The subject-matter of this book, then unknown to the public, Ashe professes to embody in "The Spirit of "The Book;" or, Memoirs of Caroline, Princess of Hasburgh, a Political and Amatory Romance' (3 vols., 1811). The letters, which purport to be written from Caroline to Charlotte, and contain (vol. ii. pp. 152-181) an attack on the Lady Jersey, who attended the princess, are absolutely dull, and scarcely even indecent.

Ashe's 'Memoirs and Confessions' (3 vols., 1815) are dedicated to the Duke of Northumberland and to Byron, to whom, in a preface written at Havre, he acknowledges his "transcendent obligations."
Dec. 15, 1813.

Your very kind letter is the more agreeable, because, setting aside talents, judgment, and the _laudari a laudato_, etc., you have been on the spot; you have seen and described more of the East than any of your predecessors—I need not say how ably and successfully; and (excuse the bathos) you are one of the very few men who can pronounce how far my costume (to use an affected but expressive word) is correct. As to poesy, that is, as "men, gods, and columns," please to decide upon it; but I am sure that I am anxious to have an observer's, particularly a famous observer's, testimony on the fidelity of my manners and dresses; and, as far as memory and an oriental twist in my imagination have permitted, it has been my endeavour to present to the Franks, a sketch of that of which you have and will present them a complete picture. It was with this notion, that I felt compelled to make my hero and heroine relatives, as you well know that none else could there obtain that degree of intercourse leading to genuine affection; I had nearly made them rather too much akin to each other; and though the wild passions of the East, and some great examples in Alfieri, Ford, and Schiller (to stop short of antiquity), might have pleaded in favour of a copyist, yet the time and the north (not Frederic, but our climate) induced me to alter their consanguinity and confine them to cousinship. I also wished to try my hand on a female character in Zuleika, and have endeavoured, as far as the grossness of our masculine ideas will allow, to preserve her purity without impairing the ardour of her attachment.
As to criticism, I have been reviewed about a hundred and fifty
times--praised and abused. I will not say that I am become indifferent
to either eulogy or condemnation, but for some years at least I have
felt grateful for the former, and have never attempted to answer the
latter. For success equal to the first efforts, I had and have no hope;
the novelty was over, and the "Bride," like all other brides, must
suffer or rejoice for and with her husband. By the bye, I have used
"bride" Turkishly, as affianced, not married; and so far it is an
English bull, which, I trust, will be at least a comfort to all
Hibernians not bigotted to monopoly. You are good enough to mention your
quotations in your third volume. I shall not only be indebted to it for
a renewal of the high gratification received from the two first, but for
preserving my relics embalmed in your own spices, and ensuring me
readers to whom I could not otherwise have aspired.

I called on you, as bounden by duty and inclination, when last in your
neighbourhood; but I shall always take my chance; you surely would not
have me inflict upon you a formal annunciation; I am proud of your
friendship, but not so fond of myself as to break in upon your better
avocations. I trust that Mrs. Clarke is well; I have never had the
honour of presentation, but I have heard so much of her in many
quarters, that any notice she is pleased to take of my productions is
not less gratifying than my thanks are sincere, both to her and you; by
all accounts I may safely congratulate you on the possession of "a
bride" whose mental and personal accomplishments are more than poetical.
P. S.--Murray has sent, or will send, a double copy of the _Bride_ and _Giaour_; in the last one, some lengthy additions; pray accept them, according to old custom, "from the author" to one of his better brethren. Your Persian, or any memorial, will be a most agreeable, and it is my fault if not an useful present. I trust your third will be out before I sail next month; can I say or do anything for you in the Levant? I am now in all the agonies of equipment, and full of schemes, some impracticable, and most of them improbable; but I mean to fly "freely to the green earth's end," [2] though not quite so fast as

P. S. 2nd.--I have so many things to say.--I want to show you Lord Sligo's letter to me detailing, as he heard them on the spot, the Athenian account of our adventure (a personal one), which certainly first suggested to me the story of _The Giaour_. It was a strange and not a very long story, and his report of the reports (he arrived just after my departure, and I did not know till last summer that he knew anything of the matter) is not very far from the truth. Don't be alarmed. There was nothing that led further than to the water's edge; but one part (as is often the case in life) was more singular than any of the _Giaour's_ adventures. I never have, and never should have, alluded to it on my own authority, from respect to the ancient proverb on Travellers.

[Footnote 1: Dr. Clark, in October, 1814, was a candidate for the Professorship of Anatomy, and Byron went to Cambridge to vote for his friend. Writing to Miss Tayler, Hodgson ('Memoir', vol. i. p. 292) adds]
"I open my letter to say that when Lord Byron went to give his vote
just now in the Senate House, the young men burst out into the most
rapturous applause."

The next day he writes again:

"I should add that as I was going to vote I met him coming away, and
presently saw that something had happened, by his extreme paleness and
agitation. Dr. Clark, who was with him, told me the cause, and I
returned with B. to my room. There I begged him to sit down and write
a letter and communicate this event, which he did not feel up to, but
wished 'I' would. So down I sate, and commenced my acquaintance
with Miss Milbanke by writing her an account of this most pleasing
event, which, although nothing at Oxford, is here very unusual indeed."

The following was Miss Milbanke's answer ('ibid'., pp. 296, 297), dated,

"Seaham, November 25, 1814:"

"Dear Sir,—It will be easier for you to imagine than for me to
express the pleasure which your very kind letter has given me. Not
only on account of its gratifying intelligence, but also as
introductory to an acquaintance which I have been taught to value, and
have sincerely desired. Allow me to consider Lord Byron's friend as
not 'a stranger,' and accept, with my sincerest thanks, my best wishes for your own happiness.

"I am, dear sir, your faithful servant,

"A. I. MILBANKE." ]

says:

"I can fly, or I can run

* * * * *

378.--To Leigh Hunt.

Dec. 22, 1813.

My Dear Sir,--I am indeed "in your debt,"--and, what is still worse, am obliged to follow _royal_ example (he has just apprised _his_ creditors that they must wait till the next meeting), and intreat your indulgence for, I hope, a very short time. The nearest relation and almost the only friend I possess, has been in London for a week, and leaves it tomorrow with me for her own residence. I return immediately; but we meet so
seldom, and are so _minuted_ when we meet at all, that I give up all engagements till _now_, without reluctance. On my return, I must see you to console myself for my past disappointment. I should feel highly honoured in Mr. B.'s permission to make his acquaintance, and _there_ you are in _my_ debt; for it is a promise of last summer which I still hope to see performed. Yesterday I had a letter from Moore; you have probably heard from him lately; but if not, you will be glad to learn that he is the same in heart, head, and health.

* * * * *

379.--To John 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 E'n of a certain unquenchable memorial of my younger days [1]. As it can't be helped now,
I own I have some curiosity to see a copy of transatlantic 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' E'r, 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.

[Footnote 1: 'English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers'.]

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CHAPTER VIII.

JOURNAL: NOVEMBER 14, 1813--APRIL 19, 1814.

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 myself seriously to wishing without attaining it--and repenting. I begin to believe with the good old Magi, that one should only pray for the nation, and not for the individual;--but, on my principle, this would not be very patriotic.

No more reflections.--Let me see--last night I finished "Zuleika," my second Turkish Tale. I believe the composition of it kept me alive--for it was written to drive my thoughts from the recollection of:

"Dear sacred name, rest ever unreveal'd." [1]

At least, even here, my hand would tremble to write it. This afternoon I have burnt the scenes of my commenced comedy. I have some idea of expectorating a romance, or rather a tale in prose;--but what romance could equal the events:
To-day Henry Byron called on me with my little cousin Eliza. She will grow up a beauty and a plague; but, in the mean time, it is the prettiest child! dark eyes and eyelashes, black and long as the wing of a raven. I think she is prettier even than my niece, Georgina,--yet I don't like to think so neither: and though older, she is not so clever.

Dallas called before I was up, so we did not meet. Lewis, too,--who seems out of humour with every thing.

What can be the matter? he is not married--has he lost his own mistress, or any other person's wife? Hodgson, too, came. He is going to be married, and he is the kind of man who will be the happier. He has talent, cheerfulness, every thing that can make him a pleasing companion; and his intended is handsome and young, and all that. But I never see any one much improved by matrimony. All my coupled contemporaries are bald and discontented. Wordsworth and Southey have both lost their hair and good humour; and the last of the two had a good deal to lose. But it don't much signify what falls off a man's temples in that state.

Mem. I must get a toy to-morrow for Eliza, and send the device for the seals of myself and----Mem. too, to call on the Stael and Lady Holland to-morrow, and on----, who has advised me (without seeing it, by the
by) not to publish "Zuleika;" [5] I believe he is right, but experience
might have taught him that not to print is _physically_ impossible. No
one has seen it but Hodgson and Mr. Gifford. I never in my life _read_ a
composition, save to Hodgson, as he pays me in kind. It is a horrible
thing to do too frequently:--better print, and they who like may read,
and if they don't like, you have the satisfaction of knowing that they
have, at least, _purchased_ the right of saying so.

I have declined presenting the Debtors' Petition [6], being sick of
parliamentary mummeries. I have spoken thrice; but I doubt my ever
becoming an orator. My first was liked; the second and third--I don't
know 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;" [7]--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

conversazione!--There was a "hippopotamus," like Lord Liverpool in the
face; and the "Ursine Sloth" had 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 aspiciam?_”

[Footnote 1:

"Dear fatal name! rest ever unrevealed,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence sealed."

Pope's 'Eloisa to Abelard', lines 9, 10.]

"... quoque ipse miserrima vidi
Et quorum pars magna fui.”]

Richard Byron, and nephew of William, fifth Lord Byron, died in 1821.
His daughter Eliza married, in 1830, George Rochford Clarke. Byron's
"niece Georgina" was the daughter of Mrs. Leigh.]

[Footnote 4: Matthew Gregory Lewis (1775-1818), intended by his father
for the diplomatic service, was educated at Westminster and Christ
Church, Weimar, and Paris. He soon showed his taste for literature. At
the age of seventeen he had translated a play from the French, and
written a farce, a comedy called 'The East Indian' (acted at Drury Lane,
April 22, 1799), "two volumes of a novel, two of a romance, besides
numerous poems” (‘Life, etc., of M. G. Lewis’, vol. i. p. 70). In 1794 he was attached to the British Embassy at the Hague. There, stimulated (‘ibid.’, vol. i. p. 123) by reading Mrs. Radcliffe's ‘Mysteries of Udolpho’, he wrote ‘Ambrosio, or the Monk’. The book, published in 1795, made him famous in fashionable society, and decided his career. Though he sat in Parliament for Hindon from 1796 to 1802, he took no part in politics, but devoted himself to literature.

The moral and outline of ‘The Monk’ are taken, as Lewis says in a letter to his father (‘Life, etc.’, vol. i. pp. 154-158), and as was pointed out in the ‘Monthly Review’ for August, 1797, from Addison’s “Santon Barsisa” in the ‘Guardian’ (No. 148). The book was severely criticized on the score of immorality. Mathias (‘Pursuits of Literature’, Dialogue iv.) attacks Lewis, whom he compares to John Cleland, whose ‘Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure’ came under the notice of the law courts:

"Another Cleland see in Lewis rise.
Why sleep the ministers of truth and law?" 

An injunction was, in fact, moved for against the book; but the proceedings dropped.

Lewis had a remarkable gift of catching the popular taste of the day, both in his tales of horror and mystery, and in his ballads. In the latter he was the precursor of Scott. Many of his songs were sung to music of his own composition. His ‘Tales of Terror’ (1799) were
dedicated to Lady Charlotte Campbell, afterwards Bury, with whom he was
in love. To his 'Tales of Wonder' (1801) Scott, Southey, and others
contributed. His most successful plays were 'The Castle Spectre' (Drury
Lane, December 14, 1797), and 'Timour the Tartar' (Covent Garden, April
29, 1811).

In 1812, by the death of his father, "the Monk" became a rich man, and
the owner of plantations in the West Indies. He paid two visits to his
property, in 1815-16 and 1817-18. On the voyage home from the last visit
he died of yellow fever, and was buried at sea. His 'Journal of a West
Indian Proprietor', published in 1834, is written in sterling English,
with much quiet humour, and a graphic power of very high order.

Among his 'Detached Thoughts' Byron has the following notes on Lewis:

"Sheridan was one day offered a bet by M. G. Lewis: 'I will bet you,
Mr. Sheridan, a very large sum--I will bet you what you owe me as
Manager, for my 'Castle Spectre'."

"I never make _large bets_,' said Sheridan, 'but I will lay you a
_very small_ one. I will bet you _what it is_ WORTH!"

"Lewis, though a kind man, hated Sheridan, and we had some words upon
that score when in Switzerland, in 1816. Lewis afterwards sent me the
following epigram upon Sheridan from Saint Maurice:
"For worst abuse of finest parts
Was Misophil begotten;
There might indeed be _blacker_ hearts,
But none could be more _rotten_."

Lewis at Oatlands was observed one morning to have his eyes red, and his air sentimental; being asked why? he replied 'that when people said anything 'kind' to him, it affected him deeply, and just now the Duchess had said something so kind to him!'--here tears began to flow again. 'Never mind, Lewis,' said Col. Armstrong to him, 'never mind--don't cry, she could not mean it.'

"Lewis was a good man--a clever man, but a bore--a damned bore, one may say. My only revenge or consolation used to be setting him by the ears with some vivacious person who hated bores especially--Me. de Man had he been better set, I don't mean _personally_, but less _tiresome_, for he was tedious, as well as contradictory to everything and everybody. Being short-sighted, when we used to ride out together near the Brenta in the twilight in summer, he made me go _before_ to pilot him. I am absent at times, especially towards evening, and the consequence of this pilotage was some narrow escapes to the Monk on horseback. Once I led him into a ditch, over which I had passed as usual, forgetting to warn my convoy; once I led him nearly into the river instead of on the 'moveable' bridge which _in_ commodes passengers; and twice did we both run against the diligence, which,
being heavy and slow, did communicate less damage than it received in
in the gray of the gloaming and was obliged to bring to, to his
distant signals of distance and distress. All the time he went on
talking without intermission, for he was a man of many words. Poor
fellow, he died a martyr to his new riches--of a second visit to
Jamaica.

"'I'd give the lands of Deloraine
Dark Musgrave were alive again!'
_that is_
'I would give many a Sugar Cane
Monk Lewis were alive again!'

"Lewis said to me, 'Why do you talk 'Venetian' (such as I could
talk, not very fine to be sure) to the Venetians, and not the usual
Italian?' I answered, partly from habit and partly to be understood,
if possible. 'It may be so,' said Lewis, 'but it sounds to me like
talking with a 'brogue' to an _Irishman_.'"

In a MS. note by Sir Walter Scott on these passages from Byron's
'Detached Thoughts', he says,

"Mat had queerish eyes; they projected like those of some insect, and
were flattish in their orbit. His person was extremely small and
boyish; he was, indeed, the least man I ever saw to be strictly well
and neatly made. I remember a picture of him by Saunders being handed round at Dalkeith House. The artist had ungenerously flung a dark folding mantle round the form, under which was half hid a dagger, or dark lanthorn, or some such cut-throat appurtenance. With all this the features were preserved and ennobled. It passed from hand to hand into that of Henry, Duke of Buccleuch, who, hearing the general voice affirm that it was very like, said aloud, 'Like Mat Lewis? Why, that picture is like a 'man'.' He looked, and lo! Mat Lewis's head was at his elbow. His boyishness went through life with him. He was a child, and a spoiled child, but a child of high imagination, so that he wasted himself in ghost stories and German nonsense. He had the finest ear for the rhythm of verse I ever heard--finer than Byron's.

"Lewis was fonder of great people than he ought to have been, either as a man of talent or a man of fortune. He had always dukes and duchesses in his mouth, and was particularly fond of any one who had a title. You would have sworn he had been a 'parvenu' of yesterday, yet he had been all his life in good society.

"He was one of the kindest and best creatures that ever lived. His father and mother lived separately. Mr. Lewis allowed his son a handsome income; but reduced it more than one half when he found that he gave his mother half of it. He restricted himself in all his expenses, and shared the diminished income with his mother as before. He did much good by stealth, and was a most generous creature."
"I had a good picture drawn me, I think by Thos. Thomson, of Fox, in his latter days, suffering the fatigue of an attack from Lewis. The great statesman was become bulky and lethargic, and lay like a fat ox which for sometime endures the persecution of a buzzing fly, rather than rise to get rid of it; and then at last he got up, and heavily plodded his way to the other side of the room."

Referring to Byron's story of Lewis near the Brenta, Scott adds,

"I had a worse adventure with Mat Lewis. I had been his guide from the cottage I then had at Laswade to the Chapel of Roslin. We were to go up one side of the river and come down the other. In the return he was dead tired, and, like the Israelites, he murmured against his guide for leading him into the wilderness. I was then as strong as a poney, and took him on my back, dressed as he was in his shooting array of a close sky-blue jacket, and the brightest 'red' pantaloons I ever saw on a human breech. He also had a kind of feather in his cap. At last I could not help laughing at the ridiculous figure we must both have made, at which my rider waxed wroth. It was an ill-chosen hour and place, for I could have served him as Wallace did Fawden--thrown him down and twisted his head off. We returned to the cottage weary wights, and it cost more than one glass of Noyau, which he liked in a decent way, to get Mat's temper on its legs again."
November 16.

Went last night with Lewis to see the first of 'Antony and Cleopatra'
[1]. 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 poltroon Cicero's head? Did not Tully tell Brutus it was a pity to have spared Antony? and did he not speak the Philippics? and are not "_words things_?" [2] 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," etc.--how like the sex! and the questions about Octavia--it is woman all over.
To-day received Lord Jersey's invitation to Middleton--to travel sixty miles to meet Madame De Stael! I once travelled three thousand to get among silent people; and this same lady writes octavos, and talks folios. I have read her books--like most 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 patrician? We should have had more polish--less force--just as much verse, but no immortality--a divorce and a duel or two, 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 Brinsley. 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 play-thing 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 "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.

[Footnote 1: 'Antony and Cleopatra' was revived at Covent Garden, November 15, 1813, with additions from Dryden's 'All for Love, or the World Well Lost'(1678). "Cleopatra" was acted by Mrs. Fawcit; "Marc Antony" by Young. (See for the allusions, act v. se. 2, and act i. sc. 3.)]

[Footnote 2:

"But words are things; and a small drop of ink,
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

'Don Juan', Canto III. stanza lxxviii.]
Nov. 17.

No letter from----; but I must not complain. The respectable Job says, "Why should a _living man_ complain?" [1] 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

[Footnote 3:

"-----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'.]
enmity proceeded from Holland House, and 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 [2] and Murray have been talking something about Scott and
me, George _pro Scoto_,--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 be 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 _Entusymus_. 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 [Greek: eidolon], 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----[Lady F. W. Webster], 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." [3]

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 Anakim of anarchy—Buonaparte [4]!

Ever since I defended my bust of him at Harrow against the rascally
Roman_ of mine—on the Continent; I don't want him here. But I don't
like those same flights—leaving of armies, etc., etc. 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
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, [6] 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. [7] I wish there had been more
convenience 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. [8] 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,----[Lady Oxford] said to me, at----[Eywood], "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. But, the
devil prompting him to add a specimen, she transmitted him a subsequent
answer, saying, that "after perusing it, her conscience would not permit
her to allow her name to remain on the list of subscribblers." Last

there--I was trying to recollect a quotation (as _I_ think) of Stael's,
from some Teutonic sophist about architecture. "Architecture," says this
Macaronico Tedesco, "reminds me of frozen music." It is somewhere--but
where?--the demon of perplexity must know and won't tell. I asked M.,

was so _like_. H. laughed, as he does at all "_De l'Allemagne_"--in
which, however, I think he goes a little too far. B., I hear, contemns
it too. But there are fine passages;--and, after all, what is a
work--any--or every work--but a desert with fountains, and, perhaps, a
grove or two, every day's journey? To be sure, in Madame, what we often
mistake, and "pant for," as the "cooling stream," turns out to be the

like the temple of Jove Ammon, and then the waste we have passed is only
remembered to gladden the contrast.

Called on C--, to explain----. She is very beautiful, to my taste, at
least; for on coming home from abroad, I recollect being unable to look
at any woman but her--they were so fair, and unmeaning, and _blonde_.
The darkness and regularity of her features reminded me of my "Jannat al
Aden." But this impression wore off; and now I can look at a fair woman,
without longing for a Houri. She was very good-tempered, and every thing
was explained.
To-day, great news—“the Dutch have taken Holland,”—which, I suppose, will be succeeded by the actual explosion of the Thames. Five provinces have declared for young Stadt, and there will be inundation, conflagration, constupration, consternation, and 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.[10] 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," [11] and seems, in his letter, afraid I should ask him for it;
[12]--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
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----[13] 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.

[Footnote 1: "Wherefore doth a living man complain?" ('Lam'. iii. 39).]

[Footnote 2: George Ellis (1753-1815), a contributor to the 'Rolliad'
and the 'Anti-Jacobin', and "the first converser" Walter Scott "ever
knew."]

[Footnote 3:

"I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron."

'Henry V.', act ii. sc. 1.]
[Footnote 4: Byron was not always, even at Harrow, attached to Buonaparte, for, if we may trust Harness, he “roared out” at a Buonapartist schoolfellow:

"Bold Robert Speer was Bony’s bad precursor.
Bob was a bloody dog, but Bonaparte a worser."

His feeling for him was probably that which is expressed in the following passage from an undated letter, written to him by Moore:

"We owe great gratitude to this thunderstorm of a fellow for clearing the air of all the old legitimate fogs that have settled upon us, and I sincerely trust his task is not yet over."

Ticknor (‘Life’, vol. i. p. 60) describes Byron’s reception of the news of the battle of Waterloo:

"After an instant's pause, Lord Byron replied, ‘I am damned sorry for it,’ and then, after another slight pause, he added, ‘I didn’t know but I might live to see Lord Castlereagh's head on a pole. But I suppose I shan't now.’"

Byron's liking for Buonaparte was probably increased by his dislike of
Wellington and Blucher. The following passages are taken from the 'Detached Thoughts'(1821):

"The vanity of Victories is considerable. Of all who fell at Waterloo or Trafalgar, ask any man in company to 'name you ten off hand'. They will stick at Nelson: the other will survive himself. 'Nelson was' a hero, the other is a mere Corporal, dividing with Prussians and Spaniards the luck which he never deserved. He even--but I hate the fool, and will be silent."

"The Miscreant Wellington is the Cub of Fortune, but she will never lick him into shape. If he lives, he will be beaten; that's certain. Victory was never before wasted upon such an unprofitable soil as this dunghill of Tyranny, whence nothing springs but Viper's eggs."

"I remember seeing Blucher in the London Assemblies, and never saw anything of his age less venerable. With the voice and manners of a recruiting Sergeant, he pretended to the honours of a hero; just as if a stone could be worshipped because a man stumbled over it."]

[Footnote 5: Henry IV., Part II. act iv. se. 3.]

[Footnote 6: Mary Duff, his distant cousin, who lived not far from the "Plain-Stanes" of Aberdeen, in Byron's childhood. She married Mr. Robert Cockburn, a wine-merchant in Edinburgh and London.]
[Footnote 7: The first is, perhaps, Dallas; the second probably is

remue plus," etc., etc.

[Footnote 8:

Harriet, Countess of Granville', vol. i. p. 23), "is really

withered, and most brilliant thing one can meet with. When there are

so many young, fat fools going about the world, I wish for the

The phrase, of which Byron was in search, is Goethe's, 'eine erstarrte

[Footnote 10: That the poet sometimes dined seems evident from the

annexed bill:
Lord Byron.

