was uncommonly handsome, very like what Pope’s was in his youth.

“His voice, and laugh, and features, are strongly resembled by his brother Henry’s, if Henry be be of King’s College. His passion for boxing was so great, that he actually wanted me to match him with Dogherty (whom I had backed and made the match for against Tom Belcher), and I saw them spar together at my own lodgings with the gloves on. As he was bent upon it, I would have backed

1 The only thing remarkable about Walsh’s preface is, that Dr. Johnson praises it as “very judicious,” but is, at the same time, silent respecting the poems to which it is prefixed.

2 [No “Ode” under this title is to be found in Walsh’s Poems. Lord Byron had, no doubt, in mind “The Golden Age Restored;” a competition in which, says Dr. Johnson, “there was something of humour, while the facts were recent; but it now strikes no longer.”]
Dogherty to please him, but the match went off. It was of course to have been a private fight, in a private room.

"On one occasion, being too late to go home and dress, he was equipped by a friend (Mr. Baillie, I believe,) in a magnificently fashionable and somewhat exaggerated shirt and neckcloth. He proceeded to the Opera, and took his station in Fops' Alley. During the interval between the opera and the ballet, an acquaintance took his station by him and saluted him: 'Come round,' said Matthews, 'come round.'—"Why should I come round?" said the other; 'you have only to turn your head—I am close by you.'—"That is exactly what I cannot do," said Matthews; 'don't you see the state I am in?'—pointing to his buckram shirt collar and inflexible cravat,—and there he stood with his head always in the same perpendicular position during the whole spectacle.

"One evening, after dining together, as we were going to the Opera, I happened to have a spare Opera ticket (as subscriber to a box), and presented it to Matthews. 'Now, sir,' said he to Hobhouse afterwards, 'this I call courteous in the Abbot,—another man would never have thought that I might do better with half a guinea than throw it to a door-keeper;—but here is a man not only asks me to dinner, but gives me a ticket for the theatre.' These were only his odities, for no man was more liberal, or more honourable in all his doings and dealings, than Matthews. He gave Hobhouse and me, before we set out for Constantinople, a most splendid entertainment, to which we did ample justice. One of his fancies was dining at all sorts of out-of-the-way places. Somebody popped upon him in I know not what coffee-house in the Strand,—and what do you think was the attraction? Why, that he paid a shilling (I think) to dine with his hat on. This he called his hat house, and used to boast of the comfort of being covered at meal-times.

"When Sir Henry Smith was expelled from Cambridge for a row with a tradesman named 'Hiron,' Matthews solaced himself with shouting under Hiron's windows every evening.

"'Ah me! what perils do environ The man who meddles with hot Hiron.'

"He was also of that band of profane scoffers who, under the auspices of ****, used to rouse Lort Mansel (late Bishop of Bristol) from his slumbers in the lodge of Trinity; and when he appeared at the window foaming with wrath, and crying out, 'I know you, gentlemen, I know you!' were wont to reply, 'We beseech thee to hear us, good Lort'—'Good Lort deliver us!' (Lort was his christian name.) As he was very free in his speculations upon all kinds of subjects, although by no means either dissolute or intemperate in his conduct, and as I was no less independent, our conversation and correspondence used to alarm our friend Hobhouse to a considerable degree.

"You must be almost tired of my packets, which will have cost a mint of postage.

"Salute Gifford and all my friends.

"Yours, &c."

As already, before his acquaintance with Mr. Matthews commenced, Lord Byron had begun to bewilder himself in the mazes of scepticism, it would be unjust to impute to this gentleman any further share in the formation of his noble friend's opinions than what arose from the natural influence of example and sympathy;—an influence which, as it was felt perhaps equally on both sides, rendered the contagion of their doctrines, in a great measure, reciprocal. In addition, too, to this community of sentiment on such subjects, they were both, in no ordinary degree, possessed by that dangerous spirit of ridicule, whose impulses even the pious cannot always restrain, and which draws the mind on, by a sort of irresistible fascination, to disparit itself most wantonly on the brink of all that is most solemn and awful. It is not wonderful, therefore, that, in such society, the opinions of the noble poet should have been, at least, accelerated in that direction to which their bias already leaned; and though he cannot be said to have become thus confirmed in these doctrines,—as neither now, nor at any time of his life, was he a confirmed unbeliever,—he had undoubtedly learned to feel less uneasy under his scepticism, and even to mingle somewhat of boast and of levity with his expression of it. At the very first onset of his correspondence with Mr. Dallas, we find him proclaiming his sentiments on all such subjects with a flippancy and confidence far different from the tone in which he had first ventured on his doubts,—from that fervid sadness, as of a heart loth to part with its illusions, which breathes through every line of those prayers, that, but a year before, his pen had traced.

Here again, however, we should recollect, there must be a considerable share of allowance for his usual tendency to make the most and the worst of his own obliquities. There occurs, indeed, in his first letter to Mr. Dallas, an instance of this strange ambition,—the very reverse, it must be allowed, of hypocrisy,—which led him to court, rather than avoid, the reputation of prodigality,
to put, at all times, the worst face on his own character and conduct. His new correspondent having, in introducing himself to his acquaintance, passed some compliments on the tone of moral and charitable feeling which breathed through one of his poems, had added, that it "brought to his mind another noble author, who was not only a fine poet, orator, and historian, but one of the closest reasoners we have on the truth of that religion of which forgiveness is a prominent principle, the great and good Lord Lyttleton, whose fame will never die. His son," adds Mr. Dallas, "to whom he had transmitted genius, but not virtue, sparkled for a moment and went out like a star,—and with him the title became extinct." To this Lord Byron answers in the following letter:

LETTER 20. TO MR. DALLAS.

"Dorant's Hotel, Albemarle Street, Jan. 29. 1808.

"Sir,

"Your letter was not received till this morning, I presume from being addressed to me in Notts., where I have not resided since last June; and as the date is the 6th, you will excuse the delay of my answer.

"If the little volume you mention has given pleasure to the author of Percival and Aubrey, I am sufficiently repaid by his praise. Though our periodical censors have been uncommonly lenient, I confess a tribute from a man of acknowledged genius is still more flattering. But I am afraid I should forfeit all claim to candour, if I did not decline such praise as I do not deserve; and this is, I am sorry to say, the case in the present instance.

"My compositions speak for themselves, and must stand or fall by their own worth or demerit: thus far I feel highly gratified by your favourable opinion. But my pretensions to virtue are unluckily so few, that though I should be happy to merit, I cannot accept, your applause in that respect. One passage in your letter struck me forcibly: you mention the two Lords Lyttleton in the manner they respectively deserve, and will be surprised to hear the person who is now addressing you has been frequently compared to the latter. I know I am injuring myself in your esteem by this avowal, but the circumstance was so remarkable from your observation, that I cannot help relating the fact. The events of my short life have been of so singular a nature, that, though the pride commonly called honour has, and I trust ever will, prevent me from disgracing my name by a mean or cowardly action, I have been already held up as the votary of licentiousness, and the disciple of infidelity. How far justice may have dictated this accusation, I cannot pretend to say; but, like the generous whom my religious friends, in the warmth of their charity, have already devoted me, I am made worse than I really am. However, to quit myself (the worst theme I could pitch upon), and return to my poems, I cannot sufficiently express my thanks, and I hope I shall some day have an opportunity of rendering them in person. A second edition is now in the press, with some additions and considerable omissions; you will allow me to present you with a copy. The Critical, Monthly, and Anti-Jacobian Reviews have been very indulgent; but the Eclectic has pronounced a furious Philippic, not against the book but the author, where you will find all I have mentioned asserted by a reverend divine who wrote the critique.

"Your name and connection with our family have been long known to me, and I hope your person will be not less so: you will find me an excellent compound of a 'Brainless' and a 'Stanhope.' I am afraid you will hardly be able to read this, for my hand is almost as bad as my character; but you will find me, as legibly as possible,

"Your obliged and obedient servant,

"BYRON."

There is here, evidently, a degree of pride in being thought to resemble the wicked Lord Lyttleton; and, lest his known irregularities should not bear him out in the pretension, he refers mysteriously, as was his habit, to certain untold events of his life, to warrant the parallel. 1 Mr. Dallas, who seems to have been but little prepared for such a reception of his compliments, escapes out of the difficulty by transferring to the young lord's "candour" the praise he had so thanklessly bestowed on his morals in general; adding, that from the design Lord Byron had expressed in his preface of resigning the service of the Muses for a different vocation, he had "conceived him bent on pursuits which lead to the character of a legislator and statesman;—had imagined him at one of the universities, training himself to habits of reasoning and eloquence, and storing up a large fund of history and law." It is in reply

1 Characters in the novel called Percival.
2 This appeal to the imagination of his correspondent was not altogether without effect. — "I considered," says Mr. Dallas, "these letters, though evidently grounded on some occurrences in the still earlier part of his life, rather as je ne d'esprit than as a true portrait."
to this letter that the exposition of the noble poet's opinions, to which I have above alluded, is contained.

LETTER 21. TO MR. DALLAS.

“Dorant’s, January 21, 1808.

"Sir,

"Whenever leisure and inclination permit me the pleasure of a visit, I shall feel truly gratified in a personal acquaintance with one whose mind has been long known to me in his writings.

"You are so far correct in your conjecture, that I am a member of the University of Cambridge, where I shall take my degree of A.M. this term; but were reasoning, eloquence, or virtue, the objects of my search, Granta is not their metropolis, nor is the place of her situation an ‘El Dorado,’ far less an Utopia. The intellects of her children are as stagnant as her Cam, and their pursuits limited to the church—not of Christ, but of the nearest benefice.

"As to my reading, I believe I may aver, without hyperbole, it has been tolerably extensive in the historical department; so that few nations exist, or have existed, with whose records I am not in some degree acquainted, from Herodotus down to Gibbon. Of the classics, I know about as much as most school-boys after a discipline of thirteen years; of the law of the land as much as enables me to keep ‘within the statute’—to use the poacher’s vocabulary. I did study the ‘Spirit of Laws’ and the Law of Nations; but when I saw the latter violated every month, I gave up my attempts at so useless an accomplishment;—of geography, I have seen more land on maps than I should wish to traverse on foot;—of mathematics, enough to give me the headache without clearing the part affected;—of philosophy, astronomy, and metaphysics, more than I can comprehend; and of common sense so little, that I mean to leave a Byronian prize at each of our ‘Almæ Matres’ for the first discovery,—though I rather fear that of the longitude will precede it.

"I once thought myself a philosopher, and talked nonsense with great decorum; I defied pain, and preached up equanimity. For some time this did very well, for no one was in pain for me but my friends, and none lost their patience but my hearers. At last, a fall from my horse convinced me bodily suffering was an evil; and the worst of an argument overset my maxims and my temper at the same moment; so I quitted Zeno for Aristippus, and conceive that pleasure constitutes the το ευεξίαν. [In morality, I prefer Confucius to the Ten Commandments, and Socrates to St. Paul, though the two latter agree in their opinion of marriage. In religion, I favour the Catholic emancipation, but do not acknowledge the Pope; and I have refused to take the sacrament, because I do not think eating bread or drinking wine from the hand of an earthly vicar will make me an inheritor of heaven.] I hold virtue, in general, or the virtues severally, to be only in the disposition, each a feeling, not a principle. I believe truth the prime attribute of the Deity, and death an eternal sleep, at least of the body. You have here a brief compendium of the sentiments of the wicked George Lord Byron; and, till you get a new suit, you will perceive I am badly clothed. I remain, &c.

Though such was, doubtless, the general cast of his opinions at this time, it must be recollected, before we attach any particular importance to the details of his creed, that, in addition to the temptation, never easily resisted by him, of displaying his wit at the expense of his character, he was here addressing a person who, though, no doubt, well meaning, was evidently one of those officious, self-satisfied advisers, whom it was the delight of Lord Byron at all times to astonish and mystify. The tricks which, when a boy, he played upon the Nottingham quack, Lavender, were but the first of a long series with which, through life, he amused himself, at the expense of all the numerous quacks whom his celebrity and sociability drew around him.

The terms in which he speaks of the university in this letter agree in spirit with many passages both in the “Hours of Idleness,” and his early Satire, and prove that, while Harrow was remembered by him with more affection, perhaps, than respect, Cambridge had not been able to inspire him with either. This feeling of distaste to his ‘nursing mother’ he entertained in common with some of the most illustrious names of English literature. So great was Milton’s hatred to Cambridge, that he had even conceived, says Warton, a dislike to the face of the country, — to the fields in its neighbourhood. The poet Gray thus speaks of the same university:—“Surely, it was of this place, now Cambridge, but formerly known

1 He appears to have had in his memory “Voltaire’s lively account of Zadig’s learning: ‘Il savait de la métaphysique ce qu’on en a sa dans tous les âges, — c’est à dire, fort peu de chose,’ &c.

2 The doctrine of Hume, who resolves all virtue into sentiment. — See his “Enquiry concerning the Principles of Morals.”
by the name of Babylon, that the prophet spoke when he said, 1 The wild beasts of the deserts shall dwell there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall build there, and satyrs shall dance there," &c. &c. The bitter recollections which Gibbon retained of Oxford, his own pen has recorded; and the cool contempt by which Locke avenged himself on the bigotry of the same sect of learning is even still more memorable. 1 

In poets such distasteful recollections of their collegiate life may well be thought to have their origin in that antipathy to the trammels of discipline, which is not unusually observable among the characteristics of genius, and which might be regarded, indeed, as a sort of instinct, implanted in it for its own preservation, if there be any truth in the opinion that a course of learned education is hurtful to the freshness and elasticity of the imaginative faculty. A right reverend writer 2, but little to be suspected of any desire to depreciate academical studies, not only puts the question, "Whether the usual forms of learning be not rather injurious to the true poet, than really assisting to him?" but appears strongly disposed to answer it in the affirmative,—giving, as an instance, in favour of this conclusion, the classic Addison, who, "as appears," he says, "from some original efforts in the sublime, allegorical way, had no want of natural talents for the greater poetry,—which yet were so restrained and disabled by his constant and superstitious study of the old classics, that he was, in fact, but a very ordinary poet."

It was, no doubt, under some such impression of the malign influence of a collegiate atmosphere upon genius, that Milton, in speaking of Cambridge, gave vent to the exclamation, that it was "a place quite incompatible with the votaries of Phoebus," and that Lord Byron, versifying a thought of his own, in the letter to Mr. Dallas just given, declares,

"Her Helicon is duller than her Cam."

The poet Dryden, too, who, like Milton, had incurred some mark of disgrace at Cambridge, seems to have entertained but little more veneration for his Alma Mater; and the verses in which he has praised Oxford at the expense of his own university were, it is probable, dictated much less by admiration of the one than by a desire to spite and depreciate the other.

Nor is it genius only that thus rebels against the discipline of the schools. Even the tamer quality of Taste, which it is the professed object of classical studies to cultivate, is sometimes found to turn restive under the pedantic manège to which it is subjected. It was not till released from the duty of reading Virgil as a task, that Gray could feel himself capable of enjoying the beauties of that poet; and Lord Byron was, to the last, unable to vanquish a similar pre- possession, with which the same sort of school association had inoculated him, against Horace.

--- " Though Time hath taught My mind to meditate what then it learn'd, Yet such the fix'd inveracity wrought By the impatience of my early thought, That, with the freshness wearing out before My mind could relish what it might have sought, If free to choose, I cannot now restore Its health; but what it then detested, still abhor."

Childe Harold, Canto IV.

To the list of eminent poets, who have thus left on record their dislike and disapproval of the English system of education, are to be added the distinguished names of Cowley, Addison, and Cowper; while, among the cases which, like those of Milton and Dryden, practically demonstrate the sort of inverse ratio that may exist between college honours and genius, must not be forgotten those of Swift, Goldsmith, and Churchill, to every one of whom some mark of incompetency was affixed by the respective universities, whose annals they adorn. When, in addition, too, to this rather ample catalogue of poets, whom the universities have sent forth either disloyal or dishonoured, we come to number over such names as those of Shakspeare and of Pope, followed by Gay, Thomson, Burns, Chatterton, &c., all of whom have attained their respective stations of eminence, without instruction or sanction from any college whatever, it forms altogether, it must be owned, a large portion of the poetical world, that must be subducted from the sphere of that nursing influence which

--- [" Oxford to him a dearer name shall be Than his own mother-university: Thebes did his green, unknowing youth engage; He chooses Athens in his riper age."

Dryden's Prologue to the University of Oxford.]
the universities are supposed to exercise over the genius of the country. 1

The following letters, written at this time, contain some particulars which will not be found uninteresting.

**LETTER 22. TO MR. HENRY DRURY.**

"Dorant's Hotel, Jan. 13. 1808.

"My dear Sir,

"Through the stupidity of my servants, or the porter of the house, in not showing you up stairs (where I should have joined you directly), prevented me the pleasure of seeing you yesterday, I hoped to meet you at some public place in the evening. However, my stars decreed otherwise, as they generally do, when I have any favour to request of them. I think you would have been surprised at my figure, for, since our last meeting, I am reduced four stone in weight. I then weighed fourteen stone seven pound, and now only ten stone and a half. I have disposed of my superfluities by means of hard exercise and abstinence.

"Should your Harrow engagements allow you to visit town between this and February, I shall be most happy to see you in Albermarle Street. If I am not so fortunate, I shall endeavour to join you for an afternoon at Harrow, though, I fear, your cellar will by no means contribute to my cure. As for my worthy preceptor, Dr. B., our encounter would by no means prevent the mutual endearments he and I were wont to lavish on each other. We have only spoken once since my departure from Harrow in 1805, and then he politely told Tattersall I was not a proper associate for his pupils. This was long before my strictures in verse; but, in plain prose, had I been some years older, I should have held my tongue on his perfections. But, being laid on my back, when that schoolboy thing was written— or rather dictated— expecting to rise no more, my physician having taken his sixteenth fee, and I his prescription, I could not quit this earth without leaving a memento of my constant attachment to Butler in gratitude for his manifold good offices. 2

"I meant to have been down in July; but thinking my appearance, immediately after the publication, would be construed into an insult, I directed my steps elsewhere. Besides, I heard that some of the boys had got hold of my Libellus, contrary to my wishes certainly, for I never transmitted a single copy till October, when I gave one to a boy, since gone, after repeated importunities. You will, I trust, pardon this egotism. As you had touched on the subject I thought some explanation necessary. Defence I shall not attempt, 'He murus aheneus esto, nil consciem sibi'— and 'so on' (as Lord Baltimore said on his trial for a rape) I have been so long at Trinity as to forget the conclusion of the line; but though I cannot finish my quotation, I will my letter, and entreat you to believe me, gratefully and affectionately, &c.

"P. S. I will not lay a tax on your time by requiring an answer, lest you say, as Butler said to Tattersall (when I had written his reverence an impudent epistle on the expression before mentioned), viz. 'that I wanted to draw him into a correspondence.'"

**LETTER 23. TO MR. HENRY DRURY.**

"Dorant's Hotel, Albermarle Street, Feb. 11. 1808.

"My dear Harness,

"As I had no opportunity of returning my verbal thanks, I trust you will accept my written acknowledgments for the compliment you were pleased to pay some production of my unlucky muse last November,— I am induced to do this not less from the pleasure I feel in the praise of an old schoolfellow, than from justice to you, for I had heard the story with some slight variations. Indeed, when we met this morning, Wing-

1 ["No system of national education ever was, or will be, planned with reference to minds such as Mr. Moore seems not merely chiefly, but exclusively, to be thinking of in this diatribe. The grand object is to prepare men for the discharge of those duties which society has a right to demand from its members; and, original genius being so rare as hitherto it always has been, the functions which cannot be discharged in the absence of that extraordinary gift are not entitled to be mainly, or even directly, considered. We are very far from maintaining that the established system ought not to be considerably modified: the classical literature of antiquity is no longer entitled to hold the exclusive place which belonged to it in the age of our scholastic and academical foundations; but it is not by such unguarded attacks as this, that the course of rational improvement is at all likely to be forwarded. They can serve no better purpose than to irritate or discourage the existing race of teachers (than whom a more meritorious or worse-paid class of men cannot be named), and to pamper self-complacency, petulance, and the silly ambition of knowing a little of every thing, in a rising generation, already more than enough tinged with such phantasies."— Quarterly Review, 1831.

2 [See Works, p. 383.]
field had not undeceived me; but he will tell you that I displayed no resentment in mentioning what I had heard, though I was not sorry to discover the truth. Perhaps you hardly recollect, some years ago, a short, though, for the time, a warm friendship between us. Why it was not of longer duration I know not. I have still a gift of yours in my possession, that must always prevent me from forgetting it. I also remember being favoured with the perusal of many of your compositions, and several other circumstances very pleasant in their day, which I will not force upon your memory, but entreat you to believe me, with much regret at their short continuance, and a hope they are not irrevocable.

"Yours very sincerely, &c.

"Byron."

I have already mentioned the early friendship that subsisted between this gentleman and Lord Byron, as well as the coolness that succeeded it. The following extract from a letter with which Mr. Harness favoured me, in placing at my disposal those of his noble correspondent, will explain the circumstances that led, at this time, to their reconcilement; and the candid tribute, in the concluding sentences, to Lord Byron, will be found not less honourable to the reverend writer himself than to his friend.

"A coolness afterwards arose, which Byron alludes to in the first of the accompanying letters, and we never spoke during the last year of his remaining at school, nor till after the publication of his "Hours of Idleness." Lord Byron was then at Cambridge; I, in one of the upper forms, at Harrow. In an English theme I happened to quote from the volume, and mention it with praise. It was reported to Byron that I had, on the contrary, spoken slightly of his work and of himself, for the purpose of conciliating the favour of Dr. Butler, the master, who had been severely satirised in one of the poems. Wingfield, who was afterwards Lord Powerscourt, a mutual friend of Byron and myself, disabused him of the error into which he had been led, and this was the occasion of the first letter of the collection. Our intimacy was renewed, and continued from that time till his going abroad. Whatever faults Lord Byron might have had towards others, to myself he was always uniformly affectionate. I have many slights and neglects towards him to reproach myself with; but I cannot call to mind a single instance of caprice or unkindness, in the whole course of our friendship, to allege against him."

CHAPTER VII.

1808.

CAMBRIDGE. — EDINBURGH REVIEW ON "HOURS OF IDLENESS."— ITS EFFECT. — DISSIPATIONS OF LONDON, CAMBRIDGE, AND BRIGHTON. — PUGILISM. — RESIDENCE AT NEWSTEAD ABBEY. — CORRESPONDENCE. — PROJECT OF VISITING INDIA. — SUPPOSED RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN ROUSSEAU AND BYRON. — BOATSWAIN'S MONUMENT. — JOE MURRAY. — ANECDOTES. — COMMENCEMENT OF "ENGLISH BARRS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS." — LORD BYRON'S MAJORITY.

In the spring of this year (1808) appeared the memorable critique upon the "Hours of Idleness" in the Edinburgh Review. That he had some notice of what was to be expected from that quarter, appears by the following letter to his friend, Mr. Becher.

LETTER 24. TO MR. BECHER.

"Dorant's Hotel, Feb. 26. 1808.

"My dear Becher,

"Now for Apollo. I am happy that you still retain your predilection, and that the public allow me some share of praise. I am of so much importance that a most violent attack is preparing for me in the next number of the Edinburgh Review. This I had from the authority of a friend who has seen the proof and manuscript of the critique. You know the system of the Edinburgh gentlemen is universal attack. They praise none; and neither the public nor the author expects praise from them. It is, however, something to be noticed, as they profess to pass judgment only on works requiring the public attention. You will see this when it comes out;—it is, I understand, of the most unmerciful description; but I am aware of it, and hope you will not be hurt by its severity.

"Tell Mrs. Byron not to be out of humour with them, and to prepare her mind for the greatest hostility on their part. It will do no injury whatever, and I trust her mind will not be ruffled. They defeat their object by indiscriminate abuse, and they never praise except the partisans of Lord Holland and Co. It is nothing to be abused when Southey, Moore, Lauderdale, Strangford, and Payne Knight, share the same fate.

"I am sorry—but 'Childish Recollections' must be suppressed during this edition. I have altered, at your suggestion, the ob-
noxious allusions in the sixth stanza of my last ode.

And now, my dear Becher, I must return my best acknowledgments for the interest you have taken in me and my poetical bantlings, and I shall ever be proud to show how much I esteem the advice and the adviser. Believe me most truly, &c.

Soon after this letter appeared the dreaded article,—an article which, if not "witty in itself," deserved eminently the credit of causing "wit in others." Seldom, indeed, has it fallen to the lot of the justest criticism to attain celebrity such as injustice has procured for this; nor as long as the short, but glorious race of Byron's genius is remembered, can the critic, whoever he may be, that so unintentionally ministered to its first start, be forgotten.

It is but justice, however, to remark,—without at the same time intending any excuse for the contumacious tone of criticism assumed by the reviewer,—that the early verses of Lord Byron, however distinguished by tenderness and grace, give but little promise of those dazzling miracles of poetry with which he afterwards astonished and enchanted the world; and that, if his youthful verses now have a peculiar charm in our eyes, it is because we read them, as it were, by the light of his subsequent glory.

There is, indeed, one point of view, in which these productions are deeply and intrinsically interesting. As faithful reflections of his character at that period of life, they enable us to judge of what he was in his yet unadulterated state,—before disappointment had begun to embitter his ardent spirit, or the stirring up of the energies of his nature had brought into activity also its defects. Tracing him thus through these natural effusions of his young genius, we find him pictured exactly such, in all the features of his character, as every anecdote of his boyish days proves him really to have been, proud, daring, and passionate,—resentful of slight or injustice, but still more so in the cause of others than in his own; and yet, with all this vehemence, docile and placable, at the least touch of a hand authorised by love to guide him. The affectionateness, indeed, of his disposition traceable as it is through every page of this volume, is yet but faintly done justice to, even by himself;—his whole youth being, from earliest childhood, a series of the most passionate attachments,—of those overflows of the soul, both in friendship and love, which are still more rarely responded to than felt, and which, when checked or sent back upon the heart, are sure to turn into bitterness.

We have seen also, in some of his early unpublished poems, how apparent, even through the doubts that already clouded them, are those feelings of piety which a soul like his could not but possess, and which, when afterwards diverted out of their legitimate channel, found a vent in the poetical worship of nature, and in that shadowy substitute for religion which superstition offers. When, in addition, too, to these traits of early character, we find scattered through his youthful poems such anticipations of the glory that awaited him,—such, alternately, proud and saddened glimpses into the future, as if he already felt the elements of something great within him, but doubted whether his destiny would allow him to bring it forth,—it is not wonderful that, with the whole of his career present to our imaginations, we should see a lustre round these first puerile attempts not really their own, but shed back upon them from the bright eminence which he afterwards attained; and that, in our indignation against the fastidious blindness of the critic, we should forget that he had not then the aid of this reflected charm, with which the subsequent achievements of the poet now irradiate all that bears his name.

The effect this criticism produced upon him can only be conceived by those who, besides having an adequate notion of what most poets would feel under such an attack, can understand all that there was in the temper and disposition of Lord Byron to make him feel it with tenfold more acuteness than others. We have seen with what feverish anxiety he awaited the verdicts of all the minor Reviews, and, from his sensibility to the praise of the meanest of these censors, may guess how painfully he must have writhed under the sneers of the highest. A friend, who found him in the first moments on the subject, and contrives to drop no hint of what every human being felt at the time to be the simple truth of the whole matter,—to wit, that out of the thousand and one volumes of indifferent verse, which happened to be printed in the year of grace, 1807, only one bore a noble name on the title-page; and the opportunity of insulting a lord, under pretext of admonishing a poetaster, was too tempting to be resisted, in a particular quarter, at that particular time. — Quarterly Review, 1831.]
of excitement after reading the article, inquired anxiously whether he had just received a challenge,—not knowing how else to account for the fierce defiance of his looks. It would, indeed, be difficult for sculptor or painter to imagine a subject of more fearful beauty than the fine countenance of the young poet must have exhibited in the collected energy of that crisis. His pride had been wounded to the quick, and his ambition humbled;—but this feeling of humiliation lasted but for a moment. The very reaction of his spirit against aggression roused him to a full consciousness of his own powers; and the pain and the shame of the injury were forgotten in the proud certainty of revenge.

Among the less sentimental effects of this Review upon his mind, he used to mention that, on the day he read it, he drank three bottles of claret to his own share after dinner;—that nothing, however, relieved him till he had given vent to his indignation in rhyme, and that “after the first twenty lines, he felt himself considerably better.” His chief care, indeed, afterwards, was amiably devoted,—as we have seen it was, in like manner, before the criticism,—to allaying, as far as he could, the sensitiveness of his mother; who, not having the same motive or power to summon up a spirit of resistance, was, of course, more helplessly alive to this attack upon his fame, and felt it far more than, after the first burst of indignation, he did himself. But the state of his mind upon the subject will be best understood from the following letter.

LETTER 25. TO MR. BECHER.

"Dorant’s, March 28, 1808.

"I have lately received a copy of the new edition from Ridge, and it is high time for me to return my best thanks to you for the trouble you have taken in the superintendence. This I do most sincerely, and only regret that Ridge has not seconded you as I could wish,—at least, in the bindings, paper, &c., of the copy he sent to me. Perhaps those for the public may be more respectable in such articles.

You have seen the Edinburgh Review, of course. I regret that Mrs. Byron is so much annoyed. For my own part, these ‘paper bullets of the brain’ have only taught me to stand fire; and, as I have been lucky enough upon the whole, my repose and appetite are not discomposed. Pratt, the gleaner, author, poet, &c. &c., addressed a long rhyming epistle to me on the subject, by way of consolation; but it was not well done, so I do not send it, though the name of the man might make it go down. The E. R.’s have not performed their task well; at least the literati tell me this; and I think I could write a more sarcastic critique on myself than any yet published. For instance, instead of the remark,—ill-natured enough, but not keen,—about Macpherson, I (quod reviewers) could have said, ‘Alas, this imitation only proves the assertion of Dr. Johnson, that many men, women, and children, could write such poetry as Ossian’s.”

"I am thin and in exercise. During the spring or summer I trust we shall meet. I hear Lord Ruthyn leaves Newstead in April. As soon as he quits it for ever, I wish much you would take a ride over, survey the mansion, and give me your candid opinion on the most advisable mode of proceeding with regard to the house. Entre nous, I am cursorily dipped; my debts, every thing inclusive, will be nine or ten thousand before I am twenty-one. But I have reason to think my property will turn out better than general expectation may conceive. Of Newstead I have little hope or care; but Hanson, my agent, intimated my Lancashire property was worth three Newsteads. I believe we have it hollow; though the defendants are protracting the surrender, if possible, till after my majority, for the purpose of forming some arrangement with me, thinking I shall probably prefer a sum in hand to a reversion. Newstead I may sell;—perhaps I will not,—though of that more anon. I will come down in May or June.

"Yours most truly,” &c.

The sort of life which he led at this period between the dissipations of London and of Cambridge, without a home to welcome, or even the roof of a single relative to receive him, was but little calculated to render him satisfied either with himself or the world. Unrestricted as he was by deference to any will but his own, and even the pleasures to

1 "'Tis a quality very observable in human nature, that any opposition which does not entirely discourage and intimidate us, has rather a contrary effect, and inspires us with a more than ordinary grandeur and magnanimity. In collecting our force to overcome the opposition, we invigorate the soul, and give it an elevation with which otherwise it would never have been acquainted.” — Hume, Treatise of Human Nature.

2 ["Dr. Johnson’s reply to the friend who asked him if any man living could have written such a book is well known: ‘Yes, Sir; many men, many women, and many children.’ I inquired of him myself if this story was authentic, and he said it was.” — Mrs. Piozzi, Johnsoniana, p. 84.]

3 “The colour of our whole life is generally such as the three or four first years in which we are our own masters make it.” — Cowper.
which he was naturally most inclined prematurely pulled upon him, for want of those best zests of all enjoyment, rarity and restraint. I have already quoted, from one of his note-books, a passage descriptive of his feelings on first going to Cambridge, in which he says that "one of the deadliest and heaviest feelings of his life was to feel that he was no longer a boy."—"From that moment (he adds) I began to grow old in my own esteem, and in my own age is not estimable. I took my gradations in the vices with great promptitude, but they were not to my taste; for my early passions, though violent in the extreme, were concentrated, and hated division or spreading abroad. I could have left or lost the whole world with, or for, that which I loved; but, though my temperament was naturally burning, I could not share in the common-place libertinism of the place and time without disgust. And yet this very disgust, and my heart thrown back upon itself, threw me into excesses perhaps more fatal than those from which I shrank, as fixing upon one (at a time) the passions which spread amongst many would have hurt only myself." Though, from the causes here alleged, the irregularities he, at this period, gave way to were of a nature far less gross and miscellaneous than those, perhaps, of any of his associates, yet, partly from the vehemence which this concentration caused, and, still more, from that strange pride in his own errors, which led him always to bring them forth in the most conspicuous light, it so happened that one single indiscretion, in his hands, was made to go farther, if I may so express it, than a thousand in those of others. An instance of this, that occurred about the time of which we are speaking, was, I am inclined to think, the sole foundation of the mysterious allusions just cited. An amour (if it may be dignified with such a name) of that sort of casual description which less attachable natures would have forgotten, and more prudent ones at least concealed, was by him converted, at this period, and with circumstances of most unnecessary display, into a connection of some continuance,—the object of it not only becoming domesticated with him in lodgings at Brompton, but accompanied him afterwards, disguised in boy's clothes, to Brighton. He introduced this young person, who used to ride about with him in his male attire, as his younger brother; and the late Lady P **, who was at Brighton at the time, and had some suspicion of the real nature of the relationship, said one day to the poet's companion, "What a pretty horse that is you are riding!"—"Yes," answered the pretended cavalier, "it was gave me by my brother!" Beattie tells us, of his ideal poet,—

"The exploits of strength, dexterity, or speed, To him nor vanity nor joy could bring." But far different were the tastes of the real poet, Byron; and among the least romantic, perhaps, of the exercises in which he took delight was that of boxing or sparring. This taste it was that, at a very early period, brought him acquainted with the distinguished professor of that art, Mr. Jackson, for whom he continued through life to entertain the sincerest regard, one of his latest works containing a most cordial tribute not only to the professional but social qualities of this sole prop and ornament of pugilism. During his stay at Brighton this year, Jackson was one of his most constant visitors,—the expense of the professor's chaise thither and back being always defrayed by his noble patron. He also honoured with his notice, at this time, D'Egville, the ballet-master, and Grimaldi; to the latter of whom he sent, as I understand, on one of his benefit nights a present of five guineas.

Having been favoured by Mr. Jackson with copies of the few notes and letters, which he has preserved out of the many addressed to him by Lord Byron, I shall here lay before the reader one or two, which bear the date of the present year, and which, though referring to matters of no interest in themselves, give, perhaps, a better notion of the actual life and habits of the young poet, at this time, than could be afforded by the most elaborate and, in other respects, important correspondence. They will show, at least, how very little akin to romance were the early pursuits and associates of the author of Childe Harold, and, combined with what we know of the still less romantic youth of Shakspeare, prove how unhurt the vital principle of genius can preserve itself even in atmospheres apparently the most ungenial and noxious to it.

**Letter 25. To Mr. Jackson.**


"Dear Jack,

"I wish you would inform me what has been done by Jekyll, at No. 40. Sloane model of a form, together with his good humour and athletic, as well as mental, accomplishments." —Note on Don Juan, Canto XI. st. 19."
Square, concerning the pony I returned as unsound.

I have also to request you will call on Louch at Brompton, and inquire what the devil he meant by sending such an insolent letter to me at Brighton; and at the same time tell him I by no means can comply with the charge he has made for things pretended to be damaged.

Ambrose behaved most scandalously about the pony. You may tell Jekyll if he does not refund the money, I shall put the affair into my lawyer's hands. Five and twenty guineas is a sound price for a pony, and by —, if it costs me five hundred pounds, I will make an example of Mr. Jekyll, and that immediately, unless the cash is returned.

"Believe me, dear Jack," &c.

Letter 27. To Mr. Jackson.

"N. A., Notts. October 4. 1808."

"You will make as good a bargain as possible with this Master Jekyll, if he is not a gentleman. If he is a gentleman, inform me, for I shall take very different steps. If he is not, you must get what you can of the money, for I have too much business on hand at present to commence an action. Besides, Ambrose is the man who ought to refund,—but I have done with him. You can settle with L. out of the balance, and dispose of the bidets, &c. as you best can.

"I should be very glad to see you here; but the house is filled with workmen, and undergoing a thorough repair. I hope, however, to be more fortunate before many months have elapsed.

"If you see Bold Webster, remember me to him, and tell him I have to regret Sydney, who has perished, I fear, in my rabbit warren, for we have seen nothing of him for the last fortnight.

"Adieu.—Believe me," &c.

Letter 28. To Mr. Jackson.

"N. A., Notts. December 12. 1808."

"My dear Jackson,

"You will get the greyhound from the owner at any price, and as many more of the same breed (male or female) as you can collect.

"Tell D'Egville his dress shall be returned—I am obliged to him for the pattern. I am sorry you should have so much trouble, but I was not aware of the difficulty of procuring the animals in question. I shall have finished part of my mansion in a few weeks, and, if you can pay me a visit at Christmas, I shall be very glad to see you.

"Believe me," &c.

The dress alluded to here was, no doubt, wanted for a private play, which he, at this time, got up at Newstead, and of which there are some further particulars in the annexed letter to Mr. Becher.

Letter 29. To Mr. Becher.


"My dear Becher,

"I am much obliged to you for your inquiries, and shall profit by them accordingly. I am going to get up a play here; the hall will constitute a most admirable theatre. I have settled the dram. pers., and can do without ladies, as I have some young friends who will make tolerable substitutes for females, and we only want three male characters, beside Mr. Hobhouse and myself, for the play we have fixed on, which will be the Revenge. Pray direct Nicholson the carpenter to come over to me immediately, and inform me what day you will dine and pass the night here.

"Believe me," &c.

It was in the autumn of this year, as the letters I have just given indicate, that he, for the first time, took up his residence at Newstead Abbey. Having received the place in a most ruinous condition from the hands of its late occupant, Lord Grey de Ruthyn, he proceeded immediately to repair and fit up some of the apartments, so as to render the dam. pers., and undergoing a thorough repair. I hope, however, to be more fortunate before many months have elapsed.

"I should be very glad to see you here; but the house is filled with workmen, and undergoing a thorough repair. I hope, however, to be more fortunate before many months have elapsed.

"If you see Bold Webster, remember me to him, and tell him I have to regret Sydney, who has perished, I fear, in my rabbit warren, for we have seen nothing of him for the last fortnight.

"Adieu.—Believe me," &c.

Letter 30. To the Honourable Mrs. Byron.

"Newstead Abbey, Notts. October 7. 1808."

"Dear Madam,

"I have no beds for the H*s or any body else at present. The H*s sleep at Mansfield. I do not know that I resemble Jean Jacques Rousseau. I have no ambition to be like so illustrious a madman—but this I know, that I shall live in my own manner, and as much alone as possible. When my rooms are ready I shall be glad to see you: at present it would be improper, and uncomfortable to both parties. You can hardly object to my rendering my mansion habitable, notwithstanding my departure for Persia in March (or May at farthest), since you will be tenant till my return; and in case of any accident (for I have already arranged my will.

1 Thus addressed always by Lord Byron, but without any right to the distinction.
to be drawn up the moment I am twenty-one), I have taken care you shall have the house and manor for life, besides a sufficient income. So you see my improvements are not entirely selfish. As I have a friend here, we will go to the Infirmary Ball on the 12th; we will drink tea with Mrs. Byron at eight o'clock, and expect to see you at the ball. If that lady will allow us a couple of rooms to dress in, we shall be highly obliged:—if we are at the ball by ten or eleven, it will be time enough, and we shall return to Newstead about three or four. Adieu.

"Believe me yours very truly,

"Byron."

The idea, entertained by Mrs. Byron, of a resemblance between her son and Rousseau was founded chiefly, we may suppose, on those habits of solitariness, in which he had even already shown a disposition to follow that self-contemplative philosopher, and which, manifesting themselves thus early, gained strength as he advanced in life. In one of his Journals, to which I frequently have occasion to refer, he thus, in questioning the justice of this comparison between himself and Rousseau, gives,—as usual, vividly,—some touches of his own disposition and habits:

"My mother, before I was twenty, would have it that I was like Rousseau, and Madame de Stael used to say so too in 1813, and the Edinburgh Review has something of the sort in its critique on the fourth Canto of Childe Harold. I can't see any point of resemblance:—he wrote prose, I verse: he was of the people; I of the aristocracy: he was a philosopher; I am none: he published his first work at forty; I mine at eighteen: his first essay brought him universal applause; mine the contrary: he married his housekeeper; I could not keep house with my wife: he thought all the world in a plot against him; my little world seems to think me in a plot against it, if I may judge by their abuse in print and coterie: he liked botany; I like flowers, herbs, and trees, but know nothing of their pedigrees: he wrote music; I limit my knowledge of it to what I catch by ear—I never could learn any thing by study, not even a language—it was all by rote and ear, and memory: he had a bad memory; I had, at least, an excellent one (ask Hodgson the poet—a good judge, for he has an astonishing one): he wrote with hesitation and care; I with rapidity, and rarely with pains: he could never ride, nor swim, nor 'was cunning of fence;' I am an excellent swimmer, a decent, though not at all a dashing, rider, (having staved in a rib at eighteen, in the course of scamping), and was sufficient of fence, particularly of the Highland broadsword, — not a bad boxer, when I could keep my temper, which was difficult, but which I strove to do ever since I knocked down Mr. Purling, and put his knee-pan out (with the gloves on), in Angelo's and Jackson's rooms in 1806, during the sparring,—and I was, besides, a very fair cricketer,—one of the Harrow eleven, when we played against Eton in 1805. Besides, Rousseau's way of life, his country, his manners, his whole character were so very different, that I am at a loss to conceive how such a comparison could have arisen, as it has done three several times, and all in rather a remarkable manner. I forgot to say that he was also short-sighted, and that hitherto my eyes have been the contrary, to such a degree that, in the largest theatre of Bologna, I distinguished and read some busts and inscriptions, painted near the stage, from a box so distant and so darkly lighted, that none of the company (composed of young and very bright-eyed people, some of them in the same box,) could make out a few philosophers, however, have been so indulgent to the pride of birth as Rousseau. — "S'il est un orgueil pataud (he says) après celui qui se tire du mérite, personnel, c'est celui qui se tire de la naissance." — Confess.
letter, and thought it was a trick, though I had never been in that theatre before.

"Altogether, I think myself justified in thinking the comparison not well founded. I don't say this out of pique, for Rousseau was a great man; and the thing, if true, were flattering enough;—but I have no idea of being pleased with the chimera."

In another letter to his mother, dated some weeks after the preceding one, he explains further his plans both with respect to Newstead and his projected travels.

**LETTER 31. TO MRS. BYRON.**

"Newstead Abbey, November 2, 1808.

"Dear Mother,

"If you please, we will forget the things you mention. I have no desire to remember them. When my rooms are finished, I shall be happy to see you; as I tell but the truth, you will not suspect me of evasion. I am furnishing the house more for you than myself, and I shall establish you in it before I sail for India, which I expect to do in March, if nothing particularly obstructive occurs. I am now fitting up the green drawing-room; the red for a bed-room, and the rooms over as sleeping-rooms. They will be soon completed;—at least I hope so.

"I wish you would inquire of Major Watson (who is an old Indian) what things will be necessary to provide for my voyage. I have already procured a friend to write to the Arabic Professor at Cambridge, for some information I am anxious to procure. I can easily get letters from government to the ambassadors, consuls, &c., and also to the governors at Calcutta and Madras. I shall place my property and my will in the hands of trustees till my return, and I mean to appoint you one. From H * * [Hanson] I have heard nothing—when I do, you shall have the particulars,

"After all, you must own my project is not a bad one. If I do not travel now, I never shall, and all men should one day or other. I have at present no connections to keep me at home; no wife, or unprovided

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1 This gentleman, who took orders in the year 1814, is the author of a spirited translation of Juvenal, and of other works of distinguished merit. He was long in correspondence with Lord Byron, and to him I am indebted for some interesting letters of his noble friend, which will be given in the course of the following pages.

2 He had also, at one time, as appears from an anecdote preserved by Spence, some thoughts of burying this dog in his garden, and placing a monument over him, with the inscription, "Oh, rare Bounce!"

In speaking of the members of Rousseau's domestic establishment, Hume says, "She (Thérèse) governs him sisters, brothers, &c. I shall take care of you, and when I return I may possibly become a politician. A few years' knowledge of other countries than our own will not incapacitate me for that part. If we see no nation but our own, we do not give mankind a fair chance;—it is from experience, not books, we ought to judge of them. There is nothing like inspection, and trusting to our own senses.

"Yours," &c.

In the November of this year he lost his favourite dog, Boatswain,—the poor animal having been seized with a fit of madness, at the commencement of which so little aware was Lord Byron of the nature of the malady, that he more than once, with his bare hand, wiped away the slaver from the dog's lips during the paroxysms. In a letter to his friend, Mr. Hodgson 1, he thus announces this event:—"Boatswain is dead!—he expired in a state of madness on the 18th, after suffering much, yet retaining all the gentleness of his nature to the last, never attempting to do the least injury to any one near him. I have now lost every thing except old Murray."

The monument raised by him to this dog, — the most memorable tribute of the kind, since the Dog's Grave, of old, at Salamis,—is still a conspicuous ornament of the gardens of Newstead. The misanthropic verses engraved upon it may be found among his poems, and the following is the inscription by which they are introduced:

"Near this spot
Are deposited the Remains of one
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
And all the Virtues of Man without his Vices.
This Praise, which would be unmeaning Flattery
If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the Memory of
Boatswain, a Dog,
Who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,
And died at Newstead Abbey, November 18, 1808.

The poet Pope, when about the same age as the writer of this inscription, passed a similar eulogy on his dog 2, at the expense as absolutely as a nurse does a child. In her absence, his dog has acquired that descendant. His affection for that creature is beyond all expression or conception." — Private Correspondence. See an instance which he gives of this dog's influence over the philosopher, p. 143.

In Burns's elegy on the death of his favourite Mairle, we find the friendship even of a sheep set on a level with that of man:—

"Wf kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed:
A friend mair faithful ne'er came nigh him,
Than Mairle dead."
of human nature; adding, that "Histories are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends." In a still sadder and bitterer spirit, Lord Byron writes of his favourite,

"To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;  
I never knew but one, and here he lies."  

Melancholy, indeed, seems to have been gaining fast upon his mind at this period. In another letter to Mr. Hodgson, he says, "You know laughing is the sign of a rational animal — so says Dr. Smollet. I think so too, but unluckily my spirits don't always keep pace with my opinions."

Old Murray, the servant whom he mentions, in a preceding extract, as the only faithful follower now remaining to him, had long been in the service of the former lord, and was regarded by the young poet with a fondness of affection which it has seldom been the lot of age and dependence to inspire. "I have more than once," says a gentleman who was at this time a constant visitor at Newstead, "seen Lord Byron at the dinner-table fill out a tumbler of Madeira, and hand it over his shoulder to Joe Murray, who stood behind his chair, saying, with a cordiality that brightened his whole countenance, 'Here, my old fellow.'"

The unconcern with which he could sometimes allude to the defect in his foot is manifest from another passage in one of these letters to Mr. Hodgson. That gentleman having said jestingly that some of the verses in the "Hours of Idleness" were calculated to make schoolboys rebellious, Lord Byron answers — "If my songs have produced the glorious effects you mention, I shall be a complete Tyrtæus; — though I am sorry to say I resemble that interesting harper more in his person than in his poetry." Sometimes, too, even an allusion to this infirmity by others, when he could perceive that it was not offensively intended, was borne by him with the most perfect good nature — "much the same as usual."

"I knew but one unchanged — and here he lies."
by which he disciplined his talent to the task, was a deep study of the writings of Pope; and I have no doubt that from this period may be dated the enthusiastic admiration which he ever after cherished for this great poet,—an admiration which at last extinguished in him, after one or two trials, all hope of pre-eminence in the same track, and drove him thenceforth to seek renown in fields more open to competition.

The misanthropic mood of mind into which he had fallen at this time, from disappointed affections and thwarted hopes, made the office of satirist but too congenial and welcome to his spirit. Yet it is evident that this bitterness existed far more in his fancy than his heart; and that the sort of relief he now found in making war upon the world arose much less from the indiscriminate wounds he dealt around, than from the new sense of power he became conscious of in dealing them, and by which he more than recovered his former station in his own esteem. In truth, the versatility and ease with which, as shall presently be shown, he could, on the briefest consideration, shift from praise to censure, and, sometimes, almost as rapidly, from censure to praise, shows how fanciful and transient were the impressions under which he, in many instances, pronounced his judgments; and though it may in some degree deduce from the weight of his eulogy, absolves him also from any great depth of malice in his Satire.

His coming of age, in 1809, was celebrated at Newstead by such festivities as his narrow means and society could furnish. Besides the ritual roasting of an ox, there was a ball, it seems, given on the occasion,—of which the only particular I could collect, from the old domestic who mentioned it, was, that Mr. Hanson, the agent of her lord, was among the dancers. Of Lord Byron's own method of commemorating the day, I find the following curious record in a letter written from Genoa in 1822:—"Did I ever tell you that the day I came of age I dined on eggs and bacon and a bottle of ale?—For once in a way they are my favourite dish and drinkable; but as neither of them agree with me, I never use them but on great jubilees,—once in four or five years or so." The pecuniary supplies necessary towards his outset, at this epoch, were procured from money-lenders at an enormously usurious interest, the payment of which for a long time continued to be a burden to him.

CHAPTER VIII.

1809.

NEUSTEAD.—CONDUCT OF LORD CARLISLE.


It was not till the beginning of this year that he took his Satire,—in a state ready, as he thought, for publication,—to London. Before, however, he had put the work to press, new food was unluckily furnished to his spleen by the neglect with which he conceived himself to have been treated by his guardian, Lord Carlisle. The relations between this nobleman and his ward had, at no time, been of such a nature as to afford opportunities for the cultivation of much friendliness on either side; and to the temper and influence of Mrs. Byron must mainly be attributed the blame of widening, if not of producing, this estrangement between them. The coldness with which Lord Carlisle had received the dedication of the young poet's first volume was, as we have seen from one of the letters of the latter, felt by him most deeply. He, however, allowed himself to be so far governed by prudential considerations as not only to stifle this displeasure, but even to introduce into his Satire, as originally intended for the press, the following compliment to his guardian:—

"On one alone Apollo deigns to smile,
And crowns a new Roscommon in Carlisle."

The crown, however, thus generously awarded, did not long remain where it had been placed. In the interval between the inditing of this couplet and the delivery of the manuscript to the press, Lord Byron, under the impression that it was customary for a young peer, on first taking his seat, to have some friend to introduce him, wrote to remind Lord Carlisle that he should be of age at the commencement of the session. Instead, however, of the sort of answer which he expected, a mere formal, and, as it appeared to him, cold reply, acquainting him with the technical mode of proceeding on such occasions, was all that, in return to this application, he received. Disposed as he had been, by preceding circumstances, to suspect his noble guardian of no very friendly inclin-
tions towards him, this backwardness in proposing to introduce him to the House (a ceremony, however, as it appears, by no means necessary or even usual) was sufficient to rouse in his sensitive mind a strong feeling of resentment. The indignation, thus excited, found a vent, but too temptingly, at hand; — the laudatory couplet I have just cited was instantly expunged, and his Satire went forth charged with those vituperative verses against Lord Carlisle, of which, gratifying as they must have been to his revenge at the moment, he, not long after, with the pliability so inherent in his generous nature, repented.

During the progress of his poem through the press, he increased its length by more than a hundred lines; and made several alterations, one or two of which may be mentioned, as illustrative of that prompt susceptibility of new impressions and influences which rendered both his judgment and feelings so variable. In the Satire, as it originally stood, was the following couplet:

"Though printers condescend the press to soil
With odes by Smythe, & epic songs by Hoyle."

Of the injustice of these lines (unejust, it is but fair to say, to both the writers mentioned,) he, on the brink of publication, repented; and, — as far, at least, as regarded one of the intended victims, — adopted a tone directly opposite in his printed Satire, where the name of Professor Smythe is mentioned honourably, as it deserved, in conjunction with that of Mr. Hodgson, one of the poet’s most valued friends:

"Oh dark asylum of a Vandal race!
At once the boast of learning and disgrace;
So sunk in dulness, and so lost in shame,
That Smythe and Hodgson scarce redeem thy fame."

In another instance we find him “changing his hand” with equal facility and suddenness. The original manuscript of the Satire contained this line, —

"I leave topography to classic Gell."

but having, while the work was printing, become acquainted with Sir William Gell, he, without difficulty, by the change of a single epithet, converted satire into eulogy, and the line now descends to posterity thus:

"I leave topography to coxcomb Gell."

Among the passages added to the poem during its progress through the press there were those lines denouncing the licentiousness of the Opera, “Then let Ausonia,” &c. which the young satirist wrote one night, after returning, brimful of morality, from the Opera, and sent them early next morning to Mr. Dallas for insertion. The just and animated tribute to Mr. Crabbe was also among the

to the dozen.” The reviewer pronounces the moral of this epic to be the very echo of the concluding stanza of old Zachary Boyd’s heroic poem on the same subject—

"Now, was not Pharaoh a very great rascal,
Not to let the children of Israel, with their wives and their sons and daughters, go out into the wilderness to eat the Lord’s pascal?" —

and describes the style of the poem as “the most perfect model that could be imagined for seconding the lulling magic of Mr. Hoyle’s muse, breathing the very spirit of repose.” —Vol. xi. p. 370]


6 In the fifth edition of the Satire (suppressed by him in 1812) he again changed his mind respecting this gentleman, and altered the line to

"I leave topography to rapid Gell;"

explaining his reasons for the change in the following note: — “ ‘Rapid,’ indeed; — he topographised and typographised King Priam’s dominions in three days. I called him ‘classic’ before I saw the Troad; but since they have learned better than to tack to his name what don’t belong to it.” He is not, however, the only satirist who has been thus capricious and changeable in his judgments. The variations of this nature in Pope’s Dunciad are well known; and the Abbé Cotin, it is said, owed the “painful pre-eminence” of his station in Boileau’s Satires to the unlucky convenience of his name as a rhyme. Of the generous change from censure to praise, the poet Dante had already set an example: having, in his “Convito,” lauded some of those persons whom, in his Commedia, he had most severely lashed.
after-thoughts with which his poem was adorned; nor can we doubt that both this, and the equally merited eulogy on Mr. Rogers, were the disinterested and deliberate result of the young poet's judgment, as he had never at that period seen either of these distinguished persons, and the opinion he then expressed of their genius remained unchanged through life. With the author of the Pleasures of Memory he afterwards became intimate; but with him, whom he had so well designated as "Nature's sternest painter, yet the best," he was never lucky enough to form any acquaintance;—though, as my venerable friend and neighbour, Mr. Crabbe himself, tells me, they were once, without being aware of it, in the same inn together for a day or two, and must have frequently met, as they went in and out of the house, during the time.

Almost every second day, while the Satire was printing, Mr. Dallas, who had undertaken to superintend it through the press, received fresh matter, for the enrichment of its pages, from the author, whose mind, once excited on any subject, knew no end to the outpourings of its wealth. In one of his short notes to Mr. Dallas, he says, "Print soon, or I shall overflow with rhyme;" and it was, in the same manner, in all his subsequent publications,—as long, at least, as he remained within reach of the printer,—that he continued thus to feed the press, to the very last moment, with new and "thick-coming fancies," which the re-perusal of what he had already written suggested to him. It would almost seem, indeed, from the extreme facility and rapidity with which he produced some of his brightest passages during the progress of his works through the press, that there was in the very act of printing an excitement to his fancy, and that the rush of his thoughts towards this outlet gave increased life and freshness to their flow.

Among the passing events from which he now caught illustrations for his poem was the melancholy death of Lord Falkland, —a gallant, but dissipated naval officer, with whom the habits of his town life had brought him acquainted, and who, about the beginning of March, was killed in a duel by Mr. Powell. That this event affected Lord Byron very deeply, the few touching sentences devoted to it in his Satire prove. "On Sunday night (he says) I beheld Lord Falkland presiding at his own table in all the honest pride of hospitality; on Wednesday morning at three o'clock I saw stretched before me all that remained of courage, feeling, and a host of passions." But it was not by words only that he gave proof of sympathy on this occasion. The family of the unfortunate nobleman were left behind in circumstances which needed something more than the mere expression of compassion to alleviate them; and Lord Byron, notwithstanding the pressure of his own difficulties at the time, found means, seasonably and delicately, to assist the widow and children of his friend. In the following letter to Mrs. Byron, he mentions this among other matters of interest,—and in a tone of unostentatious sensibility highly honourable to him.

**LETTER 32. TO MRS. BYRON.**

*St. James's Street, March 6, 1809.*

"Dear Mother,

"My last letter was written under great depression of spirits from poor Falkland's death, who has left without a shilling four children and his wife. I have been endeavouring to assist them, which, God knows, I cannot do as I could wish, from my own embarrassments and the many claims upon me from other quarters.

"What you say is all very true: come what may, Newstead and I stand or fall together. I have now lived on the spot, I have fixed my heart upon it, and no pressure, present or future, shall induce me to barter the last vestige of our inheritance. I have that pride within me which will enable me to support difficulties. I can endure privations; but could I obtain in exchange for Newstead Abbey the first fortune in the country, I would reject the proposition. Set your mind at ease on that score; Mr. H **[Hanson] talks like a man of business on the subject,—I feel like a man of honour, and I will not sell Newstead.

"I shall get my seat on the return of the affidavits from Carhais, in Cornwall, and will do something in the House soon: I must dash, or it is all over. My Satire must be kept secret for a month; after that you may say what you please on the subject. Lord Carlisle has used me infamously, and refused to state any particulars of my family to the Chancellor. I have lashed him in my rhymes, and perhaps his lordship may regret not being more conciliatory. They tell me it will

1 [Charles-John Cary, eighth viscount Falkland. He married, in 1809, Miss Christiana Anton, by whom he had three sons.]

2 [Shortly after Lord Falkland's death, Lord Byron reminded the unfortunate widow, that he was to be godfather to her infant: the child was christened Byron-Charles-Ferdinand-Plantagenet Cary, and after the ceremony the poet inserted a five-hundred pound note in a breakfast cup; but in so cautious a manner, that it was not discovered until he had left the house.—See Byroniana.]
have a sale; I hope so, for the bookseller has behaved well, as far as publishing well goes.  

"Believe me, &c.

"P. S.—You shall have a mortgage on one of the farms."

The affidavits which he here mentions, as expected from Cornwall, were those required in proof of the marriage of Admiral Byron with Miss Trevanion, the solemnisation of which having taken place, as it appears, in a private chapel at Carhais, no regular certificate of the ceremony could be produced. The delay in procuring other evidence, coupled with the refusal of Lord Carlisle to afford any explanations respecting his family, interposed those difficulties which he alludes to in the way of his taking his seat. At length, all the necessary proofs having been obtained, he, on the 13th of March, presented himself in the House of Lords, in a state more lone and unfriended, perhaps, than any youth of his high station had ever before been reduced to on such an occasion,—not having a single individual of his own class either to take him by the hand as friend or acknowledge him as acquaintance. To chance alone was he even indebted for being accompanied as far as the bar of the House by a very distant relative, who had been, little more than a year before, an utter stranger to him. This relative was Mr. Dallas; and the account which he has given of the whole scene is too striking in all its details to be related in any other words than his own:—

"The Satire was published about the middle of March, previous to which he took his seat in the House of Lords, on the 13th of the same month. On that day, passing down St. James's Street, but with no intention of calling, I saw his chariot at his door, and went in. His countenance, paler than usual, showed that his mind was agitated, and that he was thinking of the nobleman to whom he had once looked for a hand and countenance in his introduction to the House. He said to me—'I am glad you happened to come in; I am going to take my seat, perhaps you will go with me.' I expressed my readiness to attend him; while, at the same time, I concealed the shock I felt on thinking that this young man, who by birth, fortune, and talent, stood high in life, should have lived so unconnected and neglected by persons of his own rank, that there was not a single member of the senate to which he belonged to whom he could or would apply to introduce him in a manner becoming his birth. I saw that he felt the situation, and I fully partook his indignation.

"After some talk about the Satire, the last sheets of which were in the press, I accompanied Lord Byron to the House. He was received in one of the ante-chambers by some of the officers in attendance, with whom he settled respecting the fees he had to pay. One of them went to apprise the Lord Chancellor of his being there, and soon returned for him. There were very few persons in the House. Lord Eldon was going through some ordinary business. When Lord Byron entered, I thought he looked still paler than before; and he certainly wore a countenance in which mortification was mingled with, but subdued by, indignation. He passed the woolsack without looking round, and advanced to the table where the proper officer was attending to administer the oaths. When he had gone through them, the proper officer was attending to administer the oaths. When he had gone through them, the proper officer was attending to administer the oaths. When he had gone through them, the proper officer was attending to administer the oaths. When he had gone through them, the proper officer was attending to administer the oaths.

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"When I came of age, some delays, on account of some birth and marriage certificates from Cornwall, occasioned me not to take my seat for several weeks. When these were over, and I had taken the oaths, the Chancellor apologised to me for the delay, observing 'that these forms were a part of his duty.' I begged him to make no apology, and added (as he certainly had shown no violent hurry), 'Your Lordship was exactly like Tom Thumb' (which was then being acted) —'you did your duty, and you did no more.'"

In a few days after, the Satire made its appearance; and one of the first copies was
sent, with the following letter, to his friend Mr. Harness.

LETTERS. TO MR. HARNESS.

"S. St. James's Street, March 18. 1809.

"There was no necessity for your excuses: if you have time and inclination to write, 'for what we receive, the Lord make us thankful,'—if I do not hear from you, I console myself with the idea that you are much more agreeably employed.

"I send down to you by this post a certain Satire lately published, and in return for the three and sixpence expenditure upon it, only beg that if you should guess the author, you will keep his name secret; at least for the present. London is full of the Duke's business. The Commons have been at it these last three nights, and are not yet come to a decision. I do not know if the affair will be brought before our House, unless in the shape of an impeachment. If it makes its appearance in a debatable form, I believe I shall be tempted to say something on the subject.—I am glad to hear you like Cambridge: firstly, because, to know that you are happy is pleasant to one who wishes you all possible sublunary enjoyment; and, secondly, I admire the morality of the sentiment. Alma Mater was to me injusta noster; and the old beldam only gave me my M. A. degree because she could not avoid it.3—You know what a farce a noble Cantab. must perform.

"I am going abroad, if possible, in the spring, and before I depart I am collecting the pictures of my most intimate schoolfellows; I have already a few, and shall want yours, or my cabinet will be incomplete. I have employed one of the first miniature painters of the day to take them, of course, at my own expense, as I never allow my acquaintance to incur the least expenditure to gratify a whim of mine. To mention this may seem indelicate; but when I tell you a friend of ours first refused to sit, under the idea that he was to disburse on the occasion, you will see that it is necessary to state these preliminaries to prevent the recurrence of any similar mistake. I shall see you in time, and will carry you to the inn."

1 [The investigation, then going on, in the House of Commons, of the charges brought against the Duke of York by Colonel Wardle.]

2 In another letter to Mr. Harness, dated February, 1809, he says, "I do not know how you and Alma Mater agree. I was but an untoward child myself, and I believe the good lady and her brat were equally rejoiced when I was weaned; and if I obtained her benediction at parting, it was, at best, equivocal."

3 ["When I remember," says Lord Byron, in a note to the second canto of Childe Harold, "that, a short time

will be a tax on your patience for a week; but pray excuse it, as it is possible the resemblance may be the sole trace I shall be able to preserve of our past friendship and acquaintance. Just now it seems foolish enough; but in a few years, when some of us are dead, and others are separated by inevitable circumstances, it will be a kind of satisfaction to retain in these images of the living the idea of our former selves, and to contemplate, in the resemblances of the dead, all that remains of judgment, feeling, and a host of passions. But all this will be dull enough for you, and so good night; and to end my chapter, or rather my homily, believe me, my dear H., yours most affectionately."

In this romantic design of collecting together the portraits of his school friends, we see the natural working of an ardent and disappointed heart, which, as the future began to darken upon it, clung with fondness to the recollections of the past; and, in despair of finding new and true friends, saw no happiness but in preserving all it could of the old. But even here, his sensibility had to encounter one of those freezing checks, to which feelings, so much above the ordinary temperature of the world, are but too constantly exposed;—it being from one of the very friends thus fondly valued by him, that he experienced, on leaving England, that mark of neglect of which he so indignantly complains in a note on the second canto of Childe Harold,—contrasting with this conduct the fidelity and devotedness he had just found in his Turkish servant, Dervish, Mr. Dallas, who witnessed the immediate effect of this slight upon him, thus describes his emotion:

"I found him bursting with indignation. 'Will you believe it?' said he, 'I have just met ***; and asked him to come and sit an hour with me: he excused himself; and what do you think was his excuse? He was engaged with his mother and some ladies to go shopping! And he knows I set out to morrow, to be absent for years, perhaps never to return!—Friendship! I do not believe I shall leave behind me, yourself and family excepted, and perhaps my mother, a

before my departure from England, a noble and most intimate associate had excused himself from taking leave of me because he had to attend a relation to a milliner's; I felt no less surprised than humiliated by the present occurrence and the past recollection. That Dervish would leave me with some regret was to be expected: when master and man have been scrambling over the mountains of a dozen provinces together, they are unwilling to separate; but his present feelings, contrasted with his native ferocity, improved my opinion of the human heart."—See Works, p. 763.]
single being who will care what becomes of me."

From his expressions in a letter to Mrs. Byron, already cited, that he must "do something in the House soon," as well as from a more definite intimation of the same intention to Mr. Harness, it would appear that he had, at this time, serious thoughts of at once entering on the high political path which his station as an hereditary legislator opened to him. But, whatever may have been the first movements of his ambition in this direction, they were soon relinquished. Had he been connected with any distinguished political families, his love of eminence, seconded by such example and sympathy, would have impelled him, no doubt, to seek renown in the fields of party warfare, where it might have been his fate to afford a single instance of that transmuting process by which, as Pope says, the corruption of a poet sometimes leads to the generation of a statesman. Luckily, however, for the world (though whether luckily for himself may be questioned), the brighter empire of poesy was destined to claim him all its own. The loneliness, indeed, of his position in society at this period, left destitute, as he was, of all those sanctions and sympathies, by which youth at its first start is usually surrounded, was, of itself, enough to discourage him from embarking in a pursuit, where it is chiefly on such extrinsic advantages that any chance of success must depend. So far from taking an active part in the proceedings of his noble brethren, he appears to have regarded even the ceremonies of his attendance among them as irksome and mortifying; and in a few days after his admission to his seat, he withdrew himself in disgust to the seclusion of his own Abbey, there to brood over the bitterness of premature experience, or meditate, in the scenes and adventures of other lands, a freer outlet for his impatient spirit than it could command at home.

It was not long, however, before he was summoned back to town by the success of his Satire,—the quick sale of which already rendered the preparation of a new edition necessary. His zealous agent, Mr. Dallas, had taken care to transmit to him, in his retirement, all the favourable opinions of the work he could collect; and it is not unmusing, as showing the sort of steps by which Fame at first mounts, to find the approbation of such authorities as Pratt and the magazine writers put forward among the first rewards and encouragements of a Byron.

"You are already (he says) pretty generally known to be the author. So Cawthorn tells me, and a proof occurred to myself at Hatchard's, the Queen's bookseller. On inquiring for the Satire, he told me that he had sold a great many, and had none left, and was going to send for more, which I afterwards found he did. I asked who was the author? He said it was believed to be Lord Byron's. Did he believe it? Yes he did. On asking the ground of his belief, he told me that a lady of distinction had, without hesitation, asked for it as Lord Byron's Satire. He likewise informed me that he had inquired of Mr. Gifford, who frequents his shop, if it was yours. Mr. Gifford denied any knowledge of the author, but spoke very highly of it, and said a copy had been sent to him. Hatchard assured me that all who came to his reading-room admired it. Cawthorn tells me it is universally well spoken of; not only among his own customers, but generally at all the booksellers'. I heard it highly praised at my own publisher's, where I have lately called several times. At Phillips's it was read aloud by Pratt to a circle of literary guests, who were unanimous in their applause:— The Anti-jacobin, as well as the Gentleman's Magazine, has already blown the trumpet of fame for you. We shall see it in the other Reviews next month, and probably in some severely handled, according to the connection of the proprietors and editors with those whom it latches."

On his arrival in London, towards the end of April, he found the first edition of his poem nearly exhausted; and set immediately about preparing another, to which he determined to prefix his name. The additions he now made to the work were considerable,—near a hundred new lines being introduced at the very opening, and it was not till about the middle of the ensuing month that the new edition was ready to go to press. He had, during his absence from town, fixed definitely with his friend, Mr. Hobhouse, that they should leave England together on the following June, and it was his wish to see the last proofs of the volume corrected before his departure.

Among the new features of this edition was a Postscript to the Satire, in prose, which Mr. Dallas, much to the credit of his discretion and taste, most earnestly entreated the poet to suppress. It is to be regretted that the adviser did not succeed in his efforts, as there runs a tone of bravado through this ill-judged effusion, which it is, at all times,
painful to see a brave man assume, 1 For instance: — "It may be said," he observes, "that I quit England because I have censured these 'persons of honour and wit about town'; but I am coming back again, and their vengeance will keep hot till my return. Those who know me can testify that my motives for leaving England are very different from fears, literary or personal; those who do not may be one day convinced. Since the publication of this thing, my name has not been concealed; I have been mostly in London, ready to answer for my transgressions, and in daily expectation of sundry cartels; but, alas, 'the age of chivalry is over,' or, in the vulgar tongue, there is no spirit now-a-days."

But, whatever may have been the faults or indiscretions of this Satire, there are few who would now sit in judgment upon it so severely as did the author himself, on reading it over nine years after, when he had quitted England, never to return. The copy which he then perused is now in the possession of Mr. Murray, and the remarks which he has scribbled over its pages are well worth transcribing. On the first leaf we find —

"The binding of this volume is considerably too valuable for its contents."

"Nothing but the consideration of its being too savage all this on Bowles and down against Mr. Coleridge. On his unmeasured attack upon Mr. Bowles, the comment is,— "This was meant at poor Blackett, who was then patronised by A. I. B. 3: — but that I did not know, or this would not have been written; at least I think not."

Farther on, where Mr. Campbell and other poets are mentioned, the following gingle on the names of their respective poems is scribbled:

"Pretty Miss Jacqueline
Had a nose aquiline;
And would assert rude
Things of Miss Gertrude;
While Mr. Marmion
Led a great army on,
Making Kehama look
Like a fierce Mamaluke."

Opposite the paragraph in praise of Mr. Crabbe he has written, "I consider Crabbe and Coleridge as the first of these times in point of power and genius. On his own line, in a subsequent paragraph, "And glory like the phoenix mid her fires," he says, conically, "The devil take that phoenix — how"
came it there?" and his concluding remark on the whole poem is as follows:—

"The greater part of this Satire I most sincerely wish had never been written; not only on account of the injustice of much of the critical and some of the personal part of it, but the tone and temper are such as I cannot approve."

"BYRON."

"Diodata, Geneva, July 14. 1816."

While engaged in preparing his new edition for the press, he was also gaily dispensing the hospitalities of Newstead to a party of young college friends, whom, with the prospect of so long an absence from England, he had assembled round him at the Abbey, for a sort of festive farewell. The following letter from one of the party, Charles Skinner Matthews, though containing much less of the noble host himself than we could have wished, yet, as a picture, taken freshly and at the moment, of a scene so pregnant with character, will, I have little doubt, be highly acceptable to the reader.

LETTER FROM CHARLES SKINNER MATTHEWS, ESQ. TO MISS I. M.

"London, May 22, 1809.

"My dear ———,

"I must begin with giving you a few particulars of the singular place which I have lately quitted.

"Newstead Abbey is situate 136 miles from London,—four on this side Mansfield. It is so fine a piece of antiquity, that I should think there must be a description, and, perhaps, a picture of it in Grose. The ancestors of its present owner came into possession of it at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries,—but the building itself is of a much earlier date. Though sadly fallen to decay, it is still completely an abbey, and most part of it is still standing in the same state as when it was first built. There are two tiers of cloisters, with a variety of cells and rooms about them, which, though not inhabited, nor in an inhabitable state, might easily be made so; and many of the original rooms, amongst which is a fine stone hall, are still in use. Of the abbey church only one end remains; and the old kitchen, with a long range of apartments, is reduced to a heap of rubbish. Leading from the abbey to the modern part of the habitation is a noble room seventy feet in length, and twenty-three in breadth; but every part of the house displays neglect and decay, save those which the present Lord has lately fitted up.

"The house and gardens are entirely surrounded by a wall with battlements. In front is a large lake, bordered here and there with castellated buildings, the chief of which stands on an eminence at the further extremity of it. Fancy all this surrounded with bleak and barren hills, with scarce a tree to be seen for miles, except a solitary clump or two, and you will have some idea of Newstead. For the late Lord being at enmity with his son, to whom the estate was secured by entail, resolved, out of spite to the same, that the estate should descend to him in as miserable a plight as he could possibly reduce it to; for which cause, he took no care of the mansion, and fell to lopping of every tree he could lay his hands on, so furiously, that he reduced immense tracts of woodland country to the desolate state I have just described. However, his son died before him, so that all his rage was thrown away.

"So much for the place, concerning which I have thrown together these few particulars, meaning my account to be, like the place itself, without any order or connection. But if the place itself appear rather strange to you, the ways of the inhabitants will not appear much less so. Ascend, then, with me the hall steps, that I may introduce you to my Lord and his visitors. But have a care how you proceed; be mindful to go there in broad daylight, and with your eyes about you. For, should you make any blunder,—should you go to the right of the hall steps, you are laid hold of by a bear; and should you go to the left, your case is still worse, for you run full against a wolf!—Nor, when you have attained the door, is your danger over; for the hall being decayed, and therefore standing in need of repair, a bevy of inmates are very probably hanging at one end of it with their pistols; so that if you enter without giving loud notice of your approach, you have only escaped the wolf and the bear to expire by the pistol-shot of the merry monks of Newstead.

"Our party consisted of Lord Byron and four others, and was, now and then, increased by the presence of a neighbouring parson. As for our way of living, the order of the day was generally this:—for breakfast we had no set hour, but each suited his own convenience,—every thing remaining on the table till the whole party had done; though had one wished to breakfast at the early hour of ten, one would have been rather lucky to find any of the servants up. Our average hour of rising was one. I, who generally got up between eleven and twelve, was always,—even when an invalid,—the first of the party, and was esteemed a prodigy of early rising. It was frequently past two before the breakfast party broke up. Then,
for the amusements of the morning, there was reading, fencing, single-stick, or shuttlecock, in the great room; practising with pistols in the hall; walking—riding—cricket—sailing on the lake, playing with the bear, or teasing the wolf. Between seven and eight we dined; and our evening lasted from that time till one, two, or three in the morning. The evening diversions may be easily conceived.

I must not omit the custom of handing round, after dinner, on the removal of the cloth, a human skull filled with burgundy. After revelling on choice viands, and the finest wines of France, we adjourned to tea, where we amused ourselves with reading, or improving conversation,—each, according to his fancy,—and, after sandwiches, &c. retired to rest. A set of monkish dresses, which had been provided, with all the proper apparatus of crosses, beads, tonsures, &c. often gave a variety to our appearance, and to our pursuits.