To M. Richold

Ballance of last bill 0 13 10
Aug. 9. To dinner bill 1 6 0
10. To do. do. 4 13 6
11. To do. do. 1 4 0
14. To do. do. 1 6 0
15. To share of do. 4 4 6
16. To dinner bill 1 6 0
17. To do. do. 1 6 6
19. To do. do. 1 2 6
20. To share of do. 4 19 0
21. To dinner bill 1 1 6
22. To do. do. 1 2 0
23. To do. do. 1 2 0
25. To do. do. 1 9 0
Aug. 26. To dinner bill 1 1 6
27. To do. do. 1 8 6
Sept. 2. To do. do. 1 4 0
3. To do. do. 1 2 0
4. To do. do. 1 1 0
5. To do. do. 1 6 6
7. To do. do. 5 7 0
9. To do. do. 1 6 6
26. To do. do. 1 9 0
Nov. 14. To do. do. 1 0 6
21. To do. do. 0 19 0
-- -- --

[Footnote 11: Henry IV., Part II. act v. sc. 5.]

[Footnote 12: James Wedderburn Webster (see p. 2, note 1 [Footnote 1 of Letter 170]).]

[Footnote 13: Probably John Cam Hobhouse, whose expenses on the tour of 1809-10 were paid by Byron, and repaid by Sir Benjamin Hobhouse.]

* * * * *

Nov. 22, 1813.

"Orange Boven!" [1] 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" [2]. 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,—but 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,—_that_ is the
country. How I envy Herodes Atticus [3]!—more than Pomponius. And yet a
little _tumult_, now and then, is an agreeable quickener of sensation;
such as a revolution, a battle, or an _aventure_ of any lively
description. I think I rather would have been Bonneval, Ripperda,
Alberoni, Hayreddin, or Horuc Barbarossa, or even Wortley Montague, than
Mahomet himself. [4]

Rogers will be in town soon?—the 23d is fixed for our Middleton visit.
Shall I go? umph!—In this island, where one can't ride out without
overtaking the sea, it don't much matter where one goes.

I remember the effect of the _first Edinburgh Review_ on me. I heard of
it six weeks before,—read it the day of its denunciation,—dined and
drank three bottles of claret, (with S. B. Davies, I think,) neither ate
nor slept the less, but, nevertheless, was not easy till I had vented my
wrath and my rhyme, in the same pages, against every thing and every
body. Like George, in the _Vicar of Wakefield_,—"the fate of my
paradoxes" [5] would allow me to perceive no merit in another. I
remembered only the maxim of my boxing-master, which, in my youth, was
found useful in all general riots,—"Whoever is not for you is against
you—_mill_ away right and left," and so I did;—like Ishmael, my hand
was against all men, and all men's anent me. I did wonder, to be sure, at my own success:

"And marvels so much wit is all his own," [6]

as Hobhouse sarcastically says of somebody (not unlikely myself, as we are old friends);--but were it to come over again, I would _not_. I have since redde the cause of my couplets, and it is not adequate to the effect. C----told me that it was believed I alluded to poor Lord Carlisle's nervous disorder in one of the lines. I thank Heaven I did not know it--and would not, could not, if I had. I must naturally be the last person to be pointed on defects or maladies.

Rogers is silent,--and, it is said, severe. When he does talk, he talks well; and, on all subjects of taste, his delicacy of expression is pure as his poetry. If you enter his house--his drawing-room--his library--you of yourself say, this is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor. But this very delicacy must be the misery of his existence. Oh the jarrings his disposition must have encountered through life!

Southey, 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
time. 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 any thing. At present, he has _a
party_, but no _public_--except for his prose writings. The life of
Nelson is beautiful.

[8], Lydia White (Sydney Smith's "Tory Virgin") [9], Mrs. Wilmot [10]
(she, at least, is a swan, and might frequent a purer stream,) Lady
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 Cypri_, I
would, to be beloved by that woman, build and burn another Troy.

Moore 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 Moore 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_.

[Footnote 1: Holland, constituted a kingdom for Louis Napoleon (1806),
was (1810) incorporated with the French Empire. On November 15, 1813,
the people of Amsterdam raised the cry of "Orange Boven!", donned the
Orange colours, and expelled the French from the city. Their example was
followed in other provinces, and on November 21, deputies arrived in
London, asking the Prince of Orange to place himself at the head of the
movement. He landed in Holland, November 30, and entered Amsterdam the
next day in state.

A play was announced at Drury Lane, December 8, 1813, under the title of
'Orange Boven', but it was suppressed because no licence had been
obtained for its performance. It was produced December 10, 1813, and ran
about ten nights.]

[Footnote 2: The Lake of Ak-Deniz, north-east of Antioch, into and out
of which flows the Nahr-Ifrin to join the Nahr-el-Asy or Orontes.]

[Footnote 3: A typically wealthy Greek, as Pomponius Atticus was a
typically wealthy Roman.]

[Footnote 4: Bonneval (1675-1747) was a French soldier of fortune, who
served successively in the Austrian, Russian, and Turkish armies.
Ripperda (died 1737) a Dutch adventurer, became Prime Minister of Spain
under Philip V., and after his fall turned Mohammedan. Alberoni
(1664-1752) was an Italian adventurer, who became Prime Minister of
Spain in 1714. Hayreddin (died 1547) and Horuc Barbarossa (died 1518)
were Algerine pirates. Edward Wortley Montague (1713-1776), son of Lady
Mary, saw the inside of several prisons, served at Fontenoy, sat in the
British Parliament, was received into the Roman Catholic Church at Jerusalem (1764), lived at Rosetta as a Mohammedan with his mistress, Caroline Dormer, till 1772, and died at Padua, from swallowing a fish-bone.]

[Footnote 5: 'Vicar of Wakefield' (chap. xx.). The Vicar's eldest son, George,

"resolved to write a book that should be wholly new. I therefore dressed up three paradoxes with some ingenuity.... 'Well,' asks the Vicar, 'and what did the learned world say to your paradoxes?' 'Sir,' replied my son, 'the learned world said nothing to my paradoxes, nothing at all.... I found that no genius in another could please me. My unfortunate paradoxes had entirely dried up that source of comfort. I could neither read nor write with satisfaction; for excellence in another was my aversion, and writing was my trade.""

[Footnote 6: From Boileau ('Imitations, etc.', by J.C. Hobhouse):

"With what delight rhymes on the scribbling dunce. He's ne'er perplex'd to choose, but right at once; With rapture hails each work as soon as done, And wonders so much wit was all his own."]

[Footnote 7: At Sotheby's house, Miss Jane Porter, author of 'The
Scottish Chiefs’, etc., etc., met Byron. She made the following note of his appearance, and after his death sent it to his sister:

"I once had the gratification of Seeing Lord Byron. He was at Evening party at the Poet Sotheby's. I was not aware of his being in the room, or even that he had been invited, when I was arrested from listening to the person conversing with me by the Sounds of the most melodious Speaking Voice I had ever heard. It was gentle and beautifully modulated. I turned round to look for the Speaker, and then saw a Gentleman in black of an Elegant form (for nothing of his lameness could be discovered), and with a face I never shall forget. The features of the finest proportions. The Eye deep set, but mildly lustrous; and the Complexion what I at the time described to my Sister as a Sort of moonlight paleness. It was so pale, yet with all so Softly brilliant.

"I instantly asked my Companion who that Gentleman was. He replied, 'Lord Byron.' I was astonished, for there was no Scorn, no disdain, nothing in that noble Countenance _then_ of the proud Spirit which has since soared to Heaven, illuminating the Horizon far and wide."

[Footnote 8: Probably the Berrys.]

[Footnote 9: Miss Lydia White, the "Miss Diddle" of Byron's 'Blues', of whom Ticknor speaks ('Life', vol. i. p. 176) as "the fashionable
blue-stocking," was a wealthy Irishwoman, well known for her dinners and
cconversazioni

"in all the capitals of Europe. At one of her dinners in Park Street
(all the company except herself being Whigs), the desperate prospects
of the Whig party were discussed. Yes,' said Sydney Smith, who was
present, 'we are in a most deplorable condition; we must do something
to help ourselves. I think,' said he, looking at Lydia White, 'we had
better sacrifice a Tory Virgin"

(Lady Morgan's 'Memoirs', vol. ii. p. 236). Miss Berry, in her 'Journal'
(vol. iii. p. 49, May 8, 1815), says,

"Lord and Lady Byron persuaded me to go with them to Miss White. Never
have I seen a more imposing convocation of ladies arranged in a circle
than when we entered, taking William Spencer with us. Lord Byron
brought me home. He stayed to supper."

Miss White's last years were passed in bad health. Moore called upon
Rogers, May 7, 1826:

"Found him in high good humour. In talking of Miss White, he said,
'How wonderfully she does hold out! They may say what they will, but
Miss White and 'Miss'olongi are the most remarkable things going"
Lydia White died in February, 1827.

[Footnote 10: Barberina Ogle (1768-1854), daughter of Sir Chaloner Ogle, widow of Valentia Wilmot, married, in 1819, Lord Dacre. Her tragedy, 'Ina', was produced at Drury Lane, April 22, 1815. Her literary work was, for the most part, privately printed: 'Dramas, Translations, and Occasional Poems' (1821); 'Translations from the Italian' (1836). She also edited her daughter's 'Recollections of a Chaperon' (1831), and 'Tales of the Peerage and Peasantry' (1835).]

[Footnote 11: Margaret Willes, granddaughter of Chief Justice Willes, married, in 1778, Sir George Beaumont, Bart. (1753-1827), the landscape-painter, art critic, and picture-collector, who founded the National Gallery, was a friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Dr. Johnson, and of Wordsworth, and is mentioned by Byron in the 'Blues':

"Sir George thinks exactly with Lady Bluebottle."]

[Footnote 12: Francis William Caulfield, who succeeded his father, in 1799, as second Earl of Charlemont, married, in 1802, Anne, daughter of William Bermingham, of Ross Hill, co. Galway. She died in 1876. Of Lady Charlemont's beauty Byron was an enthusiastic admirer. In his 'Letter on the Rev. W.L. Bowles's Strictures on Pope' (February 7, 1821) he says,

"The head of Lady Charlemont (when I first saw her, nine years ago)
seemed to possess all that sculpture could require for its ideal."

Moore ('Journals, etc.', vol. iii. p. 78) has the following entry in his
Diary for November 21, 1819:

"Called upon Lady Charlemont, and sat with her some time. Lady
Mansfield told me that the effect she produces here with her beauty is
wonderful; last night, at the Comtesse d'Albany's, the Italians were
ready to fall down and worship her."

For the two quotations, see Horace, 'Odes', I. iii. 1, and 'The Rape of
the Lock', ii. 18.]

* * * * *

Nov. 23.

Ward--I like Ward. 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 _piquant_;
and, in my opinion, will stand very _high_ in the House, and every where
else, if he applies _regularly_. By the by, I dine with him to-morrow,
which may have some influence on my 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 [Greek: eidolon] 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----s,
Arm'd all in proof, and led by shallow----." [1]

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 [2], I am wound up for the day.

A note from Mountnorris [3]--I dine with Ward;--Canning is to be there, Frere [4] and Sharpe [5], 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,--there are no answers. 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 much as usual;--but the club increases. I shall dine at Crib's [6] 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

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.

Redde the _Ruminator_--a collection of Essays, by a strange, but able, old man [Sir Egerton Brydges] [8], and a half-wild young one, author of a poem on the Highlands, called _Childe Alarique_ [9].

The word "sensibility" (always my aversion) occurs a thousand times in these Essays; and, it seems, is to be an excuse for all kinds of discontent. This young man can know nothing of life; 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 rhymer who could be any thing better. And this is what annoys one, to see Scott and Moore, and Campbell and Rogers, who might have all been agents and leaders, now mere spectators. For, though they may have other ostensible avocations, these last are reduced to a secondary consideration.----, too, frittering away his time among dowagers and unmarried girls. If it advanced any _serious_ affair, it were some excuse; but, with the unmarried, that is a hazardous speculation, 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 [10].
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? _Vide_ Napoleon's last twelvemonth. It has completely upset
my system of fatalism. I thought, if crushed, he would have fallen, when
_fractus illabitur orbis_, [11] 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 say,
"He might, perhaps, if he would."

12, midnight.
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 hyeenas and jackalls in the ruins of Asia; and bull-frogs in the
marshes; besides wolves and angry Mussulmans. Now, I should like to
listen to the shout of a free Dutchman.

Alla! Viva! For ever! Hourra! Huzza!—which is the most rational or
musical of these cries? "Orange Boven," according to the 'Morning Post'.

[Footnote 1:

"By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond."

'Richard III', act v. sc. 3.]

[Footnote 2: "Lord Ogleby" is a character in 'The Clandestine Marriage' (by Colman and Garrick, first acted at Drury Lane, February 20, 1766).
"Brush," his valet, says (act ii.) of his master,

"What with qualms, age, rheumatism, and a few surfeits in his youth, he must have a great deal of brushing, oyling, screwing, and winding up, to set him a-going for the day."]

[Footnote 3: Viscount Valentia, created in 1793 Earl of Mountnorris, was the father of Byron's friend, Viscount Valentia (afterwards second and last Earl of Mountnorris, died in 1844); of Lady Frances Wedderburn Webster; of Lady Catherine Annesley, who married Lord John Somerset, and died in 1865; and of Lady Juliana Annesley, who married Robert Bayly, of Ballyduff.]

[Footnote 4: John Hookham Frere (1769-1846), educated at Eton, and Caius College, Cambridge (Fellow, 1792), M.P. for West Loe (1796-1802), was a clerk in the Foreign Office. A school-friend of Canning, he joined with him in the 'Anti-Jacobin' (November 20, 1797--July 9, 1798). Among the pieces which he contributed, in whole or part, are "The Loves of the Triangles," "The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-grinder," "The Rovers,
or the Double Arrangement," "La Sainte Guillotine," "New Morality," and
the "Meeting of the Friends of Freedom." He was British Envoy at Lisbon
(1800-1804) and to the Spanish Junta (October, 1808-April, 1809). From
this post he was recalled, owing to the fatal effects of his advice to
Sir John Moore, and he never again held any public appointment. From
1818 to 1846 he lived at Malta, where he died.

His translations of "The Frogs" of Aristophanes (1839), and of "The
Acharnians, the Knights, and the Birds" (1840), are masterpieces of
spirit and fidelity. His 'Prospectus and Specimen of an intended
National Work, by William and Robert Whistlecraft' (cantos i., ii.,
1817; cantos iii., iv., 1818), inspired Byron with 'Beppo'.

Ticknor describes him in 1819 ('Life', vol. i. p. 267):

"Frere is a slovenly fellow. His remarks on Homer, in the 'Classical
Journal', prove how fine a Greek scholar he is; his 'Quarterly
Reviews', how well he writes; his 'Rovers, or the Double Arrangement,'
what humour he possesses; and the reputation he has left in Spain and
Portugal, how much better he understood their literatures than they do
themselves; while, at the same time, his books left in France, in
Galicia, at Lisbon, and two or three places in England; his
manuscripts, neglected and lost to himself; his manners, lazy and
careless; and his conversation, equally rich and negligent, show how
little he cares about all that distinguishes him in the eyes of the
world. He studies as a luxury, he writes as an amusement, and
conversation is a kind of sensual enjoyment to him. If he had been
born in Asia, he would have been the laziest man that ever lived.”]

[Footnote 5: For “Conversation” Sharp, see p. 341, ‘note’ 2 [Footnote 2
of Journal entry for 24 November, 1813.]]

[Footnote 6: Thomas Cribb (1781-1848), born at Bitton, near Bristol,
began life as a bell-hanger, became first a coal-porter, then a sailor,
and finally found his vocation as a pugilist. In his profession he was
known, from one of his previous callings, as the “Black Diamond.” His
first big fight was against George Maddox (January 7, 1805), whom he
defeated after seventy-six rounds. He twice beat the ex-champion, the
one-eyed Jem Belcher (April 8, 1807, and February 1, 1809), and with his
victory over Bob Gregson (October 25, 1808; see ‘Letters’, vol. i. p.
His two defeats of Molineaux, the black pugilist (December 18, 1810, and
September 28, 1811), established his title, which was never again
seriously challenged, and in 1821 it was conferred upon him for life.
Cribb was one of the prize-fighters, who, dressed as pages, kept order
at the Coronation of George IV. In 1813 he was landlord of the King’s
Arms, Duke Street, St. James’s, and universally respected as the honest
head of the pugilistic profession. He died in 1848 at Woolwich; three
years later a monument was erected to his memory by public subscription
in Woolwich Churchyard. It represents “a British lion grieving over the
ashes of a British hero,” and on the plinth is the inscription, “Respect
the ashes of the brave.”]
[Footnote 7: Virgil, 'Eclogues', iii. 59.]

[Footnote 8: Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges (1762-1837), poet, novelist, genealogist, and bibliographer, published, in 1813, 'The Ruminator: containing a series of moral, critical, and sentimental Essays'. Of the 104 Essays, 72 appeared in the 'Censura Literaria' between January, 1807, and June, 1809. The remainder were by Gillies, except two by the Rev. Francis Wrangham and two by the Rev. Montagu Pennington. No. 50 is a review of some original poems by Capell Lofft, including a Greek ode on Eton College.

Gillies, in his 'Memoirs of a Literary Veteran' (vol. ii. p. 4), says that in 1809 he addressed an anonymous letter to Brydges, containing some thoughts on the advantages of retirement (the subject of 'Childe Alarique'). The letter, printed in 'The Ruminator', began his literary career and introduced him to Brydges. 'The Ruminator', 2 vols. (1813), and 'Childe Alarique' (1813), are among the books included in the sale catalogue of Byron's books, April 5, 1816.]

[Footnote 9: Robert Pearse Gillies (1788-1858) wrote 'Wallace, a Fragment' (1813); 'Childe Alarique, a Poet's Reverie, with other Poems' (1813); 'Confessions of Sir Henry Longueville, a Novel' (1814); and numerous other works and translations. His 'Memoirs of a Literary Veteran' was published in 1851. He was the founder and first editor of the 'Foreign Quarterly Review' (1827).]
"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 negociation, I sate next to the present Duke of Grafton. When it was over, I turned to him 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 anything 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 G.'s speech upon the subject, and while G. 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,' etc. I did not know very well what to think, but I sympathized with the acuteness of his feelings upon the subject."

"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 from 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 God!--the vote that is just come in will give it
them.'"

[Footnote 11: Horace, 'Odes', III. iii. 7.]

* * * * *

Wednesday, 24.

No dreams last night of the dead, nor the living; so--I am "firm as the
marble, founded as the rock," [1] 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 [2] (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, [3] a few
days before the fatal operation which sent "that gallant spirit to
aspire the skies." [4] 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, 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 others, that he has lately been unfortunate in pecuniary involvements. He is undoubtedly the Monarch of Parnassus, and the most _English_ of bards. I should place Rogers next in the living list (I value him more as the last of the best school)--Moore and Campbell both
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--_c'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 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.
"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 [6].

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 "genus;"--except Cervantes, Tasso, Dante, Ariosto, Kleist (who were brave and active citizens), worthless, idle brood it is!

[Footnote 1: 'Macbeth', act iii. sc. 4--

"Whole as the marble, founded as the rock."]

[Footnote 2: Richard Sharp (1759-1835), a wealthy hat-manufacturer, was a prominent figure in political and literary life. A consistent Whig, he was one of the "Friends of the People," and in the House of Commons (1806-12) was a recognized authority on questions of finance.
Essentially a "club-able man," he was a member of many clubs, both literary and political. In Park Lane and at Mickleham he gathered round him many friends—Rogers, Moore, Mackintosh, Macaulay, Coleridge, Horner, Grattan, Horne Tooke, and Sydney Smith, who was so frequently his guest in the country that he was called the "Bishop of Mickleham." Horner (May 20, 1816) speaks of a visit paid to Sharp in Surrey, in company with Grattan ('Memoirs', vol. ii. p. 355). Ticknor, who, in 1815, breakfasted with Sharp in Park Lane ('Life', vol. i. pp. 55, 56), says of a party of "men of letters:"

"I saw little of them, excepting Mr. Sharp, formerly a Member of Parliament, and who, from his talents in society, has been called 'Conversation Sharp.' He has been made an associate of most of the literary clubs in London, from the days of Burke down to the present time. He told me a great many amusing anecdotes of them, and particularly of Burke, Porson, and Grattan, with whom he had been intimate; and occupied the dinner-time as pleasantly as the same number of hours have passed with me in England.... 'June 7'.--This morning I breakfasted with Mr. Sharp, and had a continuation of yesterday,—more pleasant accounts of the great men of the present day, and more amusing anecdotes of the generation that has passed away."

Miss Berry, who met Sharp often, writes, in her Journal for March 26, 1808 ('Journal', vol. ii. p. 344),
"He is clever, but I should suspect of little real depth of intellect."

Sharp published anonymously a volume of 'Epistles in Verse' (1828). These were reproduced, with additions, in his 'Letters and Essays', published with his name in 1834. His "Epistle to an Eminent Poet" is evidently addressed to his lifelong friend, Samuel Rogers:

"Yes! thou hast chosen well 'the better part',
And, for the triumphs of the noblest art,
Hast wisely scorn'd the sordid cares of life."

[Footnote 3: William Windham, of Felbrigg Hall (1750-1810), educated at Eton, Glasgow, and University College, Oxford, became M.P. for Norwich in 1784. In the following year he was made chief secretary to Lord Northington, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Expressing some doubts to Dr. Johnson whether he possessed the arts necessary for Parliamentary success, the Doctor said, "You will become an able negotiator; a very pretty rascal." He resigned the secretaryship within the year, according to Gibbon, on the plea of ill health. He was one of the managers of the impeachment of Warren Hastings in 1788, Secretary at War from 1794 to 1801, and War and Colonial Secretary, 1806-7.

Windham, a shrewd critic of other speakers, called Pitt's style a "State-paper style," because of its combined dignity and poverty, and "verily believed Mr. Pitt could speak a king's speech off-hand." As a speaker he was himself remarkably effective, a master of illustration
and allusion, delighting in "homely Saxon," and affecting provincial
words and pronunciation. Lord Sheffield, writing to Gibbon, February 5,
1793, says, "As to Windham, I should think he is become the best, at
least the most sensible, speaker of the whole." His love of paradox,
combined with his political independence and irresolution, gained him
the name of "Weathercock Windham;" but he was respected by both sides as
an honest politician. Outside the house it was his ambition to be known
as a thorough Englishman--a patron of horse-racing, cock-fighting,
bull-baiting, pugilism, and football. He was also a scholar, a man of
wide reading, an admirable talker, and a friend of Miss Berry and of
Madame d'Arblay, in whose Diaries he is a prominent figure. His own
'Diary' (1784-1810) was published in 1866.

On the 8th of July, 1809, he saw a fire in Conduit Street, which
threatened to spread to the house of his friend North, who possessed a
valuable library. In his efforts to save the books, he fell and bruised
his hip. A tumour formed, which was removed; but he sank under the
operation, and died June 4, 1810.]

[Footnote 4:

"O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspire the clouds."

'Romeo and Juliet', act iii. sc. 1.]
[Footnote 5:]

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

'Hamlet', act i. sc. 2.]

[Footnote 6: The allusion probably is to 'The Foundling of the Forest' (1809), by William Dimond the Younger. But no passage exactly corresponds to the quotation.]

* * * * *

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 headach. 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.

_This_ 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.--[Greek: Noairon] [1]

[Footnote 1: It is doubtful whether this is not a mistake for [Greek: Npairon], a variant of [Greek: Mpairon], which is the correct transliteration into modern Greek of 'Byron', but the MS. is destroyed.]

* * * * *

Thursday, November 26.
Awoke a little feverish, but no headach--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 own 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 _practics_, as well as _ethics_.

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'e." 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-stanes 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 confuse, 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 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.

Lord Holland invited me to dinner to-day; 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 Leiila's and Phannio's Moslem curtains of the light. She has much

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 his day." [1]

Heigh for Helvoetsluys, 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; [2] and both (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 Stael. [3]

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." [4]

It is for Him, who made it, to prolong that spark of celestial fire which illuminates, yet burns, this frail tenement; but I see no such horror in a "dreamless sleep," 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 [5] 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
"Ah, deere ladye, said Robin Hood, thou
That art both Mother and May,
I think it was never man's destine
To die before his day."

'Ballad of Robin Hood'

"Greece, the mother of freedom and of poetry in the West, which had long employed only the antiquary, the artist, and the philologist, was at length destined, 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 imperfections 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."