You may easily imagine how chagrined I was at being ill nearly the first half of the time I was there. But I was led into a very different reflection from that of Dr. Swift, who left Pope's house without ceremony, and afterwards informed him, by letter, that it was impossible for two sick friends to live together; for I found my shivering and invalid frame so perpetually annoyed by the thoughtless and tumultuous health of every one about me, that I heartily wished every soul in the house to be as ill as myself.

The journey back I performed on foot, together with another of the guests. We walked about twenty-five miles a day; but were a week on the road, from being detained by the rain.

So here I close my account of an expedition which has somewhat extended my knowledge of this country. And where do you think I am going next? To Constantinople!—at least, such an excursion has been proposed to me. Lord B. and another friend of mine are going thither next month, and have asked me to join the party; but it seems to be but a wild scheme, and requires twice thinking upon.

Addio, my dear I., yours very affectionately,

"C. S. MATTHEWS."

Having put the finishing hand to his new edition, he, without waiting for the fresh honours that were in store for him, took leave of London (whither he had returned) on the 11th of June, and, in about a fortnight after, sailed for Lisbon.

Great was the advance which his powers had made, under the influence of that resentment from which he now drew his inspiration, they were yet, even in his Satire, at an immeasurable distance from the point to which they afterwards so triumphantly rose. It is, indeed, remarkable that, essentially as his genius seemed connected with, and, as it were, springing out of his character, the development of the one should so long have preceded the full maturity of the resources of the other. By her very early and rapid expansion of his sensibilities, Nature had given him notice of what she destined him for, long before he understood the call; and those materials of poetry with which his own fervid temperament abounded were but by slow degrees, and after much self-meditation, revealed to him. In his Satire, though vigorous, there is but little foretaste of the wonders that followed it. His spirit was stirred, but he had not yet looked down into its depths, nor does even his bitterness taste of the bottom of the heart, like those sarccasms which he afterwards flung in the face of mankind. Still less had the other countless feelings and passions, with which his soul had been long labouring, found an organ worthy of them; — the gloom, the grandeur, the tenderness of his nature, all were left without a voice, till his mighty genius, at last, awakened in its strength.

In stooping, as he did, to write after established models, as well in the Satire as in his still earlier poems, he showed how little he had yet explored his own original resources, or found out those distinctive marks by which he was to be known through all times. But, bold and energetic as was his general character, he was, in a remarkable degree, deficient in his intellectual powers. The consciousness of what he could achieve was but by degrees forced upon him, and the discovery of so rich a mine of genius in his soul came with no less surprise on himself than on the world. It was from the same slowness of self-appreciation that, afterwards, in the full flow of his fame, he long doubted, as we shall see, his own aptitude for works of wit and humour,— till the happy experiment of "Beppo" at once dissipated this distrust, and opened a new region of triumph to his versatile and boundless powers.

But, however far short of himself his first
writings must be considered, there is in his Satire a liveliness of thought, and still more a vigour and courage, which, concurring with the justice of his cause and the sympathies of the public on his side, could not fail to attach instant celebrity to his name. Notwithstanding, too, the general boldness and recklessness of his tone, there were occasionally mingled with this defiance some allusions to his own fate and character, whose affecting earnestness seemed to answer for their truth, and which were of a nature strongly to awaken curiosity as well as interest. One or two of these passages, as illustrative of the state of his mind at this period, I shall here extract. The loose and unfenced state in which his youth was left to grow wild upon the world is thus touchingly alluded to: —

"Ev'n I, least thinking of a thoughtless throng,  
Just skill'd to know the right and choose the wrong,  
Freed at that age when Reason's shield is lost  
To fight my course through Passion's countless host,  
Whom every path of Pleasure's flowery way  
Has lured in turn, and all have led astray! —  
Ev'n I must raise my voice, ev'n I must feel  
Such scenes, such men destroy the public weal:  
Although some kind, censorious friend will say,  
'What art thou better, meddling fool?, than they?'  
And every brother Rake will smile to see  
That miracle, a Moralist, in me."

But the passage in which, hastily thrown off as it is, we find the strongest traces of that wounded feeling, which bleeds, as it were, through all his subsequent writings, is the following: —

"The time hath been, when no harsh sound would fall  
From lips that now may seem imbued with gall,  
Nor fools nor follies tempt me to despise  
The meanest thing that crawled beneath my eyes.  
But now so callous grown, so changed from youth, &c."

Some of the causes that worked this change in his character have been intimated in the course of the preceding pages. That there was no tinge of bitterness in his natural disposition, we have abundant testimony, besides his own, to prove. Though, as a child, occasionally passionate and headstrong, his docility and kindness towards those who were themselves kind, is acknowledged by all; and "playful" and "affectionate" are invariably the epithets by which those who knew him in his childhood convey their impression of his character.

Of all the qualities, indeed, of his nature, affectionateness seems to have been the most ardent and most deep. A disposition,

on his own side, to form strong attachments, and a yearning desire after affection in return, were the feeling and the want that formed the dream and torment of his existence. We have seen with what passionate enthusiasm he threw himself into his boyish friendships. The all-absorbing and unsuccessful love that followed was, if I may so say, the agony, without being the death, of this unsated desire, which lived on through his life, and filled his poetry with the very soul of tenderness, lent the colouring of its light to even those unworthy ties which vanity or passion led him afterwards to form, and was the last aspiration of his fervid spirit in those stanzas written but a few months before his death: —

"'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,  
Since others it has ceased to move;  
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,  
Still let me love!"

It is much, I own, to be questioned, whether, even under the most favourable circumstances, a disposition such as I have here described could have escaped ultimate disappointment, or found any where a resting-place for its imaginings and desires. But, in the case of Lord Byron, disappointment met him on the very threshold of life. His mother, to whom his affections first, naturally with ardour, turned, either repelled them rudely, or capriciously trilled with them. In speaking of his early days to a friend at Genoa, a short time before his departure for Greece, he traced the first feelings of pain and humiliation he had ever known to the coldness with which his mother had received his caresses in infancy, and the frequent taunts on his personal deformity with which she had wounded him.

The sympathy of a sister's love, of all the influences on the mind of a youth the most softening, was also, in his early days, denied to him,—his sister Augusta and he having seen but little of each other while young. A vent through the calm channel of domestic affections might have brought down the high current of his feelings to a level nearer that of the world he had to traverse, and thus saved them from the tumultuous rapids and falls to which this early elevation, in their after-course, exposed them. In the dearth of all home-endearments, his heart had no other resource but in those boyish friendships which he formed at school; and when these were interrupted by his removal to Cambridge, he was again thrown back, isolated, on his own restless desires. Then followed his ill-fated attachment to Miss Chaworth, to which, more than to any other cause, he himself attributed the desolating change then wrought in his disposition.

1 In the MS. remarks on his Satire, to which I have already referred, he says, on this passage — "Yea, and a pretty dance they have led me."

2 "Fool then, and but little wiser now."
"I doubt sometimes (he says, in his 'Detached Thoughts') whether, after all, a quiet and unagitiated life would have suited me; yet I sometimes long for it. My earliest dreams (as most boys' dreams are) were martial: but a little later they were all for love and retirement, till the hopeless attachment to Mary Chaworth began and continued (though sedulously concealed) very early in my teens; and so upwards for a time. This threw me out again 'alone on a wide, wide sea.' In the year 1804 I recollect meeting my sister at General Harcourt's, in Portland Place. I was then one thing, and as she had always till then found me. When we met again in 1805 (she told me since) that my temper and disposition were so completely altered, that I was hardly to be recognised. I was not then sensible of the change; but I can believe it, and account for it."

I have already described his parting with Miss Chaworth previously to her marriage. Once again, after that event, he saw her, and for the last time,—being invited by Mr. Chaworth to dine at Annesley not long before his departure from England. The few years that had elapsed since their last meeting had made a considerable change in the appearance and manners of the young poet. The fat, unformed schoolboy was now a slender and graceful young man. Those emotions and passions which at first heighten, and then destroy, beauty, had as yet produced only their favourable effects on his features; and, though with but little aid from the example of refined society, his manners had subsided into that tone of gentleness and self-possession which more than any thing marks the well-bred gentleman. Once only was the latter of these qualities put to the trial, when the little daughter of his fair hostess was brought into the room. At the sight of the child he started involuntarily,—it was with the utmost difficulty he could conceal his emotion; and to the sensations of that moment we are indebted for those touching stanzas; "Well — thou art happy," &c. 1, which appeared afterwards in a Miscellany published by one of his friends, and are now to be found in the general collection of his works. Under the influence of the same despondent passion, he wrote two other poems at this period, from which, as they exist only in the Miscellany I have just alluded to, and that collection has for some time been out of print, a few stanzas may, not improperly, be extracted here.

1 Dated, in his original copy, Nov. 2. 1808.

2 Entitled, in his original manuscript, "To Mrs. Musters, on being asked my reason for quitting Eng-

"THE FAREWELL.—TO A LADY. 2

"When man, expell'd from Eden's bowers,
A moment linger'd near the gate,
Each scene recall'd the vanish'd hours,
And bade him curse his future fate.

"But wandering on through distant climes,
He learnt to bear his load of grief;
Just gave a sigh to other times,
And found in busier scenes relief.

"Thus, lady 3, must it be with me,
And I must view thy charms no more!
For, whilst I linger near to thee,
I sigh for all I knew before," &c. &c.

The other poem is, throughout, full of tenderness; but I shall give only what appear to me the most striking stanzas.

"STANZAS TO * * * ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

"'Tis done—and ailing in the gale
The bark unfurls her snowy sail;
And whistling o'er the bending mast,
Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast;
And I must from this land be gone,
Because I cannot love but one.

"As some lone bird, without a mate,
My weary heart is desolate;
I look around, and cannot trace
One friendly smile or welcome face,
And ev'n in crowds am still alone,
Because I cannot love but one.

"And I will cross the whitening foam,
And I will seek a foreign home;
Till I forget a false fair face,
I ne'er shall find a resting-place;
My own dark thoughts I cannot shun,
But ever love, and love but one.

"I go—but wheresoe'er I flee
There's not an eye will weep for me;
There's not a kind congenial heart,
Where I can claim the meanest part;
Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,
Wilt sigh, although I love but one.

"To think of every early scene,
Of what we are, and what we've been,
Wouldwhelm some softer hearts with woe—
But mine, alas! has stood the blow;
Yet still beats on as it begun,
And never truly loves but one.

"And who that dear loved one may be
Is not for vulgar eyes to see,
And why that early love was crost,
Thou know'st the best, I feel the most;
But few that dwell beneath the sun
Have loved so long, and loved but one.

"I've tried another's fetters, too,
With harm, perchance, as fair to view;
And I would fain have loved as well,
But some unconquerable spell
Forbade my bleeding breast to own
A kindred care for aught but one.

The date subjoined is December 2. 1808.

3 In his first copy, "Thus, Mary."

land in the spring." The date subjoined is December 2. 1808.

G 3
While thus, in all the relations of the heart, his thirst after affection was thwarted, in another instinct of his nature, not less strong—the desire of eminence and distinction—he was, in an equal degree, checked in his aspirations, and mortified. The inadequacy of his means to his station was early a source of embarrassment and humiliation to him; and those high, patrician notions of birth in which he indulged but made the disparity between his fortune and his rank the more galling. Ambition, however, soon whispered to him that there were other and nobler ways to distinction. The eminence which talent builds for itself might, one day, he proudly felt, be his own; nor was it too sanguine to hope that, under the favour accorded usually to youth, he might with impunity venture on his first steps to fame. But here, as in every other object of his heart, disappointment and mortification awaited him. Instead of experiencing the ordinary forbearance, if not indulgence, with which young aspirants for fame are received by their critics, he found himself instantly the victim of such unmeasured severity as is not often dealt out even to veteran offenders in literature; and, with a heart fresh from the trials of disappointed love, saw those resources and consolations which he had sought in the exercise of his intellectual strength also invaded.

While thus prematurely broken into the pains of life, a no less darkening effect was produced upon him by too early an initiation into its pleasures. That charm with which the fancy of youth invests an untried world, that pleasure of life which were other and nobler ways to distinction. The eminence which talent builds for itself might, one day, he proudly felt, be his own; nor was it too sanguine to hope that, under the favour accorded usually to youth, he might with impunity venture on his first steps to fame. But here, as in every other object of his heart, disappointment and mortification awaited him. Instead of experiencing the ordinary forbearance, if not indulgence, with which young aspirants for fame are received by their critics, he found himself instantly the victim of such unmeasured severity as is not often dealt out even to veteran offenders in literature; and, with a heart fresh from the trials of disappointed love, saw those resources and consolations which he had sought in the exercise of his intellectual strength also invaded.

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The truth, however, is, that the narrowness of Lord Byron's means would alone have prevented such oriental luxuries. The mode of his life at Newstead was simple and unex- pensive. His companions, though not averse to convivial indulgences, were of habits and tastes too intellectual for mere vulgar de- bauchery; and, with respect to the alleged "harem," it appears certain that one or two suspected "subordinatae" (as the ancient monks of the abbey would have styled them), and those, too, among the ordinary menials of the establishment, were all that even scandal itself could ever fix upon to warrant such an assumption.

That gaming was among his follies at this period he himself tells us in the journal I have just cited:

"I have a notion (he says) that gamblers are as happy as many people, being always excited. Women, wine, fame, the table,—even ambition, sede now and then; but every turn of the card and cast of the dice keeps the gamester alive; besides, one can game ten times longer than one can do anything else." 2 I was very fond of it when young, 1

1 Thus corrected by himself in a copy of the Miscellany now in my possession;—the two last lines being, originally, as follows:

"'Twould soothe to take one lingering view,
And bless thee in my last adieu;
Yet wish I not those eyes to weep
For him that wanders o'er the deep;
His home, his hope, his youth, are gone,
Yet still he loves, and loves but one." 1

2 [Opposite this passage of the Journal, Sir Walter

Through wheresoe'er my bark may run,
I love but thee, I love but one."
that is to say, of hazard, for I hate all card games,—even faro. When macco (or whatever they spell it) was introduced, I gave up the whole thing, for I loved and missed the rattle and dash of the box and dice, and the glorious uncertainty, not only of good luck or bad luck, but of any luck at all, as one had sometimes to throw often to decide at all. I have thrown as many as fourteen mains running, and carried off all the cash upon the table occasionally; but I had no coolness, or judgment, or calculation. It was the delight of the thing that pleased me. Upon the whole, I left off in time, without being much a winner or loser. Since one or had luck, but of the delight of the thing that pleased me.

To this, and other follies of the same period, he alludes in the following note:

TO MR. WILLIAM BANKES.

"Twelve o'clock, Friday night.

"My dear Bankes,

"I have just received your note; believe me I regret most sincerely that I was not fortunate enough to see it before, as I need not repeat to you that your conversation for half an hour would have been much more agreeable to me than gambling or drinking, or any other fashionable mode of passing an evening abroad or at home.—I really am very sorry that I went out previous to the arrival of your despatch: in future pray let me hear from you before six, and whatever my engagements may be, I will always postpone them.—Believe me, with that deference which I have always from my childhood paid to your talents, and with somewhat a better opinion of your heart than I have hitherto entertained,

"Yours ever," &c.

Among the causes—if not rather among the results—of that disposition to melancholy, which, after all, perhaps, naturally belonged to his temperament, must not be forgotten those sceptical views of religion, which clouded, as has been shown, his boyish thoughts, and, at the time of which I am speaking, gathered still more darkly over his mind. In general we find the young too ardently occupied with the enjoyments which this life gives or promises to afford either leisure or inclination for much inquiry into the mysteries of the next. But with him it was unluckily otherwise; and to have, at once, anticipated the worst experience both of the voluptuary and the reasoner,—to have reached, as he supposed, the boundary of this world's pleasures, and see nothing but "clouds and darkness" beyond, was the doom, the anomalous doom, which a nature, premature in all its passions and powers, inflicted on Lord Byron.

When Pope, at the age of five-and-twenty, complained of being weary of the word, he was told by Swift that he "had not yet acted or suffered enough in the world to have become weary of it." But far different was the youth of Pope and of Byron;—what the former but anticipated in thought, the latter had drunk deep of in reality;—at an age when the one was but looking forth on the sea of life, the other had plunged in, and tried its depths. Swift himself, in whom early disappointments and wrongs had opened a vein of bitterness that never again closed, affords a far closer parallel to the fate of our noble poet, as well in the untimeliness of the trials he had been doomed to encounter, as in the traces of their havoc which they left in his character.

That the romantic fancy of youth, which courts melancholy as an indulgence, and loves to assume a sadness, it has not had time to earn, may have had some share in, at least, fostering the gloom by which the mind of the young poet was overcast, I am not disposed to deny. The circumstance, indeed, of his having, at this time, among the ornaments of his study, a number of skulls highly polished, and placed on light stands round the room, would seem to indicate that he rather courted than shunned such gloomy associations. Being a sort of boyish mimickry, too, of the use to which the poet so has thus attributed to Swift:—"The suspicions of Swift's irreligion," he says, "proceeded, in a great measure, from his dread of hypocrisy; instead of wishing to seem better, he delighted in seeming worse than he was." Another use to which he appropriated one of the skulls found in digging at Newstead was the having it mounted in silver, and converted into a drinking-cup. This whim has been commemorated in some well-known verses of his own; and the cup itself, which, apart from any revolting ideas it may excite, forms by no means an inelegant object to the eye, is, with many other interesting relics of Lord Byron, in the possession of the present proprietor of Newstead Abbey, Colonel Wildman.
Young is said to have applied a skull, such a display might well induce some suspicion of the sincerity of his gloom, did we not, through the whole course of his subsequent life and writings, track visibly the deep vein of melancholy which nature had imbedded in his character.

Such was the state of mind and heart, — as, from his own testimony and that of others, I have collected it, — in which Lord Byron now set out on his indefinite pilgrimage; and never was there a change wrought in disposition and character to which Shakspeare's fancy of "sweet bells jangled out of tune" more truly applied. The unwillingness of Lord Carlisle to countenance him, and his humiliating position in consequence, completed the full measure of that mortification towards which so many other causes had concurred. Baffled, as he had been, in his own ardent pursuit of affection and friendship, his sole revenge and consolation lay in doubting that any such feelings really existed. The various crosses he had met with, in themselves sufficiently irritating and wounding, were rendered still more so by the high, impatient temper with which he encountered them. What others would have bowed to, as misfortunes, his proud spirit rose against, as wrongs; and the vehemence of this re-action produced, at once, a revolution throughout his whole character, in which, as in revolutions of the political world, all that was bad and irregular in his nature burst forth with all that was most energetic and grand. The very virtues and excellences of his disposition ministered to the violence of this change. The same ardour that had burned through his friendships and loves now fed the fierce explosions of his indignation and scorn. His natural vivacity and humour but lent a fresher flow to his bitterness, till he at last revelled in it as an indulgence; and that hatred of hypocrisy, which had hitherto only shown itself in a too shadowy colouring of his own youthful frailties, now hurried him, from his horror of all false pretensions to virtue, into the still more dangerous boast and ostentation of vice.

1 [When Young was writing one of his tragedies, Grafton, according to Spence, sent him a human skull; with a candle in it as a lamp; and the poet is said to have used it. — *Spence's Anecdotes.*]

2 Rousseau appears to have been conscious of a similar sort of change in his own nature: — "They have laboured without intermission," he says, in a letter to Madame de Boufflers, "to give to my heart, and, perhaps, at the same time to my genius, a spring and stimulus of action, which they have not inherited from nature. I was born weak, — ill treatment has made me strong." — *Hume's Private Correspondence.*

3 ["Dr. Adams told me that Johnson, while he was at Pembroke College, "was a gay and frolicsome fellow;" but this is a striking proof of the fallacy of appearances, and how little any of us know of the real internal state even of those whom we see most frequently. When I mentioned to him this account, he said, 'Ah, sir, I was mad and violent: it was bitterness which they mistook for frolic.'" — *Boswell, vol. i. p. 74.*]
Miss Pigots had something better to do than carry my miniatures to Nottingham to copy. Now they have done it, you may ask them to copy the others, which are greater favourites than my own. As to money matters, I am ruined—at least till Rochdale is sold; and if that does not turn out well, I shall enter into the Austrian or Russian service—perhaps the Turkish, if I like their manners. The world is all before me, and I leave England without regret, and without a wish to revisit any thing it contains, except yourself, and your present residence.

"Believe me, yours ever sincerely.

"P. S.—Pray tell Mr. Rushton his son is well, and doing well; so is Murray, indeed better than I ever saw him; he will be back in about a month. I ought to add the leaving Murray to my few regrets, as his age perhaps will prevent my seeing him again. Robert I take with me; I like him, because, like myself, he seems a friendless animal."

To those who have in their remembrance his poetical description of the state of mind in which he now took leave of England, the gaiety and levity of the letters I am about to give will appear, it is not improbable, strange and startling. But in a temperament like that of Lord Byron, such bursts of vivacity on the surface are by no means incompatible with a wounded spirit underneath; and the light, laughing tone that pervades these letters, but makes the feeling of solitariness that breaks out in them the more striking and affecting.

LETTER 35. TO MR. HENRY DRURY.

"Falmouth, June 26. 1809.

"My dear Drury,

"We sail to-morrow in the Lisbon packet, having been detained till now by the lack of wind, and other necessaries. These being at last procured, by this time to-night, I shall be embarked on the wide world of eaters, for all the world like Robinson Crusoe. The Malta vessel not sailing for some weeks, we have determined to go by way of Lisbon, and, as my servants term it, to see 'that there Portingale'—thence to Cadiz and Gibraltar, and so on our old route to Malta and Constantinople, if so be that Captain Kidd, our gallant commander, understands plain sailing and Mercator, and takes us on our voyage all according to the chart.

"Will you tell Dr. Butler that I have taken the treasure of a servant, Friese, the native of Prussia Proper, into my service from his recommendation. He has been all among the Worshippers of Fire in Persia, and has seen Persepolis and all that.

"Hobhouse has made wondrous preparations for a book on his return; 100 pens, two gallons of Japan ink, and several volumes of best blank, is no bad provision for a discerning public. I have laid down my pen, but have promised to contribute a chapter on the state of morals, &c. &c.

"'The cock is crowing, I must be going, And can no more.'

Ghost of Gaffer Thumb.

"Adieu. — Believe me," &c. &c.

LETTER 36. TO MR. HODGSON.

"Falmouth, June 25. 1809.

"My dear Hodgson,

"Before this reaches you, Hobhouse, two officers' wives, three children, two waiting-maids, ditto subalterns for the troops, three Portuguese esquires and domestics, in all nineteen souls, will have sailed in the Lisbon packet, with the noble Captain Kidd, a gallant commander as ever smuggled an anker of right Nantz.

1 The poet Cowper, it is well known, produced that masterpiece of humour, John Gilpin, during one of his fits of morbid dejection; and he himself says, 'Strange as it may seem, the most ludicrous lines I ever wrote have been written in the saddest mood, and but for that saddest mood, perhaps, had never been written at all.' [See Southey's Life of Cowper, vol. ii. p. 38.]

2 The reconciliation which took place between him and Dr. Butler, before his departure, is one of those instances of placability and pliability with which his life abounded. We have seen, too, from the margin in which he mentions the circumstance in one of his notebooks, that the reconciliation was of that generously retrospective kind, in which not only the feeling of hostility is renounced in future, but a strong regret expressed that it had been ever entertained.

Not content with this private atonement to Dr. Butler, it was his intention, had he published another edition of the Hours of Idleness, to substitute for the offensive verses against that gentleman a frank avowal of the wrong he had been guilty of in giving vent to them. This fact, so creditable to the candour of his nature, I learn from a loose sheet in his handwriting, containing the following corrections. In place of the passage beginning 'Or if my Muse a pedant's portrait drew,' he meant to insert—

"If once my Muse a harsher portrait drew, Warm with her wrongs, and deem'd the likeness true, By cooler judgment taught, her fault she owns,— With noble minds a fault, confessed, atones.'

And to the passage immediately succeeding his warm praise of Dr. Drury—'Pompous fills his magisterial chair,' it was his intention to give the following turn:—

"Another fills his magisterial chair; Reluctant Ida owns a stranger's care; Oh may like honours crown his future name, — If such his virtues, such shall be his fame."
"We are going to Lisbon first, because the Malta packet has sailed, d'ye see?— from Lisbon to Gibraltar, Malta, Constantinople, and 'all that,' as Orator Henley said, when he put the Church, and 'all that,' in danger."

"This town of Falmouth, as you will partly conjecture, is no great ways from the sea. It is defended on the sea-side by twain castles, St. Maws and Pendennis, extremely well calculated for annoying everybody except an enemy. St. Maws is garrisoned by an able-bodied person of fourscore, a widow. He has the whole command and sole management of six most unmanageable pieces of ordnance, admirably adapted for the destruction of Pendennis, a like tower at a distance, because Hobhouse and I are suspected of having already taken St. Maws by a coup de main.

"The town contains many Quakers and salt fish—the oysters have a taste of copper, owing to the soil of a mining country—the women (blessed be the Corporation thereunto) are flogged at the cart's tail when they pick and steal, as happened to one of the fair sex yesterday noon. She was pertinacious in her behaviour, and damned the mayor.

"I don't know when I can write again, because it depends on that experienced navigator, Captain Kidd, and the 'stormy winds that (don't) blow' at this season. I leave England without regret—I shall return to it without pleasure. I am like Adam, the first convict sentenced to transportation, but I have no Eve, and have eaten no apple but what was sour as a crab;— and thus ends my first chapter. Adieu.

"Yours," &c.

In this letter the following lively verses were enclosed:

"Falmouth Roads, June 30. 1809.

"Huzza! Hodgson, we are going,
Our embargo's off at last;
Favourable breezes blowing
Bend the canvass o'er the mast.
From aloft the signal's streaming,
Hark! the farewell gun is fired,
Women screeching, tars blaspheming,
Tell us that our time's expired.

Here's a rascal
Come to task all,
Prying from the Custom-house;
Trunks unpacking,
Cases cracking,
Not a corner for a mouse
'Scrapes unsearch'd amid the racket,
Ere we sail on board the Packet.

"Now our boatmen quit their mooring,
And all hands must ply the oar;
Baggage from the quay is lowering,
'We're impatient—push from shore.
'Have a care! that case holds liquor—
Stop the boat—I'm sick—oh Lord!
'Sick, ma'am, damme, you'll be sicker
Ere you've been an hour on board.'

Thus are screaming
Men and women,
Grommen, ladies, servants, Jacks;
Here entangling,
All are wrangling,
Stuck together close as wax.—
Such the general noise and racket,
Ere we reach the Lisbon Packet.

"Now we've reach'd her, lo! the captain,
Gallant Kidd, commands the crew;
Passengers their berths are clapt in,
Some to grumble, some to spew.
'Hey day! call you that a cabin?
Why 'tis hardly three feet square;
Not enough to stow Queen Mab in—
Who the deuce can harbour there?'
'Who, sir? plenty—
Nobles twenty
Did at once my vessel fill—
'Did they? Jesus,
How you squeeze us!
Would to God they did so still:
Then I'd scape the heat and racket,
Of the good ship, Lisbon Packet.'

"Fletcher! Murray! Bob! where are you?
Stretch'd along the deck like logs—
Bear a hand, you jolly tar you!
Here's a rope's end for the dogs.
Hobhouse muttering fearful curses,
As the hatchway down he rolls;
Now his breakfast, now his verses,
Vomits forth—and damns our souls.
'Here's a stanza
On Braganza—
Help!—'A couplet?—'No, a cup
Of warm water.'—
'What's the matter?'
'Zounds! my liver's coming up;
I shall not survive the racket
Of this brutal Lisbon Packet.'

"Now at length we're off for Turkey,
Lord knows when we shall come back!
Breezes foul and tempests murky
May unship us in a crack.
But, since life at most a jest is,
As philosophers allow,
Still to laughing, till the best is,
Then laugh on—as I do now.

— to teach in one year what schools or universities teach in five;—and he furthermore pledged himself to persevere in his bold scheme, until he had put the Church, and all that, in danger."
Laugh at all things, 
Great and small things, 
Sick or well, at sea or shore; 
While we're quaffing, 
Let's have laughing —
Who the devil cares for more? —
Some good wine! and who would lack it, 
Ev'n on board the Lisbon Packet? 

"Byron."

On the 2d of July the packet sailed from Falmouth, and, after a favourable passage of four days and a half, the voyagers reached Lisbon, and took up their abode in that city.

The following letters, from Lord Byron to his friend Mr. Hodgson, though written in his most light and schoolboy strain, will give some idea of the first impressions that his residence in Lisbon made upon him. Such letters, too, contrasted with the noble stanzas on Portugal in "Childe Harold," will show how various were the moods of his versatile mind, and what different aspects it could take when in repose or on the wing.

LETTER 37. TO MR. HODGSON.

"Lisbon, July 16. 1809.

"Thus far have we pursued our route, and seen all sorts of marvellous sights, palaces, convents, &c.; — which, being to be heard in my friend Hobhouse's forthcoming Book of Travels, I shall not anticipate by smuggling any account whatsoever to you in a private and clandestine manner. I must just observe, that the village of Cintra in Estremadura is the most beautiful, perhaps, in the world.

"I am very happy here, because I loves oranges, and talk bad Latin to the monks, who understand it, as it is like their own,— and I goes into society (with my pocket-pistols), and I swims in the Tagus all across at once, and I rides on an ass or a mule, and swears Portuguese, and have got a diarrhoea and bites from the musquitoes. But what of that? Comfort must not be expected by folks that go a pleasing.

"When the Portuguese are pertinacious, I say, ' Carracho!' — the great oath of the grandees, that very well supplies the place of 'Damme,' — and, when dissatisfied with my neighbour, I pronounce him 'Ambra di merdo.' With these two phrases, and a third, ' Ava bouro,' which signifies 'Get an ass,' I am universally understood to be a person of degree and a master of languages. How merrily we lives that travellers be! — if we had food and rainment. But, in sober sadness, any thing is better than England, and I am infinitely amused with my pilgrimage as far as it has gone.

"To-morrow we start to ride post near 400 miles as far as Gibraltar, where we embark for Melita and Byzantium. A letter to Malta will find me, or to be forwarded, if I am absent. Pray embrace the Drury and Dwyer, and all the Ephesians you encounter. I am writing with Butler's donative pencil, which makes my bad hand worse. Excuse illegibility.

"Hodgson! send me the news, and the deaths and defeats and capital crimes and the misfortunes of one's friends; and let us hear of literary matters, and the controversies and the criticisms. All this will be pleasant — 'Suave mari magno,' &c. Talking of that, I have been sea-sick, and sick of the sea.


LETTER 38. TO MR. HODGSON.

"Gibraltar, August 6. 1809.

"I have just arrived at this place after a journey through Portugal, and a part of Spain, of nearly 500 miles. We left Lisbon and travelled on horseback to Seville and Cadiz, and thence in the Hyperion frigate to Gibraltar. The horses are excellent — we rode seventy miles a day. Eggs and wine, and hard beds, are all the accommodation we found, and, in such torrid weather, quite enough. My health is better than in England.

"Seville is a fine town, and the Sierra Morena, part of which we crossed, a very sufficient mountain; but damn description, it is always disgusting. Cadiz, sweet Cadiz! — it is the first spot in the creation. The beauty of its streets and mansions is only excelled by the loveliness of its inhabitants. For, with all national prejudice, I must con-
the women of Cadiz are as far superior to the English women in beauty as the Spaniards are inferior to the English in every quality that dignifies the name of man. Just as I began to know the principal persons of the city, I was obliged to sail.

"You will not expect a long letter after my riding so far on hollow pampered jades of Asia." Talking of Asia puts me in mind of Africa, which is within five miles of my present residence. I am going over before I go on to Constantinople.

"Cadiz is a complete Cythera. Many of the grandees who have left Madrid during the troubles reside there, and I do believe it is the prettiest and cleanest town in Europe. London is filthy in the comparison. The Spanish women are all alike, their education the same. The wife of a duke is, in information, the wife of a peasant,—the wife of peasant, in manner, equal to a duchess. Certainly they are fascinating; but their minds have only one idea, and the business of their lives is intrigue.

"I have seen Sir John Carr at Seville and Cadiz, and, like Swift's barber, have been down on my knees to beg he would not put me into black and white. Pray remember me to the Drurys and the Davies, and all of that stamp who are yet extant. Send me a letter and news to Malta. My next epistle shall be from Mount Caucasus or Mount Sion. I shall return to Spain before I see England, for I am enamoured of the country. Adieu, and believe me," &c.

In a letter to Mrs. Byron, dated a few days later, from Gibraltar, he recapitulates the same account of his progress, only dwelling rather more diffusely on some of the details. Thus, of Cintra and Mafra:—"To make amends for this, the village of Cintra, about fifteen miles from the capital, is, perhaps in every respect, the most delightful in Europe; it contains beauties of every description, natural and artificial. Palaces and gardens rising in the midst of rocks, cataracts, and precipices; convents on stupendous heights—a distant view of the sea and the Tagus; and, besides (though that is a secondary consideration), is remarkable as the scene of Sir Hew Dalrymple's Convention. It unites in itself all the wildness of the western highlands, with the verdure of the south of France. Near this place, about ten miles to the right, is the palace of Mafra, the boast of Portugal, as it might be of any other country, in point of magnificence without elegance. There is a convent annexed; the monks, who possess large revenues, are courteous enough, and understand Latin, so that we had a long conversation: they have a large library, and asked me if the English had any books in their country?"

An adventure which he met with at Seville, characteristic both of the country and of himself, is thus described in the same letter to Mrs. Byron:—

"We lodged in the house of two Spanish unmarried ladies, who possess six houses in Seville, and gave me a curious specimen of Spanish manners. They are women of character, and the eldest a fine woman, the youngest pretty, but not so good a figure as Donna Josepha. The freedom of manner, which is general here, astonished me not a little; and in the course of further observation, I find that reserve is not the characteristic of the Spanish belles, who are, in general, very handsome, with large black eyes, and very fine forms. The eldest honoured your unworthy son with very particular attention, embracing him with great tenderness at parting (I was there but three days), after cutting off a lock of his hair, and presenting him with one of her own, about three feet in length, which I send, and beg you will retain till my return. Her last words were, 'Adios, tu hermoso! me gusto on his copy of this letter, 'constantly occurs in his correspondence. Nor was his interest confined to mere remembrances and inquiries after health. Were it possible to state all he has done for numerous friends, he would appear amiable indeed. For myself, I am bound to acknowledge, in the fullest and warmest manner, his most generous and well-timed aid; and, were my poor friend Bland alive, he would as gladly bear the like testimony;—though I have most reason, of all men, to do so.'"

3 The filthiness of Lisbon and its inhabitants.

4 Colonel Napier, in a note in his able History of the Peninsular War, notices the mistake into which Lord Byron and others were led on this subject;—the signature of the Convention, as well as all the other proceedings connected with it, having taken place at a distance of thirty miles from Cintra. [See Works, p. 67.]
mucho.'— 'Adieu, you pretty fellow! you please me much.' She offered me a share of her apartment, which my virtue induced me to decline; she laughed, and said I had some English ' amante' (lover), and added that she was going to be married to an officer in the Spanish army.

Among the beauties of Cadiz, his imagination, dazzled by the attractions of the many, was on the point, it would appear from the following, of being fixed by one:

"Cadiz, sweet Cadiz, is the most delightful town I ever beheld, very different from our English cities in every respect except cleanliness (and it is as clean as London), but still beautiful, and full of the finest women in Spain, the Cadiz belles being the Lancashire witches of their land. Just as I was introduced and began to like the grandees, I was forced to leave it for this cursed place; but before I return to England I will visit it again.

"The night before I left it, I sat in the box at the opera with admiral Cordova's family; he is the commander whom Lord St. Vincent defeated in 1797, and has an aged wife and a fine daughter, Sennorita Cordova. The girl is very pretty, in the Spanish style; in my opinion, by no means inferior to the English in charms, and certainly superior in fascination. Long black hair, dark languishing eyes, clear olive complexion, and forms more graceful in motion than can be conceived by an Englishman used to the drowsy, listless air of his countrywomen, added to the most becoming dress, and, at the same time, the most decent in the world, render a Spanish beauty irresistible.

"Miss Cordova and her little brother understood a little French, and, after regretting my ignorance of the Spanish, she proposed to become my preceptress in that language. I could only reply by a low bow, express my regret that I quitted Cadiz too soon to permit me to make the progress which would doubtless attend my studies under so charming a directress. I was standing at the back of the box, which resembles our Opera boxes, (the theatre is large and finely decorated, the music admirable,) in the manner which Englishmen generally adopt, for fear of incommoding the ladies in front, when this fair Spaniard dispossessed an old woman (an aunt or a duenna) of her chair, and commanded me to be seated next herself, at a tolerable distance from her mamma. At the close of the performance I withdrew, and was lousing with a party of men in the passage, when, en passant, the lady turned round and called me, and I had the honour of attending her to the admiral's mansion. I have an invitation on my return to Cadiz, which I shall accept if I repass through the country on my return from Asia."[1]

To these adventures, or rather glimpses of adventures, which he met with in his hasty passage through Spain, he adverted, I collect, briefly, in the early part of his "Memoirs," and it was the younger, I think, of his fair hostesses at Seville, whom he there described himself as making earnest love to, with the help of a dictionary. "For some time," he said, "I went on prosperously both as a linguist and a lover, till at length the lady took a fancy to a ring which I wore, and set her heart on my giving it to her, as a pledge of my sincerity. This, however, could not be:—any thing but the ring, I declared, was at her service, and much more than its value,—but the ring itself I had made a vow never to give away." The young Spaniard grew angry as the contention went on, and it was not long before the lover became angry also; till, at length, the affair ended by their separating unsuccessful on both sides. "Soon after this," said he, "I sailed for Malta, and there parted with both my heart and ring."

In the letter from Gibraltar, just cited, he adds:—"I am going over to Africa tomorrow; it is only six miles from this fortress. My next stage is Cagliari in Sardinia, where I shall be presented to his majesty. I have a most superb uniform as a court-dress, indispensable in travelling." His plan of visiting Africa was, however, relinquished. After a short stay at Gibraltar, during which he dined one day with Lady Westmoreland, and another with General Castanos, he, on the 19th of August, took his departure for Malta, in the packet, having first sent Joe Murray and young Rushton back to England,—the latter being unable, from ill health, to accompany him any further. "Pray," he says to his mother, "show the replies, 'Wait till I am married, and I shall be too happy.' This is literally and strictly true."[2] We find an allusion to this incident in Don Juan:—

"Tis pleasing to be schoold in a strange tongue
By female lips and eyes — that is, I mean,
When both the teacher and the taught are young,
As was the case, at least, where I have been," &c.
Lad every kindness, as he is my great favourite.”

He also wrote a letter to the father of the boy, which gives so favourable an impression of his thoughtfulness and kindliness, that I have much pleasure in being enabled to introduce it here.

**LETTER 39. TO MR. RUSHTON,**

“Mr. Rushton,

“I have sent Robert home with Mr. Murray, because the country which I am about to travel through is in a state which renders it unsafe, particularly for one so young. I allow you to deduct five-and-twenty pounds a year for his education for three years, provided I do not return before that time, and I desire he may be considered as in my service. Let every care be taken of him, and let him be sent to school. In case of my death I have provided enough in my will to render him independent. He has behaved extremely well, and has travelled a great deal for the time of his absence. Deduct the expense of his education from your rent.”

“BYRON.”

It was the fate of Lord Byron, throughout life, to meet, wherever he went, with persons who, by some tinge of the extraordinary in their own fates or characters, were prepared to enter, at once, into full sympathy with his; and to this attraction, by which he drew towards him all strange and eccentric spirits, he owed some of the most agreeable connections of his life, as well as some of the most troublesome. Of the former description was an intimacy which he now cultivated during his short sojourn at Malta. The lady with whom he formed this acquaintance was the same addressed by him under the name of “Florence” in Childe Harold; and in a letter to his mother from Malta, he thus describes her in prose:—

“This letter is committed to the charge of a very extraordinary woman, whom you have doubtless heard of, Mrs. S*S* [Spencer Smith], of whose escape the Marquis de Salvo published a narrative a few years ago. She has since been shipwrecked, and her life has been from its commence-ment so fertile in remarkable incidents, that in a romance they would appear improbable. She was born at Constantinople, where her father, Baron H* [Herbert] was Austrian ambassador; married unhappily, yet has never been impeached in point of character; excited the vengeance of Buonaparte by a part in some conspiracy; several times risked her life; and is not yet twenty-five. She is here on her way to England, to join her husband, being obliged to leave Trieste, where she was paying a visit to her mother, by the approach of the French, and embarks soon in a ship of war. Since my arrival here, I have had scarcely any other companion. I have found her very pretty, very accomplished, and extremely eccentric. Buonaparte is even now so incensed against her, that her life would be in some danger if she were taken prisoner a second time.”

The tone in which he addresses this fair heroine in Childe Harold is (consistently with the above dispassionate account of her) that of the purest admiration and interest, unwarmed by any more ardent sentiment:—

“Sweet Florence! could another ever share
This wayward, loveless heart, it would be thine:
But, check’d by every tie, I may not dare
To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine.
Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for mine.

Thus Harold deem’d as on that lady’s eye
He look’d, and met its beam without a thought,
Save admiration, glancing harm less by,” &c. &c.

In one so imaginative as Lord Byron, who, while he infused so much of his life into his poetry, mingled also not a little of poetry with his life, it is difficult, in unravelling the texture of his feelings, to distinguish at all times between the fanciful and the real. His description here, for instance, of the unmoved and “loveless heart,” with which he contemplated even the charms of this attractive person, is wholly at variance, not only with the anecdote from his “Memoranda” which I have recalled, but with the statements in many of his subsequent letters, and, above all, with one of the most graceful of his lesser poems, purporting to be addressed to this same lady during a thunder-storm, on his road to Zitza,

England, through the Tyrol, &c.; containing an account of the liberation of Mrs. Spencer Smith from the French Police.” 12mo. 1807.]

3 The following stanzas from this little poem have a music in them, which, independently of all meaning, is enchanting:—

“Before I now remember thee
In darkness and in dread,
As in those hours of revolve,
Which mirth and music sped;
Notwithstanding, however, these counter evidences, I am much disposed to believe that the representation of the state of heart in the foregoing extract from Childe Harold may be regarded as the true one; and that the notion of his being in love was but a dream that sprung up afterwards, when the image of the fair Florence had become idealised in his fancy, and every remembrance of their pleasant hours among "Calypso's isles" came invested by his imagination with the warm aspect of love. It will be recollected that to the chilled and sated feelings which early indulgence, and almost as early disenchantment, had left behind, he attributes in these verses the calm and passionless regard with which even attractions like those of Florence were viewed by him. That such was actually his distaste, at this period, to all real objects of love or passion (however his fancy could call up creatures of its own to worship) there is every reason to believe; and the same morbid indifference to those pleasures he had once so ardently pursued still continued to be professed by him on his return to England. No anchoret, indeed, could claim for himself much more apathy towards all such allurements than he did at that period. But to be thus saved from temptation was a dear-bought safety, and, at the age of three-and-twenty, satiety and disgust are but melancholy substitutes for virtue.

The brig of war, in which they sailed, having been ordered to convey a fleet of small merchant-men to Patras and Prevesa, they remained, for two or three days, at anchor off the former place. From thence, proceeding to their ultimate destination, and catching a sunset view of Missolonghi in anchor off the former place. From thence, they landed, on the 29th of September, at Prevesa. I thence have been about 150 miles, as far as Tepaleen, his Highness's country palace, where I stayed three days. The name of the Pacha is Ali, and he is considered a man of the first abilities: he governs the whole of Albania (the ancient Illyricum), Epirus, and part of Macedonia. His son, Vely Pacha, to whom he has given me letters, governs the Morea, and has great influence in Egypt; in short, he is one of the most powerful men in the Ottoman empire. When I reached Yanina, the capital, after a journey of three days over the mountains, through a country of the most picturesque beauty, I found that Ali Pacha was with his army in Illyricum, besieging Ibrahim Pacha in the castle of Berat. He had heard that an Englishman of rank was in his dominions, and had left orders in Yanina with the commandant to provide a house, and supply me with every kind of necessary grata; and, though I have been allowed to make presents to the slaves, &c., I have not been permitted to pay for a single article of household consumption.

"I rode out on the vizier's horses, and saw the palaces of himself and grandsons: they are splendid, but too much ornamented with silk and gold. I then went over the mountains through Zitza, a village with a Greek monastery (where I slept on my return), in the most beautiful situation (always excepting Cintra, in Portugal) I ever beheld. In nine days I reached Tepaleen. Our journey was much prolonged by the torrents that had fallen from the mountains, and intersected the roads. I shall

Do thou, amidst the fair white walls,
If Cadiz yet be free,
At times, from out her latticed halls,
Look o'er the dark blue sea;

Then think upon Calypso's isles,
Endeard' by days gone by;
To others give a thousand smiles,
To me a single sigh," &c. &c.
never forget the singular scene on entering Tepaleen at five in the afternoon, as the sun was going down. It brought to my mind (with some change of dress, however) Scott's description of Branksome Castle in his *Lay*, and the feudal system. The Albanians, in their dresses, (the most magnificent in the world, consisting of a long *white kilt*, gold worked cloak, crimson velvet gold-laced jacket and waistcoat, silver-mounted pistols and daggers,) the Tartars with their high caps, the Turks in their vast pelisses and turbans, the soldiers and black slaves with the horses, the former in groups in an immense large open gallery in front of the palace, the latter placed in a kind of cloister below it, two hundred steeds ready caparisoned to move in a moment, couriers entering or passing out with the despatches, the kettle-drums beating, boys calling the hour from the minaret of the mosque, and oft-times through the area's echoing door, some high-capp'd Tartar spurred his steed away: 'The Turk, the Greek, the Albanian, and the Moor, here mingled in their many-hued array, [of day.

And the while the deep war-drum's sound announced the close of day.' -

And the wild Albanian, kirtled to his knee, With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun, And gold-embroider'd garments, fair to see; The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon; The Delhi, with his cap of terror on, And crooked glaive; the lively, supple Greek; And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son; The bearded Turk that rarely deigns to speak, Master of all around — too potent to be meek, 

'Are mix'd, conspicuous: some recline in groups, Scanning the motley scene that varies round; There some grave Moslem to devotion stoops, And some that smoke, and some that play, are found; Here the Albanian proudly treads the ground; Half whispering there the Greek is heard to prate; Hark! from the mosque the nightly solemn sound, The Muezzin's call doth shake the minaret,

'There is no god but God! — to prayer — lo! God is great!'

*Childe Harold, Canto II.*

1 "The following is Mr. Hobhouse's less embellished description of this scene: — "'The court at Tepellene, which was enclosed on two sides by the palace, and on the other two sides by a high wall, presented us, at our first entrance, with a sight something like what we might have, perhaps, beheld some hundred years ago in the castle-yard of a great feudal lord. Soldiers, with their arms piled against the wall near them, were assembled in different parts of the square; some of them pacing slowly backwards and forwards, and others sitting on the ground in groups. Several horses, completely caparisoned, were leading about, whilst others were neighing under the hands of the grooms. In the part farthest from the dwelling, preparations were making for the feast of the night; and several kids and sheep were being dressed by cooks who were themselves half armed. Everything wore a most martial look, though not exactly in the style of the head-quarters of a Christian general; for many of the soldiers were in the most common dress, without shoes, and having more wildness in their air and manner than the Albanians we had before seen.' On comparing this description, which is itself sufficiently striking, with those which Lord Byron has given of the same scene, both in the letter to his mother, and in the second canto of *Childe Harold*, we gain some insight into the process by which imagination elevates, without falsifying, reality, and facts become heightened and refined into poetry. Ascending from the representation drawn faithfully on the spot by the traveller, to the more fanciful arrangement of the same materials in the letter of the poet, we at length, by one step more, arrive at that consummate, idealised picture, the result of both memory and invention combined, which in the following splendid stanzas is presented to us: —

"Amidst no common pomp the despot sate,
While busy preparations shook the court,
Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers, guests, and santons wait;
Within a palace, and without a fort:
Here men of every clime appear to make resort.

"Richly caparison'd, a ready row
Of armed horse, and many a warlike store,
Circled the wide-extending court below;
Above, strange groups adorn'd the corridor;

altogether, with the singular appearance of the building itself, formed a new and delightful spectacle to a stranger. I was conducted to a very handsome apartment, and my health inquired after by the vizir's secretary, 'à-la-mode Turque!'

'The next day I was introduced to Ali Pacha. I was dressed in a full suit of staff uniform, with a very magnificent sabre, &c. The vizier received me in a large room paved with marble; a fountain was playing in the centre; the apartment was surrounded by scarlet ottomans. He received me standing, a wonderful compliment from a Mussulman, and made me sit down on his right hand. I have a Greek interpreter for general use, but a physician of Ali's named Femlario, who understands Latin, acted for me on this occasion. His first question was, why, at so early an age, I left my country? — (the Turks have no idea of travelling for amuse-
ment). He then said, the English minister, Captain Leake¹, had told him I was of a great family, and desired his respects to my mother; which I now, in the name of Ali Pacha, present to you. He said he was certain I was a man of birth, because I had small ears, curling hair, and little white hands, and expressed himself pleased with my appearance and garb. He told me to consider him as a father whilst I was in Turkey, and said he looked on me as his son. Indeed, he treated me like a child, sending me almonds and sugared sherbet, fruit and sweetmeats, twenty times a day. He begged me to visit him often, and at night, when he was at leisure. I then, after coffee and pipes, retired for the first time. I saw him thrice afterwards. It is singular, that the Turks, who have no hereditary dignities, and few great families, except the Sultans, pay so much respect to birth; for I found my pedigree more regarded than my title.

"To-day I saw the remains of the town of Actium, near which Antony lost the world, in a small bay, where two frigates could hardly manoeuvre; a broken wall is the sole remnant. On another part of the gulf stands the ruins of Nicopolis, built by Augustus in honour of his victory. Last night I was at a Greek marriage; but this and a thousands things more I have neither time nor space to describe.

"I am going to-morrow, with a guard of fifty men, to Patras in the Morea, and thence to Athens, where I shall winter. Two days ago I was nearly lost in a Turkish ship of war, owing to the ignorance of the captain and crew, though the storm was not violent. Fletcher yelled after his wife, the Greeks called on all the saints, the Mussulmans on Alla; the captain burst into tears and ran below deck, telling us to call on God; the sails were split, the main-yard shivered, the wind blowing fresh, the night setting in, and all our chance was to make Corfu, which is in possession of the French, or (as Fletcher pathetically termed it) 'a watery grave.' I did what I could to console Fletcher, but finding him incorrigible, wrapped myself up in my Albanian capote (an immense cloak), and lay down on deck to wait the worst. I have learnt to philosophise in my travels; and if I had not, complaint was useless. Luckily the wind abated, and only drove us on the coast of Suli, on the main land, where we landed, and proceeded, by the help of the natives, to Prevesa again; but I shall not trust Turkish sailors in future, though the Pacha had ordered one of his own galliots to take me to Patras. I am therefore going as far as Missolonghi by land, and there have only to cross a small gulf to get to Patras.

"Fletcher's next epistle will be full of marvels. We were one night lost for nine hours in the mountains in a thunder-storm,² finding that, from his lameness, he was unable to be of any service in the exertions which their very serious danger called for; after a laugh or two at the panie of his valet, he never wrote him up and lay down, in the manner here mentioned, but, when their difficulties were surmounted, was found fast asleep.

In the route from Ioannina to Zitza, Mr. Hobhouse and the secretary of Ali, accompanied by one of the servants, had rode on before the rest of the party, and arrived at the village just as the evening set in. After describing the sort of hovel in which they were to take up their quarters for the night, Mr. Hobhouse thus continues: 'Vasily was despatched into the village to procure eggs and fowls, that would be ready, as we thought, by the arrival of the second party. But an hour passed away and no one appeared. It was seven o'clock, and the storm had increased to a fury I had never before, and, indeed, have never since, seen equalled. The roof of our hovel shook under the galling torrents and gusts of wind. The thunder roared, as it seemed, without any intermission; for the echoes of one peal had not ceased to roll in the mountains, before another tremendous crash burst over our heads; whilst the plains and the distant hills (visible through the cracks of the cabin) appeared in a perpetual blaze. The tempest was altogether terrible, and worthy of the Grecian Jove; and the peasants, no less religious than their ancestors, confessed their alarm. The women wept, and the men, calling on the name of God, crossed themselves at every repeated peal.

"We were very uneasy that the party did not arrive; but the secretary assured me that the guides knew every
and since nearly wrecked. In both cases Fletcher was sorely bewildered, from apprehensions of famine and banditti in the first, and drowning in the second instance. His eyes were a little hurt by the lightning, or crying (I don't know which), but are now recovered. When you write, address to me at Mr. Strane's, English consul, Patras, Morea.

"I could tell you I know not how many incidents that I think would amuse you, but they crowd on my mind as much as they would swell my paper, and I cannot either arrange them in the one, nor put them down on the other, except in the greatest confusion. I like the Albanians much; they are not all Turks; some tribes are Christians. But their religion makes little difference in their manner or conduct. They are esteemed the best troops in the Turkish service. I lived on my route, two days at once, and three best troops in the Turkish service. I lived

immediately sent to them, together with several men with pine-torches; but it was not till two o'clock in the morning that we heard they were approaching, and my friend, with the priest and the servants, did not enter our hut before three.

"It is astonishing how far money goes in this country. While I was in the capital I

operations of George, I fancied myself a good judge of the

since nearly wrecked. I received; and when I pressed him to accept a few sequins, 'No,' he replied; 'I wish you to love me, not to pay me.' These are his words.

part of the country, as did also his own servant, who was with them, and that they had certainly taken shelter in a village at an hour's distance. Not being satisfied with the conjecture, I ordered fires to be lighted on the hill above the village, and some muskets to be discharged: this was at eleven o'clock, and the storm had not abated. I lay down in my great coat; but all sleeping was out of the question, as any pause in the tempest were filled up by the barking of the dogs, and the shouting of the shepherd in the neighbouring mountains.

"A little after midnight, a man, panting and pale, and drenched with rain, rushed into the room, and, between crying and roaring, with a profusion of action, communicated something to the secretary, of which I understood only that they had fallen down. I learnt, however, that no accident had happened, except the falling of the luggage horses, and losing their way, and that they were now waiting for fresh horses and guides. Ten were immediately sent to them, together with several men with pine-torches; but it was not till two o'clock in the morning that we heard they were approaching, and my friend, with the priest and the servants, did not enter our hut before three.

had nothing to pay by the vizier's order; but since, though I have generally had sixteen horses, and generally six or seven men, the expense has not been half as much as staying only three weeks in Malta, though Sir A. Ball, the governor, gave me a house for nothing, and I had only one servant. By the by, I expect Hanson to remit regularly; for I am not about to stay in this province for ever. Let him write to me at Mr. Strane's, English consul, Patras. The fact is, the fertility of the plains is wonderful, and specie is scarce, which makes this remarkable cheapness. I am going to Athens, to study modern Greek, which differs much from the ancient, though radically similar. I have no desire to return to England, nor shall I, unless compelled by absolute want, and Hanson's neglect; but I shall not enter into Asia for a year or two, as I have much to see in Greece, and I may perhaps cross into Africa, at least the Egyptian part. Fletcher, like all Englishmen, is very much dissatisfied, though a little reconciled to the Turks, by a present of eighty piastres from the vizier, which, if you consider every thing, and the value of specie here, is nearly worth ten guineas English. He has suffered nothing but from cold, heat, and vermin, which those who lie in cottages and cross mountains in a cold country must undergo, and of which I have equally partaken with myself; but he is not valiant, and is afraid of robbers and tempests. I have no one to be remembered to in England, and wish to hear nothing from it, but that you are well, and a letter or two on business from Hanson, whom you may tell to write. I will write when I can, and beg you to believe me,

"Your affectionate son,

"Byron."

"I now learnt from him that they had lost their way from the commencement of the storm, when not above three miles from the village; and that, after wandering up and down in total ignorance of their position, they had, at last, stopped near some Turkish tombstones and a torrent, which they saw by the flashes of lightning. They had been thus exposed for nine hours; and the guides, so far from assisting them, only augmented the confusion, by running away, after being threatened with death by George the dragoman, who, in an agony of rage and fear, and, without giving any warning, fired off both his pistols, and drew from the English servant an involuntary scream of horror, for he fancied they were beset by robbers.

"I had not, as you have seen, witnessed the distressing part of this adventure myself, but from the lively picture drawn of it by my friend, and from the exaggerated descriptions of George, I fancied myself a good judge of the whole situation, and should consider this to have been one of the most considerable of the few adventures that befell either of us during our tour in Turkey. It was long before we ceased to talk of the thunder-storm in the plain of Zitza."

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About the middle of November, the young traveller took his departure from Prevesa (the place where the foregoing letter was written), and proceeded, attended by his guard of fifty Albanians, through Acarnania and Ætolia, towards the Morea.

"And therefore did he take a trusty band
To traverse Acarnania’s forest wide,
In war well season’d, and with labours tan’d,
Till he did greet white Achelous’ side,
And from his further bank Ætolia’s wolds espied."

Childe Harold, Canto II.

His description of the night-scene at Utraiky (a small place situated in one of the bays of the Gulf of Arta) is, no doubt, vividly in the recollection of every reader of these pages; nor will it diminish their enjoyment of the wild beauties of that picture to be made acquainted with the real circumstances on which it was founded, in the following animated details of the same scene by his fellow-traveller:—

"In the evening the gates were secured, and preparations were made for feeding our Albanians. A goat was killed and roasted whole, and four fires were kindled in the yard, round which the soldiers seated themselves in parties. After eating and drinking, the greater part of them assembled round the largest of the fires, and whilst ourselves and the elders of the party were seated on the ground, danced round the blaze to their own songs, in the manner before described, but with an astonishing energy. All their songs were relations of some robbing exploits. One of them, which detained them more than an hour, began thus:—‘When we set out from Parga there were sixty of us:’—then came the burden of the verse,

"Robbers all at Parga!
Robbers all at Parga!

‘Klártis péi Párga!’
Klártis péi Párga!’

And as they roared out this stave they whirled round the fire, dropped and rebounded from their knees, and again whirled round as the chorus was again repeated. The rippling of the waves upon the pebbly margin where we were seated filled up the pauses of the song with a milder and not more monotonous music. The night was very dark, but by the flashes of the fires we caught a glimpse of the woods, the rocks, and the lake, which, together with the wild appearance of the dancers, presented us with a scene that would have made a fine picture in the hands of such an artist as the author of the Mysteries of Udolpho."

Having traversed Acarnania, the travellers passed to the Ætolian side of the Acheolus, and on the 21st of November reached Missolonghi. And here, it is impossible not to pause, and send a mournful thought forward to the visit which, fifteen years after, he paid to this same spot, when, in the full meridian both of his age and fame, he came to lay down his life as the champion of that land, through which he now wandered a stripling and a stranger. Could some spirit have here revealed to him the events of that interval,—have shown him, on the one side, the triumphs that awaited him, the power his varied genius would acquire over all hearts, alike to elevate or depress, to darken or illuminate them,—and then place, on the other side, all the penalties of this gift, the waste and wear of the heart through the imagination, the havoc of that perpetual fire within, which, while it dazzles others, consumes the possessor,—the invidiousness of such an elevation in the eyes of mankind, and the revenge they take on him who compels them to look up to it,—would he, it may be asked, have welcomed glory on such conditions? would he not rather have felt that the purchase was too costly, and that such warfare with an ungrateful world, while living, would be ill recompensed even by the immortality it might award him afterwards?

At Missolonghi he dismissed his whole band of Albanians, with the exception of one, named Dervish, whom he took into his service, and who, with Basilius, the attendant allotted him by Ali Pacha, continued with him during the remainder of his stay in the East. After a residence of near a fortnight at Patras, he next directed his course to Vostizza,—on approaching which town the snowy peak of Parnassus, towering on the other side of the Gulf, first broke on his eyes; and in two days after, among the sacred hollows of Delphi, the stanzas, with which that vision had inspired him, were written.  

It was at this time, that, in riding along the sides of Parnassus, he saw an unusually large flight of eagles in the air,—a phenomenon which seems to have affected his imagination with a sort of poetical superstition, as he, more than once, recurs to the circumstance in his journals. Thus, "Going to the fountain of Delphi (Castri) in 1809, I saw a flight of twelve eagles (H. says they

1 Mr. Hobhouse, I think, makes the number of this guard but thirty-seven, and Lord Byron, in a subsequent letter, rates them at forty.

2 "Oh, thou Parnassus! whom I now survey,
Not in the frenzy of a dreamer’s eye,

Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,
In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!"

Childe Harold, Canto I.
were vultures—at least in conversation), and I seized the omen. On the day before I composed the lines to Parnassus (in Childe Harold), and, on beholding the birds, had a hope that Apollo had accepted my homage. I have at least had the name and fame of a poet during the poetical part of life (from twenty to thirty) — whether it will last is another matter.

He has also, in reference to this journey from Patras, related a little anecdote of his own sportsmanship, which, by all but sportsmen, will be thought creditable to his humanity. "The last bird I ever fired at was an eagle, on the shore of the Gulf of Lepanto, near Vostizza. It was only wounded, and I tried to save it,—the eye was so bright. But it pined, and died in a few days; and I never did since, and never will, attempt the death of another bird."

To a traveller in Greece, there are few things more remarkable than the diminutive extent of those countries, which have filled such a wide space in fame. "A man might very easily," says Mr. Hobhouse, "at a moderate pace ride from Livadia to Thebes and back again between breakfast and dinner; and the tour of all Bœotia might certainly be made in two days without baggage." Having visited, within a very short space of time, the fountains of Memory and Oblivion at Livadia, and the haunts of the Ismenian Apollo at Thebes, the travellers at length turned towards Athens, the city of their dreams, and, after crossing Mount Cithæron, arrived in sight of the ruins of Phyle, on the evening of Christmas-day, 1809.

Though the poet has left, in his own verses, an ever-during testimony of the enthusiasm with which he now contemplated the scenes around him, it is not difficult to conceive that, to superficial observers, Lord Byron at Athens might have appeared an untouched spectator of much that throws ordinary travellers into, at least, verbal raptures. For pretenders of every sort, whether in taste or morals, he entertained, at all times, the most profound contempt; and if, frequently, his real feelings of admiration disguised themselves under an affected tone of indifference and mockery, it was out of pure hostility to the cant of those, who, he well knew, praised without any feeling at all. It must be owned, too, that while he thus justly despised the raptures of the common herd of travellers, there were some pursuits, even of the intelligent and tasteful, in which he took but very little interest. With the antiquarian and connoisseur his sympathies were few and feeble:—"I am not a collector," he says, in one of his notes on Childe Harold, "nor an admirer of collections." For antiquities, indeed, unassociated with high names and deeds, he had no value whatever; and of works of art he was content to admire the general effect, without professing, or aiming at, any knowledge of the details. It was to nature, in her lovely scenes of grandeur and beauty, or as at Athens, shining, unchanged, among the ruins of glory and of art, that the true fervid homage of his whole soul was paid. In the few notices of his travels, appended to Childe Harold, we find the sites and scenery of the different places he visited far more fondly dwelt upon than their classic or historical associations. To the valley of Zitza he reverted, both in prose and verse, with a much warmer recollection than to Delphi or the Troad; and the plain of Athens itself is chiefly praised by him as "a more glorious prospect than even Cintra or Istambol." Where, indeed, could Nature assert such claims to his worship as in scenes like these, where he beheld her blooming, in indstructable beauty, amid the wreck of all that man deems most worthy of duration? "Human institutions," says Harris, "perish, but Nature is permanent;"—or, as Lord Byron has amplified this thought¹ in one of his most splendid passages:

"Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honeyed wealth Hymettus yields;
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The free-born wanderer of thy mountain-air;
Apollo still thy brow, long summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendel's marbles glare;
Art, Glory, Freedom fall, but Nature still is fair."

Childe Harold, Canto II.

At Athens, on this his first visit, he made a stay of between two and three months, not a day of which he let pass without employing some of its hours in visiting the grand monuments of ancient genius around him, and calling up the spirit of other times among their ruins. He made frequently, too, excursions to different parts of Attica; and it was in one of his visits to Cape Colonna, at this time, that he was near being seized by a party of Mainotes, who were lying hid in the caves under the cliff of Minerva Sunias. These pirates, it appears, perish, but Nature is permanent." — Philolog. Inquiries.

¹ The passage of Harris, indeed, contains the pith of the whole stanza: — "Notwithstanding the various fortune of Athens, as a city, Attica is still famous for olives, and Mount Hymettus for honey. Human institutions
When he departed from Athens and the special thoughts as to what would become of them. Mr. till, at the opening of the Greek Revolution of spring of 1811, "he left scattered about his and here he threw off his literary effusions with no until the following spring, when he sailed for maintained in Athens and in the family of Mr. Arias that Mr. Mthat he met Mrs. "beauty aud loveliness." To turn out the barrel was and were of unusual eight, and five years, "and were of unusual peculiar pride that Mrs. "charmimg daughters identified the name of the to one and another it was thoughtlessly sug-

As the newly-discovered effusion was shown to the maiden whom it had for half a century been accustomed to venerate as "The Maid of Athens" had no will hear with a sigh of resignation that the lady won't have you to have peculiar weight in the controversy. In "This day as Latin g it by the word "life" in reading the poem its writing; and that the usual practice of trans-

When he sailed for Istam bol-Constantinople," as mention he obligingly adds. Now his fellow-guest, Mr. barrel a t all, it must have been accomplished with the passage only of tenderness .... it means 'My lifê,

So much for the circumstances under which the name E v a would have in like circumstances. As to how "the sonnet" came to be written. As to how "the sonnet" came to be written. As to how "the sonnet" came to be written. As to how "the sonnet" came to be written. As to how "the sonnet" came to be written. As to how "the sonnet" came to be written. As to how "the sonnet" came to be written. As to how "the sonnet" came to be written. As to how "the sonnet" came to be written. As to how "the sonnet" came to be written.
hammers. He rose, peeped curiously through the door, then ventured to walk down a passage till Matthew Arnold. The biography of the elder whir8hing

He pushed back his plate, closed his eyes, and to all the formulae of penitence there and the burning zeal of the Marquis, who would

some soup, steak, and half-a-bottle of Bordeaux, that M. de Roesfleurs saw himself served with; but this did not suit

educational schemes were criticised by Mr. Carnot is a monument of filial piety. The best

these monasteries for nothing), the Abbot per­

Carnot is a monument of filial piety. The best

the warmest and truest of friends. M. Schoelcher, Anglican clergyman. His vacations are spent in

Loudon, where he passed his long exile. M.

girt in his deputy's scarf, on the barricades of the Empire to effect a change of front. M. Carnot,


were despatched in all directions for every available assistance. The flames by this time had reached a great

building on fire having been ascertained, messages were drawn from the G overnm ent nine hesitatin g depu­

dépôt at about ten minutes past four, and in the m ean­

The "call" was made at the Farringdon-road fire engine station. In addition to tho premises nam ed, which

and brought crowds returning from the celebration of their
day, the fire, which subsequently caught tho premises of

shapes. The fire travelled to the extremity of Messrs.

Crease's buildings, and fears were entertained for the

5th of July and the 7th of August, 1815. The loss sustained by Messrs. Beckenham Brothers is consider­

able; Messrs. Brow n and Son's premises are destroyed; but the rest have escaped destruction. The day was a

magnificent one, and when the procession reached the ground, the crowd was immense. It was not until ten o'clock in the evening, however, that the funerals were over, and the participants had returned home. The route was filled with the sounds of music, and the spectators were delighted with the performance. The day was a great success, and the people of the city were well pleased with the result.
A LINK WITH BYRON.

By Aaron Watson.

Thirty-five years ago there lived in Newcastle-on-Tyne a hale old man who had been invited by Lord Byron to accompany him on an expedition into Greece. This was Dr. Alexander, who was assistant-surgeon to the Scots Greys in his earlier years, who was at Quatre Bras and Waterloo, who accompanied the Allied Armies to Paris. Seven years later he was the medical attendant of Lord Berwick, the British Minister at Turin, whose life he had saved by extraordinary attention and skill. At that time—from the end of September, 1822, to the middle of the following year—Byron was living with the Countess Guiccioli at the Casa Saluzzi at Genoa. To all appearances it was the least restless period of the poet's life, but really it was a time of great mental stress and intellectual disturbance. Byron was writing the later cantos of "Don Juan," and com­ pleting a great effort in aid of the Greek War of Independence. One day he inquired of Lord Berwick whether he could not find medical advice, and Dr. Alexander was strongly recom­ mended. Objections were raised to him as Englishman, as being a mere Scot; but these were overcome when the two men were brought together by Lord Berwick, and from that time Dr. Alexander became his personal doctor. The two were in constant intercourse, the "medical adviser," as Moore calls him, visiting the Casa Saluzzi on each alternate day.

The lame foot.

Over fifty years passed, and I found myself conversing with Dr. Alexander on those far-off days in Genoa. The old artist, David Urquhart, had made a competition of the British, and Lord Byron had been invited by Lord Berwick to go out shooting with Trelawney. They would throw soda-water bottles into the Bay of Genoa, and fire at them with pistols as they rose. And Byron, it seems, was much the better shot of the two. It was seldom that he missed a bottle. Then and now he never went to bed until he always had a little gin-and-water beside him. It was almost his only indulgence, for he was starving himself down the tap-root of habit. Dr. Alexander warned him of the consequences of this, but quite without effect. The poet continued to live his life, and the left foot was always in a feverish literary activity that still remains marvellous. Dr. Alexander recalled one of the circumstances of the first interview. Byron was engage­ d in conversation with the British Vice-Consul at Genoa, and he sat with his legs stretched out and his feet crossed. The left foot was uppermost, and Dr. Alexander's attention was at­ tracted to it by its unfortunate mal­ formation. He had no idea of the poet's extreme sensitiveness on that subject, and was surprised to see the foot sud­ denly withdrawn, the blood rush to Byron's face, and a flash of irritation dart from his eyes. At that date, when the poet was absent from Genoa, Dr. Alexander forwarded to him a newspaper which he had noticed, containing his son's name in the papers. As soon as he received it back by the next post. What had ex­ cited Byron's anger was a piece of sheer bravado, which had been overdone: "We have received Lord Byron's new poem, and are not pleased with it," the newspaper remarked. "The deformity of his foot seems to have got into his verse." That foot has been the bane of my life, he told Dr. Alexander. And then he went on to tell how he once went to London with the pur­ pose of having it amputated, but the surgeon whom he consulted refused to perform any such operation, and the idea was abandoned.

Habits, amusements, and diet.

One of Byron's amusements was to go out shooting with Trelawney. They would throw soda-water bottles into the Bay of Genoa, and fire at them with pistols as they rose. And Byron, it seems, was much the better shot of the two. It was seldom that he missed a bottle. Then and now he never went to bed until he always had a little gin-and-water beside him. It was almost his only indulgence, for he was starving himself down the tap-root of habit. Dr. Alexander warned him of the consequences of this, but quite without effect. The poet continued to live his life, and the left foot was always in a feverish literary activity that still remains marvellous. Dr. Alexander recalled one of the circumstances of the first interview. Byron was engage­ d in conversation with the British Vice-Consul at Genoa, and he sat with his legs stretched out and his feet crossed. The left foot was uppermost, and Dr. Alexander's attention was at­ tracted to it by its unfortunate mal­ formation. He had no idea of the poet's extreme sensitiveness on that subject, and was surprised to see the foot sud­ denly withdrawn, the blood rush to Byron's face, and a flash of irritation dart from his eyes. At that date, when the poet was absent from Genoa, Dr. Alexander forwarded to him a newspaper which he had noticed, containing his son's name in the papers. As soon as he received it back by the next post. What had ex­ cited Byron's anger was a piece of sheer bravado, which had been overdone: "We have received Lord Byron's new poem, and are not pleased with it," the
old tabus and customs is being followed by the decay of the whole race. Formerly the fear of being bewitched made such a situation with religious frenzy; now the islands are over-run with disease.

The following sonnet is submitted by a correspondent (H. M. W., London) to the judgment of the readers of T. P.'s WEEKLY.

H. M. W. says that he "cannot write without the olive or sig-tree, on the fly-leaf of an old book, bought by him from a book-barrow."

Whenas I pass in retrospect the last four years, those blissful years, by Fato's decree

Indelibly engraved upon my soul,

it seems a breath from Heaven so fleeting fast

Covers my soul in pure sublimity,

And dips in Lothe's stream all thoughts of

Within this time, my love was kindled slow,

Yet steadfast as the flame at Vesta's shrine.

For love--I covet each day add sorrow

Unto that all too heavy load of mine.

Each dawning day brings with it new sorrow

Each moon doth less my soul with joy点钟

My humble Muse herself bethinks, and saith:

'Must I Obscure and Beauty not submit to

Death?"  

Personally I am not inclined to attribute any great antiquity to the above production.

"If gentlemen take their wives from behind the footlights, and from girls whose minds," &c., &c. The sentence rings rather oddly, but it is extracted from a recent leading article in a London paper of high authority.

A "French Linguist" sends me an interesting and elaborate communication on the problem of "shall" and "will."

He quotes "Shall and Will." (Blackie) as declaring that "there is in certain circumstances stronger than "will."

"I shall never forgive him" is a stronger affirmation than "I will never forgive him."

"I shall never forgive him" is a stronger affirmation than "I will never forgive him."

"I will never forgive him" registers a fixed purpose of the will, to which the whole man conents.

And I am inclined to say that any two lovers on the question.

Have any of my readers ever glanced into the pages of Misra's "Mireille"? If they have, I think they will agree with me that it furnishes the solici example of a modern epic or epical poem which is entirely natural, beautiful, and worthy of the aim F. A. W. (Paris) writes to remind me that the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of Mireille will shortly be celebrated by the French and literary festivals in Provence. Perhaps some readers of T. P.'s WEEKLY may be interested in a specimen of the language in which "Mireille" is written. Here are three lines:

Cantas, cantas, magnanarele,  
Li magnan soun grande, li magnan soun bella,  
Li magnan soun belle, et d'endormon diam tre

Which means: Sing, sing, silkworms follow me; upon the silk, the silkworms are fine; the silkworms are fine and are falling asleep for the third time."

ARTHUR MACHEN.

T. P.'s WEEKLY.

NOVEL NOTES

There is variety enough for all shades of tempermen in this week's batch of six-shilling novels. That interesting Yestergay, Mr. Ferrin's IDOLATRY (Chapman and Hall), David Carew is swayed between two loves, sacred and profane, in the midst of a London boarding-house, into which Annie, an early Christian, has mysteriously strayed in the guise of a general servant. Fitted as Annie and carew are is Somly, a self-contained and soulless young woman, whose theory of marriage is that of Grant Allen's heroine, though in everything else—her blooming less selfishness as well as in her facile mutability—she differs from the noble Herminia.

Types and Contrasts.

Another contrast in distinct types is given in Mrs. Allen Perrin's IDOLATRY (Chatto and Windus), in which Dion Duvasse, a young soldier, is contrasted with Oliver Wray, a missionary, two passionately devoted to the victories of their Church, finally adopts the life of a fakir, and wanders all over India with a staff and old clothes, as all her other novels, Mrs. Ferrin writes with the sure touch of one who knows the life of India as well as the temperamen of her very taking heroine, Anne Crivener. Somewhat similar, in outward circumstances, to Anne Crivener is the heroine of Katherine Brooke's "Daphne" (Methuen), in which B. M. Croker. Katherine Broome finds herself practically penniless in a London boarding-house, in spite of the fact that she is the daughter of a knightly cavalry officer. She stoops to conjure in the disguise of a maid to Lady Ware, a worldly and cynical old woman, whose reputation is entirely based upon past jewels. This novel is rather clever, but shallow as the soul of Lady Ware, and the hero is Mr. Eyre Hussey, a remarkable womanist, who discovers our island with fresh eyes. To find out who she is, her English aunts really are, Miss Maggie Chesterton has taken to herself the pseudonym "Polly Winford," and as she arrives at a boarding-house, the heroine, a self-contained and soulless woman’s dream dies hard. But in the words of Steepleton. Of course, she wakes up the entire community, including the demented old squire, who literally "hunts in dreams," a wonderfully interesting and pathetic study in this pleasant out-of-door novel. A very different, but equally delightful, heroine is that of E. Nesbit’s DAPHNE IN FITZROY STREET (Allen). Everybody endorses the charm of this author's character sketches, and Daphne, as child and woman, possesses it to the full. Yet even Daphne has her problem in life to face, a problem which she faces with both her hands, and the artist whom she loves. "Better end it now," he writes, "than make us both wretched for life. For it wouldn’t last long and then you’d have to come between me and my work, and I shouldn’t be able to forgive you for that even you."

"Are the light of my life—but my work will come first."

So the man’s work goes gaily on while the woman’s dream dies hard. But in the end the Through the Roof and all goes well with Daphne and the artist.
were only deterred from attacking him (as a Greek, who was then their prisoner, informed him afterwards) by a supposition that the two Albanians, whom they saw attending him, were but part of a complete guard he had at hand.

In addition to all the magic of its names and scenes, the city of Minerva possessed another sort of attraction for the poet, to which, wherever he went, his heart, or rather imagination, was but too sensible. His pretty song, "Maid of Athens, ere we part!", is said to have been addressed to the eldest daughter of the Greek lady at whose house he lodged; and that the fair Athenian, when he composed these verses, may have been the tenant, for the time being, of his fancy, is highly possible. Theodora Macri, his hostess, was the widow of the late English vice-consul, and derived a livelihood from letting, chiefly to English travellers, the apartments which Lord Byron and his friend now occupied, and of which the latter gentleman gives us the following description:—

"Our lodgings consisted of a sitting-room and two bed-rooms, opening into a courtyard, 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 our frugal table."

The fame of an illustrious poet is not confined to his own person and writings, but imparts a share of its splendour to whatever has been, even remotely, connected with him; and not only ennobles the objects of his friendships, his loves, and even his likings, but on every spot where he has sojourned through life leaves traces of its light that do not easily pass away. Little did the Maid of Athens, while listening in the distance or fronting down like a star. Near the edge or bottom of the skull-cap, with a blue tassel spread out and fastened down like a star. Near the crown of the head of each is a red handkerchief of various colours bound round their temples. The youngest wears her hair loose, falling on her shoulders; the hair behind descending down the back nearly to the waist, and, as usual, mixed with silk. The two eldest generally have their hair hanging loose down to the ankles: below is a handkerchief of various colours bound round the edge or bottom of the skull-cap, with a blue tassel spread out and fastened down like a star. Near the crown of the head of each is a red handkerchief of various colours bound round their temples. The youngest wears her hair loose, falling on her shoulders, the hair behind descending down the back nearly to the waist, and, as usual, mixed with silk.

"Our servant, who had gone before to procure accommodation, met us at the gate, and conducted us to Theodora Macri, the Consulina's, where we at present live. This lady is the widow of the consul, and has three lovely daughters; the eldest celebrated for her beauty, and said to be the subject of those stanzas by Lord Byron,—

"At Orchomenus, where stood the Temple of the Graces, I was tempted to exclaim, "Whither have the Graces fled?"—Little did I expect to find them here. Yet here comes one of them with golden cups and coffee, and another with a book. The book is a register of names, some of which are far sounded by the voice of fame. Among them is Lord Byron's, connected with some lines which I shall send you:—

"Fair Albion, smiling, sees her son depart,  
To trace the birth and nursery of art;  
Noble his object, glorious his aim,  
He comes to Athens, and he—writes his name.

"The counterpoise by Lord Byron:—

"This modest bard, like many a bard unknown,  
Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own;  
But yet who'er he be, to say no worse,  
His name would bring more credit than his verse.

"The mention of the three Athenian Graces will, I can foresee, rouse your curiosity, and fire your imagination; and I may despair of your farther attention till I attempt to give you some description of them. Their apartment is immediately opposite to ours; and if you could see them, as we do now, through the gently waving aromatic plants before our window, you would leave your heart in Athens.

"Theresa; the Maid of Athens, Catino, and Mariana, are of middle stature. On the crown of the head of each is a red Albanian skull-cap, with a blue tassel spread out and fastened down like a star. Near the edge or bottom of the skull-cap, with a blue tassel spread out and fastened down like a star. Near the crown of the head of each is a red handkerchief of various colours bound round their temples. The youngest wears her hair loose, falling on her shoulders,—the hair behind descending down the back nearly to the waist, and, as usual, mixed with silk. The two eldest generally have their hair bound, and fastened under the handkerchief. Their upper robe is a pelisse edged with fur, hanging loose down to the ankles; below is a handkerchief of muslin covering the bosom and terminating at the waist, which is short; under that, a gown of striped silk or muslin, with a gore round the swell of the loins, white stockings and yellow slippers complete their attire. The two eldest have black, or dark hair and eyes; their visage oval, and complexion somewhat pale, with teeth of dazzling whiteness. Their cheeks are rounded, and noses straight, rather inclined to aquiline. The youngest, Mariana, is very fair, her face not so finely rounded, but has a gayer expression than her sisters', whose countenances, except when the conversation has something of mirth in it, may be said to be rather pensive. Their persons are elegant, and their manners..."
pleasing and lady like, such as would be fascinating in any country. They possess very considerable powers of conversation, and their minds seem to be more instructed than those of the Greek women in general. With such attractions it would, indeed, be remarkable, if they did not meet with great attentions from the travellers who occasionally are resident in Athens. They sit in the eastern style, a little reclined, with their limbs gathered under them on the divan, and without shoes. Their employments are the needle, tambouring, and reading.

"I have said that I saw these Grecian beauties through the waving aromatic plants before their window. This, perhaps, has raised your imagination somewhat too high, in regard to their condition. You may have supposed their dwelling to have every attribute of eastern luxury. The golden cups, too, may have thrown a little witchery over your excited fancy. Confess, do you not imagine that the doors

"Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Persia's land;
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretch'd around in seemly band,
And endless pillows rise to prop the head,
So that each spacious room was one full swelling bed?"

"You will shortly perceive the propriety of my delaying, till now, to inform you that the aromatic plants which I have mentioned are neither more nor less than a few geraniums and Grecian balms, and that the room in which the ladies sit is quite unfurnished, the walls neither painted nor decorated by 'cunning hand.' Then, what would have become of the Graces had I told you sooner that a single room is all they have, save a little closet and a kitchen? You see how careful I have been to make the first impression good; not that they do not merit every praise, but that it is in man's august and elevated nature to think a little slightly of merit, and even of beauty, if not supported by some worldly show. Now I shall communicate to you a secret, but in the lowest whisper.

"These ladies, since the death of the consul, their father, depend on strangers living in their spare room and closet, — which we now occupy. But, though so poor, their virtue shines as conspicuously as their beauty.

"Not all the wealth of the East, or the complimentary lays even of the first of England's poets, could render them so truly worthy of love and admiration."

1 Travels in Italy, Greece, &c. by the late accomplished artist, H. W. Williams, Esq.

CHAPTER X.

1810—1811.

DEPARTURE FROM ATHENS. — SMYRNA. — COMPLETION OF THE SECOND CANTO OF CHILDE HAROLD. — VISIT TO THE RUINS OF EPHESUS—AND TO THE TROAD — SESTOS AND AYDOS. — SWIMMING EXPLOIT. — CONSTANTINOPLE. — EXCURSION THROUGH THE BOSPHORUS TO THE BLACK SEA.—VISIT TO CORINTH.—TOUR OF THE MOREA.—VISIT TO VELAY PACHA. — RETURN TO ATHENS. — RESIDENCE AT THE FRANCISCAN CONVENT. — STUDIES. — "HINTS FROM HORACE." — "CURSE OF MINERV A." — RETURN TO ENGLAND.

Ten weeks had flown rapidly away, when the unexpected offer of a passage in an English sloop of war to Smyrna induced the travellers to make immediate preparations for departure, and, on the 5th of March, they reluctantly took leave of Athens. — "Passing" says Mr. Hobhouse, "through the gate leading to the Pireus, we struck into the olive-wood on the road going to Salamis, galloping at a quick pace, in order to rid ourselves, by hurry, of the pain of parting." He adds, "We could not refrain from looking back, as we passed rapidly to the shore, and we continued to direct our eyes towards the spot, where we had caught the last glimpse of the Theséum and the ruins of the Parthenon through the vistas in the woods, for many minutes after the city and the Acropolis had been totally hidden from our view."

At Smyrna Lord Byron took up his residence in the house of the consul-general, and remained there, with the exception of two or three days employed in a visit to the ruins of Ephesus, till the 11th of April. It was during this time, as appears from a memorandum of his own, that the two first cantos of Childe Harold, which he had begun five months before at Ioannina, were completed. The memorandum alluded to, which I find prefixed to his original manuscript of the poem, is as follows:

"Byron, Ioannina in Albania.
Begun October 31st, 1809;
Concluded Canto 2d, Smyrna,
March 25th, 1810.

"Byron.""

From Smyrna the only letter, at all interesting, which I am enabled to present to the reader, is the following: —
**LETTER 41. TO MRS. BYRON.**

"Smyrna, March 19, 1810.

"Dear Mother,

"I cannot write you a long letter; but as I know you will not be sorry to receive any intelligence of my movements, pray accept what I can give. I have traversed the greatest part of Greece, besides Epirus, &c., &c., resided ten weeks at Athens, and am now on the Asiatic side on my way to Constantinople. I have just returned from viewing the ruins of Ephesus, a day's journey from Smyrna. I presume you have received a long letter I wrote from Albania, with an account of my reception by the Pacha of the province.

"When I arrive at Constantinople, I shall determine whether to proceed into Persia or return, which latter I do not wish, if I can avoid it. But I have no intelligence from Mr. Hanson, and but one letter from yourself. I shall stand in need of remittances whether I proceed or return. I have written to him repeatedly, that he may not plead ignorance of my situation for neglect. I can give you no account of any thing, for I have not time or opportunity, the frigate sailing immediately. Indeed the further I go the more my laziness increases, and my aversion to letter-writing becomes more confirmed. I have written to no one but to yourself and Mr. Hanson, and these are communications of business and duty rather than of inclination.

"Fletcher is very much disgusted with his fatigues, though he has undergone nothing that I have not shared. He is a poor creature; indeed English servants are detestable travellers. I have, besides him, two Albanian soldiers and a Greek interpreter; all excellent in their way. Greece, particularly in the vicinity of Athens, is delightful—cloudless skies and lovely landscapes. But I must reserve all account of my adventures till we meet. I keep no journal, but my friend Hobhouse scribbles incessantly. Pray take care of Murray and Robert, and tell the boy it is the most fortunate thing for him that he did not accompany me to Turkey. Consider this as merely a notice of my safety, and believe me,

"Yours, &c. &c.

"Byron."

On the 11th of April he left Smyrna in the Salsette frigate, which had been ordered to Constantinople, for the purpose of conveying the ambassador, Mr. Adair, to England; and after an exploratory visit to the ruins of Troy, arrived, at the beginning of the following month, in the Dardanelles. While the frigate was at anchor in these straits, the following letters to his friends Mr. Drury and Mr. Hodgson were written.

**LETTER 42. TO MR. HENRY DRURY.**

"Salsette frigate, May 3, 1810.

"My dear Drury,

"When I left England, nearly a year ago, you requested me to write to you—I will do so. I have crossed Portugal, traversed the south of Spain, visited Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, and thence passed into Turkey, where I am still wandering. I first landed in Albania, the ancient Epirus, where we penetrated as far as Mount Tomarit—excellently treated by the chief Ali Pacha—and, after journeying through Illyria, Chonia, &c., crossed the Gulf of Actium, with a guard of fifty Albanians, and passed the Achelous in our route through Aca­maria and Aetolia. We stopped a short time in the Morea, crossed the Gulf of Lepanto, and landed at the foot of Parnassus—saw all that Delphi retains, and so on to Thebes and Athens, at which last we remained ten weeks.

"His Majesty's ship, Pylades, brought us to Smyrna; but not before we had topo­graphised Attica, including, of course, Marathon and the Sunian promontory. From Smyrna to the Troad (which we visited when at anchor, for a fortnight, off the tomb of Antilochus) was our next stage; and now we are in the Dardanelles, waiting for a wind to proceed to Constantinople.

"This morning I swam from Sestos to Abydos. The immediate distance is not above a mile, but the current renders it hazardous;—so much so that I doubt whether Leander's conjugal affection must not have been a little chilled in his passage to Paradise. I attempted it a week ago, and failed,—owing to the north wind, and the wonderful rapidity of the tide,—though I have been from my childhood a strong swimmer. But this morning being calmer, I succeeded, and crossed the 'broad Hellespont' in an hour and ten minutes.

"Well, my dear sir, I have left my home, and seen part of Africa and Asia, and a tolerable portion of Europe. I have been with generals and admirals, princes and pashas, governors and ungovernables,—but I have not time or paper to expatiate. I wish to let you know that I live with a friendly remembrance of you, and a hope to meet you again; and if I do this as shortly as possible, attribute it to any thing but forgetfulness.

"Greece, ancient and modern, you know too well to require description. Albania, indeed, I have seen more of than any English-
man (except a Mr. Leake), for it is a country rarely visited, from the savage character of the natives, though abounding in more natural beauties than the classical regions of Greece,—which, however, are still eminently beautiful, particularly Delphi and Cape Colonna in Attica. Yet these are nothing to parts of Illyria and Epirus, where places without a name, and rivers not laid down in maps, may, one day, when more known, be justly esteemed superior subjects, for the pencil and the pen, to the dry ditch of the Iliussus and the bogs of Beotia.

"The Troad is a fine field for conjecture and snipe-shooting, and a good sportsman and an ingenious scholar may exercise their feet and faculties to great advantage upon the spot;—or, if they prefer riding, lose their way (as I did) in a cursed quagmire of the Scamander, who wriggles about as if the Dardan virgins still offered their wonted tribute. The only vestige of Troy, or her destroyers, are the barrows supposed to contain the carcasses of Achilles, Antilochus, Ajax, &c.;—but Mount Ida is still in high feather, though the shepherds are now-a-days not much like Ganymede. But why should I say more of these things? are they not written in the Boke of Gell? and has not Hobhouse got a journal? I keep none, as I have renounced scribbling.

"I see not much difference between ourselves and the Turks, save that we have ** and they have none—that they have long dresses, and we short, and that we talk much, and they little. They are sensible people. Ali Pacha told me he was sure I was a man of rank, because I had small ears and hands, and curling hair. By the by, I speak the Romaic, or modern Greek, tolerably. It does not differ from the ancient dialects so much as you would conceive; but the pronunciation is diametrically opposite. Of verse, except in rhyme, they have no idea.

"I like the Greeks, who are plausible rascals,—with all the Turkish vices, without their courage. However, some are brave, and all are beautiful, very much resembling the busts of Alcibiades;—the women not quite so handsome. I can swear in Turkish; but, except one horrible oath, and 'pimp,' and 'bread,' and 'water,' I have got no great vocabulary in that language. They are extremely polite to strangers of any rank, properly protected; and as I have two servants and two soldiers, we get on with great éclat. We have been occasionally in danger of thieves, and once of shipwreck,—but always escaped.

"Of Spain I sent some account to our Hodgson, but have subsequently written to no one, save notes to relations and lawyers, to keep them out of my premises. I mean to give up all connection, on my return, with many of my best friends—as I supposed them—and to snarl all my life. But I hope to have one good-humoured laugh with you, and to embrace Dwyer, and pledge Hodgson, before I commence cynicism.

"Tell Dr. Butler I am now writing with the gold pen he gave me before I left England, which is the reason my scrawl is more unintelligible than usual. I have been at Athens, and seen plenty of these reeds for scribbling, some of which he refused to bestow upon me, because topographic Gell had brought them from Attica. But I will not describe,—no—you must be satisfied with simple detail till my return, and then we will unfold the flood-gates of colloquy. I am in a thirty-six gun frigate, going up to fetch Bob Adair from Constantinople, who will have the honour to carry this letter.

"And so Hobhouse's boke is out, with some sentimental sing-song of my own to fill up,—and how does it take, eh? and where the devil is the second edition of my Satire, with additions? and my name on the title page? and more lines tagged to the end, with a new exordium and what not, hot from my anvil before I cleared the Channel? The Mediterranean and the Atlantic roll between me and criticism; and the thunders of the Hyperborean Review are deafened by the roar of the Hellespont.

"Remember me to Claridge, if not translated to college, and present to Hodgson assurances of my high consideration. Now, you will ask, what shall I do next? and I answer, I do not know. I may return in a few months, but I have intents and projects after visiting Constantinople. —Hobhouse, however, will probably be back in September.

"On the 2d of July we have left Albion one year—oblitus meorum obliviscendus et ells. I was sick of my own country, and not much prepossessed in favour of any other; but I 'drag on my chain' without 'lengthening it at each remove.' I am like the Jolly Miller, caring for nobody, and not cared for. All countries are much the same in my eyes. I smoke, and stare at mountains, and twist my mustachios very independently. I miss no comforts, and the

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1 [Sir William Gell's "Topography of Troy and its Vicinity."]
2 The Miscellany, to which I have more than once referred.
3 ["And drags at each remove a lengthening chain."—GOLDSMITH.]
musquitos that rack the morbid frame of H. have, luckily for me, little effect on mine, because I live more temperately.

"I omitted Ephesus in my catalogue, which I visited during my sojourn at Smyrna; but the Temple has almost perished, and St. Paul need not trouble himself to epistle the present brood of Ephesians, who have converted a large church built entirely of marble into a mosque, and I don't know that the edifice looks the worse for it.

"My paper is full, and my ink ebbing — good afternoon! If you address to me at Malta, the letter will be forwarded wherever I may be. H. greets you; he pines for his poetry, — at least, some tidings of it. I almost forgot to tell you that I am dying for love of three Greek girls at Athens, sisters. I lived in the same house. Teresa, Mariana, and Katinka, are the names of these divinities, — all of them under fifteen. Your 

"Byron."

Letter 43. To Mr. Hodgson.

"Salsette frigate, in the Dardanelles, off Abydos, May 5. 1810.

"I am on my way to Constantinople, after a tour through Greece, Epirus, &c., and part of Asia Minor, some particulars of which I have just communicated to our friend and host, H. Drury. With these, then, I shall not trouble you; but as you will perhaps be pleased to hear that I am well, &c., I take the opportunity of our ambassador's return to forward the few lines I have time to despatch. We have undergone some inconveniences, and incurred partial perils, but no events worthy of communication, unless you will deem it one that two days ago I swam from Sestos to Abydos. This, with a few alarms from robbers, and some danger of shipwreck in a Turkish gal­liot six months ago, a visit to a Pacha, a passion for a married woman at Malta, a challenge to an officer, an attachment to three Greek girls at Athens, with a great deal of buffoonery and fine prospects, form all that has distinguished my progress since my departure from Spain.

"Hobhouse rhymes and journalises; I stare and do nothing — unless smoking can be deemed an active amusement. The Turks take too much care of their women to permit them to be scrutinised; but I have lived a good deal with the Greeks, whose modern
dialect can I converse in enough for my pur­poses. With the Turks I have also some male acquaintances — female society is out of the question. I have been very well treated by the Pachas and Governors, and have no complaint to make of any kind. Hobhouse will one day inform you of all our adventures — were I to attempt the recital, neither my paper nor your patience would hold out during the operation.

"Nobody, save yourself, has written to me since I left England; but indeed I did not request it. I except my relations, who write quite as often as I wish. Of Hobhouse's volume I know nothing, except that it is out; and of my second edition I do not even know that, and certainly do not, at this distance, interest myself in the matter. I hope you and Bland roll down the stream of sale with rapidity.

"Of my return I cannot positively speak, but think it probable Hobhouse will precede me in that respect. We have been very nearly one year abroad. I should wish to gaze away another, at least, in these ever­green climates; but I fear business, law business, the worst of employments, will recall me previous to that period, if not very quickly. If so, you shall have due notice.

"I hope you will find me an altered person­age, — I do not mean in body, but in manner, for I begin to find out that nothing but virtue will do in this d—d world. I am tolerably sick of vice, which I have tried in its agreeable varieties, and mean, on my return, to cut all my dissolute acquaintance, leave off wine and carnal company, and betake myself to politics and decorum. I am very serious and cynical, and a good deal disposed to moralise; but fortunately for you the coming homily is cut off by default of pen and defecion of paper.

"Good morrow! If you write, address to me at Malta, whence your letters will be forwarded. You need not remember me to any body, but believe me

"Yours with all faith,

"Byron."

From Constantinople, where he arrived on the 14th of May, he addressed four or five letters to Mrs. Byron, in almost every one of which his achievement in swimming across the Hellespont is commemorated. The exceeding pride, indeed, which he took in this classic feat (the particulars of which

1 He has adopted this name in his description of the Seraglio in Don Juan, Canto VI. It was, if I recollect right, in making love to one of these girls that he had recourse to an act of courtship often practised in that country; — namely, giving himself a wound across the breast

with his dagger. The young Athenian, by his own account, looked on very coolly during the operation, con­

dering it a fit tribute to her beauty, but in no degree moved to gratitude.
he has himself abundantly detailed] may be cited among the instances of that boyishness of character which he carried with him so remarkably into his mature years, and which, while it puzzled distant observers of his conduct, was not among the least amusing or attaching of his peculiarities to those who knew him intimately. So late as eleven years from this period, when some sceptical traveller ventured to question, after all, the practicability of Leander’s exploit, Lord Byron, with that jealousy on the subject of his own personal prowess which he retained from boyhood, entered again, with fresh zeal, into the discussion, and brought forward two or three other instances of his own feats in swimming 1, to corroborate the statement originally made by him.

In one of these letters to his mother from Constantinople, dated May 24th, after referring, as usual, to his notable exploit, “in humble imitation of Leander, of amorous memory, though,” he adds, “I had no Hero to receive me on the other side of the Hellespont,” he continues thus: —

“When our ambassador takes his leave I shall accompany him to see the sultan, and afterwards probably return to Greece. I have heard nothing of Mr. Hanson but one remittance, without any letter from that legal gentleman. If you have occasion for any pecuniary supply, pray use my funds as far as they go without reserve; and, lest this should not be enough, in my next to Mr. Hanson I will direct him to advance any sum you may want, leaving it to your discretion how much, in the present state of my affairs, you may think proper to require. I have already seen the most interesting parts of Turkey in Europe and Asia Minor, but shall not proceed further till I hear from England: in the mean time I shall expect occasional supplies, according to circumstances; and shall pass my summer amongst my friends, the Greeks of the Morea.”

He then adds, with his usual kind solicitude about his favourite servants: —

“Pray take care of my boy Robert, and the old man Murray. It is fortunate they returned; neither the youth of the one, nor the age of the other, would have suited the changes of climate, and fatigue of travelling.”

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1 Among others, he mentions his passage of the Tagus in 1809, which is thus described by Mr. Hobhouse: —

“My companion had before made a more perilous, but less celebrated, passage; for I recollect that, when we were in Portugal, he swam from old Lisbon to Belem Castle, and having to contend with a tide and counter current, the wind blowing freshly, was but little less than two hours in crossing the river.” In swimming from

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LETTER 44. TO MR. HENRY DRURY.

“Constantinople, June 17 1810.

“Though I wrote to you so recently, I break in upon you again to congratulate you on a child being born, as a letter from Hodgson apprizes me of that event, in which I rejoice.

“I am just come from an expedition through the Bosphorus to the Black Sea and the Cyanean Symplegades, up which last I scrambled with as great risk as ever the Argonauts escaped in their hey. You remember the beginning of the nurse’s dole in the Medea, of which I beg you to take the following translation, done on the summit: —

“Oh how I wish that an embargo Had kept in port the good ship Argo ! Who, still unlaunched from Grecian docks, Had never passed the Azure rocks; But now I fear her trip will be a Damn’d business for my Miss Medea, &c. &c.,”

as it very nearly was to me; — for, had not this sublime passage been in my head, I should never have dreamed of ascending the said rocks, and bruising my carcass in honour of the ancients.

“I have now sat on the Cyaneans, swam from Sestos to Abydos (as I trumpeted in my last), and, after passing through the Morea again, shall set sail for Santo Maura, and toss myself from the Leucadian promontory;—surviving which operation, I shall probably join you in England. Hobhouse, who will deliver this, is bound straight for these parts; and, as he is bursting with his travels, I shall not anticipate his narratives, but merely beg you not to believe one word he says, but reserve your ear for me, if you have any desire to be acquainted with the truth.

“I am bound for Athens once more, and thence to the Morea; but my stay depends so much on my caprice, that I can say nothing of its probable duration. I have been out a year already, and may stay another; but I am quicksilver, and say nothing positively. We are all very much occupied doing nothing, at present. We have seen every thing but the mosques, which we are to view with a firman on Tuesday next. But of these and other

Sestos to Abydos, he was one hour and ten minutes in the water. In the year 1808, he had been nearly drowned, while swimming at Brighton with Mr. L. Stanhope. His friend Mr. Hobhouse, and other bystanders, sent in some boatsmen, with ropes tied round them, who at last succeeded in dragging Lord Byron and Mr. Stanhope from the surf, and thus saved their lives.

2 [Euripid. Medea, act 1. sc. 1.]
sundries let H. relate, with this proviso, that
I am to be referred to for authenticity; and
I beg leave to contradict all those things
whereon he lays particular stress. But, if he
soars at any time into wit, I give you leave
to applaud, because that is necessarily stolen
from his fellow-pilgrim. Tell Davies that
Hobhouse has made excellent use of his
best jokes in many of his Majesty's ships of
war; but add, also, that I always took care
to restore them to the right owner; in con-
sequence of which he (Davies) is no less
famous by water than by land, and reigns
unrivalled in the cabin as in the 'Cocoa Tree.'

"And Hodgson has been publishing more
poesy — I wish he would send me his 'Sir
Edgar,' and 'Bland's Anthology,' to Malta,
where they will be forwarded. In my last,
which I hope you received, I gave an outline
of the ground we have covered. If you have
not been overtaken by this despatch, Hob-
house's tongue is at your service. Remember
to put them in my banker's hands at
Gibraltar or Constantinople. I believe
he paid them once, but that goes for nothing,
since the devil knows what besides. I have not
received my letters; consider we have no
regular post farther than Malta, where I
must not be alarmed when you do not re-
ceive my letters, — I am not able to write
long letters in June. I return to spend my
summer in Greece. I write often, but you
must excuse me; — I am not able to write
very sincerely,

"Byron."

About ten days after the date of this
letter, we find another addressed to Mrs.
Byron, which — with much that is merely
a repetition of what he had detailed in
former communications — contains also a
good deal worthy of being extracted.

LETTER 45. TO MRS. BYRON.

"Constantinople, June 28th, 1810.

"Dear Mother,

"Mr. Hobhouse, who will forward or
deliver this, and is on his return to England,
can inform you of our different movements:
but I am very uncertain as to my own
return. He will probably be down in Notts.
some time or other; but Fletcher, whom I
send back as an incumbrance (English
servants are sad travellers), will supply his
place in the interim, and describe our travels,
which have been tolerably extensive.

"I remember Mahmout Pacha, the
grandson of Ali Pacha, at Yanina, (a little
fellow of ten years of age, with large black
eyes, which our ladies would purchase at
any price, and those regular features which
distinguish the Turks,) asked me how I
came to travel so young, without anybody
to take care of me. This question was put
by the little man with all the gravity of
three score. I cannot now write copiously; I
have only time to tell you that I have
passed many a fatiguing, but never a tedious
moment; and all that I am afraid of is that
I shall contract a gipsylike wandering dispo-
sition, which will make home tiresome to
me: this, I am told, is very common with
men in the habit of peregrination, and, in
deed, I feel it so. On the 3d of May I
swam from Sestos to Abydos. You know
the story of Leander, but I had no Hero to
receive me at landing.

"I have been in all the principal mosques
by the virtue of a firman: this is a favour
rarely permitted to infidels, but the ambas-
sador's departure obtained it for us. I have
been up the Bosphorus into the Black Sea,
round the walls of the city, and, indeed, I
know more of it by sight than I do of
London. I hope to amuse you some winter's
evening with the details, but at present you
must excuse me; — I am not able to write
long letters in June. I return to spend my
summer in Greece. I write often, but you
must not be alarmed when you do not re-
ceive my letters; consider we have no
regular post farther than Malta, where I
beg you will in future send your letters.

"Fletcher is a poor creature, and re-
quires comforts that I can dispense with.
He is very sick of his travels, but you must
not believe his account of the country. He
sighs for ale, and idleness, and a wife, and
the devil knows what besides. I have not
been disappointed or disgusted. I have
lived with the highest and the lowest. I
have been for days in a Pacha's palace, and
have passed many a night in a cowhouse,
and I find the people inoffensive and kind.
I have also passed some time with the
principal Greeks in the Morea and Livadia,
and, though inferior to the Turks, they are
better than the Spaniards, who, in their
turn, excel the Portuguese. Of Constan-
tinople you will find many descriptions in
different travels; but Lady Mary Wortley
errs strangely when she says, 'St. Paul's
would cut a strange figure by St. Sophia's.'
I have been in both, surveyed them inside
without touching land. In this trial Lord Byron was
the conqueror.
and out attentively. St. Sophia’s is undoubtedly the most interesting from its immense antiquity, and the circumstance of all the Greek emperors, from Justinian, having been crowned there, and several murdered at the altar, besides the Turkish sultans who attend it regularly. But it is inferior in beauty and size to some of the mosques, particularly ‘Soleymán,’ &c., and not to be mentioned in the same page with St. Paul’s (I speak like a Cockney). However, I prefer the Gothic cathedral of Seville to St. Paul’s, St. Sophia’s, and any religious building I have ever seen.

“The walls of the Seraglio are like the walls of Newstead gardens, only higher, and much in the same order; but the ride by the walls of the city, on the land side, is beautiful. Imagine four miles of immense triple battlements, covered with ivy, surmounted with 218 towers, and, on the other side of the road, Turkish burying-grounds (the loveliest spots on earth), full of enormous cypresses. I have seen the ruins of Athens, of Ephesus, and Delphi. I have traversed great part of Turkey, and many other parts of Europe, and some of Asia; but I never beheld a work of nature or art which yielded an impression like the prospect on each side from the Seven Towers to the end of the Golden Horn.¹

¹ [‘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;

Our first duty is not communication addressed to a distinguished monthly work, by a traveller who, at this period, happened to meet with Lord Byron at Constantinople, bears sufficiently the features of authenticity to be presented, without hesitation, to my readers.

“We were interrupted in our debate by the entrance of a stranger, whom, on the first glance, I guessed to be an Englishman, but lately arrived at Constantinople. He wore a scarlet coat, richly embroidered with gold, in the style of an English aide-de-camp's dress uniform, with two heavy epaulettes. His countenance announced him to be about the age of two-and-twenty. His features

The reader has not, I trust, passed carelessly over the latter part of this letter. There is a healthfulness in the moral feeling so unaflectedly expressed in it, which seems to answer for a heart sound at the core, however passion might have scorched it. Some years after, when he had become more confirmed in that artificial tone of banter, in which it was, unluckily, his habit to speak of his own good feelings, as well as those of others, however capable he might still have been of the same amiable sentiments, I question much whether the perverse fear of being thought desirous to pass for moral would not have prevented him from thus naturally and honestly avowing them.

The following extract from a communication addressed to a distinguished monthly work, by a traveller who, at this period, happened to meet with Lord Byron at Constantinople, bears sufficiently the features of authenticity to be presented, without hesitation, to my readers.

“It is my opinion that Mr. B ** ought to marry Miss R **. Our first duty is not to do evil; but, alas! that is impossible: our next is to repair it, if in our power. The girl is his equal: if she were his inferior, a sum of money and provision for the child would be some, though a poor, compensation: as it is, he should marry her. I will have no gay deceivers on my estate, and I shall not allow my tenants a privilege I do not permit myself—that of debauching each other's daughters. God knows, I have been guilty of many excesses; but, as I have laid down a resolution to reform, and lately kept it, I expect this Lothario to follow the example, and begin by restoring this girl to society, or, by the beard of my father! he shall hear of it. Pray take some notice of Robert, who will miss his master; poor boy; he was very unwilling to return. I trust you are well and happy. It will be a pleasure to hear from you. Believe me yours very sincerely,

“P. S. — How is Joe Murray?

“P. S.—I open my letter again to tell you that Fletcher having petitioned to accompany me into the Morea, I have taken him with me, contrary to the intention expressed in my letter.”

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were remarkably delicate, and would have given him a feminine appearance, but for the manly expression of his fine blue eyes. On entering the inner shop, he took off his feathered cocked-hat, and showed a head of curly auburn hair, which improved in no small degree the uncommon beauty of his face. The impression which his whole appearance made upon my mind was such, that it has ever since remained deeply engraven on it; and although fifteen years have since gone by, the lapse of time has not in the slightest degree impaired the freshness of the recollection. He was attended by a Janissary attached to the English embassy, and by a person who professionally acted as a Cicerone to strangers. These circumstances, together with a very visible lameness in one of his legs, convinced me at once he was Lord Byron. I had already heard of his Lordship, and of his late arrival in the Salsette frigate, which had come up from the Smyrna station to fetch away Mr. Adair, our ambassador to the Porte. Lord Byron had been previously travelling in Epirus and Asia Minor, with his friend Mr. Hobhouse, and had become a great amateur of smoking: he was conducted to this shop for the purpose of purchasing a few pipes. The indifferent Italian, in which language he spoke to his Cicerone, and the latter's still more imperfect Turkish, made it difficult for the shop-keeper to understand their wishes; and as this seemed to vex the stranger, I addressed him in English, offering to interpret for him. When his Lordship thus discovered me to be an Englishman, he shook me cordially by the hand, and assured me, with some warmth in his manner, that he always felt great pleasure when he met with a countryman abroad. His purchase and my bargain being completed, we walked out together, and rambled about the streets, in several of which I had the pleasure of directing his attention to some of the most remarkable curiosities in Constantinople. The peculiar circumstances under which our acquaintance took place established between us, in one day, a certain degree of intimacy, which two or three years' frequenting each other's company in England would most likely not have accomplished. I frequently addressed him by his name, but he did not think of inquiring how I came to learn it, nor of asking mine. His Lordship had not yet laid the foundation of that literary renown which he afterwards acquired; on the contrary, he was only known as the author of his Hours of Idleness; and the severity with which the Edinburgh Reviewers had criticised that production was still fresh in every English reader's recollection. I could not, therefore, be supposed to seek his acquaintance from any of those motives of vanity which have actuated so many others since: but it was natural that, after our accidental rencontre, and all that passed between us on that occasion, I should, on meeting him in the course of the same week at dinner at the English ambassador's, have requested one of the secretaries, who was intimately acquainted with him, to introduce me to him in regular form. His Lordship testified his perfect recollection of me, but in the coldest manner, and immediately after turned his back on me. This uncivil proceeding, forming a striking contrast with previous occurrences, had something so strange in it, that I was at a loss how to account for it, and felt at the same time much disposed to entertain a less favourable opinion of his Lordship than his apparent frankness had inspired me with at our first meeting. It was not, therefore, without surprise, that, some days after, I saw him in the streets, coming up to me with a smile of good nature in his countenance. He accosted me in a familiar manner, and, offering me his hand, said,—'I am an enemy to English etiquette, especially out of England; and I always make my own acquaintance without waiting for the formality of an introduction. If you have nothing to do, and are disposed for another ramble, I shall be glad of your company.' There was that irresistible attraction in his manner, of which those who have had the good fortune to be admitted into his intimacy can alone have felt the power in his moments of good humour; and I readily accepted his proposal. We visited again more of the most remarkable curiosities of the capital, a description of which would here be but a repetition of what a hundred travellers have already detailed with the utmost minuteness and accuracy; but his Lordship expressed much disappointment at their want of interest. He praised the picturesque beauties of the town itself, and its surrounding scenery; and seemed of opinion that nothing else was worth looking at. He spoke of the Turks in a manner which might have given reason to suppose that he had made a long residence among them, and closed his observations with these words:—'The Greeks will, sooner or later, rise against them; but if they do not make haste, I hope Buonaparte will come, and drive the useless rascals away.'

During his stay at Constantinople, the

1 New Monthly Magazine.
English minister, Mr. Adair, being indisposed the greater part of the time, had but few opportunities of seeing him. He, however, pressed him, with much hospitality, to accept a lodging at the English palace, which Lord Byron, preferring the freedom of his homely inn, declined. At the audience granted to the ambassador, on his taking leave, by the Sultan, the noble poet attended in the train of Mr. Adair,—having shown an anxiety as to the place he was to hold in the procession, not a little characteristic of his jealous pride of rank. In vain had the minister assured him that no particular station could be allotted to him;—that the Turks, in their arrangements for the ceremonial, considered only the persons connected with the embassy, and neither attended to, nor acknowledged, the precedence which our forms assign to nobility. Seeing the young peer still unconvinced by these representations, Mr. Adair was, at length, obliged to refer him to an authority, considered infallible on such points of etiquette, the old Austrian Internuncio;—on consulting whom, and finding his opinions agree fully with those of the English minister, Lord Byron declared himself perfectly satisfied.

On the 14th of July his fellow-traveller and himself took their departure from Constantinople on board the Salsette frigate,—Mr. Hobhouse with the intention of accompanying the ambassador to England, and Lord Byron with the resolution of visiting his beloved Greece again. To Mr. Adair he appeared, at this time, (and I find that Mr. Bruce, who met him afterwards at Athens, conceived the same impression of him,) to be labouring under great dejection of spirits. One circumstance related to me, as having occurred in the course of the passage, is not a little striking. Perceiving, as he walked the deck, a small yataghan, or Turkish dagger, on one of the benches, he took it up, unsheathed it, and, having stood for a few moments contemplating the blade, was heard to say, in an under voice," I should like to know how a person feels after committing a murder!" In this startling speech we may detect, I think, the germ of his future Giaours and Laras. This intense wish to explore the dark workings of the passions was what, with the aid of imagination, at length generated the power; and that faculty which entitled him afterwards to be so truly styled "the searcher of dark bosoms," may be traced to, perhaps, its earliest stirrings in the sort of feeling that produced these words.

On their approaching the island of Zea, he expressed a wish to be put on shore. Accordingly, having taken leave of his companions, he was landed upon this small island, with two Albanians, a Tartar, and one English servant; and in one of his manuscripts he has himself described the proud, solitary feeling with which he stood to see the ship sail swiftly away—leaving him there, in a land of strangers alone.

A few days after, he addressed the following letters to Mrs. Byron from Athens.

**Letter 46. TO MRS. BYRON.**

"Athens, July 25, 1810.

"Dear Mother,

"I have arrived here in four days from Constantinople, which is considered as singularly quick, particularly for the season of the year. Your northern gentry can have no conception of a Greek summer; which, however, is a perfect frost compared with Malta and Gibraltar, where I reposed myself in the shade last year, after a gentle gallop of four hundred miles, without intermission, through Portugal and Spain. You see, by my date, that I am at Athens again, a place which I think I prefer, upon the whole, to any I have seen.

"My next movement is to-morrow into the Morea, where I shall probably remain a month or two, and then return to winter here, if I do not change my plans, which, however, are very variable, as you may suppose; but none of them verge to England.

"The Marquis of Sligo, my old fellow-collegian, is here, and wishes to accompany me into the Morea. We shall go together for that purpose; but I am woefully sick of travelling companions, after a year's experience of Mr. Hobhouse, who is on his way to Great Britain. Lord S. will afterwards pursue his way to the capital; and Lord B., having seen all the wonders in that quarter, will let you know what he does next, of which at present he is not quite certain. Malta is my perpetual post-office, from which my letters are forwarded to all parts of the habitable globe:—by the bye, I have now been in Asia, Africa, and the east of Europe, and, indeed, made the most of my time, without hurrying over the most interesting scenes of the ancient world. Fletcher, after having been toasted and roasted, and baked, and grilled, and eaten by all sorts of creeping things, begins to philosophise, is grown a refined as well as a resigned character, and promises at his return to become an ornament to his own parish, and a very prominent person in the future family pedigree of the Fletchers, who I take to be Goths by their accomplishments, Greeks by their acuteness, and ancient Saxons by their appetite."
He (Fletcher) begs leave to send half-a-dozen sighs to Sally his spouse, and wonders (though I do not) that his ill-written and worse spelt letters have never come to hand; as for that matter, there is no great loss in either of our letters, saving and except that I wish you to know we are well, and warm enough at this present writing. God knows. You must not expect long letters at present, for they are written with the sweat of my brow, I assure you. It is rather singular that Mr. Hanson has not written a syllable since my departure. Your letters have mostly received as well as others; from which I conjecture that the man of law is either angry or busy.

"I trust you like Newstead, and agree with your neighbours; but you know you are a sworn — is not that a dutiful appellation? Pray, take care of my books and several boxes of papers in the hands of Joseph; and pray leave me a few bottles of champagne to drink, for I am very thirsty; — but I do not insist on the last article, without you like it. I suppose you have your house full of silly women, prating scandalous things. Have you ever received my picture in oil from the Greeks, a Lutheran, and the nondescript, Fletcher, are making so much noise, that I am glad to sign myself

"Yours, &c. &c. Byron."

A day or two after the date of this, he left Athens in company with the Marquis of Sligo. Having travelled together as far as Corinth, they from thence branched off in different directions. — Lord Sligo to pay a visit to the capital of the Morea, and Lord Byron to proceed to Patras, where he had some business with the consul, Mr. Strane, in whose house I now write. He has rendered me every service in his power since I quitted Malta on my way to Constantinople, whence I have written to you twice or thrice. In a few days I visit the Pacha at Tripolitza, make the tour of the Morea, and return again to Athens, which at present is my head-quarters. The heat is at present intense. In England, if it reaches 95° you are all on fire: the other day, in travelling between Athens and Megara, the thermometer was at 125°! Yet I feel no inconvenience; of course I am much bronzed, but I live temperately, and never enjoyed better health.

"Before I left Constantinople, I saw the Sultan (with Mr. Adair), and the interior of the mosques, things which rarely happen to travellers. Mr. Hobhouse is gone to England: I am in no hurry to return, but have no particular communications for your country, except my surprise at Mr. Hanson's silence, and my desire that he will remit regularly. I suppose some arrangement has been made with regard to Wymondham and Rochdale. Malta is my post-office, or to Mr. Strané, consul-general, Patras, Morea. You complain of my silence — I have written twenty or thirty times within the last year; never less than twice a month, and often more. If my letters do not arrive, you must not conclude that we are eaten, or that there is a war, or a pestilence, or famine: neither must you credit silly reports, which I dare say you have in Notts., as usual. I am very well, and neither more nor less happy than I usually am; except that I am very glad to be once more alone, for I was sick of my companion, — not that he was a bad one, but because my nature leads me to solitude, and that every day adds to this disposition. If I chose, here are many men who would wish to join me — one wants me to go to Egypt, another to Asia, of which I have seen enough. The greater part of Greece is already my own, so that I shall only go over my old ground, and look upon my old seas and mountains, the only acquaintances I ever found improve upon me.

"I have a tolerable suite, a Tartar, two Albanians, an interpreter, besides Fletcher; but in this country these are easily maintained. Adair received me wonderfully well, and indeed I have no complaints against any one. Hospitality here is necessary, for inns are not. I have lived in the houses of Greeks, Turks, Italians, and English — to-day in a palace, to-morrow in a cow-house; this day with a Pacha, the next with a shepherd. I shall continue to write briefly, but frequently, and am glad to hear from you; but you fill your letters with things from the papers, as if English papers were not found all over the world. I have at this moment a
dozen before me. Pray take care of my books, and believe me, my dear mother,  
"Yours, &c.  
Byron."  

The greater part of the two following months he appears to have occupied in making a tour of the Morea; and the very distinguished reception he met with from Veley Pacha, the son of Ali, is mentioned with much pride, in more than one of his letters.  

On his return from this tour to Patras, he was seized with a fit of illness, the particulars of which are mentioned in the following letter to Mr. Hodgson; and they are, in many respects, so similar to those of the last fatal malady, with which, fourteen years afterwards, he was attacked, in nearly the same spot, that, livelily as the account is written, it is difficult to read it without melancholy: —

**LETTER 48. TO MR. HODGSON.**

"Patras, Morea, October 3. 1810.

"As I have just escaped from a physician and a fever, which confined me five days to bed, you won't expect much 'allegrezza' in the ensuing letter. In this place there is an indigenous distemper, which when the wind blows from the Gulf of Corinth (as it does five months out of six), attacks great and small, and makes woful work with visitors. Here be also two physicians, one of whom trusts to his genius (never having studied) — the other to a campaign of eighteen months against the sick of Otranto, which he made in his youth with great effect.

"When I was seized with my disorder, I protested against both these assassins; but what can a helpless, feverish, toast-and-watered poor wretch do? In spite of my teeth and tongue, the English consul, my Tartar, Albanians, dragoman, forced a physician upon me, and in three days vomited and glystered me to the last gasp. In this state I made my epitaph — take it: —

"Youth, Nature, and relenting Jove,  
To keep my lamp in strongly strove:  
But Romanelli was so stout,  
He beat all three — and blew it out.

But Nature and Jove, being piqued at my doubts, did, in fact, at last, beat Romanelli, and here I am, well but weakly, at your service.

"Since I left Constantinople, I have made a tour of the Morea, and visited Veley Pacha, who paid me great honours, and gave me a pretty stallion. H. is doubtless in England before even the date of this letter: — he bears a despatch from me to your hardship. He writes to me from Malta, and requests my journal, if I keep one. I have none, or he should have it; but I have replied in a consolatory and exhortatory epistle, praying him to abate three and sixpence in the price of his next boke, seeing that half-a guinea is a price not to be given for any thing save an opera ticket.

"As for England, it is long since I have heard from it. Every one at all connected with my concerns is asleep, and you are my only correspondent, agents excepted. I have really no friends in the world; though all my old school companions are gone forth into that world, and walk about there in monstrous disguises, in the garb of guardsmen, lawyers, parsons, fine gentlemen, and such other masquerade dresses. So, I here shake hands and cut with all these busy people, none of whom write to me. Indeed I ask it not; — and here I am, a poor traveller and heathenish philosopher, who hath perambulated the greatest part of the Levant, and seen a great quantity of very improbable land and sea, and, after all, am no better than when I set out — Lord help me!

"I have been out fifteen months this very day, and I believe my concerns will draw me to England soon; but of this I will apprise you regularly from Malta. On all points Hobhouse will inform you, if you are curious as to our adventures. I have seen some old English papers up to the 15th of May. I see the 'Lady of the Lake' advertised. Of course it is in his old ballad style, and pretty. After all, Scott is the best of them. The end of all scribblement is to amuse, and he certainly succeeds there. I long to read his new romance.

"And how does 'Sir Edgar?' and your friend Bland? I suppose you are involved in some literary squabble. The only way is to despise all brothers of the quill. I suppose you won't allow me to be an author, but I complain you all, you dogs! — I do.

"You don't know Dallas, do you? He had a farce ready for the stage before I left England, and asked me for a prologue, which I promised, but sailed in such a hurry I never penned a couplet. I am afraid to ask after his drama, for fear it should be damned — Lord forgive me for using such a word! but the pit, Sir, you know the pit — they

1 In a note upon the Advertisement prefixed to his Siege of Corinth, he says, — "I visited all three (Tripolitza, Napolis, and Argos,) in 1810-11, and in the course of journeying through the country, from my first arrival in 1809, crossed the Isthmus eight times in my way from Attica to the Morea, over the mountains, or in the other direction, when passing from the Gulf of Athens to that of Lepanto."
will do those things in spite of merit. I remember this farce from a curious circumstance. When Drury Lane was burnt to the ground, by which accident Sheridan and his son lost the few remaining shillings they were worth, what doth my friend Dallas do? Why, before the fire was out, he writes a note to Tom Sheridan, the manager of this combustible concern, to inquire whether this farce was not converted into fuel with about two thousand other unactable manuscripts, which of course were in great peril, if not actually consumed. Now was not this characteristic?—the ruling passions of Pope are nothing to it. Whilst the poor distracted manager was bewailing the loss of a building only worth 300,000l., together with some twenty thousand pounds of rags and tinsel in the tiring rooms, Bluebeard’s elephants, and all that, comes in a note from a scorching author, requiring at his hands two acts and odd scenes of a farce!!

"Dear H., remind Drury that I am his well-wisher, and let Scrope Davies be well affected towards me. I look forward to meeting you at Newstead, and renewing our old champagne evenings with all the glee of anticipation. I have written by every opportunity and expect responses as regular as those of the liturgy, and somewhat longer. As with it is, the relater remembered, as a proof of his affection towards her." — A few days after, when they were bathing together in the Gulf of Lepanto, he referred to this promise, and, pointing to his naked leg and foot, exclaimed — "Look there! — it is to her false delicacy at my birth I owe that deformity; and yet as long as I can remember, she has never ceased to taunt and reproach me with it. Even a few days before we parted, for the last time, on my leaving England, she, in one of her fits of passion, uttered an imprecation upon me, praying that I might prove as ill formed in mind as I am in body!" His look and manner, in relating this frightful circumstance, can be conceived only by those who have ever seen him in a similar state of excitement.

The little value he had for those relics of ancient art, in pursuit of which he saw all his classic fellow-travellers so ardent, was, like everything he ever thought or felt, unreservedly avowed by him. Lord Sligo having it in contemplation to expend some money in digging for antiquities, Lord Byron, in offering to act as his agent, and to see the money, at least, honestly applied, said — "You may safely trust me — I am no dilettante. Your connoisseurs are all thieves; but I care too little for these things ever to steal them."

The system of thinning himself, which he had begun before he left England, was continued still more rigidly abroad. While at Athens, he took the hot bath for this purpose, three times a week, — his usual drink being vinegar and water, and his food seldom more than a little rice.

Among the persons, besides Lord Sligo, whom he saw most of at this time, were Lady Hester Stanhope and Mr. Bruce. — One of the first objects, indeed, that met the eyes of these two distinguished travellers, on their approaching the coast of Attica, was Lord Byron, disporting in his favourite element under the rocks of Cape Colonna. They were afterwards made acquainted with each other by Lord Sligo; and it was in the course, I believe, of their first interview, at his table, that Lady Hester, with that lively eloquence for which she is so remarkable, took the poet briskly to task for the depreciating opinion, which, as she understood, he entertained of all female intellect. Being but little inclined, were he even able, to sustain such a heresy, against one who was in her own person such an irresistible refutation of it, Lord Byron had no other

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1 [This farce was entitled, 'Not at Home,' and was acted, though with moderate success, at the Lyceum, by the Drury Lane Company, in November 1809. It was afterwards printed, with a prologue (intended to have been spoken) written by Walter Rodwell Wright, esq., author of "Horus Ionicus." ]
refuge from the fair orator's arguments than in assent and silence; and this well-bred deference being, in a sensible woman's eyes, equivalent to concession, they became, from thenceforward, most cordial friends. In recalling some recollections of this period in his "Memoranda," after relating the circumstance of his being caught bathing by an English party at Sunium, he added, "This was the beginning of the most delightful acquaintance which I formed in Greece." He then went on to assure Mr. Bruce, if ever those pages should meet his eyes, that the days they had passed together at Athens were remembered by him with pleasure.

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

Though he occasionally made excursions through Attica and the Morea, his headquarters were fixed at Athens, where he had taken lodgings in a Franciscan convent, and, in the intervals of his tours, employed himself in collecting materials for those notices on the state of modern Greece which had taken lodgings in a Franciscan convent, and, in the intervals of his tours, employed himself in collecting materials for those notices on the state of modern Greece which, impregnated as it is with London prejudices of an islander, that I think there should be a law amongst us, to set our young men abroad, for a term, among the few allies our wars have left us.
"Here I see and have conversed with French, Italians, Germans, Danes, Greeks, Turks, Americans, &c. &c. &c.; and without losing sight of my own, I can judge of the countries and manners of others. Where I see the superiority of England (which, by the by, we are a good deal mistaken about in many things), I am pleased, and where I find her inferior, I am at least enlightened. Now, I might have stayed, smoked in your towns, or fogged in your country, a century, without being sure of this, and without acquiring anything more useful or amusing at home. I keep no journal, nor have I any intention of scribbling my travels. I have done with authorship, and if, in my last production, I have convinced the critics or the world I was something more than they took me for, I am satisfied; nor will I hazard that reputation by a future effort. It is true I have some others in manuscript, but I leave them for those who come after me; and, if deemed worth publishing, they may serve to prolong my memory when I myself shall cease to remember. I have a famous Bavarian artist taking some views of Athens, &c. &c. for me. This will be better than scribbling, a disease I hope myself cured of. I hope, on my return, to lead a quiet, recluse life, but God knows and does best for us all; at least, so they say, and I have nothing to object, as, on the whole, I believe me yours ever," 

Byron.

"Dear Madam,

"As I have received a firman for Egypt, &c., I shall proceed to that quarter in the spring, and I beg you will state to Mr. Hanson that it is necessary to further remittances. On the subject of Newstead, I answer as before, No. If it is necessary to sell, sell Rochdale. Fletcher will have arrived by this time with my letters to that purpose. I will tell you fairly, I have, in the first place, no opinion of funded property; if, by any particular circumstances, I shall be led to adopt such a determination, I will, at all events, pass my life abroad, as my only tie to England is Newstead, and, that once gone, neither interest nor inclination lead me northward. Competence in your country is ample wealth in the East, such is the difference in the value of money and the abundance of the necessaries of life; and I feel myself so much a citizen of the world, that the spot where I can enjoy a delicious climate, and every luxury, at a less expense than a common college life in England, will always be a country to me; and such are in fact the shores of the Archipelago. This then is the alternative—if I preserve Newstead, I return; if I sell it, I stay away. I have had no letters since yours of June, but I have written several times, and shall continue, as usual, on the same plan. Believe me yours ever, "

Byron.

"P. S.—I shall most likely see you in the course of the summer, but, of course, at such a distance, I cannot specify any particular month."

The voyage to Egypt, which he appears from this letter to have contemplated, was, probably for want of the expected remittances, relinquished; and, on the 3d of June, he set sail from Malta, in the Volage frigate, for England, having, during his short stay at Malta, suffered a severe attack of the tertian fever. The feelings with which he returned home may be collected from the following melancholy letters.

Letter 50. TO MRS. BYRON.

"Athens, February 28. 1811.

"Dear Madam,

"As I have received a firman for Egypt, &c., I shall proceed to that quarter in the spring, and I beg you will state to Mr. Hanson that it is necessary to further remittances. On the subject of Newstead, I answer as before, No. If it is necessary to sell, sell Rochdale. Fletcher will have arrived by this time with my letters to that purpose. I will tell you fairly, I have, in the first place, no opinion of funded property; if, by any particular circumstances, I shall be led to adopt such a determination, I will, at all events, pass my life abroad, as my only tie to England is Newstead, and, that once gone, neither interest nor inclination lead me northward. Competence in your country is ample wealth in the East, and the abundance of the necessaries of life; and I feel myself so much a citizen of the world, that the spot where I can enjoy a delicious climate, and every luxury, at a less expense than a common college life in England, will always be a country to me; and such are in fact the shores of the Archipelago. This then is the alternative—if I preserve Newstead, I return; if I sell it, I stay away. I have had no letters since yours of June, but I have written several times, and shall continue, as usual, on the same plan. Believe me yours ever, "

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Letter 51. TO MR. HODGSON.

"Volage Frigate, at sea, June 29. 1811.

"In a week, with a fair wind, we shall be at Portsmouth, and on the 2d of July I shall have completed (to a day) two years of peregrination, from which I am returning with as little emotion as I set out. I think, upon the whole, I was more grieved at leaving Greece than England, which I am impatient to see, simply because I am tired of a long voyage. "

"Indeed, my prospects are not very pleasant. Embarrassed in my private affairs, indifferent to public, solitary without the wish to be social, with a body a little enfeebled by a succession of fevers, but a spirit I trust, yet unbroken, I am returning home without a hope, and almost without a desire. The first thing I shall have to encounter will be a lawyer, the next a creditor, then colliers, farmers, surveyors, and all the agreeable attachments to estates out of repair, and contested coal-pits. In short, I am sick and sorry, and when I have a little repaired my irreparable affairs, away I shall march, either to campaign in Spain, or back again to the East, where I can at least have cloudless skies and a cessation from impertinence. "

"I trust to meet, or see you, in town, or at Newstead, whenever you can make it
convenient — I suppose you are in love and in poetry as usual. That husband, H. Drury, has never written to me, albeit I have sent him more than one letter; — but I dare say the poor man has a family, and of course all his cares are confined to his circle.

" * For children fresh expenses get,
And Dicky now for school is fit." Warton.

If you see him, tell him I have a letter for him from Tucker, a regimental chirurgeon and friend of his, who prescribed for me, *** and is a very worthy man, but too fond of hard words. I should be too late for a speech-day, or I should probably go down to Harrow. I regretted very much in Greece having omitted to carry the Anthology with me — I mean Bland and Mervale's. — What has Sir Edgar done? And the Imitations and Translations — where are they? I suppose you don't mean to let the public off so easily, but charge them home with a quarto. For me, I am ' sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,' and shall leave the 'whole Castalian state' to Bufo, or any body else. 1 But you are a sentimental and sensibulous person, and will rhyme to the end of the chapter. Howbeit, I have written some 4000 lines, of one kind or another, on my travels.

"I need not repeat that I shall be happy to see you. I shall be in town about the 8th, at Dorant's Hotel, in Albemarle Street, and proceed in a few days to Notts, and thence to Rochdale on business.

"I am, here and there, yours," &c.

LETTER 52. TO MRS. BYRON.

"Volage frigate, at sea, June 25. 1811.

"Dear Mother,

"This letter, which will be forwarded on our arrival at Portsmouth, probably about the 4th of July, is begun about twenty-three days after our departure from Malta. I have just been two years (to a day, on the 2d of July) absent from England, and I return to it with much the same feelings which prevailed on my departure, viz. indifference; but within that apathy I certainly do not comprise yourself, as I will prove by every means in my power. You will be good enough to get my apartments ready at Newstead; but don't disturb yourself, on any account, particularly mine, nor consider me in any other light than as a visitor. I must only inform you that for a long time

1 ['And sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo leave the whole Castalian state.' — Pope.]

I have been restricted to an entire vegetable diet, neither fish nor flesh coming within my regimen; so I expect a powerful stock of potatoes, greens, and biscuit: I drink no wine. I have two servants, middle-aged men, and both Greeks. It is my intention to proceed first to town, to see Mr. Hanson, and thence to Newstead, on my way to Rochdale. I have only to beg you will not forget my diet, which it is very necessary for me to observe. I am well in health, as I have generally been, with the exception of two agues, both of which I quickly got over.

"My plans will so much depend on circumstances, that I shall not venture to lay down an opinion on the subject. My prospects are not very promising, but I suppose we shall wrestle through life like our neighbours; indeed, by Hanson's last advices, I have some apprehension of finding Newstead dismantled by Messrs. Brothers, &c., and he seems determined to force me into selling it, but he will be baffled. I don't suppose I shall be much pestered with visitors; but if I am, you must receive them, for I am determined to have nobody breaking in upon my retirement: you know that I never was fond of society, and I am less so than before. I have brought you a shawl, and a quantity of attar of roses, but these I must smuggle, if possible. I trust to find my library in tolerable order.

"Fletcher is no doubt arrived. I shall separate the mill from Mr. B.**s farm, for his son is too gay a deceiver to inherit both, and place Fletcher in it, who has served me faithfully, and whose wife is a good woman; besides, it is necessary to sober young Mr. B.**, or he will people the parish with bastards. In a word, if he had seduced a dairy-maid, he might have found something like an apology; but the girl is his equal, and in high life or low life reparation is made in such circumstances. But I shall not interfere further than (like Buonaparte) by dismembering Mr. B.'s kingdom, and erecting part of it into a principality for field-marshal Fletcher! I hope you govern my little empire and its sad load of national debt with a wary hand. To drop my metaphor, I beg leave to subscribe myself.

"Yours ever. "Byron."

"P. S. July 14. — This letter was written to be sent from Portsmouth, but, on arriving there, the squadron was ordered to the Nore, from whence I shall forward it. This I have not done before, supposing you might be alarmed by the interval mentioned in the
letter being longer than expected between our arrival in port and my appearance at Newstead."

LETTER 53. TO MR. HENRY DRURY.

"Volage frigate, off Ushant, July 17. 1811.

"My dear Drury,

"After two years' absence (on the 2d) and some odd days, I am approaching your country. The day of our arrival you will see by the outside date of my letter. At present, we are becalmed comfortably, close to Brest Harbour; — I have never been so near it since I left Duck Puddle. We left Malta thirty-four days ago, and have had a tedious passage of it. You will either see or hear from or of me, soon after the receipt of this, as I pass through town to repair my irreparable affairs; and thence I want to go to Notts, and raise rents, and to Lancs, and sell collieries, and back to London and pay debts,—for it seems I shall neither have coals nor comfort till I go down to Rochdale in person.

"I have brought home some marbles for Hobhouse;—for myself, four ancient Athenian skulls,1 dug out of sarcophagi—a phial of Attic hemlock—four live tortoises—a greyhound (died on the passage)—two live Greek servants, one an Athenian, tother a Yaniote, who can speak nothing but Roman and Italian—and myself; as Moses in the Vicar of Wakefield says, silly, and I may say it too, for I have as little cause to boast of my expedition as he had of his to the fair."

"I wrote to you from the Cyanean Rocks to tell you I had swam from Sestos to Abydos — have you received my letter? Hodgson, I suppose, is four deep by this time. What would he have given to have seen, like me, the real Parnassus, where I robbed the Bishop of Chrisiss of a book of geography!—but this I only call plagiarism, as it was done within an hour's ride of Delphi."

1 Given afterwards to Sir Walter Scott.
2 At present in the possession of Mr. Murray.
3 ["I have brought you from the fair?" —' I have brought you myself,' cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser." — *Vicar of Wakefield*, ch. xii.]
soldier or an adventurer, the course of training through which he then passed would have been perfect; — his athletic sports, his battles, his love of dangerous enterprise, gave every promise of a spirit fit for the most stormy career. But to the meditative pursuits of poesy, these dispositions seemed, of all others, the least friendly; and, however they might promise to render him, at some future time, a subject for bards, gave, assuredly, but little hope of his shining first among bards himself.

The habits of his life at the university were even still less intellectual and literary. While a schoolboy, he had read abundantly and eagerly, though desultorily; but even this discipline of his mind, irregular and undirected as it was, he had, in a great measure, given up, after leaving Harrow; and among the pursuits that occupied his academic hours, those of playing at hazard, sparring, and keeping a bear 1 and bulldogs, were, if not the most favourite, at least, perhaps, the most innocent. His time in London passed equally unmarked, either by mental cultivation or refined amusement. Having no resources in private society, from his total want of friends and connections, he was left to live loosely about town among the loungers in coffee-houses; and to those who remember what his two favourite haunts, Limmer's and Stevens's; were at that period, it is needless to say that, whatever else may have been the merits of these establishments, they were anything but fit schools for the formation of poetical character.

But however incompatible such a life must have been with those habits of contemplation, by which, and which only, the faculties he had already displayed could be ripened, or those that were still latent could be unfolded, yet, in another point of view, the time now apparently squandered by him was, in after days, turned most invaluable to account. By thus initiating him into a knowledge of the varieties of human character, — by giving him an insight into the details of society, in their least artificial form, — in short, by mixing him up, thus early, with the world, its business and its pleasures, his London life but contributed its share in forming that wonderful combin-

1 ["Young poets must have their amusements at college, like young proscers. Now, what are poetical amusements? Playing on the flute or fagiolet? Sketching trees and towers in chalk? Taking lessons in net-work from young ladies that superintend circulating libraries? Why, all that is vastly well to those who like it; but what if Byron preferred swimming, sparring — sometimes with a man, and sometimes with a bear? A young poet who spars frequently is always, it may be said, in training; and we all know that to be in training merely means to be in the highest health. Now, Hygeia has even more to do with poetry than Apollo; and therefore Byron did right well to spar daily. But farther — what are all amusements and recreations to a man who is not a mere idler? Nothing; or less than nothing. One single hour's study, which has been visited by glorious insights, often constitutes the day, and a day, too, whose memory will never die." — W. Wilson, 1830.]

2 [The former in Conduit Street; and the latter in New Bond Street.]}
indeed, that he began to feel himself capable of the abstraction which self-study requires, or to enjoy that freedom from the intrusion of others' thoughts which alone leaves the contemplative mind master of its own. In the solitude of his nights at sea, in his lone wanderings through Greece, he had sufficient leisure and seclusion to look within himself, and there catch the first 'glimpses of his glorious mind.' One of his chief delights, as he mentioned in his "Memoranda," was, when bathing in some retired spot, to seat himself on a high rock above the sea, and there remain for hours, gazing upon the sky and the waters, and lost in that sort of vague reverie, which, however formless and indistinct at the moment, settled afterwards on his pages, into those clear, bright pictures which will endure for ever.

Were it not for the doubt and diffidence that hang round the first steps of genius, this growing consciousnes of his own power, these openings into a new domain of intellect, where he was to reign supreme, must have made the solitary hours of the young traveller one dream of happiness. But it will be seen that, even yet, he distrusted his own strength, nor was at all aware of the will be seen that, even yet, lie distrusted his own strength, nor was at all aware of the

1 To this he alludes in those beautiful stanzas,
2 But a few months before he died, in a conversation with Maurommati, Lord Byron said—
3 "Knolles, Cantemir, De Tott, Lady M. W. Montagu, Hawkins's Translation from Mignot's History of the Turks, the Arabian Nights, all travels, or histories, or books upon the East, I could meet with, I had read, as well as Rycaut, before I was ten years old. I think the Arabian Nights first. After these, I preferred the history of naval actions, Don Quixote, and Smollett's novels, particularly Roderick Random, and I was passionate for the Roman History. When a boy, I could never bear to read any Poetry whatever without disgust and reluctance."
strong deficiency of which lies sensible, from the unable to accompany him, Mr. Hobhouse expresses altogether different. In introducing the narration of a spirits would, in a shy nature like his, most show itself. and etiquette, when whatever gloom there was on his mark every time was highly delighted.”

The strong interest which—in spite of his assumed philosophy on this subject in Childe Harold—he took in every thing connected with a life of warfare, found frequent opportunities of gratification, not only on board the English ships of war in which he sailed, but in his occasional intercourse with the soldiers of the country. At Salora, a solitary place on the Gulf of Arta, he once passed two or three days, lodged in a small miserable barrack. Here he lived the whole time, familiarly, among the soldiers; and a picture of the singular scene which their evenings presented—of those wild, half-bandit warriors, seated round the young poet, and examining with savage admiration his fine Manton gun and English sword—might be contrasted, but too touchingly, with another and a later picture of the same poet, dying, as a chieftain, on the same land, with Suliotes for his guards, and all Greece for his mourners.

It is true, amidst all this stimulating variety of objects, the melancholy which he had brought from home still lingered around his mind. To Mr. Adair and Mr. Bruce, as I have before mentioned, he gave the idea of a person labouring under deep dejection; and Colonel Leake, who was, at that time, quickness of observation and ingenuity of remark, united that gay good-humour which keeps alive the attention under the pressure of fatigue, and softens the aspect of every difficulty and danger.” In some lines, too, of the “Hints from Horace,” addressed evidently to Mr. Hobhouse, Lord Byron not only renders the same justice to his own social cheerfulness, but gives a somewhat more distinct idea of the frame of mind out of which it rose:

1 It rained hard the next day, and we spent another evening with our soldiers. The captain, Elmas, tried a fine Manton gun belonging to my friend, and hitting its mark every time was highly delighted.”—Hobhouse’s Journey, 5e.

2 It must be recollected that by two of these gentlemen he was seen chiefly under the restraints of presentation and etiquette, when whatever gloom there was on his spirits would, in a shy nature like his, most show itself. The account which his fellow-traveller gives of him is altogether different. In introducing the narration of a short tour to Negroponte, in which his noble friend was unable to accompany him, Mr. Hobhouse expresses strongly the deficiency of which he is sensible, from the absence, on this occasion, of “a companion, who, to resident at Ioannina, conceived very much the same impression of the state of his mind. But, assuredly, even this melancholy, habitually as it still clung to him, must, under the stirring and healthful influences of his roving life, have become a far more elevated and abstract feeling than it ever could have expanded to within reach of those annoyances, whose tendency was to keep it wholly concentrated round self. Had he remained idly at home, he would have sunk, perhaps, into a querulous satirist. But, as his views opened on a freer and wider horizon, every feeling of his nature kept pace with their enlargement; and this inborn sadness, mingling itself with the effusions of his genius, became one of the chief constituent charms not only of their pathos, but their grandeur. For, when did ever a sublime thought spring up in the soul, that melancholy was not to be found, however latent, in its neighbourhood?

We have seen, from the letters written by him on his passage homeward, how far from cheerful or happy was the state of mind in which he returned. In truth, even for a disposition of the most sanguine cast, there was quite enough in the discomforts that now awaited him in England to sadden its hopes, and check its buoyancy. “To be happy at home,” says Johnson, “is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends.” But Lord Byron had no home,—at least none that deserved this endearing name. A fond family circle, to accompany him with its prayers, while away, and draw round him, with listening eagerness, on his return, was what, unluckily, he never knew, though with a heart, as we have seen, by nature formed for it. In the absence, too, of all that might cheer and sustain, he had every thing to encounter that could distress and humiliate. To the dreariness of a home without affection, was added the burden of an establishment without means; and he had thus all the embarrassments of domestic life, without its
charms. His affairs had, during his absence, been suffered to fall into confusion, even greater than their inherent tendency to such a state warranted. There had been, the preceding year, an execution on Newstead, for a debt of 1500L. owing to the Messrs. Brothers, upholsterers; and a circumstance told of the veteran, Joe Murray, on this occasion, well deserves to be mentioned. To this faithful old servant, jealous of the ancient honour of the Byrons, the sight of the notice of sale, pasted up on the abbey-door, could not be otherwise than an unsightly and intolerable nuisance. Having enough, however, of the fear of the law before his eyes, not to tear the writing down, he was at last forced, as his only consolatory expedient, to paste a large piece of brown paper over it.

Notwithstanding the resolution, so recently expressed by Lord Byron, to abandon for ever the vocation of authorship, and leave "the whole Castalian state" to others, he was hardly landed in England when we find him busily engaged in preparations for the publication of some of the poems which he had produced abroad. So eager was he, indeed, to print, that he had already, in a letter written at sea, announced himself to Mr. Dallas, as ready for the press. Of this letter, which, from its date, ought to have preceded some of the others that have been given, I shall here lay before the reader the most material parts.

LETTER 54. TO MR. DALLAS.

"Volage Frigate, at sea, June 28, 1811."

"After two years' absence (to a day, on the 2d of July, before which we shall not arrive at Portsmouth), I am retracing my way to England."

"I am coming back with little prospect of pleasure at home, and with a body a little shaken by one or two smart fevers, but a spirit I hope yet unbroken. My affairs, it seems, are considerably involved, and much business must be done with lawyers, colliers, farmers, and creditors. Now this, to a man who hates bustle as he hates a bishop, is a serious concern. But enough of my home department."

"My Satire, it seems, is in a fourth edition, a success rather above the middling run, but not much for a production which, from its topics, must be temporary, and of course be successful at first, or not at all. At this period, when I can think and act more coolly, I regret that I have written it, though I shall probably find it forgotten by all except those whom it has offended. My friend Hob-
pressing some surprise that his noble friend should have produced nothing else during his absence. — "Upon this," he continues, "Lord Byron told me that he had occasionally written short poems, besides a great many stanzas in Spenser's measure, relative to the countries he had visited. — They are not worth troubling you with, but you shall have them all with you if you like." So came I by Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. He took it from a small trunk, with a number of verses. He said they had been read but by one person, who had found very little to commend and much to condemn; that he himself was of that opinion, and he was sure I should be so too. Such as it was, however, it was at my service: but he was urgent that 'The Hints from Horace' should be immediately put in train, which I promised to have done."

The value of the treasure thus presented to him, Mr. Dallas was not slow in discovering. That very evening he despatched a letter to his noble friend, saying — "You have written one of the most delightful poems I ever read. If I wrote this in flattery, I should deserve your contempt rather than your friendship. I have been so fascinated by a good critic — had I not myself seen those with whom he associated, it would he impossible to lay it down. I would almost pledge my life on its advancing the reputation of your poetical powers, and on its gaining you great honour and regard, if you will do me the credit and favour of attending to my suggestions respecting," &c. &c. &c.

Notwithstanding this just praise, and the secret echo it must have found in a heart so awake to the slightest whisper of fame, it was some time before Lord Byron's obstinate repugnance to the idea of publishing Childe Harold 1 could be removed.

"Attentive," says Mr. Dallas, "as he had hitherto been to my opinions and suggestions, and natural as it was that he should be swayed by such decided praise, I was surprised to find that I could not at first obtain credit with him for my judgment on Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. — It was any thing but poetry — it had been condemned by a good critic — had I not myself seen the sentences on the margins of the manuscript?" 2 He dwelt upon the Paraphrase of the Art of Poetry with pleasure, and the manuscript of that was given to Cawthorn, the publisher of the Satire, to be brought forth without delay. I did not, however, leave him so: before I quitted him I returned to the charge, and told him that I was so convinced of the merit of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, that as he had given it to me, I should certainly publish it, if he would have the kindness to attend to some corrections and alterations."

Among the many instances, recorded in literary history, of the false judgments of authors respecting their own productions, the preference given by Lord Byron to a work so little worthy of his genius, over a poem of such rare and original beauty as the first cantos of Childe Harold, may be accounted, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary and inexplicable. 3 "It is in men as in soils," says Swift, "where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of." But Lord Byron had made the discovery of the vein, without, as it would seem, being aware of its value. I have already had occasion to observe that, even while occupied with the composition of Childe Harold, it is questionable whether he himself was yet fully conscious of the new powers, both of thought and feeling, that had been awakened in him; and the strange estimate we now find him forming of his own production appears to warrant the remark. It would seem, indeed, as if, while the imaginative powers of his mind had received such an impulse forward, the faculty of judgment, slower in its development, was still immature, and that of self-judgment, the most difficult of all, still unattained.