"In the last 'Edinburgh Review' you will find two articles of mine,
especially the first, thought too panegyrical. I like the praises
which I have bestowed on Lord Byron and Thomas Moore. I am convinced

'Mackintosh's Life', vol. ii. p. 271.]

"I have that within which passeth show."

'Hamlet', act i. sc. 2.]

"... the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless."

Milton, 'Paradise Lost', v. 896.]
Tuesday, 30th.

Two days missed in my log-book;--_hiatus_ haud _deflendus_. 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 [1] and Lady R'y.--General Sir Somebody Bentham, [2] a man of science and talent, I am told--Horner [3]--_the_ Horner, an Edinburgh Reviewer, an excellent speaker in the "Honourable House," very pleasing, too, and gentlemanly in company, as far as I have seen--Sharpe--Philips of Lancashire [4]--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 champagne and wine in general, but not to confusion of head. When I _do_ dine, I gorge like an Arab or a Boa snake, on fish and 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, all but the turban, and
the want of a small dagger (if she is a sultana), _perfect_. I never saw
a Turkish woman with a turban in my life--nor did any one else. The
sultanas have a small poniard at the waist. The dialogue is drowsy--the
action heavy--the scenery fine--the actors tolerable. I can't say much
for their seraglio--Teresa, Phannio, or----, were worth them all.

Sunday, a very handsome note from Mackintosh, who is a rare instance of
the union of very transcendent talent and great good nature. To-day
(Tuesday) a very pretty billet from M. la Baronne de Stael Holstein. [5]
She is pleased to be much pleased with my mention of her and her last
work in my notes. 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 it would take to _re-whig_ him?" I answered that, probably, "he must first, before he was _re-whigged_, be re-_warded_." [6] 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!

George [7] 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_ [8]. 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 Annabella [9], 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.

[Footnote 1: Sir Samuel Romilly (1757-1818), Solicitor-General (1806-7), distinguished himself in Parliament by his consistent advocacy of Catholic Emancipation, the abolition of the slave-trade, Parliamentary reform, and the mitigation of the harshness of the criminal law. Writing of Romilly's 'Observations on the Criminal Law of England' (1810), Sir James Mackintosh says,

"It does the very highest honour to his moral character, which, I think, stands higher than that of any other conspicuous Englishman now alive. Probity, independence, humanity, and liberality breathe through every word; considered merely as a composition, accuracy, perspicuity, discretion, and good taste are its chief merits; great originality and comprehension of thought, or remarkable vigour of expression, it does not possess."

The death of his wife, October 29, 1818, so affected Romilly's mind that he committed suicide four days later.

"Romilly," said Lord Lansdowne to Moore ('Memoirs, etc'., vol. ii. p. 211), "was a stern, reserved sort of man, and she was the only person
in the world to whom he wholly unbent and unbosomed himself; when he lost her, therefore, the very vent of his heart was stopped up.

[Footnote 2: Sir Samuel Bentham (1757-1831), naval architect and engineer, like his brother Jeremy, was a strong reformer. He was a Knight of the Russian Order of St. George, and, like Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges, who was a Knight of the Swedish Order of St. Joachim before he was created a baronet (1814), assumed the title in England.]

[Footnote 3: Francis Horner (1778-1817), called to the Scottish Bar in 1800, and to the English Bar in 1807, was one of the founders of the 'Edinburgh Review', and acted as second to Jeffrey in his duel with Moore. In the House of Commons (M.P. for St. Ives, 1806-7; Wendover, 1807-12; St. Mawes, 1812-17) he was one of the most impressive speakers of the day, especially on financial questions. When Lord Morpeth moved (March 3, 1817) for a new writ for the borough of St. Mawes, striking tributes were paid to his character from both sides of the House ('Memoirs and Correspondence of Francis Horner', vol. ii. pp. 416-426), and further proof was given of public esteem by the statue erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey. The speeches delivered in the Lower House on March 3, 1817, were translated by Ugo Foscolo, and published with a dedication 'al nobile giovinetto, Enrico Fox, figlio di Lord Holland'.

[Footnote 4: George Philips, only son of Thomas Philips of Sedgley, Lancashire (born March 24, 1766), was created a baronet in February,
1828. He sat for South Warwickshire in the first reformed House of Commons.

[Footnote 5: In a note to 'The Bride of Abydos' (Canto I. st. vi.),
Byron had written,

"For an eloquent passage in the latest work of the first female writer
of this, perhaps of any, age, on the analogy (and the immediate
comparison excited by that analogy) between 'painting and music,' see
vol. iii. cap. 10, 'De l'Allemagne'."

The passage is as follows (Part III. chap. x.):

etc., etc.

"Argyll St., No. 31.

qui vous sera tous les jours plus soumis. Je voudrais vous parler de
suspecte en le louant, et je ne cache pas qu'une louage de vous m'a
 dessus du jugement.

"Donnez moi quelquefois le plaisir de vous voir; il-y-a un proverbe

[Footnote 6:

"Byron," writes Sir Walter Scott, in a hitherto unpublished note,

"occasionally said what are called good things, but never studied for
them. They came naturally and easily, and mixed with the comic or
serious, as it happened. A professed wit is of all earthly companions
the most intolerable. He is like a schoolboy with his pockets stuffed
with crackers.

"No first-rate author was ever what is understood by a 'great
conversational wit'. Swift's wit in common society was either the
strong sense of a wonderful man unconsciously exerting his powers, or
that of the same being wilfully unbending, wilfully, in fact,
degrading himself. Who ever heard of any fame for conversational wit
lingering over the memory of a Shakespeare, a Milton, even of a Dryden
or a Pope?

"Johnson is, perhaps, a solitary exception. More shame to him. He was
the most indolent great man that ever lived, and threw away in his
talk more than he ever took pains to embalm in his writings.

"It is true that Boswell has in great measure counteracted all this. But here is no defence. Few great men can expect to have a Boswell, and none 'ought' to wish to have one, far less to trust to having one. A man should not keep fine clothes locked up in his chest only that his valet may occasionally show off in them; no, nor yet strut about in them in his chamber, only that his valet may puff him and his finery abroad.

"What might not he have done, who wrote 'Rasselas' in the evenings of eight days to get money enough for his mother's funeral expenses? As it is, what has Johnson done? Is it nothing to be the first intellect of 'an age'? and who seriously talks even of Burke as having been more than a clever boy in the presence of old Samuel?"

[Footnote 7: George Anson Byron, R. N., afterwards Lord Byron.]

[Footnote 8: Scott has this additional note on Lewis:

"Nothing was more tiresome than Lewis when he began to harp upon any extravagant proposition. He would tinker at it for hours without mercy, and repeat the same thing in four hundred different ways. If you assented in despair, he resumed his reasoning in triumph, and you had only for your pains the disgrace of giving in. If you disputed,
daylight and candle-light could not bring the discussion to an end, and Mat's arguments were always 'ditto repeated'."]

[Footnote 9: Miss Milbanke, afterwards Lady Byron.]

* * * * *

Wednesday, December 1, 1813.

To-day 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 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 [1], and every day proves it. He is, perhaps, a little opinionated, 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 preferring "the right to the expedient" might excuse.

To-morrow there is a party of _purple_ at the "blue" Miss 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, etc., etc.--good for nothing. Perhaps that blue-winged Kashmirian butterfly of book-learning [2], Lady Charlemont, 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-----[3] 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 [4] is boring me to present their King's Bench petition. I presented Cartwright'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" [5] for this business. Now, had----been here, she would have _made_ me do it. _There_ is a woman, who, amid all her fascination, always urged a man to usefulness or glory. 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." [6] Ah, I am as bad as that dog Sterne, who preferred whining over "a dead ass to relieving a living mother"

[7]—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 Rochefoucault 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 any thing in the future that can possibly console us for not being always twenty-five?

"Oh Gioventu!

Oh Primavera! gioventu dell' anno.

Oh Gioventu! primavera della vita."

[Footnote 1: 
"Strato'.

For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

* * * * *

'Octavius'.

According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial."

[Footnote 2: In 'The Giaour' (lines 388-392) occurs the following passage:

"As rising on its purple wing
The insect-queen of Eastern spring
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
Invites the young pursuer near," etc.

To line 389 is appended this note:
"The blue-winged butterfly of Kashmeer, the most rare and beautiful of the species."


[Footnote 4: The letters which W.J. Baldwin, a debtor in the King's Bench prison, wrote to Byron are preserved. Byron seems to have refused to present the petition from diffidence, but he interested himself in the subject, and probably induced Lord Holland to take up the question. (See p. 318, 'note' 2 [Footnote 6 of the initial journal entry which forms the beginning of Chapter VIII.]) In the list of abuses enumerated by Baldwin is mentioned a "strong room," in which prisoners were confined, without fires or glass to the windows, in the depth of winter.]

[Footnote 5: 'Richard III', act iv, sc. 2.]


* * * * *

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 _Fame_ 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 [1], 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 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 follow. 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 invisible. 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 have seen, a good-natured philosophical fellow. I showed him Sligo's letter on the reports of the Turkish girl's _aventure_ 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 Gait 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 [Rogers] yesterday. I have not kept my appointment at Middleton, which has not pleased him, perhaps; and my projected voyage with [Ward] 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 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

To see----and----sitting together, at dinner, always reminds me of the grave, where all distinctions of friend and foe are levelled; and 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--_mi_lady 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 _my_self or _her_self, 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, etc., etc. 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 [3]--he is going to Holland; Sir J. and Lady Mackintosh and Horner, G. Lamb [4], 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_.

[Footnote 1: In Dunlap's 'Memoirs of George Frederick Cooke' (vol. ii. p. 313), the following passage is quoted from the actor's journal:

"Read 'English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers', by Lord Byron. It is well written. His Lordship is rather severe, perhaps justly so, on Walter Scott, and most assuredly justly severe upon Monk Lewis."]

[Footnote 2: In Byron's 'Detached Thoughts' (1821) occurs this passage:

"In general I do not draw well with literary men. Not that I dislike them, but I never know what to say to them after I have praised their last publication. There are several exceptions, to be sure; but then they have always been men of the world, such as Scott and Moore, etc., or visionaries out of it, such as Shelley, etc. But your literary every-day man and I never went well in company, especially your foreigner, whom I never could abide,--except Giordani, and--and--and..."
(I really can’t name any other); I do not remember a man amongst them whom I ever wished to see twice, except, perhaps, Mezzophanti, who is a Monster of Languages, the Briareus of parts of speech, a walking Polyglott, and more--who ought to have existed at the time of the Tower of Babel as universal Interpreter. He is, indeed, a Marvel, --unassuming also. I tried him in all the tongues of which I have a single oath (or adjuration to the Gods against Postboys, Savages, Tartars, boatmen, sailors, pilots, Gondoliers, Muleteers, Cameldrivers, Vetturini, Postmasters, post-horses, post-houses, post-everything) and Egad! he astounded me even to my English."

On this passage Sir Walter Scott makes the following note:

"I suspect Lord Byron of some self-deceit as to this matter. It appears that he liked extremely the only ‘first-rate’ men of letters into whose society he happened to be thrown in England. They happened to be men of the world, it is true; but how few men of very great eminence in literature, how few intellectually Lord B.’s peers, have ‘not’ been men of the world? Does any one doubt that the topics he had most pleasure in discussing with Scott or Moore were literary ones, or had at least some relation to literature?

"As for the foreign ‘literati’, pray what ‘literati’ anything like his own rank did he encounter abroad? I have no doubt he would have been as much at home with an Alfieri, a Schiller, or a Goethe, or a Voltaire, as he was with Scott or Moore, and yet two of these were
very little of men of the world in the sense in which he uses that phrase.

"As to 'every-day men of letters,' pray who does like their company? Would a clever man like a prosing 'captain, or colonel, or knight-in-arms' the 'better' for happening to be himself the Duke of Wellington?"

[Footnote 3: George Granville Leveson Gower (1786-1861) succeeded his father in 1833 as second Duke of Sutherland.]

[Footnote 4: George Lamb (1784-1834), the fourth son of the first Lord Melbourne, married, in 1809, Caroline Rosalie St. Jules. As one of the early contributors to the 'Edinburgh Review', he was attacked by Byron in 'English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers', lines 57 and 516 (see 'Poems', ed. 1898, vol. i. p. 301, 'note' I). A clever amateur actor, his comic opera 'Whistle for It' was produced at Covent Garden, April 10, 1807, and he was afterwards on the Drury Lane Committee of Management. His translation of the 'Poems of Catullus' was published in 1821. In 1819, as the representative of the official Whigs, he was elected for Westminster against Hobhouse; but was defeated at the next election (1820).]
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, etc., etc., etc.

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." [1]

I, who have no throne, nor wish to have one _now_, 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 oriental_ities_ (I can't call them _isms_), 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 cruet 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 [2] is dying, and W. don't much affect our Dutch determinations. I dine with him on Thursday, provided _l'oncle_ is
not dined upon, or peremptorily bespoke 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 landmarks 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 [3] and this 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.

Redde a good deal, but desultorily. My head is crammed with the most useless 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 Caprea—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 had 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.
[Footnote 1: Pope's 'Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot', line 197.]

[Footnote 2: William Bosville (1745-1813), called colonel, but really only lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, was a noted 'bon vivant', whose maxim for life was "Better never than late." He was famous for his hospitality in Welbeck Street. A friend of Horne Tooke, he dined with him at Wimbledon every Sunday in the spring and autumn. See 'Diversions of Purley', ed. 1805, ii. 490:

"Your friend Bosville and I have entered into a strict engagement to belong for ever to the established government, to the Established Church, and to the established language of our country, because they are established."]

[Footnote 3: Sylvester Douglas (1743-1823), created in 1800 Baron Glenbervie, married, in September, 1789, Catherine, eldest daughter of Lord North, afterwards Earl of Guildford. He was educated at Leyden for the medical profession, a circumstance to which Sheridan alludes in the lines:

"Glenbervie, Glenbervie,

What's good for the scurvy?

For ne'er be your old trade forgot."
Gibbon writes of him, October 4, 1788 ('Letters', vol. ii. p. 180),

"He has been curious, attentive, agreeable; and in every place where he has resided some days, he has left acquaintance who esteem and regret him; I never knew so clear and general an impression."

Glenbervie was Surveyor-General of Woods and Forests, 1803-1806, and again from 1807 to 1810. In that year he became First Commissioner of Land Revenue and Woods and Forests, and held the appointment till August, 1814.]

*****

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 [1]
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 [2], 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 [3] would certainly have displaced stars enough to overthrow the Newtonian system.

[Footnote 1: The reference is only to the form of the sentence. "Scrub," in 'The Beaux' Stratagem' (act iv. se. 2), says,

"First, it must be a plot, because there's a woman in't; secondly, it must be a plot, because there's a priest in't; thirdly, it must be a plot, because there's French gold in't; and fourthly, it must be a plot, because I don't know what to make on't."]

[Footnote 2: Elizabeth Simpson (1753-1821), daughter of a Suffolk farmer, married (1772) Joseph Inchbald, actor and portrait-painter. Actress, dramatist, and novelist, she was one of the most attractive women of the day. Winning in manner, quick in repartee, an admirable teller of stories, she always gathered all the men round her chair.

"It was vain," said Mrs. Shelley, "for any other woman to attempt to gain attention."

Miss Edgeworth wished to see her first among living celebrities; her charm fascinated Sheridan, and overcame the prejudice of Lamb; even Peter Pindar wrote verse in her praise. From the age of eighteen she was
wooed on and off the stage, where her slight stammer hindered her complete success; but no breath of scandal tarnished her name. Had John Kemble, the hero of ‘A Simple Story’, proposed to her, she probably would have married him. Mrs. Butler records that her uncle John once asked the actress, when matrimony was the subject of green-room conversation, "Well, Mrs. Inchbald, would you have had me?" “Dear heart,” said the stammering beauty, turning her sunny face up at him, “I’d have j-j-j-jumped at you.” Mrs. Inchbald’s ‘Simple Story’ (1791) wears a more modern air than any previously written novel. Her dramatic experience stood her in good stead. “Dorriforth,” the priest, educated, like Kemble, at Douay, impressed himself upon Macaulay’s mind as the true type of the Roman Catholic peer. ‘Nature and Art’ (1796) was written when Mrs. Inchbald was most under the influence of the French Revolution. Of two boys who come to London to seek their fortunes, Nature makes one a musician, and Art raises the other into a dean. The trial and condemnation of “Agnes” perhaps suggested to Lytton the scene in ‘Paul Clifford’, where “Brandon” condemns his own son.]

[Footnote 3: Horace, ‘Odes’, I. i. 36.]

* * * * *

Friday, December 10, 1813.

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 Staffords, Staels, Cowpers,
Ossulstones, Melbournes, Mackintoshes, etc., etc.--and was introduced to
the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford [1],--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 _bonhommie_. She might as well have
asked that question before she told C. L. "_c'est un demon_." 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 [2], etc., 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 _Harolds_ and _Giaours_, etc., 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 hers_. 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." [3]

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.

[Footnote 1: George Granville Leveson Gower (1758-1833) succeeded his father, in 1803, as second Marquis of Stafford. He married, in 1785, Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland, and was created, in 1833, first Duke of Sutherland. Lord Carlisle had married, in 1770 Margaret Caroline, sister of the second Marquis of Stafford.]

[Footnote 2: George Tierney (1761-1830) entered Parliament as Member for Colchester in 1789. In 1796 he was returned for Southwark. A useful speaker and political writer, he was Treasurer of the Navy in the Addington administration, and President of the Board of Control in that of "All the Talents." His drafting of the petition of the "Society of the Friends of the People," his duel with Pitt in 1798, and his leadership of the Opposition after 1817, are almost forgotten; but he is remembered as the "Friend of Humanity" in 'The Needy Knife-Grinder'.]

[Footnote 3: 'Eccles'. i. 9.]

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Saturday, December 11.

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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 Madame de Stael. I do not feel sociable enough for dinner to-day;--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 packhorse, or "ass, or any thing that is his;" or, like Mrs. Packwood,[1] 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_ [2] 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 [3] (Lord Holland's Allen--the best informed and one of the ablest men I know--a perfect Magliabecchi [4]--a devourer, a _Helluo_ of books, and an observer of men,) has lent me a quantity of Burns's [5] unpublished and never-to-be-published Letters. They are full of oaths and obscene songs. What an antithetical mind!--tenderness, roughness--delicacy, coarseness--sentiment, sensuality--soaring and grovelling, dirt and deity--all mixed up in that one compound of inspired clay!
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 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.

[Footnote 1: Mrs. Packwood is the wife of George Packwood, "the celebrated Razor Strop Maker and Author of 'The Goldfinch's Nest'," whose shop was at 16, Gracechurch Street. 'Packwood's Whim; The Goldfinch's Nest, or the Way to get Money and be Happy', by George Packwood, was published in 1796, and reached a second edition in 1807. It is a collection of his advertisements in prose and verse. The poet, whom Packwood kept, apparently lived in Soho (p. 21), from his verses which appeared in the 'True Briton' for November 9, 1795:

"If you wish, Sir, to Shave--nay, pray look not grave,
Since nothing on earth can be worse,
To P--d repair, you're shaved to a hair,
Which I mean to exhibit in verse.

"When in moving the beard--I wish to be heard--
The dull razor occasions a curse,
The strop that I view will its merits renew;
Behold I record it in verse.
"Some in fashion's tontine disperse all their spleen,
And others their destinies curse;
But P--d's fine taste, with his Strops and his Paste,
Which I'll show you in Prose and in Verse.

"I have taken this plan to comment on a man,
Whose merit I'm proud to rehearse;
For a razor and knife he will sharpen for life,
And deserves every praise in my verse.

"Soho, Nov. 6, 1795."

[Footnote 2: 'The Art of Cookery Made Plain and Easy', "By a Lady," was published anonymously in 1747. The 4th edition (1751) bears the name of H. Glasse. The book was at one time supposed to be the work of Dr. John Hill (1716-1775), and to contain the proverb, "First catch your hare, then cook it." But Hill's claim is untenable, and the proverb is not in the book.

Mrs. Rundell's 'Domestic Cookery' was one of Murray's most successful publications. In Byron's lines, "To Mr. Murray" (March 25, 1818), occurs the following passage:

"Along thy sprupest bookshelves shine
The works thou deemest most divine--

The 'Art of Cookery,' and mine,

My Murray."

[Footnote 3: John Allen, M.D. (1771-1843), accompanied Lord Holland to Spain (1801-5 and 1808-9), and lived with him at Holland House. His 'Inquiry into the Rise and Growth of the Royal Prerogative in England', his numerous articles in the 'Edinburgh Review', and his life of Fox in the 'Encyclopedia Britannica', and many other works, justify Byron's praise. In the social life of Holland House he was a prominent figure, and to it, perhaps, he sacrificed his literary powers and acquirements. He was Warden of Dulwich College (1811-20), and Master (1820-43). Allen was the author of the article in the 'Edinburgh Review' on Payne Knight's 'Taste', in which he severely criticized Pindar's Greek, and which Byron, probably trusting to Hodgson (see 'Letters', vol. i. p. 196, 'note' 1), or possibly misled by similarity of sound (H. Crabb Robinson's 'Diary', vol. i. p. 277), attributed to "classic Hallam, much renowned for Greek" ('English Bards, etc.', line 513).]

[Footnote 4: Antonio Magliabecchi (1633-1714) was appointed, in 1673, Librarian to the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, to whom he bequeathed his immense collection of 30,000 volumes. In Burton's 'Book-hunter' (p. 229) it is said that Magliabecchi "could direct you to any book in any part of the world, with the precision with which the metropolitan policeman directs you to St.
Paul's or Piccadilly. It is of him that the stories are told of
answers to inquiries after books, in these terms: 'There is but one
copy of that book in the world. It is in the Grand Seignior's library
at Constantinople, and is the seventh book in the second shelf on the
right hand as you go in."

[Footnote 5: Byron himself was "likened to Burns," and Sir Walter Scott,
commenting on the comparison in a manuscript note, says,

"Burns, in depth of poetical feeling, in strong shrewd sense to
balance and regulate this, in the 'tact' to make his poetry tell by
connecting it with the stream of public thought and the sentiment of
the age, in 'commanded' wildness of fancy and profligacy or
recklessness as to moral and 'occasionally' as to religious matters,
was much more like Lord Byron than any other person to whom Lord B.
says he had been compared.

"A gross blunder of the English public has been talking of Burns as if
the character of his poetry ought to be estimated with an eternal
recolletion that he was a 'peasant'. It would be just as proper to
say that Lord Byron ought always to be thought of as a 'Peer'. Rank in
life was nothing to either in his true moments. Then, they were both
great Poets. Some silly and sickly affectations connected with the
accidents of birth and breeding may be observed in both, when they are
not under the influence of 'the happier star.' Witness Burns's prate
about independence, when he was an exciseman, and Byron's ridiculous
pretence of Republicanism, when he never wrote sincerely about the
Multitude without expressing or insinuating the very soul of scorn.”]

* * * * *

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. The
other night we were all delivering our respective and various opinions
on him and other _hommes marquans_, and mine was this:—“Whatever
Sheridan has done or chosen to do has been, _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 to-night; 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 _divorceable_--Mrs.----, in the next the _like_, and still nearer------! [1] 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 intriguantes 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 _her_ and _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 wild, rambling, unfinished rhapsody, called
"_The Devil's Drive_" the notion of which I took from Person's "_Devil's
Walk_." [2]

Redde some Italian, and wrote two Sonnets on----. 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 platonic 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.

[Footnote 1: "These names are all left blank in the original" (Moore).]

[Footnote 2: Richard Person did not write 'The Devil's Walk', which was
written by Coleridge and Southey, and published in the 'Morning Post'
for September 6, 1799, under the title of 'The Devil's Thoughts'.]

* * * * *

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 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.

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 [Lady C. Annesley] the youngest
sister of [Lady F. Webster]. A wife would be my salvation. I am sure the
wives of my acquaintances have hitherto done me little good. Catherine 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 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't," but e'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." [1] W. is in sad enmity with the Whigs about this Review of Fox [2] (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 uncontradicted 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.

[Footnote 1: The 'Beaux' Stratagem', by George Farquhar (act iv. sc. 3):

"'Gibbet'.