On the other hand, from the deference which, particularly at this period of his life, he was inclined to pay to the opinions of those with whom he associated, it would be only reasonable, perhaps, to conclude that this erroneous valuation arose rather from a diffidence in his own judgment than from any deficiency of it. To his college companions, almost all of whom were his superiors in scholarship, and some of them even, at this time, more learned than himself, he had been known to say, "I dissuaded Lord Byron from publishing Childe Harold. Had I done so, indeed, it is not likely that he would have dedicated that noble poem to myself." [M r. Galt, in his Life of the Poet, intimates that Sir John Hobbouse was the critic here alluded to. — Houihouse.] 3 It is, however, least wonderful that authors should thus misjudge their productions, when whole generations have sometimes fallen into the same sort of error. The Sonnets of Petrarch were, by the learned of his day, considered only worthy of the ballad-singers by whom they were chanted about the streets; while his Epic Poem, "Africa," of which few now exactly know the existence, was sought for on all sides, and the smallest fragment of it begged from the author for the libraries of the learned.

1 [The story told of Lord Byron's hesitation to publish Childe Harold, is at complete variance with all he repeatedly mentioned to me on the subject. — Houihouse.]

2 [Mr. Galt, in his Life of the Poet, intimates that Sir John Hobbouse was the critic here alluded to. The Right Honourable Baronet, in a letter to the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine, thus repels the insinuation: — "There is not the slightest foundation for the conjecture, that I dissuaded Lord Byron from publishing Childe Harold. Had I done so, indeed, it is not likely that he would have dedicated that noble poem to myself."]

3 It is, however, least wonderful that authors should thus misjudge their productions, when whole generations have sometimes fallen into the same sort of error. The Sonnets of Petrarch were, by the learned of his day, considered only worthy of the ballad-singers by whom they were chanted about the streets; while his Epic Poem, "Africa," of which few now exactly know the existence, was sought for on all sides, and the smallest fragment of it begged from the author for the libraries of the learned.]
time, his competitors in poetry, he looked up with a degree of fond and admiring deference, for which his ignorance of his own intellectual strength alone could account; and the example, as well as tastes, of these young writers being mostly on the side of established models, their authority, as long as it influenced him, would, to a certain degree, interfere with his striking confidently into any new or original path. That some remains of this bias, with a little leaning, perhaps, towards school recollections, may have had a share in prompting his preference of the Horatian Paraphrase, is by no means improbable; — at least, that it was enough to lead him, untried as he had yet been in the new path, to content himself, for the present, with following up his success in the old. We have seen, indeed, that the manuscript of the two cantos of Childe Harold had, previously to its being placed in the hands of Mr. Dallas, been submitted by the noble author to the perusal of some friend — the first and only one, it appears, who at that time had seen them. Who this fastidious critic was, Mr. Dallas has not mentioned; but the sweeping tone of censure in which he conveyed his remarks was such as, at any period of his career, would have disconcerted the judgment of one, who, years after, in all the plenitude of his fame, confessed, that "the depreciation of the lowest of mankind was more painful to him than the applause of the highest was pleasing."1

Though on every thing that, after his arrival at the age of manhood, he produced, some mark or other of the master-hand may be traced; yet, to print the whole of his Paraphrase of Horace, which extends to nearly 800 lines, would be, at the best, but a questionable compliment to his memory. That the reader, however, may be enabled to form some opinion of a performance, which — by an error or caprice of judgment, unexampled, perhaps, in the annals of literature — its author, for a time, preferred to the sublime musings of Childe Harold, I shall here select a few such passages from the Paraphrase as may seem calculated to give an idea as well of its merits as its defects.

The opening of the poem is, with reference to the original, ingenious: —

"Who would not laugh if Lawrence, hired to grace His costly canvass with each flatter’d face,
Abused his art, till Nature, with a blush,
Saw cits grow centaurs underneath his brush? Or shot his some limner join, for show or sale,
A maid of honour to a mermaid’s tail?
Or low Dubost (as once the world has seen)
Degrange God’s creatures in his graphic spleen?
Not all that forced politeness, which defends
Fools in their faults, could gag his grinning friends.
Believe me, Moschus 5, like that picture seems
The book, which, stillier than a sick man’s dreams,
Displays a crowd of figures incomplete,
Poetic nightmares, without head or feet."

The following is pointed, and felicitously expressed: —

"Then glide down Grub Street, fasting and forgot,
Laugh’d into Lethe by some quaint Review,
Whose wit is never troublesome till — true."

The opening of the poem is, with reference to the original, ingenious: —

"New words find credit in these latter days,
If neatly grafted on a Gallic phrase:
What Chaucer, Spenser, did, we scarce refuse
To Dryden’s or to Pope’s maturer muse.
If you can add a little, say why not,
As well as William Pitt and Walter Scott,
Since they, by force of rhyme, and force of lungs,
Enrich’d our island’s ill-united tongues?
’Tis then, and shall be, lawful to present
Reforms in writing as in parliament.

"As forests shed their foliage by degrees,
So fade expressions which in season please;
And we and ours, alas! are due to fate,
And works and words but dwindle to a date.
Though, as a monarch nods and commerce calls,
Impetuous rivers stagnate in canals;
Though swamps subduced, and marshes drain’d sustain
The heavy ploughshare and the yellow grain;
And rising ports along the busy shore
Protect the vessel from old Ocean’s roar
All, all must perish. But, surviving last,
The love of letters half preserves the past:
True, — some decay, yet not a few survive,
Though those shall sink which now appear to thrive,
As custom arbitrates, whose shifting sway
Our life and language must alike obey."

I quote what follows chiefly for the sake of the note attached to it: —

"Sartric rhyme first sprang from selfish spleen.
You doubt? — See Dryden, Pope, St. Patrick’s Dean.4"

"Blank verse is now with one consent allied
To Tragedy, and rarely quits her side;"

1 Gray, under the influence of a similar predilection, preferred, for a long time, his Latin poems to those by which he has gained such a station in English literature.

2 "Shall we attribute this," says Mason, "to his having been educated at Eton, or to what other cause? Certain it is, that when I first knew him, he seemed to set a greater value on his Latin poetry than on that which he had composed in his native language."

3 "Who would not laugh if Lawrence, hired to grace His costly canvass with each flatter’d face,
Abused his art, till Nature, with a blush,
Saw cits grow centaurs underneath his brush? Or shot his some limner join, for show or sale,
A maid of honour to a mermaid’s tail?
Or low Dubost (as once the world has seen)
Degrange God’s creatures in his graphic spleen?
Not all that forced politeness, which defends
Fools in their faults, could gag his grinning friends.
Believe me, Moschus 5, like that picture seems
The book, which, stillier than a sick man’s dreams,
Displays a crowd of figures incomplete,
Poetic nightmares, without head or feet."

4 One of the manuscript notes of Lord Byron on Mr. D’Israeli’s work, already referred to.

5 ["Hobhouse," in the original MS.]

6 "Mac Flecknoe, the Dunciad, and all Swift’s lampooning ballads. — Whatever their other works may be, these originated in personal feelings and angry retort on unworthy rivals; and though the ability of these satires elevates the poetical, their polynomy detracts from the personal, character of the writers."
Though mad Almanzor rhymed in Dryden's days,  
No sing-song hero rants in modern plays; —  
While modest Comedy her verse forgoes  
For jest and pun in every middling prose.  
Not that our Bens or Beaumonts show the worse,  
Or lose one point because they wrote in verse;  
But so 'Thalas pleases to appear,'  
Poor virgin! — damned'some twenty times a year!''

There is more of poetry in the following verses upon Milton than in any other passage throughout the Paraphrase: —

"Awake a louder and a loftier strain.'  
And, pray, what follows from his boiling brain?  
He sinks to Southey's level in a trice,  
Whose epic mountains never fail in mice!  
Not so of yore awake your mighty sire  
The temper'd warblings of his master lyre;  
He speaks; but, as his subject swells along,  
Earth, Heaven, and Hades, echo with the song.'"

The annexed sketch contains some lively touches: —

"Behold him, Freshman! — forced no more to groan  
O'er Virgil's devilish verses 1, and — his own;  
Prayers are too tedious, lecturers too abstruse,  
He flies from Tavell's 2 frown to Fordham's Mews;  
(Unlucky Tavell, doomed to daily cares  
By pugilistic pupils and by bears!)  
Fines, tutors, tasks, conventions, threat in vain,  
Before hounds, hunters, and Newmarket plain;  
Rough with his elders; with his equals rash;  
Civil to sharpers, prodigal of cash.

"Launch'd into life, extinct his early fire,  
He apes the selfish prudence of his sire;  
Marries for money; chooses friends for rank;  
Buys land, and shrewdly trusts not to the Bank;  
Sits in the senate; gets a son and heir;  
Sends him to Harrow — for himself was there;  
Mute though he votes, unless when call'd to cheer,  
His son's so sharp — he'll see the dog a peer!"

"Manhood declines; age pales every limb;  
He Quits the scene, or else the scene Quits him;  
Scrapes wealth, o'er each departing penny grieves,  
And Avarice seizes all Ambition leaves;  
Counts cent, percent, and smiles, or vainly frets  
O'er hoards diminish'd by young Hopeful's debts;  
Welgs well and wisely what to sell or buy,  
Complete in all life's lessons — but to die;"

1 "Harvey, the circulator of the circulation of the blood, used to fling away Virgil in his ecstasy of admiration, and say 'the book had a devil.' Now, such a character as I am copying would probably fling it away also, but rather wish that the devil had the book; not from a dislike to the poet, but a well-founded horror of hexameters. Indeed, the public-school proneness of 'Long and Short' is enough to beget an antipathy to poetry for the residue of a man's life, and perhaps so far may be an advantage.'

2 [The Rev. George Tavell was a fellow and tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, during Lord Byron's residence, and was indebted for this notice to the zeal with which he had protested against some juvenile vagaries, already explained.

3 "Hell,' a gaming-house so called, where you risk your little, and are cheated a good deal; 'Club,' a pleasant purgatory, where you lose more, and are not supposed to be cheated at all.'

4 "As Mr. Pope took the liberty of damning Homer, to whom he was under great obligations — 'And Homer (damn him) calls' — it may be presumed that any body or any thing may be damned in verse by poetical licence; and in a case of accident, I beg leave to plead so illustrious a precedent.

5 [In the original MS. "Rogers."]"
Hark to those notes, narcotically soft,
The cobbler-laureates sing to Capel Loth!"

From these select specimens, which comprise, altogether, little more than an eighth of the whole poem, the reader may be enabled to form some notion of the remainder, which is, for the most part, of a very inferior quality, and, in some parts, descending to the depths of doggerel. Who, for instance, could trace the hand of Byron in such "prose, fringed with rhyme," as the following?

"Peace to Swift's faults! his wit hath made them pass Unmatch'd by all, save matchless Hudibras, Whose author is perhaps the first we meet Who from our couplet lopp'd two final feet; Nor less in merit than the longer line, This measure moves, a favourite of the Nine.

"Though, at first view, eight feet may seem in vain Form'd, save in odes, to bear a serious strain, Yet Scott has shown our wondering isle of late This measure shrinks not from a theme of weight, And, varied skilfully, surpases far Heroic rhyme, but most in love or war, Whose fluctuations, tender or sublime, Are curb'd too much by long recurring rhyme.

"In sooth, I do not know, or greatly care To learn who our first English strollers were, Or if — till roof received the vagrant art — Our Muse — like that of Thespis — kept a cart. But this is certain, since our Shakespear's days, There's pomp enough, if little else, in plays; Nor will Melpomene ascend her throne Without high heels, white plumè, and Bristol stone.

"Where is that living language which could claim Poetic more, as philosophic fame,

If all our hards, more patient of delay, Would stop like Pope to polish by the way?"

In tracing the fortunes of men, it is not a little curious to observe how often the course of a whole life has depended on one single step. Had Lord Byron now persisted in his original purpose of giving this poem to the press, instead of Childe Harold, it is more than probable that he would have been lost, he a great poet, to the world. Inferior as the Paraphrase is, in every respect, to his former Satire, and, in some places, even descending below the level of under-graduate versifiers, its failure, there can be little doubt, would have been certain and signal; — his former assailants would have resumed their advantage over him 2, and either, in the bitterness of his mortification, he would have flung Childe Harold into the fire 3; or had he summoned up sufficient confidence to publish that poem, its reception, even if sufficient to retrieve him in the eyes of the public and his own, could never have, at all, resembled that explosion of success, — that instantaneous and universal acclamation of admiration into which, coming as it were, fresh from the land of song, he now surprised the world, and in the midst of which he was borne, buoyant and self-assured along, through a succession of new triumphs, each more splendid than the last.

Happily, the better judgment of his friends averted such a risk; and he at length consented to the immediate publication of a dam's friends and redusers have done a decent action, without weighing Pratt into biography? And then, his inscriptions split into so many modicums! 'To the Duchess of So Much, the Right Honble. So-and-so, and Mrs. and Miss Somebody, these volumes are,' &c. &c. Why, this is doling out the 'soft milk of dedication' in gills; there is but a quart, and he divides it among a dozen. Why, Pratt! hast thou not a puff left? dost thou think six families of distinction can share this insult? There is a child, a book, and a dedication: send the girl to her grace, the volumes to the grocer, and the dedication to the d-v-1."

1 "This well-meaning gentleman has spoilt some excellent shews been necessary to the poetical undouling of many of the industrious poor. Nathaniel Bloomfield and his brother Bobby have set all Somersetshire singing. Nor has the malady confined itself to one county. Pratt, too (who once was wiser), has caught the contagion of patronage, and decoyed a poor fellow, named Blackett, into poetry; but he died during the operation, leaving one child and two volumes of 'Remains' utterly destitute. The girl, if she don't take a poetical twist, and come forth as a shoemaking Sappho, may do well, but the 'Tragedies' are as rickety as if they had been the offspring of an Earl or a Seatonian prize-poet. The patrons of this poor lad are certainly answerable for his end, and it ought to be an indictable offence. But this is the least they have done; for, by a refinement of barbarity, they have made the (late) man posthumously ridiculous, by printing what he would have had sense enough never to print himself. Certes, these rakers of 'Remains' come under the statute against resurrection-men. What does it signify whether a poor dear dead dunci is to be stuck up in Surgeo's or in Stationers' Hall? Is it so bad to undress his bones as his blunders? is it not better to gibbet his body on a heath than his soul in an octave? 'We know what we are, but we know not what we may be,' and it is to be hoped we never shall know, if a man who has passed through life with a sort of éclat is to find himself a mountebank on the other side of Styx, and make like poor Joe Blackett, the laughing-stock of purgatory. The plea of publication is to provide for the child. Now, might not some of this 'sutor ultra crepi...'

2 ["That he himself attributed every thing to fortune, appears from the following passage in one of his journals: 'Like Sylia, I have always believed that all things depend upon fortune, and nothing upon ourselves. I am not aware of any one thought or action worthy of being called good to myself or others, which is not to be attributed to the good goddess, Fortune!"

3 ["Ne quid nimis," one is apt to exclaim, on reading this sentence. The Satire would have fallen straight from the press; but that his former assailants would have 'resumed their advantage over him,' we see no reason to believe; for men who have been flayed alive do not like to wrestle." — Wilson, 1830.]

4 ["The deuce he would? — No. — 'Trust Byron.' He would have instantly written another satire — and as 'facit indignatio versus,' it would have been a red-hot bar of iron. We cannot believe that the power of a mighty poet could have been palied by a single stumble, however inopportune." — Ibid.]

ER. 23. PARAPHRASE ON HORACE. 125
Childe Harold,—still, however, to the last, expressing his doubts of its merits, and his alarm at the sort of reception it might meet with in the world.

“...I did all I could,” says his adviser, “to raise his opinion of this composition, and I succeeded; but he varied much in his feelings about it, nor was he, as will appear, at his ease until the world decided on its merit. He said again and again that I was not put his name to it. I entreated him to leave it to me, and that I would answer for this poem silencing all his enemies.”

The publication being now determined upon, there arose some doubts and difficulty as to a publisher. Though Lord Byron had intrusted Cawthorn with what he considered as to a publisher. Though Lord Byron had

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Newstead.—Death of the Poet’s Mother.—Her Character.—Influence of her Conduct and Temper on her Son.—Death of his Friend Wingfield—and of Charles Skinner Matthews.

Anecdotes.—Directions for the Draft of a Will.—Mr. Hobhouse.

Letters to Dallas, Hodgson, and Murray.—Childe Harold in the Press.—Blackett, the Poetical Cobbler.—Henry Kirke White.—Miss Milbanke’s “Cottage of Friendship.”—Townsends’s “Armageddon.”—Mr. Gifford.—Mr. Scrope Davies.—Correspondence concerning Childe Harrold.—“Oh! Banish Care.”

While thus busily engaged in his literary projects, and having, besides, some law affairs to transact with his agent, he was called suddenly away to Newstead by the intelligence of an event which seems to have affected his mind far more deeply than, considering all the circumstances of the case, could have been expected. Mrs. Byron, whose excessive corpulence rendered her, at all times, rather a perilous subject for illness, had been of late indisposed, but not to any alarming degree; nor does it appear that, when the following note was written, there existed any grounds for apprehension as to her state:

“Reddish’s Hotel, St. James’s Street, London.

July 23, 1811.

“...I am only detained by Mr. Hanson to sign some copyhold papers, and will give you timely notice of my approach. It is with great reluctance I remain in town. I shall pay a short visit as we go on to Lancashire on Rochdale business. I shall attend to your directions, of course, and am, with great respect, yours ever, “Byron.”

“P. S.—You will consider Newstead as your house, not mine; and me only as a visitor.”

On his going abroad, she had conceived a sort of superstitious fancy that she should never see him again; and when he returned, safe and well, and wrote to inform her that he should soon see her at Newstead, she said to her waiting-woman, “If I should be dead before Byron comes down, what a strange thing it would be!” — and so, in fact,

1 The grounds on which the Messrs. Longman refused to publish his Lordship’s Satire were the severe attacks

it contained upon Mr. Southey and others of their literary friends.
it happened. At the end of July, her illness took a new and fatal turn; and, so sadly characteristic was the close of the poor lady's life, that a fit of rage, brought on, it is said, by reading over the upholsterer's bills, was the ultimate cause of her death. Lord Byron had, of course, prompt intelligence of the attack. But though he started instantly from town, he was too late,—she had breathed her last.

The following letter, it will be perceived, was written on his way to Newstead.

LETTER 55. TO DR. PIGOT.

“Newport Pagnell, August 2, 1811.

“My dear Doctor,

“My poor mother died yesterday! and I am on my way from town to attend her to the family vault. I heard one day of her illness, the next of her death. Thank God her last moments were most tranquil. I am told she was in little pain, and not aware of her situation. I now feel the truth of Mr. Gray’s observation, ‘That we can only have one mother.’¹ Peace be with her! I have to thank you for your expressions of regard; and as in six weeks I shall be in Lancashire on business, I may extend to Liverpool and Chester,—at least I shall endeavour.

“If it will be any satisfaction, I have to inform you that in November next the Editor of the Scourge will be tried for two different libels on the late Mrs. B. and myself (the decease of Mrs. B. makes no difference in the proceedings); and as he is guilty, by his very foolish and unfounded assertion of a breach of privilege, he will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour.

“I inform you of this, as you seem interested in the affair, which is now in the hands of the Attorney-general. I shall remain at Newstead the greater part of this month, where I shall be happy to hear from you, after your two years’ absence in the East. I am, dear Pigot, yours very truly.

“Byron.”

It can hardly have escaped the observation of the reader, that the general tone of the noble poet’s correspondence with his mother is that of a son, performing, strictly and conscientiously, what he deems to be his duty, without the intermixture of any senti-

¹ I have long discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one’s whole life one can never have more than a single mother. You may think this is obvious, and what you will call a trite observation. You are a green goose! I was at the same age (very near) as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this (with full evidence and conviction, I mean) till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart.”—Gray to Mr. Nicholls, Works, vol. i. p. 482.²

² In many instances, the mothers of illustrious poets have had reason to be proud no less of the affection than of the glory of their sons; and Tasso, Pope, Gray, and Cowper, are among these memorable examples of filial tenderness. In the lesser poems of Tasso, there are few things so beautiful as his description, in the Canzona to the Metauro, of his first parting with his mother:

“Me dal sen della madre emia fortuna
Pargoletto divelse,” &c.
was the only person left besides himself, he
desired him to fetch the sparring-gloves, and
proceeded to his usual exercise with the
boy. He was silent and abstracted all the
time, and, as if from an effort to get the
better of his feelings, threw more violence,
Rushton thought, into his blows than was
his habit; but, at last, the struggle seem­
ing too much for him, he flung away the
gloves, and retired to his room.

Of Mrs. Byron, sufficient, perhaps, has
been related in these pages to enable the
reader to form fully his own opinion, as well
with respect to the character of this lady
herself, as to the degree of influence her
temper and conduct may have exercised on
those of her son. It was said by one of
the most extraordinary of men,—who was
himself, as he avowed, principally indebted
to maternal culture for the unexamined ele­
vation to which he subsequently rose,—
that "the future good or bad conduct of a
child depends entirely on the mother." How
far the leaven that sometimes mixed itself
with the better nature of Byron,—his un­
certain and wayward impulses,—his deff­
ance of restraint,—the occasional bitterness
of his hate, and the precipitance of his re­
sentments,—may have had their origin in
his early collisions with maternal caprice
and violence, is an inquiry for which suffi­
cient materials have been, perhaps, furnished
in these pages, but which every one will
decide upon, according to the more or less
weight he may attribute to the influence of
such causes on the formation of character.

That, notwithstanding her injudicious and
course treatment of him, Mrs. Byron loved
her son, with that sort of fitful fondness of
which alone such a nature is capable, there
cannot be little doubt,—and still less, that she
was ambitiously proud of him. Her anxiety
for the success of his first literary essays
may be collected from the pains which he so
conscientiously took to tranquillise her on the
appearance of the hostile article in the Re­
view. As his fame began to brighten, that
notion of his future greatness and glory,
which, by a singular forecast of superstition,
she entertained from his very childhood,
became proportionately confirmed. Every
mention of him in print was watched by her
with eagerness; and she had got bound to­
gether in a volume, which a friend of mine
blessed to form our notion of a man's whole character,
alluring too much for him, — he flung the
gloves, and retired to his room. 1

Among those lesser traits of his conduct
to which an observer can trace a filial
wish to uphold, and throw respect around,
the station of his mother, may be mentioned
his insisting, while a boy, on being called
"George Byron Gordon"—giving thereby
precedence to the maternal name,— and
his continuing, to the last, to address her as
"the Honourable Mrs. Byron,"—a mark
of rank to which, he must have been aware,
she had no claim whatever. Neither does it
appear, that, in his habitual manner towards
her, there was any thing denoting a want of
either affection or deference,—with the ex­
ception, perhaps, occasionally, of a some­
what greater degree of familiarity than com­
ports with the ordinary notions of filial
respect. Thus, the usual name he called
her by, when they were on good-humoured
terms together, was "Kitty Gordon:" and
I have heard an eye-witness of the scene de­
scribe the look of arch dramatic humour,
with which, one day, at Southwell, when
they were in the height of their theatrical
rage, he threw open the door of the drawing­
room, to admit his mother, saying, at the
same time, "Enter the Honourable Kitty.

The pride of birth was a feeling common
alike to mother and son, and, at times, even
became a point of rivalry between them, from
their respective claims, English and Scotch,
to high lineage. In a letter written by him
from Italy, referring to some anecdote which
his mother had told him, he says,—"My
mother, who was as haughty as Lucifer with
her descent from the Stuarts, and her right
descendants, as she disdainfully termed the
ducal branch,—told me the story, always
reminding me how superior her Gordons
were to the southern Byrons, notwithstanding
our Norman, and always masculine, de­
scent, which has never lapsed into a female,
as my mother's Gordons had done in her
own person."

If, to be able to depict powerfully the pain­
fully bled for,— we have all before us. It is a picture in which
' Whate'er Lorraine light touch'd with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dash'd,' are beautifully and fearfully combined. Not Shakspeare
could have conceived such a scene."—Quart. Rev. 1831.

1 "If ever there was one anecdote from which it would
be safe to form a notion of a man's whole character,
we may venture to say that this is that one. Excellent
natural feelings,—the curse of reality to check, and the
blessing of fancy to heighten, their flow,—the misery of
conscious solitariness of heart and mind, and the proud,
rebellious scorn of the very sympathies which that heart

2 Napoleon.
ful emotions, it is necessary first to have experienced them, or, in other words, if, for the poet to be great, the man must suffer, Lord Byron, it must be owned, paid early this dear price of mastery. Few as were the ties by which his affections held, whether within or without the circle of relationship, he was now doomed, within a short space, to see the most of them swept away by death. Besides the loss of his mother, he had to mourn over, in quick succession, the untimely fatalities that carried off, within a few weeks of each other, two or three of his most loved and valued friends. "In the short space of one month," he says, in a note on Childe Harold, "I have lost her who gave me being, and most of those who made that being tolerable." Of these young Wingfield, whom we have seen high on the list of his Harrow favourites, died of a fever at Coimbra; and Matthews, the idol of his admiration at college, was drowned while bathing in the waters of the Cam.

The following letter, written immediately after the latter event, bears the impress of strong and even agonised feeling, to such a degree as renders it almost painful to read it:

LETTER 56. TO MR. SCROPE DAVIES.

"Newstead Abbey, August 7, 1811.

"My dearest Davies,

"Some curse hangs over me and mine. My mother lies a corpse in this house; one of my best friends is drowned in a ditch. What can I say, or think, or do? I received a letter from him the day before yesterday. My dear Scrope, if you can spare a moment, do come down to me—I want a friend, Matthews's last letter was written on Friday. On Saturday he was not. In ability, who was like Matthews? How did we all shrink before him? You do me but justice in saying, I would have risked my paltry existence to have preserved his. This very evening did I mean to write, inviting him, as I invite you, my very dear friend, to visit me. God forgive *** for his apathy! What will our poor Hobhouse feel? His letters breathe but of Matthews. Come to me, Scrope, I am almost desolate—left almost alone in the world—I had but you, and H., and M., and let me enjoy the survivors whilst I can. Poor M., in his letter of Friday, speaks of his intended contest for Cambridge; and a speedy journey to London. Write or come, but come if you can, or one or both.

"Yours ever.""

Of this remarkable young man, Charles Skinner Matthews¹, I have already had occasion to speak; but the high station which he held in Lord Byron's affection and admiration may justify a somewhat ampler tribute to his memory.

There have seldom, perhaps, started together in life so many youths of high promise and hope as were to be found among the society of which Lord Byron formed a part at Cambridge. Of some of these, the names have since eminently distinguished themselves in the world, as the mere mention of Mr. Hobhouse and Mr. William Bankes is sufficient to testify; while in the instance of another of this lively circle, Mr. Scrope Davies⁶, the only regret of his friends is reference to this purpose, a manuscript memoir of him, now lying before me. "If acknowledged and successful talents—if principles of the strictest honour—if the devotion of many friends could have secured the success of an 'independent pauper' (as he jocularly called himself in a letter on the subject), the vision would have been realised."

He was the third son of the late John Matthews, Esq., of Belmont, Herefordshire, representative of that county in the parliament of 1802—6. The author of "The Diary of an Invalid," also untimely snatched away, was another son of the same gentleman, as is likewise the present Prebendary of Hereford, the Reverend Arthur Matthews, who, by his ability and attainments, sustains worthily the reputation of the name. The father of this accomplished family was himself a man of considerable talent, and the author of several unavowed poetical pieces; one of which, a Parody of Pope's Eloisa, written in early youth, has been erroneously ascribed to the late Professor Porsen, who was in the habit of reciting it, and even printed an edition of the verses.

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⁴ It had been the intention of Mr. Matthews to offer himself, at the ensuing election, for the university. In
that the social wit of which he is such a master should in the memories of his hearers alone be likely to leave any record of its brilliancy. Among all these young men of learning and talent (including Byron himself, whose genius was, however, as yet, "an undiscovered world"), the superiority, in almost every department of intellect, seems to have been, by the ready consent of all, awarded to Matthews; — a concurrence of homage which, considering the persons from whom it came, gives such a high notion of the powers of his mind at that period, as renders the thought of what he might have been, if spared, a matter of interesting, though vain and mournful, speculation. To mere mental pre-eminence, unaccompanied by the kindlier qualities of the heart, such a tribute, however deserved, might not, perhaps, have been so uncontestedly paid. But young Matthews appears, — in spite of some little asperities of temper and manner, which he was already beginning to soften down when snatched away, — to have been one of those rare individuals who, while they command deference, can, at the same time, win regard; and who, as it were, relieve the intense feeling of admiration which they excite by blending it with love.

To his religious opinions, and their unfortunate coincidence with those of Lord Byron, I have before adverted. Like his noble friend, ardent in the pursuit of Truth, he, like him too, unluckily lost his way in seeking her,— "the light that led astray" like him too, unluckily lost his way in seeking her, — "the light that led astray" being by both friends mistaken for hers. That in his scepticism he proceeded any farther than Lord Byron, or ever suffered his doubting, but still ingenuous, mind to persuade itself into the "incredible creed" of atheism, is, I find (notwithstanding an assertion in a letter of the noble poet to this effect) disproved by the testimony of those among his relations and friends, who are the most ready to admit, and, of course, lament his other heresies; — nor should I have felt that I had any right to allude thus to his eccenttricity beyond all question.

TO — BOLTON, ESQ.

"Newstead Abbey, August 12. 1811."

"Sir,

"I enclose a rough draught of my intended will, which I beg to have drawn up as soon as possible, in the firmest manner. The alterations are principally made in consequence of the death of Mrs. Byron. I have only to request that it may be got ready in a short time, and have the honour to be,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"BYRON."

"Newstead Abbey, August 12. 1811."

"DIRECTIONS FOR THE CONTENTS OF A WILL TO BE DRAWN UP IMMEDIATELY."

"The estate of Newstead to be entailed (subject to certain deductions) on George Anson Byron, heir-at-law, or whoever may be the heir-at-law on the death of Lord B. The Rochdale property to be sold in part or the whole, according to the debts and legacies of the present Lord B.

"To Nicolo Giraud of Athens, subject of France, but born in Greece, the sum of seven thousand pounds sterling, to be paid from the sale of such parts of Rochdale, Newstead, or elsewhere, as may enable the said Nicolo Giraud (resident at Athens and Malta in the year 1810) to receive the above sum on his attaining the age of twenty-one years.

"To William Fletcher, Joseph Murray, and Demetrius Zograffo (native of Greece), in 1809, 1810, 1811, 1812, at different intervals of those years (for I left him in Greece when I went to Constantinople), and accompanied me to England in 1811: he returned to Greece, spring, 1812. He was a clever, but not apparently an enterprising man; but circumstances make men. His two sons (then infants) were..."
servants, the sum of fifty pounds pr. ann. each, for their natural lives. To Wm. Fletcher, the Mill at Newstead, on condition that he payeth rent, but not subject to the caprice of the landlord. To R. Rushton the sum of fifty pounds per ann. for life, and a further sum of one thousand pounds on attaining the age of twenty-five years.

"To J. Hanson, Esq. the sum of two thousands pounds sterling.

"The claims of S. B. Davies, Esq. to be satisfied on proving the amount of the same.

"The body of Lord B. to be buried in the vault of the garden of Newstead, without any ceremony or burial-service whatever, or any inscription, save his name and age. His dog not to be removed from the said vault.

"My library and furniture of every description to my friends J. Cam Hobhouse, Esq., and S. B. Davies, Esq., my executors. In case of their decease, the Rev. J. Becher, of Southwell, Notts., and R. C. Dallas, Esq., of Mortlake, Surrey, to be executors.

"The produce of the sale of Wymondham property, to be appropriated in aid of the said vault. To the performance of this my particular desire, I rely on the attention of my friends J. Cam Hobhouse, and, in default of any such letter, then at the discretion of his executors.

"It is submitted to Lord Byron whether this clause relative to the funeral had not better be omitted. The substance of it can be given in a letter from his Lordship to the executors, and accompany the will; and the will may state that the funeral shall be performed in such manner as his Lordship may by letter direct, and, in default of any such letter, then at the discretion of his executors."

"It must stand."

"I do hereby specifically order and direct that all the claims of the said S. B. Davies upon me shall be fully paid and satisfied as soon as conveniently may be after my decease, on his proving [by vouchers, or otherwise, to the satisfaction of my executors hereinafter named] the amount thereof, and the correctness of the same."

"If Mr. Davies has any unsettled claims upon Lord Byron, that circumstance is a reason for his not being appointed executor; each executor having an opportunity of paying himself his own debt without consulting his co-executors."

"So much the better—if possible, let him be an executor."

The two following letters contain further instructions on the same subject:

**LETTER 57. TO MR. BOLTON.**

Newstead Abbey, August 16, 1811.

"Sir,

"I have answered the queries on the margin. I wish Mr. Davies's claims to be most fully allowed, and, further, that he be one of my executors. I wish the will to be made in a manner to prevent all discussion, if possible, after my decease; and this I leave to you as a professional gentleman.

"With regard to the few and simple directions for the disposal of my carcass, I must have them implicitly fulfilled, as they will, at least, prevent trouble and expense; and (what would be of little consequence to me, but may quiet the conscience of the survivors) the garden is consecrated ground. These directions are copied verbatim from my former will; the alterations in other parts have arisen from the death of Mrs. B. I have the honour to be

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"BYRON."

named Miltiades and Alcibiades: may the omen be happy!"—MS. Journal.

1 On the death of his mother, a considerable sum of money, the remains of the price of the estate of Gight, was paid into his hands by his trustee, Baron Clerk.

2 Over the words which I have here placed between brackets, Lord Byron drew his pen.

3 In the clause enumerating the names and places of abode of the executors, the solicitor had left blanks for the Christian names of these gentlemen, and Lord Byron, having filled up all but that of Dallas, writes in the margin—"I forget the Christian name of Dallas—cut him out."
The witnesses shall be provided from amongst my tenants, and I shall be happy to see you on any day most convenient to yourself. I forgot to mention, that it must be specified by codicil, or otherwise, that my body is on no account to be removed from the vault where I have directed it to be placed; and in case any of my successors within the entail (from bigotry, or otherwise) might think proper to remove the carcass, such proceeding shall be attended by forfeiture of the estate, which in such case shall go to my sister, the Hon. Augusta Leigh and her heirs on similar conditions. I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your very obedient, humble servant,

"BYRON."

In consequence of this last letter, a proviso and declaration, in conformity with its instructions, were inserted in the will. He also executed, on the 28th of this month, a codicil, by which he revoked the bequest of his "household goods and furniture, library, pictures, sabres, watches, plate, linen, trinkets, and other personal estate (except money and securities) situate within the walls of the mansion-house and premises at his decease—and bequeathed the same (except his wine and spirituous liquors) to his friends, the said J. C. Hobhouse, S. B. Davies, and Francis Hodgson, their executors, &c., to be equally divided between them for their own use;—and he bequeathed his wine and spirituous liquors, which should be in the cellars and premises at Newstead, unto his friend, the said J. Becher, for his own use, and requested the said J. C. Hobhouse, S. B. Davies, F. Hodgson, and J. Becher, respectively, to accept the bequest therein contained to them respectively, as a token of his friendship."

The following letters, written while his late losses were fresh in his mind, will be read with painful interest:

LETTER 59. TO MR. DALLAS.

"Newstead Abbey, August 12, 1811.

"Peace be with the dead! Regret cannot wake them. With a sigh to the departed, let us resume the dull business of life, in the certainty that we also shall have our repose. Besides her who gave me being, I have lost more than one who made that being tolerable. — The best friend of my friend Hobhouse, Matthews, a man of the first talents, and also not the worst of my narrow circle, has perished miserably in the muddy waves of the Cam, always fatal to genius:—my poor school-fellow, Wingfield, at Coimbra—within a month; and whilst I had heard from all three, but not seen one. Matthews wrote to me the very day before his death; and though I feel for his fate, I am still more anxious for Hobhouse, who, I very much fear, will hardly retain his senses: his letters to me since the event have been most incoherent. But let this pass; we shall all one day pass along with the rest—the world is too full of such things, and our very sorrow is selfish.

"I received a letter from you, which my late occupations prevented me from duly noticing. — I hope your friends and family will long hold together. I shall be glad to hear from you, on business, on commonplace, or any thing, or nothing—but death—I am already too familiar with the dead. It is strange that I look on the skulls which stand beside me (I have always had four in my study) without emotion, but I cannot strip the features of those I have known of their fleshy covering, even in idea, without a hideous sensation; but the worms are less ceremonious. — Surely, the Romans did well when they burned the dead. — I shall be happy to hear from you, and am yours," &c.

LETTER 60. TO MR. HODGSON.

"Newstead Abbey, August 22, 1811.

"You may have heard of the sudden death of my mother, and poor Matthews, which, with that of Wingfield (of which I was not fully aware till just before I left town, and indeed hardly believed it,) has made a sad chasm in my connections. Indeed the blows followed each other so rapidly that I am yet stupid from the shock; and though I do eat, and drink, and talk, and even laugh, at times, yet I can hardly persuade myself that I am awake, did not every morning convince me mournfully to the contrary. — I shall now wave the subject, — the dead are at rest, and none but the dead can be so.

"You will feel for poor Hobhouse,—Matthews was the 'god of his idolatry'; and if intellect could exalt a man above his fellows, no one could refuse him preeminence. I knew him most intimately, and valued him proportionably; but I am recurring—so let us talk of life and the living.

"If you should feel a disposition to come here, you will find 'beef and a sea-coal fire,' and not ungenerous wine. Whether Otway's two other requisites for an Englishman or
not, I cannot tell, but probably one of them. 1
—Let me know when I may expect you, that I may tell you when I go and when return. I have not yet been to Lancs. Davies has been here, and has invited me to Cambridge for a week in October, so that, peradventure, we may encounter glass to glass. His gaiety (death cannot mar it) has done me service; but, after all, ours was a hollow laughter.

"You will write to me? I am solitary, and I never felt solitude irksome before. Your anxiety about the critique on * * *'s book is amusing; as it was anonymous, certes it was of little consequence: I wish it had produced a little more confusion, being a lover of literary malice. Are you doing nothing? writing nothing? printing nothing? why not your Satire on Methodism? the subject (supposing the public to be blind to merit) would do wonders. Besides, it would be as well for a destined deacon to prove his orthodoxy. — It really would give me pleasure to see you properly appreciated. I say really, as being an author, my humanity might be suspected. Believe me, dear H. yours always."

LETTER 61. TO MR. DALLAS.

"Newstead, August 21, 1811.

"Your letter gives me credit for more acute feelings than I possess; for though I feel tolerably miserable, yet I am at the same time subject to a kind of hysterical merriment, or rather laughter without merriment, which I can neither account for nor conquer, and yet I do not feel relieved by it; but an indifferent person would think me in excellent spirits. 'We must forget these things,' and have recourse to our old selfish comforts, or rather comfortable selfishness. I do not think I shall return to London immediately, and shall therefore accept freely what is offered courteously — your mediation between me and Murray. I don't think my name will answer the purpose, and you must be aware that my plagiary Satire will bring the north and south Grub Streets down upon the 'Pilgrimage,' — but, nevertheless, if Murray makes a point of it, and you coincide with him, I will do it daringly; so let it be entitled 'By the author of English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' My remarks on the Romaine, &c., once intended to accompany the 'Hints from Horace,' shall go along with the other, as being indeed more appropriate; also the smaller poems now in my possession, with a few selected from those published in Hobhouse's Miscellany. I have found amongst my poor mother's papers all my letters from the East, and one in particular of some length from Albania. From this, if necessary, I can work up a note or two on that subject. As I kept no journal, the letters written on the spot are the best. But of this anon, when we have definitively arranged.

"Has Murray shown the work to any one? He may — but I will have no traps for applause. Of course there are little things I would wish to alter, and perhaps the two stanzas of a buffooning cast on London's Sunday are as well left out. I much wish to avoid identifying Childe Harold's character with mine, and that, in sooth, is my second objection to my name appearing in the title-page. When you have made arrangements as to time, size, type, &c., favour me with a reply. I am giving you an universe of trouble, which thanks cannot atone for. I made a kind of prose apology for my scepticism at the head of the MS., which, on recollection, is so much more like an attack than a defence, that, haply, it might better be omitted: — perpend, pronounce. After all, I fear Murray will be in a scrape with the orthodox; but I cannot help it, though I wish him well through it. As for me, 'I have supped full of criticism,' and I don't think that the 'most dismal treatise' will stir and rouse my 'fell of hair' till 'Birnam wood do come to Dunsinane.'

"I shall continue to write at intervals, and hope you will pay me in kind. How does Pratt get on, or rather get off, Joe Blackett's posthumous stock? You killed that poor man amongst you, in spite of your Ionian friend 2 and myself, who would have saved him from Pratt, poetry, present poverty, and posthumous oblivion. Cruel patronage! to ruin a man at his calling; but then he is a divine subject for subscription and biography; and Pratt, who makes the most of his dedications, has inscribed the volume to no less than five families of distinction.

"I am sorry you don't like Harry White: with a great deal of cant, which in him was sincere (indeed it killed him as you killed Joe Blackett), certes there

1 "Give but an Englishman his e and ease, 
Beef and a sea-coal fire, he's yours for ever."  
Venice Preserved, act ii. sc. 2."

2 [Walter Rodwell Wright, author of "Horse Ionics," a poem, descriptive of the Ionian Islands, and the neighbouring coast of Greece; —

"Wright! 'twas thy happy lot at once to view
Those shores of glory, and to sing them too;
And sure no common muse inspired thy pen
To hail the land of gods and godlike men."

English Bards, &c. Works, p. 484.

K 3
is poesy and genius. I don't say this on account of my simile and rhymes; but surely he was beyond all the Bloomfields and Blacketts, and their collateral cobblers, whom Loft and Pratt have or may kidnap from their calling into the service of the trade. You must excuse my flippancy, for I am writing I know not what, to escape from myself. Hobhouse is gone to Ireland. Mr. Davies has been here on his way to Harrowgate.

"You did not know Matthews: he was a man of the most astonishing powers, as he sufficiently proved at Cambridge, by carrying off more prizes and fellowships, against the ablest candidates, than any other graduate on record; but a most decided atheist, indeed noxiously so, for he proclaimed his principles in all societies. I knew him well, and feel a loss not easily to be supplied to myself in all societies. I admit Mr. G. is not only the first satirist of the day, but editor of one of the principal reviews. As such, he is the last man whose censure (however eager to avoid it) I would deprecate by clandestine means. You will therefore retain the manuscript in your own care, or, if it must needs be shown, send it to another. Though not very patient of censure, I would fain obtain fairly any little praise my rhymes might deserve, at all events not by extortion, and the humble solicitations of a bandied-about MS. I am sure a little consideration will convince you it would be wrong.

"If you determine on publication, I have some smaller poems (never published), a few notes, and a short dissertation on the literature of the modern Greeks (written at Athens), which will come in at the end of the volume. — And, if the present poem should succeed, it is my intention, at some subsequent period, to publish some selections from my first work, — my Satire, — another nearly the same length, and a few other things, with the MS. now in your hands, in two volumes. — But of these hereafter. You will apprize me of your determination. I am, Sir, your very obedient," &c.

The progress towards publication of his two forthcoming works will be traced in his letters to Mr. Murray and Mr. Dallas.

LETTER 62. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Newstead Abbey, Notts., August 23. 1811.

"Sir,

"A domestic calamity in the death of a near relation has hitherto prevented my addressing you on the subject of this letter. — My friend, Mr. Dallas, has placed in your hands a manuscript poem written by me in Greece, which he tells me you do not object to publishing. But he also informed me in London that you wished to send the MS. to Mr. Gifford. Now, though no one would feel more gratified by the chance of obtaining his observations on a work than myself, there is in such a proceeding a kind of petition for praise, that neither my pride — or whatever you please to call it — will admit. Mr. G. is not only the first satirist of the day, but editor of one of the principal reviews. As such, he is the last man whose censure (however eager to avoid it) I would deprecate by clandestine means. You will therefore retain the manuscript in your own care, or, if it must needs be shown, send it to another. Though not very patient of censure, I would fain obtain fairly any little praise my rhymes might deserve, at all events not by extortion, and the humble solicitations of a bandied-about MS. I am sure a little consideration will convince you it would be wrong.

"If you determine on publication, I have some smaller poems (never published), a few notes, and a short dissertation on the literature of the modern Greeks (written at Athens), which will come in at the end of the volume. — And, if the present poem should succeed, it is my intention, at some subsequent period, to publish some selections from my first work, — my Satire, — another nearly the same length, and a few other things, with the MS. now in your hands, in two volumes. — But of these hereafter. You will apprize me of your determination. I am, Sir, your very obedient," &c.

LETTER 63. TO MR. DALLAS.

"Newstead Abbey, August 25. 1811.

"Being fortunately enabled to frank, I do not spare scribbling, having sent you packets within the last ten days. I am passing solitary, and do not expect my agent to accompany me to Rochdale before the second week in September; a delay which perplexes me, as I wish the business over, and should at present welcome employment. I sent you exordiums, annotations, &c, for the forthcoming quarto, if quarto it is to be: and I also have written to Mr. Murray my objection to sending the MS. to Juvenal, but allowing him to show it to any others of the calling. Hobhouse is amongst the types already: so, between his prose and my verse, the world will be decently drawn upon for its paper-money and patience. Besides all this, my 'Imitation of Horace' is gasping for the press at Cawthorn's, but I am hesitating as to the how and the when, the single or the double, the present or the future. You must excuse all this, for I have nothing to say in this lone mansion but of myself, and yet I would willingly talk or think of aught else.

"What are you about to do? Do you think of perching in Cumberland, as you opined when I was in the metropolis? If you mean to retire, why not occupy Miss [Milbanke's] 'Cottage of Friendship,' late the seat of Cobbler Joe, whose death you and others are answerable? His 'Orphan Daughter' (pathetic Pratt!) will, certes, turn out a shoemaking Sappho. Have you no remorse? I think that elegant address

1 ["So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain, No more through rolling clouds to soar again, View'd his own feather on the fatal dart, And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart," &c. English Bards. Works, p. 434.]

2 ["In Seaham church-yard, without any memorial," says Mr. Surtees, "rest the remains of Joseph Blackett, an unfortunate child of genius, whose last days were soothed by the generous attention of the family of Milbanke." — Hist. of Durham, vol. i. p. 272.]}
to Miss Dallas should be inscribed on the cenotaph which Miss [*** [Milbanke] means to stitch to his memory.

"The newspapers seem much disappointed at his Majesty's not dying, or doing something better. I presume it is almost over. If parliament meets in October, I shall be in town to attend. I am also invited to Cambridge for the beginning of that month, but am first to jaunt to Rochdale. Now Matthews is gone, and Hobhouse in Ireland, Cambridge for the beginning of that month, and how few of my friends have died a quiet death, — I mean, in their beds. But a quiet life is of more consequence. Yet one loves squabbling and jostling better than yawning. This last word admonishes me to relieve you from yours very truly," &c.

LETTER 64. TO MR. DALLAS.

"Newstead Abbey, Aug. 27. 1811.

"I was so sincere in my note on the late Charles Matthews, and do feel myself so totally unable to do justice to his talents, that the passage must stand for the very reason you bring against it. To him all the men I ever knew were pigmies. He was an intellectual giant. It is true I loved Wingfield better; he was the earliest and the dearest, and one of the few one could never repent of having loved: but in ability — ah! you did not know Matthews!"

"'Childe Harold' may wait and welcome — books are never the worse for delay in the publication. So you have got our heir, George Anson Byron, and his sister, with you."

"You may say what you please, but you are one of the murderers of Blackett, and yet you won't allow Harry White's genius. Setting aside his bigotry, he surely ranks next Chatterton. It is astonishing how little he was known; and at Cambridge no one thought or heard of such a man till his death rendered all notice useless. For my own part, I should have been most proud of such an acquaintance: his very prejudices

1 [Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge, in 1806. — "Unhappy White! while life was in its spring, And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing, The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away, Which else had sounded an immortal lay." — English Bards, &c. His "Remains," with a memoir of his Life by Mr. Southey, have frequently been reprinted.]

2 [The Rev. George Townsend, of Trinity College, Cambridge.]

were respectable. There is a sucking epic poet at Granta, a Mr. Townsend; † "protege" of the late Cumberland. Did you ever hear of him and his 'Armagaddon?' I think his plan (the man I don't know) borders on the sublime: though, perhaps, the anticipation of the 'Last Day' (according to you Nazarenes) is a little too daring; at least, it looks like telling the Lord what he is to do, and might remind an ill-natured person of the line,

'And fools rush in where angels fear to tread.'

But I don't mean to cavil, only other folks will, and he may bring all the lambs of JacobBehmen about his ears. However, I hope he will bring it to a conclusion, though Milton is in his way.3

"Write to me — I dote on gossip — and make a bow to Ju — , and shake George by the hand for me; but, take care, for he has a sad sea paw.

"P. S. — I would ask George here, but I don't know how to amuse him — all my horses were sold when I left England, and I have not had time to replace them. Nevertheless, if he will come down and shoot in September, he will be very welcome: but he must bring a gun, for I gave away all mine to Ali Pacha, and other Turks. Dogs, a keeper, and plenty of game, with a very large manor, I have — a lake, a boat, house-room, and neat wines.""

LETTER 65. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Newstead Abbey, Notts., Sept. 5. 1811.

"Sir,

"The time seems to be past when (as Dr. Johnson said) a man was certain to 'hear the truth from his bookseller,' for you have paid me so many compliments, that, if I was not the veriest scribbler on earth, I should feel affronted. As I accept your compliments, it is but fair I should give equal or greater credit to your objections, the more so, as I believe them to be well founded. With regard to the political and metaphysical parts, I am afraid I can alter nothing; but I have high authority for my errors in that point, for even the 'Iliad' was a political poem, and written for a

3 [In 1815, Mr. Townsend published eight out of the twelve books of which "Armagaddon" was to consist, but never brought the poem to a conclusion, "from a conviction," he says, "of his inability to support a subject, under which the greatest mental powers must inevitably sink."]

4 [Julia-Maria, sister of the present Lord Byron; who married, in 1817, the Rev. Robert Heath, Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford.]
political purpose; and as to my unlucky opinions on subjects of more importance, I am too sincere in them for recantation. On Spanish affairs I have said what I saw, and every day confirms me in that notion of the result formed on the spot; and I rather think honest John Bull is beginning to come round again to that sobriety which Massena's retreat had begun to reel from its centre—the usual consequence of unusual success. So you perceive I cannot alter the sentiments; but if there are any alternations in the structure of the versification you would wish to be made, I will tag rhymes and turn stanzas as much as you please. As for the 'orthodox,' let us hope they will buy, on purpose to abuse—you will forgive the one, if they will do the other. You are aware that any thing from my pen must expect no quarter, on many accounts; and as the present publication is of a nature very different from the former, we must not be sanguine.

"You have given me no answer to my question—tell me fairly, did you show the MS. to some of your corps?—I sent an introductory stanza to Mr. Dallas, to be forwarded to you; the poem else will open too abruptly. The stanzas had better be numbered in Roman characters. There is a disposition on the literature of the modern Greeks, and some smaller poems to come in at the close. These are now at Newstead, but will be sent in time. If Mr. D. has lost the stanza and note annexed to it, write, and I will send it myself. — You tell me to add two cantos, but I am about to visit my collieries and I will send it myself. — You tell me to do that I must return to Greece and Asia; I must have a warm sun and a blue sky; I cannot describe scenes so dear to me by a sea-coal fire. I had projected an additional canto when I was in the Troad and Constantinople, and if I saw them again, it would go on; but under existing circumstances and sensations, I have neither harp, 'heart, nor voice' to proceed. I feel that you are all right as to the metaphysical part; but I also feel that I am sincere, and that if I am only to write 'ad captandum vulgus,' I might as well edit a magazine at once, or spin canzonettas for Vauxhall.

"My work must make its way as well as it can; I know I have every thing against me, angry poets and prejudices; but if the poem is a poem, it will surmount these obstacles, and if not, it deserves its fate. Your friend's Ode I have read—it is no great compliment to pronounce it far superior to Smythe's on the same subject, or to the merits of the new Chancellor. It is evidently the production of a man of taste, and a poet, though I should not be willing to say it was fully equal to what might be expected from the author of 'Hora Ionica.' I thank you for it, and that is more than I would do for any other Ode of the present day.

"I am very sensible of your good wishes, and, indeed, I have need of them. My whole life has been at variance with propriety, not to say decency; my circumstances are become involved; my friends are dead or estranged, and my existence a dreary void. In Matthews I have lost my 'guide, philosopher, and friend;' in Wingfield a friend only, but one whom I could have wished to have preceded in his long journey.

The manuscripts of both his poems having been shown, much against his own will, to Mr. Gifford, the opinion of that gentleman was thus reported to him by Mr. Dallas:— "of your Satire he spoke highly; but this poem (Childe Harold) he pronounced not only the best you have written, but equal to any of the present age."

LETTER 66. TO MR. DALLAS.

"Newstead Abbey, September 7. 1811.

"As Gifford has been ever my 'Magnus Apollo,' any approbation, such as you mention, would, of course, be more welcome than 'all Bocara's vaunted gold, than all the gems of Samarcand.' But I am sorry the MS. was shown to him in such a manner, and had written to Murray to say as much, before I was aware that it was too late.

"Your objection to the expression 'central line' I can only meet by saying that, before Childe Harold left England, it was his full intention to traverse Persia, and return by India, which he could not have done without passing the equinoctial.

"The other errors you mention, I must correct in the progress through the press. I feel honoured by the wish of such men that the poem should be continued, but to do that I must return to Greece and Asia; I must have a warm sun and a blue sky; I cannot describe scenes so dear to me by a sea-coal fire. I had projected an additional canto when I was in the Troad and Constantinople, and if I saw them again, it would go on; but under existing circumstances and sensations, I have neither harp, 'heart, nor voice' to proceed. I feel that you are all right as to the metaphysical part; but I also feel that I am sincere, and that if I am only to write 'ad captandum vulgus,' I might as well edit a magazine at once, or spin canzonettas for Vauxhall.

"My work must make its way as well as it can; I know I have every thing against me, angry poets and prejudices; but if the poem is a poem, it will surmount these obstacles, and if not, it deserves its fate. Your friend's Ode I have read—it is no great compliment to pronounce it far superior to Smythe's on the same subject, or to the merits of the new Chancellor. It is evidently the production of a man of taste, and a poet, though I should not be willing to say it was fully equal to what might be expected from the author of 'Hora Ionica.' I thank you for it, and that is more than I would do for any other Ode of the present day.

"I am very sensible of your good wishes, and, indeed, I have need of them. My whole life has been at variance with propriety, not to say decency; my circumstances are become involved; my friends are dead or estranged, and my existence a dreary void. In Matthews I have lost my 'guide, philosopher, and friend;' in Wingfield a friend only, but one whom I could have wished to have preceded in his long journey.

1 'That rosy cheek, that lily hand, Would give thy poet more delight, Than all Bocara's vaunted gold, Than all the gems of Samarcand.' —

SIR W. JONES.

2 [An Ode written by Mr. Walter Wright, on the occasion of the Duke of Gloucester's installation as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.]

3 [Professor Smythe, of Peter House. See ante, p. 76.]
Matthews was indeed an extraordinary man; it has not entered into the heart of a stranger to conceive such a man: there was the stamp of immortality in all he said or did;—and now what is he? When we see such men pass away and be no more—men, who seem created to display what the Creator could make his creatures, gathered into corruption, before the maturity of minds that might have been the pride of posterity, what are we to conclude? For my own part, I am bewildered. To me he was much, to Hobhouse every thing. My poor Hobhouse doted on Matthews. For me, I did not love quite so much as I honoured him; I was indeed so sensible of his infinite superiority, that though I did not envy, I stood in awe of it. He, Hobhouse, Davies, and myself, formed a coterie of our own at Cambridge and elsewhere. Davies is a wit and man of the world, and feels as much as such a character can do; but not as Hobhouse has been affected. Davies, who is not a scribbler, has always beaten us all in the war of words, and by his colloquial powers at once delighted and kept us in order. Hobhouse and myself always had the worst of it with the other two; and even Matthews yielded to the dashing vivacity of Scrope Davies. But I am talking to you of men, or boys, as if you cared about such beings.

I expect mine agent down on the 14th to proceed to Lancashire, where I hear from all quarters that I have a very valuable property in coals, &c. I then intend to accept an invitation to Cambridge in October, and shall, perhaps, run up to town. I have four invitations—to Wales, Dorset, Cambridge, and Chester; but I must be a man of business. I am quite alone, as these long days pass, with the exception of bodily dolence, and idle insipidity. I have been exercise to some extent, with uniform in-

letter

LETTER 67. TO MR. MURRAY.


Sir,

Since your former letter, Mr. Dallas informs me that the MS. has been submitted to the perusal of Mr. Gifford, most contrary to my wishes, as Mr. D. could have explained, and as my own letter to you did, in fact, explain, with my motives for objecting to such a proceeding. Some late domestic events, of which you are probably aware, prevented my letter from being sent before; indeed, I hardly conceived you would have so hastily thrust my productions into the hands of a stranger, who could be as little pleased by receiving them, as their author is at their being offered, in such a manner, and to such a man.

My address, when I leave Newstead, will be to Rochdale, Lancashire; but I have not yet fixed the day of departure, and I will apprise you when ready to set off.

You have placed me in a very ridiculous situation, but it is past, and nothing more is to be said on the subject. You hinted to me that you wished some alterations to be made; if they have nothing to do with politics or religion, I will make them with great readiness.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

“Byron.”

TO MR. MURRAY.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 16. 1811.

“I return the proof, which I should wish to be shown to Mr. Dallas, who understands typographical arrangements much better than I can pretend to do. The printer may place the notes in his own way, or any way, so that they are out of my way; I care nothing about types or margins.

“If you have any communication to make, I shall be here at least a week or ten days longer.

“I am, Sir,” &c. &c.

LETTER 68. TO MR. DALLAS.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 17. 1811.

“I can easily excuse your not writing, as you have, I hope, something better to do, and you must pardon my frequent invasions on your attention, because I have at this moment nothing to interpose between you and my epistles.

“I cannot settle to any thing, and my days pass, with the exception of bodily exercise to some extent, with uniform indolence, and idle insipidity. I have been expecting, and still expect, my agent, when I shall have enough to occupy my reflections in business of no very pleasant aspect.

The poet’s fame grows brittle—

We knew before

That little’s Moore,

But now ’tis Moore that’s little.”


[“M. P.; or the Blue Stocking” was performed at the Lyceum, for the first time, on the 9th of September.]
Before my journey to Rochdale, you shall have due notice where to address me—I believe at the post-office of that township. From Murray I received a second proof of the same pages, which I requested him to show you, that anything which may have escaped my observation may be detected before the printer lays the corner-stone of an errata column.

"I am now not quite alone, having an old acquaintance and school-fellow with me, so old, indeed, that we have nothing new to say on any subject, and yawn at each other in a sort of quiet inquietude. I hear nothing from Cawthorn, or Captain Hobhouse; and their quarto—Lord have mercy on mankind! We come on like Cerberus with our triple publications. As for myself, by myself, I must be satisfied with a comparison to Janus.

"I am not at all pleased with Murray for showing the MS.; and I am certain Gifford must see it in the same light that I do. His praise is nothing to the purpose; what could he say? He could not spit in the face of one who had praised him in every possible way. I must own that I wish to have the impression removed from his mind, that I had any concern in such a paltry transaction. The more I think, the more it disquiets me; so I will say no more about it. It is bad enough to be a scribbler, without having recourse to such shifts to extort praise, or precipitate censure. It is anticipating, it is begging, kneeling, adulating,—the devil! the devil! and all without my wish, and contrary to my express desire. I wish Murray had been tied to his own publisher. You have thoughts of settling in the country, why not try Notts.?

"The unfortunate man was gone for ever, and so was a tenure from his mind, that I think there are places which would suit him volunteers to redeem mine, great will be his reward hereafter. I honour and thank you both, but am convinced by neither. Now for notes. Besides those I have sent, I shall send the observations on the Edinburgh Reviewer's emarks on the modern Greek, an Albanian song in the Albanian (not Greek) language, specimens of modern Greek from their New Testament, a comedy of Goldoni's translated, one scene, a prospectus of a friend's book, and perhaps a song or two. I shall send the observations on the Edinburgh Reviewer's emarks on the modern Greek, an Albanian song in the Albanian (not Greek) language, specimens of modern Greek from their New Testament, a comedy of Goldoni's translated, one scene, a prospectus of a friend's book, and perhaps a song or two, all in Romainc, besides their Pater Noster; so there will be enough, if not too much, with what I have already sent. Have you received the 'Noctes Atticae'? I sent also an annotation on Portugal. Hobhouse is also forthcoming."

1 In a note on his "Hints from Horace," he thus humorously applies this incident:—

"A literary friend of mine walking out one lovely evening last summer on the eleventh bridge of the Paddington canal, was alarmed by the cry of 'One in jeopardy!' He rushed along, collected a body of Irish haymakers (supping on buttermilk in an adjoining paddock), procured three rakes, one eel spear, and a landing-net, and at last (horrreco referens) pulled out—his own publisher. The unfortunate man was gone for ever, and so was a large quarto wherewith he had taken the leap, which proved, on inquiry, to have been Mr. Southey's last work. Its 'alacrity of sinking' was so great, that it has never since been heard of, though some maintain that it is at this moment concealed at Alderman Birch's pastry-premises, Cornhill. Be this as it may, the coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of 'Felo de Bibliopolia' against a 'quarto unknown,' and circumstantial evidence being since strong against the 'Curse of Kehama' (of which the above words are an exact description), it will be tried by its peers next session in Grub Street. Arthur, Alfred, Davideis, Richard Ceur de Lion, Exodus, Exodid, Epigoniad, Calvary, Fall of Cambria, Siege of Acre, Don Roderick, and Tom Thumb the Great, are the names of the twelve jurors. The judges are Pye, Bowies, and the bellman of St. Sepulchre's."
to avoid, since I shall have a perilous quantity of modern Greek in my notes, as specimen of the tongue; therefore Lisboa may keep its place. You are right about the 'Hints': they must not precede the 'Romaut'; but Cawthorn will be savage if they don’t; however, keep them back, and him in good humour, if we can, but do not let him publish.

I have adopted, I believe, most of your suggestions, but ‘Lisboa’ will be an exception to prove the rule. I have sent a quantity of notes, and shall continue; but pray let them be copied; no devil can read my hand. By the by, I do not mean to exchange the ninth verse of the ‘Good Night.’ I have no reason to suppose my dog better than his brother brutes, mankind; and Argus we know to be a fable. The ‘Cosmopolite’ was an acquisition abroad. I do not believe it is to be found in England. It is an amusing little volume, and full of French flippancy. I read, though I do not speak the language.

I will be angry with Murray. It was a bookselling, back-shop, Paternoster-row, pastry proceeding; and if the experiment had turned out as it deserved, I would have raised all Fleet Street, and borrowed the giant’s staff from St. Dunstan’s church, to immolate the betrayer of trust. I have written to him as he never was written to before by an author, I’ll be sworn, and I hope you will amplify my wrath, till it has an effect upon him. You tell me always you have much to write about. Write it, but let us drop metaphysics; — on that point we shall never agree. I am dull and drowsy, as though I were to experience in my youth the greatest misery of age. My friends fall around me, and I shall be left a lonely tree before I am withered. Other men can always take refuge in their families; I have no resource but my own reflections, and they present no prospect here or hereafter, except the selfish satisfaction of surviving my betters. I am indeed very wretched, and you will excuse my saying so, as you know I am not apt to cant of sensibility.

Instead of tiring yourself with my concerns, I should be glad to hear your plans of retirement. I suppose you would not like to be wholly shut out of society? Now I know a large village, or small town, about twelve miles off, where your family would have the advantage of very genteel society, without the hazard of being annoyed by mercantile affluence; where you would meet with men of information and independence; and where I have friends to whom I should be proud to introduce you. There are, besides, a coffee-room, assemblies, &c. &c., which bring people together. My mother had a house there some years, and I am well acquainted with the economy of Southwell, the name of this little commonwealth. Lastly, you will not be very remote from me; and though I am the very worst companion for young people in the world, this objection would not apply to you, whom I could see frequently. Your expenses, too, would be such as best suit your inclinations, more or less, as you thought proper; but very little would be requisite to enable you to enter into all the gaieties of a country life. You could be as quiet or bustling as you liked, and certainly as well situated as on the lakes of Cumberland, unless you have a particular wish to be picturesque.

Pray, is your Ionian friend in town? You have promised me an introduction. You mention having consulted some friend on the MSS. Is not this contrary to our usual way? Instruct Mr. Murray not to allow his shopman to call the work ‘Child of Harrow’s Pilgrimage!!!!’ as he has done to some of my astonished friends, who wrote to inquire after my sanity on the occasion, as well they might. I have heard nothing of Murray, whom I scolded heartily. Must I write more notes? — Are there not enough? — Cawthorn must be kept back with the ‘Hints.’ — I hope he is getting on with Hobhouse’s quarto. Good evening. Yours ever, &c.

Of the same date with this melancholy letter are the following verses, never before printed, which he wrote in answer to some lines re-
ceived from a friend, exhorting him to be cheerful, and to "banish care." They will show with what gloomy fidelity, even while under the pressure of recent sorrow, he reverted to the disappointment of his early affection, as the chief source of all his sufferings and errors, present and to come.

"Newstead Abbey, October 11. 1811.

" Oh! banish care"—such ever be The motto of thy reverie! Perchance of mine, when wassail nights Renew those riotous delights, Wherewith the children of Despair Lull the lone heart, and "banish care." But not in morn's reflecting hour, When present, past, and future lower, When all I loved is changed or gone, Mock with such taunts the woes of one Whose every thought— but let them pass— Thou know'st I am not what I was. But, above all, if thou wouldst hold Place in a heart that ne'er was cold, By all the powers that men revere, By all unto thy bosom dear, Thy joys below, thy hopes above, Speak—speak of any thing but love.

"Twere long to tell, and vain to hear The tale of one who scorns a tear; And there is little in that tale Which better bosoms would bewail. But mine has suffered more than well 'Twould suit Philosophy to tell. I've seen my bride another's bride,— Have seen her seated by his side,— Have seen the infant which she bore Wear the sweet smile the mother wore, When she and I in youth have smiled As fond and faultless as her child;— Have seen her eyes, in cold disdain, Ask if I felt no secret pain. And I have acted well my part, And made my cheek belie my heart, Return'd the freezing glance she gave, Yet felt the while that woman's slave;— Have kissed, as if without design, The babe which ought to have been mine, And show'd, alas! in each caress Time had not made me love the less.

"But let this pass—I'll whine no more, Nor seek again an eastern shore; The world befits a busy brain,— I'll hire me to its haunts again. But if, in some succeeding year, When Britain's 'May is in the sere,' Thou hear'st of one, whose deepening crimes Suit with the sablest of the times, Of one, whom Love nor Pity swards, Nor hope of fame, nor good men's praise, One, who in stern Ambition's pride, Perchance not Blood shall turn aside, One rank'd in some recording page With the worst anarchs of the age, Him wilt thou know—and, knowing, pause, Nor with the effect forget the cause."

The anticipations of his own future career in these concluding lines are of a nature, it must be owned, to awaken more of horror than of interest, were we not prepared, by so many instances of his exaggeration in this respect, not to be startled at any lengths to which the spirit of self-libelling would carry him. It seemed as if, with the power of painting fierce and gloomy personages, he had also the ambition to be, himself, the dark "sublime he drew," and that, in his fondness for the delineation of heroic crime, he endeavoured to fancy, where he could not find, in his own character, fit subjects for his pencil.

CHAPTER XIII.

1811.

POEMS ON THE DEATH OF "THYRZA."—

THE REV. ROBERT BLAND.—COMMENCEMENT OF THE BIOGRAPHER'S ACQUAINTANCE WITH LORD BYRON.—CORRESPONDENCE.—MR. ROGERS.—MR. CAMPBELL.—LETTERS TO MR. HARNESS.—COLE RIDGE'S LECTURES.—MADAME D'ARBLAY.—KEMBLE'S CORIOLANUS.—BYRON'S SOLITARY POSITION.—ANECDOTES.

It was about the time when he was thus bitterly feeling and expressing the blight which his heart had suffered from a real object of affection, that his poems on the death of an imaginary one, "Thyrza," were written;—nor is it any wonder, when we consider the peculiar circumstances under which these beautiful effusions flowed from his fancy, that of all his strains of pathos, they should be the most touching and most pure. They were, indeed, the essence, the abstract spirit, as it were, of many griefs;—a confluence of sad thoughts from many sources of sorrow, refined and warmed in their passage through his fancy, and forming thus one deep reservoir of mournful feeling. In retracing the happy hours he had known with the friends now lost, all the ardent tenderness of his youth came back upon him. His school-sports with the favourites of his boyhood, Wingfield and Tattersall,—his summer days with Long, and those evenings of music and romance which he had dreamed away in the society of his adopted brother, Edleston,—all these recollections of the young and dead now came to mingle themselves in his mind with the image of her who, though living, was, for him, as much lost as they, and diffused that general feeling of sadness and fondness through his soul, which found a vent in these poems. No friendship,

1 See the extract from one of his journals, ante, p. 32.
however warm, could have inspired sorrow so passionate; as no love, however pure, could have kept passion so chastened. It was the blending of the two affections, in his memory and imagination, that thus gave birth to an ideal object combining the best features of both, and drew from him these saddest and tenderest of love poems, in which we find all the depth and intensity of real feeling touched over with such a light as no reality ever wore.

The following letter gives some further account of the course of his thoughts and pursuits at this period:

**LETTER 72. TO MR. HODGSON.**

"Newstead Abbey, Oct. 13. 1811.

"You will begin to deem me a most liberal correspondent; but as my letters are free, you will overlook their frequency. I have sent you answers in prose and verse to all your late communications; and though I am invading your ease again, I don't know why, or what to put down that you are not acquainted with already. I am growing nervous (how you will laugh!)—but it is true, really, wretchedly, ridiculously, finc-ladically nervous. Your climate kills me; I can neither read, write, nor amuse myself, or any one else. My days are listless, and my nights restless; I have very seldom any society, and when I have, I run out of it. At this present writing, there are in the next room three ladies, and I have stolen away to write this grumbling letter. I don't know that I shan't end with insanity, away to write this grumbling letter. — I don't know why, unless you have bowels when you return to town (I am too far off to do it for myself), this ineffable work will be lost to the world for,—I don't know how many weeks.

"Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" must wait till Murray's is finished. He is making a tour in Middlesex, and is to return soon, when high matter may be expected. He wants to have it in quarto, which is a cursed unsaleable size; but it is pestilent long, and one must obey one's bookseller. I trust Murray will pass the Paddington Canal without being seduced by Payne and Mackinlay's example,—I say Payne and Mackinlay, supposing that the partnership held good. Drury, the villain, has not written to me; 'I am never (as Mrs. Lumpkin says to Tony) to be gratified with the monster's dear wild notes.'

"So you are going (going indeed!) into orders. You must make your peace with the Eclectic Reviewers—they accuse you of impiety, I fear, with injustice. Demetrius, the 'Sieger of Cities,' is here, with 'Gilpin Horner.' The painter is not necessary, as the portraits he already painted arc (by inlay's example,—I say Payne and Mackinlay, supposing that the partnership held good. Drury, the villain, has not written to me; 'I am never (as Mrs. Lumpkin says to Tony) to be gratified with the monster's dear wild notes.'

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1 The verses at p. 140.
It was at this period that I first had the happiness of seeing and becoming acquainted with Lord Byron. The correspondence in which our acquaintance originated is, in a high degree, illustrative of the frank manliness of his character; and as it was begun on my side, some egotism must be tolerated in the detail which I have to give of the circumstances that led to it. So far back as the year 1806, on the occasion of a meeting which took place at Chalk Farm between Mr. Jeffery and myself, a good deal of ridicule and raillery, founded on a false representation of what occurred before the magistrates at Bow Street, appeared in almost all the public prints. In consequence of this, I was induced to address a letter to the Editor of one of the Journals, contradicting the falsehood that had been circulated, and stating briefly the real circumstances of the case. For some time my letter seemed to produce the intended effect,—but, unluckily, the original story was too tempting a theme for humour and sarcasm to be so easily superseded by mere matter of fact. Accordingly, after a little time, whenever the subject was publicly alluded to,—more especially by those who were at all “willing to wound”—the old falsehood was, for the sake of its ready sting, revived.

In the year 1809, on the first appearance of “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,” I found the author, who was then generally understood to be Lord Byron, not only jesting on the subject—and with sufficient provoking pleasantry and cleverness—in his verse, but giving also, in the more responsible provoking pleasantry and cleverness—in his on the subject—and with sufficiently understood to be Lord Byron, not only jesting for humour and sarcasm to be so easily produce the intended effect,—but, unluckily, the falsehood that had been circulated, and the Editor of one of the Journals, contradicting the case. For some time my letter seemed to produce the intended effect,—but, unluckily, the original story was too tempting a theme for humour and sarcasm to be so easily superseded by mere matter of fact. Accordingly, after a little time, whenever the subject was publicly alluded to,—more especially by those who were at all “willing to wound”—the old falsehood was, for the sake of its ready sting, revived.

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| Dublin, January 1. 1810. |

“Dear Lord Byron,

“Having just seen the name of ‘Lord Byron’ prefixed to a work entitled ‘English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,’ in which, as it appears to me, the lie is given to a public statement of mine, respecting an affair with Mr. Jeffery some years since, I beg you will have the goodness to inform me whether I may consider your Lordship as the author of this publication.

“I shall not, I fear, be able to return to London for a week or two; but, in the mean time, I trust your Lordship will not deny me the satisfaction of knowing whether you avow the insult contained in the passages alluded to.

“It is needless to suggest to your Lordship the propriety of keeping our correspondence secret.

“I have the honour to be

“Your Lordship’s very humble servant,

“THOMAS MOORE.

“22. Molesworth Street.”

In the course of a week, the friend to whom I intrusted this letter wrote to inform me that Lord Byron had, as he learned on inquiring of his publisher, gone abroad immediately on the publication of his Second Edition; but that my letter had been placed in the hands of a gentleman, named Hodgson, who had undertaken to forward it carefully to his Lordship. Though the latter step was not exactly what I could have wished, I thought it as well, on the whole, to let my letter take its chance, and again postponed all consideration of the matter.

During the interval of a year and a half which elapsed before Lord Byron’s return, I had taken upon myself obligations, both as occasion to much waggery in the daily prints.”—See Works, p. 428.]

2 “This is the only entire letter of my own that, in the course of this work, I mean to obtrude upon my readers. Being short, and in terms more explanatory of the feeling on which I acted than any others that could be substituted, it might be suffered, I thought, to form the single exception to my general rule. In all other cases, I shall merely give such extracts from my own letters as may be necessary to elucidate those of my correspondent.”

1 [The following are the lines and note referred to:

“Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little’s leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by?

“In 1806, Messrs. Jeffery and Moore met at Chalk Farm. The duel was prevented by the interference of the magistracy; and, on examination, the balls of the pistols were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much waggery in the daily prints.”—See Works, p. 428.]
husband and father, which make most men, and especially those who have nothing to bequeath, less willing to expose themselves unnecessarily to danger. On hearing, therefore, of the arrival of the noble traveller from Greece, though still thinking it due to myself to follow up my first request of an explanation, I resolved, in prosecuting that object, to adopt such a tone of conciliation as should not only prove my sincere desire of a pacific result, but show the entire freedom from any angry or resentful feeling with which I took the step. The death of Mrs. Byron, for some time, delayed my purpose. But as soon after that event as was consistent with decorum, I addressed a letter to Lord Byron, in which, referring to my former communication, and expressing some doubts as to its having ever reached him, I re-stated, in pretty nearly the same words, the nature of the insult, which, as it appeared to me, the passage in his note was calculated to convey. “It is now useless,” I continued, “to speak of the steps with which it was my intention to follow up that letter. The time which has elapsed since then, though it has done away neither the injury nor the feeling of it, has, in many respects, materially altered my situation; and the only object which I have now in writing to your Lordship is to preserve some consistency with that former letter, and to prove to you that the injured feeling still exists, however circumstances may compel me to be deaf to its dictates, at present. When I say ‘injured feeling,’ let me assure your Lordship that there is not a single vindictive sentiment in my mind towards you. I mean but to express that uneasiness, under (what I consider to be) a charge of falsehood, which must haunt a man of any feeling to his grave, unless the insult be retracted or atoned for; and which, if I did not feel, I should, indeed, deserve far worse than your Lordship’s satire could inflict upon me.” In conclusion I added, that so far from being influenced by any angry or resentful feeling towards him, it would give me sincere pleasure if, by any satisfactory explanation, he would enable me to seek the honour of being henceforward ranked among his acquaintance.

To this letter, Lord Byron returned the following answer:

**LETTER 73. TO MR. MOORE.**

“Cambridge, October 27. 1811.

“Sir,

Your letter followed me from Notts. to this place, which will account for the delay of my reply. Your former letter I never had the honour to receive;—be assured in whatever part of the world it had found me, I should have deemed it my duty to return and answer it in person.

“The advertisement you mention, I know nothing of,—At the time of your meeting with Mr. Jeffrey, I had recently entered College, and remember to have heard and read a number of squibs on the occasion; and from the recollection of these I derived all my knowledge on the subject, without the slightest idea of ‘giving the lie’ to an address which I never beheld. When I put my name to the production, which has occasioned this correspondence, I became responsible to all whom it might concern,—to explain where it requires explanation, and, where insufficiently or too sufficiently explicit, at all events to satisfy. My situation leaves me no choice; it rests with the injured and the angry to obtain reparation in their own way.

“With regard to the passage in question, you were certainly not the person towards whom I felt personally hostile. On the contrary, my whole thoughts were engrossed by one, whom I had reason to consider as my worst literary enemy, nor could I foresee that his former antagonist was about to become his champion. You do not specify what you would wish to have done: I can neither retract nor apologise for a charge or falsehood which I never advanced.

“In the beginning of the week, I shall be at No. S. St. James’s Street.—Neither the letter nor the friend to whom you stated your intention ever made their appearance. 1

“Your friend, Mr. Rogers, or any other gentleman delegated by you, will find me most ready to adopt any conciliatory proposition which shall not compromise my own honour,—or, failing in that, to make the atonement you deem it necessary to require.

“I have the honour to be, Sir,

“Your most obedient, humble servant,

“Byron.”

In my reply to this, I commenced by saying, that his Lordship’s letter was, upon the whole, as satisfactory as I could expect. It contained all that, in the strict diplomatique of explanation, could be required, namely,—that he had never seen the statement which I supposed him wilfully to have contradicted,—that he had no intention of bringing against me any charge of falsehood, and that the objectionable passage of his work was not levelled personally at me. This, I added,

1 Finding two different draughts of this letter among my papers, I cannot be quite certain as to some of the terms employed; but have little doubt that they are here given correctly.
was all the explanation I had a right to expect, and I was, of course, satisfied with it.

I then entered into some detail relative to the transmission of my first letter from Dublin, giving, as my reason for descending to these minute particulars, that I did not, I must confess, feel quite easy under the manner in which his Lordship had noticed the miscarriage of that first application to him.

My reply concluded thus: — "As your Lordship does not show any wish to proceed beyond the rigid formulary of explanation, it is not for me to make any further advances. We Irishmen, in businesses of this kind, seldom know any medium between decided hostility and decided friendship; — but, as any approaches towards the latter alternative must now depend entirely on your Lordship, I have only to repeat that I am satisfied with your letter, and that I have the honour to be," &c. &c.

On the following day I received the annexed rejoinder from Lord Byron:

**LETTER 74. TO MR. MOORE.**

"8. St. James's Street, October 29, 1811.

"Sir,

"Soon after my return to England, my friend, Mr. Hodgson, apprised me that a letter for me was in his possession; but a domestic event hurrying me from London, immediately after, the letter (which most probably be your own) is still unopened in his keeping. If, on examination of the address, the similarity of the handwriting should lead to such a conclusion, it shall be opened in your presence, for the satisfaction of all parties. Mr. H. is at present out of town; — on Friday I shall see him, and request him to forward it to my address.

"With regard to the latter part of both your letters, until the principal point was discussed between us, I felt myself at a loss in what manner to reply. Was I to anticipate friendship from one, who conceived me to have charged him with falsehood? Were not advances, under such circumstances, to be misconstrued, — not, perhaps, by the person to whom they were addressed, but by others? In my case such a step was impracticable. If you, who conceived yourself to be the offended person, are satisfied that you had no cause for offence, it will not be difficult to convince me of it. My situation, as I have before stated, leaves me no choice. I should have felt proud of your acquaintance, had it commenced under other circumstances; but it must rest with you to determine how far it may proceed after so auspicious a beginning. I have the honour to be," &c.

Somewhat piqued, I own, at the manner in which my efforts towards a more friendly understanding, — ill-timed as I confess them to have been, — were received, I hastened to close our correspondence by a short note, saying, that his Lordship had made me feel the imprudence I was guilty of, in wandering from the point immediately in discussion between us; and I should now, therefore, only add, that if, in my last letter, I had correctly stated the substance of his explanation, our correspondence might, from this moment, cease for ever, as with that explanation I declared myself satisfied.

This brief note drew immediately from Lord Byron the following frank and open-hearted reply:

**LETTER 75. TO MR. MOORE.**

"8. St. James's Street, October 30, 1811.

"Sir,

"You must excuse my troubling you once more upon this very unpleasant subject. It would be a satisfaction to me, and I should think to yourself, that the unopened letter in Mr. Hodgson's possession (supposing it to prove your own) should be returned 'in statu quo' to the writer; particularly as you expressed yourself 'not quite easy under the manner in which I had dwelt on its miscarriage.'

"A few words more, and I shall not trouble you further. I felt, and still feel, very much flattered by those parts of your correspondence, which held out the prospect of our becoming acquainted. If I did not meet them in the first instance as perhaps I ought, let the situation I was placed in be my defence. You have now declared yourself satisfied, and on that point we are no longer at issue. If, therefore, you still retain any wish to do me the honour you hinted at, I shall be most happy to meet you, when, where, and how you please, and I presume you will not attribute my saying thus much to any unworthy motive. I have the honour to remain," &c.

On receiving this letter, I went instantly to my friend, Mr. Rogers, who was, at that time, on a visit at Holland House, and, for the first time, informed him of the correspondence in which I had been engaged. With his usual readiness to oblige and serve, he proposed that the meeting between Lord Byron and myself should take place at his table, and requested of me to convey to the noble Lord his wish, that he would do him the honour of naming some day for that purpose. The following is Lord Byron's answer to the note which I then wrote:

"With regard to the latter part of both your letters, until the principal point was discussed between us, I felt myself at a loss in what manner to reply. Was I to anticipate friendship from one, who conceived me to have charged him with falsehood? Were not advances, under such circumstances, to be misconstrued, — not, perhaps, by the person to whom they were addressed, but by others? In my case such a step was impracticable. If you, who conceived yourself to be the offended person, are satisfied that you had no cause for offence, it will not be difficult to convince me of it. My situation, as I have before stated, leaves me no choice. I should have felt proud of your acquaintance, had it commenced under other circumstances; but it must rest with you to determine how far it may proceed after so auspicious a beginning. I have the honour to be," &c.

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Thom 1 As I should be very sorry to interrupt your Sunday's engagement, if Monday, or any other day of the ensuing week, would be equally convenient to yourself and friend, I will then have the honour of accepting his invitation. Of the professions of esteem with which Mr. Rogers has honoured me, I cannot but feel proud, though undeserving. I should be wanting to myself, if insensible to the praise of such a man; and, should my approaching interview with him and his friend lead to any degree of intimacy with both or either, I shall regard our past correspondence as one of the happiest events of my life. I have the honour to be, Your very sincere and obedient servant,

"BYRON."

It can hardly, I think, be necessary to call the reader's attention to the good sense, self-possession, and frankness, of these letters of Lord Byron. I had placed him,—by the somewhat national confusion which I had made of the boundaries of peace and war, of hostility and friendship,—in a position which, ignorant as he was of the character of the person who addressed him, it required all the watchfulness of his sense of honour to guard from surprise or snare. Hence, the judicious reserve with which he abstained from noticing my advances towards acquaintance, till he should have ascertained exactly whether the explanation which he was willing to give would be such as his correspondent would be satisfied to receive. The moment he was set at rest on this point, the frankness of his nature displayed itself; and the disregard of all further mediation or etiquette with which he at once professed himself ready to meet me, "when, where, and how" I pleased, showed that he could be as plant and confiding after such an understanding, as he had been judiciously reserved and punctilious before it.

Such did I find Lord Byron, on my first experience of him; and such,—so open and manly-minded,—did I find him to the last.

It was, at first, intended by Mr. Rogers that his company at dinner should not extend beyond Lord Byron and myself; but Mr.

1 In speaking thus, I beg to disclaim all affected modesty. Lord Byron had already made the same distinction himself in the opinions which he expressed of the living poets; and I cannot but be aware that, for the praises which he afterwards bestowed on my writings, I was, in a great degree, indebted to his partiality to myself.

2 The Rev. Robert Bland, one of the authors of "Collections from the Greek Anthology." Lord Byron was, at this time, endeavouring to secure for Mr. Bland the task of translating Lucien Buonaparte's poem. This accomplished scholar died at Leamington in 1835, at the age of forty-seven. Besides contributing to the "Col-
morrow. I shall certainly endeavour to bring them together.—You are censorious, child; when you are a little older, you will learn to dislike every body, but abuse nobody.

"With regard to the person of whom you speak, your own good sense must direct you. I never pretend to advise, being an implicit believer in the old proverb. This present frost is detestable. It is the first I have felt for these three years, though I longed for one in the oriental summer, when no such thing is to be had, unless I had gone to the top of Hymettus for it.

"I thank you most truly for the concluding part of your letter. I have been of late not much accustomed to kindness from any quarter, and am not the less pleased to meet with it again from one where I had known it earliest. I have not changed in all my ramblings,—Harrow, and, of course, yourself, never left me, and the"

"'Dulces reminiscitur Argos'

attended me to the very spot to which that sentence alludes in the mind of the fallen Argive.—Our intimacy began before we began to date at all, and it rests with you to continue it till the hour which must number it and me with the things that were.

"Do read mathematics. —I should think $X + Y$ at least as amusing as the Curse of Kehama, and much more intelligible. Master Southey’s poems are, in fact, what parallel lines might be —viz. prolonged ad infinitum without meeting anything half so absurd as themselves.

"What news, what news? Queen Oreaca,

What news of scribblers five?

S—W,—C—L—d, and L—e?

All done, though yet alive.

Coleridge is lecturing. 'Many an old fool,' said Hannibal to some such lecturer, 'but such as this, never.'

"Ever yours, &c."

LETrER 78. TO MR. HARNES.

"St. James's Street, Dec. 8. 1811.

"Behold a most formidable sheet, without gilt or black edging, and consequently very vulgar and indecorous, particularly to one of your precision; but this being Sunday, I can procure no better, and will atone for its length by not filling it. Bland I have not seen since my last letter; but on Tuesday he dines with me, and will meet M**e [Moore], the epitome of all that is exquisite.

"You see, Mio Carissimo, what a pestilent correspondent I am likely to become; but then you shall be as quiet at Newstead as you please, and I won’t disturb your studies as I do now. When do you fix the day, that I may take you up according to contract? Hodgson talks of making a third appointment your papa and your aunt, and all the rest, besides myself. Don’t you know that your kin—besides me—besides yourself. Don’t you know that all male children are begotten for the express purpose of being graduates? and that even I am an A.M., though how I became so the Public Orator only can resolve. Besides, you are to be a priest; and to confute Sir William Drummond’s late book about the Bible, (printed, but not published,) and all other infidels whatever. Now leave Master H.’s gig, and Master S.’s Sapphics, and become as immortal as Cambridge can make you.

"You see, Mio Carissimo, what a pestilent correspondent I am likely to become; but then you shall be as quiet at Newstead as you please, and I won’t disturb your studies as I do now. When do you fix the day, that I may take you up according to contract? Hodgson talks of making a third in our journey; but we can’t stow him, inside at least. Positively you shall go with me as was agreed, and don’t let me have any of your politesse to H. on the occasion. I shall manage to arrange for both with a little contrivance. I wish H. was not quite so fat, and we should pack better. You will want to know what I am doing—chewing tobacco.

"You see nothing of my allies, Scrope

Lord Maryborough, married, in March 1812, Catherine, daughter and heir of the late Sir James Tytney-Long, Bart.; upon which occasion he assumed the additional names of Tytney and Long. The lady terminated a most unhappy life in Sept. 1826.

1 [The Honourable William Wellesley-Pole, son of...]

letrons," he published a volume of original poems, among which are "Edwy and Elgiva," and the "Four Slaves of Cytheria."]
Davies and Matthews— they don’t suit you; and how does it happen that I—who am a pipkin of the same pottery—continue in your good graces? Good night,—I will go on in the morning.

"Dec. 9th.—In a morning, I’m always sullen, and to-day is as sombre as myself. Rain and mist are worse than a sirocco, particularly in a beef-eating and beer-drinking country. My bookseller, Cawthorne, has just left me, and tells me, with a most important face, that he is in treaty for a novel of Madame D’Arblay’s, for which 1000 guineas are asked! He wants me to read the MS. (if he obtains it), which I shall do with pleasure; but I should be very cautious in venturing an opinion on her whose Cecilia Dr. Johnson superintended. If he lends it to me, I shall put it into the hands of Rogers and M**e, who are truly men of taste. I have filled the sheet, and beg your pardon; I shall, perhaps, write again; but if not, believe, silent or scribbling, that I am, my dearest William, ever, &c."

**LETTER 75. TO MR. HODGSON.**

"London, Dec. 8, 1811.

"I sent you a sad Tale of Three Friars the other day, and now take a dose in another style. I wrote it a day or two ago, on hearing a song of former days.

"Away, away, ye notes of woes, &c. &c."

"I have gotten a book by Sir W. Drummond, (printed, but not published,) entitled OEdipus Judaicus, in which he attempts to prove the greater part of the Old Testament an allegory, particularly Genesis and Joshua. He professes himself a theist in the preface, and handles the literal interpretation very roughly. I wish you could see it. Mr. W** has lent it me, and I confess to me it is worth fifty Watsons.

"You and Harness must fix on the time for your visit to Newstead; I can command mine at your wish, unless any thing particular occurs in the interim. Bland dines with me on Tuesday to meet Moore. Coleridge has attacked the ‘Pleasures of Hope,’ and all other pleasures whatsoever. Mr. Rogers was present, and heard himself indirectly roved by the lecturer. We are going in a party to hear the new Art of Poetry by this reformed schismatic; and were I one of these poetical luminaries, or of sufficient consequence to be noticed by the man of lectures, I should not hear him without an answer. For you know, ‘an a man will be beaten with brains, he shall never keep a clean doublet.’ Campbell will be desperately annoyed. I never saw a man (and of him I have seen very little) so sensitive;—what a happy temperament! I am sorry for it; what can he fear from criticism? I don’t know if Bland has seen Miller, who was to call on him yesterday.

"To-day is the Sabbath,—a day I never pass pleasantly, but at Cambridge; and, even there, the organ is a sad remembrancer. Things are stagnant enough in town; as long as they don’t retrograde, ‘tis all very well. Hobhouse writes and writes and writes, and is an author. I do nothing but eschew tobacco. I wish parliament were assembled, that I may hear, and perhaps some day be heard;—but on this point I am not very sanguine. I have many plans;—sometimes I think of the East again, and dearly beloved Greece. I am well, but weakly. Yesterday Kinnaird told me I looked very ill, and sent me home happy.

"Is Scrope still interesting and invalid? And how does Hinde with his cursed chemistry? To Harness I have written, and he has written, and we have all written, and have nothing now to do but write again, till death splits up the pen and the scribbler.

"The Alfred has three hundred and fifty-four candidates for six vacancies. The cook has run away and left us liable, which makes our committee very plaintive. Master Brook, our head serving-man, has the gout, and our new cook is none of the best. Master, and quiet are still there, and they may dress their dishes in their own way for me. Let me know your determination as to Newstead, and believe me,

"Yours ever,

"Mπαριζην."

**LETTER 80. TO MR. HODGSON.**

"9 St. James’s Street, Dec. 12, 1811.

"Why, Hodgson! I fear you have left off wine and me at the same time,—I have written and written and written, and no answer! My dear Sir Edgar, water disagrees with you,—drink sack and write. Bland did not come to his appointment,

three copies to the three persons who had the best claim to them,—her father, Mrs. Thrale, and Dr. Johnson.—Second edition.

3 This poem is now printed in Lord Byron’s Works.
[See Works, p. 550.]

L 2
being unwell, but M**e supplied all other vacancies most delectably. I have hopes of his joining us at Newstead. I am sure you would like him more and more as he develops,—at least I do.

"How Miller and Bland go on, I don't know. Cawthorne talks of being in treaty for a novel of Madame D'Arblay's, and if he obtains it (at 1500 guineas!!) wishes me to see the MS. This I should read with pleasure,—not that I should ever dare to venture a criticism on her whose writings Dr. Johnson once revised, but for the pleasure of the thing. If my worthy publisher wanted a sound opinion, I should send the MS. to Rogers and M**e, as men most alive to true taste. I have had frequent letters from Wm. Harness, and you are silent; certes, you are not a schoolboy. However, I have the consolation of knowing that you are better employed, viz. reviewing. You don't deserve that I should add another syllable, and I won't. Yours, &c.

"P.S.—I only wait for your answer to fix our meeting."

LETTER 81. TO MR. HARNESS.

"8, St. James's Street, Dec. 15, 1811.

"I wrote you an answer to your last, which, on reflection, pleases me as little as it probably has pleased yourself. I will not wait for your rejoinder; but proceed to tell you, that I had just then been greeted with an epistle of **'s, full of his petty grievances, and this at the moment when (from circumstances it is not necessary to enter upon) I was hearing up against recollections to which his imaginary sufferings are as a scratch to a cancer. These things combined, put me out of humour with him and all mankind. The latter part of my life has been a perpetual struggle against affections which embittered the earliest portion; and though I flatter myself I have in a great measure conquered them, yet there are moments (and this was one) when I am as foolish as formerly. I never said so much before, nor had I said this now, if I did not suspect myself of having been rather savage in my letter, and wish to inform you thus much of the cause. You know I am not one of your dourous gentlemen: so now let us laugh again.

"Yesterday I went with Moore to Sy- dembourg to visit Campbell. 2 He was not visible, so we jogged homeward merrily enough. To-morrow I dine with Rogers, and am to hear Coleridge, who is a kind of rage at present. Last night I saw Kemble in Coriolanus;—he was glorious, and exerted himself wonderfully. By good luck I got an excellent place in the best part of the house, which was more than overflowing. Clare and Delawarr, who were there on the same speculation, were less fortunate. I saw them by accident,—we were not together. I wished for you, to gratify your love of Shakspeare and of fine acting to its fullest extent. Last week I saw an exhibition of a different kind in a Mr. Coates, at the Haymarket, who performed Lothario in a damned and damnable manner.

"I told you the fate of B. and H. in my last. So much for these sentimentalists, who console themselves in their stews for the loss,—the never to be recovered loss,—the despair of the refined attachment of a couple of drabs! You censure my life, Harness,—when I compare myself with these men, my elders and my betters, I really begin to conceive myself a monument of prudence,—a walking statue,—without feeling or failing; and yet the world in general hath given me a proud pre-eminence over them in profligacy. Yet I like the men, and, God knows, ought not to condemn their aberrations. But I own I feel provoked when they dignify all this by the name of love—romantic attachments for things marketable for a dollar!

"Dec. 16th,—I have just received your letter;—I feel your kindness very deeply. The foregoing part of my letter, written yesterday, will, I hope, account for the tone of the former, though it cannot excuse it. I do like to hear from you,—more than like. Next to seeing you, I have no greater satisfaction. But you have other duties, and greater pleasures, and I should regret to take a moment from either. H** was to call to-day, but I have not seen him. The circumstances you mention at the close of your letter is another proof in favour of my

1 ["The Wanderer, or Female Difficulties," was not published till the year 1814. "This novel," say the Quarterly Reviewers, "which might be expected to finish and crown Madame D'Arblay's literary labours, is not only inferior to its sister-works, but cannot, in our judgment, claim any very decided superiority over the thousand-and-one volumes with which the Minerva Press inundates the shelves of circulating libraries, and increases, instead of diverting the ennui of the loungers at watering-places?"—Vol. xi. p. 124.]

2 On this occasion, another of the noble poet's peculiarities was, somewhat startlingly, introduced to my notice. When we were on the point of setting out from his lodgings in St. James's Street, it being then about mid-day, he said to the servant, who was shutting the door of the vis-à-vis, "Have you put in the pistols?" and was answered in the affirmative. It was difficult,—more especially, taking into account the circumstances under which we had just become acquainted,—to keep from smiling at this singular noonday precaution.
opinion of mankind. Such you will always find them—selfish and distrustful. I except none. The cause of this is the state of society. In the world, every one is to stir for himself—it is useless, perhaps selfish, to expect anything from his neighbour. But I do not think we are born of this disposition; for you find friendship as a schoolboy, and love enough before twenty.

"I went to see * *; he keeps me in town, where I don't wish to be at present. He is a good man, but totally without conduct. And now, my dearest William, I must wish you good morrow, and remain ever, most sincerely and affectionately yours, &c."

From the time of our first meeting, there seldom elapsed a day that Lord Byron and I did not see each other; and our acquaintance ripened into intimacy and friendship with a rapidity of which I have seldom known an example. I was, indeed, lucky in all the circumstances that attended my first introduction to him. In a generous nature like his, the pleasure of repairing an injustice would naturally give a zest to any partiality I might have inspired in his mind; while the manner in which I had sought this reparation, free as it was from resentment or defiance, left nothing painful to remember in the transaction between us,—no compromise or concession that could wound self-love, or take away from the grace of that frank friendship to which he at once, so cordially and so unhesitatingly, admitted me. I was also not a little fortunate in forming my acquaintance with him, before his success had yet reached its meridian burst,—before the triumphs that were in store for him had brought the world all in homage at his feet, and, among the splendid crowds that courted his society, even claims less humble than mine had but a feeble chance of fixing his regard. As it was, the new scene of life that opened upon him with his success, instead of detaching us from each other, only multiplied our opportunities of meeting, and increased our intimacy. In that society where his birth entitled him to move, circumstances had already placed me, notwithstanding mine; and when, after the appearance of "Childe Harold," he began to mingle with the world, the same persons, who had long been my intimates and friends, became his; our visits were mostly to the same places, and, in the gay and giddy round of a London spring, we were generally (as in one of his own letters he expresses it) "embarked in the same Ship of Fools together."

But, at the time when we first met, his position in the world was most solitary. Even those coffee-house companions who, before his departure from England, had served him as a sort of substitute for more worthy society, were either relinquished or had dispersed; and, with the exception of three or four associates of his college days (to whom he appeared strongly attached), Mr. Dallas and his solicitor seemed to be the only persons whom, even in their very questionable degree, he could boast of as friends. Though too proud to complain of this loneliness, it was evident that he felt it; and that the state of cheerless isolation, "unguided and unfriended," to which, on entering into manhood, he had found himself abandoned, was one of the chief sources of that resentful disdain of mankind, which even their subsequent worship of him came too late to remove. The effect, indeed, which his subsequent commerce with society had, for the short period it lasted, in softening and exhilarating his temper, showed how fit a soil his heart would have been for the growth of all the kindlier feelings, had but a portion of this sunshine of the world's smiles shone on him earlier.

At the same time, in all such speculations and conjectures as to what might have been, under more favourable circumstances, his character, it is invariably to be borne in mind, that his very defects were among the elements of his greatness, and that it was out of the struggle between the good and evil principles of his nature that his mighty genius drew its strength. A more genial and fostering introduction into life, while it would doubtless have softened and disciplined his mind, might have impaired its vigour; and the same influences that would have diffused smoothness and happiness over his life might have been fatal to its glory. In a short poem of his,¹ which appears to have been produced at Athens, (as I find it written on a leaf of the original MS. of Childe Harold, and dated "Athens, 1811," ²) there are two lines which, though hardly intelligible as connected with the rest of the poem, may, taken separately, be interpreted as implying a sort of prophetic consciousness that it was out of the wreck and ruin of all his hopes the immortality of his name was to arise.³

¹ "Written beneath the picture of Miss Chaworth." [See Works, p. 540.]

² "The meaning of these two lines is so obvious, that it is marvellous how any one could miss it:—" By the death-blow of my hope—the blow that deprived me of the original of this picture—my memory grew immortal:—my remembrance of her became so strong that it shows not the slightest symptom of decay; now, when after a lapse of time I look at her picture, the painful feelings of memory are as vivid as on the day I lost her. This

L 3
"Dear object of defeated care,
Though now of love and thee bereft,
To reconcile me with despair,
Thine image and my tears are left.
'Tis said with sorrow Time can cope,
But this, I feel, can ne'er be true;
For, by the death-blow of my hope,
My Memory immortal grew!"

We frequently, during the first months of our acquaintance, dined together alone; and as we had no club, in common, to resort to,—the Alfred being the only one to which he, at that period, belonged, and I being then a member of none but Watier's—our dinners used to be either at the St. Alban's, or at his old haunt, Stevens's. Though at times he would drink freely enough of claret, he still adhered to his system of abstinence in food. He appeared, indeed, to have conceived a notion that animal food has some peculiar influence on the character; and I remember, one day, as I sat opposite to him, employed, rather earnestly over a beef-steak, after watching me for a few seconds, he said, in a grave tone of inquiry,—"Moore, don't you find eating beef-steak makes you ferocious?"

Understanding me to have expressed a wish to become a member of the Alfred, he very good-naturedly lost no time in proposing me as a candidate; but as the resolution which I had then nearly formed of betaking myself to a country life rendered an additional club in London superfluous, I wrote to beg that I might be allowed to withdraw my name; and his answer, though containing little, being the first familiar note he ever honoured me with, I may be excused for feeling a peculiar pleasure in inserting it.

LETTER 82. TO MR. MOORE.

"December 11. 1811.

"My dear Moore,

"If you please, we will drop our former monosyllables, and adhere to the appellations sanctioned by our godfathers and godmothers. If you make it a point, I will withdraw your name; at the same time there is no occasion, as I have this day postponed your election 'sine die,' till it shall suit your wishes to be amongst us. I do not say this from any awkwardness the erasure of your proposal would occasion to me, but simply such is the state of the case; and, indeed, the longer your name is up, the stronger will become the probability of success, and your voters more numerous. Of course you will decide—your wish shall be my law. If my zeal has already outrun discretion, pardon me, and attribute my officiousness to an excusable motive.

"I wish you would go down with me to Newstead. Hodgson will be there, and a young friend, named Harness, the earliest of the person who was the object of it, deserves more honourable mention than that which I am now about to record, and which took place nearly at the period of which I am speaking. The friend, whose good fortune it was to inspire the feeling thus testified, was Mr. Hodgson, the gentleman to whom so many of the preceding letters are addressed; and as it would be unjust to rob him of the grace and honour of being himself, the testimony of obligations so signal, I shall here lay before my readers an extract from the letter with which, in reference to a passage in one of his noble friend's Journals, he has favoured me:

"Hodgson will plague you, I fear, with verse;—for my own part I will conclude, with Martial, 'nil recitabo tibi,' and surely the last inducement is not the least. Ponder on my proposition, and believe me, my dear Moore, yours ever.

"BYRON."

Among those acts of generosity and friendship by which every year of Lord Byron's life was signalised, there is none, perhaps, that, for its own peculiar seasonableness and delicacy, as well as for the perfect worthiness of the person who was the object of it, deserves more honourable mention than that which I am now about to record, and which took place nearly at the period of which I am speaking. The friend, whose good fortune it was to inspire the feeling thus testified, was Mr. Hodgson, the gentleman to whom so many of the preceding letters are addressed; and as it would be unjust to rob him of the grace and honour of being himself, the testimony of obligations so signal, I shall here lay before my readers an extract from the letter with which, in reference to a passage in one of his noble friend's Journals, he has favoured me:

"I feel it incumbent upon me to explain the circumstances to which this passage alludes, however private their nature. They are, indeed, calculated to do honour to the memory of my lamented friend. Having become involved, unfortunately, in difficulties and embarrassments, I received from Lord Byron (besides former pecuniary obligations) assistance, at the time in question, to the amount of a thousand pounds. Aid of such magnitude was equally unsolicited and unexpected on my part; but it was a long-cherished, though secret, purpose of my friend to afford that aid; and he only waited for the period when he thought it would be of most service. His own words were, being immortally remembered. This proves that Time cannot cope with sorrow.'—A most contorted Interpretation, and a most exemplary non sequitur!"—Westminster Rev. 1839.]
on the occasion of conferring this overwhelming favour, 'I always intended to do it.'

CHAPTER XIV.

1811—1812.

CHILDE HAROLD IN THE PRESS—ADDITIONS AND ALTERATIONS.—HINTS FROM HORACE, CURSE OF MINERVA, AND A FIFTH EDITION OF ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS LIKewise IN THE PRESS.—EPIsODE.—LETTERS TO ROBERT RUSHTON, MR. HODGSON, AND YOUNG COWELL.—MAIDEN SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—ACQUAINTANCE WITh LORD HOLAND.—PUBLICATION OF CHILDE HAROLD.—ITS INSTANTANEOUS SUCCESS.—PRESENTATION OF THE COPY-RIGHT TO MR. DALLAS.

During all this time, and through the months of January and February, his poem of "Childe Harold" was in its progress through the press; and to the changes and additions which he made in the course of printing, some of the most beautiful passages of the work owe their existence. On comparing, indeed, his rough draft of the two cantos with the finished form in which they exist at present, we are made sensible of the power which the man of genius possesses, not only of surpassing others, but of improving on himself. Originally, the "little Page" and "Yeoman" of the Childe were introduced to the reader's notice in the following stanzas, by expanding the substance of which into their present light, lyric shape, it is almost needless to remark how much the poet has gained in variety and dramatic effect:

"And of his train there was a henchman page,
A peasant boy, who served his master well;
And often would his pranksome prate engage
Childe Burun's 1 ear, when his proud heart did swell
With sullen thoughts that he disdain'd to tell.
Then would he smile on him, and Alwin 2 smiled,
When aught that from his young lips archly fell,
The gloomy film from Harold's eye beguiled.

"Him and one yeoman only did he take
To travel eastward to a far countrie;
And, though the boy was grieved to leave the lake,
On whose fair banks he grew from infancy,
1stoons his little heart beat merrily,
With hope of foreign nations to behold,
And many things right marvellous to see,
Of which our vaunting travellers oft have told,
From Mandeville . . . . . ."

In place of that mournful song "To Ines," in the first canto, which contains some of the dreariest touches of sadness that even his pen ever let fall, he had, in the original construction of the poem, been so little fustidious as to content himself with such ordinary sing-song as the following:

"Oh never tell again to me
Of Northern climes and British ladies,
It has not been your lot to see,
Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz.
Although her eye be not of blue,
Nor fair her locks, like English lasses," &c. &c.

There were also, originally, several stanzas full of direct personality, and some that degenerated into a style still more familiar and ludicrous than that of the description of a London Sunday, which still disfigures the poem. In thus mixing up the light with the solemn, it was the intention of the poet to imitate Ariosto. But it is far easier to rise, with grace, from the level of a strain generally familiar, into an occasional short burst of pathos or splendour, than to interrupt thus a prolonged tone of solemnity by any descent into the ludicrous or burlesque. In the former case, the transition may have the effect of softening or elevating, while, in the latter, it almost invariably shocks for the same reason, perhaps, that a trait of pathos or high feeling, in comedy, has a peculiar charm; while the intrusion of comic scenes into tragedy, however sanctioned among us by habit and authority, rarely fails to offend. The noble poet was, himself, convinced of the failure of the experiment, and in none of the succeeding cantos of Childe Harold repeated it.

Of the satiric parts, some verses on the well-known traveller, Sir John Carr, may supply us with, at least, a harmless specimen:

"Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,
Sights, saints, antiques, arts, anecdotes, and war,
Go, he ye hence to Paternoster Row,—
Are they not written in the boke of Carr?
Green Erin's Knight, and Europe's wandering star.
Then listen, readers, to the Man of Ink,
Hear what he did, and sought, and wrote afar:
All these are coept within one Quarto's brink;
This borrow, steal (don't buy), and tell us what you think."

had been successively inserted here and scratched out again.

1 If there could be any doubt as to his intention of delineating himself in his hero, this adoption of the old Norman name of his family, which he seems to have at first contemplated, would be sufficient to remove it.
2 In the MS. the names "Robin" and "Rupert"
Among those passages which, in the course of revival, he introduced, like pieces of "rich inlay," into the poem, was that fine stanza—

"Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore," &c.—

through which lines, though, it must be confessed, a tone of scepticism breathes, (as well as in those tender verses—

"Yes,—I will dream that we may meet again."

it is a scepticism whose sadness calls far more for pity than blame; there being discoverable, even through its very doubts, an innate warmth of piety, which they had been able to obscure, but not to chill. To use the words of the poet himself, in a note which it was once his intention to affix to these stanzas, "Let it be remembered that the spirit they breathe is desponding, not sneering, scepticism,—a distinction never to be lost sight of; as, however hopeless may be the conversion of the scoffing infidel, he who feels pain in doubting has still alive within him the seeds of belief.

At the same time with Childe Harold, he had three other works in the press,—his "Hints from Horace," "The Curse of Minerva," and a fifth edition of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." The note upon the latter poem, which had been the lucky origin of our acquaintance, was withdrawn in this edition, and a few words of explanation, which he had the kindness to submit to my perusal, substituted in its place.

In the month of January, the whole of the two cantos being printed off, some of the poet's friends, and, among others, Mr. Rogers and myself, were so far favoured as to be indulged with a perusal of the sheets. In advertsing to this period in his "Memoanda," Lord Byron, I remember, mentioned,—as one of the ill omens which preceded the publication of the poem,—that some of the literary friends to whom it was shown expressed doubts of its success, and that one among them had told him "it was too good for the age." Whoever may have pronounced this opinion,—and I have some suspicion that I am myself the guilty person,—the age has, it must be owned, most triumphantly refuted the calumny upon its taste which the remark implied.

It was in the hands of Mr. Rogers I first saw the sheets of the poem, and glanced hastily over a few of the stanzas which he pointed out to me as beautiful. Having occasion, the same morning, to write a note to Lord Byron, I expressed strongly the admiration which this foretaste of his work had excited in me; and the following is—as far as relates to literary matters—the answer I received from him.

**Letter 33. TO MR. Moore.**

"January 29. 1812.

"My dear Moore,

"I wish very much I could have seen you; I am in a state of ludicrous tribulation."

"Why do you say that I dislike your poesy? I have expressed no such opinion, either in print or elsewhere. In scribbling myself, it was necessary for me to find fault, and I fixed upon the trite charge of immorality, because I could discover no other, and was so perfectly qualified in the innocence of my heart, to 'pluck that mote from my neighbour's eye.'

"I feel very, very much obliged by your approbation; but, at this moment, praise, even your praise, passes by me like the idle wind. I meant and mean to send you a copy the moment of publication; but now I can think of nothing but damned, deceitful—delightful woman, as Mr. Liston says in the Knight of Snowdon. Believe me, my dear Moore,

"Ever yours, most affectionately,

"Byron."

The passages here omitted contain rather too amusing an account of a disturbance that had just occurred in the establishment at Newstead, in consequence of the detected misconduct of one of the maid-servants, who had been supposed to stand rather too high in the favour of her master, and, by the airs of authority which she thereupon assumed, had disposed all the rest of the household to regard her with no very charitable eyes. The chief actors in the strife were this Sultana and young Rushton; and the first point in dispute that came to Lord Byron's knowledge (though circumstances, far from creditable to the damsel, afterwards transpired) was, whether Rushton was bound to carry letters to "the Hut" at the bidding of this female. To an episode of such a nature I should not have thought of alluding, were it not for the two rather curious letters that follow, which show how gravely and coolly the young lord could arbitrate on such an occasion, and with what considerate leaning towards the servant whose fidelity he had proved, in preference to any new liking or fancy by which it might be suspected he was actuated towards the other.
LETTER 84. TO ROBERT RUSHTON.

" 8. St. James's Street, Jan. 21, 1812.

" Though I have no objection to your refusal to carry letters to Mealey's, you will take care that the letters are taken by Spero at the proper time. I have also to observe, that Susan is to be treated with civility, and not insulted by any person over whom I have the smallest control, or, indeed, by any one whatever, while I have the power to protect her. I am truly sorry to have any subject of complaint against you; I have too good an opinion of you to think I shall have occasion to repeat it, after the care I have taken of you, and my favourable intentions in your behalf. I see no occasion for any communication whatever between you and the women, and wish you to occupy yourself in preparing for the situation in which you will be placed. If a common sense of decency cannot prevent you from conducting yourself towards them with rudeness, I should at least hope that your own interest, and regard for a master who has never treated you with unkindness, will have some weight. Yours, &c.

"BYRON."

"P.S.—I wish you to attend to your arithmetic, to occupy yourself in surveying, measuring, and making yourself acquainted with every particular relative to the land of Newstead, and you will write to me one letter every week, that I may know how you go on."

LETTER 85. TO ROBERT RUSHTON.

" 8. St. James's Street, January 25, 1812.

" Your refusal to carry the letter was not a subject of remonstrance: it was not a part of your business; but the language you used to the girl was (as she stated it) highly improper.

"You say, that you also have something to complain of; then state it to me immediately: it would be very unfair, and very contrary to my disposition, not to hear both sides of the question.

"If any thing has passed between you before or since my last visit to Newstead, do not be afraid to mention it. I am sure you would not deceive me, though she would. Whatever it is, you shall be forgiven. I have not been without some suspicions on the subject, and am certain that, at your time of life, the blame could not attach to you. You will not consult any one as to your answer, but write to me immediately. I shall be more ready to hear what you have to advance, as I do not remember ever to have heard a word from you before against any human being, which convinces me you would not maliciously assert an untruth. There is not any one who can do the least injury to you, while you conduct yourself properly. I shall expect your answer immediately. Yours, &c.

"BYRON."

It was after writing these letters that he came to the knowledge of some improper levities on the part of the girl, in consequence of which he dismissed her and another female servant from Newstead; and how strongly he allowed this discovery to affect his mind, will be seen in a subsequent letter to Mr. Hodgson.

LETTER 86. TO MR. HODGSON.

" 8. St. James's Street, February 16, 1812.

"Dear Hodgson,

"I send you a proof. Last week I was very ill and confined to bed with stone in the kidney, but I am now quite recovered. If the stone had got into my heart instead of my kidneys, it would have been all the better. The women are gone to their relatives, after many attempts to explain what was already too clear. However, I have quite recovered that also, and only wonder at my folly in excepting my own trumpets from the general corruption,—albeit a two months' weakness is better than ten years. I have one request to make, which is, never mention a woman again in any letter to me, or even allude to the existence of the sex. I won't even read a word of the feminine gender;—it must all be 'propria quæ maribus.'

"In the spring of 1813 I shall leave England for ever. Every thing in my affairs tends to this, and my inclinations and health do not discourage it. Neither my habits nor constitution are improved by your customs or your climate. I shall find employment in making myself a good Oriental scholar. I shall retain a mansion in one of the fairest islands, and retire, at intervals, the most interesting portions of the East. In the mean time, I am adjusting my concerns, which will (when arranged) leave me with wealth sufficient even for home, but enough for a principality in Turkey. At present they are involved, but I hope, by taking some necessary but unpleasant steps, to clear every thing. Hobhouse is expected daily in London: we shall be very glad to see him; and, perhaps, you will come up and 'drink deep ere he depart,' if not, 'Mahomet must go to the mountain;'—but Cambridge will bring sad recollections
to him, and worse to me, though for very different reasons. I believe the only human being that ever loved me in truth and entirely was of, or belonging to, Cambridge, and, in that, no change can now take place. There is one consolation in death — where he sets his seal, the impression can neither be melted nor broken, but endureth for ever.

"Yours always, " B."

Among those lesser memorials of his good nature and mindfulness, which, while they are precious to those who possess them, are not unworthy of admiration from others, may be reckoned such letters as the following, to a youth at Eton, recommending another, who was about to be entered at that school, to his care.

**LETTER 87. TO MASTER JOHN COWELL.**  

"My dear John,

"You have probably long ago forgotten the writer of these lines, who would, perhaps, be unable to recognise yourself, from the difference which must naturally have taken place in your stature and appearance since he saw you last. I have been rambling through Portugal, Spain, Greece, &c. &c. for some years, and have found so many changes on my return, that it would be very unfair not to expect that you should have had your share of alteration and improvement with the rest. I write to request a favour of you: a little boy of eleven years, the son of Mr.**, my particular friend, is about to become an Etonian, and I should esteem any act of protection or kindness to him as an obligation to myself; let me beg of you then to take some little notice of him at first, till he is able to shift for himself.

"I was happy to hear a very favourable account of you from a schoolfellow a few weeks ago, and should be glad to learn that your family are as well as I wish them to be. I presume you are in the upper school; — as an Etonian, you will look down upon a Harrow man; but I never, even in my boyish days, disputed your superiority, which I once experienced in a cricket match, where I had the honour of making one of eleven, who were beaten to their hearts' content by your college in one innings.

"Believe me to be, with great truth, &c. &c.  " B."

On the 27th of February, a day or two before the appearance of Childe Harold, he made the first trial of his eloquence in the House of Lords; and it was on this occasion he had the good fortune to become acquainted with Lord Holland, — an acquaintance no less honourable than gratifying to both, as having originated in feelings the most generous, perhaps, of our nature; a ready forgiveness of injuries, on the one side, and a frank and unqualified atonement for them, on the other. The subject of debate was the Nottingham Frame-breaking Bill; and, Lord Byron having mentioned to Mr. Rogers his intention to take a part in the discussion, a communication was, by the intervention of that gentleman, opened between the noble poet and Lord Holland, who, with his usual courtesy, professed himself ready to afford all the information and advice in his power. The following letters, however, will best explain their first advances towards acquaintance.

**LETTER 88. TO MR. ROGERS.**  
"February 4. 1812.

"My dear Sir,

"With my best acknowledgments to Lord Holland, I have to offer my perfect concurrence in the propriety of the question previously to be put to ministers. If their answer is in the negative, I shall, with his Lordship's approbation, give notice of a motion for a Committee of Inquiry. I would also gladly avail myself of his most able advice, and any information or documents with which he might be pleased to intrust me, to bear me out in the statement of facts it may be necessary to submit to the House.

"From all that fell under my own observation during my Christmas visit to Newstead, I feel convinced that, if conciliatory measures are not very soon adopted, the most unhappy consequences may be apprehended. Nightly outrage and daily depredation are already at their height; and not only the masters of frames, who are obnoxious on account of their occupation, but persons in no degree connected with the malecontents or their oppressors, are liable to insult and pillage.

"I am very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken on my account, and beg you to believe me ever your obliged and sincere, &c."

**LETTER 89. TO LORD HOLLAND.**  

"My Lord,

"With my best thanks, I have the honour to return the Notts. letter to your Lordship. I have read it with attention, but do not think I shall venture to avail myself of its contents, as my view of the
question differs in some measure from Mr. Coldham's. I hope I do not wrong him, but his objections to the bill appear to me to be founded on certain apprehensions that he and his coadjutors might be mistaken for the 'original advisers' (to quote him) of the measure. For my own part, I consider the manufacturers as a much injured body of men, sacrificed to the views of certain individuals who have enriched themselves by those practices which have deprived the frame-workers of employment. For instance;—by the adoption of a certain kind of frame, one man performs the work of seven—six are thus thrown out of business. But it is to be observed that the work thus done is far inferior in quality, hardly marketable at home, and hurried over with a view to exportation. Surely, my Lord, however we may rejoice in any improvement in the arts which may be beneficial to mankind, we must not allow mankind to be sacrificed to improvements in mechanism. The maintenance and well-doing of the industrious poor is an object of greater consequence to the community than the enrichment of a few monopolists by any improvement in the implements of trade, which deprives the workman of his bread, and renders the labourer "unworthy of his hire." My own motive for opposing the bill is founded on its palpable injustice, and its certain inefficacy. I have seen the state of these miserable men, and it is a disgrace to a civilised country. Their excesses may be condemned, but cannot lie subject of wonder. The effect of the present bill would be to drive them into actual rebellion. The few words I shall venture to offer on Thursday will be founded upon these opinions formed from my own observations on the spot. By previous inquiry, I am convinced these men would have been restored to employment, and the county to tranquillity. It is, perhaps, not yet too late, and is surely worth the trial. It can never be too late to employ force in such circumstances. I believe your Lordship does not coincide with me entirely. Your Lordship's judgment and experience, and take some other line of argument against the bill, or be silent altogether, should you deem it more advisable. Condemning, as every one must condemn, the conduct of these wretches, I believe in the existence of grievances which call rather for pity than punishment. I have the honour to be, with great respect, my Lord, your Lordship's

"Most obedient and obliged servant, "BYRON."

It would have been, no doubt, the ambition of Lord Byron to acquire distinction as well in oratory as in poesy; but Nature seems to set herself against pluralities in fame. He had prepared himself for this debate,—as most of the best orators have done, in their first essays,—not only by composing, but writing down, the whole of his speech beforehand. The reception he met with was flattering; some of the noble speakers on his own side complimented him very warmly; and that he was himself highly pleased with his success, appears from the annexed account of Mr. Dallas, which gives a lively notion of his boyish elation on the occasion.

"When he left the great chamber, I went and met him in the passage; he was glowing with success, and much agitated. I had an umbrella in my right hand, not expecting that he would put out his hand to me;— in my haste to take it when offered, I had advanced my left hand—'What!' said he, 'give your friend your left hand upon such an occasion?' I showed the cause, and immediately changing the umbrella to the other hand, I gave him my right hand, which he shook and pressed warmly. He was greatly elated, and repeated some of the compliments which had been paid to him, and mentioned one or two of the peers who had desired to be introduced to him. He concluded with saying, that he had, by his speech, given me the best advertisement for Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."

The speech itself, as given by Mr. Dallas from the noble speaker's own manuscript, is pointed and vigorous; and the same sort of interest that is felt in reading the poetry of a Burke, may be gratified, perhaps, by a few specimens of the oratory of a Byron. In the very opening of his speech, he thus introduces himself by the melancholy avowal, that in that assembly of his brother nobles he stood almost a stranger.

"As a person in some degree connected with the suffering county, though a stranger not only to this House in general, but to almost every individual whose attention I presume to solicit, I must claim some portion of your Lordships, indulgence."

The following extracts comprise, I think, the passages of most spirit:

"When we are told that these men are leagued together, not only for the destruction of their own comfort, but of their very
means of subsistence, can we forget that it is the bitter policy, the destructive warfare, of the last eighteen years which has destroyed their comfort; your comfort, all men's comfort; that policy which, originating with 'great statesmen now no more,' has survived the dead to become a curse on the living unto the third and fourth generation! These men never destroyed their looms till they were become useless—worse than useless; till they were become actual impediments to their exertions in obtaining their daily bread. Can you then wonder that, in times like these, when bankruptcy, convicted fraud, and imputed felony, are found in a station not far beneath that of your Lordships, the lowest, though once most useful, portion of the people should forget their duty in their distresses, and become only less guilty than one of their representatives? But while the exalted offender can find means to baffle the law, new capital punishments must be devised, new snares of death must be spread for the wretched mechanic who is famished into crime. These men were willing to dig, but the spade was in other hands; they were not ashamed to beg, but there was none to relieve them. Their own means of subsistence were cut off; all other employments pre-occupied; and their excesses, however to be deplored or condemned, can hardly be the subject of surprise.

"I have traversed the seat of war in the Peninsula; I have been in some of the most oppressed provinces of Turkey; but never, under the most despotic of infidel governments, did I behold such squalid wretchedness as I have seen since my return, in the very heart of a Christian country. And what are your remedies? After months of inaction, and months of action worse than inactivity, at length comes forth the grand specific, the never-failing nostrum of all state physicians from the days of Draco to the present time. After feeling the pulse, and shaking the head over the patient, prescribing the usual course of warm water and bleeding—the warm water of your mawkish police, and the lancets of your military—these convulsions must terminate in death, the sure consummation of the prescriptions of all political Sangrados. Setting aside the palpable injustice and the certain inefficiency of the bill, are there not capital punishments sufficient on your statutes? Is there not blood enough upon your penal code, that more must be poured forth to ascend to heaven and testify against you? How will you carry this bill into effect? Can you commit a whole county to their own prisons?

Will you erect a gibbet in every field, and hang up men like scare-crows? or will you proceed (as you must, to bring this measure into effect,) by decimation; place the country under martial law; depopulate and lay waste all around you, and restore Sherwood Forest as an acceptable gift to the crown in its former condition of a royal chase, and an asylum for outlaws? Are these the remedies for a starving and desperate populace? Will the famished wretch who has braved your bayonets be appalled by your gibbets? When death is a relief, and the only relief it appears that you will afford him, will he be dragooned into tranquillity? Will that which could not be effected by your grenadiers, be accomplished by your executioners? If you proceed by the forms of laws, where is your evidence? Those who refused to impeach their accomplices, when transportation only was the punishment, will hardly be tempted to witness against them when death is the penalty. With all due deference to the noble lords opposite, I think a little investigation, some previous inquiry, would induce even them to change their purpose. That most favourite state measure, so marvelously efficacious in many and recent instances, temporising, would not be without its advantage in this. When a proposal is made to emancipate or relieve, you hesitate, you deliberate for years, you temporise and tamper with the minds of men; but a death-bill must be passed off hand, without a thought of the consequences."

In reference to his own parliamentary displays, and to this maiden speech in particular, I find the following remarks in one of his Journals:—

"Sheridan's liking for me (whether he was not mystifying me I do not know, but Lady Caroline Lamb and others told me that he said the same both before and after he knew me,) was founded upon 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' He told me that he did not care about poetry, (or about mine—at least, any but that poem of mine,) but he was sure, from that and other symptoms, I should make an orator, if I would but take to speaking, and grow a parliament man. He never ceased harping upon this to me to the last; and I remember my old tutor, Dr. Drury, had the same notion when I was a boy; but it never was my turn of inclination to try. I spoke once or twice, as all young peers do, as a kind of introduction into public life; but dissipation, shyness, haughty and reserved opinions, together with the short time I lived in England after my majority (only about five years in all), prevented me from resuming the experiment. As far
as it went, it was not discouraging, particularly my first speech (I spoke three or four times in all); but just after it, my poem of Childe Harold was published, and nobody ever thought about my prose afterwards, nor indeed did I; it became to me a secondary and neglected object, though I sometimes wonder to myself if I should have succeeded."

His immediate impressions with respect to the success of his first speech may be collected from a letter addressed soon after to Mr. Hodgson.

LETTER 90. TO MR. HODGSON.

"8. St. James's Street, March 5. 1812.

"My dear Hodgson,

"We are not answerable for reports of speeches in the papers; they are always given incorrectly, and on this occasion more so than usual, from the debate in the Commons on the same night. The Morning Post should have said eighteen years. However, you will find the speech, as spoken, in the Parliamentary Register, when it comes out. Lords Holland and Grenville, particularly the latter, paid me some high compliments in the course of their speeches, as you may have seen in the papers, and Lords Eldon and Harrowby answered me. I have had many marvellous eulogies repeated to me since, in person and by proxy, from divers persons ministerial—yes, ministerial!—as well as oppositionists; of them I shall only mention Sir F. Burdett. He says it is the best speech by a lord since the 'Lord knows when,' probably from a fellow-feeling in the sentiments. Lord H. tells me I shall beat them all if I persevere; and Lord G. remarked that the construction of some of my periods are very like Burke's!! And so much for vanity. I spoke very violent sentences with a sort of modest impudence, abused every thing and every body, and put the Lord Chancellor very much out of humour; and if I may believe what I hear, have not lost any character by the experiment. As to my delivery, loud and fluent enough, perhaps a little theatrical. I could not recognise myself or any one else in the newspapers.

"My poesy comes out on Saturday. Hobhouse is here; I shall tell him to write. My stone is gone for the present, but I fear is part of my habit. We all talk of a visit to Cambridge.

"Yours ever, "B."

Of the same date as the above is the following letter to Lord Holland, accompanying a copy of his new publication, and written in a tone that cannot fail to give a high idea of his good feeling and candour.

LETTER 91. TO LORD HOLLAND.

"St. James's Street, March 5. 1812.

"My Lord,

"May I request your Lordship to accept a copy of the thing which accompanies this note? You have already so fully proved the truth of the first line of Pope's couplet 1, "Forgiveness to the injured doth belong," that I long for an opportunity to give the lie to the verse that follows. If I were not perfectly convinced that any thing I may have formerly uttered in the boyish rashness of my misplaced resentment had made as little impression as it deserved to make, I should hardly have the confidence—perhaps your Lordship may give it a stronger and more appropriate appellation—to send you a quarto of the same scribbler. But your Lordship, I am sorry to observe to-day, is troubled with the gout; if my book can produce a laugh against itself or the author, it will be of some service. If it can set you to sleep, the benefit will be yet greater; and as some facetious personage observed half a century ago, that 'poetry is a mere drug,' I offer you mine as a humble assistant to the eau médicinale. I trust you will forgive this and all my other buffooneries, and believe me to be, with great respect,

"Your Lordship's obliged and

"Sincere servant,

"BYRON."

It was within two days after his speech in the House of Lords that Childe Harold appeared; and the impression which it produced upon the public was as instantaneous as it has proved deep and lasting. The permanence of such success genius alone could secure; but to its instant and enthusiastic burst, other causes, besides the merit of the work, concurred.

There are those who trace in the peculiar character of Lord Byron's genius strong

1 [The couplet is Dryden's:—
"Forgiveness to the injured doth belong,
But they ne'er pardon who commit the wrong." ]

2 To his sister, the Honourable Mrs. Leigh, one of the first presentation copies was sent, with the following inscription in it:—
"To Augusta, my dearest sister, and my best friend, who has ever loved me much better than I deserved, this volume is presented by her father's son, and most affectionate brother,

"B."
features of relationship to the times in which he lived; who think that the great events which marked the close of the last century, by giving a new impulse to men's minds, by habituating them to the daring and the free, and allowing full vent to "the flash and out-
break of fiery spirits," had led naturally to the production of such a poet as Byron; and that he was, in short, as much the child and representative of the Revolution, in poesy, as another great man of the age, Napoleon, was in statesmanship and warfare. Without going the full length of this notion, it will, at least, be conceded, that the free loose which had been given to all the passions and energies of the human mind, in the great struggle of that period, together with the constant spectacle of such astounding vicissitudes as were passing, almost daily, on the theatre of the world, had created, in all minds, and in every walk of intellect, a taste for strong excitement, which the stimulants supplied from ordinary sources were insufficient to gratify; — that a tame deference to established authorities had fallen into disrepute, no less in literature than in politics; and that the poet who should breathe into his songs the fierce and passionate spirit of the age, and assert, untramelled and unawed, the high dominion of genius, would be the most sure of an audience toned in sympathy with his strains.

It is true that, to the licence on religious subjects, which revelled through the first acts of that tremendous drama, a disposition of an opposite tendency had, for some time, succeeded. Against the wit of the scoffers, not only piety, but a better taste, revolted; and had Lord Byron, in touching on such themes as Childe Harold, adopted a tone of levity or derision, (such as, unluckily, he sometimes afterwards descended to,) not all the originality and beauty of his work would have secured for it a prompt or uncontest ed triumph. As it was, however, the few dashes of scepticism with which he darkened his strain, far from checking his popularity, were among those attractions which, as I have said, independent of all the charms of the poetry, accelerated and heightened its success. The religious feeling that has sprung up through Europe since the French revolution—like the political principles that have emerged out of the same event— in rejecting all the licentiousness of that period, have preserved much of its spirit of freedom and inquiry; and, among the best fruits of this enlarged and enlightened piety, is the liberty which it disposes men to accord to the opinions, and even heresies, of others. To persons thus sincerely, and, at the same time, tolerantly, devout, the spectacle of a great mind, like that of Byron, labouring in the eclipse of scepticism, could not be otherwise than an object of deep and solemn interest. If they had already known what it was to doubt, themselves, they would enter into his fate with mournful sympathy; while, if safe in the tranquil haven of faith, they would look with pity on one who was still a wanderer. Besides, erring and dark as might be his views at that moment, there were circumstances in his character and fate that gave a hope of better thoughts yet dawn ing upon him. From his temperament and youth, there could be little fear that he was yet hardened in his heresies; and as, for a heart wounded like his, there was, they knew, but one true source of consolation, so it was hoped that the love of truth, so apparent in all he wrote, would, one day, enable him to find it.

Another, and not the least of those causes which concur ed with the intrinsic claims of his genius to give an impulse to the tide of success that now flowed upon him, was, unquestionably, the peculiarity of his personal history and character. There had been, in his very first introduction of himself to the public, a sufficient portion of singularity to excite strong attention and interest. While all other youths of talent, in his high station, are heralded into life by the applause and anticipations of a host of friends, young Byron stood forth alone, unannounced by either praise or promise,—the representative of an ancient house, whose name, long lost in the gloomy solitudes of Newstead, seemed to have just awakened from the sleep of half a century in his person. The circumstances that, in succession, followed,—the prompt vigour of his reprisals upon the assailants of his fame,—his disappearance, after this achievement, from the scene of his triumph, without deigning even to wait for the laurels which he had earned, and his departure on a far pilgrimage, whose limits he left to chance and fancy,—all these successive incidents had thrown an air of adventure round the character of the young poet, which prepared his readers to meet half-way the impressions of his genius. Instead of finding him, on a nearer view, fall short of their imaginations, the new features of his disposition now disclosed to them far outwet, in peculiarity and interest, whatever they might have preconceived; while the curiosity and sympathy, awakened by what he suffered to transpire of his history, were still more height ened by the mystery of his allusions to much that yet remained untold. The late losses by death which he had sustained,
and which, it was manifest, he most deeply mourned, gave a reality to the notion formed of him by his admirers which seemed to authorise them in imagining still more; and what has been said of the poet Young, that he found out the art of "making the public a party to his private sorrows," may be, with infinitely more force and truth, applied to Lord Byron.

On that circle of society with whom he came immediately in contact, these personal influences acted with increased force, from being assisted by others, which, to female imaginations especially, would have presented a sufficiency of attraction, even without the great qualities joined with them. His youth, — the noble beauty of his countenance, and its constant play of lights and shadows, — the gentleness of his voice and manner to women and his occasional haughtiness to men, — the alleged singularities of his mode of life, which kept curiosity alive and inquisitive, — all these lesser traits and habits concurred towards the quick spread of his fame; nor can it be denied that, among many purer sources of interest in his poem, the allusions which he makes to instances of "successful passion" in his career 1 were not without their influence on the fancies of that sex, whose weakness it is to be most easily won by those who come recommended by the greatest number of triumphs over others.

That his rank was also to be numbered among these extrinsic advantages appears to have been — partly, perhaps, from a feeling of modesty at the time — his own persuasion. "I may place a great deal of it," said he to Mr. Dallas, "to my being a lord." It might be supposed that it is only on a rank inferior to his own such a charm could operate; but this very speech is, in itself, a proof, that in that circle, the admiration of the noble beauty of his countenance, and which, it was manifest, he most deeply mourned, gave a reality to the notion formed of him by his admirers which seemed to authorise them in imagining still more; and what has been said of the poet Young, that he found out the art of "making the public a party to his private sorrows," may be, with infinitely more force and truth, applied to Lord Byron.

1 "Little knew she, that seeming marble heart,
Now mask'd in silence, or withheld by pride,
Was not unskillful in the spoiler's art,
And spread its snares licentious far and wide." Childe Harold, Canto II.

We have here another instance of his propensity to self-misrepresentation. However great might have been the irregularities of his college life, such phrases as the "art of the spoiler" and "spreading snares" were in nowise applicable to them. "I am not a Joseph," wrote Lord Byron, in 1821, "nor a Scipio; but I can from them to the treasury of English literature, would be at once fully and splendidly discharged.

Altogether, taking into consideration the various points I have here enumerated, it may be asserted, that never did there exist before, and it is most probable never will exist again, a combination of such vast mental power and surpassing genius, with so many other of those advantages and attractions, by which the world is, in general, dazzled and captivated. The effect was, accordingly electric; — his fame had not to wait for any of the ordinary gradations, but seemed to spring up, like the palace of a fairy tale, in a night. As he himself briefly described it in his memoranda,—"I awoke one morning and found myself famous." The first edition of his work was disposed of instantaneously; and, as the echoes of its reputation multiplied on all sides, "Childe Harold" and "Lord Byron" became the theme of every tongue. At his door, most of the leading names of the day presented themselves, — some of them persons whom he had much wronged in his Satire, but who now forgot their resentment in generous admiration. From morning till night the most flattering testimonies of his success crowded his table, — from the grave tributes of the statesman and the philosopher down to (what flattered him still more) the romantic billet of some incognita, or the pressing note of invitation from some fair leader of fashion; and, in place of the desert which London had been to him but a few weeks before, he now not only saw the whole splendid interior of High Life thrown open to receive him, but found himself, among its illustrious crowds, the most distinguished object.

The copyright of the poem, which was purchased by Mr. Murray for 600£, he presented, in the most delicate and unostentatious manner, to Mr. Dallas 3, saying, at the same time, that he "never would receive money for his writings"; — a resolution, the mixed result of generosity and pride, which he afterwards wisely abandoned, though borne out by the example of Swift 3 and Voltaire, the latter of whom gave away most safely affirm, that I never in my life seduced any woman."]

2 "After speaking to him of the sale, and settling the new edition, I said, 'How can I possibly think of this rapid sale, and the profits likely to ensue, without recollection— '—What? '—Think what sum your work may produce. '—'I shall be rejoiced, and wish it doubled and trebled; but do not talk to me of money. I never will receive money for my writings.'—Dallas's Recollections.

3 In a letter to Pulteney, 12th May, 1735, Swift says, 'I never got a farthing for any thing I writ, except once,
of his copyrights to Prault and other booksellers, and received books, not money, for those he disposed of otherwise. To his young friend, Mr. Harness, it had been his intention, at first, to dedicate the work, but, on further consideration, he relinquished his design; and in a letter to that gentleman (which, with some others, is unfortunately lost) alleged, as his reason for this change, the prejudice which he foresaw, some parts of the poem would raise against himself, and his fear lest, by any possibility, a share of the odium might so far extend itself to his friend, as to injure him in the profession to which he was about to devote himself.

CHAPTER XV.

1812.


Not long after the publication of Childe Harold, the noble author paid me a visit, one morning, and putting a letter into my hands, which he had just received, requested that I would undertake to manage for him whatever proceedings it might render necessary. This letter, I found, had been delivered to him by Mr. Leckie 1 (a gentleman well known by a work on Sicilian affairs), and came from a once active and popular friend, as to injure him in the profession to which he was about to devote himself.

and that by Mr. Pope's prudent management for me." ["This probably alludes to Gulliver's Travels, for which Pope certainly obtained from the bookseller 300l. There may, however, be some question, whether this sum was not left at Pope's disposal, as well as that which he got for the Miscellanies, and which Swift abandoned to him."

satire, reflecting upon his conduct as manager of the Argyle Institution, were calculated to inflict upon his character. In the appeal of the gallant Colonel, there were some expressions of rather an angry cast, which Lord Byron, though fully conscious of the length to which he himself had gone, was but little inclined to brook, and, on my returning the letter into his hands, he said, "To such a letter as that there can be but one sort of answer." He agreed, however, to trust the matter entirely to my discretion, and I had, shortly after, an interview with the friend of Colonel Greville. By this gentleman, who was then an utter stranger to me, I was received with much courtesy, and with every disposition to bring the affair intrusted to us to an amicable issue. On my premising that the tone of his friend's letter stood in the way of negotiation, and that some obnoxious expressions which it contained must be removed before I could proceed a single step towards explanation, he most readily consented to remove this obstacle. At his request I drew a pen across the parts I considered objectionable, and he undertook to send me the letter re-written next morning. In the mean time I received from Lord Byron the following paper for my guidance:

"With regard to the passage on Mr. Way's loss, no unfair play was hinted at, as may be seen by referring to the book; and it is expressly added, that the managers were ignorant of that transaction. As to the prevalence of play at the Argyle, it cannot be denied that there were billiards and dice; — Lord B. has been a witness to the use of both at the Argyle Rooms. These, it is presumed, come under the denomination of play. If play be allowed, the President of the Institution can hardly complain of being termed the 'Arbiter of Play,' — or what becomes of his authority?

"Lord B. has no personal animosity to Colonel Greville. A public institution, to which he himself was a subscriber, he considered himself to have a right to notice publickly. Of that institution Colonel Greville was the avowed director; — it is too late to enter into the discussion of its merits or demerits.

"Lord B. must leave the discussion of


2 ["Behold the new Petronius of the day, Our arbiter of pleasure and of play."
See \textit{Works}, p. 431.]
the reparation, for the real or supposed injury, to Colonel G.'s friend, and Mr. Moore, the friend of Lord B. — begging them to recollect that, while they consider Colonel G.'s honour, Lord B. must also maintain his own. If the business can be settled amicably, Lord B. will do as much as can and ought to be done by a man of honour towards conciliation; — if not, he must satisfy Colonel G. in the manner most conducive to his further wishes."

In the morning I received the letter, in its new form, from Mr. Leckie, with the annexed note: —

"My dear Sir, "I found my friend very ill in bed; he has, however, managed to copy the enclosed, with the alterations proposed. Perhaps you may wish to see me in the morning; I shall therefore be glad to see you any time till twelve o'clock. If you rather wish me to call on you, tell me, and I shall obey your summons. Yours, very truly, "G. F. Leckie."

With such facilities towards pacification, it is almost needless to add that there was but little delay in settling the matter amicably.

While upon this subject, I shall avail myself of the opportunity which it affords of extracting an amusing account given by Lord Byron himself of some affairs of this description, in which he was, at different times, employed as mediator.

"I have been called in as mediator, or second, at least twenty times, in violent quarrels, and have always contrived to settle the business without compromising the honour of the parties, or leading them to mortal consequences, and this, too, sometimes in very difficult and delicate circumstances, and having to deal with very hot and haughty spirits, — Irishmen, gamisters, guardsmen, captains, and cornets of horse, and the like. This was, of course, in my youth, when I lived in hot-headed company. I have had to carry challenges from gentlemen to noblemen, from captains to captains, from lawyers to counsellors, and once from a clergyman to an officer in the Life Guards; but I found the latter by far the most difficult, —

" 'to compose The bloody duel without blows,' —

the business being about a woman: I must add, too, that I never saw a woman behave so ill, like a cold-blooded, heartless b— as she was, — but very handsome for all that.

A certain Susan C** was she called. I never saw her but once; and that was to induce her but to say two words (which in no degree compromised herself), and which would have had the effect of saving a priest or a lieutenant of cavalry. She would not say them, and neither Nepean 1 nor myself (the son of Sir Evan Nepean, and a friend to one of the parties) could prevail upon her to say them, though both of us used to deal in some sort with womankind. At last I managed to quiet the combatants without her talisman, and, I believe, to her great disappointment: she was the damndest b— that I ever saw, and I have seen a great many. Though my clergyman was sure to lose either his life or his living, he was as warlike as the Bishop of Beauvais, and would hardly be pacified; but then he was in love, and that is a martial passion."

However disagreeable it was to find the consequences of his Satire thus rising up against him in a hostile shape, he was far more embarrassed in those cases where the retribution took a friendly form. Being now daily in the habit of meeting and receiving kindnesses from persons who, either in themselves, or through their relatives, had been wounded by his pen, he felt every fresh instance of courtesy from such quarters to be, (as he sometimes, in the strong language of Scripture, expressed it,) like "heaping coals of fire upon his head." He was, indeed, in a remarkable degree, sensitive to the kindness or displeasure of those he lived with; and had he passed a life subject to the immediate influence of society, it may be doubted whether he ever would have ventured upon those unbridled bursts of energy in which he at once demonstrated and abused his power. At the period when he ran riot in his Satire, society had not yet caught him within its pale; and in the time of his Caïns and Don Juans, he had again broken loose from it. Hence, his instinct towards a life of solitude and independence, as the true element of his strength. In his own domain of imagination he could defy the whole world; while, in real life, a frown or smile could rule him. The facility with which he sacrificed his first volume, at the mere suggestion of his friend, Mr. Becher, is a strong proof of this pliability; and in the instance of Childe Harold, such influence had the opinions of Mr. Gifford and Mr. Dallas on his mind, that he not only shrunk from his original design of identifying himself with his hero, but surrendered to them one of his most favourite stanzas, whose hete-

1 [Now Sir Molineux Nepean, Bart.]
rodoxy they had objected to; nor is it too much, perhaps, to conclude, that had a more extended force of such influence then acted upon him, he would have consented to omit the sceptical parts of his poem altogether. Certainly it is, that during the remainder of his stay in England, no such doctrines were ever again obtruded on his readers; and in all those beautiful creations of his fancy, with which he brightened that whole period, keeping the public eye in one prolonged gaze of admiration, both the bitterness and the licence of his impetuous spirit were kept effectually under control. The world, indeed, had yet to witness what he was capable of when emancipated from this restraint. For, graceful and powerful as were his flights of imagination, when emancipated from this restraint, it is impossible, even while we admire, that it is impossible, even while we condemn, not to admire.

The occasion by which I have been led into these remarks,—namely, his sensitiveness on the subject of his Satire,—is one of those instances that show how easily his gigantic spirit could be, if not held down, at least entangled, by the small ties of society. The aggression of which he had been guilty was not only past, but, by many of those most injured, forgiven; and yet,—highly, it must be allowed, to the credit of his social feelings,—the idea of living familiarly and friendlily with persons, respecting whose character or talents there were such opinions of his on record, became, at length, insupportable to him; and, though far advanced in a fifth edition of "English Bards," &c., he came to the resolution of suppressing the Satire altogether; and orders were sent to Cawthorn, the publisher, to commit the whole impression to the flames. At the same time, and from similar motives,—aided, I rather think, by a friendly remonstrance from Lord Elgin, or some of his connections,—the "Curse of Minerva," a poem levelled against that nobleman, and already in progress towards publication, was also sacrificed: while the "Hints from Horace," though containing far less personal satire than either of the others, shared their fate.

To exemplify what I have said of his extreme sensibility to the passing sunshine or clouds of the society in which he lived, I need but cite the following notes, addressed by him to his friend Mr. William Bankes, under the apprehension that this gentleman was, for some reason or other, displeased with him.

LETTER 92. TO MR. WILLIAM BANKEs.

"My dear Bankes,

"I feel rather hurt (not savagely) at the speech you made to me last night, and my hope is, that it was only one of your profane jests. I should be very sorry that any part of my behaviour should give you cause to suppose that I think higher of myself, or otherwise of you than I have always done. I can assure you that I am as much the humblist of your servants as at Trin. Coll.; and if I have not been at home when you favoured me with a call, the loss was more mine than yours. In the bustle of buzzing parties, there is, there can be, no rational conversation; but when I can enjoy it, there is nobody's I can prefer to your own. Believe me ever faithfully and most affectionately yours,

"BYRON."

LETTER 93. TO MR. WILLIAM BANKEs.

"My dear Bankes,

"My eagerness to come to an explanation has, I trust, convinced you that whatever my unlucky manner might inadvertently be, the change was as unintentional as (if intended) it would have been ungrateful. I really was not aware that, while we were together, I had evinced such caprices; that we were not so much in each other's company as I could have wished, I well know, but I think so acute an observer as yourself must have perceived enough to explain this, without supposing any slight to one in whose society I have pride and pleasure. Recollect that I do not allude here to 'extended' or 'extending' acquaintances, but to circumstances you will understand, I think, on a little reflection.

"And now, my dear Bankes, do not distress me by supposing that I can think of you, or you of me, otherwise than I trust we have long thought. You told me not long ago that my temper was improved, and I should be sorry that opinion should be revoked. Believe me, your friendship is of more account to me than all those absurd vanities in which, I fear, you conceive me to take too much interest. I have never disputed your superiority, or doubted (seriously) your good will, and no one shall ever 'make mischief between us' without the sincere regret on the part of your ever affectionate, &c.

"P.S.—I shall see you, I hope, at Lady Jersey's. Hobhouse goes also."
In the month of April he was again tempted to try his success in the House of Lords; and, on the motion of Lord Dohnoughtmore for taking into consideration the claims of the Irish Catholics, delivered his sentiments strongly in favour of the proposition. His display, on this occasion, seems to have been less promising than in his first essay. His delivery was thought mouthing and theatrical, being infected, I take for granted (having never heard him speak in Parliament), with the same chanting tone that disfigured his recitation of poetry,— a tone contracted at most of the public schools, but more particularly, perhaps, at Harrow, and encroaching just enough on the boundaries of song to offend those ears most by which song is best enjoyed and understood.

On the subject of the negotiations for a change of ministry which took place during this session, I find the following anecdotes recorded in his note-book:

"At the opposition meeting of the peers in 1812, at Lord Grenville's, when Lord Grey and he read to us the correspondence upon Moira's negotiation, I sate next to the present Duke of Grafton, and said, 'What is to be done next?' — 'Wake the Duke of Norfolk' (who was snoring away near us), replied he: 'I don't think the negotiators have left any thing else for us to do this turn.'

"In the debate, or rather discussion, afterwards in the House of Lords upon that very question, I sate immediately behind Lord Moira, who was extremely annoyed at Grey's speech upon the subject; and, while Grey was speaking, turned round to me repeatedly, and asked me whether I agreed with him. It was an awkward question to me who had not heard both sides. Moira kept repeating to me, 'It was not so, it was so and so,' &c. I did not know very well what to think, but I sympathised with the acuteness of his feelings upon the subject."

The subject of the Catholic claims was, it is well known, brought forward a second time this session by Lord Wellesley, whose motion for a future consideration of the question was carried by a majority of one. In reference to this division, another rather amusing anecdote is thus related.

"Lord Eldon affects an imitation of two very different Chancellors, Thurlow and Loughborough, and can indulge in an oath now and then. On one of the debates on the Catholic question, when we were either equal or within one (I forget which), I had been sent for in great haste to a ball, which I quitted, I confess, somewhat reluctantly, to emancipate five millions of people. I came in late, and did not go immediately into the body of the House, but stood just behind the woolsack. Eldon turned round, and, catching my eye, immediately said to a peer, (who had come to him for a few minutes on the woolsack, as is the custom of his friends,) 'Damn them! they'll have it now,— by G—d! the vote that is just come in will give it them.'"