"And I can assure you, friend, there's a great deal of address and good manners in robbing a lady: I am most a gentleman that way that ever travelled the road."]

[Footnote 2: An article by Ward on 'The Correspondence of Gilbert Wakefield with Mr. Fox', in the 'Quarterly Review' for July, 1813.]

* * * * *

Feb. 18.
Better than a month since I last journalised:--most of it out of London and at Notts., but a busy one and a pleasant, at least three weeks of it. On my return, I find all the newspapers in hysterics, and town in an uproar, on the avowal and republication of two stanzas on Princess Charlotte's weeping at Regency's speech to Lauderdale in 1812. [1] They are daily at it still;--some of the abuse good, all of it hearty. They talk of a motion in our House upon it--be it so.

Got up--redde the _Morning Post_ containing the battle of Buonaparte, [2] the destruction of the Customhouse, [3] and a paragraph on me as long as my pedigree, and vituperative, as usual. [4]

Hobhouse is returned to England. He is my best friend, the most lively, and a man of the most sterling talents extant.

‘The Corsair’ has been conceived, written, published, etc., since I last took up this journal. They tell me it has great success;--it was written _con amore_, and much from _existence_. Murray is satisfied with its progress; and if the public are equally so with the perusal, there's an end of the matter.

Nine o'clock.

Been to Hanson's on business. Saw Rogers, and had a note from Lady
Melbourne, who says, it is said I am "much out of spirits." I wonder if I really am or not? I have certainly enough of "that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart," [5] and it is better they should believe it to be the result of these attacks than of the real cause; but--ay, ay, always _but_, to the end of the chapter.

Hobhouse has told me ten thousand anecdotes of Napoleon, all good and true. My friend H. is the most entertaining of companions, and a fine fellow to boot.

Redde a little--wrote notes and letters, and am alone, which Locke says is bad company. "Be not solitary, be not idle." [6]--Um!--the idleness is troublesome; but I can't see so much to regret in the solitude. The more I see of men, the less I like them. If I could but say so of women too, all would be well. Why can't I? I am now six-and-twenty; my passions have had enough to cool them; my affections more than enough to wither them,--and yet--and yet--always _yet_ and _but_--"Excellent well, you are a fishmonger--get thee to a nunnery." [7]--"They fool me to the top of my bent." [8]

Midnight.

Began a letter, which I threw into the fire. Redde--but to little purpose. Did not visit Hobhouse, as I promised and ought. No matter, the loss is mine. Smoked cigars.
Napoleon!--this week will decide his fate. All seems against him; but I believe and hope he will win—at least, beat back the invaders. What right have we to prescribe sovereigns to France? Oh for a Republic!

"Brutus, thou sleepest." [9] Hobhouse abounds in continental anecdotes of this extraordinary man; all in favour of his intellect and courage, but against his _bonhommie_. No wonder;—how should he, who knows mankind well, do other than despise and abhor them?

The greater the equality, the more impartially evil is distributed, and becomes lighter by the division among so many—therefore, a Republic! [10]

More notes from Madame de Stael unanswered—and so they shall remain.

[11] I admire her abilities, but really her society is overwhelming—an avalanche that buries one in glittering nonsense—all snow and sophistry.

Shall I go to Mackintosh's on Tuesday? um!—I did not go to Marquis Lansdowne's nor to Miss Berry's, though both are pleasant. So is Sir James's,—but I don't know— I believe one is not the better for parties; at least, unless some _regnante_ is there.

I wonder how the deuce any body could make such a world; for what purpose dandies, for instance, were ordained—and kings—and fellows of colleges—and women of "a certain age"—and many men of any age—and
myself, most of all!

"Divesne prisco natus ab Inacho

De gente, sub dio ('sic') moreris,
Victima nil miserantis Orci.
Omnès eodem cogimur," etc. [12]

Is there any thing beyond?--_who_ knows? _He_ that can't tell. Who tells that there _is_? He who don't know. And when shall he know? perhaps, when he don't expect, and generally when he don't wish it. In this last respect, however, all are not alike: it depends a good deal upon education,--something upon nerves and habits--but most upon digestion.

[Footnote 1: See p. 134, 'note' 2 [Footnote 3 of Letter 241], and Appendix VII.]

[Footnote 2: The battle of Brienne was fought February 1, 1814.]

[Footnote 3: By fire, on the 12th of February.]

[Footnote 4: "We are informed from very good authority, that as soon as the House of Lords meet again, a Peer of very independent principles and
character intends to give notice of a motion occasioned by a late
spontaneous avowal of a copy of verses by Lord Byron, addressed to the
Princess Charlotte of Wales, in which he has taken the most
unwarrantable liberties with her august father's character and
conduct: this motion being of a personal nature, it will be necessary
to give the noble Satirist some days' notice, that he may prepare
himself for his defence against a charge of so aggravated a nature,"

etc.

'Morning Post', February 18.]

[Footnote 5: 'Macbeth', act v. sc. 3.]

[Footnote 6: These words close the penultimate paragraph of Burton's
'Anatomy of Melancholy'.]

[Footnote 7: 'Hamlet', act ii. sc. 2, and act iii. sc. 1.]

[Footnote 8: 'Ibid.', sc. 2.]

[Footnote 9:

"Brutus, thou sleepest, awake."
[Footnote 10: The following extract from 'Detached Thoughts' (1821) implies that this expression of opinion was no passing thought (but see Scott's note, p. 376 [Footnote 5 of Journal entry for December 13th, 1813]):

"There is nothing left for Mankind but a Republic, and I think that there are hopes of such. The two Americas (South and North) have it; Spain and Portugal approach it; all thirst for it. Oh Washington!"

I'on ne vous voyait pas? Dinez chez moi dimanche avec vos amis.--je ne parts.

"A dimanche,

"Mardi.

"Je prends le silence pour oui."
Saturday, Feb. 19.

Just returned from seeing Kean [1] in Richard. By Jove, he is a soul!
Life--nature--truth without exaggeration or diminution. Kemble’s Hamlet is perfect;--but Hamlet is not Nature. Richard is a man; and Kean is Richard. Now to my own concerns.

Went to Waite’s. Teeth are all right and white; but he says that I grind them in my sleep and chip the edges. That same sleep is no friend of mine, though I court him sometimes for half the twenty-four.

[Footnote 1: Edmund Kean (1787-1833), after acting in provincial theatres, appeared at the Haymarket in June, 1806, as “Ganem” in ‘The Mountaineers’, but again returned to the country. His performance of "Shylock" in the 'Merchant of Venice', at Drury Lane, on January 26, 1814, made him famous. He appeared in "Richard III" on February 12, and still further increased his reputation.

In the ‘Courier’, February 26, 1814, appears this paragraph:
"Mr. Kean's attraction is unprecedented in the annals of theatricals--even Cooke's performances are left at an immeasurable distance; his first three nights of 'Richard' produced upwards of

On March 1 the same paper says,

"Drury Lane Theatre again overflowed last night, at an early hour. Such is the continued and increasing attraction of that truly great actor Mr. Kean."

After the retirement of John Kemble (June 23, 1817), he had no rival on the stage, especially in such parts as "Othello," "Lear," "Hamlet," "Sir Giles Overreach," and the two already mentioned. His last appearance on the stage was in "Othello" at Covent Garden, March 25, 1833.

"To see Kean act," said Coleridge, "is like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning."

"Garrick's nature," writes Leigh Hunt, in the 'Tatler', July 25, 1831, "displaced Quin's formalism; and in precisely the same way did Kean displace Kemble. ... Everything with Kemble was literally a 'personation'--it was a mask and a sounding-pipe. It was all external and artificial.... Kean's face is full of light and shade, his tones
vary, his voice trembles, his eye glistens, sometimes with a withering
scorn, sometimes with a tear."

It was the realism and nature of Kean which so strongly appealed to
Byron, and enabled the actor, to the last, in spite of his drunken
habits, poor figure, and weak voice, to sway his audiences. The same
qualities at first repelled more timid critics, and perhaps justified
Hazlitt's saying that Kean was "not much relished in the upper circles."
Miss Berry, for example, who saw him in all his principal parts in
Overreach"--remained cold.

"His 'Richard III.' pleased me, but I was not enthusiastic. His
expression of the passions is natural and strong, but I do not like
his declamation; his voice, naturally not agreeable, becomes
monotonous"

('Diary', vol. iii. p. 7). Of his "Hamlet" she says,

"To my mind he is without grace and without elevation of mind, because
he never seems to rise with the poet in those sublime passages which
abound in 'Hamlet"

('ibid.', p. 9). Miss Berry's criticism is supported by good authority.
Lewes ('On Actors and the Art of Acting', pp. 6, 11), while calling him
"a consummate master of passionate expression," denies his capacity for
representing "the intellectual side of heroism."

Kean preferred the Coal-Hole Tavern in the Strand, and the society of
the Wolf Club, to Lord Holland's dinner-parties. Though he never fell so
low as Cooke, his recklessness, irregularities, eccentricities, and
habits of drinking, in spite of the large sums of money that passed
through his hands, made his closing days neither prosperous nor
reputable.

Such effect had the passionate energy of Kean's acting on Byron's mind,
that, once, in seeing him play "Sir Giles Overreach," he was so affected
as to be seized with a sort of convulsive fit. Some years later, in
Italy, when the representation of Alfieri's tragedy of 'Mirra' had
agitated him in the same violent manner, he compared the two instances
as the only ones in his life when "any thing under reality" had been
able to move him so powerfully.

"To such lengths," says Moore, "did he, at this time, carry his
enthusiasm for Kean, that when Miss O'Neil appeared, and, by her
matchless representation of feminine tenderness, attracted all eyes
and hearts, he was not only a little jealous of her reputation, as
interfering with that of his favourite, but, in order to guard himself
against the risk of becoming a convert, refused to go to see her act.
I endeavoured sometimes to persuade him into witnessing, at least, one
of her performances; but his answer was (punning upon Shakspeare's
word, 'unanealed'), 'No--I am resolved to continue 'un-Oneiled'."

In his 'Detached Thoughts' (1821) Byron says,

"Of actors Cooke was the most natural, Kemble the most supernatural, Kean the medium between the two. But Mrs. Siddons was worth them all put together."

February 20.

Got up and tore out two leaves of this Journal--I don't know why. Hodgson just called and gone. He has much _bonhommie_ with his other good qualities, and more talent than he has yet had credit for beyond his circle.

An invitation to dine at Holland House to meet Kean. He is worth meeting; and I hope, by getting into good society, he will be prevented from falling like Cooke. He is greater now on the stage, and off he should never be less. There is a stupid and underrating criticism upon him in one of the newspapers. I thought that, last night, though great, he rather under-acted more than the first time. This may be the effect of these cavils; but I hope he has more sense than to mind them. He
cannot expect to maintain his present eminence, or to advance still higher, without the envy of his green-room fellows, and the nibbling of their admirers. But, if he don't beat them all, why then--merit hath no purchase in "these coster-monger days." [1]

I wish that I had a talent for the drama; I would write a tragedy _now_.

But no,--it is gone. Hodgson talks of one,--he will do it well;--and I think M---e [Moore] should try. He has wonderful powers, and much variety; besides, he has lived and felt. To write so as to bring home to the heart, the heart must have been tried,--but, perhaps, ceased to be so. While you are under the influence of passions, you only feel, but cannot describe them,--any more than, when in action, you could turn round and tell the story to your next neighbour? When all is over,--all, all, and irrevocable,--trust to memory--she is then but too faithful.

Went out, and answered some letters, yawned now and then, and redde the 'Robbers'. Fine,--but 'Fiesco' is better [2]; and Alfieri, and Monti's 'Aristodemo' [3] _best_. They are more equal than the Tedeschi dramatists.

Answered--or rather acknowledged--the receipt of young Reynolds's [4] poem, _Safie_. The lad is clever, but much of his thoughts are borrowed,--whence, the Reviewers may find out. I hate discouraging a young one; and I think,--though wild and more oriental than he would be, had he seen the scenes where he has placed his tale,--that he has much talent, and, certainly fire enough.
Received a very singular epistle; and the mode of its conveyance, through Lord H.'s hands, as curious as the letter itself. But it was gratifying and pretty.

[Footnote 1: 'Henry IV.', Part II. act i. sc. 2.]

[Footnote 2: Schiller's 'Robbers' was first produced at Mannheim, January 13, 1782; his 'Fiesco' was published in 1783. The 'Robbers' is included in Benjamin Thompson's 'German Theatre' (1801). 'Fiesco' was translated by G. H. Noehden and John Stoddart in 1798.]

[Footnote 3: Monti's three tragedies, 'Caio Gracco', 'Aristodemo', and 'Manfredi', were written in rivalry of Alfieri's tragedies between the years 1788 and 1799.]

[Footnote 4: For John Hamilton Reynolds, see 'Letters', vol. iii. (February 20, 1814, 'note' 1).]

* * * * *

Sunday, February 27.

Here I am, alone, instead of dining at Lord H.'s, where I was
asked,--but not inclined to go any where. Hobhouse says I am growing a
_loup garou_,--a solitary hobgoblin. True;--"I am myself alone." [1]

The last week has been passed in reading--seeing plays--now and then
visitors--sometimes yawning and sometimes sighing, but no writing,--save
of letters. If I could always read, I should never feel the want of
society. Do I regret it?--um!!--"Man delights not me," [2] and only one
woman--at a time.

There is something to me very softening in the presence of a
woman,--some strange influence, even if one is not in love with
them--which I cannot at all account for, having no very high opinion of
the sex. But yet,--I always feel in better humour with myself and every
thing else, if there is a woman within ken. Even Mrs. Mule [3], my
firelighter,--the most ancient and withered of her kind,--and (except to
myself) not the best-tempered--always makes me laugh,--no difficult task
when I am "i' the vein."

Heigho! I would I were in mine island!--I am not well; and yet I look in
good health. At times, I fear, "I am not in my perfect mind;" [4]--and
yet my heart and head have stood many a crash, and what should all them
now? They prey upon themselves, and I am sick--sick--"Prithee, undo
this button--why should a cat, a rat, a dog have life--and thou no life
at all?" [5]

Six-and-twenty years, as they call them, why, I might and should have
been a Pasha by this time. "I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun." [6]

Buonaparte is not yet beaten; but has rebutted Blucher, and repiqued vicis!_

[Footnote 1:

"I am myself alone."

'Henry VI.', Part III. act v. sc. 6.]

[Footnote 2: 'Hamlet', act ii. sc. 2.]

[Footnote 3:

"This ancient housemaid, of whose gaunt and witch-like appearance it would be impossible to convey any idea but by the pencil, furnished one among the numerous instances of Lord Byron's proneness to attach himself to any thing, however homely, that had once enlisted his good nature in its behalf, and become associated with his thoughts. He first found this old woman at his lodgings in Bennet Street, where, for a whole season, she was the perpetual scarecrow of his visitors. When, next year, he took chambers in Albany, one of the great advantages which his friends looked to in the change was, that they
should get rid of this phantom. But, no,--there she was again--he had actually brought her with him from Bennet Street. The following year saw him married, and, with a regular establishment of servants, in Piccadilly; and here,--as Mrs. Mule had not made her appearance to any of the visitors,--it was concluded, rashly, that the witch had vanished. One of those friends, however, who had most fondly indulged in this persuasion, happening to call one day when all the male part of the establishment were abroad, saw, to his dismay, the door opened by the same grim personage, improved considerably in point of habiliments since he last saw her, and keeping pace with the increased scale of her master's household, as a new peruke, and other symptoms of promotion, testified. When asked 'how he came to carry this old woman about with him from place to place,' Lord Byron's only answer was, 'The poor old devil was so kind to me". (Moore).

[Footnote 4: 'King Lear', act iv. sc. 7.]

[Footnote 5:

"Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,  
And thou no breath at all?"

'King Lear', act v. sc. 3.]

[Footnote 6:
"I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate of the world were now undone."

'Macbeth', act v. sc. 5.]

[Footnote 7: Napoleon fought the battle of Nangis against Blucher on the
17th of February, 1814, and that of Montereau against Prince
Schwertzenberg on the following day.]

* * * * *

Sunday, March 6.

Sheridan, Erskine [1], and Payne Knight, Lady Donegal, and Miss R.
there. Sheridan told a very good story of himself and Madame de
Recamier's handkerchief; Erskine a few stories of himself only. _She_ is
going to write a big book about England, she says;--I believe her. Asked
by her how I liked Miss Edgeworth's thing, called _Patronage_ [2], and
answered (very sincerely) that I thought it very bad for _her_, and
worse than any of the others. Afterwards thought it possible Lady
Donegal [3], being Irish, might be a patroness of Miss Edgeworth, and
was rather sorry for my opinion, as I hate putting people into fusses,
either with themselves or their favourites; it looks as if one did it on
purpose. The party went off very well, and the fish was very much to my
gusto. But we got up too soon after the women; and Mrs. Corinne always
lingers so long after dinner that we wish her in--the drawing-room.

To-day Campbell called, and while sitting here in came Merivale [4].
During our colloquy, C. (ignorant that Merivale was the writer) abused
the "mawkishness of the _Quarterly Review_ of Grimm's _Correspondence_."
I (knowing the secret) changed the conversation as soon as I could; and
C. went away, quite convinced of having made the most favourable
impression on his new acquaintance. Merivale is luckily a very
good-natured fellow, or God he knows what might have been engendered
from such a malaprop. I did not look at him while this was going on, but
I felt like a coal--for I like Merivale, as well as the article in
question.

Asked to Lady Keith's [5] to-morrow evening--I think I will go; but it
is the first party invitation I have accepted this "season," as the
learned Fletcher called it, when that youngest brat of Lady----'s cut
my eye and cheek open with a misdirected pebble--"Never mind, my Lord,
the scar will be gone before the _season_," as if one's eye was of no
importance in the mean time.

Lord Erskine called, and gave me his famous pamphlet, with a marginal
note and corrections in his handwriting. Sent it to be bound superbly,
and shall treasure it.
Sent my fine print of Napoleon [6] to be framed. It is framed; and the Emperor becomes his robes as if he had been hatched in them.

[Footnote 1: Thomas, Lord Erskine (1750-1823), youngest son of the tenth Earl of Buchan, a midshipman in the Royal Navy (1764-67), an ensign, and subsequently a lieutenant in the First Foot (1767-75), was called to the Bar in 1778, and became Lord Chancellor in 1806. As an advocate he was unrivalled.

"Even the great luminaries of the law," says Wraxall ('Posthumous Memoirs', vol. i. p. 86), "when arrayed in their ermine, bent under his ascendancy, and seemed to be half subdued by his intelligence, or awed by his vehemence, pertinacity, and undaunted character."

With a jury he was particularly successful, though he lived to write the lines quoted by Lord Campbell ('Lives of the Chancellors', ed. 1868, vol. viii. p. 233):

"The monarch's pale face was with blushes suffused, To observe right and wrong by twelve villains confused, And, kicking their----s all round in a fury, Cried, "Curs'd be the day I invented a jury!"

A Whig in politics, and in sympathy with the doctrines of the French Revolution, he defended Paine, Frost, Hardy, and other political
offenders, and did memorable service to the cause of constitutional liberty. In the House of Commons, which he entered as M. P. for Portsmouth in 1783, he was a failure; his maiden speech on Fox's India Bill fell flat, and he was crushed by Pitt's contempt. As Lord Chancellor (1806-7) he proved a better judge than was expected. At the time when Byron made his acquaintance, he had practically retired from public life, and devoted himself to literature, society, and farming, writing on the services of rooks, and attending the Holkham sheep-shearings. Lord Campbell has collected many of his verses and jokes in vol. ix. chap. cxc. of his 'Lives of the Chancellors'. His famous pamphlet, 'On the Causes and Consequences of the War with France' (1797), was written, as he told Miss Berry ('Journal of Miss Berry', vol. ii. p. 340),

"on slips of paper in the midst of all the business which I was engaged in at the time--not at home, but in open court, whilst the causes were trying. When it was not my turn to examine a witness, or to speak to the Jury, I wrote a little bit; and so on by snatches."

His 'Armata' was published by Murray in 1817. In society Erskine was widely known for his brilliancy, his puns, and his extraordinary vanity. His egotism gained him such titles as Counsellor Ego, Baron Ego of Eye, and supplied Mathias ('Pursuits of Literature') with an illustration:

"A vain, pert prater, bred in Erskine's school."
Footnote 2: Miss Edgeworth's 'Patronage' was published in 1813-4. In 1813 she had been in London with her father and stepmother. The following entries respecting the family are taken from Byron's 'Detached Thoughts':

"Old Edgeworth, the fourth or fifth Mrs. Edgeworth, and 'the' Miss Edgeworth were in London, 1813. Miss Edgeworth liked, Mrs. Edgeworth not disliked, old Edgeworth a bore, the worst of bores--a boisterous Bore. I met them in Society--once at a breakfast of Sir H.D.'s. Old Edgeworth came in late, boasting that he had given 'Dr. Parr a dressing the night before' (no such easy matter by the way). I thought her pleasant. They all abused Anna Seward's memory. When on the road they heard of her brother's--and his son's--death. What was to be done? Their 'London' apparel was all ordered and made! so they sunk his death for the six weeks of their sojourn, and went into mourning on their way back to Ireland. 'Fact!"

"While the Colony were in London, there was a book with a subscription for the 'recall of Mrs. Siddons to the Stage' going about for signatures. Moore moved for a similar subscription for the 'recall of 'Mr. Edgeworth to Ireland!"

"Sir Humphry Davy told me that the scene of the French Valet and Irish postboy in 'Ennui' was taken from his verbal description to the Edgeworths in Edgeworthtown of a similar fact on the road occurring to himself. So much the better--being 'life'."]
March 7.

Rose at seven--ready by half-past eight--went to Mr. Hanson's, Bloomsbury Square--went to church with his eldest daughter, Mary Anne (a good girl), and gave her away to the Earl of Portsmouth. [1] Saw her fairly a countess--congratulated the family and groom (bride)--drank a bumper of wine (wholesome sherris) to their felicity, and all that--and

[Footnote 3: The Marquis of Donegal married, in 1795, Anna, daughter of Sir Edward May, Bart.]

[Footnote 4: For J. H. Merivale, see 'Letters', vol. iii. (January, 1814. 'note' 1).]

[Footnote 5: Hester Maria, eldest daughter and co-heir of Henry Thrale, of Streatham, the friend of Dr. Johnson, married, in 1808, Viscount Keith.]

[Footnote 6: Byron's "Portrait of Bonaparte, engraved by Morghen, _very fine impression, in a gilt frame,_" was sold at his sale, April 5, 1816.]
came home. Asked to stay to dinner, but could not. At three sat to
Phillips for faces. Called on Lady M. [Melbourne]--I like her so well,
that I always stay too long. (Mem. to mend of that.)

Passed the evening with Hobhouse, who has begun a poem, which promises
highly;--wish he would go on with it. Heard some curious extracts from a
life of Morosini, [2] the blundering Venetian, who blew up the Acropolis
at Athens with a bomb, and be damned to him! Waxed sleepy--just come
home--must go to bed, and am engaged to meet Sheridan to-morrow at
Rogers's.

Queer ceremony that same of marriage--saw many abroad, Greek and
Catholic--one, at _home_, many years ago. There be some strange phrases
in the prologue (the exhortation), which made me turn away, not to laugh
in the face of the surpliceman. Made one blunder, when I joined the
hands of the happy--rammed their left hands, by mistake, into one
another. Corrected it--bustled back to the altar-rail, and said "Amen."
Portsmouth responded as if he had got the whole by heart; and, if any
thing, was rather before the priest. It is now midnight and----.

[Footnote 1: Lord Portsmouth (see 'Letters', vol. i. p. 9, 'note' 2
[Footnote 3 of Letter 3]), who had long known the Hansons, from whose
house he married his first wife, married, March 7, 1814, Mary Anne,
eldest daughter of John Hanson. A commission of lunacy was taken out by
the brother and next heir, the Hon. Newton Fellowes; but Lord Chancellor
Eldon decided that Lord Portsmouth was capable of entering into the
marriage contract and managing his own affairs. The commission was, however, ultimately granted. Byron swore an affidavit on the first occasion.