During all this time, the impression which he had produced in society, both as a poet and a man, went on daily increasing; and the facility with which he gave himself up to the current of fashionable life, and mingled in all the gay scenes through which it led, showed that the novelty, at least, of this mode of existence had charms for him, however he might estimate its pleasures. That sort of vanity which is almost inseparable from genius, and which consists in an extreme sensitiveness on the subject of self, Lord Byron, I need not say, possessed in no ordinary degree; and never was there a career in which this sensibility to the opinions of others was exposed to more constant and various excitement than that on which he was now entered. I find in a note of my own to him, written at this period, some jesting allusions to the "circle of star-gazers" whom I had left around him at some party on the preceding night; — and such, in fact, was the flattering ordeal he had to undergo wherever he went. On these occasions, particularly before the range of his acquaintance had become sufficiently extended to set him wholly at his ease,— his air and port were those of one whose better thoughts were elsewhere, and who looked with melancholy abstraction on the gay crowd around him. This deportment, so rare in such scenes, and so accordant with the romantic notions entertained of him, was the result partly of shyness, and partly, perhaps, of that love of effect and impression to which the poetical character of his mind naturally led. Nothing, indeed, could be more amusing and delightful than the contrast which his manners afterwards, when we were alone, presented to his proud reserve in the brilliant circle we had just left. It was like the bursting gaiety of a boy let loose from school, and seemed as if there was no extent of fun or tricks of which he was not capable. Finding him invariably thus lively when we were together, I often rallied him on the gloomy tone of his poetry, as assumed; but his constant answer was (and I soon ceased to doubt of its truth,) that, though thus merry and full of laughter with those he liked, he was, at heart, one of the most melancholy wretches in existence."

M 2
Among the numerous notes which I received from him at this time, — some of them relating to our joint engagements in society, and others to matters now better forgotten, — I shall select a few that (as showing his haunts and habits) may not, perhaps, be uninteresting.

“March 25. 1812.

“Know all men by these presents, that you, Thomas Moore, stand indicted — no — invited, by special and particular solicitation, to Lady C. L* *’s [Caroline Lamb’s] to-morrow evening, at half-past nine o’clock, where you will meet with a civil reception and decent entertainment. Pray, come — I was so examined after you this morning, that I entreat you to answer in person.

“Believe me,” &c.

“Friday noon.

“I should have answered your note yesterday, but I hoped to have seen you this morning. I must consult with you about the day we dine with Sir Francis. I suppose we shall meet at Lady Spencer’s to-night. I did not know that you were at Miss Berry’s the other night, or I should have certainly gone there.

“As usual, I am in all sorts of scrapes, though none, at present, of a martial description.

“Believe me,” &c.

“May 8. 1812.

“I am too proud of being your friend, to care with whom I am linked in your estimation, and, God knows, I want friends more at this time than at any other. I am ‘taking care of myself’ to no great purpose. If you knew my situation in every point of view, you would excuse apparent and unintentional neglect. I shall leave town, I think; but do not you leave it without seeing me. I wish you, from my soul, every happiness you can wish yourself; and I think you have taken the road to secure it. Peace be with you! I fear she has abandoned me.

“Ever,” &c.

1 He had taken a window opposite for the purpose, and was accompanied on the occasion by his old schoolfellows, Mr. Bailey and Mr. John Madocks. They went together from some assembly, and, on their arriving at the spot, about three o’clock in the morning, not finding the house that was to receive them open, Mr. Madocks undertook to rouse the inmates, while Lord Byron and Mr. Bailey sauntered, arm in arm, up the street. During this interval, rather a painful scene occurred. Seeing an unfortunate woman lying on the steps of a door, Lord Byron, with some expression of compassion, offered her a few shillings; but, instead of accepting them, she violently pushed away his hand, and, starting up with a yell of laughter, began to mimic the lameness of his gait. He did not utter a word; but “I could feel,” said Mr. Bailey, “his arm trembling within mine, as we left her.”

I may take this opportunity of mentioning another anecdote connected with his lameness. In coming out, one night, from a ball, with Mr. Rogers, as they were on their way to their carriage, one of the link-boys ran on before Lord Byron, crying, “This way, my Lord.” — “He seems to know you,” said Mr. Rogers. — “Know me!” answered Lord Byron, with some degree of bitterness in his tone — “every one knows me, — I am deformed.”

On Monday, after sitting up all night, I saw Bellingham launched into eternity; and at three the same day I saw ** launched into the country.

“I believe, in the beginning of June, I shall be down for a few days in Notts. If so, I shall beat you up ‘en passant’ with Hobhouse, who is endeavouring, like you and everybody else, to keep me out of scrapes.

“I meant to have written you a long letter, but I find I cannot. If any thing remarkable occurs, you will hear it from me — if good; if bad, there are plenty to tell it. In the mean time, do you be happy.

“Ever yours, &c.

“P. S. — My best wishes and respects to Mrs. ** [Moore]; — she is beautiful. I may say so even to you, for I was never more struck with a countenance.”

Among the tributes to his fame, this spring, it should have been mentioned that, at some evening party, he had the honour of being presented, at that royal personage’s own desire, to the Prince Regent. “The Regent,” says Mr. Dallas, “expressed his admiration of Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage, and continued a conversation, which so fascinated the poet, that had it not been for an accidental deferring of the next levee, he bade fair to become a visitor at Carlton House, if not a complete courtier.”

After this wise prognostic, the writer adds, — “I called on him on the morning for which the levee had been appointed, and found him in a full-dress court suit of clothes, with his fine black hair in powder, which by no means suited his countenance. I was surprised, as he had not told me that he should go to court; and it seemed to me as if he thought it necessary to apologise for his intention, by his observing that he could not in decency but do it, as the Regent had done him the honour to say that he hoped to see him soon at Carlton House.”

In the two letters that follow we find his own account of the introduction.
LETTER 94. TO LORD HOLLAND.

June 29, 1812.

"My dear Lord,

"I must appear very ungrateful, and have, indeed, been very negligent, but till last night I was not apprised of Lady Holland's restoration, and I shall call to-morrow to have the satisfaction, I trust, of hearing that she is well. — I hope that neither politics nor gout have assailed your Lordship since I last saw you, and that you also are "as well as could be expected."

"The other night, at a ball, I was presented by order to our gracious Regent, who honoured me with some conversation, and professed a predilection for poetry. — I confess it was a most unexpected honour, and I thought of poor Brummell's adventure, with some apprehension of a similar blunder. I have now great hope, in the event of Mr. Pye's decease, of "warbling truth at court," like Mr. Mallet of indifferent memory. — Consider, one hundred marks a year! besides the wine and the disgrace; but then remorse would make me drown myself in my own pen or poison.

"Will you present my best respects to Lady Holland? and believe me hers and yours very sincerely."

The second letter, entering much more fully into the particulars of this interview with Royalty, was in answer, it will be perceived, to some inquiries which Sir Walter Scott (then Mr. Scott) had addressed to him on the subject; and the whole account reflects even still more honour on the Sovereign himself than on the two poets.

LETTER 95. TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

"St. James's Street, July 6, 1812.

"Sir,

"I have just been honoured with your letter. — I feel sorry that you should have thought it worth while to notice the "evil works of my nonage," as the thing is suppressed voluntarily, and your explanation is too kind not to give me pain. The Satire was written when I was very young and very angry, and fully bent on displaying my wrath and my wit, and now I am haunted by the ghosts of my wholesale assertions. I cannot sufficiently thank you for your praise; and now, waving myself, let me talk to you of the Prince Regent. He ordered me to be presented to him at a ball; and after some sayings peculiarly pleasing from royal lips, as to my own attempts, he talked to me of you and your immortalties: he preferred you to every bard past and present, and asked which of your works pleased me most. It was a difficult question. I answered, I thought the "Lay." He said his own opinion was nearly similar. In speaking of the others, I told him that I thought you more particularly the poet of "Princes," as they never appeared more fascinating than in 'Marmion' and the 'Lady of the Lake.' He was pleased to coincide, and to dwell on the description of your Jameses as no less royal than poetical. He spoke alternately of Homer and yourself, and seemed well acquainted with both; so that (with the exception of the Turks and your humble servant) you were in very good company. I defy Murray to have exaggerated his Royal Highness's opinion of your powers, nor can I pretend to enumerate all he said on the subject; but it may give you pleasure to hear that it was conveyed in language which would only suffer by my attempting to transcribe it, and with a tone and taste which gave me a very high idea of his abilities and accomplishments, which I had hitherto considered as confined to manners, certainly superior to those of any living gentleman."

"This interview was accidental. I never went to the levee; for having seen the courts of Mussulman and Catholic sovereigns, my curiosity was sufficiently allayed; and my politics being as perverse as my rhymes, I had, in fact, 'no business there.' To be thus praised by your Sovereign must be gratifying to you; and if that gratification is not alloyed by the communication being made through me, the bearer of it will consider himself very fortunately and sincerely,

"Your obliged and obedient servant,

"BYRON."

"P. S. — Excuse this scrawl, scratched in a great hurry, and just after a journey.

During the summer of this year, he paid visits to some of his noble friends, and, among others, to the Earl of Jersey and the Marquis of Lansdowne. "In 1812," he says,

Though royalty was written on his brow,
He had then the grace, too, rare in every clime,
Of being, without alloy of fop or beau,
A finish'd gentleman from top to toe."

[Don Juan, c. xii. st. 84. Works, p. 726.]
Letter 96. To Lord Holland.

Cheltenham, September 10, 1812.

"My dear Lord,

"The lines which I sketched off on your hint are still, or rather were, in an unfinished state, for I have just committed them to a flame more decisive than that of Drury. Under all the circumstances, I should hardly wish a contest with Philodrama—Philodrury—Asbestos, H**, and all the anonymes and synonymes of Committee candidates. Seriously, I think you have a chance of something much better; for prologuising is not my forte, and, at all events, either my pride or my modesty won't let me incur the hazard of having my rhymes buried in next month's Magazine, under 'Essays on the Murder of Mr. Perceval,' and 'Cures for the Bite of a Mad Dog,' as poor Goldsmith complained of the fate of far superior performances.

"I am still sufficiently interested to wish to know the successful candidate; and, amongst so many, I have no doubt some will be excellent, particularly in an age when writing verse is the easiest of all attainments.

"I cannot answer your intelligence with the 'like comfort,' unless, as you are deeply theatrical, you may wish to hear of Mr. ** [Betty], whose acting is, I fear, utterly inadequate to the London engagement into which the managers of Covent Garden have lately entered. His figure is fat, his features inadequate to the London engagement into which the managers of Covent Garden have lately entered. His figure is fat, his features

..."

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1 A review, somewhat too critical, of some of the guests here omitted.

2 [" There also were two wits by acclamation. Longbow from Ireland, Strongbow from the Tweed, Both lawyers and both men of education, But Strongbow's wit was of more polish'd breed," &c. Don Juan, c. xiii. st. 92.]

3 For the first day or two, at Middleton, he did not join his noble host's party till after dinner, but took his scanty repast of biscuits and soda-water in his own room. Being told by somebody that the gentleman above men-

4 ["The public were more importantly employed, than to observe the easy simplicity of my style, or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. My essays were buried among the essays upon liberty, eastern tales, and cures for the bite of a mad dog."—Goldsmith's Misc. Works, vol. ii. p. 105. ed. 1837.]

5 [In the face of "All the World's a Stage."]
better judges have admired, and may again; but I venture to 'prognosticate a prophecy' (see the Courier), that he will not succeed.

"So, poor dear Rogers has stuck fast on the brow of the mighty Helvellyn'—I hope not for ever. My best respects to Lady H. — her departure, with that of my other friends, was a sad event for me, now reduced to a state of the most cynical solitude. 'By the waters of Cheltenham I sat down and drank, when I remembered thee, oh Georgiana Cottage! As for our harps, we hanged them up upon the willows that grew thereby. Then they said, Sing us a song of Drury Lane,' &c.;—but I am dumb and dreary as the Israelites. The waters have disordered me to my heart's content— you were right, as you always are. Believe me ever your obliged and affectionate servant,

"Byron."

The request of the Committee for his aid having been, still more urgently, repeated, he, at length, notwithstanding the difficulty and invidiousness of the task, from his strong wish to oblige Lord Holland, consented to undertake it; and the quick succeeding notes and letters, which he addressed, during the completion of the Address, to his noble friend, afford a proof (in conjunction with others of still more interest, yet to be cited) of the pains he, at this time, took in improving and polishing his first conceptions, and the importance he wisely attached to a judicious choice of epithets as a means of enriching both the music and the meaning of his verse. They also show,—what, as an illustration of his character, is even still more valuable,—the exceeding pliancy and good humour with which he could yield to friendly suggestions and criticisms; nor can it be questioned, I think, but that the docility thus invariably exhibited by him, on points where most poets are found to be tenacious and irritable, was a quality natural to his disposition, and such as might have been turned to account in far more important matters, had he been fortunate enough to meet with persons capable of understanding and guiding him.

The following are a few of those hasty notes, on the subject of the Address, which I allude to:

TO LORD HOLLAND.

"September 22. 1812.

"My dear Lord,

"In a day or two I will send you something which you will still have the liberty to reject if you dislike it. I should like to have had more time, but will do my best,—but too happy if I can oblige you, though I may offend a hundred scribblers and the discerning public. Ever yours.

"Keep my name a secret; or I shall be beset by all the rejected, and, perhaps, damned by a party."

LETTER 97. TO LORD HOLLAND.

"Cheltenham, September 23. 1812.

"Ecco!—I have marked some passages with double readings—choose between them:—cut—add—reject—or destroy—do with them as you will—I leave it to you and the Committee—you cannot say so called 'a non commitiendo.' What will they do (and I do) with the hundred and one rejected Troubadours? 'With trumpets, yea, and with shawms,' will you be assailed in the most diabolical doggerel. I wish my name not to transpire till the day is decided. I shall not be in town, so it won't much matter; but let us have a good deliverer. I think Elliston should be the man, or Pope; not Raymond, I implore you, by the love of Rhythmus!

"The passages marked thus = =, above and below, are for you to choose between epithets, and such like poetical furniture. Pray write me a line, and believe me ever, &c.

"My best remembrances to Lady H. Will you be good enough to decide between the various readings marked, and erase the other; or our deliverer may be as puzzled as a commentator, and belike repeat both. If these versicles won't do, I will hammer out some more endecasyllables.

"P.S.—Tell Lady H. I have had sad work to keep out the Phoenix—I mean the Fire Office of that name. It has insured the theatre, and why not the Address?"

TO LORD HOLLAND.

"September 24.

"I send a recast of the four first lines of the concluding paragraph.

"This greeting o'er, the ancient rule obey'd,
The drama's homage by her Herald paid,
Receive our welcome too, whose every tone
Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your own.
The curtain rises, &c. &c.

And do forgive all this trouble. See what it is to have to do even with the gentlest of us. Ever, &c."

LETTER 98. TO LORD HOLLAND.

"Cheltenham, Sept. 25. 1812.

"Still 'more matter for a May morning.' Having patched the middle and end of the Address, I send one more couplet for a part
of the beginning, which, if not too turgid, you will have the goodness to add. After that flagrant image of the Thames (I hope no unlucky wag will say I have set it on fire, though Dryden, in his ‘Annum Mirabilis,’ and Churchill, in his ‘Times,’ did it before me), I mean to insert this —

"As flash'd for the new Volcano shone
And swept the skies with {meteors} not their own,
While thousands throng'd around the burning dome,
&c. &c.

I think 'thousands' less flat than 'crowds collected'—but don't let me plunge into the bathos, or rise into Nat. Lee's bathos, or rise into Nat. Lee's metaphors. By the by, the best view of the said fire (which I myself saw from a house-top in Covent-Garden) was at Westminster Bridge, from the reflection on the Thames.

"Perhaps the present couplet had better come in after 'trembled for their homes,' the two lines after;—as otherwise the image certainly sinks, and it will run just as well.

"The lines themselves, perhaps, may be better thus—'choose,' or 'refuse'—but please yourself, and don't mind 'Sir Fretful'—"

"As flash'd the volumed blaze, and {ghastly} shone
The skies with lightnings awful as their own.

The last runs smoothest, and, I think, best; but you know better than best. 'Lurid' is also a less indistinct epithet than 'livid wave,' and, if you think so, a dash of the pen will do.

"I expected one line this morning; in the mean time, I shall remodel and condense, and, if I do not hear from you, shall send another copy.

"I am ever, &c."

LETTER 99. TO LORD HOLLAND.

September 26. 1812.

"You will think there is no end to my villanous emendations. The fifth and sixth lines I think to alter thus—"

"Ye who beheld—oh sight admired and mourn'd,
Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it adorn'd;"

because 'night' is repeated the next line but one; and, as it now stands, the conclusion of the paragraph, 'worthy him (Shakespear) and you,' appears to apply the 'you' to those only who were out of bed and in Covent Garden market on the night of conflagration, instead of the audience or the discerning public at large, all of whom are intended to be comprised in that comprehensive and, I hope, comprehensible pronoun.

"By the by, one of my corrections in the fair copy sent yesterday has dived into the bathos some sixty fathom—"

"When Garrick died, and Brinsley ceased to write.

Ceasing to live is a much more serious concern, and ought not to be first; therefore I will let the old couplet stand, with its half rhymes 'sought' and 'wrote.' Second thoughts in every thing are best, but, in rhyme, third and fourth don't come amiss. I am very anxious on this business, and I do hope that the very trouble I occasion you will plead its own excuse, and that it will tend to show my endeavour to make the most of the time allotted. I wish I had known it months ago, for in that case I had not left one line standing on another. I always scrawl in this way, and smooth as much as I can, but never sufficiently; and, latterly, I can weave a nine-line stanza faster than a couplet, for which measure I have not the cunning. When I began 'Childe Harold,' I had never tried Spenser's measure, and now I cannot scribble in any other.

"After all, my dear Lord, if you can get a decent Address elsewhere, don't hesitate to put this aside. Why did you not trust your own Muse? I am very sure she would have been triumphant, and saved the Committee their trouble—'tis a joyful one' to me, but I fear I shall not satisfy even myself. After the account you sent me, 'tis no compliment to say you would have beaten your candidates; but I mean that, in that case, there would have been no occasion for their being beaten at all.

"There are but two decent prologues in our tongue—Pope's to Cato—Johnson's to Drury-Lane. These, with the epilogue to the 'Distrest Mother,' and, I think, one of Goldsmith's, and a prologue of old Colman's to Beaumont and Fletcher's Philaster, are the best things of the kind we have.

"P. S.—I am diluted to the throat with medicine for the stone; and Boisragon wants me to try a warm climate for the winter—but I won't."

1 "Such are the names that here your plaudits sought,
When Garrick acted, and when Brinsley wrote."

At present the couplet stands thus:

"Dear are the days that made our annals bright,
Ere Garrick died, or Brinsley ceased to write."

LETTER 100. TO LORD HOLLAND.

" September 27, 1812.

"I have just received your very kind letter, and hope you have met with a second copy corrected and addressed to Holland House, with some omissions and this new couplet,

"As glared each rising flash, and ghastly shone
The skies with lightnings awful as their own.

As to remarks, I can only say I will alter and acquiesce in anything. With regard to the part which Whitbread wishes to omit, I believe the Address will go and acquiesce in any thing. With regard to couplet, copy corrected and addressed to Holland your choice entirely the different specimens of my own, will also much improve my Babylonish turret. I should like Elliston to have it, with your leave. 'Adorn' and 'mourn' are lawful rhymes in Pope's Death of the unfortunate Lady.—Gray has 'forlorn' and 'mourn' — and 'torn' and 'mourn' are in Smollett's famous Tears of Scotland. 2

"As there will probably be an outcry amongst the rejected, I hope the Committee will testify (if it be needful) that I sent in amongst the rejected, I hope the Committee was against similar buffooneries of Rich's — but, certes, I am not Johnson.

"Instead of 'effects,' say 'labours' — 'degenerate' will do, will it? Mr. Betty is no longer a babe, therefore the line cannot be personal.

"Will this do?

"Till slowly ebb'd the {lava of the} spent volcanic wave,
And blackening ashes mark'd the Muse's grave.

If not, we will say 'burning wave,' and instead of 'burning cline,' in the line some couplets back, have 'glowing.'

"Is Whitbread determined to castrate all my cavalry lines? 3 I don't see why the other house should be spared; besides, it is the public, who ought to know better; and you recollect Johnson's was against similar buffooneries of Rich's — but, certes, I am not Johnson.

"Instead of 'effects,' say 'labours' — 'degenerate' will do, will it? Mr. Betty is no longer a babe, therefore the line cannot be personal.

"Will this do?

"Till ebb'd the lava of {the burning} molten wave,
with 'glowing dome,' in case you prefer 'burning' added to this 'wave' metaphorical. The word 'fiery dome,' in case you prefer the 'pillar of fire' in the book of Exodus, which went before the Israelites through the Red Sea. I once thought of saying 'like Israel's pillar,' and making it a simile, but I did not know,—the great temptation was leaving the epithet 'fiery' for the supplementary wave. I want to work up that passage, as it is the only new ground us prologuizers can go upon—

"This is the place where, if a poet Shined in description, he might show it.

If I part with the possibility of a future conflagration, we lessen the compliment to Shakspeare. However, we will e'en mend it thus—

"Yes, it shall be — the magic of that name That scars the scythe of Time, the torch of Flame, On the same spot, &c. &c.

Blame not our judgment should we acquiesce, And gratify you more by showing less. Oh, since your Fiat stamps the Drama's laws, Forbear to mock us with misplaced applause; That public praise be ne'er again disgraced, From {babes and brutes redeem} a nation's taste; Then pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers, When Reason's voice is echoed back by ours."

The last couplet but one was again altered in a subsequent copy, thus:—

"The past reproach let present scenes refute, Nor shift from man to babe, from babe to brute.

The form of this couplet, as printed, is as follows:—

"Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall Usurp'd the Muse's realm, and mark'd her fall."

1 At present, "As glared the volumed blaze."
2 ["By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd."
3 The lines he here alludes to, and which, in spite of all his efforts to retain them, were omitted by the Committee, ran thus:—

"Nay, lower still, the Drama yet deplores
That late she deign'd to crawl upon all-fours,
When Richard roars in Bosworth for a horse,
If you command, the steed must come in course.
If you decree, the Stage must contemnend
To soothe the sickly taste we dare not mend.

LETTER 101. TO LORD HOLLAND.

" September 28, 1812.

"Will this do better? The metaphor is more complete.

101. TO LORD HOLLAND.

Till slowly ebb'd the {lava of the} spent volcanic wave,
And blackening ashes mark'd the Muse's grave.

If not, we will say 'burning wave,' and instead of 'burning cline,' in the line some couplets back, have 'glowing.'

"Is Whitbread determined to castrate all my cavalry lines? 3 I don't see why the other house should be spared; besides, it is the public, who ought to know better; and you recollect Johnson's was against similar buffooneries of Rich's — but, certes, I am not Johnson.

"Instead of 'effects,' say 'labours' — 'degenerate' will do, will it? Mr. Betty is no longer a babe, therefore the line cannot be personal.

"Will this do?

"Till ebb'd the lava of {the burning} wave,
with 'glowing dome,' in case you prefer 'burning' added to this 'wave' metaphorical. The word 'fiery dome,' in case you prefer the 'pillar of fire' in the book of Exodus, which went before the Israelites through the Red Sea. I once thought of saying 'like Israel's pillar,' and making it a simile, but I did not know,—the great temptation was leaving the epithet 'fiery' for the supplementary wave. I want to work up that passage, as it is the only new ground us prologuizers can go upon—

"This is the place where, if a poet Shined in description, he might show it.

If I part with the possibility of a future conflagration, we lessen the compliment to Shakspeare. However, we will e'en mend it thus—

"Yes, it shall be — the magic of that name, That scars the scythe of Time, the torch of Flame, On the same spot, &c. &c.

Blame not our judgment should we acquiesce, And gratify you more by showing less. Oh, since your Fiat stamps the Drama's laws, Forbear to mock us with misplaced applause; That public praise be ne'er again disgraced, From {babes and brutes redeem} a nation's taste; Then pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers, When Reason's voice is echoed back by ours."

The last couplet but one was again altered in a subsequent copy, thus:—

"The past reproach let present scenes refute, Nor shift from man to babe, from babe to brute.

The form of this couplet, as printed, is as follows:—

"Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall Usurp'd the Muse's realm, and mark'd her fall."
There—the deuce is in it, if that is not an improvement to Whitbread's content. Recollect, it is the 'name,' and not the 'magic,' that has a noble contempt for those same weapons. If it were the 'magic,' my metaphor would be somewhat of the maddest—so the 'name' is the antecedent. But, my dear Lord, your patience is not quite so things are reformed. I confess, I wish that with the public will not be thought tedious. But if Elliston exerts himself, such a favourite (a novel and pleasing sensation) makes me bold.

LETTER 102. TO LORD HOLLAND.

"P. S.—I foresee there will be charges of partiality in the papers; but you know I sent in no Address; and glad both you and I must be that I did not, for, in that case, their plea had been plausible. I doubt the Pit will be testy; but conscious innocence (a novel and pleasing sensation) makes me bold."

LETTER 103. TO LORD HOLLAND.

"September 29, 1812.

"Shakspeare certainly ceased to reign in one of his kingdoms, as George III. did in America, and George IV. may in Ireland? Now, we have nothing to do out of our own realms, and when the monarchy was gone, his majesty had but a barren sceptre. I have cut away, you will see, and altered, but make it what you please; only I do implore, for my own gratification, one lash on those accused quadrupeds—a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me." I have altered 'wave,' &c., and the 'fire,' and so forth for the timid.

"Let me hear from you when convenient, and believe me, &c.

"P. S.—Do let that stand, and cut out elsewhere. I shall choke, if we must overlook their d—d menagerie."

LETTER 104. TO LORD HOLLAND.

"September 30, 1812.

"I send you the most I can make of it; for I am not so well as I was, and find I 'pall in resolution.'

"I wish much to see you, and will be at Tetbury by twelve on Saturday; and from thence I go on to Lord Jersey's. It is impossible not to allude to the degraded state of the Stage, but I have lightened it, and endeavoured to obviate your other objections. There is a new couplet for Sheridan, allusive to his Monody. All the alterations I have marked thus [], as will you see by comparison with the other copy. I have cudgelled my brains with the greatest willingness, and only wish I had more time to have done better.

"You will find a sort of clap-trap laudatory couplet inserted for the quiet of the Committee, and I have added, towards the end, the couplet you were pleased to like. The whole Address is seventy-three lines, still perhaps too long; and, if shortened, you will save time, but, I fear, a little of what I meant for sense also."

"It had been, originally,

"Though other piles may sink in future flame,
On the same spot," &c. &c.

"Other House allusion is 'non sequitur'—but I wish to plead for this part, because the thing really is not to be passed over. Many afterpieces at the Lyceum by the same company have already attacked this 'Augen Stable'—and Johnson, in his prologue against 'Lunn' (the harlequin manager, Rich),—'Hunt,'—'Mahomet,' &c. is surely a fair precedent."
“Will you choose between these added to the lines on Sheridan? ¹ I think they will wind up the panegyric, and agree with the train of thought preceding them.

“Now, one word as to the Committee — how could they resolve on a rough copy of an Address never sent in, unless you had been good enough to retain in memory, or on paper, the thing they have been good enough to adopt? By the by, the circumstances of the case should make the Committee less ‘avidus gloriæ,’ for all praise of them would look plaguy suspicious. If necessary to be stated at all, the simple facts bear them out. They surely had a right to act as they pleased. My sole object is one which, I trust, my whole conduct has shown; viz. that I did nothing insidious — sent in no Address whatever — but, when applied to, did my best for them and myself; but, above all, that there was no undue partiality, which will be what the rejected will endeavour to make out. Fortunately — most fortunately — I sent in no lines on the occasion. For I am sure that had they, in that case, been preferred, it would have been asserted that I was known, and owed the preference to private friendship. This is what we shall probably have to encounter; but, if once spoken and approved, we sha’n’t be much embarrassed by their brilliant conjectures; and, as to criticism, an old author, like an old bull, grows cooler (or ought) at every baiting.

“The only thing would be to avoid a party on the night of delivery — afterwards, the more the better, and the whole transaction inevitably tends to a good deal of discussion. Murray tells me there are myriads of ironical Addresses ready — some, in imitation of what is called my style. If they are as good as the Probationary Odes, or Hawkins’s Pipe of Tobacco, it will not be bad fun for the imitated. “Ever, &c.”

Letter 106. TO LORD HOLLAND.

“October 2, 1812.

“A copy of this still altered is sent by the post, but this will arrive first. It must be ‘humbler’ — ‘yet aspiring’ does away the modesty, and, after all, truth is truth. Besides, there is a puff direct altered, to please your plaguy renters.

“I shall be at Tetbury by 12 or 1 — but send this for you to ponder over. There are several little things marked thus / altered for your perusal. I have dismounted the cavalry, and, I hope, arranged to your general satisfaction.

“Ever, &c.”

At Tetbury by noon. — I hope, after it is sent, there will be no more elisions. It is not now so long — 73 lines — two less than allotted. I will alter all Committee objections, but I hope you won’t permit Elliston to have any voice whatever, except in speaking it.”

CHAPTER XVI.

1812—1813.


The time comprised in the series of letters to Lord Holland, which, as being exclusively
on one subject, I have thought it right to
give without interruption, Lord Byron
passed, for the most part, at Cheltenham; and
during the same period, the following
to other correspondents were writ-

LETTER 107. TO MR. MURRAY.

"High Street, Cheltenham. Sept. 5. 1812.

"Pray have the goodness to send those
despatches, and a No. of the Edinburgh Re-
view with the rest. I hope you have writ-
to Mr. Thompson, thanked him in my
name for his present, and told him that I
shall be truly happy to comply with his re-
quest. — How do you go on? and when is
the graven image, 'with boys and wicked
rhyme upon't,' to grace, or disgrace, some of
our tardy editions?

"Send me 'Rokeby.' Who the deuce is
he? — no matter, he has good connections,
and will be well introduced. I thank you
for your inquiries: I am so so, but my
thermometer is sadly below the poetical
point. What will you give me or mine for a
tune of six cantos, (when complete — no
rhyme, no recompense,) as like the last two
as I can make them? I have some ideas
that one day may be embodied, and till win-
ter I shall have much leisure.

"P. S.— My last question is in the true
style of Grub Street; but, like Jeremy
Diddler!, I only 'ask for information.' —
Send me Adair on Diet and Regimen, just
republished by Ridgway."

LETTER 108. TO MR. MURRAY.


"The parcels contained some letters
and verses, all (but one) anonymous and
complimentary, and very anxious for my
conversion from certain infidelities into
which my good-natured correspondents con-
ceive me to have fallen. The books were
presents of a convertible kind also, — 'Chris-
tian Knowledge' and the 'Bioscope,' a reli-
gious Dial of Life explained: — to the
author of the former (Cadell, publisher,) I
beg you will forward my best thanks for his
letter, his present, and, above all, his good
intentions. The 'Bioscope' contained a
MS. copy of very excellent verses, from
whom I know not, but evidently the com-
position of some one in the habit of writing,
and of writing well. I do not know if he be
the author of the 'Bioscope' which accom-
panied them; but whoever he is, if you can
discover him, thank him from me most
heartily. The other letters were from ladies,
who are welcome to convert me when they
please; and if I can discover them, and
they be young, as they say they are, I
could convince them perhaps of my
devotion. I had also a letter from Mr. Walpole
on matters of this world, which I
have answered.

"So you are Lucien's publisher! I am
promised an interview with him, and think
I shall ask you for a letter of introduction,
as 'the gods have made him poetical.' From
whom could it come with a better grace
than from his publisher and mine? Is it not
somewhat treasonable in you to have to do
with a relative of the 'dirful foe,' as the
Morning Post calls his brother?

"But my book on 'Diet and Regimen,'
where is it? I thirst for Scott's Rokeby;
let me have your first-begotten copy. The
Anti-jacobin Review is all very well, and
not a bit worse than the Quarterly, and at
least less harmless. By the by, have you
secured my books? I want all the Reviews,
at least the critiques, quarterly, monthly, &c.,
Portuguese and English, extracted, and
bound up in one volume for my old age;
and pray, sort my Romaic books, and get the
volumes lent to Mr. Hobhouse — he has
had them now a long time. If any thing
occurs, you will favour me with a line, and
in winter we shall be nearer neighbours.

"Yours, &c."

"BYRON."

"P. S. — I was applied to to write the
Address for Drury Lane, but the moment I
heard of the contest, I gave up the idea
of contending against all Grub Street, and
threw a few thoughts on the subject into the
fire. I did this out of respect to you, being
sure you would have turned off any of
your authors who had entered the lists
with such scurvy competitors. To triumph
would have been no glory; and to have
been defeated — 'death! — I would have
choked myself, like Otway, with a quartern
loaf: so, remember I had, and have, nothing
to do with it, upon my honour!"

1 [In Kenney's force of "Raising the Wind." ]
2 [The author of both works was Granville Penn, Esq.,
a gentleman descended from the family of Penn of Penn-
sylvania, and much distinguished for his learning and piety.]
3 [See Byroniana.]
4 [This is recorded by one of his biographers; but
Pope, in Spencer's Anecdotes, relates that Otway died of a
fever caught by violent pursuit of an assassin who had
fired at one of his friends.]
My dear Bankes,

"When you point out to one how people can be intimate at the distance of some seventy leagues, I will plead guilty to your charge, and accept your farewell, but not willingly, till you give me some better reason than my silence, which merely proceeded from a notion founded on your own declaration of old, that you hated writing and receiving letters. Besides, how was I to proceed from a notion founded on your own dancing to the sound of the gittern in the locality where I must have conjectured you had addressed you in despite of Mr. N. and Lady W., you shall be as ‘much better’ as the Hexham post-office will allow me to make you. I do assure you I am much indebted to you for thinking of me at all, and can’t spare you even from amongst the superabundance of friends with whom you suppose me surrounded.

“You heard that Newstead is sold — the sum 140,000£; sixty to remain in mortgage on the estate for three years, paying interest, of course. Rochdale is also likely to do well — so my worldly matters are mending. I have been here some time drinking the waters, simply because there are waters to drink, and they are very medicinal, and sufficiently disgusting. In a few days I set out for Lord Jersey’s, but return here, where I am quite alone, go out very little, and enjoy in its fullest extent the ‘dolce far niente.’ What you are about I cannot guess, even from your date; — not dauncing to the sound of the gittern in the Halls of the Lowthers? one of whom is here, ill, poor thing, with a phthisic. I told me that he was urged by his man of business, and only 90,000£ being offered for it the private sale to the hammer at Garraway’s, but not, at that time, sold, accordingly brought for it. The private sale to which he alludes in this letter took place soon after, — Mr. Claughton, the agent for Mr. Leigh, being the purchaser. It was never, however, for reasons which we shall see, completed.

[The party were returning from Tintern Abbey in a pleasure boat, and were preparing to land below the bridge at Chepstow, when, on coming through the centre arch, where a barge was moored across, the rope taking the bottom of the boat, upset it. Out of the twelve of which the party consisted, seven actually perished.] A mode of signature he frequently adopted at this time.

[Three-and-forty addresses, properly folded, sealed, had a very pleasant set here; at first the Jerseys, Melbournes, Cowpers, and Hollands, but all gone; and the only persons I know are the Rawdons and Oxfords, with some later acquaintances of less brilliant descent.

“But I do not trouble them much; and as for your rooms and your assemblies, ‘they are not dreamed of in our philosophy!’ — Did you read of a sad accident in the Wye t’other day? A dozen drowned; and Mr. Rossoe, a corpulent gentleman, preserved by a boat-book or an eel-spear, begged, when he heard his wife was saved — no — lost — to be thrown in again! — as if he could not have thrown himself in, had he wished it; but this passes for a trait of sensibility. What strange beings men are, in and out of the Wye!’

“I have to ask you a thousand pardons for not fulfilling some orders before I left town; but if you knew all the cursed entanglements I had to wade through, it would be unnecessary to beg your forgiveness. — When will Parliament (the new one) meet? — in sixty days, on account of Ireland, I presume: the Irish election will demand a longer period for completion than the constitutional allotment. Yours, of course, is safe, and all your side of the question. Salamanca is the ministerial watchword, and all will go well with you. I hope you will speak more frequently, I am sure at least you ought, and it will be expected. I see Portman means to stand again. Good night.

“Ever yours most affectionately,

Mπαίρω."}

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1 "Early in the autumn of 1812," says Mr. Dallas, "he told me that he was urged by his man of business, and that Newstead must be sold." It was accordingly brought to the hammer at Garraway’s, but not, at that time, sold, only 90,000£ being offered for it. The private sale to which he alludes in this letter took place soon after, — Mr. Claughton, the agent for Mr. Leigh, being the purchaser. It was never, however, for reasons which we shall see, completed.

2 [The party were returning from Tintern Abbey in a pleasure boat, and were preparing to land below the bridge at Chepstow, when, on coming through the centre arch, where a barge was moored across, the rope taking the bottom of the boat, upset it. Out of the twelve of which the party consisted, seven actually perished.] A mode of signature he frequently adopted at this time.

3 [Three-and-forty addresses, properly folded, sealed, marked and directed, reached the committee. The builders of the lofty pile were totally at a loss to know how to dispose of the builders of the lofty rhyme: the latter all spoke different languages, and all, to the former, equally unintelligible. The committee were alike confounded with the number of addresses, and their own debates. No such confusion of tongues had accompanied any erection since the building of Babel; nor could matters have been set to rights (unless by a miracle), if the convenient though not very candid plan of rejecting all the addresses had not occurred as a mezzoterm in which the whole committee might safely agree; and the addresses were rejected accordingly. We do not think that they deserved, in true poetical justice, a better fate: not one was excellent, two or three only were tolerable, and the rest so execrable that with the exception of taste did not agree upon one of them. But, as the several bards were induced to expend their precious time
their subsequent application to me, I have written a prologue, which has been received, and will be spoken. The MS. is now in the hands of Lord Holland.

"I write this merely to say, that (however it is received by the audience) you will publish it in the next edition of Childe Harold; and I only beg you at present to keep my name secret till you hear further from me, and as soon as possible I wish you to have a correct copy, to do with as you think proper.

"P. S.—I should wish a few copies printed off before, that the newspaper copies may be correct after the delivery."

LETRER III. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Cheltenham, Oct. 12, 1812.

"I have a very strong objection to the engraving of the portrait 1, and request that it may, on no account, be prefixed; but let all the proofs be burnt, and the plate broken. I will be at the expense which has been incurred; it is but fair that I should, since I cannot permit the publication. I beg, as a particular favour, that you will lose no time in having this done, for which I have reasons that I will state when I see you. Forgive all the trouble I have occasioned you.

"I have received no account of the reception of the Address, but see it is vituperated in the papers, which does not much embarrass an old author. I leave it to your own judgment to add it, or not, to your next edition when required. Pray comply strictly with my wishes as to the engraving, and believe me, &c.

"P. S.—Favour me with an answer, as I shall not be easy till I hear that the proofs, &c., are destroyed. I hear that the Satirist has reviewed Childe Harold, in what manner I need not ask; but I wish to know if the old personalities are revived? I have a better reason for asking this than any that merely concerns myself; but in publication and more precious paper, by the implicit engagement on the part of the committee that the best bidder should have the contract, we think they have a right to protest against the injustice of this wholesale rejection. It was about as fair as it would be in Messrs. Dish and Carter, after they had disposed of all their lottery tickets, to acquaint the holders that there should be no drawing, but that they intended to transfer the twenty thousand pound prize to an acquaintance of their own. The committee, we readily admit, made an absurd engagement; but surely they were bound to keep it! In the dilemma to which that learned body was reduced by the rejection of all the bidders, they put themselves under the care of Lord Byron, who prescribed in their case a composition which bears the honour of his name."—Quart. Rev. vol. iii. p. 175.]  

1 A miniature by Sanders. Besides this miniature, Sanders had also painted a full-length of his Lordship, tions of that kind, others, particularly female names, are sometimes introduced."

LETTER 112. TO LORD HOLLAND.


"My dear Lord,

"I perceive that the papers, yea, even Perry's, are somewhat ruffled at the injudicious preference of the Committee. My friend Perry has, indeed, 'et tu Brute' d me rather scurvily, for which I will send him, for the M. C., the next epigram I scribble, as a token of my full forgiveness.

"Do the Committee mean to enter into no explanation of their proceedings? You must see there is a leaning towards a charge of partiality. You will, at least, acquit me of any great anxiety to push myself before so many elder and better anonymous, to whom the twenty guineas (which I take to be about two thousand pounds Bank currency) and the honour would have been equally welcome. 'Honour,' I see, 'hath skill in paragraph-writing.'

"I wish to know how it went off at the second reading, and whether any one has had the grace to give it a glance of approbation. I have seen no paper but Perry's and two Sunday ones. Perry is severe, and the others silent. If, however, you and your Committee are not now dissatisfied with your own judgments, I shall not much embarrass myself about the brilliant remarks of the journals. My own opinion upon it is what it always was, perhaps pretty near that of the public.

"Believe me, my dear Lord, &c. &c.

"P. S.—My best respects to Lady H., whose smiles will be very consolatory, even at this distance."

LETTER 113. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Cheltenham, Oct. 18, 1811.

"Will you have the goodness to get this Parody of a peculiar kind 2 (for all the first

from which the portrait prefixed to the quarto edition of this work is engraved. In reference to the latter picture, Lord Byron says, in a note to Mr. Rogers, "if you think the picture you saw at Murray's worth your acceptance, it is yours; and you may put a glove or mask on it, if you like." 2 Among the Addresses sent in to the Drury Lane Committee was one by Dr. Busby, entitled a Monologue, of which the Parody was enclosed in this letter. A short specimen of this trifle will be sufficient. The four first lines of the Doctor's Address are as follows:—

"When energising objects men pursue, What are the prodigies they cannot do? A magic Edifice you here survey, Shot from the ruins of the other day!"

Which verses are thus ridiculed, unnecessarily, in the Parody:—
lines are Busby's entire) inserted in several of the papers (correctly — and copied correctly: my hand) — particularly the Morning Chronicle? Tell Mr. Perry I forgive him all he has said, and may say against my address, but he will allow me to deal with the Doctor — (audi alteram partem) — and not betray me. I cannot think what has befallen Mr. Perry, for of yore we were very good friends; — but no matter, only get this inserted.

"I have a poem on Waltzing for you, of which I make you a present; but it must be anonymous. It is in the old style of English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

"P. S.— With the next edition of Childe Harold you may print the first fifty or a hundred opening lines of the 'Curse of Minerva,' down to the couplet beginning

"Mortal ('twas thus she spake), &c.

Of course, the moment the Satire begins, there you will stop, and the opening is the best part."

LETTER 114. TO MR. MURRAY. "Oct. 19. 1812.

"Many thanks, but I must pay the damage, and will thank you to tell me the amount for the engraving. I think the 'Rejected Addresses' by far the best thing of the kind since the Rolliad, and wish you had published them. Tell the author 'I forgive him, were he twenty times over our satirist;' and think his imitations not at all inferior to the famous ones of Hawkins Browne. He must be a man of very lively wit, and much less scurrilous than wits often are: altogether, I very much admire the performance, and wish it all success. The Satirist has taken a new tone, as you will see: we have now, I think, finished with Childe Harold's critics. I have in hand a Satire on Waltzing, which you must publish anonymously: it is not long, not quite two hundred lines, but will make a very small boarded pamphlet. In a few days you shall have it.

"P. S.— The editor of the Satirist almost ought to be thanked for his revocation; it is done handsomely, after five years' warfare."

LETTER 115. TO MR. MURRAY. "Oct. 23. 1812.

"Thanks, as usual. You go on boldly; but have a care of glutting the public, who have by this time had enough of Childe Harold. 'Waltzing' shall be prepared. It is rather above two hundred lines, with an introductory Letter to the Publisher. I think of publishing, with Childe Harold, the opening lines of the 'Curse of Minerva,' as far as the first speech of Pallas, — because some of the readers like that part better than any I have ever written; and as it contains nothing to affect the subject of the subsequent portion, it will find a place as a Descriptive Fragment.

"The plate is broken between ourselves, it was unlike the picture; and besides, upon the whole, the frontispiece of an author's visage is but a paltry exhibition. At all events, this would have been no recommendation to the book. I am sure Sanders would not have survived the engraving. By the by, the picture may remain with you or him (which you please), till my return. The one of two remaining copies is at your service till I can give you a better; the other must be burned peremptorily. Again, do not forget that I have an account with you, and that this is included. I give you too much trouble to allow you to incur expense also.

"You best know how far this 'Address Riot' will affect the future sale of Childe Harold. I like the volume of 'Rejected Addresses better and better. The other parodists which Perry has received is mine also (I believe). It is Dr. Busby's speech

"I forget upon what occasion." Lydia White, a literary lady, who was prone to feed the lions of the day, invited one of us to dinner; but, recollecting afterwards that William Spencer formed one of the party, wrote to the latter to put him off; telling him that a man was to be at her table whom he would not like to meet. 'Pray who is this whom I should not like to meet?' inquired the poet. 'Oh! answered the lady,' one of those men who have made that shameful attack upon you? 'The very man upon earth I should like to know!' rejoined the lively and careless bard. The two individuals accordingly met, and have continued fast friends ever since. One criticism of a Leicestershire clergyman may be pronounced unique: 'I do not see why they should have been rejected, observed the matter-of-fact annotator; 'I think some of them very good.' " — Preface to Rejected Addresses, ed. 1835, p. xvii.]
versified. You are removing to Albemarle Street, I find, and I rejoice that we shall be nearer neighbours. I am going to Lord Oxford's, but letters here will be forwarded. When at leisure, all communications from you will be willingly received by the humblest of your scribes. Did Mr. Ward write the review of Horne Tooke's Life in the Quarterly? It is excellent."

**LETTER 116. TO MR. MURRAY.**

"Cheltenham, November 22. 1812.

"On my return here from Lord Oxford's, I found your obliging note, and will thank you to retain the letters, and any other subsequent ones to the same address, till I arrive in town to claim them, which will probably be in a few days. I have in charge a curious and very long MS. poem, written by Lord Brooke (the friend of Sir Philip Sidney), which I wish to submit to the inspection of Mr. Gifford, with the following queries:—first, whether it has ever been published, and secondly (if not), whether it is worth publication? It is from Lord Oxford's library, and must have escaped or been overlooked amongst the MSS. of the Harleian Miscellany. The writing is Lord Brooke's, except a different hand towards the close. It is very long, and in the six-line stanza. It is not for me to hazard an opinion upon its merits; but I would take the liberty, if not too troublesome, to submit it to Mr. Gifford's judgment, which, from his excellent edition of Massinger, I should conceive to be as decisive on the writings of that age as on those of our own.

"Now for a less agreeable and important topic. — How came Mr. Mac-Somebody, without consulting you or me, to prefix the Address to his volume of 'Rejected Addresses'? Is not this somewhat larcenous? I think the ceremony of leave might have been asked, though I have no objection to the thing itself; and leave the 'hundred and eleven' to tire themselves with base comparisons. I should think the ingenious public tolerably sick of the subject, and, except the Parodies, I have not interfered, nor shall; indeed I did not know that Dr. Busby had published his Apologetical Letter and Postscript, or I should have recalled them. But, I confess, I looked upon his conduct in a different light before its appearance, I see some mountebank has taken Alderman Birch's name to vituperate Dr. Busby; he had much better have pilfered his pastry, which I should imagine the more valuable ingredient — at least for a puff. — Pray secure me a copy of Woodfall's new Junius, and believe me, &c."

**LETTER 117. TO MR. WILLIAM BANKES.**

"December 26.

"The multitude of your recommendations has already superseded my humble endeavours to be of use to you; and, indeed, most of my principal friends are returned. Leake from Joannina, Canning and Adair from the city of the Faithful, and at Smyrna no letter is necessary, as the consuls are always willing to do every thing for personages of respectability. I have sent you three; one to Gibraltar, which, though of no great necessity, will, perhaps, put you on a more intimate footing with a very pleasant family there. You will very soon find out that a man of any consequence has very little occasion for any letters but to ministers and bankers, and of them we have already plenty, I will be sworn.

"It is by no means improbable that I shall go in the spring; and if you will fix any place of rendezvous about August, I will write or join you. — When in Albania, I wish you would inquire after Dervise Tahiri and Vascellie (or Bazil), and make my respects to the viziers, both there and in the Morea. If you mention my name to Sulleyman of Thebes, I think it will not hurt you; if I had my dragoman, or wrote Turkish, I could have given you letters of real service; but to the English they are hardly requisite, and the Greeks themselves can of little advantage. Listen you know already, and I do not, as he was not then minister. Mind you visit Ephesus and the Troad, and let me hear from you when you please. I believe G. Porresti is now at Yanina; but if not, whoever is there will be too happy to assist you. Be particular about firmaeus; never allow yourself to be bullied, for you are better protected in Turkey than any where; trust not the Greeks; and take some knicknackeries for presents — watches, pistols, &c. &c. to the Beys and Pachas. If you find one Demo­trias, at Athens or elsewhere, I can recom­mend him as a good dragoman. I hope to join you, however; but you will find swarms of English now in the Levant.

"Believe me, &c."

Committee of Management for Drury Lane Theatre; preceded by that written by Lord Byron and adopted by the Committee: — published by B. M'Millan.
LETTER 118. TO MR. MURRAY.

"February 20, 1813.

"In 'Horace in London': I perceive some stanzas on Lord Elgin in which (waving the kind compliment to myself) I heartily concur. I wish I had the pleasure of Mr. Smith's acquaintance, as I could communicate the curious anecdote you read in Mr. T.'s letter. If he would like it, he can have the substance for his second edition; if not, I shall add it to our next, though I think we already have enough of Lord Elgin.

"What I have read of this work seems admirably done. My praise, however, is not much worth the author's having; but you may thank him in my name for his. The idea is new—we have excellent imitations of the Satires, &c. by Pope; but I remember but one imitative Ode in his works, and none any where else. I can hardly suppose that they have lost any fame by the fate of the Farce; but even should this be the case, the present publication will again place them on their pinnacle.

"Yours," &c.

It has already been stated that the pecuniary supplies, which he found it necessary to raise on arriving at majority, were procured for him on ruinously usurious terms. To some transactions connected with this subject, the following characteristic letter refers:

LETTER 119. TO MR. ROGERS.

"March 25, 1813.

"I enclose you a draft for the usurious interest due to Lord **'s protégé;—I also could wish you would state thus much for me to his Lordship. Though the transaction speaks plainly in itself for the borrower's folly and the lender's usury, it never was my intention to quash the demand, as I legally might, nor to withhold payment of principal, or, perhaps, even unlawful interest. You know what my situation has been, and what it is. I have parted with an estate (which has been in my family for nearly three hundred years, and was never disgraced by being in possession of a lawyer, a churchman, or a woman, during that period,) to liquidate this and similar demands; and the payment of the purchase is still withheld, and may be, perhaps, for years. If, therefore, I am under the necessity of making those persons wait for their money, (which, considering the terms, they can afford to suffer,) it is my misfortune.

"When I arrived at majority in 1809, I offered my own security on legal interest, and it was refused. Now, I will not accede to this. This man I may have seen, but I have no recollection of the names of any parties but the agents and the securities. The moment I can it is assuredly my intention to pay my debts. This person's case may be a hard one; but, under all circumstances, what is mine? I could not foresee that the purchaser of my estate was to demur in paying for it.

"I am glad it happens to be in my power so far to accommodate my Israelite, and only wish I could do as much for the rest of the Twelve Tribes.

"Ever yours, dear R., "BN."

At the beginning of this year, Mr. Murray having it in contemplation to publish an edition of the two cantos of Childe Harold with engravings, the noble author entered with much zeal into his plan; and, in a note on the subject to Mr. Murray, says,—

"Westall has, I believe, agreed to illustrate your book, and I fancy one of the engravings will be from the pretty little girl you saw the other day; though without her name, and merely as a model for some sketch connected with the subject. I would also have the portrait (which you saw to-day) of the friend who is mentioned in the text at the close of Canto 1st, and in the notes,—which are subjects sufficient to authorise that addition."

Early in the spring he brought out, anonymously his poem on Waltzing, which, though full of very lively satire, fell so far short of what was now expected from him by the public, that the disavowal of it, which, as we see by the following letter,

1 "By the Authors of "Rejected Addresses."
2 In the Ode entitled "The Parthenon," Minerva thus speaks:

"All who behold my mutilated pile
Shall brand its ravager with classic rage;
And soon a titled bard from Britain's isle
Thy country's praise and suffrage shall engage,
And fire with Athens' wrongs an angry age!"

Horace in London."

3 "'Tis said that persons living on annuities
Are longer lived than others,—God knows why,
Unless to plague the grantors,—yet so true it is,
That some, I really think, do never die.
Of any creditors, the worst a Jew it is;
And that's their mode of furnishing supply;
In my young days they lent me cash that way,
Which I found very troublesome to pay."

Don Juan, Canto II.

4 Lady Charlotte Harley, to whom, under the name of lanthe, the introductory lines to Childe Harold were afterwards addressed. [This lady was married in 1820 to Brigadier-General Bacon.]
he thought right to put forth, found ready credence:—

LETTER 120. TO MR. MURRAY.

"April 21. 1813.

"I shall be in town by Sunday next, and will call and have some conversation on the subject of Westall's designs. I am to sit for a picture at the request of a friend of mine; and as Sanders's is not a good one, you will probably prefer the other. I wish you to have Sanders's taken down and sent to my lodgings immediately—before my arrival. I hear that a certain malicious publication on Waltzing is attributed to me. This report, I suppose, you will take care to contradict, as the author, I am sure, will not like that I should wear his cap and bells. Mr. Hobhouse's quarto will be out immediately; pray send to the author for an early copy, which I wish to take abroad with me.

P. S.—I see the Examiner threatens some observations upon you next week. What can you have done to share the wrath which has heretofore been principally expended upon the Prince? I presume all your observations upon you next week. What can you have done to share the wrath which has heretofore been principally expended upon the Prince? I presume all your Scribleri will be drawn up in battle array in defence of the modern Tonson—Mr. Bucke, for instance.

"Send in my account to Bennet Street, as I wish to settle it before sailing."

In the month of May appeared his wild and beautiful "Fragment," The Giaour;—and though, in its first flight from his hands, some of the fairest feathers of its wing were yet wanting, the public hailed this new offspring of his genius with wonder and delight. The idea of writing a poem in fragments had been suggested to him by the Columbus of Mr. Rogers; and, whatever objections may lie against such a plan in general, it must be allowed to have been well suited to the impatient temperament of Byron, as enabling him to overlap those mechanical difficulties, which, in a regular narrative, embarrass, if not chill, the poet,—leaving it to the imagination of his readers to fill up the intervals between those abrupt bursts of passion in which his chief power lay. The story, too, of the poem possessed that stimulating charm for him, almost indispensable to his fancy, of being in some degree connected with himself,—an event in which he had been personally concerned, while on his travels, having supplied the groundwork on which the fiction was founded. After the appearance of The Giaour, some incorrect statement of this romantic incident having got into circulation, the noble author requested of his friend, the Marquis of Sligo, who had visited Athens soon after it happened, to furnish him with his recollections on the subject; and the following is the answer which Lord Sligo returned:—

"Albany, Monday, August 31. 1813.

"My dear Byron,

"You have requested me to tell you all that I heard at Athens about the affair of that girl who was so near being put an end to while you were there; you have asked me to mention every circumstance, in the remotest degree relating to it, which I heard. In compliance with your wishes, I write to you all I heard, and I cannot imagine it to be very far from the fact, as the circumstance happened only a day or two before I arrived at Athens, and, consequently, was a matter of common conversation at the time.

"The new governor, unaccustomed to have the same intercourse with the Christians as his predecessor, had of course the barinous Turkish ideas with regard to women. In consequence, and in compliance with the strict letter of the Mahommedan law, he ordered this girl to be sewed up in a sack, and thrown into the sea,—as is, indeed, quite customary at Constantinople. As you were returning from bathing in the Piræus, you met the procession going down to execute the sentence of the Waywode on this unfortunate girl. Report continues to say, that on finding out what the object of their journey was, and who was the miserable sufferer, you immediately interfered; and on some delay in obeying your orders, you were obliged to inform the leader of the escort, that force should make him comply;—that, on further hesitation, you drew a pistol, and told him, that if he did not immediately obey your orders, and come back with you to the Aga's house, you would shoot him dead. On this the man turned about and went with you to the governor's house; here you succeeded, partly by personal threats, and partly by bribery and entreaty, in procuring her pardon, on condition of her leaving Athens. I was told that you then conveyed her in safety to the convent, and despatched her off at night to Thebes, where she found a safe asylum. Such is the story I heard, as nearly as I can recollect it at present. Should you wish to ask me any further questions about it, I shall be very ready and willing to answer them. I remain, my dear Byron,

"Yours, very sincerely,

"Sligo.

"I am afraid you will hardly be able to read this scrawl; but I am so hurried with
the preparations for my journey, that you must excuse it."

Of the prodigal flow of his fancy, when its sources were once opened on any subject, The Giaour affords one of the most remarkable instances,—this poem having accumulated under his hand, both in printing and through successive editions, till from four hundred lines, of which it consisted in his first copy, it at present amounts to nearly fourteen hundred. The plan, indeed, which he had adopted, of a series of fragments,—a set of "orient pearls at random strung," he had adopted, of a series of fragments,—left him free to introduce, without reference to more than the general complexion of his story, whatever sentiments or images of his fancy, in its excursions, could collect; and how little fettered he was by any regard to connection in these additions, appears from a note which accompanied his own copy of the paragraph commencing "Fair clime, where every season smiles,"—in which he says, "I have not yet fixed the place of insertion for the following lines, but will, when I see you—as I have no copy."

Even into this new passage, rich as it was at first, his fancy afterwards poured a fresh infusion,—the whole of its most picturesque portion, from the line "For there, the Rose o'er crag or vale," down to "And turns to groans his roundelay," having been suggested to him during revision. In order to show, however, that though so rapid in the first heat of composition, he formed no exception to that law which imposes labour as the price of perfection, I shall here extract a few verses from his original draft of this paragraph, by comparing which with the form they wear at present 3, we may learn to appreciate the value of these after-touches of the master.

1 "It is a 'fragment,' it is true; but it reads like one of those old woful tragic ballads, in which the hiatus seem caused by the falling away of all needless stanzas, and the stream of suffering leaps darkly and foamingly over each chasm in the rocks."—Wilson.

2 The following are the lines in their present shape, and it will be seen that there is not a single alteration in which the music of the verse has not been improved as well as the thought:—

"Fair clime! where eavesless summer smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And give to loneliness delight.
There shine the bright abodes ye seek,
Like dimples upon Ocean's cheek,
Break the crystal of the seas,
Or Stroke one blossom from the trees.
How grateful is the gentle air
That wakes and wafts the fragrance there."

Among the other passages added to this edition (which was either the third or fourth, and between which and the first there intervened but about six weeks) was that most beautiful and melancholy illustration of the lifeless aspect of Greece, beginning "He who hath bent him o'er the dead,"—of which the most gifted critic of our day 4 has justly pronounced, that "it contains an image more true, more mournful, and more exquisitely finished, than any we can recollect in the whole compass of poetry." To the same edition also were added, among other accessions of wealth, those lines, "The cygnet proudly walks the water," and the impassioned verses, "My memory now is but the tomb."

On my rejoicing in town this spring, I found the enthusiasm about his writings and himself, which I left so prevalent, both in the world of literature and in society, grown, if any thing, still more general and intense. In the immediate circle, perhaps, around him, familiarity of intercourse might have begun to produce its usual disenchanting effects. His own liveliness and unreserve, on a more intimate acquaintance, would not be long in dispelling that charm of poetic sadness, which to the eyes of distant observers hung about him; while the romantic notions, connected by some of his fair readers with those past and nameless loves alluded to in his poems, ran some risk

And if at times a transient breeze
Break the blue crystal of the seas,
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
How welcome is each gentle air
That wakes and wafts the odours there!"

3 Mr. Jeffrey.

4 In Dallaway's Constantinople, a book which Lord Byron is not unlikely to have consulted, I find a passage quoted from Gillies's History of Greece, which contains, perhaps, the first seed of the thought thus expanded into full perfection by genius:—"The present state of Greece compared to the ancient is the silent obscurity of the grave contrasted with the vivid lustre of active life."

5 Among the recorded instances of such happy after-thoughts in poetry may be mentioned, as one of the most memorable, Denham's four lines, "Oh could I flow like thee," &c., which were added in the second edition of his poem.
of abatement from too near an acquaintance with the supposed objects of his fancy and fondness at present. A poet's mistress should remain, if possible, as imaginary a being to others, as, in most of the attributes he clothes her with, she has been to himself; — the reality, however fair, being always sure to fall short of the picture which a too lavish fancy has drawn of it. Could we call up in array before us all the beauties whom the love of poets has immortalised, from the high-born dame to the plebeian damsel,— from the Lauras and Sacharissas down to the Cloes and Jeannies,— we should, it is to be feared, sadly unpeople our imaginations of many a bright tenant that poesy has lodged there, and find, in more than one instance, our admiration of the faith and fancy of the worshipper increased by our discovery of the worthlessness of the idol.

But, whatever of its first romantic impression the personal character of the poet may, from such causes, have lost in the circle he most frequented, this disappointment of the imagination was far more than compensated by the frank, social, and engaging qualities, both of disposition and manner, which, on a nearer intercourse, he disclosed, as well as by that entire absence of any literary assumption or pedantry, which entitled him fully to the praise bestowed by Sprat upon Cowley, that few could "ever discover he was a great poet by his discourse." While thus, by his intimates, and those who had got, as it were, behind the scenes of his fame, he was seen in his true colours, as well of weakness as of amiability, on strangers, and such as were out of this immediate circle, the spell of his poetical character still continued to operate; and the fierce gloom and sternness of his imaginary personages were, by the greater number of them, supposed to belong, not only as regarded mind, but manners, to himself. So prevalent and persevering has been this notion, that, in some disquisitions on his character published since his death, and containing otherwise many just and striking views, we find, in the professed portrait drawn of him, such features as the following: — "Lord Byron had a stern, direct, severe mind; a sarcastic, disdainful, gloomy temper. He had no light sympathy with heartless cheerfulness — upon the surface was sorrness, discontent, displeasure, ill-will. Beneath all this weight of cloud and darkness," &c. &c.

Of the sort of double aspect which he thus presented, as viewed by the world and by his friends, he was himself fully aware; and it not only amused him, but, as a proof of the versatility of his powers, flattered his pride. He was, indeed, as I have already remarked, by no means insensible or inattentive to the effect he produced personally on society; and though the brilliant station he had attained, since the commencement of my acquaintance with him, made not the slightest alteration in the unattachedness of his private intercourse, I could perceive, I thought, with reference to the external world, some slight changes in his conduct, which seemed indicative of the effects of his celebrity upon him. Among other circumstances, I observed that, whether from shyness of the general gaze, or from a notion, like Livy's, that men of eminence should not too much familiarise the public to their persons, he avoided showing himself in the mornings, and in crowded places, much more than was his custom when we first became acquainted. The preceding year, before his name had grown "so rife and celebrated," we had gone together to the exhibition at Somerset House, and other such places, and the true reason, no doubt, of his present reserve, in abstaining from all such miscellaneous haunts, was the sensiveness, so often referred to, on the subject of his lameness,— a feeling which the curiosity of the public eye, now attracted to this infirmity by his fame, could not fail, he knew, to put rather painfully to the proof.

Among the many gay hours we passed together this spring, I remember particularly the wild flow of his spirits one evening.
when we had accompanied Mr. Rogers home from some early assembly, and when Lord Byron, who, according to his frequent custom, had not dined for the last two days, found his hunger no longer governable, and called aloud for "something to eat." Our repast,—of his own choosing,—was simple bread and cheese; and seldom have I partaken of so joyous a supper. It happened that our host had just received a presentation copy of a volume of poems¹, written professedly in imitation of the old English writers, and containing, like many of these models, a good deal that was striking and beautiful, mixed up with much that was trifling, fantastic, and absurd. In our mood, at the moment, it was only with these latter qualities that either Lord Byron or I felt disposed to indulge ourselves; and, in turning over the pages, we found, it must be owned, abundant matter for mirth. In vain did Mr. Rogers, in justice to the author, endeavour to direct our attention to some of the beauties of the work:—it suited better our purpose (as is too often the case with more deliberate critics) to pounce only on such passages as ministered to the laughing humour that possessed us. In this sort of hunt through the volume, we at length lighted on the discovery that our host, in addition to his sincere approbation of some of its contents, had also the motive of gratitude for standing by its author, as one of the poems was a warm, and, I need not add, well-deserved panegyric on himself. We were, however, too far gone in nonsense for even this eulogy, in which we both so heartily agreed, to stop us. The opening line of the poem was, as well as I can recollect, "When Rogers o'er this labour bent;" and Lord Byron undertook to read it aloud—but he found it impossible to get beyond the first two words. Our laughter had now increased to such a pitch that nothing could restrain it. Two or three times he began; but no sooner had the words "When Rogers" passed his lips, than our fit burst forth afresh,—till even Mr. Rogers himself, with all his feeling of our injustice, found it impossible not to join us; and we were, at last, all three, in such a state of inextinguishable laughter, that, had the author himself been of the party, I question much whether he could have resisted the infection. A day or two after, Lord Byron sent me the following:—

"My dear Moore,

"When Rogers' must not see the inclosed, which I send for your perusal. I am ready to fix any day you like for our visit. Was not Sheridan good upon the whole? The 'Poulterer' was the first and best. ²

"Ever yours, &c."

¹["Poems on several Occasions, by Edward Lord Thurlow."]

² He here alludes to a dinner at Mr. Rogers's, of which I have elsewhere given the following account:—"The company consisted but of Mr. Rogers himself, Lord Byron, Mr. Sheridan, and the writer of this Memoir. Sheridan knew the admiration his audience felt for him: the presence of the young poet, in particular, seemed to bring back his own youth and wit; and the details he gave of his early life were not less interesting and amusing to himself than delightful to us. It was in the course of this evening that, describing to us the poem which Mr. Whitbread had written, and sent in, among the other addresses for the opening of Drury Lane theatre, and which, like the rest, turned chiefly on allusions to the Phoenix, he said—"But Whitbread made more of this bird than any of them:—he entered into particulars, and described its wings, beak, tail, &c.;—in short, it was a poulterer's description of a Phoenix."—Life of Sheridan.

N 3
2.

"'Then thus to form Apollo's crown.'

'A crown! why, twist it how you will, 
The chaplet must be foolish still. 
When next you visit Delphi's town, 
Inquire amongst your fellow-lodgers, 
They'll tell you Phoebus gave his crown, 
Some years before your birth, to Rogers.

3.

"'Let every other bring his own.'

'When coals to Newcastle are carried, 
And owls sent to Athens as wonders, 
From his spouse when the Regent's unmarried, 
Or Liverpool weeps over his blunders; 
When Tories and Whigs cease to quarrel, 
When Castlereagh's wife has an heir, 
Then Rogers shall ask us for laurel, 
And thou shalt have plenty to spare.'"

The mention which he makes of Sheridan in the note just cited affords a fit opportunity of producing, from one of his Journals, some particulars which he has noted down respecting this extraordinary man, for whose talents he entertained the most unbounded admiration,—rating him, in natural powers, far above all his great political contemporaries.

"In society I have met Sheridan frequently: he was superb! He had a sort of liking for me, and never attacked me, at least to my face, and he did every body else—high names, and wits, and orators, some of them poets also. I have seen him cut up Whitbread, quiz Madame de Staël, annihilate Colman, and do little less by some others (whose names, as friends, I set not down) of good fame and ability.

"The last time I met him was, I think, at Sir Gilbert Heathcote's, where he was as quick as ever—no, it was not the last time; the last time was at Douglas Kinnaird's.

"I have met him in all places and parties,—at Whitehall with the Melbourne's, at the Marquis of Tavistock's, at Robins's the auctioneer's, at Sir Humphrey Davy's, at Sam Rogers's,—in short, in most kinds of company, and always found him very conivial and delightful.

"I have seen Sheridan weep two or three times. It may be that he was maudlin; but this only renders it more impressive, for who would see

"From Marlborough's eyes the tears of doting flow, 
And Swift expire a drivel and a show?"

Once I saw him cry at Robins's the auctioneer's, after a splendid dinner, full of great names and high spirits. I had the honour of sitting next to Sheridan. The occasion of his tears was some observation or other upon the subject of the sturdiness of the Whigs in resisting office and keeping to their principles: Sheridan turned round:

"'Sir, it is easy for my Lord G. or Earl G. or Marquis B. or Lord H. with thousands upon thousands a year, some of it either presently derived, or inherited in seneure or acquisitions from the public money, to boast of their patriotism and keep aloof from temptation; but they do not know from what temptation those have kept aloof who had equal pride, at least equal talents, and not unequal passions, and nevertheless knew not in the course of their lives what it was to have a shilling of their own.' And in saying this he wept.

"'I have more than once heard him say, 'that he never had a shilling of his own.' To be sure, he contrived to extract a good many of other people's.

"In 1815, I had occasion to visit my lawyer in Chancery Lane; he was with Sheridan. After mutual greetings, &c., Sheridan retired first. Before recurring to my own business, I could not help inquiring that of Sheridan. 'Oh,' replied the attorney, 'the usual thing! to stave off an action from his wine-merchant, my client.'—'Well,' said I, 'and what do you mean to do?—'Nothing at all for the present,' said he: 'would you have us proceed against old Sherry? what would be the use of it?' and here he began laughing, and going over Sheridan's good gifts of conversation.

"Now, from personal experience, I can vouch that my attorney is by no means the tenderest of men, or particularly accessible to any kind of impression out of the statute or record; and yet Sheridan, in half an hour, had found the way to soften and seduce him in such a manner, that I almost think he would have thrown his client (an honest man, with all the laws, and some justice, on his side) out of the window, had he come in at the moment.

"Such was Sheridan! he could soften an attorney! There has been nothing like it since the days of Orpheus.

"One day I saw him take up his own 'Monody on Garrick.' He lighted upon the Dedication to the Dowager Lady Spencer. On seeing it, he flew into a rage, and exclaimed, 'that it must be a forgery, that he had never dedicated any thing of his to such a—d canting,' &c. &c. &c.—and so went on for half an hour abusing his own dedication, or at least the object of it. If all writers were equally sincere, it would be ludicrous.

"He told me that, on the night of the grand success of his School for Scandal, he
was knocked down and put into the watchhouse for making a row in the street, and being found intoxicated by the watchmen.

"When dying, he was requested to undergo 'an operation.' He replied, that he had already submitted to two, which were enough for one man's lifetime. Being asked what they were, he answered, 'having his hair cut, and sitting for his picture.'

"I have met George Colman occasionally, and thought him extremely pleasant and convivial. Sheridan's humour, or rather wit, was always saturnine, and sometimes savage; he never laughed, (at least that I saw, and I watched him,) but Colman did. If I had to choose, and could not have both at a time, I should say, 'Let me begin the evening with Sheridan, and finish it with Colman.' Sheridan for dinner, Colman for supper; Sheridan for claret or port, but Colman for every thing, from the madeira and champagne at dinner, the claret with a layer of port between the glasses, up to the punch of the night, and down to the grog, or gin and water, of daybreak;— all these I have threaded with both the same. Sheridan was a grenadier company of life guards, but Colman a whole regiment— of light infantry, to be sure, but still a regiment."

It was at this time that Lord Byron became acquainted (and, I regret to have to add, partly through my means) with Mr. Leigh Hunt, the editor of a well-known weekly journal, the Examiner. This gentleman I had myself formed an acquaintance with in the year 1811, and, in common with a large portion of the public, entertained a sincere admiration of his talents and courage as a journalist. The interest I took in him personally had been recently much increased by the manly spirit which he had displayed throughout a prosecution instituted against himself and his brother, for a libel that had been attended to;— there being present, besides a member or two of Mr. Hunt's own family, no other stranger, that I can recollect, who had appeared in their paper on the Prince Regent, and in consequence of which they were both sentenced to imprisonment for two years. It will be recollected that there existed among the Whig party, at this period, a strong feeling of indignation at the late defection from themselves and their principles of the illustrious personage who had been so long looked up to as the friend and patron of both. Being myself, at the time, warmly— perhaps intemperately— under the influence of this feeling, I regarded the fate of Mr. Hunt with more than common interest, and, immediately on my arrival in town, paid him a visit in his prison. On mentioning the circumstance, soon after, to Lord Byron, and describing my surprise at the sort of luxurious comforts with which I had found the "wit in the dungeon" surrounded,— his trellised flower-garden without, and his books, busts, pictures, and piano-forte within,— the noble poet, whose political view of the case coincided entirely with my own, expressed a strong wish to pay a similar tribute of respect to Mr. Hunt, and accordingly, a day or two after, we proceeded for that purpose to the prison. The introduction which then took place was soon followed by a request from Mr. Hunt that we would dine with him; and the noble poet having good-naturedly accepted the invitation, Horsemonger Lane gaol had, in the month of June, 1813, the honour of receiving Lord Byron, as a guest, within its walls.

On the morning of our first visit to the journalist, I received from Lord Byron the following lines, written, it will be perceived, the night before:

"Oh you, who in all names can tickle the town,
Anacreon, Tom Little, Tom Moore, or Tom Brown,—
For hang me if I know of which you may most brag,
Your Quarto two-pounds, or your Twopenny Post Bag;

But now to my letter— to yours 'tis an answer—
To-morrow be with me, as soon as you can, sir,
All ready and dress'd for proceeding to spunge on
(According to compact) the wit in the dungeon—
Fray Phoebus at length our political malady;
May not get us lodgings within the same palace
I suppose that to-night you're engaged with some codgers,
And for Sotheby's Blues have deserted Sam Rogers;
And I, though with cold I have nearly my death got,
Must put on my breeches, and wait on the Heathcote.

But to-morrow at four, we will both play the Scoura,
And you'll be Catullus, the Regent Manuura."

"Dear M.— having got thus far, I am interrupted by ****. 10 o'clock.

"Half-past 11. **** is gone, I must dress for Lady Heathcote's. — Addio."

Our day in the prison was, if not agreeable, at least novel and odd. I had, for Lord Byron's sake, stipulated with our host beforehand, that the party should be, as much as possible, confined to ourselves; and, as far as regarded dinner, my wishes had been attended to;— there being present, besides a member or two of Mr. Hunt's own family, no other stranger, that I can recollect, but Mr. Mitchell, the ingenious translator of Aristophanes. Soon after dinner, however, there dropped in some of our host's literary friends, who, being utter strangers to Lord Byron and myself, rather disturbed the ease into which we were all

1 [See Works, p. 556. note 2.]
settling. Among these, I remember, was Mr. John Scott,—the writer, afterwards, of some severe attacks on Lord Byron; and it is painful to think that, among the persons then assembled round the poet, there should have been one so soon to step forth the assailant of his living fame, while another, less manful, was to reserve the cool venom for his grave. 1

On the 2d of June, in presenting a petition to the House of Lords, he made his third and last appearance as an orator, in that assembly. In his way home from the House that day, he called, I remember, at my lodgings, and found me dressing in a very great hurry for dinner. He was, I recollect, in a state of most humorous exaltation after his display, and, while I hastily went on with my task in the dressing-room, continued to walk up and down the adjoining chamber, spouting forth for me, in a sort of mock heroic voice, detached sentences of the speech he had just been delivering. "I told them," he said, "that it was a most flagrant violation of the Constitution— that, if such things were permitted, there was an end of English freedom—" "But what was this dreadful grievance?" I asked, interrupting him in his eloquence. "The grievance?" he repeated, pausing as if to consider — "Oh, that I forget." 2 It is impossible, of course to convey an idea of the dramatic humour with which he gave effect to these words; but his look and manner on such occasions were irresistibly comic; and it was, indeed, rather in such turns of fun and oddity, than in any more elaborate exhibition of wit, that the pleasantry of his conversation consisted.

Though it is evident that, after the brilliant success of Childe Harold, he had ceased to think of Parliament as an arena of ambition, yet, as a field for observation, we may take for granted it was not unstudied by him. To a mind of such quick and various views, every place and pursuit presented some aspect of interest; and whether in the ball-room, the boxing-school, or the senate, all must have been, by genius like his, turned to profit. The following are a few of the recollections and impressions which I find recorded by himself of his short parliamentary career:—

"I have never heard any one who fulfilled my ideal of an orator. Grattan would have been near it, but for his harlequin delivery. Pitt I never heard. Fox but once, and then he struck me as a debater, which to me seems as different from an orator as an improvisatore, or a versifier, from a poet. Grey is great, but it is not oratory. Canning is sometimes very little one. Windham I did not admire, though all the world did; it seemed sad sophistry. 3 Whitbread was the Demosthenes of bad taste and vulgar vehemence, but strong, and English. Holland is impressive from sense and sincerity. Lord Lansdowne good, but still a debater only. Grenville I like vastly, if he would prune his speeches down to an hour's delivery. Burdett is sweet and silvery as Belial himself, and I think the greatest favourite in Pandemonium; at least I always heard the country gentlemen and the ministerial devilry praise his speeches up stairs, and run down from Bellamy's when he was upon his legs. I heard Bob Milnes spout forth for me, in a sort of mock delivery. The following are a few pieces at the end of this volume."

1 [*We remember, when, on that fatal separation, the soul of the poet was 'wrenched with a woeful agony,' how some of these scribblers turned round to sting the feet from which they had been pitifully proud to lick the dust. Of all such, not one darted forth a more poisonous fang than the infatuated person who, in Mr. Moore's too mild expression, 'stepped forth the assailant of his living fame.' Leigh Hunt, he says, was 'less manful' than John Scott. That we deny. There could be nothing manly—there must have been every thing unmanly—in bitterly abusing Byron at that cruel crisis of his life. Scott did so—and, forsooth, as a champion of the morality, the religion of the land! He wrote of Byron as if he had been a felon: and condemned him as from the judgment-seat. Years afterwards, he had the effrontery to seek out Byron in a foreign land, and was not unkindly received; Byron, however, had no relented—had so cruelly treated. In all this we can see nothing 'more manful,' than in Hunt's reservation of his cool venom for Byron's grave."—Wilson, 1830.]

2 His speech was on presenting a petition from Major Cartwright. [It will be found among the Miscellaneous Pieces at the end of this volume.]

3 [*"Windham," says Sir James Mackintosh, "was an indirect Debater, who sacrificed his interest as a Staterman to his momentary feelings as an orator. For the sake of a new subtilty or a forcible phrase, he was content to utter what loaded him with permanent unpopularity: his logical propensity led him always to extreme consequences; and he expressed his opinions so strongly, that they seemed to furnish the most striking examples of political inconsistency: though, if prudence had limited his logic and mitigated his expressions, they would have been acknowledged to be no more than those views of different sides of an object, which, in the changes of politics, must present themselves to the mind of a statesman."—Life, vol. ii. p. 60.]
it is nothing but a flow of words—'words, words, alone.'

"I doubt greatly if the English have any eloquence, properly so called; and am inclined to think that the Irish had a great deal, and that the French will have, and, have had in Mirabeau. Lord Chatham and Burke are the nearest approaches to orators in England. I don't know what Erskine may have been at the bar, but in the House I wish him at the bar once more. Lauderdale is shrill, and Scotch, and acute."

"But amongst all these, good, bad, and indifferent, I never heard the speech which was not too long for the auditors, and not very intelligible, except here and there. The whole thing is a grand deception, and as tedious and tiresome as may be to those who must be often present. I heard Sheridan only once, and that briefly, but I liked his voice, his manner, and his wit: and he is the only one of them I ever wished to hear at greater length."

"The impression of Parliament upon me was, that its members are not formidable as speakers, but very much so as an audience; because in so numerous a body there may be little eloquence, (after all, there were but two thorough orators in all antiquity, and I suspect still fewer in modern times,) but there must be a leaven of thought and good sense sufficient to make them know what is right, though they can't express it nobly."

"Home Tooke and Roscoe both are said to have declared that they left Parliament with a higher opinion of its aggregate integrity and abilities than that with which they entered it. The general amount of both in most Parliaments is probably about the same, as also the number of speakers and their talent. I except orators, of course, because they are things of ages, and not of septennial or triennial re-unions. Neither House ever struck me with more awe or respect than the same number of Turks in a divan, or of Methodists in a barn, would have done. Whatever diffidence or nervousness I felt (and I felt both, in a great degree) arose from the number rather than the quality of the assemblage, and the thought rather of the public without than the persons within,—knowing (as all know) that Cicero himself, and probably the Messiah, could never have altered the vote of a single lord of the bedchamber, or bishop. I thought our House dull, but the other animating enough upon great days."

"I have heard that when Grattan made his first speech in the English Commons, it was for some minutes doubtful whether to laugh at or cheer him. The débâê of his predecessor, Flood, had been a complete failure, under nearly similar circumstances. But when the ministerial part of our senators had watched Pitt (their thermometer) for the cue, and saw him nod repeatedly his stately nod of approbation, they took the hint from their huntsman, and broke out into the most rapturous cheers. Grattan's speech, indeed, deserved them; it was a chef-d'œuvre. I did not hear that speech of his (being then at Harrow), but heard most of his others on the same question—also that on the war of 1815. I differed from his opinions on the latter question, but coincided in the general admiration of his eloquence."

"When I met old Courtenay, the orator, at Rogers's the poet's, in 1811-12, I was much taken with the portly remains of his fine figure, and the still acute quickness of his conversation. \[Mr. Courtenay was a native of Ireland, but descended from a branch of the noble Devonshire family of that name. He was the intimate friend of Boswell, and a member of the Literary Club. In 1798, he published The Poetical Review of the Literary and Moral Character of Dr. Johnson; and in 1799, A Poetical and Philosophical Essay on the French Revolution, addressed to Mr. Burke.\] He died in 1816, at the age of seventy-four. \["He was," says Sir James Mackintosh, "a man of fine talents and of various accomplishments, which rendered his conversation agreeable, as his good nature and kind heart obtained for him the attachment of many excellent friends: but, from his speeches in parliament, strangers mistook him for a jester by profession."\]"

"I except, however, his speech on Reform in 1790, which Fox called 'the best he ever had' and Courtenay (for I like to trace motives) if he had not some personal provocation; for the acrimony of his answer seemed to me, as I read it, to involve personal provocation; for the acrimony of his answer seemed to me, as I read it, to involve his conversation agreeable, as his good nature and kind heart obtained for him the attachment of many excellent friends: but, from his speeches in parliament, strangers mistook him for a jester by profession."\]

"When I met old Courtenay, the orator, at Rogers's the poet's, in 1811-12, I was much taken with the portly remains of his fine figure, and the still acute quickness of his conversation. It was he who silenced Flood in the English House by a crushing reply to a hasty débâê of the rival of Grattan in Ireland. I asked Courtenay (for I like to trace motives) if he had not some personal provocation; for the acrimony of his answer seemed to me, as I read it, to involve it. Courtenay said 'he had; that, when in Ireland (being an Irishman), at the bar of the Irish House of Commons, Flood had made a personal and unfair attack upon himself, who, not being a member of that House, could not defend himself, and that some years afterwards the opportunity of retort offering in the English Parliament, he could not resist it.' He certainly repaid Flood with interest, for Flood never made any figure, and only a speech or two afterwards, in the English House of Commons. I must except, however, his speech on Reform in 1790, which Fox called 'the best he ever heard upon that subject.'"
CHAPTER XVII.

1813.

DESIGN OF VISITING SICILY.—LETTER TO MR. GIFFORD, THANKING HIM FOR ADVICE ON RELIGIOUS TOPICS.—MADAME DE STAEL.—PROJECTED VOYAGE TO THE EAST.—ANECDOTES.—ADDITIONS TO THE GIAOUR.—COOKE, THE ACTOR.—TRAVELLING PROJECTS.—ABYSSINIA.—LUCIEN BUONAPARTE'S CHARLEMAGNE.—LETTER FROM ALI PACHA.—AND TO MR. SOUTHEY.—IMPROPTU.—INTRODUCTION TO MR. CURRAN.—COMMENCEMENT OF THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

For some time he had entertained thoughts of going again abroad; and it appeared, indeed, to be a sort of relief to him, whenever he felt melancholy or harassed, to turn to the freedom and solitude of a life of travel as his resource. During the depression of spirits which he laboured under, while printing Childe Harold, "he would frequently," says Mr. Dallas, "talk of selling Newstead, and of going to reside at Naxos, in the Grecian Archipelago,—to adopt the eastern costume and customs, and to pass his time in studying the Oriental languages and literature." The excitement of the triumph that soon after ensued, and the success which, in other pursuits besides those of literature, attended him, again diverted his thoughts from these migratory projects. But the roving fit soon returned; and we have seen, from one of his letters to Mr. William Bankes, that he looked forward to finding himself, in the course of this spring, among the mountains of his beloved Greece once more. For a time, this plan was exchanged for the more social project of accompanying his friends, the family of Lord Oxford, to Sicily; and it was while engaged in his preparations for this expedition that the annexed letters were written.

LETTER 121. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Maidenhead, June 13. 1813.

"I have read the 'Strictures,' which are just enough, and not grossly abusive, in very fair couplets. There is a note against Mas-

1 In an article on this Satire (written for Cumberland's Review, but never printed) by that most amiable man and excellent poet, the late Rev. William Crowe, the incongruity of these metaphors is thus noticed:—"Within the space of three or four couplets, he transforms a man into as many different animals. Allow him but the compass of three lines, and he will metamorphose singer near the end, and one cannot quarrel with one's company, at any rate. The author detects some incongruous figures in a passage of English Bards, page 23., but which edition I do not know. In the sole copy in your possession—I mean the fifth edition—you may make these alterations, that I may profit (though a little too late) by his remarks:—For "hellish instinct," substitute 'brutal instinct'; 'harpies' alter to 'felons'; and for 'blood-hounds' write 'hell-hounds.' These be 'very bitter words, by my troth,' and the alterations not much sweeter; but as I shall not publish the thing, they can do no harm, but are a satisfaction to me in the way of amendment. The passage is only twelve lines.

"You do not answer me about H.'s book; I want to write to him, and not to say any thing unpleasing. If you direct to Post Office, Portsmouth, till called for, I will send and receive your letter. You never told me of the forthcoming critique on Columbus, which is not too fair; and I do not think justice quite done to the 'Pleasures,' which surely entitle the author to a higher rank than that assigned him in the Quarterly. But I must not cavil at the decisions of the invisible infallibles; and the article is very well written. The general horror of 'fragments' makes me tremulous for 'The Giaour'; but you would publish it—I presume, by this time, to your repentance. But as I consented, whatever be its fate, I won't now quarrel with you, even though I detect it in my pastry; but I shall not open a pie without apprehension for some weeks.

"The books which may be marked G. O. I will carry out. Do you know Clarke's Naufragia? I am told that he asserts the first volume of Robinson Crusoe was written by the first Lord Oxford, when in the Tower, and given by him to Defoe; if true, it is a curious anecdote. Have you got back Lord Brooke's MS.? and what does Heber say of it?

Write to me at Portsmouth.

"Ever yours, &c.

"N."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"June 18. 1813.

"Dear Sir,

"Will you forward the enclosed answer to the kindest letter I ever received in my

him from a wolf into a harpy, and in three more he will make him a bloodhound."

There are also in this MS. critique some curious instances of oversight or ignorance adduced from the Satire; such as "Fish from Helicon"—"Attic flowers Attician odours breathe," &c. &c.
life, my sense of which I can neither express to Mr. Gifford himself nor to any one else? “Ever yours, 
“N.”

LETTER 122. TO W. GIFFORD, ESQ. 

“June 18. 1813.

“My dear Sir,

“I feel greatly at a loss how to write to you at all—still more to thank you as I ought. If you knew the veneration with which I have ever regarded you, long before I had the most distant prospect of becoming your acquaintance, literary or personal, my embarrassment would not surprise you.

“Any suggestion of yours, even were it conveyed in the less tender shape of the text of the Baviad, or a Monk Mason note in Massinger, would have been obeyed; I should have endeavoured to improve myself by your censure; judge then if I should be less willing to profit by your kindness. It is not for me to handy compliments with my elders and my betters: I receive your approbation with gratitude, and will not return my brass for your gold by expressing more fully those sentiments of admiration, which, however sincere, would, I know, be unwelcome.

“To your advice on religious topics, I shall equally attend. Perhaps the best way will be by avoiding them altogether. The already published objectionable passages have been much commented upon, but certainly have been rather strongly interpreted. I am no bigot to infidelity, and did not expect that, because I doubted the immortality of man, I should be charged with denying the existence of a God. It was the comparative insignificance of ourselves and our world, when placed in comparison with the mighty whole, of which it is an atom, that first led me to imagine that our pretensions to eternity might be over-rated.

“This, and being early disgusted with a Calvinistic Scotch school, where I was cudgelled to church for the first ten years of my life, afflicted me with this malady; for, after all, it is, I believe, a disease of the mind as much as other kinds of hypochondria.”

LETTER 123. TO MR. MOORE.

“June 22. 1813.

“Yesterday I dined in company with *** [Stael], the ‘Epicene’, whose politics are sadly changed. She is for the Lord of Israel and the Lord of Liverpool—a vile antithesis of a Methodist and a Tory—talks of nothing but devotion and the ministry, and, I presume, expects that God and the government will help her to a pension.

“Murray, the avuncular of publishers, the Anak of stationers, has a design upon you in the paper line. He wants you to become the staple and stipendiary editor of a periodical work. What say you? Will you be bound, like ‘Kit Smart, to write for ninety-nine years in the Universal Visitor’?3 Seriously, he talks of hundreds a year, and— though I hate prating of the beggarly elements—his proposal may be to your honour and profit, and, I am very sure, will be to our pleasure.

“I don’t know what to say about ‘friendship.’ I never was in friendship but once, in my nineteenth year, and then it gave me as much trouble as love. I am afraid, as Whitbread’s sire said to the king, when he wanted to knight him, that I am ‘too old’; but, nevertheless, no one wishes you more friends, fame, and felicity, than,

“Yours, &c.”

Having relinquished his design of accompanying the Oxfords to Sicily, he again thought of the East, as will be seen by the following letters, and proceeded so far in his preparations for the voyage as to purchase of Love, the jeweller, of Old Bond Street, about a dozen snuff-boxes, as presents for some of his old Turkish acquaintances.

LETTER 124. TO MR. MOORE.

“4. Benedictine Street, St. James’s, July 8. 1813.

“I presume by your silence that I have blundered into something noxious in my re-

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1 The remainder of this letter, it appears, has been lost.

2 [“And ah! what verse can grace thy stately mien, Guide of the world, preeminent golden queen, Neck’s fair daughter, Stael the Epicene! Fain would the Muse—but ah! she dares no more, A mournful voice from lone Guiana’s shore, Sad Quatremere, the bold presumption checks, Forbid to question thy ambiguous sex.

“These lines contain the secret history of Quatremere de Quincy’s deportation. He presumed, in the council of five-hundred, to arraign Madame de Stael’s conduct, and even to hint a doubt of her sex. He was sent to Guiana.” —Canning’s New Morality.]
ply to your letter, for the which I beg leave to send beforehand a sweeping apology, which you may apply to any, or all, parts of that unfortunate epistle. If I err in my conjecture, I expect the like from you, in putting our correspondence so long in quarantine. God he knows what I have said; but he also knows (if he is not as indifferent to mortals as the nonchalant deities of Lucretius), that you are the last person I want to offend. So, if I have,—why the devil don't you say it at once, and expectorate your spleen?

"Rogers is out of town with Madame de Stael, who hath published an Essay against Suicide, which, I presume, will make somebody shoot himself;—as a sermon by Blinkensop, in proof of Christianity, sent a hitherto most orthodox acquaintance of mine out of a chapel of ease a perfect atheist. Have you found or founded a residence yet? and have you begun or finished a poem? If you won't tell me what I have done, pray say what you have done, or left undone, yourself. I am still in equipment for voyaging, and anxious to hear from, or of, you before I go, which anxiety you should remove more readily, as you think I sha'n't cogitate about you afterwards. I shall give the lie to that calumny by fifty foreign letters, particularly from any place where the plague is rife,—without a drop of vinegar or a whiff of sulphur to save you from infection.

"The Oxfords have sailed almost a fortnight, and my sister is in town, which is a great comfort,—for, never having been much together, we are naturally more attached to each other. I presume the illuminations have conflagrated to Derby (or wherever you are) by this time. We are just recovering from tumult and train oil, and transparent friperies, and all the noise and nonsense of victory. Drury Lane had a large M. W., which some thought was Marshal Wellington; others, that it might be translated into Manager Whitbread; while the ladies of the vicinity of the saloon conceived the last letter to be complimentary to themselves. I leave this to the commentators to illustrate. If you don't answer this, I sha'n't say what you deserve, but I think I deserve a reply. Do you conceive there is no Post-Bag but the Twopenny? Sunburn me, if you are not too bad."

LETTER 125. TO MR. MOORE.

"July 13, 1813.

"Your letter set me at ease; for I really thought (as I hear of your susceptibility) that I had said—I know not what—but something I should have been very sorry for, had it, or I, offended you;—though I don't see how a man with a beautiful wife—his own children, quiet—fame—competency and friends, (I will vouch for a thousand, which is more than I will for a unit in my own behalf,) can be offended with any thing.

"Do you know, Moore, I am amazingly inclined—remember I say but inclined—to be seriously enamoured with Lady A. F.—but this * * has ruined all my prospects. However, you know her; is she clever, or sensible, or good-tempered? either would do—I scratch out the will. I don't ask as to her beauty—that I see; but my circumstances are mending, and were not my other prospects blackening, I would take a wife, and that should be the woman, had I a chance. I do not yet know her much, but better than I did.

"I want to get away, but find difficulty in compassing a passage in a ship of war. They had better let me go; if I cannot, patriotism is the word—'nay, an' they'll mouth, I'll rant as well as they.' Now, what are you doing?—writing, we all hope, for our own sakes. Remember you must edit my posthumous works, with a Life of the Author, for which I will send you Confessions, dated, 'Lazaretto,' Smyrna, Malta, or Palermo—one can die any where.

"There is to be a thing on Tuesday ycleped a national fête. The Regent and * * are to be there, and everybody else, who has shillings enough for what was once a guinea. Vauxhall is the scene—there are six tickets issued for the modest women, and it is supposed there will be three to spare. The passports for the lax are beyond my arithmetic.

"P.S. — The Stael last night attacked me most furiously—said that I had 'no right to make love—that I had used * * barbarously—that I had no feeling, and was totally insensible to la belle passion, and had been all my life.' I am very glad to hear it, but did not know it before. Let me hear from you anon."

"Madame de Stael treats me as the person whom she most delights to honour; I am generally ordered with her to dinner, as one orders beans and bacon: she is one of the few persons who surpass expectation; she has every sort of talent, and would be universally popular, if, in society, she were to confine herself to her inferior talents—pleasantry, anecdote, and literature. I have reviewed her Essay on Suicide in the last Edinburgh Review: it is not one of her best, and I have accordingly said more of the author and the subject than of the work." — Sir J. MACKINTOSH: Life, vol. ii. p. 364.]
LETTER 126. TO MR. MOORE.  
"July 25, 1813."

"I am not well versed enough in the ways of single woman to make much matrimonial progress.

"I have been dining like the dragon of Wantley for this last week. My head aches with the vintage of various cellars, and my brains are muddled as their dregs. I met your friends the D**s — she sang one of your best songs so well, that, but for the appearance of affectation, I could have cried; he reminds me of Hunt, but handsomer, and more musical in soul, perhaps. I wish to God he may conquer his horrible anomalous complaint. The upper part of her face is beautiful, and she seems much attached to her husband. He is right, nevertheless, in leaving this nauseous town. The first winter would infallibly destroy her complexion,— and the second, very probably, every thing else.

"I must tell you a story. Morris (of indifferent memory) was dining out the other day, and complaining of the Prince's coldness to his old wassailers. D'Israeli (a learned Jew) bored him with questions — why this? and why that? 'Why did the Prince act thus?' — 'Why, sir, on account of Lord **, who ought to be ashamed of himself.' — 'And why ought Lord ** to be ashamed of himself?' — "Because the Prince, sir,** **** **.' — 'And why, sir, did the Prince cut you? — 'Because, G—d me, sir, I stuck to my principles.' — 'And why did you stick to your principles?' — "Is not this last question the best that was ever put, when you consider to whom? It nearly killed Morris. Perhaps you may think it stupid, but, as Goldsmith said about the peas, it was a very good joke when I heard it — as I did from an earwitness — and is only spoilt in my narration.

"The season has closed with a dandy ball; — but I have dinners with the Harrowbys, Rogers, and Frere and Mackintosh, where I shall drink your health in a silent bumper, and regret your absence till 'too much canaries' wash away my memory, or render it superfluous by a vision of you at the opposite side of the table. Canning has disbanded his party by a speech from his ** ** — the true throne of a Tory. Conceive his turning them off in a formal harangue, and bidding them think for themselves. 'I have led my ragamuffins where they are well peppered. There are but three of the 150 left alive, and they are for the Tournsend (query, might not Falstaff mean the Bow Street officer? I dare say Malone's posthumous edition will have it so) for life.'

"Since I wrote last, I have been into the country. I journeyed by night — no incident, or accident, but an alarm on the part of my valet on the outside, who, in crossing Epping Forest, actually, I believe, flung down his purse before a mile-stone, with a blow-worm in the second figure of number XIX — mistaken it for a footpad and dark lantern. I can only attribute his fears to a pair of new pistols wherewith I had armed him; and he thought it necessary to display his vigilance by calling out to me whenever we passed any thing — no matter whether moving or stationary. Conceive ten miles, with a tremor every furlong. I have scribbled you a fearfully long letter. This sheet must be blank, and is merely a wrapper, to preclude the tabellarians of the post from peeping. You once complained of my not writing; — I will 'heap coals of fire upon your head' by not complaining of your not reading. Ever, my dear Moore, your'n (isn't that the Staffordshire termination?)"

"BYRON."

LETTER 127. TO MR. MOORE.  
"July 27, 1813."

"When you next imitate the style of 'Tacitus,' pray add, 'de moribus Germanorurn;' — this last was a piece of barbarous silence, and could only be taken from the Woods, and, as such, I attribute it entirely to your sylvan sequestration at Mayfield Cottage. You will find, on casting up accounts, that you are my debtor by several sheets and one epistle. I shall send you verse and bidding them think for themselves. 'I have led my ragamuffins where they are well peppered. There are but three of the 150 left alive, and they are for the Tournsend (query, might not Falstaff mean the Bow Street officer? I dare say Malone's posthumous edition will have it so) for life.'

"Since I wrote last, I have been into the country. I journeyed by night — no incident, or accident, but an alarm on the part of my valet on the outside, who, in crossing Epping Forest, actually, I believe, flung down his purse before a mile-stone, with a blow-worm in the second figure of number XIX — mistaken it for a footpad and dark lantern. I can only attribute his fears to a pair of new pistols wherewith I had armed him; and he thought it necessary to display his vigilance by calling out to me whenever we passed any thing — no matter whether moving or stationary. Conceive ten miles, with a tremor every furlong. I have scribbled you a fearfully long letter. This sheet must be blank, and is merely a wrapper, to preclude the tabellarians of the post from peeping. You once complained of my not writing; — I will 'heap coals of fire upon your head' by not complaining of your not reading. Ever, my dear Moore, your'n (isn't that the Staffordshire termination?)"

"Believe me ever yours indignantly."

"Bn."

LETTER 128. TO MR. MOORE.  
"July 28, 1813."

"Can't you be satisfied with the pangs of my jealousy of Rogers, without actually making me the pander of your epistolary intrigue? This is the second letter you have enclosed to my address, notwithstanding a miraculous long answer, and a subsequent short one or two of your own. If you do so again, I can't tell to what pitch my fury may soar. I shall send you verse or arsenic, as likely as any thing, — four thousand couplets on sheets beyond the
privilege of franking; that privilege, sir, of which you take an undue advantage over a too susceptible senator, by forwarding your lucubrations to every one but himself. I won't frank from you, or for you, or to you—may I be curst if I do, unless you mend your manners. I disown you—I disclaim you—and by all the powers of Eulogy, I will write a panegyric upon you—or dedicate a quarto—if you don't make me ample amends.

"P. S.—I am in training to dine with Sheridan and Rogers this evening. I have a little spite against R., and will shed his 'Clary wines pottle-deep.' This is nearly my ultimate or penultimate letter; for I am quite equipped, and only wait a passage. Perhaps I may wait a few weeks for Sligo, but not if I can help it."

He had, with the intention of going to Greece, applied to Mr. Croker, the Secretary of the Admiralty, to procure him a passage on board a king's ship to the Mediterranean; and, at the request of this gentleman, Captain Carlton, of the Boyne, who was just then ordered to re-enforce Sir Edward Pellew, consented to receive Lord Byron into his cabin for the voyage. To the letter announcing this offer, the following is the reply:—

LETTER 129. TO MR. CROKER.

"Bt. Str., August 2. 1813.

"Dear Sir,

"I was honoured with your unexpected and very obliging letter, when on the point of leaving London, which prevented me from acknowledging my obligation as quickly as I felt it sincerely. I am endeavouring all in my power to be ready before Saturday—and even if I should not succeed, I can only blame my own tardiness, which will not the less enhance the benefit I have lost. I have only to add my hope of forgiveness for all my trespasses on your time and patience, and with my best wishes for your public and private welfare, I have the honour to be, most truly, your obliged and most obedient servant,

"Byron."

So early as the autumn of this year, a fifth edition of The Giaour was required; and again his fancy teemed with fresh materials for its pages. The verses commencing "The browsing camels' bells are tinkling," and the four pages that follow the line, "Yes, love indeed is light from heaven," were all added at this time. Nor had the overflowsings of his mind even yet ceased, as I find in the poem, as it exists at present, still further additions, and, among them, those four brilliant lines—

"She was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight,
And rose, where'er I turn'd mine eye,
The Morning-star of memory!"

The following notes and letters to Mr. Murray, during these outpourings, will show how irresistible was the impulse under which he vented his thoughts.

"If you send more proofs, I shall never finish this infernal story—'Ecce signum'—thirty-three more lines enclosed! to the utter discomfiture of the printer, and, I fear, not to your advantage. "B."

"Half-past two in the morning, Aug. 10. 1813.

"Dear Sir,

"Pray suspend the proofs, for I am bitten again, and have quantities for other parts of the bravura.

"Yours ever, "B.

"P. S.—You shall have them in the course of the day."

LETTER 130. TO MR. MURRAY.

"August 26. 1813.

"I have looked over and corrected one proof, but not so carefully (God knows if you can read it through, but I can't) as to preclude your eye from discovering some omission of mine or commission of your printer. If you have patience, look it over. Do you know any body who can stop— I mean point—commas, and so forth; for I am, I hear, a sad hand at your punctuation. I have, but with some difficulty, not added any more to this snake of a poem, which has been lengthening its rattles every month. It is now fearfully long, being more than a canto and a half of Childe Harold, which contains but 882 lines per book, with all late additions inclusive.

"The last lines Hodgson likes. It is not often he does, and when he don't he tells me with great energy, and I fret and alter. I have thrown them in to soften the ferocity of our Infidel, and, for a dying man, have given him a good deal to say for himself."

out so early a prospect of a passage, nor one which was likely to be so agreeable in point of society.
"I was quite sorry to hear you say you stayed in town on my account, and I hope sincerely you did not mean so superfluous a piece of politeness.

"Our six critiques! — they would have made half a Quarterly by themselves; but this is the age of criticism."

The following refer apparently to a still later edition:

**LETTER 131. TO MR. MURRAY.**

"Stilton, Oct. 3. 1813.

"I have just recollected an alteration you may make in the proof to be sent to Aston.

— Among the lines on Hassan's Serai, not far from the beginning, is this —

"Unmeet for Solitude to share.

Now to share implies more than one, and Solitude is a single gentleman; it must be thus —

"For many a gilded chamber's there,

Which Solitude might well forbear;

and so on. — My address is Aston Hall, Rotherham.

"Will you adopt this correction? and pray accept a Stilton cheese from me for your trouble. Ever yours, "B.

"If' the old line stands let the other run thus —

3 Nor there will weary traveller halt,

To bless the sacred bread and salt.

"Note. — To partake of food — to break bread and taste salt with your host, ensures the safety of the guest; even though an enemy, his person from that moment becomes sacred.

"There is another additional note sent yesterday — on the Priest in the Confessional.

"P. S. — I leave this to your discretion; if any body thinks the old line a good one or the cheese a bad one, don't accept either. But, in that case, the word share is repeated soon after in the line —

"To share the master's bread and salt;

and must be altered to —

"To break the master's bread and salt.

This is not so well, though — confound it!"

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**LETTER 132. TO MR. MURRAY.**

"Oct. 12. 1813.

"You must look The Giaour again over carefully; there are a few lapses, particularly in the last page. — 'I know' twas false; she could not die; 'it was, and ought to be—' know.' Pray observe this and similar mistakes.

"I have received and read the British Review. I really think the writer in most points very right. The only mortifying thing is the accusation of imitation. Crabbe's passage I never saw; and Scott I no further meant to follow than in his lyric measure, which is Gray's, Milton's, and any one's who likes it. The Giaour is certainly a bad character, but not dangerous; and I think his fate and his feelings will meet with few proselytes. I shall be very glad to hear from or of you, when you please; but don't put yourself out of your way on my account."

**LETTER 133. TO MR. MOORE.**

"Bennet Street, August 22. 1813.

"As our late — I might say, deceased — correspondence had too much of the town-life leaven in it, we will now, 'paulo majora,' prattle a little of literature in all its branches; and first of the first — criticism. The Prince is at Brighton, and Jackson, the boxer, gone to Margate, having, I believe, decoyed Yarmouth to see a milling in that polite neighbourhood. Madre de Stael Holstein has lost one of her young barons, who has been carbonadoed by a vile Teutonic adjudant, — kilt and killed in a coffee-house at Scrawnahsaw. Corinna is, of course, what all mothers must be, — but will, I venture to prophesy, do what few mothers could — write an Essay upon it. She cannot exist without a grievance — and somebody to see, or read, how much grief becomes her. I have not seen her since the event; but merely judge (not very charitably) from prior observation.

"In a 'mail-coach copy' of the Edinburgh, I perceive The Giaour is second article. The numbers are still in the Leith smack — pray which way is the wind? The said article is so very mild and sentimental, that it must be written by Jeffery in love; — you know he is gone to America to marry some fair one, of whom he has been, for several quarters, éper­dant amour. 3 Seriously — as Winifred

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1 This is written on a separate slip of paper enclosed.
2 The passage referred to by the Reviewers is in the poem entitled "Resentment;" and the following is, I take for granted, the part which Lord Byron is accused by them of having imitated: —

"Those are like wax — apply them to the fire,

Melting, they take th' impressions you desire:

Easy to mould, and fashion as you please,

And again moulded with an equal ease:

Like smelted iron these the forms retain;

But, once impress'd, will never melt again."

3 [Mr. Jeffrey married, in 1814, Miss Wilkes, the daughter of Mr. Wilkes of New York, and grand-niece of the famous John Wilkes.]
Jenkins says of Lismahago—Mr. Jeffrey (or his deputy) 'has done the handsome thing by me,' and I say nothing. But this I will say, if you and I had knocked one another on the head in this quarrel, how he would have laughed, and what a mighty bad figure we should have cut in our posthumous works. By the by, I was call'd in the other day to mediate between two gentlemen bent upon carnage, and, after a long struggle between the natural desire of destroying one's fellow-creatures, and the dislike of seeing men play the fool for nothing,—I got one to make an apology, and the other to take it, and left them to live happy ever after. One was a peer, the other a friend untitled, and both fond of high play;—and I seeing men play the fool for nothing,—I got after. One was a peer, the other a friend untitled, and both fond of high play;—and I seeing men play the fool for nothing,—I got one to make an apology, and the other to take it, and left them to live happy ever after. One was a peer, the other a friend untitled, and both fond of high play;—and I seeing men play the fool for nothing,—I got one to make an apology, and the other to take it, and left them to live happy ever after.

"There is an American Life of G. F. Cooke, Scourra deceased, lately published. Such a book!—I believe, since Drunken Barnaby's Journal, nothing like it has drench'd the press. All green-room and tap-room—drams and the drama—brandy, whisky-punch, and, latterly, toddy, overflow every page. Two things are rather marvellous,—first, that a man should live so long drunk, and, next, that he should have found a sober biographer. There are some very laughable things in it, nevertheless;—but the pints he swallowed, and the parts he performed, are too regularly registered.

"All this time you wonder I am not gone; so do I; but the accounts of the plague are very perplexing—not so much for the thing itself as the quarantine established in all ports, and from all places, even from England. It is true, the forty or sixty days would, in all probability, be as foolishly spent on shore as in the ship; but one likes to have one's choice, nevertheless. Town is awfully empty; but not the worse for that. I am really puzzled with my perfect ignorance of what I mean to do;—not stay, if I can help it, but where to go?" Sligo is for the North;—a pleasant place, Petersburgh, in

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1 One of his travelling projects appears to have been a visit to Abyssinia:—at least, I have found, among his papers, a letter founded on that supposition, in which the writer entreats of him to procure information concerning "a kingdom of Jews mentioned by Bruce as residing on the mountain of Samen in that country. I have had the honour," he adds, "of some correspondence with the Rev. Dr. Buchanan and the Reverend and learned G. S. Faber, on the subject of the existence of this kingdom of Jews, which, if it prove to be a fact, will more clearly elucidate many of the Scripture prophecies:... and, if Providence favours your Lordship's mission to Abyssinia, an intercourse might be established between England and that country, and the English ships, according to the Rev. Mr. Faber, might be the principal means of transporting the kingdom of Jews, now in Abyssinia, to Egypt, in the way to their own country, Palestine."

2 "A Persian's Heaven is easily made—"Tis but black eyes and lemonade."
"P. S. 2d. — There is an excellent review of Grimm's Correspondence and Madâ', de Stael in this No. of the E. R. Jeffrey, himself, was my critic last year; but this is, I believe, by another hand. I hope you are going on with your grand coup — pray do — or that damned Lucien Buonaparte will beat us all. I have seen much of his poem in MS., and he really surpasses every thing beneath Tasso. Hodgson is translating him against another bard. You and (I believe, Rogers,) Scott, Gifford, and myself, are to be referred to as judges between the twain; — that is, if you accept the office. Conceive our different opinions! I think we, most of us (I am talking very impudently, you will think — us, indeed!) have a way of our own, — at least, you and Scott certainly have."

LETTER 134. TO MR. MOORE.

"August 28, 1813.

"Ay, my dear Moore, ' there was a time' — I have heard of your tricks, when 'you was campaigning at the King of Bohemy,' 1 I am much mistaken if, some fine London spring, about the year 1815, that time does not come again. After all, we must end in marriage; and I can conceive nothing more delightful than such a state in the country, reading the county newspaper, &c., and kissing one's wife's maid. Seriously, I would incorporate with any woman of decent demeanour to-morrow — that is, I would a month ago, but, at present, * * * "Why don't you 'parody that Ode'? 2 — Do you think I should be ledchly? or have you done it, and won't tell me? — You are

1 [See Foote's farce of "The Mayor of Garrat."

2 The Ode of Horace,

"Natis in umum lettitna, &c.;"

some passages of which I told him might be parodied, in allusion to some of his late adventures:

"Quanta laboras in Charybdi!"

3 In his first edition of The Glaour he had used this word as a trisyllable, — "Bright as the gem of Giamischid," — but on my remarking to him, upon the authority of Richardson's Persian Dictionary, that this was incorrect, he altered it to "Bright as the ruby of Giamischid." On seeing this, however, I wrote to him, "that, as the comparison of his heroine's eye to a 'ruby' might unluckily call up the idea of its being blood-shot, he had better change the line to "Bright as the jewel of Giamischid;" — which he accordingly did in the following edition.

4 Having already endeavoured to obviate the charge of vanity, to which I am aware I expose myself by being thus accessory to the publication of eulogies, so warm and so little merited, on myself, I shall here only add, that it will abundantly console me under such a charge, if, in whatever degree the judgment of my noble friend

quite right about Giamischid, and I have reduced it to a dissyllable within this half hour. 3 I am glad to hear you talk of Richardson, because it tells me what you won't — that you are going to beat Lucien. At least tell me how far you have proceeded. Do you think me less interested about your works, or less sincere than our friend Ruggerio? I am not — and never was. In that thing of mine, the 'English Bards,' at the time when I was angry with all the world, I never ' disparaged your parts,' although I did not know you personally; — and have always regretted that you don't give us an entire work, and not sprinkle yourself in detached pieces — beautiful, I allow, and quite alone in our language 4, but still giving us a right to expect a Siyah Nameh (is that the name?) as well as gazelles. Stick to the East; — the oracle, Stael, told me it was the only poetical policy. The North, South, and West, have all been exhausted; but from the East, we have nothing but Southey's unsaleable — and these he has contrived to spoil, by adopting only their most outrageous fictions. 5 His personages don't interest us, and yours will. You will have no competitor; and, if you had, you ought to be glad of it. The little I have done in that way is merely a 'voice in the wilderness' for you; and if it has had any success, that also will prove that the public are orientalising, and pave the path for you.

"I have been thinking of a story, grafted on the amours of a Peri and a mortal— something like, only more philanthropical than, Cazotte's Diable Amoureux. 6 It would require a good deal of poesy, and may be called in question for these praises, he shall, in the same proportion, receive credit for the good-nature and warm-heartedness by which they were dictated.

5 ['Lord Byron contemplated, at one time, a pilgrimage to the East; and had he accomplished it, we should have had poetry filled with Rajahpoots. The annals of Mewar are as heroic as those of England and Scotland. Old Chund, their heroic bard, has sung them. Why does not some young English bard arise in the East? But we have only cadets and writers; and they never venture higher than to translate.' — Wilson.

6 'In the sixty-nine-books, comprising one hundred thousand stanzas, of which the epic of the poet Chund consists, every noble family of Rajasthan will find some record of their ancestors. To read this poet well is a sure road to honour; and my own gourou was allowed, even by the professional bards, to excel therein. As he read, I rapidly translated about thirty thousand stanzas.' — Tod: Annals of Rajasthan."

7 The Diable Amoureux appeared in 1772. In 1790, at the age of seventy, Cazotte translated, at Paris, four volumes of Arabian Tales, a continuation of the preceding "Nights' Entertainments." In 1792, he was thrown into the prison of the Abbaye. When the massacre of the 2nd September took place, being delivered into the
tenderness is not my forte. For that, and other reasons, I have given up the idea, and merely suggest it to you, because, in intervals of your greater work, I think it a subject you might make much of.\(^1\) If you want any more books, there is Castellan's *Mœurs des Ottomans,* the best compendium of the kind I ever met with, in six small tomes. I am really taking a liberty by talking in this style to my elders and my betters;—pardon it, and don't Rochefoucault my motives."

**LETTER 135.  TO MR. MOORE.**

"August—September, I mean—1, 1813.

"I send you, begging your acceptance, Castellan, and three vols. on Turkish literature, not yet looked into. The last I will thank you to read, extract what you want, and return in a week, as they are lent to me by that brightest of Northern constellations, Mackintosh,—amongst many other kind things into which India has warmed him; for I am sure your home Scotsman is of a less genial description.

"Your Peri, my dear M., is sacred and inviolable; I have no idea of touching the hem of her petticoat. Your affection of a dislike to encounter me is so flattering, that I begin to think myself a very fine fellow. But you are laughing at me—'Stup my vitals, Tam! thou art a very impudent person;' and, if you are not laughing at me, you deserve to be laughed at. Seriously, what on earth can you, or have you, to dread from any poetical flesh breathing? It really puts me out of humour to hear you talk thus.

"'The Giaour' I have added to a good deal; but still in foolish fragments. It contains about 1200 lines, or rather more—now printing. You will allow me to send you a copy. You delight me much by telling me that I am in your good graces, inviolable; I have no idea of touching the hem of her petticoat. Your affectation of a dislike to encounter me is so flattering, that I begin to think myself a very fine fellow. But you are laughing at me—'Stup my vitals, Tam! thou art a very impudent person;' and, if you are not laughing at me, you deserve to be laughed at. Seriously, what on earth can you, or have you, to dread from any poetical flesh breathing? It really puts me out of humour to hear you talk thus.

"'The Giaour' I have added to a good deal; but still in foolish fragments. It contains about 1200 lines, or rather more—now printing. You will allow me to send you a copy. You delight me much by telling me that I am in your good graces, more particularly as to temper; for, unluckily, I have the reputation of a very bad one. But they say the devil is amusing when pleased, and I must have been more venomous than the old serpent, to have hissed or stung in your company. It may be, and would appear to a third person, an incredible thing, but I know you will believe me when I say, that I am as anxious for your success as one human being can be for another's,—as much as if I had never scribbled a line. Surely the field of fame is wide enough for all; and if it were not, I would not willingly rob my neighbour of a rood of it. Now you have a pretty property of some thousand acres there, and when you have passed your present Inclosure Bill, your income will be doubled, (there's a metaphor, worthy of a Templar, namely, pert and low,) while my wild common is too remote to incommode you, and quite incapable of such fertility. I send you (which return per post, as the printer would say) a curious letter from a friend of mine,\(^2\) which will let you into the origin of 'The Giaour.' Write soon. Ever, dear Moore, yours most entirely, &c.

"P.S.—This letter was written to me on account of a different story circulated by some gentlewomen of our acquaintance, a little too close to the text. The part erased contained merely some Turkish names, and circumstantial evidence of the girl's detection, not very important or decorous."

**LETTER 136.  TO MR. MOORE.**

"Sept. 5, 1813.

"You need not tie yourself down to a day with Todercini,\(^3\) but send him at your leisure, having anatomised him into such annotations as you want; I do not believe that he has ever undergone that process before, which is the best reason for not sparing him now.

"Rogers has returned to town, but not yet recovered of the Quarterly. What follows these reviewers are! 'these bugs do fear us all.' They made you fight, and me (the milkiest of men) a satirist, and will end by making Rogers madder than Ajax. I have been reading Memory again, the other day, and Hope together, and retain all my preference of the former. His elegance is really wonderful—there is no such thing as a vulgar line in his book.

\(^1\) I had already, singularly enough, anticipated this suggestion, by making the daughter of a Peri the heroine of one of my stories, and detailing the love adventures of her quaternion in an episode. In acquainting Lord Byron with this circumstance, in my answer to the above letter, I added, "All I ask of your friendship is—not that you will abstain from Peris on my account, for that is too much to ask of human (or, at least, author's) nature—but that, whenever you mean to pay your addresses to any of these aerial ladies, you will, at once, tell me so, frankly and instantly, and let me, at least, have my choice whether I shall be desperate enough to go on, with such a rival, or at once surrender the whole race into your hands, and take, for the future, to Antediluvians with Mr. Montgomery."

\(^2\) The letter of Lord Sligo, already given.

\(^3\) [''Della Letteratura Turchesca,'" Venez. 1787, 3 vols. 8vo.]
You strangely under-rate yourself. I should conceive it an affectation in any other; but I think I know you well enough to believe that you don’t know your own value. However, ’tis a fault that generally mends; and, in your case, it really ought. I have heard him speak of you as highly as your wife could wish; and enough to give all your friends the jaundice.

“Yesterday I had a letter from Ali Pacha! brought by Dr. Holland, who is just returned from Albania. It is in Latin, and begins ‘Excellentissime nec non Carissime,’ and ends about a gun he wants made for him; — it is signed ‘Ali Vizir.’ What do you think he has been about? H. tells me that, last spring, he took a hostile town, where, forty-two years ago, his mother and sisters were treated as Miss Cunigunde was by the Bulgarian cavalry. He takes the town, selects all the survivors of this exploit — children, grandchildren, &c. to the tune of six hundred, and has them shot before his face. Recollect, he spared the rest of the city, and confined himself to the Tarquin pedigree, — which is more than I would. So much for ‘dearest friend.’”

**Letter 137. To Mr. Moore.**

> September 8, 1813.

“I am sorry to see Toderini again so soon, for fear your scrupulous conscience should have prevented you from fully availing yourself of his spoils. By this coach I send you a copy of that awful pamphlet ‘The Giouar,’ which has never procured me half so high a compliment as your modest alarm. You will (if inclined in an evening) perceive that I have added much in quantity,—a circumstance which may truly diminish your modesty upon the subject.

“You stand certainly in great need of a ‘lift’ with Mackintosh. My dear Moore,
look on, and a man of talent, and all that, and — there is his eulogy.

"** read me part of a letter from you. By the foot of Pharaoh, I believe there was abuse, for he stopped short, so he did, after a fine saying about our correspondence, and looked — I wish I could revenge myself by attacking you, or by telling you that I have had to defend you — an agreeable way which one's friends have of recommending themselves by saying — 'Ay, ay, I gave it Mr. Such-a-one for what he said about your being a plagiary, and a rake, and so on.' But do you know that you are one of the very few whom I never have the satisfaction of hearing abused, but the reverse — and do you suppose I will forgive that?

"I have been in the country, and ran away from the Doncaster races. It is odd, — I was a visitor in the same house which came to my sire as a residence with Lady Carmarthen, (with whom he adulterated before his majority — by the by, remember she was not my mamma,) — and they thrust me into an old room, with a nauseous picture over the chimney, which I should suppose my papa regarded with due respect, and which, inheriting the family taste, I looked upon with great satisfaction. I stayed a week with the family, and behaved very well — though the lady of the house is young, and religious, and pretty, and the master is my particular friend. I felt no wish for anything but a poodle dog, which they kindly gave me. Now, for a man of my courses not even to have coveted, is a sign of great amendment. Pray pardon all this nonsense, and don't 'snub me when I'm in spirits.'

"Ever yours, "BN.

"Here's an impromptu for you by a 'person of quality,' written last week, on being reproached for low spirits:

"When from the heart where Sorrow sits, Her dusky shadow mounts too high, And o'er the changing aspect flits, And clouds the brow, or fills the eye: Heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink; My Thoughts their dungeon know too well — Back to my breast the wanderers shrink, And bleed within their silent cell."  

LETTER 140. TO MR. MOORE.

"October 2, 1813.

"You have not answered some six letters of mine. This, therefore, is my penultimate. I will write to you once more, but, after that — I swear by all the saints — I am silent and supercilious. I have met Curran at Holland House — he beats every body; — his imagination is beyond human, and his humour (it is difficult to define what is wit) perfect. Then he has fifty faces, and twice as many voices, when he mimics — I never met his equal. Now, were I a woman, and eke a virgin, that is the man I should make my Scamander. He is quite fascinating. Remember, I have met him but once; and you, who have known him long, may probably deduct from my panegyric. I almost fear to meet him again, lest the impression should be lowered. He talked a great deal about you — a theme never tiresome to me, nor any body else that I know. What a variety of expression he conjures into that naturally not very fine countenance of his! He absolutely changes it entirely. I have done — for I can't describe him, and you know him. On Sunday I return to ***, where I shall not be far from you. Perhaps I shall hear from you in the mean time. Good night.

"Saturday morn. — Your letter has cancelled all my anxieties. I did not suspect you in earnest. Modest again! Because I don't do a very shabby thing, it seems, I 'don't fear your competition.' If it were reduced to an alternative of preference, I should dread you, as much as Satan does Michael. But is there not room enough in our respective regions? Go on — it will soon be my turn to forgive. To-day I dine with Mackintosh and Mrs. State — as John Bull may be pleaded to denominate Corinne — whom I saw last night, at Covent Garden, yawning over the humour of Falstaff.

"The reputation of 'gloom,' if one's friends are not included in the reputants, is of great service; as it saves one from a legion of impertinents, in the shape of common-place acquaintance. But thou know'st I can be a right merry and conceived fellow, and rarely 'larmoyant.' Murray shall reinstate your line forthwith. 2 I believe the blunder in the motto was mine; — and yet I have, in general, a memory for you, and am sure it was rightly printed at first.

"I do 'blush' very often, if I may believe Ladies H. and M. ; — but luckily, at present, no one sees me. Adieu."

LETTER 141. TO MR. MOORE.

"November 30, 1813.

"Since I last wrote to you, much has occurred, good, bad, and indifferent, — not to

1 Now printed in his Works. [See p. 557.]

2 The motto to The Giaour, which is taken from one of the Irish Melodies, had been quoted by him incorrectly in the first editions of the poem. He made afterwards a similar mistake in the lines from Burns prefixed to the Bride of Abydos.
make me forget you, but to prevent me from reminding you of one who, nevertheless, has often thought of you, and to whom your thoughts, in many a measure, have frequently been a consolation. We were once very near neighbours this autumn; and a good and bad neighbourhood it has proved to me. Suffice it to say, that your French quotation was confoundedly to the purpose,—though very unexpectedly pertinent, as you may imagine by what I said before, and my silence since. However, ‘Richard’s himself again,’ and except all night and some part of the morning, I don’t think very much about the matter.

“All convulsions end with me in rhyme; and to solace my midnights, I have scribbled another Turkish story,—not a Fragment—which you will receive soon after this. It does not trench upon your kingdom in the least, and if it did, you would soon reduce me to my proper boundaries. You will think, and justly, that I run some risk of losing the little I have gained in fame, by this further experiment on public patience; but I have really ceased to care on that head. I have written this, and published it, for the sake of the employment,—to wring my thoughts from reality, and take refuge in imaginings, however horrible; and, as to success! those who succeed will console me for a failure—excepting yourself and one or two more, whom luckily I love too well to wish one leaf of their laurels a tint yellower. This is the work of a week, and will be the reading of an hour to you, or even less,—and so, let it go ** * * * * .

“P.S.—Ward and I talk of going to Holland. I want to see how a Dutch canal looks after the Bosphorus. Pray respond.”

** LETTER 142. TO MR. MOORE. 

“December 8, 1813.

“Your letter, like all the best, and even kindest things in this world, is both painful and pleasing. But, first, to what sits nearest. Do you know I was actually about to dedicate to you,—not in a formal inscription, as to one’s elders,—but through a short prefatory letter, in which I boasted myself your intimate, and held forth the prospect of your poem; when, lo! the recollection of your strict injunctions of secrecy as to the said poem, more than once repeated by word and letter, flashed upon me, and marred my intents. I could have no motive for repressing my own desire of alluding to you (and not a day passes that I do not think and talk of you), but an idea that you might, yourself, dislike it. You cannot doubt my sincere admiration, waving personal friendship for the present, which, by the by, is not less sincere and deep rooted. I have you by rote and by heart; of which ‘ecce signum!’ When I was at **, on my first visit, I have a habit, in passing my time a good deal alone, of— I won’t call it singing, for that I never attempt except to myself— but of uttering, to what I think tunes, your ‘Oh breathe not,’ ‘When the last glimpse,’ and ‘When he who adores thee,’ with others of the same minstrel;—they are my matins and vespers. I assuredly did not intend them to be overheard, but, one morning, in comes, not La Donna, but Il Marito, with a very grave face, saying, ‘Byron, I must request you won’t sing any more, at least of those songs.’ I stared, and said, ‘Certainly, but why?’—‘To tell you the truth,’ quoth he, ‘they make my wife cry, and so melancholy, that I wish her to hear no more of them.’

“Now, my dear M., the effect must have been from your words, and certainly not my music. I merely mention this foolish story to show you how much I am indebted to you for even your pastimes. A man may praise and praise, but no one recollects but that which pleases—at least, in composition. Though I think no one equal to you in that department, or in satire,—and surely no one was ever so popular in both,—I certainly am of opinion that you have not yet done all you can do, though more than enough for any one else. I want, and the world expects, a longer work from you; and I see in you what I never saw in poet before, a strange diffidence of your own powers, which I cannot account for, and which must be unaccountable, when a Cossae like me can appeal a cuirassier. Your story I did not, could not, know,—I thought only of a Peri. I wish you had confided in me, not for your sake, but mine, and to prevent the world from losing a much better poem than my own, but which, I yet hope, this clashing will not even now deprive them of.”

Mine is the work of a week, written, why I have locality and costume, but in plot and characters, that I immediately gave up my story altogether, and began another on an entirely new subject, the Fire-worshippers. To this circumstance, which I immediately communicated to him, Lord Byron alludes in this letter. In my hero (to whom I had even given the name of ‘Zelmii,” and who was a descendant of Ali, outlawed, with all his
partly told you, and partly I cannot tell you by letter — some day I will.

"Go on — I shall really be very unhappy if I at all interfere with you. The success of mine is yet problematical; though the public will probably purchase a certain quantity, on the presumption of their own propensity for 'The Giaour' and such 'horrid mysteries.' The only advantage I have is the sticking-place. Except the Post Bag (and surely you cannot complain of a want of success there), you have not been regularly out for some years. No man stands higher, — whatever you may think on a rainy day, in your provincial retreat. 'Aucun homme, dans aucune langue, n'a été, peut-être, plus complètement le poëte du cœur et le poëte des femmes. Les critiques lui reprochent de n'avoir représenté le monde ni tel qu'il est, ni tel qu'il doit être; mais les femmes répondent qu'il l'a représenté tel qu'elles le désirent.' — I should have thought Sismondi had written this for you instead of Metastasio.

"Write to me, and tell me of yourself. Do you remember what Rousseau said to some one — 'Have we quarrelled? you have talked to me often, and never once mentioned yourself.'

"P. S. — The last sentence is an indirect apology for my egotism, — but I believe in letters it is allowed. I wish it was mutual. I have met with an odd reflection in Grimm; it shall not — at least the bad part — be applied to you or me, though one of us has certainly an indifferent name — but this it is: — 'Many people have the reputation of being wicked, with whom we should be too happy to pass our lives.' I need not add it is a woman's saying — a Mademoiselle de Sommery's."

1 ["De la Litterature du Midi de l'Europe,""]
2 "C'est surtout aux hommes qui sont hors de toute comparaison par le genie qu'on aime a ressembler au moins par les foiblesses." — GINGUÉNÉ.
"Journal, begun November 14. 1813.

"If this had been begun ten years ago, and faithfully kept! — heigho! there are too many things I wish never to have remembered, as it is. Well, — I have had my share of what are called the pleasures of this life, and have seen more of the European and Asiatic world than I have made a good use of. They say 'Virtue is its own reward,' — it certainly should be paid well for its trouble. At five-and-twenty, when the better part of life is over, one should be something; — and what am I? nothing but five-and-twenty — and the odd months. What have I seen? the same man all over the world, — ay, and woman too. Give me a Mussulman who never asks questions, and a she of the same race who saves one the trouble of putting them. But for this same plague — yellow fever — and Newstead delay, I should have been by this time a second time close to the Euxine. If I can overcome the last, I don't so much mind your pestilence; and, at any rate, the spring shall see me there, — provided I neither marry myself, nor unmarry any one else in the interval. I wish one was — I don't know what I wish. It is odd I never set some idea of expectorating a romance, or scenes of my commenced comedy. I have never yet set to it whether they succeeded or not. I have liked; the second and third — I don't know what are called the pleasures of this life, and have seen more of the European and Asiatic world than I have made a good use of. They say 'Virtue is its own reward,' — it certainly should be paid well for its trouble. At five-and-twenty, when the better part of life is over, one should be something; — and what am I? nothing but five-and-twenty — and the odd months. What have I seen? the same man all over the world, — ay, and woman too. Give me a Mussulman who never asks questions, and a she of the same race who saves one the trouble of putting them. But for this same plague — yellow fever — and Newstead delay, I should have been by this time a second time close to the Euxine. If I can overcome the last, I don't so much mind your pestilence; and, at any rate, the spring shall see me there, — provided I neither marry myself, nor unmarry any one else in the interval. I wish one was — I don't know what I wish. It is odd I never set

At least, even here, my hand would tremble to write it. This afternoon I have burnt the Petition, being sick of parliamentary mum-meries. I have spoken thrice; but I doubt whether they succeeded or not. I have never yet set to it con amore; — one must have some excuse to one's self for laziness, or inability, or both, and this is mine. 'Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me;' — and then, I have 'drunk medicines,' not to make me love others, but certainly enough to hate myself.

"Two nights ago I saw the tigers sup at Exeter 'Change. Except Veli Pacha's lion in the Morea, — who followed the Arab keeper like a dog, — the fondness of the hyæna for her keeper amused me most. Such a conversazione! — There was a 'hippopotamus,' like Lord Liverpool in the face;

1 [The Rev. Henry Byron, second son of the Hon. and Rev. Richard Byron, son of William, the fourth Lord. He died in 1831.]  
2 [Daughter of the gentleman referred to in the preceding note: she was married, in 1830, to George Rochford Clarke, Esq.]
and the "Ursine Sloth" hath the very voice and manner of my valet—but the tiger talked too much. The elephant took and gave me my money again—took off my hat—opened a door—trunked a whip—and behaved so well, that I wish he was my butler. The handsomest animal on earth is one of the panthers; but the poor antelopes were dead. I should hate to see one here:—the sight of the camel made me pine again for Asia Minor. 'Oh quando te aspician?'

"November 16.

"Went last night with Lewis to see the first of Antony and Cleopatra. It was admirably got up, and well acted—a salad of Shakspeare and Dryden. Cleopatra strikes me as the epitome of her sex—fond, lively, sad, tender, teasing, humble, haughty, beautiful, the devil!—coquettish to the last, as well with the 'asp' as with Antony. After doing all she can to persuade him that—but why do they abuse him for cutting off that pultroon Cicero's head? Did not Tully tell Brutus it was a pity to have spared Antony? and did he not speak the Philosophies? and are not 'words things'? and such 'words' very pestilent 'things' too? If he had had a hundred heads, they deserved (from Antony) a rostrum (his was stuck up there) apiece—though, after all, he might as well have pardoned him, for the credit of the thing. But to resume—Cleopatra, after securing him, says, 'yet go—it is your interest,' &c.—how like the sex! and the questions about Octavia—all of them, and delight in the last; so I won't hear it, as well as read.

"Read Burns to-day. What would he have been, if a patriarch? We should have had more polish—less force—just as much verse, but no immortality—a divorce and a duel or two, the which had he survived, as his potations must have been less spirituous, he might have lived as long as Sheridan, and outlived as much as poor Brinside.

"What a wreck is that man! and all from bad pilotage; for no one had ever better gales, though now and then a little too squally. Poor dear Sherry! I shall never forget the day he and Rogers and Moore and I passed together; when he talked, and we listened, without one yawn, from six till one in the morning.

"Got my seals.****. Have again forgot a plaything for ma petite cousine Eliza; but I must send for it to-morrow. I hope Harry will bring her to me. I sent Lord Holland the proofs of the last 'Giaour,' and 'The Bride of Abydos.' He won't like the latter, and I don't think that I shall long. It was written in four nights to distract my dreams from **. Were it not thus, it had never been composed; and had I not done something at that time, I must have gone mad, by eating my own heart,—bitter diet!—Hodgson likes it better than 'The Giaour,' but nobody else will,—and he never liked the Fragment. I am sure, had it not been for Murray, that would never have been published, though the circumstances which are the ground-work make it *** heigh-ho!

"To-night I saw both the sisters of **; my God! the youngest so like! I thought I should have sprung across the house, and am so glad no one was with me in Lady H.'s box. I hate those likenesses—the mock-bird, but not the nightingale—so like as to remind, so different as to be painful. One quarrels equally with the points of resemblance and of distinction.

"No letter from **; but I must not complain. The respectable Job says, 'Why should a living man complain?' I really don't know, except it be that a dead man can't; and he, the said patriarch, did complain, nevertheless, till his friends were tired and his wife recommended that pious prologue, 'Curse—and die; the only time, I suppose, when but little relief is to be found in swearing. I have had a most kind letter from Lord Holland on 'The Bride of Abydos,' which he likes, and so does Lady H. This is very good-natured in both, from whom I don't deserve any quarter. Yet I did think, at the time, that my cause of enmity proceeded from Holland House, and

1 ["But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Failing like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.
'Tis strange, the shortest letter which man uses
Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
Of ages," &c. Don Juan, c. iii. st. 83.]

2 "— "my weal, my woe,
My hope on high—my all below;
Earth holds no other like to thee,
Or, if it doth, in vain for me.
For worlds I dare not view the dame
Resembling thee, yet not the same."
The Giaour.
am glad I was wrong, and wish I had not been in such a hurry with that confounded satire, of which I would suppress even the memory;—but people, now they can't get it, make a fuss, I verily believe, out of contradiction.

"George Ellis and Murray have been talking something about Scott and me, George pro Scofo,—and very right too. If they want to depose him, I only wish they would not set me up as a competitor. Even if I had my choice, I would rather take the Earl of Warwick than all the kings he ever made! Jeffrey and Gifford I take to be the monarch-makers in poetry and prose. The British Critic, in their Rokeby Review, have presupposed a comparison which I am sure my friends never thought of, and W. Scott's subjects are injudicious in descending to. I like the man—and admire his works to what Mr. Braham calls Entwasyng. All such stuff can only vex him, and do me no good. Many hate his politics—I (hate all politics); and, here, a man's politics are like the Greek soul—an αὐθάλιον, besides God knows what other soul; but their estimate of the two generally go together.

"Harry has not brought ma petite cousine. I want us to go to the play together;—she has been but once. Another short note from Jersey, inviting Rogers and me on the 23d. I must see my agent to-night. I wonder when that Newstead business will be finished. It cost me more than words to part with it—and to have parted with it! What matters it what I do? or what becomes of me?—but let me remember Job's saying, and console myself with being 'a living man.'

"I wish I could settle to reading again,—my life is monotonous, and yet desultory. I take up books, and fling them down again. I began a comedy, and burnt it because the scene ran into reality;—a novel, for the same reason. In rhyme, I can keep more away from facts; but the thought always runs through, through ...... yes, yes, through. I have had a letter from Lady Melbourne—the best friend I ever had in my life, and the cleverest of women.

"Not a word from **. Have they set out from **? or has my last precious epistle fallen into the lion's jaws? If so—and this silence looks suspicious—I must clap on my 'musty morion' and 'hold out my iron.' I am out of practice—but I won't begin again at Manton's now. Besides, I would not return his shot. I was once a famous wafer-splitter; but then the bullies of society made it necessary. Ever since I began to feel that I had a bad cause to support, I have left off the exercise.

"What strange tidings from that Anakin of anarchy—Buonaparte! Ever since I defended my bust of him at Harrow against the rascally time-servers, when the war broke out in 1803, he has been a 'Héroes de Roman' of mine—on the Continent; I don't want him here. But I don't like those same flights—leaving of armies, &c. &c. I am sure when I fought for his bust at school, I did not think he would run away from himself. But I should not wonder if he banged them yet. To be beat by men would be something; but by three stupid, legitimate-old-dynasty boobies of regular-bred sovereigns—O-hone-a-rie!—O-hone-a-rie! It must be, as Cobbett says, his marriage with the thick-lipped and thick-headed Autrichienne brood. He had better have kept to her who was kept by Barras. I never knew any good come of your young wife, and legal espousals, to any but your 'sober-blooded boy' who 'eats fish' and perhaps, but certainly to the high increase of his poetical character, nature had mixed in Lord Byron's system those passions which agitate the human heart with most violence, and which may be said to have hurried his bright career to an early close. There would have been little wisdom in measuring my force with so formidable an antagonist; and I was as likely to tire of playing the second fiddle in the concert, as my audience of hearing me. Yet, though conscious that I must be, in the opinion of good judges, inferior to the place I had for four or five years held in letters, and feeling alike that the latter was one to which I had only a temporary right, I could not brook the idea of relinquishing literary occupation, which had been so long my chief diversion. Notwithstanding, therefore, the eminent success of Byron, and the great chance of his taking the wind out of my sails, there was, I judged, a species of cowardice in desisting from the task which I had undertaken, and it was time enough to retreat when the battle should be more desperately lost."

—SIR WALTER SCOTT: Intro. to Rokeby, Poet. Works., vol. ix. p. 15.]
drinketh ‘no sack.’ Had he not the whole opera? all Paris? all France? But a mistress is just as perplexing — that is, one — two or more are manageable by division.

I have begun, or had begun, a song, and flung it into the fire. It was in remembrance of Mary Duff, my first of flames, before most people begin to burn. I wonder what the devil is the matter with me! I can do nothing, and — fortunately there is nothing to do. It has lately been in my power to make two persons (and their connections) comfortable, pro tempore, and one happy, ex tempore. — I rejoice in the last particularly, as it is an excellent man.* I wish there had been more inconvenience and less gratification to my self-love in it, for then there had been more merit. We are all selfish — and I believe, ye gods of Epicurus! I believe in Rochefoucault about men, and in Lucretius (not Busby’s translation) about yourselves. Your bard has made you very nonchalant and blest; but as he has excused us from damnation, I don’t envy you your blessedness much — a little, to be sure. I remember, last year, ** said to me, at *, ‘Have we not passed our last month like the gods of Lucretius?’ And so we had. She is an adept in the text of the original (which I like too); and when that booby Bus. sent his translating prospectus, she subscribed.

I like too) ; and when that booby Bus. sent his translating prospectus, she subscribed. But, the devil prompting him to add a passage; — and, after all, what is a work— but a desert with every sort of nation and nations, fighting away, up to their knees, in the damnable quags of this will-o’-the-wisp abode of Boors. It is said Bernadotte is amongst them, too; and, as Orange will be there soon, they will have (Crown) Prince Stork and King Log in their Loggery at the same time. Two to one on the new dynasty!

Mr. Murray has offered me one thousand guineas for ‘The Giaour’ and ‘The Bride of Abydos.’ I won’t — it is too much, though I am strongly tempted, merely for the say of it. No bad price for a fortnight’s (a week each) what? — the gods know — it was intended to be called poetry.

I have dined regularly to-day, for the first time since Sunday last — this being Sabbath, too. All the rest, tea and dry biscuits — six per diem. I wish to God I had not dined now! — It kills me with heaviness, stupor, and horrible dreams; — and yet it was but a pint of bucellas, and fish.² Meat I never touch, — nor much vegetable diet. I wish I were in the country, to take exercise, — instead of being obliged to cool by abstinence, in lieu of it. I should not so much mind a little accession of flesh, — my bones can well bear it. But the worst is, the devil always came with it, — till I starved him out, — and I will not be the slave of any appetite. If I do err, it shall be my heart, at least, that heralds the way. Oh, my head — how it aches? — the horrors of digestion! I wonder how Buonaparte’s dinner agrees with him?

Mem. I must write to-morrow to ‘Master Shallow, who owes me a thousand pounds,’ and seems, in his letter, afraid I

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² He had this year so far departed from his strict plan of diet as to eat fish occasionally.
should ask him for it! — as if I would! — I don't want it (just now, at least,) to begin with; and though I have often wanted that sum, I never asked for the repayment of 10/- in my life — from a friend. His bond is not due this year, and I told him when it was, I should not enforce it. How often must he make me say the same thing?

"I am wrong — I did once ask *** to repay me. But it was under circumstances that excused me to him, and would to any one. I took no interest, nor required security. He paid me soon, — at least, his padre. My head! I believe it was given me to ache with. Good even.

"Nov. 22, 1813.

"'Orange Boven!' So the bees have expelled the bear that broke open their hive. Well, — if we are to have new De Witts and De Ruyters, God speed the little republic! I should like to see the Hague and the village of Brock, where they have such primitive habits. Yet, I don't know,—their canals would cut a poor figure by the memory of the Bosphorus; and the Zuyder Zee look awkwardly after 'Ak-Denizi.' No matter, — the bluff burghers, puffing freedom out of their short tobacco-pipes, might be worth seeing; though I prefer a cigar or a hooka, with the rose-leaf mixed with the milder herb of the Levant. I don't know what liberty means, — never having seen it; and though I have often wanted that wealth is power all over the world; and as a shilling performs the duty of a pound (besides sun and sky and beauty for nothing) in the East, —

"SOUTH, I have not seen much of. His appearance is Epic; and he is the only existing entire man of letters. All the others have some pursuit annexed to their authorship. His manners are mild, but not those of a man of the world, and his talents of the first order. His prose is perfect. Of his poetry there are various opinions: there is, perhaps, too much of it for the present generation;—posterity will probably select. He has passages equal to anything. At present, he has a party, but no public — except for his prose writings. The life of Nelson is beautiful.

"Sotheby is a Littératuré, the Oracle of
the Coteries, of the * * * a, Lydia White (Sydney Smith's 'Tory Virgin'), Mrs. Wilmot (she, at least, is a swan, and might frequent a purer stream,) Lady Beaumont, and all the Blues, with Lady C * * * at their head — but I say nothing of her — 'look in her face and you forget them all,' and every thing else. 'Oh that face!' — by 'te, Diva potens Cypris,' I would, to be beloved by that woman, build and burn another Troy. "M * * e has a peculiarity of talent, or rather talents,—poetry, music, voice, all his own ; and an expression in each, which never was, nor will be, possessed by another. But he is capable of still higher flights in poetry. By the by, what humour, what — every thing, in the 'Post-Bag!' There is nothing M * * e may not do, if he will but seriously set about it. In society, he is gentlemanly, gentle, and, altogether, more pleasing than any individual with whom I am acquainted. For his honour, principle, and independence, his conduct to ** * speaks 'trumpet-tongued.' He has but one fault — and that one I daily regret — he is not here.

"Nov. 23."

"Ward — I like Ward. 1 By Mahomet! I begin to think I like every body ; — a disposition not to be encouraged ; — a sort of social gluttony that swallows every thing set before it. But I like Ward. He is * * * iquant ; and, in my opinion, will stand * * * high in the House, and everywhere else, if he applies * * * regularly. By the by, I dine with him to-morrow, which may have some influence over his opinion. It is as well not to trust one's gratitude after dinner. I have heard many a host libelled by his guests, with his burgundy yet reeking on their rascally lips.

I have taken Lord Salisbury's box at Covent Garden for the season; and now I must go and prepare to join Lady Holland and party, in theirs, at Drury Lane, * questa sera.*

"Holland doesn't think the man is Junius; but that the yet unpublished journal throws great light on the obscurities of that part of George the Second's reign. — What is this to George the Third's? I don't know what to think. Why should Junius be yet dead? If suddenly apoplexed, would he rest in his grave without sending his * * * to shout in the ears of posterity? * Junius was X. Y. Z., Esq., buried in the parish of * * *. Repair his monument, ye churchwardens! Print a new edition of his Letters, ye booksellers!"

Impossible, — the man must be alive, and will never die without the disclosure. I like him; — he was a good hater. "Came home unwell and went to bed, — not so sleepy as might be desirable.

"Tuesday morning."

"I awoke from a dream! — well! and have not others dreamed? — Such a dream! — but she did not overtake me. I wish the dead would rest, however. Ugh! how my blood chilled,— and I could not wake — and — and — heigho!"

"Shadows to-night.
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than could the substance of ten thousand * * *,
Arm'd all in proof, and led by shallow * * *.'"

I do not like this dream, — I hate its 'foregone conclusion.' And am I to be shaken by shadows? Ay, when they remind us of — no matter — but, if I dream thus again, I will try whether * all * sleep has the like visions. Since I rose, I've been in considerable bodily pain also; but it is gone, and now, like Lord Ogleby, I am wound up for the day.

"A note from Mountnorris — I dine with Ward; — Canning is to be there, Frere and Sharpe, perhaps Gifford. I am to be one of 'the five' (or rather six), as Lady * * said a little sneeringly yesterday. They are all good to meet, particularly Canning, and — Ward, when he likes. I wish I may be well enough to listen to these intellectuals.

"No letters to-day; — so much the better. I must not dream again; — it spoils even reality. I will go out of doors, and see what the fog will do for me. Jackson has been here: the boxing world as usual; — but the club increases. I shall dine at Crib's to-morrow. I like energy — even animal energy — of all kinds; and I have need of both mental and corporeal. I have not dined out, nor, indeed at * all *, lately: have heard no music — have seen nobody. Now for a plunge — high life and low life. 'Amant alterna Camœna!'"

"I have burnt my * Roman * — as I did the first scenes and sketch of my comedy — and, for aught I see, the pleasure of burning is quite as great as that of printing. These two last would not have done. I ran into realities more than ever; and some would have been recognised and others guessed at.

"Rede the Ruminator — a collection of Essays, by a strange, but able, old man (Sir Egerton Brydges), and a half-wild young one, author of a poem on the Highlands, called 'Child Alarique.' 2 The word 'sensibility' several of the scenes from German and Danish tragedies, which have, from time to time, appeared in Blackwood's Magazine."

1 [The late Earl of Dudley.]
2 [R. P. Gillies, Esq.: author of "The Confessions of Sir Henry Longueville," a novel, and translator of
tering away his time among dowagers and tators. For, though they may have other perhaps, one in a thousand.

unmarried, that is a hazardous speculation, affair, it were some excuse; but, with the limited to the arrangement of my affairs, and unmarried girls. If it advanced any ostensible avocations, these last are reduced and tiresome enough, too; and, with the game of crowns and sceptres, what is it?

past events have making life an amusement, and look on while unnerved me; and all I can now do is to and literature of both. Past events have unsettled either in Italy or the East (rather be 'aut Caesar aut nihil.' My hopes are but a prelude to greater; changes and mightier

be any thing better. And this is what an­

thought, if crushed, he would have fallen, and, if he cherishes the disposition which runs through his papers, will become useless, and, perhaps, not even a poet, after all, which he seems determined to be. God help him! no one should be a rhymier who could be any thing better. This is what annoys one, to see Scott and Moore, and Campbell and Rogers, who might have all been agents and leaders, now mere spec­
ators. For, though they may have other tentable avocations, these last are reduced

to a secondary consideration. ***, too, frit­
ering away his time among dowagers and

and tiresome enough, too; and, with the veterans, it is not much worth trying, unless, perhaps one in a thousand.

"If I had any views in this country, they would probably be parliamentary. But I have no ambition; at least, if any, it would be 'aut Caesar aut nihil.' My hopes are limited to the arrangement of my affairs, and settling either in Italy or the East (rather the last), and drinking deep of the languages and literature of both. Past events have unnerved me; and all I can now do is to make life an amusement, and look on while others play. After all, even the highest game of crowns and sceptres, what is it? Fide Napoleon's last twelvemonth. It has completely upset my system of fatalism. I thought, if crushed, he would have fallen, when 'fractus illabitur orbis,' and not have been pared away to gradual insignificance; that all this was not a mere jeu of the gods, but a prelude to greater changes and mightier events. But men never advance beyond a certain point; and here we are, retrograding, to the dull, stupid old system, — balance of Europe — poising straws upon kings' noses, instead of wringing them off! Give me a republic, or a despotism of one, rather than the mixed government of one, two, three. A republic! — look in the history of the Earth — Rome, Greece, Venice, France, Holland, America, our short (eheu!) Com­monwealth, and compare it with what they did under masters. The Asiatics are not qualified to be republicans, but they have the liberty of demolishing despots, which is the next thing to it. To be the first man — not the Dictator — not the Sylla, but the Washington or the Aristides — the leader in talent and truth — is next to the Divinity! Franklin, Penn, and, next to these, either

Brutus or Cassius — even Mirabeau — or St. Just. I shall never be any thing, or rather always be nothing. The most I can hope is, that some will ray, ' He might, perhaps, if he would.'