"Denman mentioned Lord Byron's affidavit about Lord Portsmouth as a proof of the influence of Hanson over him; Lord B. swearing that Lord P. had 'rather a 'superior' mind than otherwise''


The following is the note which Byron sent Hanson to embody in his affidavit:

"I have been acquainted with Mr. Hanson and his family for many years. He is my solicitor. About the beginning of March last he sent to me to ask my opinion on the subject of Lord Portsmouth, who, as I understood from Mr. H., was paying great attention to his eldest daughter. He stated to me that Mr. Newton Fellowes (with whom I have no personal acquaintance) was particularly desirous that Lord Portsmouth should marry some 'elderly woman' of his (Mr. Fellowes's) selection--that the title and family estates might thereby devolve on Mr. F. or his children; but that Lord P. had expressed a dislike to old women, and a desire to choose for himself. I told Mr. Hanson that, if Miss Hanson's affections were not pre-engaged, and Lord Portsmouth appeared attached to her, there could be, in my opinion, no objection to the match. I think, but cannot be positive, that I saw Lord Portsmouth at Mr.
Hanson's two or three times previous to the marriage; but I had no conversation with him upon it.

"The night before the ceremony, I received an invitation from Mr. Hanson, requesting me, as a friend of the family, to be present at the marriage, which was to take place next morning. I went next morning to Bloomsbury Square, where I found the parties. Lady Portsmouth, with her brother and sister and another gentleman, went in the carriage to St. George's Church; Lord Portsmouth and myself walked, as the carriage was full, and the distance short. On my way Lord Portsmouth told me that he had been partial to Miss Hanson from her childhood, and that, since she grew up, and more particularly subsequent to the decease of the late Lady P., this partiality had become attachment, and that he thought her calculated to make him an excellent wife. I was present at the ceremony and gave away the bride. Lord Portsmouth's behaviour seemed to me perfectly calm and rational on the occasion. He seemed particularly attentive to the priest, and gave the responses audibly and very distinctly. I remarked this because, in ordinary conversation, his Lordship has a hesitation in his speech. After the ceremony, we returned to Mr. Hanson's, whence, I believe, they went into the country--where I did not accompany them. Since their return I have occasionally seen Lord and Lady Portsmouth in Bloomsbury Square. They appeared very happy. I have never been very intimate with his Lordship, and am therefore unqualified to give a decided opinion of his general conduct. But had I considered him insane, I should have advised Mr. Hanson, when he consulted me on the subject, not to permit the marriage. His preference of a young woman to an old one, and of
his own wishes to those of a younger brother, seemed to me neither irrational nor extraordinary."

There is nothing in the note itself, or in the draft affidavit, to bear out Moore's report of Denman's statement.

Byron, according to the account given by Newton Hanson, is wrong in saying that Mrs. Hanson approved of the marriage. On the contrary, it was the cause of her death, a fortnight later. In 1828 the marriage was annulled, a jury having decided that Lord Portsmouth was 'non compos mentis' when he contracted it.]

[Footnote 2: Francesco Morosini (1618-1694) occupied the Morea for Venice (1687), besieged Athens, and bombarded the Parthenon, which had been made a powder-magazine. He became Doge of Venice in 1688.]

* * * * *

March 10, Thor's Day.

On Tuesday dined with Rogers,--Mackintosh, Sheridan, Sharpe,--much talk, and good,--all, except my own little prattlement. Much of old times--Horne Tooke--the Trials--evidence of Sheridan, and anecdotes of those times, when ___, alas! was an infant. If I had been a man, I would have made an English Lord Edward Fitzgerald.
Set down Sheridan at Brookes's,--where, by the by, he could not have
well set down himself, as he and I were the only drinkers. Sherry means
to stand for Westminster, as Cochrane [1] (the stock-jobbing hoaxer)
Both have talents of the highest order, but the youngster has _yet_ a
character. We shall see, if he lives to Sherry's age, how he will pass
over the redhot plough-shares of public life. I don't know why, but I
hate to see the _old_ ones lose; particularly Sheridan, notwithstanding

countess well, and is a very good girl. It is odd how well she carries
her new honours. She looks a different woman, and high-bred, too. I had
no idea that I could make so good a peeress.

Went to the play with Hobhouse. Mrs. Jordan superlative in Hoyden, [3]

Congreve and Vanbrugh are your only comedy. Our society is too insipid
now for the like copy. Would _not_ go to Lady Keith's. Hobhouse thought
it odd. I wonder _he_ should like parties. If one is in love, and wants
to break a commandment and covet any thing that is there, they do very
well. But to go out amongst the mere herd, without a motive, pleasure,
or pursuit--'sdeath! "I'll none of it." He told me an odd report,--that
_I_ am the actual Conrad, the veritable Corsair, and that part of my
travels are supposed to have passed in privacy. Um!--people sometimes
hit near the truth; but never the whole truth. H. don't know what I was
about the year after he left the Levant; nor does any one--nor--
-nor--nor--however, it is a lie--but, "I doubt the equivocation of the 
fiend that lies like truth!" [4]

I shall have letters of importance to-morrow. Which,----,----, or
----? heigho!-----is in my heart,----in my head,----in my eye,
and the _single_ one, Heaven knows where. All write, and will be
answered. "Since I have crept in favour with myself, I must maintain
have.

----called to-day in great despair about his mistress, who has taken a
freak of----. He began a letter to her, but was obliged to stop
short--I finished it for him, and he copied and sent it. If _he_ holds
out, and keeps to my instructions of affected indifference, she will
lower her colours. If she don't, he will, at least, get rid of her, and
she don't seem much worth keeping. But the poor lad is in love--if that
is the case, she will win. When they once discover their power, _finita

Sleepy, and must go to bed.

[Footnote 1: Thomas, Lord Cochrane (1775-1860), eldest son of the ninth
Earl of Dundonald, a captain in the Royal Navy, and M. P. for
Westminster, had done brilliant service in his successive commands--the
Basque Roads in 1809. In the House of Commons he had been a strong
opponent of the Government, an advocate of Parliamentary Reform, and a
vigorous critic of naval administration. In February, 1814, he had been
appointed to the 'Tonnant' for the American Station, and it was while he
was on a week's leave of absence in London, before sailing, that the
stock-jobbing hoax occurred.

During the days February 8-26, 1814, it seemed possible that Napoleon
might defeat the Allied Armies, and the Funds were sensitive to every
rumour. At midnight on Sunday, February 20, a man calling himself Du
Bourg brought news to Admiral Foley, at Dover, that Napoleon had been
killed by a party of Cossacks. Hurrying towards London, Du Bourg, whose
real name was Berenger, spread the news as he went. Arrived in London
soon after daybreak, he went to Cochrane's house, and there changed his
uniform. When the Stock Exchange opened at ten on February 21, 1814, the
Funds rose rapidly, and among those who sold on the rise was Cochrane.
The next day, when the swindle had been discovered, the Stocks fell.

A Stock Exchange Committee sat to investigate the case, and their report
(March 7) threw grave suspicion on Cochrane. He, his uncle, Cochrane
Johnstone, a Mr. Butt, and Berenger, were indicted for a conspiracy,
tried before Lord Ellenborough, June 8-9, and convicted. Cochrane was
paid his fine on July 3, 1815, he wrote:

"My health having suffered by long and close confinement, and my
oppressors being resolved to deprive me of property or life, I submit
to robbery to protect myself from murder, in the hope that I shall
live to bring the delinquents to justice."

Cochrane was also expelled from the House of Commons and from the Order of the Bath. There is little doubt that the circumstances were extremely suspicious. Those who wish to form an opinion as to Cochrane's guilt or innocence will find the subject of the trial exhaustively treated in Mr. J.B. Atlay's 'Lord Cochrane's Trial before Lord Ellenborough' (1897).

[Footnote 2: Henry, Lord Brougham (1778-1868) acknowledged that he wrote the famous article on Byron's 'Hours of Idleness' in the 'Edinburgh Review' (Sir M.E. Grant-Duff's 'Notes from a Diary', vol. ii. p. 189). He lost his seat for Camelford in September, 1812, and did not re-enter the House till July, 1815, when he sat for Winchelsea. In the postscript of a letter written by him to Douglas Kinnaird, December 9, 1814, he speaks of Byron thus:

"Your friend, Lord B., is, in my opinion, a singularly agreeable person, which is very rarely the case with eminent men. His independent principles give him a great additional charm."

But the part which Brougham played in the separation, both as counsel and in society, infuriated Byron, who wrote of him in his letters with the utmost bitterness. (See also the passage, now for the first time published, from Byron's 'Detached Thoughts', on his Parliamentary experiences, p. 198, first paragraph of 'note'. [2md paragraph of Footnote 1 of Letter 285])]
Dorothy Jordan (1762-1816) first appeared as "Phoebe" in 'As You Like It' at the Crow Street Theatre, Dublin, in 1777. After

at Drury Lane (October 18, 1785) as "Peggy" in Garrick's 'Country Girl', an expurgated version of Wycherley's 'Country Wife'. During the season she appeared also in six of her best parts: "Miss Hoyden" in 'The Trip to Scarborough', "Priscilla Tomboy" in 'The Romp', "Hypolita" in 'She would and she would not', "Mrs. Brady" in 'The Irish Widow', "Viola" in 'Twelfth Night', and "Rosalind" in 'As You Like It'. Her last appearance on the London stage was as "Lady Teazle" in 'The School for Scandal', at Covent Garden, June 1, 1814. A list of her principal characters is given by Genest ('English Stage', vol. viii. pp. 432-434). As a comic actress, Mrs. Jordan was unrivalled; her voice was perfect; and her natural gaiety irresistible. Sir Joshua Reynolds preferred her to all other actresses as a being "who ran upon the stage as a playground, and laughed from sincere wildness of delight." In genteel comedy, critics like Genest ('English Stage', vol. viii. p. 431) and Leigh Hunt ('Dramatic Essays', ed. 1894, p. 82) agree that she failed, perhaps, as the latter suggests, because she was so "perpetually employed" in "broad and romping characters."

In private life Mrs. Jordan was chiefly known as the mistress of the Duke of Clarence, to whom she bore ten children. She died at St. Cloud, July 3, 1816.

The play acted at Covent Garden, March 10, 1814, was Sheridan's 'Trip to
Scarborough’, which is a close adaptation of Vanbrugh’s ‘Relapse’. The performance is thus described in the ‘Courier’, March 11, 1814:

"Mrs. Jordan, the only 'Miss Hoyden' on the stage, supported that character with unabated spirit. In every scene, from her soliloquy on both with reference to her tones, her emphasis, and her action, until the consummation of the piece, the house was shaken by loud and quick-succeeding peals of laughter. The style in which she expressed 'Hoyden's' rustic arithmetic, 'Now, 'Nursey', if he gives me 'six hundred pounds' a-year to buy 'pins', what will he give me to buy petticoats?' was uncommonly fine. The frock waving in her hand, the backward bound of two or three steps, the gravity of countenance, induced by a mental glance at the magnitude of the sum, all spoke expectation, delight, and astonishment."

[Footnote 4: 'Macbeth', act v. sc. 5.]

[Footnote 5: 'Richard III', act i. sc. 2, line 259.]

[Footnote 6: 'Ibid.', line 253.]

* * * * *

Tuesday, March 15.
Dined yesterday with Rogers, Mackintosh, and Sharpe. Sheridan could not come. Sharpe told several very amusing anecdotes of Henderson, the actor. [1] Stayed till late, and came home, having drunk so much _tea_, that I did not get to sleep till six this morning. R. says I am to be in _this Quarterly_--cut up, I presume, as they "hate us youth." [2] _N'importe_. As Sharpe was passing by the doors of some debating society (the Westminster Forum), in his way to dinner, he saw rubricced on the wall _Scott's_ name and _mine_--"Which the best poet?" being the question of the evening; and I suppose all the Templars and _would-bes_ took our rhymes in vain in the course of the controversy. Which had the greater show of hands, I neither know nor care; but I feel the coupling of the names as a compliment--though I think Scott deserves better company.

Wedderburn Webster called--Lord Erskine, Lord Holland, etc., etc. Wrote to----_The Corsair_ report. She says she don't wonder, since "Conrad is so _like_." It is odd that one, who knows me so thoroughly, should tell me this to my face. However, if she don't know, nobody can.

Mackintosh is, it seems, the writer of the defensive letter in the _Morning Chronicle_. If so, it is very kind, and more than I did for myself.

Told Murray to secure for me Bandello's Italian Novels [3] at the sale to-morrow. To me they will be _nuts_. Redde a satire on myself, called
"Anti-Byron," and told Murray to publish it if he liked. The object of the author is to prove me an atheist and a systematic conspirator against law and government. Some of the verse is good; the prose I don't quite understand. He asserts that my "deleterious works" have had "an effect upon civil society, which requires," etc., etc., etc., and his own poetry. It is a lengthy poem, and a long preface, with an harmonious title-page. Like the fly in the fable, I seem to have got upon a wheel which makes much dust; but, unlike the said fly, I do not take it all for my own raising.

A letter from _Bella_, [4] which I answered. I shall be in love with her again if I don't take care.

I shall begin a more regular system of reading soon.

[Footnote 1: John Henderson, the Bath Roscius (1747-1785), without any great personal advantages, was, according to Mrs. Siddons, "a fine actor ... the soul of intelligence." Rogers ('Table-Talk', ed. 1887, p. 110) says,]

"Henderson was a truly great actor: his Hamlet and his Falstaff were equally good. He was a very fine reader too: in his comic readings, superior, of course, to Mrs. Siddons: his John Gilpin was marvellous."

In Sharp's 'Letters and Essays' (ed. 1834, pp. 16-18) will be found an
interesting letter to Henderson, written a few days before his death, giving an account of John Kemble's first appearance on the London boards, in the character of "Hamlet."

"There has not," says Sharp, "been such a first appearance since yours; yet Nature, though she has been bountiful to him in figure and feature, has denied him a voice.... You have been so long without a 'brother near the throne,' that it will perhaps be serviceable to you to be obliged to bestir yourself in Hamlet, Macbeth, Lord Townley, and Maskwell; but in Lear, Richard, Falstaff, and Benedict, you have nothing to fear, not-withstanding the known fickleness of the public and its love of novelty."

[Footnote 2: 'Henry IV', Part I. act ii. sc. 2.]

[Footnote 3: Matteo Bandello (1480-1562), a native of Piedmont, became in 1550 Bishop of Agen. His 214 tales, in the manner of Boccaccio, were published at Milan (1554-73). In the Catalogue of Byron's books, "sold by auction by Mr. Evans, at his house, No. 26, Pall Mall, on Friday, April 5, 1816, and following day," appears "Bandello, 'Novelle', 8 vol., wanting vol. 9, 'Livorn', 1791."]

[Footnote 4: Miss Milbanke, afterwards Lady Byron.]

* * * * *
Thursday, March 17.

I have been sparring with Jackson for exercise this morning; and mean to continue and renew my acquaintance with the muffles. My chest, and arms, and wind are in very good plight, and I am not in flesh. I used to be a hard hitter, and my arms are very long for my height (5 feet 8 1/2 inches). At any rate, exercise is good, and this the severest of all; fencing and the broad-sword never fatigued me half so much.

Redde the 'Quarrels of Authors' [1] (another sort of _sparring_)--a new work, by that most entertaining and researching writer, Israeli. They seem to be an irritable set, and I wish myself well out of it. "I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat." [2] What the devil had I to do with scribbling? It is too late to inquire, and all regret is useless. But, an it were to do again,--I should write again, I suppose. Such is human nature, at least my share of it;--though I shall think better of myself, if I have sense to stop now. If I have a wife, and that wife has a son--by any body--I will bring up mine heir in the most anti-poetical way--make him a lawyer, or a pirate, or--any thing. But, if he writes too, I shall be sure he is none of mine, and cut him off with a Bank token. Must write a letter--three o'clock.

[Footnote 1: Disraeli's 'Curiosities of Literature', 2 vols. (1807);
'Calamities of Authors', 2 vols. (1812); and 'Quarrels of Authors', 3 vols. (1814), appear in the Sale Catalogue.]
Sunday, March 20.

I intended to go to Lady Hardwicke's, [1] but won't. I always begin the day with a bias towards going to parties; but, as the evening advances, my stimulus fails, and I hardly ever go out--and, when I do, always regret it. This might have been a pleasant one;--at least, the hostess is a very superior woman. Lady Lansdowne's [2] to-morrow--Lady Heathcote's [3] Wednesday. Um!--I must spur myself into going to some of them, or it will look like rudeness, and it is better to do as other people do--confound them!

Redde Machiavel, [4] parts of Chardin, and Sismondi, and Bandello--by starts. Redde the _Edinburgh_, 44, just come out. In the beginning of the article on Edgeworth's _Patronage_, I have gotten a high compliment, I perceive. [5] Whether this is creditable to me, I know not; but it does honour to the editor, because he once abused me. Many a man will retract praise; none but a high-spirited mind will revoke its censure, or _can_ praise the man it has once attacked. I have often, since my return to England, heard Jeffrey most highly commended by those who know him for things independent of his talents. I admire him for _this_--not
because he has _praised me_ (I have been so praised elsewhere and
abused, alternately, that mere habit has rendered me as indifferent to
both as a man at twenty-six can be to any thing), but because he is,
perhaps, the _only man_ who, under the relations in which he and I
stand, or stood, with regard to each other, would have had the
liberality to act thus; none but a great soul dared hazard it. The
height on which he stands has not made him giddy;--a little scribbler
would have gone on cavilling to the end of the chapter. As to the
justice of his panegyric, that is matter of taste. There are plenty to
question it, and glad, too, of the opportunity.

Lord Erskine called to-day. He means to carry down his reflections on
the war--or rather wars--to the present day. I trust that he will. Must
send to Mr. Murray to get the binding of my copy of his pamphlet
finished, as Lord E. has promised me to correct it, and add some
marginal notes to it. Any thing in his handwriting will be a treasure,
which will gather compound interest from years. Erskine has high
expectations of Mackintosh's promised History. Undoubtedly it must be a
classic, when finished. [6]

Sparred with Jackson again yesterday morning, and shall to-morrow. I
feel all the better for it, in spirits, though my arms and shoulders are
very stiff from it. Mem. to attend the pugilistic dinner:--Marquess
Huntley [7] is in the chair.

Lord Erskine thinks that ministers must be in peril of going out. So
much the better for him. To me it is the same who are in or out;--we want something more than a change of ministers, and some day we will have it.

I remember, in riding from Chrisso to Castri (Delphos), along the sides of Parnassus, I saw six eagles in the air. It is uncommon to see so many together; and it was the number--not the species, which is common enough--that excited my attention.

The last bird I ever fired at was an _eaglet_, on the shore of the Gulf of Lepanto, near Vostitza. 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. I wonder what put these two things into my head just now? I have been reading Sismondi, and there is nothing there that could induce the recollection.

I am mightily taken with Braccio di Montone, Giovanni Galeazzo, and Eccelino. But the last is _not_ Bracciaferro (of the same name), Count of Ravenna, whose history I want to trace. There is a fine engraving in Lavater, from a picture by Fuseli, of _that_ Ezzelin, over the body of Meduna, punished by him for a _hitch_ in her constancy during his absence in the Crusades. He was right--but I want to know the story. [8]

[Footnote 1: Philip Yorke, third Earl of Hardwicke, married, in 1782, Elizabeth, daughter of the fifth Earl of Balcarres.]
[Footnote 2: Louisa Emma, daughter of the second Earl of Ilchester, was married, in 1808, to the Marquis of Lansdowne, at that time Lord Henry Petty.]

[Footnote 3: Katherine Sophia, daughter of John Manners, of Grantham Grange, co. Lincoln, was married, in 1793, to Sir Gilbert Heathcote.]

[Footnote 4: Machiavelli's 'Opere', 13 vols., 'in russia, Milan' (1804); (1813); and Chardin's 'Voyages en Perse', 10 vols. and Atlas (1811), appear in the Catalogue of Sale.]

[Footnote 5:]

"It is no slight consolation to us, while suffering under alternate reproaches for ill-timed severity, and injudicious praise, to reflect that no very mischievous effects have as yet resulted to the literature of the country, from this imputed misbehaviour on our part. Powerful genius, we are persuaded, will not be repressed even by unjust castigation; nor will the most excessive praise that can be lavished by sincere admiration ever abate the efforts that are fitted to attain to excellence. Our alleged severity upon a youthful production has not prevented the noble author from becoming the first poet of his time."

[Footnote 6: Mackintosh wrote (1) a 'History of England' for Lardner's 'Cabinet Cyclopaedia' (1830); (2) a 'History of the Revolution in England' (1834).]

[Footnote 7: Afterwards fifth, and last, Duke of Gordon. He died in May, 1836.]

[Footnote 8: 

"Fuseli's picture of Ezzelin Bracciaferro musing over Meduna, slain by him for disloyalty during his absence in the Holy Land, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1780. Mr. Knowles, in his 'Life' of the painter, relates the following anecdote: 'Fuseli frequently invented the subject of his pictures without the aid of the poet or historian, as in his composition of Ezzelin, Belisaire, and some others: these he denominated "philosophical ideas intuitive, or sentiment personified." On one occasion he was much amused by the following inquiry of Lord Byron: "I have been looking in vain, Mr. Fuseli, for some months, in the poets and historians of Italy, for the subject of your picture of Ezzelin: pray where is it to be found?" "Only in my brain, my Lord," was the answer: "for I invented it" (vol. i. p. 403)" (Moore).]
Tuesday, March 22.

Last night, _party_ at Lansdowne House. To-night, _party_ at Lady Charlotte Greville's [1]--deplorable waste of time, and something of temper. Nothing imparted--nothing acquired--talking without ideas:--if any thing like _thought_ in my mind, it was not on the subjects on which we were gabbling. Heigho!--and in this way half London pass what is called life. To-morrow there is Lady Heathcote's--shall I go? yes--to punish myself for not having a pursuit.

Let me see--what did I see? The only person who much struck me was Lady S--d's [Stafford's] eldest daughter, Lady C. L. [2] [Charlotte Leveson]. They say she is _not_ pretty. I don't know--every thing is pretty that pleases; but there is an air of _soul_ about her--and her colour changes--and there is that shyness of the antelope (which I delight in) in her manner so much, that I observed her more than I did any other woman in the rooms, and only looked at any thing else when I thought she might perceive and feel embarrassed by my scrutiny. After all, there may be something of association in this. She is a friend of Augusta's, and whatever she loves I can't help liking.

Her mother, the Marchioness, talked to me a little; and I was twenty times on the point of asking her to introduce me to _sa fille_, but I stopped short. This comes of that affray with the Carlisles.
Earl Grey told me laughingly of a paragraph in the last *Moniteur*,
which has stated, among other symptoms of rebellion, some particulars of
the _sensation_ occasioned in all our government gazettes by the "tear"
lines.--_only_ amplifying, in its re-statement, an epigram (by the by,
no epigram except in the _Greek_ acceptation of the word) into a
_roman_. I wonder the _Couriers_, etc., etc., have not translated that
part of the _Moniteur_ with additional comments. [3]

The Princess of Wales has requested Fuseli to paint from 'The
Corsair'--leaving to him the choice of any passage for the subject: so
Mr. Locke tells me. Tired, jaded, selfish, and supine--must go to bed.

_Roman_, at least _Romance_, means a song sometimes, as in the Spanish.
I suppose this is the _Moniteur's_ meaning, unless he has confused it
with 'The Corsair'.

[Footnote 1: Daughter of William Henry Cavendish, third Duke of
Portland, married, in 1793, to Charles Greville.]

[Footnote 2: Afterwards Countess of Surrey.]

[Footnote 3: "Londres le 9 Mars... On vient de publier une caricature insolente et
centre le Prince d'Orange. En commentant cette gravure, le 'Town Talk'

politiques. Le Lord Byron a fait de ce bruit populaire le sujet d'une

romance."

'Moniteur', 17 Mars, 1814.]

* * * * *

Albany, March 28.

This night got into my new apartments, [1] rented of Lord Althorpe, on a

lease of seven years. Spacious, and room for my books and sabres. _In_

the _house_, too, another advantage. The last few days, or whole week,

have been very abstemious, regular in exercise, and yet very _un_well.

six till midnight--drank between us one bottle of champagne and six of

claret, neither of which wines ever affect me. Offered to take Scrope

home in my carriage; but he was tipsy and pious, and I was obliged to

leave him on his knees praying to I know not what purpose or pagod. No

headach, nor sickness, that night nor to-day. Got up, if any thing,

earlier than usual--spared with Jackson _ad sudorem_, and have been

much better in health than for many days. I have heard nothing more from

Scrope. Yesterday paid him four thousand eight hundred pounds, a debt of

some standing, and which I wished to have paid before. My mind is much
relieved by the removal of that debit.

Augusta wants me to make it up with Carlisle. I have refused everybody, but I can't deny her anything; so I must e'en do it, though I had as lief "drink up Eisel--eat a crocodile." [2] Let me see--Ward, the Hollands, the Lambs, Rogers, etc., etc.,--everybody, more or less, have been trying for the last two years to accommodate this couplet quarrel, to no purpose. I shall laugh if Augusta succeeds.

Redde a little of many things--shall get in all my books to-morrow. Luckily this room will hold them--with "ample room and verge, etc., the characters of hell to trace." [3] I must set about some employment soon; my heart begins to eat itself again.

[Footnote 1: In 1804 Albany House, in Piccadilly, long occupied by the Duke of York and Albany, was converted into sets of bachelor chambers, and the gardens behind were also built over with additional suites of rooms. Byron's were in the original house on the ground floor, No. 2. Moore, writing to Rogers, April 12, 1814 ('Memoirs, etc.', vol. viii. p. 176), says,

"Lord Byron, as you know, has removed into Albany, and lives in an apartment, I should think thirty by forty feet."]
"Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace."

Gray, 'The Bard', lines 51, 52.]

* * * * *

April 8.

Out of town six days. On my return, found my poor little pagod,
Napoleon, pushed off his pedestal;--the thieves are in Paris. It is his
own fault. Like Milo, he would rend the oak; [1] but it closed again,
wedged his hands, and now the beasts--lion, bear, down to the dirtiest
jackal--may all tear him. That Muscovite winter _wedged_ his arms;--ever
since, he has fought with his feet and teeth. The last may still leave
their marks; and "I guess now" (as the Yankees say) that he will yet
play them a pass. He is in their rear--between them and their homes.
Query--will they ever reach them?

[Footnote 1: He adopted this thought afterwards in his 'Ode to
Napoleon', as well as most of the historical examples in the following}
"He who of old would rend the oak,
Dream'd not of the rebound;
Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke--
Alone--how look'd he round?"

* * * * *

Saturday, April 9, 1814.

I mark this day!

Napoleon Buonaparte has abdicated the throne of the world. "Excellent well." Methinks Sylla did better; for he revenged and resigned in the height of his sway, red with the slaughter of his foes--the finest instance of glorious contempt of the rascals upon record. Dioclesian did well too--Amurath not amiss, had he become aught except a dervise--Charles the Fifth but so so--but Napoleon, worst of all. What! wait till they were in his capital, and then talk of his readiness to give up what is already gone!! "What whining monk art thou--what holy cheat?" [1] 'Sdeath!--Dionysius at Corinth was yet a king to this. The "Isle of Elba" to retire to!--Well--if it had been Caprea, I should have marvelled less. "I see men's minds are but a parcel of their fortunes."

[2] I am utterly bewildered and confounded.
I don't know—but I think _I_, even _I_ (an insect compared with this creature), have set my life on casts not a millionth part of this man's. But, after all, a crown may be not worth dying for. Yet, to outlive _Lodi_ for this!!!

Oh that Juvenal or Johnson could rise from the dead! _Expende--quot libras in duce summo invenies_? [3] I knew they were light in the balance of mortality; but I thought their living dust weighed more _carats_. [4] Alas! this imperial diamond hath a flaw in it, and is now hardly fit to stick in a glazier's pencil:--the pen of the historian won't rate it worth a ducat.

Psha! "something too much of this." [5] But I won't give him up even now; though all his admirers have, "like the thanes, fallen from him."

[6]

[Footnote 1: In Otway's 'Venice Preserved' (act iv. sc. 2), Pierre says to Jaffier, who had betrayed him:

"What whining monk art thou? What holy cheat? That would'st encroach upon my credulous ears, And can't'st thus vilely! Hence! I know thee not!"

[Footnote 2:
"I see, men's judgements are a parcel of their fortunes."

'A Antony and Cleopatra', act iii. sc. II, line 32.]

[Footnote 3:

"Expende Hannibalem: quot libras in duce summo
Invenies?"

Juvenal, 'Sat'. x. 147.

"Produce the urn that Hannibal contains,
And weigh the mighty dust which yet remains:
'And is this all?'"

Gifford's 'Juvenal' (ed. 1802), vol. ii. pp. 338, 339.]

[Footnote 4:

"In the Statistical Account of Scotland, I find that Sir John Paterson
had the curious to collect, and weigh, the ashes of a person
discovered a few years since in the parish of Eccles. Wonderful to
relate, he found the whole did not exceed in weight one ounce and a
half! 'And is this all'!

Gifford's 'Juvenal, ut supra'.

[Footnote 5: 'Hamlet', act iii. sc. 2.]

[Footnote 6: 'Macbeth', act v. sc. 3,

"Doctor, the thanes fly from me!"

* * * * *

April 10.

I do not know that I am happiest when alone; but this I am sure of, that
I never am long in the society even of _her_ I love, (God knows too
well, and the devil probably too,) without a yearning for the company of
my lamp and my utterly confused and tumbled-over library. Even in the
day, I send away my carriage oftener than I use or abuse it. _Per
esempio_,--I have not stirred out of these rooms for these four days
past: but I have sparred for exercise (windows open) with Jackson an
hour daily, to attenuate and keep up the ethereal part of me. The more
violent the fatigue, the better my spirits for the rest of the day; and
then, my evenings have that calm nothingness of languor, which I most delight in. To-day I have boxed an hour--written an ode to Napoleon Buonaparte--copied it--eaten six biscuits--drunk four bottles of soda water [1]--redde away the rest of my time--besides giving poor [?] Webster] a world of advice about this mistress of his, who is plaguing him into a phthisic and intolerable tediousness. I am a pretty fellow truly to lecture about "the sect." No matter, my counsels are all thrown away.

[Footnote 1: The following is one of Byron's bills for soda water:

Lord Byron to R. Shipwash, 27 St. Albans St.

1814-- s. d.  
4 Octr. 2 Doz. Soda Water 11 0 
7 " 2 Doz. do. do. 11 0 
13 " 2 Doz. do. do. 11 0 
20 " 2 Doz. do. do. 11 0 
25 2 Doz. do. do. 11 0 
30 " 2 Doz. do. do. 11 0 
9 Decr. 2 Doz. do. do. 11 0 
14 " 2 Doz. do. do. 11 0 
17 " 2 Doz. do. do. 11 0 
22 " 2 Doz. do. do. 11 0 
6 1 0 
[overstrike 1 7 6]
25th Decr. 1814

Recd. R. Shipwash.

* * * * *

April 19, 1814.

There is ice at both poles, north and south--all extremes are the
same--misery belongs to the highest and the lowest only, to the emperor
and the beggar, when unsixpenced and unthroned. There is, to be sure, a
damned insipid medium--an equinoctial line--no one knows where, except
upon maps and measurement.

"And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death." [1]

I will keep no further journal of that same hesternal torch-light; and,
to prevent me from returning, like a dog, to the vomit of memory, I tear
out the remaining leaves of this volume, and write, in _Ipecacuanha_,
--"that the Bourbons are restored!!!--"Hang up philosophy." [2] To be
sure, I have long despised myself and man, but I never spat in the face
of my species before--"O fool! I shall go mad." [3]

[Footnote 1: 'Macbeth', act v. sc. 5, line 22.]
APPENDIX I.

ARTICLES FROM 'THE MONTHLY REVIEW'.

1. 'POEMS', BY W. R. SPENCER. (VOL. 67, 1812, PP. 54-60.)


The author of this well-printed volume has more than once been introduced to our readers, and is known to rank among that class of poetical persons who have never been highly favoured by stern criticism. The "mob of gentlemen who write with ease" has indeed of late years (like other mobs) become so importunate, as to threaten an alarming rivalry to the regular body of writers who are not fortunate enough to be either easy or genteel. Hence the jaundiced eye with which the real author regards the red Morocco binding of the presumptuous
condescend to look, at least not beyond the frontispiece.--Into Mr. Spencer's volume, however, he may dip farther, and will find sufficient to give him pleasure or pain, in proportion to his own candour. It delightful to a large circle of fashionable acquaintance, and pleasing to a limited number of vulgar purchasers. These last, indeed, may be rude enough to expect something more for their specie during the present scarcity of change, than lines to "Young Poets and Poetesses," "Epitaphs upon Years," Poems "to my Grammatical Niece," "Epistle from Sister Dolly in Cascadia to Sister Tanny in Snowdonia," etc.: but we doubt not that a long list of persons of quality, wit, and honour, "in town and country," who are here addressed, will be highly pleased with themselves and with the poet who has _shewn them off_ in a very handsome volume: as will doubtless the "Butterfly at the end of Winter," provided that he is fortunate enough to survive the present inclemencies. We are, however, by no means convinced that the Bellman will relish Mr. S.'s usurpation of a "Christmas Carol;" which looks so very like his own, that we advise him immediately to put in his claim, and it will be universally allowed.

With the exception of these and similar productions, the volume contains poems eminently beautiful; some which have been already published, and others that are well worthy of present publication. Of "Leonora," with which it opens, we made our report many years ago (in vol. xx. N.S. p. 451): but our readers, perhaps, will not be sorry to see another short extract. We presume that they are well acquainted with the story, and therefore select one of the central passages:
"See, where fresh blood-gouts mat the green,
Yon wheel its reeking points advance;
There, by the moon's wan light half seen,
Grim ghosts of tombless murderers dance.
'Come, spectres of the guilty dead,
With us your goblin morris ply,
Come all in festive dance to tread,
Ere on the bridal couch we lie.'

"Forward th' obedient phantoms push,
Their trackless footsteps rustle near,
In sound like autumn winds that rush
Through withering oak or beech-wood sere.
With lightning's force the courser flies,
Earth shakes his thund'ring hoofs beneath,
Dust, stones, and sparks, in whirlwind rise,
And horse and horseman heave for breath.

"Swift roll the moon-light scenes away,
Hills chasing hills successive fly;
E'en stars that pave th' eternal way,
Seem shooting to a backward sky.
'Fear'st thou, my love? the moon shines clear;
Hurrah! how swiftly speed the dead!
The dead does Leonora fear?
Oh God! oh leave, oh leave the dead!'"
Such a specimen of "the Terrible" will place the merit of the poem in a proper point of view: but we do not think that some of the alterations in this copy of Leonora are altogether so judicious as Mr. S.'s well-known taste had led us to expect. "Reviving Friendship" (p. 5) is perhaps less expressive than "Relenting," as it once stood; and the phrase, "ten thousand _furlowed_ heroes" ('ibid.'), throws a new light on the heroic character. It is extremely proper that heroes should have "furlows," since school-boys have holidays, and lawyers have long vacations: but we very much question whether young gentlemen of the scholastic, legal, or heroic calling, would be flattered by any epithet derived from the relaxation of their respectable pursuits. We should feel some hesitation in telling an interesting youth, of any given battalion from Portugal, that he was a "furlowed hero," lest he should prove to us that his "furlow" had by no means impaired his "heroism."

The old epithet, "war-worn," was more adapted to heroism and to poetry; and, if we mistake not, it has very recently been superseded by an epithet which precludes "otium cum dignitate" from the soldier, without imparting either ease or dignity to the verse. Why is "horse and horsemen _pant_ for breath" changed to "_heave_ for breath," unless for the alliteration of the too tempting aspirate? "Heaving" is appropriate enough to coals and to sighs, but "panting" _belongs_ to successful lovers and spirited horses; and why should Mr. S.'s horse and horseman not have panted as heretofore?

The next poem in arrangement as well as in merit is the "Year of Sorrow;" to which we offered a tribute of praise in our 45th vol. N.S.
We are sorry to observe that the compliment paid to Mr. Wedgewood by a "late traveller" (see note, p. 50), viz. that "an Englishman in journeying from Calais to Ispahan may have his dinner served every day on Wedgewood's ware," is no longer a matter of fact. It has lately been the good or evil fortune of one of our travelling department to pass near to Calais, and to have journeyed through divers Paynim lands to no very remote distance from Ispahan; and neither in the palace of the Pacha nor in the caravanserai of the traveller, nor in the hut of the peasant, was he so favoured as to masticate his pilaff from that fashionable service. Such is, in this and numerous other instances, the altered state of the continent and of Europe, since the annotation of the "late traveller;" and on the authority of a _later_, we must report that the ware has been all broken since the former passed that way. We wish that we could efficiently exhort Mr. Wedgewood to send out a fresh supply, on all the _turnpike roads_ by the route of Bagdad, for the convenience of the "latest travellers."

Passing over the "Chorus from Euripides," which might as well have slept in quiet with the rest of the author's school-exercises, we come to "the Visionary," which we gladly extract as a very elegant specimen of the lighter poems:

"When midnight o'er the moonless skies
Her pall of transient death has spread,
When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,
And nought is wakeful but the dead!"
"No bloodless shape my way pursues,
No sheeted ghost my couch annoys.
Visions more sad my fancy views,
Visions of long departed joys!

"The shade of youthful hope is there,
That linger'd long, and latest died;
Ambition all dissolved to air,
With phantom honours at her side.

"What empty shadows glimmer nigh!
They once were friendship, truth, and love!
Oh, die to thought, to mem'ry die,
Since lifeless to my heart ye prove!"

We cannot forbear adding the beautiful stanzas in pages 166, 167:

"To THE LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

"Too late I staid, forgive the crime,
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of Time,
That only treads on flow'rs!"
"What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of his glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass?

"Ah! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings?"

The far greater part of the volume, however, contains pieces which can be little gratifying to the public:--some are pretty; and all are besprinkled with "gems," and "roses," and "birds," and "diamonds," and such like cheap poetical adornments, as are always to be obtained at no great expense of thought or of metre.--It is happy for the author that these _bijoux_ are presented to persons of high degree; countesses, foreign and domestic; "Maids of Honour to Louisa Landgravine of Hesse D'Armstadt;" Lady Blank, and Lady Asterisk, besides---, and---, and others anonymous; who are exactly the kind of people to be best pleased with these sparkling, shining, fashionable trifles. We will solace our readers with three stanzas of the soberest of these odes:

"ADDRESSED TO LADY SUSAN FINCASTLE, NOW COUNTESS OF DUNMORE.

"What ails you, Fancy? you're become
Colder than Truth, than Reason duller!
Your wings are worn, your chirping's dumb,
And ev'ry plume has lost its colour.

"You droop like geese, whose cacklings cease
When dire St. Michael they remember,
Or like some _bird_ who just has heard
That Fin's preparing for September?

"Can you refuse your sweetest spell
When I for Susan's praise invoke you?
What, sulkier still? you pout and swell
As if that lovely name would choke you."

We are to suppose that "Fin preparing for September" is the lady with
whose "lovely name" Fancy runs some risk of being "choked;" and, really,
if _killing partridges_ formed a part of her Ladyship's accomplishments,
both "Fancy" and Feeling were in danger of a quinsey. Indeed, the whole
of these stanzas are couched in that most exquisite irony, in which Mr.
S. has more than once succeeded. All the songs to "persons of quality"
seem to be written on that purest model, "the song by a person of
quality;" whose stanzas have not been fabricated in vain. This sedulous
imitation extends even to the praise of things inanimate:

"When an Eden zephyr hovers
O'er a slumb'ring cherub's lyre,
Or when sighs of seraph lovers
Breathe upon th' unfinger'd wire."

If namby-pamby still leads to distinction, Mr. S., like Ambrose Phillips, will be "preferred for wit."

"Heav'n must hear--a bloom more tender
Seems to tint the wreath of May,
Lovelier beams the noon-day splendour,
Brighter dew-drops gem the spray!

"Is the breath of angels moving
O'er each flow'ret's heighten'd hue?
Are their smiles the day improving,
Have their tears enrich'd the dew?"

Here we have "angels' tears," and "breath," and "smiles," and "Eden zephyrs," "sighs of seraph lovers," and "lyres of slumbering cherubs," dancing away to "the Pedal Harp!" How strange it is that Thomson, in his dreamed of such things, but left all these prettinesses to the last of the Cruscanti!

One of the best pieces in the volume is an "Epistle to T. Moore, Esq.," which though disfigured with "Fiends on sulphur nurst," and "_Hell's chilliest Winter_" ("poor Tom's a'-cold!") and some other vagaries of
the same sort, forms a pleasant specimen of poetical friendship.--We
give the last ten lines:

"The triflers think your varied powers
Made only for life's gala bow'rs,
To smooth Reflection's mentor-frown,
Or Pillow joy on softer down.--
Fools!--yon blest orb not only glows
To chase the cloud, or paint the rose;
_These_ are the pastimes of his might,
Earth's torpid bosom drinks his light;
Find there his wondrous pow'r's true measure,
Death turn'd to life, and dross to treasure!"

We have now arrived at Mr. Spencer's French and Italian poesy; the
former of which is written sometimes in new and sometimes in old French,
and, occasionally, in a kind of tongue neither old nor new. We offer a
sample of the two former:

"'QU'EST CE QUE C'EST QUE LE GENIE?'

Mais ce n'est qu'un soleil trop vif et trop constant,
Tendre est ce sentiment qu' aucun esprit n'anime,
Mais ce n'est qu'un jour doux, que trop de pluie abime!
Quand un brillant esprit de ses rares couleurs,
Orne du sentiment les aimables douleurs,

"C'y gist un povre menestrel,
Occis par maint ennuict cruel--

N'est icy que son corps mortel:

We think that Mr. Spencer's Italian rhymes are better finished than his French; and indeed the facility of composing in that most poetical of all languages must be obvious: but, as a composer in Italian, he and all other Englishmen are much inferior to Mr. Mathias. It is very perceptible in many of Mr. S.'s smaller pieces that he has suffered his English versification to be vitiated with Italian 'concetti'; and we should have been better pleased with his compositions in a foreign language, had they not induced him to corrupt his mother-tongue. Still we would by no means utterly proscribe these excursions into other languages; though they remind us occasionally of that aspiring Frenchman who placed in his grounds the following inscription in honour of Shenstone and the Leasowes:

"See this stone
For William Shenstone--
Who planted groves rural,
And wrote verse natural!"
The above lines were displayed by the worthy proprietor, in the pride of
his heart, to all English travellers, as a tribute of respect for the
resemblance of his paternal chateau to the Leasowes, and a striking
coincidence between Shenstone's versification and his own.--We do not
mean to insinuate that Mr. Spencer's French verses ("_Cy gist un povere
menestrel," with an Urn inscribed W. R. S. at the top) are _precisely_
a return in kind for the quatrain above quoted: but we place it as a
beacon to all young gentlemen of poetical propensities on the French
Parnassus. Few would proceed better on the Gallic Pegasus, than the
Anglo-troubadour on ours.

We now take our leave of Mr. Spencer, without being blind to his errors
or insensible to his merits. As a poet, he may be placed rather below
Mr. Moore and somewhat above Lord Strangford; and if his volume meet
with half their number of purchasers, he will have no reason to complain
either of our judgment or of his own success.

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ARTICLES FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

2. NEGLECTED GENIUS, BY W.H. IRELAND.

(VOL. 70, 1813, PP. 203-205.)
Art. XV. 'Neglected Genius:' a Poem. Illustrating the untimely and unfortunate Fall of many British Poets; from the Period of Henry VIII.

different Styles, etc., etc. By W.H. Ireland, Author of the 'Fisher-Soy', 'Sailor-Boy', 'Cottage-Girl', etc., etc. 8vo. pp.

175. 8s. Boards. Sherwood & Co. 1812.

This volume, professing in a moderately long title-page to be "illustrative of the untimely and unfortunate fate of _many_ British Poets," might with great propriety include the author among the number; for if his "imitations of their different styles" resemble the originals, the consequent starvation of "many British poets" is a doom which is calculated to excite pity rather than surprize. The book opens with a dedication to the present, and a Monody on the late Duke of Devonshire (one of the neglected bards, we presume, on whom the author holds his inquest), in which it were difficult to say whether the "enlightened understanding" of the living or the "intellect" of the deceased nobleman is more justly appreciated or more elegantly eulogized. Lest the Monody should be mistaken for anything but itself, of which there was little danger, it is dressed in marginal mourning, like a dying speech, or an American Gazette after a defeat. The following is a specimen--the poet is addressing the Duchess:

"Chaste widow'd Mourner, still with tears bedew
That sacred Urn, which can imbue
Thy worldly thoughts, thus kindling mem'ry's glow:
Each retrospective virtue, fadeless beam,
Embalms thy _Truth_ in heavenly dream,
To soothe the bosom's agonizing woe.

"Yet soft--more poignantly to wake the soul,
And ev'ry pensive thought controul,
Truth shall with energy his worth proclaim;
Here I'll record his _philanthropic mind_,
Eager to bless all human kind,
Yet _modest shrinking_ from the voice of _Fame_.

"As _Patriot_ view him shun the courtly crew,
And dauntless ever keep in view
That bright palladium, England's dear renown.
The people's Freedom and the Monarch's good,
Purchas'd with Patriotic blood,
The surest safeguard of the state and crown.

"Or now behold his glowing soul extend,
To shine the polish'd social _friend_;
His country's _matchless Prince_ his worth rever'd;
_Gigantic Fox_, true Freedom's darling child,
By kindred excellence beguil'd,
To lasting _amity_ the temple rear'd.

"As _Critic_ chaste, his judgment could explore
The beauties of poetic lore,
Or classic strains mellifluent infuse;
Yet glowing genius and expanded sense
Were crown'd with _innate diffidence_,
The sure attendant of a genuine muse."

Page 9 contains, forsooth, a very correct imitation of Milton:

"To thee, gigantic genius, next I'll sound;
The clarion string, and fill fame's vasty round;
'Tis _Milton_ beams upon the wond'ring sight,
Rob'd in the splendour of Apollo's light;
As when from ocean bursting on the view,
His orb dispenses ev'ry brilliant hue,
Crowns with resplendent gold th' horizon wide,
And cloathes with countless gems the buoyant tide;

On spotless azure, streamy saffron rays:--
So o'er the world of genius _Milton_ shone,
Profound in science--as the bard--alone."

We must not pass over the imitative specimen of "Nahum Tate," because in
this the author approximates nearest to the style of his original:

"Friend of great _Dryden_, though of humble fame,
The Laureat Tate, shall here record his name;
Whose sorrowing numbers breath'd a nation's pain,
When death from mortal to immortal reign
Translated royal _Anne_, our island's boast,
Victorious sov'reign, dread of Gallia's host;
Whose arms by land and sea with fame were crown'd,
Whose statesmen grave for wisdom were renown'd,
Whose reign with science dignifies the page;
Bright noon of genius--_great Augustan age_.
Such was thy Queen, and such th' illustrious time
That nurs'd thy muse, and tun'd thy soul to rhyme;
Yet wast thou fated sorrow's shaft to bear,
Augmenting still this catalogue of care;
The gripe of penury thy bosom knew,
A gloomy jail obscur'd bright freedom's view;
So life's gay visions faded to thy sight,
Thy brilliant hopes enscarf'd in sorrow's night."

would have saved him a scourging at school by telling him that there was
an _i_ in the word), were legitimate Hudibrastic rhymes? (see pp. 116,
etc.). Chatterton is a great favourite of this imitative gentleman; and
Bristol, where he appears to have been held in no greater estimation
than Mr. Ireland himself deserves, is much vituperated in some sad
couplets, seemingly for this reason, "All for love, and a little for the
bottle," as Bannister's song runs,--"All for Chatterton, and a little
for myself," thinks Mr. Ireland.
The notes communicate, among other novelties, the new title of "Sir Horace" to the Honourable H. Walpole: surely a perusal of the life of the unfortunate boy, whose fate Mr. I. deplores, might have prevented this piece of ignorance, twice repeated in the same page; and we wonder at the malicious fun of the printer's devil in permitting it to stand, for _he_ certainly knew better. We must be excused from a more detailed notice of Mr. Ireland for the present; and indeed we hope to hear no more of his lamentations, very sure that none but reviewers ever will peruse them: unless, perhaps, the unfortunate persons of quality whom he may henceforth single out as proper victims of future dedication. Though his dedications are enough to kill the living, his anticipated monodies, on the other hand, must add considerably to the natural dread of death in such of his patrons as may be liable to common sense or to chronic diseases.