"Here are two confounded proofs from the printer. I have looked at the one, but for the soul of me, I can't look over that 'Giaour' again, — at least, just now, and at this hour — and yet there is no moon.

"Ward talks of going to Holland, and we have partly discussed an ensemble expedition. It must be in ten days, if at all, if we wish to be in at the Revolution. And why not? ** is distant, and will be at **, still more distant, till spring. No one else, ex­cept Augusta, cares for me; no ties — no trammels — andiamo dunque — se torniamo, bene — se non, ch'importa? Old William of Orange talked of dying in 'the last ditch' of his dingy country. It is lucky I can swim, or I suppose I should not well weather the first. But let us see. I have heard hyænas and jackals in the ruins of Asia; and bull­frogs in the marshes; besides wolves and angry Musselmans. Now, I should like to listen to the shout of a free Dutchman.

"Alla! Viva! For ever! Hourra! Huzzza! — which is the most rational or musical of these cries? 'Orange Boven,' according to the Morning Post.

"No dreams last night of the dead, nor the living; so — I am 'firm as the marble, founded as the rock,' till the next earth­quake.

"Ward's dinner went off well. There was not a disagreeable person there — unless I offended any body, which I am sure I could not by contradiction, for I said little, and opposed nothing. Sharpe (a man of elegant mind, and who has lived much with the best — Fox, Horne Tooke, Windham, Fitzpatrick, and all the agitators of other times and tongues,) told us the particulars of his last interview with Windham, a few days before the fatal operation which sent 'that gallant spirit to aspire the skies.' Windham, — the first in one department of oratory and talent, whose only fault was his refinement beyond the intellect of half his hearers, — Windham, half his life an active participator in the events of the earth, and one of those who governed nations, — he regretted, — and dwelt much on that regret,

1 [Mr. Windham's death took place in 1810, in conse­quence of a contusion of the hip, produced by a fall, while exerting himself to save the valuable library of his friend Mr. North, from the flames.]
that ‘he had not entirely devoted himself to literature and science!!’ His mind certainly would have carried him to eminence there, as elsewhere;—but I cannot comprehend what debility of that mind could suggest such a wish. I, who have heard him, cannot regret any thing but that I shall never hear him again. What! would he have been a plodder? a metaphysician?—perhaps a rhymer? a scribbler? Such an exchange must have been suggested by illness. But he is gone, and Time ‘shall not look upon his like again.’

“I am tremendously in arrear with my letters,—except to **, and to her my thoughts overpower me:—my words never compass them. To Lady Melbourne I write with most pleasure—and her answers, so sensible, so tactique—I never met with half her talent. If she had been a few years younger, what a fool she would have made of me, had she thought it worth her while,—and I should have lost a valuable and most agreeable friend. Mem. a mistress never is nor can be a friend. While you agree, you are lovers; and, when it is over, any thing but friends.

“I have not answered W. Scott’s last letter,—but I will. I regret to hear from 

there is a triangular ‘Gradus ad Parnassum!’—the names are too numerous for the base of the triangle. Poor Thurlow has gone wild about the poetry of Queen Bess’s reign—‘est dommage. I have ranked the names upon my triangle more upon what I believe popular opinion, than any decided opinion of my own. For, to me, some of M **’s [Moore’s] last Erin sparks —‘As a beam o’er the face of the waters’—‘When he who adores thee’—‘Oh blame not’—and ‘Oh breathe not his name’—are worth all the Epics that ever were composed.

“** [Rogers] thinks the Quarterly will attack me next. Let them. I have been ‘peppered so highly’ in my time, both ways, that it must be cayenne or aloes to make me taste. I can sincerely say, that I am not very much alive now to criticism. But—in tracing this—I rather believe that it proceeds from my not attaching that importance to authorship which many do, and which, when young, I did also. ‘One gets tired of every thing, my angel,’ says Valmont. The ‘angels’ are the only things of which I am not a little sick—but I do think the preference of writers to agents—the mighty stir made about scribbling and scribes, by themselves and others—a sign of effeminacy, degeneracy, and weakness. Who would write, who had any thing better to do? ‘Action—action—action’—said Demosthenes: ‘Actions—actions,’ I say, and not writing,—least of all, rhyme. Look at the querulous and monotonous lives of the ‘genius’;—except Cervantes, Tasso, Dante, Ariosto, Kleist (who were brave and active citizens), Æschylus, Sophocles, and some other of the antiques also,—what a worthless, idle brood it is!

‘12, Mezza Notte. ‘

“Just returned from dinner with Jackson (the Emperor of Pugilism) and another of the select, at Crib’s, the champion’s. I drank more than I like, and have brought away some three bottles of very fair claret—for I have no headache. We had Tom Crib up after dinner;—very facetious, though somewhat prolix. He don’t like his situation—wants to fight again—pray Pollux (or Castor, if he was the miller) he may! Tom has been a sailor—a coal-heaver—and some other genteel profession, before he took to the cestus. Tom has been in action at sea, and is now only three-and-thirty. A great man! has a wife and a mistress, and conversations well—bating some sad omissions and misapplications of the aspirate. Tom is an old friend of mine; I have seen some of his best battles in my nonage. He is now a publican, and, I fear, a sinner;—for Mrs. Crib is on alimony, and Tom’s daughter lives with the champion. * * Tom told me,—Tom, having an opinion of my morals, passed her off as a legal spouse. Talking of her, he said, ‘she was the truest of women’—from which I immediately inferred she could not be his wife, and so it turned out.
"These panegyrics don't belong to matrimony;—for, if 'true,' a man don't think it necessary to say so; and if not, the less he says the better. Crib is the only man, except * * * *; I ever heard harangue upon his wife's virtue; and I listened to both with great credence and patience, and stuffed my handkerchief into my mouth, when I found yawning irresistible.—By the by, I am yawning now—so, good night to thee. — Nòvòpòw.

"Thursday, November 26.

"Awoke a little feverish, but no headache
—no dreams neither, thanks to stupor! Two letters; one from * * * *, the other from Lady Melbourne—both excellent in their respective styles. * * * *'s contained also a very pretty lyric on 'concealed griefs'; if not her own, yet very like her. Why did she not say that the stanzas were, or were not, of her composition? I do not know whether to wish them hers or not. I have no great esteem for poetical persons, particularly women; they have so much of the 'ideal' in practises, as well as ethics.

"I have been thinking lately a good deal of Mary Duff, &c. &c. &c.1

"Lord Holland invited me to dinner to­day; but three days' dining would destroy me. So, without eating at all since yesterday, I went to my box at Covent Garden.

"Saw * * * * looking very pretty, though quite a different style of beauty from the other two. She has the finest eyes in the world, out of which she pretends not to see, and the longest eyelashes I ever saw, since Leila's and Phannio's Moslem curtains of the light. She has much beauty,—just enough,—but is, I think, méchante.

"I have been pondering on the miseries of separation, that—oh how seldom we see those we love! yet we live ages in moments, when met. The only thing that consoles me during absence is the reflection that no mental or personal estrangement, from ennui or disagreement, can take place; and when people meet hereafter, even though many changes may have taken place in the mean time, still, unless they are tired of each other, they are ready to reunite, and do not blame each other for the circumstances that severed them.

"Saturday 27. (I believe—or rather am in doubt, which is the ne plus ultra of mortal faith.)

"I have missed a day; and, as the Irish­man said, or Joe Miller says for him, 'have gained a loss,' or by the loss. Every thing is settled for Holland, and nothing but a cough, or a caprice of my fellow-traveller's, can stop us. Carriage ordered, funds prepared, and, probably, a gale of wind into the bargain. N'importe—I believe, with Clym o' the Clow, or Robin Hood, 'By our Mary, (dear name!) thou art both Mother and May, I think it never was a man's lot to die before this day.'6 Heigh for Helvoetsluis, and so forth!

"To-night I went with young Henry Fox to see 'Nourjahad,' a drama, which the Morning Post hath laid to my charge, but of which I cannot even guess the author. I wonder what they will next inflict upon me. They cannot well sink below a melodrama; but that is better than a satire, (at least, a personal one,) with which I stand truly arraigned, and in atonement of which I am resolved to bear silently all criticisms, abuses, and even praises, for bad pantomimes never composed by me, without even a contradictory aspect. I suppose the root of this report is my loan to the manager of my Turkish drawings for his dresses, to which he was more welcome than to my name. I suppose the real author will soon own it, as it has succeeded; if not, Job be my model, and Lethe my beverage!

"* * * * has received the portrait safe; and, in answer, the only remark she makes upon it is, 'indeed it is like' —and again, 'indeed it is like.' With her the likeness 'covered a multitude of sins;' for I happen to know that this portrait was not a flatterer, but dark and stern,—even black as the mood in which my mind was scorching last July, when I sat for it. All the others of me, like most portraits whatsoever, are, of course, more agreeable than nature.

"Redde the Edinburgh Review of Rogers. He is ranked highly; but where he should be. There is a summary view of us all—Moore and me among the rest; and both after an interval of many silent and inglorious ages, to awaken the genius of a poet. Full of enthusiasm for those perfect forms of heroism and liberty which his imagination had placed in the recesses of antiquity, he gave vent to his impatience of the imperturbations of living men and real institutions, in an original strain of sublime satire, which clothes moral anger in imagery of an almost horrible grandeur; and which, though it cannot coincide with the estimate of reason, yet could only flow from that worship of perfection which is the soul of all true poetry. —Edinb. Rev. vol. xxii. p. 37.]
(the first justly praised—though, by implication justly again) placed beneath our memorable friend. Mackintosh is the writer, and also of the critique on the Staël.\(^1\) His grand essay on Burke, I hear, is for the next number. But I know nothing of the Edinburgh, or of any other Review, but from rumour; and I have long ceased—indeed, I could not, in justice, complain of any, even though I were to rate poetry, in general, and my rhymes in particular, more highly than I really do. To withdraw myself from myself (oh that cursed selfishness!) has ever been my sole, my entire, my sincere motive in scribbling at all; and publishing is also the continuance of the same object, by the action it affords to the mind, which else recoils upon itself. If I valued fame, I should flatter received opinions, which have gathered strength by time, and will yet wear longer than any living works to the contrary. But, for the soul of me, I cannot and will not give the lie to my own thoughts and doubts, come what may. If I am a fool, it is, at least, a doubting one; and I envy no one the certainty of his self-approved wisdom.

"All are inclined to believe what they covet, from a lottery-ticket up to a passport to Paradise,—in which, from the description, I see nothing very tempting. My restlessness tells me I have something within that 'passeth show.' It is for Him, who made it, to prolong that spark of celestial fire which illuminates, yet burns, this frail tenement; and I have no conception of any existence which duration would not render tiresome. How else 'fell the angels,' even according to your creed? They were immortal, heavenly, and happy, as their apostate Abdiel is now by his treachery. Time must decide; and eternity won't be the less agreeable or more horrible because one did not expect it. In the mean time, I am grateful for some good, and tolerably patient under certain evils—grace à Dieu et mon bon tempérament.

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*Sunday, 28th.*

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*Monday, 29th.*

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\(^1\) ["In the last Edinburgh Review you will find two articles of mine, one on Rogers, and the other on Madame de Staël: they are both, especially the first, thought too panegyrical. I like the praises which I have bestowed on Lord Byron, and Thomas Moore. I am convinced of the justness of the praises given to Madame de Staël." — Mackintosh's Life, vol. ii. p. 266.]

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CHAPTER XIX.

1813.

JOURNAL continued. — MR. FRANCIS HORNER.

"Tuesday, 30th.

"Two days missed in my log-book; hiatus haud defendus. They were as little worth recollection as the rest; and, luckily, laziness or society prevented me from notching them.

"Sunday, I dined with the Lord Holland in St. James's Square. Large party—among them Sir S. Romilly and Lady R. — General Sir Somebody Bentham, a man of science and talent, I am told—Horners, an Edinburgh Reviewer, an excellent speaker in the 'Honourable House,' very pleasing, too, and gentlemanly in company, as far as I have seen—Sharpe—Phillips of Lancashire — Lord John Russell, and others, 'good men and true.' Holland's society is very good; you always see some one or other in it worth knowing. Stuffed myself with sturgeon, and exceeded in vegetables, but no meat. I am always better, however, on my tea and biscuit than any other regimen, and even that sparingly.
Why does Lady H. always have that damned screen between the whole room and the fire? I, who bear cold no better than an antelope, and never yet found a sun quite done to my taste, was absolutely petrified, and could not even shiver. All the rest, too, looked as if they were just unpacked, like salmon from an ice-basket, and set down to table for that day only. When she retired, I watched their looks as I dismissed the screen, and every cheek thawed, and every nose reddened with the anticipated glow.

“Saturday, I went with Harry Fox to Nourjahad; and, I believe, convinced him, by incessant yawning, that it was not mine. I wish the precious author would own it, and release me from his fame. The dresses are pretty, but not in costume;—Mrs. Horn’s, by the screen, and every cheek thawed, and every nose reddened with the anticipated glow.

“Sunday, a very handsome note from Mackintosh, who is a rare instance of the union of so transcendent talent and great good nature. To-day (Tuesday) a very pretty billet from M. la Baronne de Stael Holstein. She is pleased to be much pleased with my mention of her and her last work in my notes.1 I spoke as I thought. Her works are my delight, and so is she herself, for—half an hour. I don’t like her politics—at least, her having changed them; had she been qualis ab incepto, it were nothing. But she is a woman by herself, and has done more than all the rest of them together, intellectually;—she ought to have been a man. She flatters me very prettily in her note;—but I know it. The reason that adulation is not displeasing is, that, though untrue, it shows one to be of consequence enough, in one way or other, to induce people to lie, to make us their friend:—that is their concern.

“** is, I hear, thriving on the repute of a pun which was mine (at Mackintosh’s dinner some time back), on Ward, who was asking, ‘how much would it take to re-whig him?’ I answered that, probably, ‘he must first, before he was re-whigged, be re-warded.’ This foolish quibble, before the Stael and Mackintosh, and a number of conversationers, has been mouthed about, and at last settled on the head of ***, where long may it remain!

George2 is returned from afloat to get a new ship. He looks thin, but better than I expected. I like George much more than most people like their heirs. He is a fine fellow, and every inch a sailor. I would do any thing, but apostatise, to get him on in his profession.

“Lewis called. It is a good and good-humoured man, but pestilently prolix and paradoxical and personal. If he would but talk half, and reduce his visits to an hour, he would add to his popularity. As an author he is very good, and his vanity is ouverte, like Erskine’s, and yet not offending.

“Yesterday, a very pretty letter from Annabella3, which I answered. What an odd situation and friendship is ours!—without one spark of love on either side, and produced by circumstances which in general lead to coldness on one side, and aversion on the other. She is a very superior woman, and very little spoiled, which is strange in an heiress—a girl of twenty—a peeress that is to be, in her own right—an only child, and a savante, who has always had her own way. She is a poetess—a mathematician—a metaphysician, and yet, withal, very kind, generous, and gentle, with very little pretension. Any other head would be turned with half her acquisitions, and a tenth of her advantages.

“Wednesday, December 1, 1813.

“Today responded to La Baronne de Stael Holstein, and sent to Leigh Hunt (an acquisition to my acquaintance—through Moore—of last summer) a copy of the two Turkish tales. Hunt is an extraordinary character, and not exactly of the present age. He reminds me more of the Pym and Hampden times—much talent, great independence of spirit, and an austere, yet not repulsive, aspect. If he goes on qualis ab incepto, I know few men who will deserve more praise or obtain it. I must go and see him again;—the rapid succession of adventure, since last summer, added to some serious uneasiness and business, have interrupted our acquaintance; but he is a man worth knowing; and though, for his own sake, I wish him out of prison, I like to study character in such situations. He has been unshaken, and will continue so. I don’t

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1. In one of the notes to the Bride of Abydos, Lord Byron had referred the reader to a passage in “De l’Allemagne,” on the analogy between painting and poetry.
2. His cousin, the present Lord Byron.
3. Miss Milbanke, afterwards Lady Byron.
think him deeply versed in life; — he is the
bigot of virtue (not religion), and enamoured
of the beauty of that 'empty name,' as the
last breath of Brutus pronounced, and every
day proves it. He is, perhaps, a little opini-
ated, as all men who are the centre of circles,
wide or narrow — the Sir Oracles, in whose
name two or three are gathered together —
must be, and as even Johnson was; but,
withal, a valuable man, and less vain than
success and even the consciousness of preferr-‘the right to the expedient’ might
excuse.

"To-morrow there is a party of purple at
the 'blue' Miss ***'s [Berry's]. Shall I
go? um! — I don't much affect your blue-
bottles; — but one ought to be civil. There
will be, 'I guess now' (as the Americans
say), the Staels and Mackintoshes — good
—the ***'s and ***'s — not so good
—the ***s, &c. &c.— good for nothing.
Perhaps that blue-winged Kashmirian butter-
fly of book-learning. Lady *****, will be
there. I hope so; it is a pleasure to look
upon that most beautiful of faces.

"Wrote to H. — he has been telling
that I — I am sure, at least, I did not
mention it, and I wish he had not. He is
a good fellow, and I obliged myself ten times
more by being of use than I did him, — and
there's an end on't.

"Baldwin is boring me to present their
King's Bench petition. I presented Cart-
wright's last year; and Stanhope and I stood
against the whole House, and mouthed it
valiantly — and had some fun and a little
abuse for our opposition. But 'I am not i'
th' vein' for this business. Now, had **
been here, she would have made me do it.
There is a woman, who, amid all her fasci-
nation, always urged a man to usefulness or
happiness. Had she remained, she had been my
tutelar genius.

"Baldwin is very importunate — but, poor
fellow, 'I can't get out, I can't get out —
said the starling.' Ah, I am as bad as that
dog Sterne, who preferred whining over 'a
dead ass to relieving a living mother' — villain
— hypocrite — slave — sycophant! but I am
no better. Here I cannot stimulate myself to a
speech for the sake of these unfortunates, and
three words and half a smile of *** had she
been here to urge it (and urge it she infallibly
would — at least she always pressed me on
senatorial duties, and particularly in the
cause of weakness) would have made me an
advocate, if not an orator. Curse on Roche-
foucault for being always right! In him a
lie were virtue,— or, at least, a comfort to
his readers.

"George Byron has not called to-day; I
hope he will be an admiral, and, perhaps,
Lord Byron into the bargain. If he would
but marry, I would engage never to marry
myself, or cut him out of the heirship. He
would be happier, and I should like nephews
better than sons.

"I shall soon be six-and-twenty (January
22d, 1814). Is there anything in the future
that can possibly console us for not being
always twenty-five?

"Oh Gioventù!
Oh Primavera! gioventù dell'anno.
Oh Gioventù! primavera della vita.

"Sunday, December 5.

"Dallas's nephew (son to the American
Attorney-general) is arrived in this country,
and tells Dallas that my rhymes are very
popular in the United States. These are
the first tidings that have ever sounded like
Fane to my ears — to be redde on the banks
of the Ohio! The greatest pleasure I ever
derived, of this kind, was from an extract, in
Cooke the actor's life, from his journal,
stating that in the reading-room at Albany,
near Washington, he perused English Bards
and Scotch Reviewers. To be popular in a
rising and far country has a kind of posthu-
mous feet, very different from the ephemeral
eclat and fête-ing, buzzing and party-ing com-
pliments of the well-dressed multitude. I
can safely say that, during my reign in
the spring of 1812, I regretted nothing but its
duration of six weeks instead of a fortnight,
and was heartily glad to resign.

"Last night I supped with Lewis; — and,
as usual, though I neither exceeded in solids
nor fluids, have been half dead ever since.
My stomach is entirely destroyed by long
abstinence, and the rest will probably over.
Let it — I only wish the pain over. The
'leap in the dark' is the least to be
dreaded.

"The Duke of ** called. I have told
them forty times that, except to half-a-dozen
old and specified acquaintances, I am invis-
ible. His Grace is a good, noble, ducal
person; but I am content to think so at a
distance, and so — I was not at home.

"Galt called. — Mem. — to ask some one
to speak to Raymond in favour of his play.
We are old fellow-travellers, and, with all
his eccentricities, he has much strong sense,
experience of the world, and is, as far as I
been revealing to some friends the secret of Lord Byron's
kindness to him.
have seen, a good-natured philosophical fellow. I showed him Sligo's letter on the reports of the Turkish girl's adventure at Athens soon after it happened. He and Lord Holland, Lewis, and Moore, and Rogers, and Lady Melbourne have seen it. Murray has a copy. I thought it had been unknown, and wish it were; but Sligo arrived only some days after, and the rumours are the subject of his letter. That I shall preserve,—it is as well. Lewis and Galt were both horrified; and L. wondered I did not introduce the situation into 'The Giaour.' He may wonder;—he might wonder more at that production's being written at all. But to describe the feelings of that situation were impossible—it is icy even to recollect them.

"The Bride of Abydos was published on Thursday the second of December; but how it is liked or disliked, I know not. Whether it succeeds or not is no fault of the public, against whom I can have no complaint. But I am much more indebted to the tale than I can ever be to the most partial reader; as it wrung my thoughts from reality to imagination—from selfish regrets to vivid recollections—and recalled me to a country replete with the brightest and darkest, but always most lively colours of my memory. Sharpe called, but was not let in—which I regret.

"Saw ** yesterday. I have not kept my appointment at Middleton, which has not pleased him, perhaps; and my projected voyage with ** will, perhaps, please him less. But I wish to keep well with both. They are instruments that don't do, in concert; but, surely, their separate tones are very musical, and I won't give up either.

"It is well if I don't jar between these great discords. At present I stand tolerably well with all, but I cannot adopt their dislikes;—so many sets. Holland's is the first;—every thing distinct is welcome there, and certainly the ton of his society is the best. Then there is Madame de Stael's—there I never go, though I might, had I courted it. It is composed of the *s and the ** family, with a strange sprinkling,—orators, dandies, and all kinds of Blue, from the regular Grub Street uniform, down to the azure jacket of the Littérature. To see ** and ** sitting together, at dinner, always reminds me of the grave, where all distinctions of friend and foe are levelled; and they—the Reviewer and Reviewée—the Rhinoceros and Elephant—the Mammoth and Megalonyx—all will lie quietly together. They now sit together, as silent, but not so quiet, as if they were already immured.

"I did not go to the Berrys the other night. The elder is a woman of much talent, and both are handsome, and must have been beautiful. To-night asked to Lord H.'s—shall I go? um!—perhaps.

"Morning, two o'clock.

"Went to Lord H.'s—party numerous—milady in perfect good humour, and consequently perfect. No one more agreeable, or perhaps so much so, when she will. Asked for Wednesday to dine and meet the Stael—asked particularly, I believe, out of mischief to see the first interview after the note, with which Corinne professes herself to be so much taken. I don't much like it; she always talks of myself or herself, and I am not (except in soliloquy, as now,) much enamoured of either subject—especially one's works. What the devil shall I say about 'De l'Allemagne?' I like it prodigiously; but unless I can twist my admiration into some fantastical expression, she won't believe me; and I know, by experience, I shall be overwhelmed with fine things about rhyme, &c. &c. The lover, Mr. ** [Rocca], was there to-night, and C ** said 'it was the only proof he had seen of her good taste.' Monsieur L' Amant is remarkably handsome; but I don't think more so than her book.

"C ** [Campbell] looks well,—seems pleased, and dressed to sprucery. A blue coat becomes him,—so does his new wig. He really looked as if Apollo had sent him a birthday suit, or a wedding-garment, and was witty and lively. He abused Corinne's book, which I regret; because, firstly, he understands German, and is consequently a fair judge; and, secondly, he is first-rate, and, consequently, the best of judges. I reverence and admire him; but I won't give up my opinion—why should I? I read her again and again, and there can be no affectation in this. I cannot be mistaken (except in taste) in a book I read and lay down, and take up again; and no book can be totally bad which finds one, even one reader, who can say as much sincerely.

"Campbell talks of lecturing next spring; his last lectures were eminently successful. Moore thought of it, but gave it up,—I don't know why. * * had been prating dignity to him, and such stuff; as if a man disgraced himself by instructing and pleasing at the same time.

"Introduced to Marquis Buckingham—saw Lord Gower— he is going to Holland;
Sir J. and Lady Mackintosh and Horner, G. Lamb, with I know not how many (Richard Wellesley, one—a clever man), grouped about the room. Little Henry Fox, a very fine boy, and very promising in mind and manner,—he went away to bed, before I had time to talk to him. I am sure I had rather hear him than all the savans.

"Monday, Dec. 6.

"Murray tells me that Croker asked him why the thing was called the Bride of Abydos? It is a cursed awkward question, being unanswerable. She is not a bride, only about to be one; but for, &c. &c. &c.

"I don't wonder at his finding out the Bull; but the detection *** is too late to do any good. I was a great fool to make it, and am ashamed of not being an Irishman.

"Campbell last night seemed a little nettled at something or other—I know not what. We were standing in the ante-saloon, when Lord H. brought out of the other room a vessel of some composition similar to that which is used in Catholic churches, and, seeing us, he exclaimed, 'Here is some incense for you.' Campbell answered—'Carry it to Lord Byron, he is used to it.'

"Now, this comes of 'bearing no brother near the throne.' I, who have no throne, nor wish to have one, whatever I may have done, am at perfect peace with all the poetical fraternity: or, at least, if I dislike any, it is not poetically, but personally. Surely the field of thought is infinite; what does it signify who is before or behind in a race where there is no goal? The temple of fame is like that of the Persians, the universe; our altar, the tops of mountains. I should be equally content with Mount Caucasus, or Mount Anything; and those who like it, may have Mount Blanc or Chimborazo, without my envy of their elevation.

"I think I may now speak thus; for I have just published a poem, and am quite ignorant whether it is likely to be liked or not. I have hitherto heard little in its commendation, and no one can downright abuse it to one's face, except in print. It can't be good, or I should not have stumbled over the threshold, and blundered in my very title. But I began it with my heart full of ***, and my head of ori­entalsities (I can't call them isins), and wrote on rapidly.

"This journal is a relief. When I am tired—as I generally am—out comes this, and down goes every thing. But I can't read it over; and God knows what con­tradictions it may contain. If I am sincere with myself (but I fear one lies more to one's self than to any one else), every page should confute, refute, and utterly abjure its predecessor.

"Another scribble from Martin Baldwin the petitioner; I have neither head nor nerves to present it. That confounded supper at Lewis's has spoiled my digestion and my philanthropy. I have no more charity than a crust of vinegar. Would I were an ostrich, and dieted on fire-irons,—or any thing that my gizzard could get the better of.

"To-day saw Ward. His uncle is dying, and W. don't much affect our Dutch determinations. I dine with him on Thursday, provided 'oncle is not dined upon, or peremptorily bespoken by the posthumous ep­icures before that day. I wish he may recover—not for our dinner's sake, but to disappoint the undertaker, and the rascally reptiles that may well wait, since they will dine at last.

"Gell called—he of Troy—after I was out. Mem.—to return his visit. But my Mem's are the very land-marks of forgetfulness;—something like a light-house, with a ship wrecked under the nose of its lantern. I never look at a Mem. without seeing that I have remembered to forget. Mem.—I have forgotten to pay Pitt's taxes, and suppose I shall be surcharged. 'An I do not turn rebel when thou art king'—oons! I believe my very biscuit is leavened with that impostor's imposts.

"Lady Melbourne returns from Jersey's to-morrow;—I must call. A Mr. Thomson has sent a song, which I must applaud. I hate annoying them with censure or silence;—and yet I hate lettering.

"Saw Lord Glenbervie and his Pro­spectus, at Murray's, of a new Treatise on Timber. Now here is a man more useful than all the historians and rhymers ever planted. For, by preserving our woods and forests, he furnishes materials for all the history of Britain worth reading, and all the odes worth nothing.3

"Redde a good deal, but desultorily. My head is crammed with the most useless

1 [See Byronicana.]
2 [Colonel William Bosville, of Gunthwaite and Thorpe-hall, Yorkshire. He died on the 16th of De­cember, 1813.]
3 [The exertions used by Lord Glenbervie and his brother Commissioners of the Woods and Forests were highly praiseworthy. During this year they had appropriated thirty-five thousand acres for the purpose of raising navy timber.]
lumber. It is odd that when I do read, I can only bear the chicken broth of—any thing but Novels. It is many a year since I looked into one, (though they are sometimes ordered, by way of experiment, but never taken,) till I looked yesterday at the worst parts of the Monk. These descriptions ought to have been written by Tiberius at Cuprea—they are forced—the philtered ideas of a jaded voluptuary. It is to me inconceivable how they could have been composed by a man of only twenty—his age when he wrote them. They have no nature—all the sour cream of cantharides.

I should have suspected Buffon of writing them on the death-bed of his detestable dotage. I had never redde this edition, and merely looked at them from curiosity and recollection of the noise they made, and the name they have left to Lewis. But they could do no harm, except ***.

"Called this evening on my agent—my business as usual. Our strange adventures are the only inheritances of our family that have not diminished."

"I shall now smoke two cigars, and get me to bed. The cigars don't keep well here. They get as old as a donna di quaranti anni in the sun of Africa. The Havannah are the best;—but neither are so pleasant as a hooka or chiboque. The Turkish tobacco is mild, and their horses entire—two things as they should be. I am so far obliged to this Journal, that it preserves me from verse,—at least from keeping it. I have just thrown a poem into the fire (which it has relighted to my great comfort), and have smoked out of my head the plan of another. I wish I could as easily get rid of thinking, or, at least, the confusion of thought.

"Tuesday, December 7.

"Went to bed, and slept dreamlessly, but not refreshingly. Awoke, and up an hour before being called; but dawdled three hours in dressing. When one subtracts from life infancy (which is vegetation),—sleep, eating, and swilling—buttoning and unbuttoning—how much remains of downright existence? The summer of a dor­mouse.

"Redde the papers and tea-ed and soda-watered, and found out that the fire was badly lighted. Lord Glenbervie wants me to go to Brighton—um!"

"This morning, a very pretty billet from the Stael about meeting her at Ld. H.'s to-morrow. She has written, I dare say, twenty such this morning to different people, all equally flattering to each. So much the better for her and those who believe all she wishes them, or they wish to believe. She has been pleased to be pleased with my slight eulogy in the note annexed to 'The Bride.' This is to be accounted for in several ways,—firstly, all women like all, or any, praise; secondly, this was unexpected, because I have never courted her; and, thirdly, as Scrub says, those who have been all their lives regularly praised, by regular critics, like a little variety, and are glad when any one goes out of his way to say a civil thing; and, fourthly, she is a very good-natured creature, which is the best reason, after all, and, perhaps, the only one.

"A knock—knocks single and double. Bland called. He says Dutch society (he has been in Holland) is second-hand French; but the women are like women every where else. This is a bore: I should like to see them a little unlike; but that can't be expected.

"Went out—came home—this, that, and the other—and 'all is vanity, saith the preacher,' and so say I, as part of his con­gregation. Talking of vanity, whose praise do I prefer? Why, Mrs. Inchbald's, and that of the Americans. The first, because her 'Simple Story' and 'Nature and Art' are, to me, true to their titles; and, consequently, her short note to Rogers about 'The Giaour' delighted me more than anything, except the Edinburgh Review. I like the Americans, because I happened to be in Asia, while the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers were redde in America. If I could have had a speech against the Slave Trade, in Africa, and an epitaph on a dog in Europe (i.e. in the Morning Post), my vertex sublimis would certainly have displaced stars enough to overthrow the Newtonian system.

"Friday, December 10. 1813.

"I am ennuyé beyond my usual tense of that yawning verb, which I am always conjugating; and I don't find that society much mends the matter. I am too lazy to shoot myself—and it would annoy Augusta, and perhaps * *; but it would be a good thing for George, on the other side, and no bad one for me; but I won't be tempted.

"I have had the kindest letter from Moore. I do think that man is the best-hearted, the only hearted being I ever encountered; and, then, his talents are equal to his feelings.

"Dined on Wednesday at Lord H.'s—the Stafford's, Staels, Cowpers, Ossulstones, Melbournes, Mackintoshes, &c. &c.—and was introduced to the Marquis and Mar-
chioness of Stafford,—an unexpected event. My quarrel with Lord Carlisle (their or his brother-in-law) having rendered it improper, I suppose, brought it about. But, if it was to happen at all, I wonder it did not occur before. She is handsome, and must have been beautiful — and her manners are princessly.

"The Stael was at the other end of the table, and less loquacious than heretofore. We are now very good friends; though she asked Lady Melbourne whether I had really any bonhomme. She might as well have asked that question before she told C. L. ‘c’est un démon.’ True enough, but rather premature, for she could not have found it out, and so — she wants me to dine there next Sunday.

"Murray prospers, as far as circulation. For my part, I adhere (in liking) to my Fragment. It is no wonder that I wrote one — my mind is a fragment.

"Saw Lord Gower, Tierney, &c. in the square. Took leave of Lord Gower, who is going to Holland and Germany. He tells me that he carries with him a parcel of ‘Har­rolds’ and ‘Giaours,’ &c. for the readers of Berlin, who, it seems, read English, and have taken a caprice for mine. Um! — have I been German all this time, when I thought myself Oriental?

"Lent Tierney my box for to-morrow; and received a new comedy sent by Lady C. A. — but not here. I must read it, and endeavour not to displease the author. I hate annoying them with cavil; but a comedy I take to be the most difficult of compositions, more so than tragedy.

"Galt says there is a coincidence between the first part of ‘The Bride’ and some story of his — whether published or not, I know not, never having seen it. He is almost the last person on whom any one would commit literary larceny, and I am not conscious of any witting thefts on any of the genus. As to originality, all pretensions are ludicrous, — ‘there is nothing new under the sun.’

"Went last night to the play, Invited out to a party, but did not go; — right. Refused to go to Lady * *’s on Monday; — right again. If I must fritter away my life, I would rather do it alone. I was much tempted; — C * * looked so Turkish with her red turban, and her regular, dark, and clear features. Not that she and I ever were, or could be, any thing; but I love any aspect that reminds me of the ‘children of the sun.’

"To dine to-day with Rogers and Sharpe, for which I have some appetite, not having tasted food for the preceding forty-eight hours. I wish I could leave off eating altogether.

" Saturday, December 11.

"Sunday, December 12.

"By Galt’s answer, I find it is some story in real life, and not any work with which my late composition coincides. It is still more singular, for mine is drawn from existence also.

"I have sent an excuse to M. de Stael. I do not feel sociable enough for dinner to­day; — and I will not go to Sheridan’s on Wednesday. Not that I do not admire and prefer his unequalled conversation; but — that ‘but’ must only be intelligible to thoughts I cannot write. Sheridan was in good talk at Rogers’s the other night, but I only stayed till nine. All the world are to be at the Stael’s to-night, and I am not sorry to escape any part of it. I only go out to get me a fresh appetite for being alone. Went out — did not go to the Stael’s but to Ld. Holland’s. Party numerous — convers­ation general. Stayed late — made a blun­der — got over it — came home and went to bed, not having eaten. Rather empty, but fresco, which is the great point with me.

"Monday, December 13. 1813.

"Called at three places — read, and got ready to leave town to-morrow. Murray has had a letter from his brother bibliopole of Edinburgh, who says, ‘he is lucky in hav­ing such a poet’ — something as if one was a pack-horse, or ‘ass, or any thing that is his’; or, like Mrs. Packwood, who replied to some inquiry after the Odes on Razors, — ‘Laws, sir, we keeps a poet.’ The same illustrious Edinburgh bookseller once sent an order for books, poesy, and cookery, with this agreeable postscript — ‘The Harold and Cookery are much wanted.’ Such is fame, and, after all, quite as good as any other ‘life in others’ breath.’ ‘Tis much the same to divide purchasers with Hannah Glasse or Hannah More.

"Some editor of some magazine has an­nounced to Murray his intention of abusing the thing ‘without reading it.’ So much the better; if he redde it first, he would abuse it more.

"Allen (Lord Holland’s Allen — the best informed and one of the ablest men I know — a perfect Magliabecchi — a devourer, a Helluo of books, and an observer of men,) has lent me a quantity of Burns’s unpublished and never-to-be published, Letters. They are full of oaths and obscene songs. What an antithetical mind! — tenderness, rough­ness — delicacy, coarseness — sentiment, sen-
quality — soaring and grovelling, dirt and deity — all mixed up in that one compound of inspired clay! 1

"It seems strange; a true voluptuary will never abandon his mind to the grossness of reality. It is by exalting the earthly, the material, the \textit{physique} of our pleasures, by veiling these ideas, by forgetting them altogether, or, at least, never naming them hardly to one's self, that we alone can prevent them from disgusting.

"December 14, 15, 16.

"Much done, but nothing to record. It is quite enough to set down my thoughts, — my actions will rarely bear retrospection.

"December 17, 18.

"Lord Holland told me a curious piece of sentimentality in Sheridan. 2 The other night we were all delivering our respective and various opinions on him and other \textit{hommes marquans}, and mine was this: — 'Whatever Sheridan has done or chosen to do has been, \textit{par excellence}, always the best of its kind. He has written the best comedy (School for Scandal), the best drama (in my mind, far before that St. Giles's lampoon, the Beggar's Opera), the best farce (the Critic — it is only too good for a farce), and the best Address (Monologue on Garrick), and, to crown all, delivered the very best Oration (the famous Begum Speech) ever conceived or heard in this country.' Somebody told S. this the next day, and on hearing it he burst into tears!

"Poor Brinsley! if they were tears of pleasure, I would rather have said these few, but most sincere, words than have written the Iliad or made his own celebrated Philip­pic. Nay, his own comedy never gratified me more than to hear that he had derived a moment’s gratification from any praise of mine, humble as it must appear to 'my elders and my betters.'

"Went to my box at Covent Garden to­night; and my delicacy felt a little shocked at seeing S* * *'s mistress (who, to my certain knowledge, was actually educated, from her birth, for her profession) sitting with her mother, 'a three-piled b——d, b——d-Major to the army,' in a private box opposite. I felt rather indignant; but, cast­ing my eyes round the house, in the next box to me, and the next, and the next, were the most distinguished old and young Baby­lonians of quality; — so I burst out a laugh­ing. It was really odd! Lady ** divorced — Lady ** and her daughter, Lady ***, both divorcable — Mrs. ***, in the next the like, and still nearer ******! What an assemblage to me, who know all their histories. It was as if the house had been divided between your public and your un­derstood courtesans; — but the intrigantes much outnumbered the regular mercenaries.

On the other side were only Pauline and her mother, and, next box to her, three of inferior note. Now, where lay the difference between \textit{her} and \textit{mamma}, and Lady ** and daughter? except that the two last may enter Carleton and any other house, and the two first are limited to the opera and b——house. How I do delight in observing life as it really is! — and myself, after all, the worst of any. But no matter — I must avoid egotism, which, just now, would be no vanity.

"I have lately written a wil, rambling, unfinished rhapsody, called 'The Devil's Drive' 4, the notion of which I took from Porson's 'Devil's Walk.'

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1 [* Mr. Moore had better have drawn his pen through these words, unless he wished to provoke a \textit{mutato nomine}. Inebrity is not certainly a common or prominent vice, elsewhere than among the lowest vulgar of these times; yet perhaps it may have attracted the notice of some of our readers, that not a few who, under the old system of man­ners, would have been likely to bear the reputation of jolly companions, have, mainly in consequence of the change, fallen into habits infinitely more injurious, both to body and mind — those of the solitary drinker. Such habits are miserable in any case; but in the case of a man constitutionally disposed to melancholy, and more given to exert his imagination than any other of his faculties, we may be assured they can rarely fail to be fatal. The poet, above all, who accustoms himself to labour in his not more surely exciting than exhausting vocation, with a bottle at his elbow, is a lost man. His case is a thousand times worse than that of any mere tavern merrimaker, like Robert Burns, can be; he mixes his vice inextricably with his genius — and, the finer the genius, the more unconquerable will the vice be­come." — \textit{Quart. Rev.} 1831.]

2 This passage of the Journal has already appeared in my Life of Sheridan.

3 These names are all left blank in the original.

4 Of this strange, wild poem, which extends to about two hundred and fifty lines, the only copy that Lord Byron, I believe, ever wrote, he presented to Lord Holland. Though with a good deal of vigour and im­agination, it's, for the most part, rather clumsily executed, wanting the point and condensation of those clever verses of Mr. Coleridge *, which Lord Byron, adopting a notion long prevalent, has attributed to Professor Porson. There are, however, some of the stanzas of 'The Devil's Drive' well worth preserving.

1. "The Devil return'd to hell by two,
And he stay'd at home till five;
When he dined on some homicides done in \textit{ragodi},
And a rebel or so in an \textit{Irish stew},
* Or Mr. Southey, — for the right of authorship in them seems still undecided. [The verses in question are the joint production of Southey and Coleridge. See Southey's Poet. Works, vol. iii. p. 83. ed. 1828.]

P 4
"Redde some Italian, and wrote two
Sonnets on ** **.1 I never wrote but one
sonnet before, and that was not in earnest,
and many years ago, as an exercise — and I
will never write another. They are the
most puling, petrifying, stupidly platonick
compositions. I detest the Petrarch so
much; that I would not be the man even
to have obtained his Laura, which the
metaphysical, whining dotard never could.

And sausages made of a self-slain Jew,
Andbethought him what next to do,
'And,' quoth he, 'I'll take a drive.
I walk'd in the morning, I'll ride to-night;
In darkness my children take most delight,
And I'll see how my favourites thrive.

2.
"'And what shall I ride in?' quoth Lucifer, then —
'If I follow'd my taste, indeed,
I should mount in a wagon of wounded men,
And smile to see them bleed.
But these will be furnish'd again and again,
And at present my purpose is speed;
To see my manor as much as I may,
And watch that no souls shall be poach'd away.

3.
"'I have a state coach at Carleton House,
A chariot in Seymour Place;
But they're lent to two friends, who make me amends
By driving my favourite pace:
And they handle their reins with such a grace,
I have something for both at the end of the race.

4.
"'So now for the earth, to take my chance.'
Then up to the earth sprung he;
And making a jump from Moscow to France,
He stepped across the sea,
And rested his hoof on a turnpike road,
No very great way from a bishop's abode.

5.
"But first as he flew, I forgot to say,
That he hover'd a moment upon his way
To look upon Leipsic plain;
And so sweet to his eye was its sulphury glare,
And so soft to his ear was the cry of despair,
That he perch'd on a mountain or—
And he gazed with delight from its growing height;
Not often on earth had he seen such a sight,
Nor his work done half as well:
For the field ran so red with the blood of the dead,
That it blush'd like the waves of hell!
Then loudly, and wildly, and long laugh'd he—
'Methinks they have here little need of me!' ** *

6.
"But the softest note that sooth'd his ear
Was the sound of a widow sighing,
And the sweetest sight was the icy tear,
Which Horror froze in the blue eye clear
Of a maid by her lover lying—
As round her fell her long fair hair;

1 [See Works, p. 557.]

"January 16. 1814.
"To-morrow I leave town for a few days.
I saw Lewis to-day, who is just returned
from Oatlands, where he has been squabbling
with Mad. de Stael about himself, Clarissa
Harlowe, Mackintosh, and me. My homage
has never been paid in that quarter, or we
would have agreed still worse. I don't talk
—I can't flatter, and won't listen, except to
a pretty or a foolish woman. She bored
And she look'd to Heaven with that frozen air
Which seem'd to ask if a God were there!
And, stretch'd by the wall of a ruin'd hut,
With its hollow cheek, and eyes half shut,
A child of famine dying:
And the carnival begun, when resistance is done,
And the fall of the vainly flying!

10.
"But the Devil has reach'd our cliffs so white,
And what did he there, I pray?
If his eyes were good, he but saw by night
What we see every day;
But he made a tour, and kept a journal
Of all the wondrous sights nocturnal,
And he sold it in shares to the Men of the Row,
Who bid pretty well — but they cheated him, though!

11.
"The Devil first saw, as he thought, the Mail,
Its coachman and his coat;
So instead of a pistol, he cock'd his tail,
And seized him by the throat:
'Aha,' quoth he, 'what have we here?
'Tis a new barouche, and an ancient peer!'

12.
"So he sat him on his box again,
And bade him have no fear,
But true to his club, and stanch to his rein,
His brothele, and his beer;
'Next to seeing a lord at the council board,
I would rather see him here.'

17.
"The Devil got next to Westminster,
And he turn'd to 'the room' of the Commons;
But he heard, as he purposed to enter in there,
That 'the Lords' had received a summons;
And he thought, as a 'quondam aristocrat,' [flat:
He might peep at the peers, though to hear them were
And he walk'd up the house, so like one of our own,
That they say that he stood pretty near the throne.

18.
"He saw the Lord Liverpool seemingly wise,
The Lord Westmoreland certainly silly,
And Johnny of Norfolk — a man of some size —
And Chatham, so like his friend Billy;
And he saw the tears in Lord Eldon's eyes,
Because the Catholics would not rise,
In spite of his prayers and his prophecies;
And he heard — which set Satan himself a staring —
A certain Chief Justice say something like "surviving.
And the Devil was shock'd — and quoth he, 'I must go.
For I find we have much better manners below.
If thus he harangues when he passes my border,
I shall hint to friend Moloch to call him to order."

2 He learned to think more reverently of "the Pe-
trarch" afterwards.
Lewis with praises of himself till he sickened — found out that Clarissa was perfection, and Mackintosh the first man in England. There I agree, at least one of the first — but Lewis did not. As to Clarissa, I leave to those who can read it to judge and dispute. I could not do the one, and am, consequently, not qualified for the other. She told Lewis wisely, he being my friend, that I was affected, in the first place; and that, in the next place, I committed the heinous offence of sitting at dinner with my eyes shut, or half shut. I wonder if I really have this trick. I must cure myself of it, if true. One insensibly acquires awkward habits, which should be broken in time. If this is one, I wish I had been told of it before. It would not so much signify if one was always to be checkmated by a plain woman, but one may as well see some of one's neighbours, as well as the plate upon the table.

"I should like, of all things, to have heard the Amahbean elegy between her and Lewis — both obstinate, clever, odd, garrulous, and shrill. In fact, one could have heard nothing else. But they fell out, alas! — and now they will never quarrel again. Could not one reconcile them for the ' nonce'? Poor Corinne — she will find that some of her fine sayings won't suit our fine ladies and gentlemen.

"I am getting rather into admiration of ***, the youngest sister of **. A wife would be my salvation. I am sure the wives of my acquaintances have hitherto done me little good. ** is beautiful, but very young, and, I think, a fool. But I have not seen enough to judge; besides, I hate an esprit in petticoats. That she won't love me is very probable, nor shall I love her. But, on my system, and the modern system in general, that don't signify. The business (if it came to business) would probably be arranged between papa and me. She would have her own way; I am good-humoured to women, and docile; and, if I did not fall in love with her, which I should try to prevent, we should be a very comfortable couple. As to conduct, that she must look to. But if I love, I shall be jealous; — and for that reason I will not be in love. Though, after all, I doubt my temper, and fear I should not be so patient as becomes the bienséance of a married man in my station. Divorce ruins the poor femme, and damages are a paltry compensation. I do fear my temper would lead me into some of our oriental tricks of vengeance, or, at any rate, into a summary appeal to the court of twelve paces. So 'I'll none on', but c'en remain single and solitary; — though I should like to have somebody now and then to yawn with one.

Ward, and, after him, ***, has stolen one of my buffooneries about Mde. de Stael's Metaphysics and the Fog, and passed it, by speech and letter, as their own. As Gibbet says, 'they are the most of a gentleman of any on the road.' W. is in sad enmity with the Whigs about this Review of Fox (if he did review him); — all the epigrammatists and essayists are at him. I hate odds, and wish he may beat them. As for me, by the blessing of indifference, I have simplified my politics into an utter detestation of all existing governments; and, as it is the shortest and most agreeable and summary feeling imaginable, the first moment of an universal republic would convert me into an advocate for single and contradicted despotism. The fact is, riches are power, and poverty is slavery all over the earth, and one sort of establishment is no better nor worse for a people than another. I shall adhere to my party, because it would not be honourable to act otherwise; but, as to opinions, I don't think politics worth an opinion. Conduct is another thing: — if you begin with a party, go on with them. I have no consistency, except in politics; and that probably arises from my indifference on the subject altogether."

I must here be permitted to interrupt, for a while, the progress of this Journal, — which extends through some months of the succeeding year, — for the purpose of noticing, without infringement of chronological order, such parts of the poet's literary history and correspondence as belong properly to the date of the year 1813.

At the beginning, as we have seen, of the month of December, The Bride of Abydos was published, — having been struck off, like its predecessor, The Giaour, in one of those paroxysms of passion and imagination which adventures such as the poet was now engaged in were, in a temperament like his, calculated to excite. As the mathematician of old required but a spot to stand upon, to be able, as he boasted, to move the world, so a certain degree of foundation in fact seemed necessary to Byron, before that lever which he knew how to apply to the world of the passions could be wielded by him. So small, however, was, in many instances, the connection with reality which satisfied him, that to aim at tracing through his stories these links with his own fate and

1 [A review of the "Correspondence of Gilbert Wakefield with Mr. Fox," written by the Hon. John William Ward, afterwards Earl of Dudley, which appeared in the Quarterly Review for July, 1813.]
fortunes, which were, after all, perhaps, visible but to his own fancy, would be a task as uncertain as unsafe; — and this remark applies not only to The Bride of Abydos, but to the Corsair, Lara, and all the other beautiful fictions that followed, in which, though the emotions expressed by the poet may be, in general, regarded as vivid recollections of what had at different times agitated his own bosom, there are but little grounds, — however he might himself, occasionally, encourage such a supposition, — for connecting him personally with the groundwork or incidents of the stories.

While yet uncertain about the fate of his own new poem, the following observations on the work of an ingenious follower in the same track were written.

**LETTER 143. TO MR. MURRAY.**

"Dec. 4. 1813.

"I have reade through your Persian Tales ¹, and have taken the liberty of making some remarks on the blank pages. There are many beautiful passages, and an interesting story; and I cannot give you a stronger proof that such is my opinion, than by the date of the hour — two o’clock, — till which it has kept me awake without a yawn.

"The conclusion is not quite correct in costume: there is no Mussulman suicide on record — at least for love. But this matters not. The tale must have been written by some one who has been on the spot, and I wish him, and he deserves, success. Will you apologise to the author for the liberties I have taken with his MS.? Had I been less awake to, and interested in, his theme, I had been less obtrusive; but you know I always take this in good part, and I hope he will.

"But this matters not. I am at this moment in that uncertainty (on our own score); and it is no small proof of the author’s powers to be able to charm and fix a mind’s attention on similar subjects and climates in such a predicament. That he may have the same effect upon all his readers is very sincerely the wish, and hardly the doubt, of yours truly,

"B."

¹ Poems by Mr. Gally Knight, of which Mr. Murray had transmitted the MS. to Lord Byron, without, however, communicating the name of the author.

² "Kennt du das Land wo die Citronen blühn," &c.

³ Among the imputed plagiarisms so industriously hunted out in his writings, this line has been, with something more plausibility than is frequent in such charges, included,— the lyric poet Lovelace having, it seems, written,

"The melody and music of her face."

Sir Thomas Brown, too, in his Religio Medici, says—

"There is music even in beauty," &c. The coincidence, no doubt, is worth observing, and the task of “tracking” thus a favourite writer “in the snow (as Dryden expresses it) of others” is sometimes not unmusical; but to those who found upon such resemblances a general charge of plagiarism, we may apply what Sir Walter Scott says, in that most agreeable work, his Lives of the Novelist — "It is a favourite theme of laborious dulness to trace such coincidences, because they appear to reduce genius of the higher order to the usual standard of humanity, and of course to bring the author nearer to a level with his critics.”

To the Bride of Abydos he made additions, in the course of printing, amounting, altogether, to near two hundred lines; and, as usual, among the passages thus added, were some of the happiest and most brilliant in the whole poem. The opening lines, — "Know ye the land," &c. — supposed to have been suggested to him by a song of Goethe’s ² — were among the number of these new insertions, as were also those fine verses,— "Who hath not proved how feebly words essay," &c. Of one of the most popular lines in this latter passage, it is not only curious, but instructive, to trace the progress to its present state of finish. Having at first written —

"Mind on her lip and music in her face,”

he afterwards altered it to —

"The mind of music breathing in her face.”

But, this not satisfying him, the next step of correction brought the line to what it is at present —

"The mind, the music breathing from her face.”

But the longest, as well as most splendid, of those passages, with which the perusal of his own strains, during revision, inspired him, was that rich flow of eloquent feeling which follows the couplet, — "Thou, my Zuleika, share and bless my bark," &c. — a strain of poetry, which, for energy and tenderness of thought, for music of versification, and selectness of diction, has, throughout the greater portion of it, but few rivals in either ancient or modern song. All this passage was sent, in successive scraps, to the printer,— correction following correction, and thought re-enforced by thought. We have here, too, another example of that retouching process by which some of his most exquisite effects were attained. Every reader remembers the four beautiful lines —

"Or, since that hope denied in worlds of strife,
Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!"

In the first copy of this passage sent to
the publisher, the last line was written thus—

"And tints to-morrow with \{a fancied\} ray—"

the following note being annexed:—"Mr. Murray,—Choose which of the two epithets, ‘fancied,’ or ‘airy,’ may be the best; or, if neither will do, tell me, and I will dream another.” The poet’s dream was, it must be owned, lucky,—"prophetic" being the word of all others, for his purpose.1

I shall select but one more example, from the additions to this poem, as a proof that his eagerness and facility in producing was sometimes almost equalled by his anxious care in correcting. In the long passage just referred to, the six lines beginning "Blest as the Muezzin’s strain," &c, having been despatched to the printer too late for insertion, were, by his desire added in an errata page; the first couplet, in its original form, being as follows:—

"Soft as the Mecca-Muezzin’s strains invite
Him who hath journey’d far to join the rite.”

In a few hours after, another scrap was sent off, containing the lines thus—

"Blest as the Muezzin’s strain from Mecca’s dome,
Which welcomes Faith to view her Prophet’s tomb”—

with the following note to Mr. Murray:—

"December 3. 1813.

"Look out in the Encyclopedia, article Mecca, whether it is there or at Medina the Prophet is entombed. If at Medina, the first lines of my alteration must run—

"Blest as the call which from Medina’s dome
Invites Devotion to her Prophet’s tomb,” &c.

If at Mecca, the lines may stand as before. Page 45. canto 2d, Bride of Abydos.

"Yours, “B.

"You will find this out either by article Mecca, Medina, or Mohammed. I have no book of reference by me.”

Immediately after succeeded another note:—

"Did you look out? Is it Medina or Mecca that contains the Holy Sepulchre? Don’t make me blaspheme by your negligence. I have no book of reference, or I would save you the trouble. I blush, as a good Mus­

"Yours, B.”

Notwithstanding all these various changes, the couplet in question stands at present thus:—

"Blest as the Muezzin’s strain from Mecca’s wall
To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his call.”

In addition to his own watchfulness over the birth of his new poem, he also, as will be seen from the following letter, invoked the veteran taste of Mr. Gifford on the occasion:—

LETTER 144. TO MR. GIFFORD.

"November 12. 1813.

"My dear Sir,

"I hope you will consider, when I venture on any request, that it is the reverse of a certain Dedication, and is addressed, not to ‘The Editor of the Quarterly Review,’ but to Mr. Gifford. You will understand this, and on that point I need trouble you no farther.

"You have been good enough to look at a thing of mine in MS.—a Turkish story, and I should feel gratified if you would do it the same favour in its probationary state of printing. It was written, I cannot say for amusement, nor ‘obliged by hunger and request of friends,’ but in a state of mind, from circumstances which occasionally occur to ‘us youth,’ that rendered it necessary for me to apply my mind to something, anything but reality; and under this not very brilliant inspiration it was composed. Being done, and having at least diverted me from myself, I thought you would not perhaps be offended if Mr. Murray forwarded it to you. He has done so, and to apologise for his doing so a second time is the object of my present letter.

"I beg you will not send me any answer. I assure you very sincerely I know your time to be occupied, and it is enough, more than enough, if you read; you are not to be bored with the fatigue of answers. A word to Mr. Murray will be sufficient, and send it either to the flames or—

“A hundred hawkers’ load,
On wings of wind to fly or fall abroad.

It deserves no better than the first, as the work of a week; and scribbled ‘stans pedein uno’ (by the by, the only foot I have to stand on); and I promise never to trouble you again under forty cantos, and a voyage between each. Believe me ever

“Your obliged and affectionate servant, “BYRON.”

1 It will be seen, however, from a subsequent letter to Mr. Murray, that he himself was at first unaware of the peculiar felicity of this epithet; and it is therefore pro-
The following letters and notes, addressed to Mr. Murray at this time, cannot fail, I think, to gratify all those to whom the history of the labours of genius is interesting:

**LETTER 145. TO MR. MURRAY.**

*Nov. 12. 1813.*

"Two friends of mine (Mr. Rogers and Mr. Sharpe) have advised me not to risk at present any single publication separately, for various reasons. As they have not seen the one in question, they can have no bias for or against the merits (if it has any) or the faults of the present subject of our conversation. You say all the last of 'The Giaour' are gone—at least out of your hands. Now, if you think of publishing any new edition with the last additions which have not yet been before the reader (I mean distinct from the two-volume publication), we can add 'The Bride of Abydos,' which will thus steal quietly into the world: if liked, we can then throw off some copies for the purchasers of former 'Giaours and, if not, can omit it in any future publication. What think you? I really am no judge of those things; and, with all my natural partiality for one's own productions, I would rather follow any one's judgment than my own.

"P.S.—Pray let me have the proofs I sent all to-night. I have some alterations that I wish to make speedily. I hope the proof will be on separate pages, and not all huddled together on a mile-long ballad-singing sheet, as those of The Giaour sometimes are; for then I can't read them distinctly."

**TO MR. MURRAY.**

*Nov. 12. 1813.*

"Will you forward the letter to Mr. Gifford with the proof? There is an alteration I may make in Zuleika's speech, in second canto (the only one of hers in that canto). It is now thus—

"And curse—if I could curse—the day.

It must be—

"And mourn—I dare not curse—the day,
That saw my solitary birth, &c. &c.

"Ever yours, "B."

"In the last MS. lines sent, instead of 'living heart,' correct to 'quivering heart.' It is in line ninth of the MS. passage. "Ever yours again, "B."

**TO MR. MURRAY.**

*Nov. 13. 1813.*

"Certainly. Do you suppose that no one but the Galileans are acquainted with Adam, and Eve, and Cain, and Noah?—Surely, I might have had Solomon, and Abraham, and David, and even Moses. When you know that Zuleika is the Persian poetical name for Potiphar's wife, on whom and Joseph there is a long poem, in the Persian, this will not surprise you. If you want authority, look at Jones, D'Herbelot, Vathek, or the notes to the Arabian Nights; and, if you think it necessary, model this into a note.

"Alter, in the inscription, 'the most affectionate respect,' to 'with every sentiment of regard and respect.'"

**TO MR. MURRAY.**

*Nov. 14. 1813.*

"Let the revise which I sent just now (and not the proof in Mr. Gifford's possession) be returned to the printer, as there are several additional corrections, and two new lines in it. Yours, &c."

1 Some doubt had been expressed by Mr. Murray as to the propriety of his putting the name of Cain into the mouth of a Mussulman.
Mr. Hodgson has looked over and stopped, or rather pointed, this revise, which must be the one to print from. He has also made some suggestions, with most of which I have complied, as he has always, for these ten years, been a very sincere, and by no means likes it (you will think and its success within the time mentioned, according to your own notions of its worth 

my own estimation at half The Giaour; and you shall then, according to your own notions and The Giaour also, till Easter, 1814; and till it is proved one way or the other, Hodson says, it is better versified than any of the others; which is odd, if true, as it has cost me less time (though more hours at a time) than any attempt I ever made.

"P. S. — Do attend to the punctuation: I can't, for I don't know a comma — at least where to place one.

"That Tory of a printer has omitted two lines of the opening, and perhaps more, which were in the MS. Will you, pray, give him a hint of accuracy? I have reinserted the two, but they were in the manuscript, I can swear.

LETTER 147. TO MR. MURRAY.

"November 17. 1813.

"That you and I may distinctly understand each other on a subject, which, like "the dreadful reckoning when men smile no more," makes conversation not very pleasant, I think it as well to write a few lines on the topic. — Before I left town for Yorkshire, you said that you were ready and willing to give five hundred guineas for the copyright of 'The Giaour;' and my answer was — from which I do not mean to recede — that we would discuss the point at Christmas. The new story may or may not succeed; the probability, under present circumstances, seems to be, that it may at least pay its expenses — but even that remains to be proved, and till it is proved one way or the other, we will say nothing about it. Thus then be it: I will postpone all arrangement about it, and The Giaour also, till Easter, 1814; and you shall then, according to your own notions of fairness, make your own offer for the two. At the same time, I do not rate the last in my own estimation at half The Giaour; and according to your own notions of its worth and its success within the time mentioned,

be the addition or deduction to or from whatever sum may be your proposal for the first, which has already had its success.

"The pictures of Phillips I consider as mine, all three; and the one (not the Arnaout) of the two best is much at your service, if you will accept it as a present, from "Yours very truly, &c.

"P. S. — The expense of engraving from the miniature send me in my account, as it was destroyed by my desire; and have the goodness to burn that detestable print from it immediately.

"To make you some amends for eternally pestering you with alterations, I send you Cobbett to confirm your orthodoxy.

"One more alteration of a into the in the MS.; it must be — 'The heart whose softness,' &c.

"Remember — and in the inscription, 'To the Right Honourable Lord Holland,' without the previous names, Henry," &c.

TO MR. MURRAY.

"November 20. 1813.

"More work for the Row. I am doing my best to beat 'The Giaour' — no difficult task for any one but the author."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"November 22. 1813.

"I have no time to cross-investigate, but I believe and hope all is right. I care less than you will believe about its success, but I can't survive a single misprint; it chokes me to see words misused by the printers. Pray look over, in case of some eyesore escaping me.

"P. S. — Send the earliest copies to Mr. Frere, Mr. Canning, Mr. Heber, Mr. Gifford, Lord Holland, Lady Melbourne (Whitehall), Lady Caroline Lamb, (Brocket), Mr. Hodgson (Cambridge), Mr. Merivale, Mr. Ward, from the author."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"November 23. 1813.

"You wanted some reflections, and I send you per Selim (see his speech in Canto 2d, page 46.), eighteen lines in decent couplets, of a pensive, if not an ethical tendency. One more revise — positively the last, if decently done — at any rate the penultimate. Mr. Canning's approbation (if he did approve) I need not say makes me proud. As to printing, print as you will and how you will — was so kind as to promise to give me a copy of it. I mention this, not to save my purchase, but because I should be really flattered by the present."

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1 Mr. Canning had addressed the following note to Mr. Murray: — "I received the books, and, among them, The Bride of Abydos. It is very, very beautiful. Lord Byron (when I met him, one day, at dinner at Mr. Ward's)
by itself, if you like; but let me have a few copies in sheets.

"November 24, 1813.

"You must pardon me once more, as it is all for your good: it must be thus —

"He makes a solitude, and calls it peace.

'Makes' is closer to the passage of Tacitus, from which the line is taken, and is, besides, a stronger word than 'leaves.'

"Mark where his carnage and his conquests cease —
He makes a solitude, and calls it — peace."

LETTER 148. TO MR. MURRAY.

"November 27, 1813.

"If you look over this carefully by the last proof with my corrections, it is probably right; this you can do as well or better; — I have not now time. The copies I mentioned to be sent to different friends last night, I should wish to be made up with the new Giaours, if it also is ready. If not, send the Giaour afterwards.

"The Morning Post says I am the author of Nourjahad!! This comes of lending the drawings for their dresses; but it is not worth a formal contradiction. Besides, the criticisms on the supposition will, some of them, be quite amusing and furious. The Orientalism — which I hear is very splendid — of the melodrame (whosoever it is, and I am sure I don't know) is as good as an advertisement for your Eastern Stories, by filling their heads with glitter.

"P. S. You will of course say the truth, that I am not the melodramist — if any one charges me in your presence with the performance."

LETTER 149. TO MR. MURRAY.

"November 29, 1813.

"Send another copy (if not too much of a request) to Lady Holland of the Journal, in my name, when you receive this; it is for Earl Grey — and I will relinquish my own. Also to Mr. Sharpe, Lady Holland, and Lady Caroline Lamb, copies of 'The Bride' as soon as convenient.

"P. S. — Mr. Ward and myself still continue our purpose; but I shall not trouble you on any arrangement on the score of The Giaour and The Bride till our return, — or, at any rate, before May, 1814, — that is, six months from hence: and before that time you will be able to ascertain how far your offer may be a losing one: if so, you can deduct proportionably; and if not, I shall not at any rate allow you to go higher than your present proposal, which is very handsome, and more than fair."

"I have had — but this must be entre nous — a very kind note, on the subject of 'The Bride,' from Sir James Mackintosh, and an invitation to go there this evening, which it is now too late to accept."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"November 29, 1813.

"Sunday — Monday morning — three o'clock — in my doublet and hose, — swearing.

"I send you in time an errata page, containing an omission of mine, which must be thus added, as it is too late for insertion in the text. The passage is an imitation altogether from Medea in Ovid, and is incomplete without these two lines. Pray let this be done, and directly; it is necessary, will add one page to your book (making), and can do no harm, and is yet in time for the public. Answer me, thou oracle, in the affirmative. You can send the loose pages to those who have copies already, if they like; but certainly to all the critical copyholders.

"P. S.— I have got out of my bed, (in which, however, I could not sleep, whether I had amended this or not,) and so good morning. I am trying whether De l'Allemagne will act as an opiate, but I doubt it."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"November 29, 1813.

"'You have looked at it!' to much purpose, to allow so stupid a blunder to stand; it is not 'courage' but 'carnage;' and if you don't want me to cut my own throat, see it altered.

"I am very sorry to hear of the fall of Dresden."

LETTER 150. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Nov. 29, 1813. Monday.

"You will act as you please upon that point; but whether I go or stay, I shall not say another word on the subject till May — nor then, unless quite convenient to yourself. I have many things I wish to leave to your care, principally papers. The vases need not be now sent, as Mr. Ward is gone to Scotland. You are right about the errata

1 Penrose's Journal, a book published by Mr. Murray at this time.
2 Mr. Murray had offered him a thousand guineas for the two poems.
page; place it at the beginning. Mr. Perry is a little premature in his compliments: these may do harm by exciting expectation, and I think we ought to be above it—though I see the next paragraph is on the Journal', which makes me suspect you as the author of both.

"Would it not have been as well to have said 'in two cantos' in the advertisement? they will else think of it in two cantos' in the advertisement? the author of both."

"I return Mr. Hay's note, with thanks to him and you."

"I send you a scratch or two, the which head. The Christian Observer is very savage, but certainly well written—and quite uncomfortable at the naughtiness of book and author. I rather suspect you won't much like the present to be more moral, if it is to share also the usual fate of your virtuous volumes."

"For the sake of correctness, particularly in an errata page, the alteration of the couplet I have just sent (half an hour ago) must take place, in spite of delay or cancel; let me see the proof early to-morrow. I found out murmur to be a neuter verb, and have been obliged to alter the line so as to make it a substantive, thus—"

"The deepest murmur of this lip shall be no sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee!"

"Don't send the copies to the country till this is all right."

"When you can, let the couplet enclosed be inserted either in the page, or in the errata page. I trust it is in time for some of the copies. This alteration is in the same part—the page but one before the last correction sent."

"I send you a scratch or two, the which head. The Christian Observer is very savage, but certainly well written—and quite uncomfortable at the naughtiness of book and author. I rather suspect you won't much like the present to be more moral, if it is to share also the usual fate of your virtuous volumes."

"Let me see a proof of the six before incorporation."

"It is all very well, except that the lines are not numbered properly, and a diabolical mistake, page 67., which must be corrected with the pen, if no other way remains; it is the omission of 'not,' before 'disagreeable,' in the note on the amber rosary. This is really horrible, and nearly as bad as the stumble of mine at the threshold—I mean the misnomer of Bride. Pray do not let a copy go without the 'not;' it is nonsense,"

1 "Journal of Llewelin Penrose, a Seaman."
and worse than nonsense, as it now stands. I wish the printer was saddled with a vampire.

"P.S.—It is still hath instead of have in page 20.; never was any one so misused as I am by your devils of printers.

"P.S.—I hope and trust the 'not' was inserted in the first edition. We must have something — any thing — to set it right. It is enough to answer for one's own bulls, without other people's."

LETTER 151. TO MR. MURRAY.

"December 27, 1813.

"Lord Holland is laid up with the gout, and would feel very much obliged if you could obtain, and send as soon as possible, Madame D'Arblay's (or even Miss Edgeworth's) new work. I know they are not out; but it is perhaps possible for your Majesty to command what we cannot with much suing purchase, as yet. I need not say that when you are able or willing to confer the same favour on me, I shall be obliged. I would almost fall sick myself to get at Madame D'Arblay's writings.

"P.S.—You were talking to-day of the American edition of a certain unquenchable memorial of my younger days. As it can't be helped now, I own I have some curiosity to see a copy of trans-Atlantic typography. This you will perhaps obtain, and one for yourself; but I must beg that you will not import more, because, seriously, I do wish to have that thing forgotten as much as it has been forgiven.

"If you send to the Globe editor, say that I want neither excuse nor contradiction, but merely a discontinuance of a most ill-grounded charge. I never was consistent in any thing but my politics; and as my redemption depends on that solitary virtue, it is murder to carry away my last anchor."

Of these hasty and characteristic missives with which he despatched off his "still-breeding thoughts," there yet remain a few more that might be presented to the reader; but enough has here been given to show the fastidiousness of his self-criticism, as well as the restless and unsatisfied ardour with which he pressed on in pursuit of perfection, — still seeing, according to the usual doom of genius, much farther than he could reach.

An appeal was, about this time, made to his generosity, which the reputation of the person from whom it proceeded would, in the minds of most people, have justified him in treating with disregard, but which a more enlarged feeling of humanity led him to view in a very different light; for, when expostulated with by Mr. Murray on his generous intentions towards one "whom nobody else would give a single farthing to," he answered, "it is for that very reason I give it, because nobody else will." The person in question was Mr. Thomas Ashe, author of a certain notorious publication called "The Book," which, from the delicate mysteries discussed in its pages, attracted far more notice than its talent, or even mischief, deserved. In a fit, it is to be hoped, of sincere penitence, this man wrote to Lord Byron, alleging poverty as his excuse for the vile uses to which he had hitherto prostituted his pen, and soliciting his Lordship's aid towards enabling him to exist, in future, more reputably. To this application the following answer, marked, in the highest degree, by good sense, humanity, and honourable sentiment, was returned by Lord Byron:

LETTER 152. TO MR. ASHE.

"4. Bennet Street, St. James's, Dec. 14, 1813.

"Sir,

"I leave town for a few days tomorrow: on my return, I will answer your letter more at length. Whatever may be your situation, I cannot but commend your resolution to abjure and abandon the publication and composition of works such as those to which you have alluded. Depend upon it they amuse few, disgrace both reader and writer, and benefit none. It will be my wish to assist you, as far as my limited means will admit, to break such a bondage. In your answer, inform me what sum you think would enable you to extricate yourself from the hands of your employers, and to regain, at least, temporary independence, and I shall be glad to contribute my mite towards it. At present, I must conclude. Your name is not unknown to me, and I regret, for your own sake, that you have ever lent it to the works you mention. In saying this, I merely repeat your own words in your letter to me, and have no wish whatever to say a single syllable that may appear to insult your misfortunes. If I have, excuse me; it is unintentional. Yours, &c.

"BYRON."

In answer to this letter, Ashe mentioned, as the sum necessary to extricate him from his difficulties, 150l. —to be advanced at the rate of ten pounds per month; and, some short delay having occurred in the reply to this demand, the modest applicant, in renewing his suit, complained, it appears, of neglect: on which Lord Byron, with a good
temper which few, in a similar case, could imitate, answered him as follows:

**LETTER 153. TO MR. ASHE.**

"January 5, 1814.

"Sir,

"When you accuse a stranger of neglect, you forget that it is possible business or absence from London may have interfered to delay his answer, as has actually occurred in the present instance. But to the point. I am willing to do what I can to extricate you from your situation. Your first scheme I was considering; but your own impatience appears to have rendered it abortive, if not irretrievable. I will deposit in Mr. Murray's hand (with his consent) the sum you mentioned, to be advanced for the time at ten pounds per month.

"P.S.—I write in the greatest hurry, which may make my letter a little abrupt; but, as I said before, I have no wish to distress your feelings."

The service thus humanely proffered was no less punctually performed; and the following is one of the many acknowledgments of payment which I find in Ashe's letters to Mr. Murray: — "I have the honour to enclose you another memorandum for the sum of ten pounds, in compliance with the munificent instructions of Lord Byron."2

His friend, Mr. Merivale, one of the translators of those Selections from the Anthology which we have seen he regretted so much not having taken with him on his travels, published a poem about this time, which he thus honours with his praise.

**LETTER 154. TO MR. MERIVALE.**

"January, 1814.

"My dear Merivale,

"I have redde Roncesvaux with very great pleasure, and (if I were so disposed) see very little room for criticism. There is a choice of two lines in one of the last cantos,—I think 'Live and protect' better, because 'Oh who?' implies a doubt of Roland's power or inclination. I would allow the—-but that point you yourself must determine on—I mean the doubt as to where to place a part of the Poem, whether between the actions or no. Only if you wish to have all the success you deserve, never listen to friends, and—as I am not the least troublesome of the number—least of all to me.

"I hope you will be out soon. March, sir, March is the month for the trade, and they must be considered. You have written a very noble Poem, and nothing but the detestable taste of the day can do you harm,—but I think you will beat it. Your measure is uncommonly well chosen and wielded."3

In the extracts from his Journal just given, there is a passage that cannot fail to have been remarked, where, in speaking of his admiration of some lady, whose name he has himself left blank, the noble writer says—"a wife would be the salvation of me." It was under this conviction, which not only himself but some of his friends entertained, of the prudence of his taking timely refuge in marriage from those perplexities which form the sequel of all less regular ties, that he had been induced, about a year before, to turn his thoughts seriously to marriage,—at least, as seriously as his thoughts were ever capable of being so turned,—and chiefly, I believe, by the advice and invention of his friend Lady Melbourne, to become a suitor for the hand of a relative of that lady, Miss Milbanke. Though his proposal was not then accepted, every assurance of friendship and regard accompanied the refusal; a wish was even expressed that they should continue to write to each other, and a correspondence, in consequence,—somewhat singular between two young persons of different sexes, inasmuch as love was not the subject of it,—ensued between them. We have seen how highly Lord Byron estimated as well the virtues as the accomplishments of the young lady; but it is evident that on neither side, at this period, was love either felt or professed.4

In the mean time, new entanglements, in which his heart was the willing dupe of his fancy and vanity, came to engross the young poet: and still, as the usual penalties of such pursuits followed, he again found himself sighing for the sober yoke of wedlock, as some security against their recurrence. There

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1 His first intention had been to go out, as a settler, to Botany Bay.
2 When these monthly disbursements had amounted to 70L, Ashe wrote to beg that the whole remaining sum of 80L might be advanced to him at one payment, in order to enable him, as he said, to avail himself of a passage to New South Wales, which had been again offered to him.
3 This letter is but a fragment,—the remainder being lost.
4 The reader has already seen what Lord Byron himself says, in his Journal, on this subject:—"What an odd situation and friendship is ours!—without one spark of love on either side." &c. &c.