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APPENDIX II.

PARLIAMENTARY SPEECHES.

1. DEBATE ON THE FRAME-WORK BILL, IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, FEBRUARY 27, 1812.
The order of the day for the second reading of this Bill being read,

Lord BYRON rose, and (for the first time) addressed their Lordships as follows:

My Lords,—The subject now submitted to your Lordships for the first time, though new to the House, is by no means new to the country. I believe it had occupied the serious thoughts of all descriptions of persons, long before its introduction to the notice of that legislature, whose interference alone could be of real service. 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, whilst I offer a few observations on a question in which I confess myself deeply interested.

To enter into any detail of the riots would be superfluous: the House is already aware that every outrage short of actual bloodshed has been perpetrated, and that the proprietors of the frames obnoxious to the rioters, and all persons supposed to be connected with them, have been liable to insult and violence. During the short time I recently passed in Nottinghamshire, not twelve hours elapsed without some fresh act of violence; and on the day I left the county I was informed that forty frames had been broken the preceding evening, as usual, without resistance and without detection.
Such was then the state of that county, and such I have reason to believe it to be at this moment. But whilst these outrages must be admitted to exist to an alarming extent, it cannot be denied that they have arisen from circumstances of the most unparalleled distress: the perseverance of these miserable men in their proceedings tends to prove that nothing but absolute want could have driven a large, and once honest and industrious, body of the people, into the commission of excesses so hazardous to themselves, their families, and the community. At the time to which I allude, the town and county were burdened with large detachments of the military; the police was in motion, the magistrates assembled; yet all the movements, civil and military, had led to--nothing. Not a single instance had occurred of the apprehension of any real delinquent actually taken in the fact, against whom there existed legal evidence sufficient for conviction. But the police, however useless, were by no means idle: several notorious delinquents had been detected.--men, liable to conviction, on the clearest evidence, of the capital crime of poverty; men, who had been nefariously guilty of lawfully begetting several children, whom, thanks to the times! they were unable to maintain. Considerable injury has been done to the proprietors of the improved frames. These machines were to them an advantage, inasmuch as they superseded the necessity of employing a number of workmen, who were left in consequence to starve. By the adoption of one species of frame in particular, one man performed the work of many, and the superfluous labourers were thrown out of employment. Yet it is to be observed, that the work thus executed was inferior in quality; not marketable at home, and merely hurried over with a view to exportation. It was called, in the cant of the trade, by
the name of "Spider-work." The rejected workmen, in the blindness of their ignorance, instead of rejoicing at these improvements in arts so beneficial to mankind, conceived themselves to be sacrificed to improvements in mechanism. In the foolishness of their hearts they imagined that the maintenance and well-doing of the industrious poor were objects of greater consequence than the enrichment of a few individuals by any improvement, in the implements of trade, which threw the workmen out of employment, and rendered the labourer unworthy of his hire. And it must be confessed that although the adoption of the enlarged machinery in that state of our commerce which the country once boasted might have been beneficial to the master without being detrimental to the servant; yet, in the present situation of our manufactures, rotting in warehouses, without a prospect of exportation, with the demand for work and workmen equally diminished, frames of this description tend materially to aggravate the distress and discontent of the disappointed sufferers. But the real cause of these distresses and consequent disturbances lies deeper. 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
guilt. 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 and condemned,
can hardly be subject of surprise.

It has been stated that the persons in the temporary possession of
frames connive at their destruction; if this be proved upon inquiry, it
were necessary that such material accessories to the crime should be
principals in the punishment. But I did hope, that any measure proposed
by his Majesty's government for your Lordships' decision, would have had
conciliation for its basis; or, if that were hopeless, that some
previous inquiry, some deliberation, would have been deemed requisite;
not that we should have been called at once, without examination and
without cause, to pass sentences by wholesale, and sign death-warrants
blindfold. But, admitting that these men had no cause of complaint; that
the grievances of them and their employers were alike groundless; that
they deserved the worst;--what inefficiency, what imbecility has been
evined in the method chosen to reduce them! Why were the military
called out to be made a mockery of, if they were to be called out at
all? As far as the difference of seasons would permit, they have merely
parodied the summer campaign of Major Sturgeon; and, indeed, the whole
proceedings, civil and military, seemed on the model of those of the
mayor and corporation of Garratt.--Such marchings and countermarchings!
--from Nottingham to Bullwell, from Bullwell to Banford, from Banford to
Mansfield! And when at length the detachments arrived at their
destination, in all "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,"
they came just in time to witness the mischief which had been done, and
ascertain the escape of the perpetrators, to collect the "spolia
opima" in the fragments of broken frames, and return to their quarters
amidst the derision of old women, and the hootings of children. Now,
though, in a free country, it were to be wished that our military should
never be too formidable, at least to ourselves, I cannot see the policy
of placing them in situations where they can only be made ridiculous. As
the sword is the worst argument that can be used, so should it be the
last. In this instance it has been the first; but providentially as yet
only in the scabbard. The present measure will, indeed, pluck it from
the sheath; yet had proper meetings been held in the earlier stages of
these riots, had the grievances of these men and their masters (for they
also had their grievances) been fairly weighed and justly examined, I do
think that means might have been devised to restore these workmen to
their avocations, and tranquility to the county. At present the county
suffers from the double infliction of an idle military and a starving
population. In what state of apathy have we been plunged so long, that
now for the first time the House has been officially apprised of these
disturbances? All this has been transacting within 130 miles of London;
and yet we, "good easy men, have deemed full sure our greatness was
a-ripening," and have sat down to enjoy our foreign triumphs in the
midst of domestic calamity. But all the cities you have taken, all the
armies which have retreated before your leaders, are but paltry subjects
of self-congratulation, if your land divides against itself, and your
dragoons and your executioners must be let loose against your
fellow-citizens.--You call these men a mob, desperate, dangerous, and
ignorant; and seem to think that the only way to quiet the "Bellua
multorum capitum" is to lop off a few of its superfluous heads. But
even a mob may be better reduced to reason by a mixture of conciliation
and firmness, than by additional irritation and redoubled penalties. Are
we aware of our obligations to a mob? It is the mob that labour in your
fields and serve in your houses,—that man your navy, and recruit your
army,—that have enabled you to defy all the world, and can also defy
you when neglect and calamity have driven them to despair! You may call
the people a mob; but do not forget that a mob too often speaks the
sentiments of the people. And here I must remark, with what alacrity you
are accustomed to fly to the succour of your distressed allies, leaving
the distressed of your own country to the care of Providence or—the
parish. When the Portuguese suffered under the retreat of the French,
every arm was stretched out, every hand was opened, from the rich man's
largess to the widow's mite, all was bestowed, to enable them to rebuild
their villages and replenish their granaries. And at this moment, when
thousands of misguided but most unfortunate fellow-countrymen are
struggling with the extremes of hardships and hunger, as your charity
began abroad it should end at home. A much less sum, a tithe of the
bounty bestowed on Portugal, even if those men (which I cannot admit
without inquiry) could not have been restored to their employments,
would have rendered unnecessary the tender mercies of the bayonet and
the gibbet. But doubtless our friends have too many foreign claims to
admit a prospect of domestic relief; though never did such objects
demand it. 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 in 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
the 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
scarecrows? or will you proceed (as you must to bring this measure into
effect) by decimation? place the county 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 law, where is your evidence?
Those who have 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 marvellously efficacious in many and recent instances, temporising, would not be without its advantages 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. Sure I am, from what I have heard, and from what I have seen, that to pass the Bill under all the existing circumstances, without inquiry, without deliberation, would only be to add injustice to irritation, and barbarity to neglect. The framers of such a bill must be content to inherit the honours of that Athenian law-giver whose edicts were said to be written not in ink but in blood. But suppose it passed; suppose one of these men, as I have seen them,--meagre with famine, sullen with despair, careless of a life which your Lordships are perhaps about to value at something less than the price of a stocking-frame;--suppose this man surrounded by the children for whom he is unable to procure bread at the hazard of his existence, about to be torn for ever from a family which he lately supported in peaceful industry, and which it is not his fault that he can no longer so support;--suppose this man--and there are ten thousand such from whom you may select your victims--dragged into court, to be tried for this new offence, by this new law; still, there are two things wanting to convict and condemn him;
and these are, in my opinion,—twelve butchers for a jury, and a
Jeffreys for a judge!

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2. DEBATE ON THE EARL OF DONOUGHMORE’S MOTION FOR A COMMITTEE ON THE
ROMAN CATHOLIC CLAIMS, APRIL 21, 1812.

[Byron’s notes for a portion of his speech are in the possession of Mr.
Murray.]

Lord BYRON rose and said:

My Lords,—The question before the House has been so frequently, fully,
and ably discussed, and never perhaps more ably than on this night, that
it would be difficult to adduce new arguments for or against it. But
with each discussion difficulties have been removed, objections have
been canvassed and refuted, and some of the former opponents of Catholic
emancipation have at length conceded to the expediency of relieving the
petitioners. In conceding thus much, however, a new objection is
started; it is not the time, say they, or it is an improper time, or
there is time enough yet. In some degree I concur with those who say it
is not the time exactly; that time is past; better had it been for the
country that the Catholics possessed at this moment their proportion of
our privileges, that their nobles held their due weight in our councils,
than that we should be assembled to discuss their claims. It had indeed
been better:

"Non tempore tali
Cogere concilium cum muros obsidet hostis."

The enemy is without, and distress within. It is too late to cavil on
doctrinal points, when we must unite in defence of things more important
than the mere ceremonies of religion. It is indeed singular, that we are
called together to deliberate, not on the God we adore, for in that we
are agreed; not about the king we obey, for to him we are loyal; but how
far a difference in the ceremonials of worship, how far believing not
too little, but too much (the worst that can be imputed to the
Catholics), how far too much devotion to their God may incapacitate our
fellow-subjects from effectually serving their king.

Much has been said, within and without doors, of church and state; and
although those venerable words have been too often prostituted to the
most despicable of party purposes, we cannot hear them too often: all, I
presume, are the advocates of church and state,—the church of Christ,
and the state of Great Britain; but not a state of exclusion and
despotism; not an intolerant church; not a church militant, which
renders itself liable to the very objection urged against the Romish
communion, and in a greater degree, for the Catholic merely withholds
its spiritual benediction (and even that is doubtful), but our church,
or rather our churchmen, not only refuse to the Catholic their spiritual
grace, but all temporal blessings whatsoever. It was an observation of
the great Lord Peterborough, made within these walls, or within the
walls where the Lords then assembled, that he was for a "parliamentary
king and a parliamentary constitution, but not a parliamentary God and a
parliamentary religion." The interval of a century has not weakened the
force of the remark. It is indeed time that we should leave off these
petty cavils on frivolous points, these Lilliputian sophistries, whether
our "eggs are best broken at the broad or narrow end."

The opponents of the Catholics may be divided into two classes; those
who assert that the Catholics have too much already, and those who
allege that the lower orders, at least, have nothing more to require. We
are told by the former, that the Catholics never will be contented: by
the latter, that they are already too happy. The last paradox is
sufficiently refuted by the present as by all past petitions: it might
as well be said, that the negroes did not desire to be emancipated; but
this is an unfortunate comparison, for you have already delivered them
out of the house of bondage without any petition on their part, but many
from their taskmasters to a contrary effect; and for myself, when I
consider this, I pity the Catholic peasantry for not having the good
fortune to be born black. But the Catholics are contented, or at least
ought to be, as we are told; I shall, therefore, proceed to touch on a
few of those circumstances which so marvellously contribute to their
exceeding contentment. They are not allowed the free exercise of their
religion in the regular army; the Catholic soldier cannot absent himself
from the service of the Protestant clergyman; and unless he is quartered
in Ireland, or in Spain, where can he find eligible opportunities of
attending his own? The permission of Catholic chaplains to the Irish
militia regiments was conceded as a special favour, and not till after
years of remonstrance, although an Act, passed in 1793, established it
as a right. But are the Catholics properly protected in Ireland? Can the
church purchase a rood of land whereon to erect a chapel? No! all the
places of worship are built on leases of trust or sufferance from the
laity, easily broken, and often betrayed. The moment any irregular wish,
any casual caprice of the benevolent landlord meets with opposition, the
doors are barred against the congregation. This has happened
continually, but in no instance more glaringly than at the town of
Newton Barry, in the county of Wexford. The Catholics enjoying no
regular chapel, as a temporary expedient hired two barns; which, being
thrown into one, served for public worship. At this time, there was
quartered opposite to the spot an officer whose mind appears to have
been deeply imbued with those prejudices which the Protestant petitions
now on the table prove to have been fortunately eradicated from the more
rational portion of the people; and when the Catholics were assembled on
the Sabbath as usual, in peace and good-will towards men, for the
worship of their God and yours, they found the chapel door closed, and
were told that if they did not immediately retire (and they were told
this by a yeoman officer and a magistrate), the Riot Act should be read,
and the assembly dispersed at the point of the bayonet! This was
complained of to the middle-man of government, the secretary at the
Castle in 1806, and the answer was (in lieu of redress), that he would
cause a letter to be written to the colonel, to prevent, if possible,
the recurrence of similar disturbances. Upon this fact no very great
stress need be laid; but it tends to prove that while the Catholic
church has not power to purchase land for its chapels to stand upon, the
laws for its protection are of no avail. In the mean time, the Catholics are at the mercy of every "pelting petty officer," who may choose to play his "fantastic tricks before high heaven," to insult his God, and injure his fellow-creatures.

Every schoolboy, any footboy (such have held commissions in our service), any footboy who can exchange his shoulder-knot for an epaulette, may perform all this and more against the Catholic by virtue of that very authority delegated to him by his sovereign for the express purpose of defending his fellow-subjects to the last drop of his blood, without discrimination or distinction between Catholic and Protestant.

Have the Irish Catholics the full benefit of trial by jury? They have not; they never can have until they are permitted to share the privilege of serving as sheriffs and under-sheriffs. Of this a striking example occurred at the last Enniskillen assizes. A yeoman was arraigned for the murder of a Catholic named Macvournagh; three respectable, uncontradicted witnesses, deposed that they saw the prisoner load, take aim, fire at, and kill the said Macvournagh. This was properly commented on by the judge; but, to the astonishment of the bar, and indignation of the court, the Protestant jury acquitted the accused. So glaring was the partiality, that Mr. Justice Osborne felt it his duty to bind over the acquitted, but not absolved assassin, in large recognizances; thus for a time taking away his licence to kill Catholics.

Are the very laws passed in their favour observed? They are rendered
nugatory in trivial as in serious cases. By a late Act, Catholic chaplains are permitted in gaols; but in Fermanagh county the grand jury lately persisted in presenting a suspended clergyman for the office, thereby evading the statute, notwithstanding the most pressing remonstrances of a most respectable magistrate named Fletcher to the contrary. Such is law, such is justice, for the happy, free, contented Catholic!

It has been asked, in another place, Why do not the rich Catholics endow foundations for the education of the priesthood? Why do you not permit them to do so? Why are all such bequests subject to the interference, the vexatious, arbitrary, peculating interference of the Orange commissioners for charitable donations?

As to Maynooth college, in no instance, except at the time of its foundation, when a noble Lord (Camden), at the head of the Irish administration, did appear to interest himself in its advancement, and during the government of a noble Duke (Bedford), who, like his ancestors, has ever been the friend of freedom and mankind, and who has not so far adopted the selfish policy of the day as to exclude the Catholics from the number of his fellow-creatures; with these exceptions, in no instance has that institution been properly encouraged. There was indeed a time when the Catholic clergy were conciliated, while the Union was pending, that Union which could not be carried without them, while their assistance was requisite in procuring addresses from the Catholic counties; then they were cajoled and caressed, feared and flattered, and given to understand that "the Union
would do every thing”; but the moment it was passed, they were driven
back with contempt into their former obscurity.

In the conduct pursued towards Maynooth college, every thing is done to
irritate and perplex--every thing is done to efface the slightest
impression of gratitude from the Catholic mind; the very hay made upon
the lawn, the fat and tallow of the beef and mutton allowed, must be
paid for and accounted upon oath. It is true, this economy in
miniature cannot sufficiently be commended, particularly at a time when
only the insect defaulters of the Treasury, your Hunts and your
Chinnerys, when only those "gilded bugs" can escape the microscopic eye
of ministers. But when you come forward, session after session, as your
paltry pittance is wrung from you with wrangling and reluctance, to
boast of your liberality, well might the Catholic exclaim, in the words
of Prior:

"To John I owe some obligation,
But John unluckily thinks fit
To publish it to all the nation,
So John and I are more than quit."

Some persons have compared the Catholics to the beggar in 'Gil Blas':
who made them beggars? Who are enriched with the spoils of their
ancestors? And cannot you relieve the beggar when your fathers have made
him such? If you are disposed to relieve him at all, cannot you do it
without flinging your farthings in his face? As a contrast, however, to
this beggarly benevolence, let us look at the Protestant Charter

supported; and how are they recruited? Montesquieu observes on the
English constitution, that the model may be found in Tacitus, where the
historian describes the policy of the Germans, and adds, "This beautiful
system was taken from the woods;" so in speaking of the charter schools,
it may be observed, that this beautiful system was taken from the
gipsies. These schools are recruited in the same manner as the
Janissaries at the time of their enrolment under Amurath, and the
gipsies of the present day, with stolen children, with children decoyed
and kidnapped from their Catholic connections by their rich and powerful
Protestant neighbours: this is notorious, and one instance may suffice
to show in what manner:--The sister of a Mr. Carthy (a Catholic
gentleman of very considerable property) died, leaving two girls, who
were immediately marked out as proselytes, and conveyed to the charter
school of Coolgreny; their uncle, on being apprised of the fact, which
took place during his absence, applied for the restitution of his
nieces, offering to settle an independence on these his relations; his
request was refused, and not till after five years' struggle, and the
interference of very high authority, could this Catholic gentleman
obtain back his nearest of kindred from a charity charter school. In
this manner are proselytes obtained, and mingled with the offspring of
such Protestants as may avail themselves of the institution. And how are
they taught? A catechism is put into their hands, consisting of, I
believe, forty-five pages, in which are three questions relative to the
Protestant religion; one of these queries is, "Where was the Protestant
religion before Luther?" Answer: "In the Gospel." The remaining
forty-four pages and a half regard the damnable idolatry of Papists!
Allow me to ask our spiritual pastors and masters, is this training up a child in the way which he should go? Is this the religion of the Gospel before the time of Luther? that religion which preaches “Peace on earth, and glory to God”? Is it bringing up infants to be men or devils? Better would it be to send them any where than teach them such doctrines; better send them to those islands in the South Seas, where they might more humanely learn to become cannibals; it would be less disgusting that they were brought up to devour the dead, than persecute the living. Schools do you call them? call them rather dung-hills, where the viper of intolerance deposits her young, that when their teeth are cut and their poison is mature, they may issue forth, filthy and venomous, to sting the Catholic. But are these the doctrines of the Church of England, or of churchmen? No, the most enlightened churchmen are of a different opinion. What says Paley?

"I perceive no reason why men of different religious persuasions should not sit upon the same bench, deliberate in the same council, or fight in the same ranks, as well as men of various religious opinions upon any controverted topic of natural history, philosophy, or ethics."

It may be answered, that Paley was not strictly orthodox; I know nothing of his orthodoxy, but who will deny that he was an ornament to the church, to human nature, to Christianity?

I shall not dwell upon the grievance of tithes, so severely felt by the
peasantry; but it may be proper to observe, that there is an addition to
the burden, a percentage to the gatherer, whose interest it thus becomes
to rate them as highly as possible, and we know that in many large
livings in Ireland the only resident Protestants are the tithe proctor
and his family.

Amongst many causes of irritation, too numerous for recapitulation,
there is one in the militia not to be passed over,—I mean the existence
of Orange lodges amongst the privates. Can the officers deny this? And
if such lodges do exist, do they, can they tend to promote harmony
amongst the men, who are thus individually separated in society,
although mingled in the ranks? And is this general system of persecution
to be permitted; or is it to be believed that with such a system the
Catholics can or ought to be contented? If they are, they belie human
nature; they are then, indeed, unworthy to be any thing but the slaves
you have made them. The facts stated are from most respectable
authority, or I should not have dared in this place, or any place, to
hazard this avowal. If exaggerated, there are plenty as willing, as I
believe them to be unable, to disprove them. Should it be objected that
I never was in Ireland, I beg leave to observe, that it is as easy to
know something of Ireland, without having been there, as it appears with
some to have been born, bred, and cherished there, and yet remain
ignorant of its best interests.

But there are who assert that the Catholics have already been too much
indulged. See (cry they) what has been done: we have given them one
entire college; we allow them food and raiment, the full enjoyment of
the elements, and leave to fight for us as long as they have limbs and
lives to offer; and yet they are never to be satisfied!—Generous and
just declaimers! To this, and to this only, amount the whole of your
arguments, when stript of their sophistry. Those personages remind me of
a story of a certain drummer, who, being called upon in the course of
duty to administer punishment to a friend tied to the halberts, was
requested to flog high, he did--to flog low, he did--to flog in the
middle, he did,--high, low, down the middle, and up again, but all in
vain; the patient continued his complaints with the most provoking
pertinacity, until the drummer, exhausted and angry, flung down his
scourge, exclaiming, "The devil burn you, there's no pleasing you, flog
where one will!" Thus it is, you have flogged the Catholic high, low,
here, there, and every where, and then you wonder he is not pleased. It
is true that time, experience, and that weariness which attends even the
exercise of barbarity, have taught you to flog a little more gently; but
still you continue to lay on the lash, and will so continue, till
perhaps the rod may be wrested from your hands, and applied to the backs
of yourselves and your posterity.

It was said by somebody in a former debate, (I forget by whom, and am
not very anxious to remember,) if the Catholics are emancipated, why not
the Jews? If this sentiment was dictated by compassion for the Jews, it
might deserve attention, but as a sneer against the Catholic, what is it
but the language of Shylock transferred from his daughter's marriage to
Catholic emancipation:

"Would any of the tribe of Barabbas
Should have it rather than a Christian!

I presume a Catholic is a Christian, even in the opinion of him whose taste only can be called in question for his preference of the Jews.

It is a remark often quoted of Dr. Johnson, (whom I take to be almost as good authority as the gentle apostle of intolerance, Dr. Duigenan,) that he who could entertain serious apprehensions of danger to the church in these times, would have "cried fire in the deluge." This is more than a metaphor; for a remnant of these antediluvians appear actually to have come down to us, with fire in their mouths and water in their brains, to disturb and perplex mankind with their whimsical outcries. And as it is an infallible symptom of that distressing malady with which I conceive them to be afflicted (so any doctor will inform your Lordships), for the unhappy invalids to perceive a flame perpetually flashing before their eyes, particularly when their eyes are shut (as those of the persons to whom I allude have long been), it is impossible to convince these poor creatures that the fire against which they are perpetually warning us and themselves is nothing but an 'ignis fatuus' of their own drivelling imaginations. What rhubarb, senna, or "what purgative drug can scour that fancy thence?"--It is impossible, they are given over,--theirs is the true

"Caput insanabile tribus Anticyris."

These are your true Protestants. Like Bayle, who protested against all
sects whatsoever, so do they protest against Catholic petitions,
Protestant petitions, all redress, all that reason, humanity, policy,
j ustice, and common sense can urge against the delusions of their absurd
delirium. These are the persons who reverse the fable of the mountain
that brought forth a mouse; they are the mice who conceive themselves in
labour with mountains.

To return to the Catholics: suppose the Irish were actually contented
under their disabilities; suppose them capable of such a bull as not to
desire deliverance,—ought we not to wish it for ourselves? Have we
nothing to gain by their emancipation? What resources have been wasted?
What talents have been lost by the selfish system of exclusion? You
already know the value of Irish aid; at this moment the defence of
England is intrusted to the Irish militia; at this moment, while the
starving people are rising in the fierceness of despair, the Irish are
faithful to their trust. But till equal energy is imparted throughout by
the extension of freedom, you cannot enjoy the full benefit of the
strength which you are glad to interpose between you and destruction.
Ireland has done much, but will do more. At this moment the only triumph
obtained through long years of continental disaster has been achieved by
an Irish general: it is true he is not a Catholic; had he been so, we
should have been deprived of his exertions: but I presume no one will
assert that his religion would have impaired his talents or diminished
his patriotism; though, in that case, he must have conquered in the
ranks, for he never could have commanded an army.

But he is fighting the battles of the Catholics abroad; his noble
brother has this night advocated their cause, with an eloquence which I
shall not depreciate by the humble tribute of my panegyric; whilst a
third of his kindred, as unlike as unequal, has been combating against
his Catholic brethren in Dublin, with circular letters, edicts,
proclamations, arrests, and dispersions:--all the vexatious implements
of petty warfare that could be wielded by the mercenary guerillas of
government, clad in the rusty armour of their obsolete statutes. Your
Lordships will doubtless divide new honours between the Saviour of
Portugal, and the Disperser of Delegates. It is singular, indeed, to
observe the difference between our foreign and domestic policy; if
Catholic Spain, faithful Portugal, or the no less Catholic and faithful
king of the one Sicily, (of which, by the by, you have lately deprived
him,) stand in need of succour, away goes a fleet and an army, an
ambassador and a subsidy, sometimes to fight pretty hardly, generally to
negotiate very badly, and always to pay very dearly for our Popish
allies. But let four millions of fellow-subjects pray for relief, who
fight and pay and labour in your behalf, they must be treated as aliens;
and although their "father's house has many mansions," there is no
resting-place for them. Allow me to ask, are you not fighting for the
emancipation of Ferdinand VII, who certainly is a fool, and,
consequently, in all probability a bigot? and have you more regard for a
foreign sovereign than your own fellow-subjects, who are not fools, for
they know your interest better than you know your own; who are not
bigots, for they return you good for evil; but who are in worse durance
than the prison of an usurper, inasmuch as the fetters of the mind are
more galling than those of the body?
Upon the consequences of your not acceding to the claims of the petitioners, I shall not expatiate; you know them, you will feel them, and your children's children when you are passed away. Adieu to that Union so called, as "Lucus a non lucendo" an Union from never uniting, which in its first operation gave a death-blow to the independence of Ireland, and in its last may be the cause of her eternal separation from this country. If it must be called an Union, it is the union of the shark with his prey; the spoiler swallows up his victim, and thus they become one and indivisible. Thus has great Britain swallowed up the Parliament, the constitution, the independence of Ireland, and refuses to disgorgе even a single privilege, although for the relief of her swollen and distempered body politic.

And now, my Lords, before I sit down, will his Majesty's ministers permit me to say a few words, not on their merits, for that would be superfluous, but on the degree of estimation in which they are held by the people of these realms? The esteem in which they are held has been boasted of in a triumphant tone on a late occasion within these walls, and a comparison instituted between their conduct and that of noble lords on this side of the House.

What portion of popularity may have fallen to the share of my noble friends (if such I may presume to call them), I shall not pretend to ascertain; but that of his Majesty's ministers it were vain to deny. It is, to be sure, a little like the wind, "no one knows whence it cometh or whither it goeth;" but they feel it, they enjoy it, they boast of it. Indeed, modest and unostentatious as they are, to what part of the
kingdom, even the most remote, can they flee to avoid the triumph which pursues them? If they plunge into the midland counties, there will they be greeted by the manufacturers, with spurned petitions in their hands, and those halters round their necks recently voted in their behalf, imploring blessings on the heads of those who so simply, yet ingeniously, contrived to remove them from their miseries in this to a better world. If they journey on to Scotland, from Glasgow to John o’ Groat’s, every where will they receive similar marks of approbation. If they take a trip from Portpatrick to Donaghadee, there will they rush at once into the embraces of four Catholic millions, to whom their vote of this night is about to endear them for ever. When they return to the metropolis, if they can pass under Temple Bar without unpleasant sensations at the sight of the greedy niches over that ominous gateway, they cannot escape the acclamations of the livery, and the more tremulous, but not less sincere, applause, the blessings, "not loud, but deep," of bankrupt merchants and doubting stock-holders. If they look to the army, what wreaths, not of laurel, but of nightshade, are preparing for the heroes of Walcheren! It is true, there are few living deponents left to testify to their merits on that occasion; but a "cloud of witnesses" are gone above from that gallant army which they so generously and piously despatched, to recruit the "noble army of martyrs."

What if in the course of this triumphal career (in which they will gather as many pebbles as Caligula’s army did on a similar triumph, the prototype of their own,) they do not perceive any of those memorials which a grateful people erect in honour of their benefactors; what
although not even a sign-post will condescend to depose the Saracen's head in favour of the likeness of the conquerors of Walcheren, they will not want a picture who can always have a caricature, or regret the omission of a statue who will so often see themselves exalted into effigy. But their popularity is not limited to the narrow bounds of an island; there are other countries where their measures, and, above all, their conduct to the Catholics, must render them pre-eminently popular. If they are beloved here, in France they must be adored. There is no measure more repugnant to the designs and feelings of Bonaparte than Catholic emancipation; no line of conduct more propitious to his projects than that which has been pursued, is pursuing, and, I fear, will be pursued towards Ireland. What is England without Ireland, and what is Ireland without the Catholics? It is on the basis of your tyranny Napoleon hopes to build his own. So grateful must oppression of the Catholics be to his mind, that doubtless (as he has lately permitted some renewal of intercourse) the next cartel will convey to this country cargoes of Sevres china and blue ribands, (things in great request, and of equal value at this moment,) blue ribands of the Legion of Honour for Dr. Duigenan and his ministerial disciples. Such is that well-earned popularity, the result of those extraordinary expeditions, so expensive to ourselves, and so useless to our allies; of those singular inquiries, so exculpatory to the accused, and so dissatisfactory to the people; of those paradoxical victories, so honourable, as we are told, to the British name, and so destructive to the best interests of the British nation: above all, such is the reward of the conduct pursued by ministers towards the Catholics.
I have to apologise to the House, who will, I trust, pardon one not
often in the habit of intruding upon their indulgence, for so long
attempting to engage their attention. My most decided opinion is, as my
vote will be, in favour of the motion.

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3. DEBATE ON MAJOR CARTWRIGHT'S PETITION. JUNE 1, 1813.

Lord BYRON rose and said:

My Lords,—he petition which I now hold for the purpose of presenting to
the House is one which, I humbly conceive, requires the particular
attention of your Lordships, inasmuch as, though signed but by a single
individual, it contains statements which (if not disproved) demand most
serious investigation. The grievance of which the petitioner complains
is neither selfish nor imaginary. It is not his own only, for it has
been and is still felt by numbers. No one without these walls, nor
indeed within, but may to-morrow be made liable to the same insult and
obstruction, in the discharge of an imperious duty for the restoration
of the true constitution of these realms, by petitioning for reform in
Parliament. The petitioner, my Lords, is a man whose long life has been
spent in one unceasing struggle for the liberty of the subject, against
that undue influence which has increased, is increasing, and ought to be
diminished; and whatever difference of opinion may exist as to his
political tenets, few will be found to question the integrity of his
intentions. Even now oppressed with years, and not exempt from the
infirmities attendant on his age, but still unimpaired in talent, and
unshaken in spirit--"frangas non flectes"--he has received many a
wound in the combat against corruption; and the new grievance, the fresh
insult, of which he complains, may inflict another scar, but no
dishonour. The petition is signed by John Cartwright; and it was in
behalf of the people and Parliament, in the lawful pursuit of that
reform in the representation which is the best service to be rendered
both to Parliament and people, that he encountered the wanton outrage
which forms the subject-matter of his petition to your Lordships. It is
couched in firm, yet respectful language--in the language of a man, not
regardless of what is due to himself, but at the same time, I trust,
equally mindful of the deference to be paid to this House. The
petitioner states, amongst other matter of equal, if not greater
importance, to all who are British in their feelings, as well as blood
and birth, that on the 21st January, 1813, at Huddersfield, himself and
six other persons, who, on hearing of his arrival, had waited on him
merely as a testimony of respect, were seized by a military and civil
force, and kept in close custody for several hours, subjected to gross
and abusive insinuation from the commanding officer, relative to the
character of the petitioner; that he (the petitioner) was finally
carried before a magistrate, and not released till an examination of his
papers proved that there was not only no just, but not even statutable
charge against him; and that, notwithstanding the promise and order from
the presiding magistrates of a copy of the warrant against your
petitioner, it was afterwards withheld on divers pretexts, and has never
until this hour been granted. The names and condition of the parties
will be found in the petition. To the other topics touched upon in the
petition I shall not now advert, from a wish not to encroach upon the
time of the House; but I do most sincerely call the attention of your
Lordships to its general contents--it is in the cause of the Parliament
and people that the rights of this venerable freeman have been violated,
and it is, in my opinion, the highest mark of respect that could be paid
to the House, that to your justice, rather than by appeal to any
inferior court, he now commits himself. Whatever may be the fate of his
remonstrance, it is some satisfaction to me, though mixed with regret
for the occasion, that I have this opportunity of publicly stating the
obstruction to which the subject is liable, in the prosecution of the
most lawful and imperious of his duties, the obtaining by petition
reform in Parliament. I have shortly stated his complaint; the
petitioner has more fully expressed it. Your Lordships will, I hope,
adopt some measure fully to protect and redress him, and not him alone,
but the whole body of the people, insulted and aggrieved in his person,
by the interposition of an abused civil and unlawful military force
between them and their right of petition to their own representatives.

His Lordship then presented the petition from Major Cartwright, which
was read, complaining of the circumstances at Huddersfield, and of
interruptions given to the right of petitioning in several places in the
northern parts of the kingdom, and which his Lordship moved should be
laid on the table.

Several lords having spoken on the question,
Lord BYRON replied, that he had, from motives of duty, presented this petition to their Lordships' consideration. The noble Earl had contended that it was not a petition, but a speech; and that, as it contained no prayer, it should not be received. What was the necessity of a prayer? If that word were to be used in its proper sense, their Lordships could not expect that any man should pray to others. He had only to say, that the petition, though in some parts expressed strongly perhaps, did not contain any improper mode of address, but was couched in respectful language towards their Lordships; he should therefore trust their Lordships would allow the petition to be received.

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APPENDIX III.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB AND BYRON.

1. The following letter is one of the first which Lady Caroline wrote to Byron, in the spring of 1812:

"The Rose Lord Byron gave Lady Caroline Lamb died in despight of every effort made to save it; probably from regret at its fallen Fortunes. Hume, at least, who is no great believer in most things, says that many more die of broken hearts than is supposed. When Lady Caroline returns from Brocket Hall, she will dispatch the _Cabinet Maker_ to Lord Biron,
with the Flower she wishes most of all others to resemble, as, however
deficient its beauty and even use, it has a noble and aspiring mind,
and, having once beheld in its full lustre the bright and unclouded sun
that for one moment condescended to shine upon it, never while it exists
could it think any lower object worthy of its worship and Admiration.
Yet the sunflower was punished for its temerity; but its fate is more to
be envied than that of many less proud flowers. It is still permitted to
gaze, though at the humblest distance, on him who is superior to every
other, and, though in this cold foggy atmosphere it meets no doubt with
many disappointments, and though it never could, never will, have reason
to boast of any peculiar mark of condescension or attention from the
bright star to whom it pays constant homage, yet to behold it sometimes,
to see it gazed at, to hear it admired, will repay all. She hopes,
therefore, when brought by the little Page, it will be graciously
received without any more Taunts and cuts about 'Love of what is New.'

"Lady Caroline does not plead guilty to this most unkind charge, at
least no further than is laudable, for that which is rare and is
distinguished and singular ought to be more prized and sought after than
what is commonplace and disagreeable. How can the other accusation, of
being easily pleased, agree with this? The very circumstance of seeking
out that which is of high value shows at least a mind not readily
satisfied. But to attempt excuses for faults would be impossible with
Lady Caroline. They have so long been rooted in a soil suited to their
growth that a far less penetrating eye than Lord Byron's might perceive
them--even on the shortest acquaintance. There is not one, however,
though long indulged, that shall not be instantly got rid of, if L'd
Byron thinks it worth while to name them. The reproof and abuse of some, however severe and just, may be valued more than the easily gained encomiums of the rest of the world.

"Miss Mercer, were she here, would join with Lady Caroline in a last request during their absence, that, besides not forgetting his new acquaintances, he would eat and drink like an English man till their return. The lines upon the only dog ever loved by L'd Byron are beautiful. What wrong then, that, having such proof of the faith and friendship of this animal, L'd Byron should censure the whole race by the following unjust remarks:

"Perchance my dog will whine in vain
Till fed by stranger hands;
But long e'er I come back again,
He'd tear me where he stands.'

"March 27th, 1812, _Good Friday_."

* * * * *

2. The following are the lines written by Lady Caroline when she burned Byron in effigy at Brocket Hall (endorsed, in Mrs. Leigh's handwriting, "December, 1812"):
"ADDRESS SPOKEN BY THE PAGE AT BROCKET HALL, BEFORE THE BONFIRE.

"Is this Guy Faux you burn in effigy?

Why bring the Traitor here? What is Guy Faux to me?

Guy Faux betrayed his country, and his laws.

England revenged the wrong; his was a public cause.

But I have private cause to raise this flame.

Burn also those, and be their fate the same.

[ _Puts the Basket in the fire under the figure_.

See here are locks and braids of coloured hair

Worn oft by me, to make the people stare;

Rouge, feathers, flowers, and all those tawdry things,

Besides those Pictures, letters, chains, and rings--

All made to lure the mind and please the eye,

And fill the heart with pride and vanity--

Burn, fire, burn; these glittering toys destroy.

While thus we hail the blaze with throats of joy.

Burn, fire, burn, while wondering Boys exclaim,

And gold and trinkets glitter in the flame.

Ah! look not thus on me, so grave, so sad;

Shake not your heads, nor say the Lady's mad.

Judge not of others, for there is but one

To whom the heart and feelings can be known.

Upon my youthful faults few censures cast.

Look to the future--and forgive the past.

London, farewell; vain world, vain life, adieu!

Take the last tears I e'er shall shed for you.
Young tho’ I seem, I leave the world for ever,
Never to enter it again--no, never--never!”

* * * * *

3. The following letter was apparently written in the summer of 1812:

“You have been very generous and kind if you have not betray’d me, and I
do _not think you have_. My remaining in Town and seeing you thus is
sacrificing the last chance I have left. I expose myself to every eye,
to every unkind observation. You think me weak, and selfish; you think I
do not struggle to withstand my own feelings, but indeed it is exacting
more than human nature can bear, and when I came out last night, which
was of itself an effort, and when I heard your name announced, the
moment after I saw nothing more, but seemed in a dream. Miss Berry’s
very loud laugh and penetrating eyes did not restore me. She, however,
[w]as good natur’d and remain’d near me, and Mr. Moor (_sic_), though he
really does not approve one feeling I have, had kindness of heart to
stay near me. Otherwise I felt so ill I could not have struggled longer.
Lady Cahir said, ‘You are ill; shall we go away?’ which I [was] very
glad to accept; but we could not get through, and so I fear it caus’d
you pain to see me intrude again. I sent a groom to Holmes twice
yesterday morning, to prevent his going to you, or giving you a letter
full of flippant jokes, written in one moment of gaiety, which is quite
gone since. I am so afraid he has been to you; if so, I entreat you to
forgive it, and to do just what you think right about the Picture.
If you do not approve this, give it Murray, and pray do not be angry
with me.

"Do not marry yet, or, if you do, let me know it first. I shall not
suffer, if she you chuse be worth you, but she will never love you as I
did. I am going to the Chapple Royal at St. James. Do you ever go there?
It begins at 1/2 past 5, and lasts till six; it is the most beautiful
singing I ever heard; the choristers sing 'By the waters of Babylon.'

"The Peers sit below; the Women quite apart. But for the evening service
very few go; I wonder that more do not;--it is really most beautiful,
for those who like that style of music. If you never heard it, go there
some day, but not when it is so cold as this. How very pale you are!
What a contrast with Moore! '_Mai io l'ho veduto piu bello che jeri, ma
e la belta della morte_,' or a statue of white marble so colourless, and
the dark brow and hair such a contrast. I never see you without wishing
to cry; if any painter could paint me that face as it is, I would give
them any thing I possess on earth,--not one has yet given the
countenance and complexion as it is. I only could, if I knew how to draw
and paint, because one must feel it to give it the real expression."

*****

4. The following letter was evidently written at the time when the
separation of Lord and Lady Byron was first rumoured:

"Melbourne House, Thursday.

"When so many wiser and better surround you, it is not for me to presume to hope that anything I can say will find favour in your sight; but yet I must venture to intrude upon you, even though your displeasure against me be all I gain for so doing. All others may have some object or interest in their's; I have none, but the wish to save you. Will you generously consent to what is for the peace of both parties? and will you act in a manner worthy of yourself? I am sure in the end you will consent. Even were everything now left to your own choice, you never could bring yourself to live with a person who felt desirous of being separated from you. I know you too well to believe this possible, and I am sure that a separation nobly and generously arranged by you will at once silence every report spread against either party. Believe me, Lord Byron, you will feel happier when you act thus, and all the world will approve your conduct, which I know is not a consideration with you, but still should in some measure be thought of. They tell me that you have accused me of having spread injurious reports against you. Had you the heart to say this? I do not greatly believe it; but it is affirmed and generally thought that you said so. You have often been unkind to me, but never as unkind as this.

"Those who are dear to you cannot feel more anxious for your happiness than I do. They may fear to offend you more than I ever will, but they
cannot be more ready to serve you. I wish to God that I could see one so superior in mind and talents and every grace and power that can fascinate and delight, happier. You might still be so, Lord Byron, if you would believe what some day you will find true. Have you ever thought for one moment seriously? Do you wish to heap such misery upon yourself that you will no longer be able to endure it? Return to virtue and happiness, for God's sake, whilst it is yet time. Oh, Lord Byron, let one who has loved you with a devotion almost profane find favour so far as to incline you to hear her. Sometimes from the mouth of a sinner advice may be received that a proud heart disdains to take from those who are upon an equality with themselves. If this is so, may it now, even now, have some little weight with you. Do not drive things to desperate extremes. Do not, even though you may have the power, use it to ill. God bless and sooth you, and preserve you. I cannot see all that I once admired and loved so well ruining himself and others without feeling it deeply. If what I have said is unwise, at least believe the motive was a kind one; and would to God it might avail.

"I cannot believe that you will not act generously in this instance.

"Yours, unhappily as it has proved for me,

"CAROLINE.

"Those of my family who have seen Lady Byron have assured me that, whatever her sorrow, she is the last in the world to reproach or speak
ill of you. She is most miserable. What regret will yours be evermore if false friends or resentment impel you to act harshly on this occasion? Whatever my feelings may be towards you or her, I have, with the most scrupulous care for both your sakes, avoided either calling, or sending, or interfering. To say that I have spread reports against either is, therefore, as unjust as it is utterly false. I fear no enquiry."

* * * * *

5. The following letter probably refers to the publication of the lines, "Fare thee Well," in April, 1816:

"At a moment of such deep agony, and I may add shame--when utterly disgraced, judge, Byron, what my feelings must be at Murray's shewing me some beautiful verses of yours. I do implore you for God sake not to publish them. Could I have seen you one moment, I would explain why. I have only time to add that, however those who surround you may make you disbelieve it, you will draw ruin on your own head and hers if at this moment you shew these. I know not from what quarter the report originates. You accused _me_, and falsely; but if you could hear all that is said at this moment, you would believe one, who, though your enemy, though for ever alienated from you, though resolved never more, whilst she lives, to see or speak to or forgive you, yet would perhaps die to save you.

"Byron, hear me. My own misery I have scarce once thought of. What is
the loss of one like me to the world? But when I see such as you are
ruined for ever, and utterly insensible of it, I must [speak out]. Of
course, I cannot say to Murray what I think of those verses, but to you,
to you alone, I will say I think they will prove your ruin."

* * * * *

6. In 1824, after the death of Byron, and after the publication of
Captain Medwin's 'Recollections of Lord Byron', Lady Caroline Lamb sent
a letter to Mr. Henry Colburn, the publisher, enclosing one to be given
to Medwin and published. Both are given here, and the latter should be
read in substantiation or correction of what is stated in the notes. The
letter is printed 'verbatim et literati'.

(1) Lady Caroline Lamb to Henry Colburn.

"[November (?), 1824.]

"MY DEAR SIR,—Walter who takes this will explain my wishes. Will you
enable him to deliver my letter to Captain Medwin, and will you publish
it? you are to give him ten pound for it; I will settle it with you. I
am on my death bed, do not fail to obey my wishes. I send you my
journals but do not publish them until I am dead.

"Yours,
"SIR,—I hope you will excuse my intruding upon your time, with the most intense interest I have just finished your book which does you credit as to the manner in which it is executed and after the momentary pain in part which it excites in many a bosom, will live in despight of censure—and be gratefully accepted by the Public as long as Lord Byron's name is remembered—yet as you have left to one who adored him a bitter legacy, and as I feel secure the lines 'remember thee--thou false to him thou fiend to me'—were his—and as I have been very ill & am not likely to trouble any one much longer—you will I am sure grant me one favour—let me to you at least confide the truth of the past—you owe it to me—you will not I know refuse me.

"It was when the first Child Harold came out upon Lord Byron's return from Greece that I first had the misfortune to be acquainted with him—at that time I was the happiest and gayest of human beings I do
believe without exception—_I had married for love_ and love the most
romantic and ardent—my husband and I were so fond of each other that
false as I too soon proved he never would part with me. Devonshire House
was at that time closed from my Uncle’s death for one year—at Melbourne
House where I lived the Waltzes and Quadrilles were being daily
practised, Lady Jersey, Lady Cowper, the Duke of Devonshire, Miss
Milbanke and a number of foreigners coming there to learn—You may
imagine what forty or fifty people dancing from 12 in the morning until
near dinner time all young gay and noisy were—in the evenings we either
had opposition suppers or went out to Balls and routs—such was the life
I then led when Moore and Rogers introduced Lord Byron to me—What you
say of his falling upstairs and of Miss Milbanke is all true. Lord Byron
3 days after this brought me a Rose and Carnation and used the very
words I mentioned in Glenarvon—with a sort of half sarcastic
smile—saying, ‘Your Ladyship I am told likes all that is new and rare
for a moment’—I have them still, and the woman who through many a trial
has kept these relics with the romance of former ages—deserves not that
you should speak of her as you do. Byron never never could say I had no
heart. He never could say, either, that I had not loved my husband. In
his letters to me he is perpetually telling me I love him the best of
the two; and my only charm, believe me, in his eyes was, that I was
innocent, affectionate, and enthusiastic.

Recall those words, and let me not go down with your book as heartless.
Tell the truth; it is bad enough; but not what is worse. It makes me so
nervous to write that I must stop—will it tire you too much if I
continue? I was not a woman of the world. Had I been one of that sort,
why would he have devoted nine entire months almost entirely to my
society; have written perhaps ten times in a day; and lastly have
press'd me to leave all and go with him--and this at the very moment
when he was made an Idol of, and when, as he and you justly observe, I
had few personal attractions. Indeed, indeed I tell the truth. Byron did
not affect--but he loved me as never woman was loved. I have had one of
his letters copied in the stone press for you; one just before we
parted. See if it looks like a mere lesson. Besides, he was then very
good, to what he grew afterwards; & his health being delicate, he liked
to read with me & stay with me out of the crowd. Not but what we went
about everywhere together, and were at last invited always as if we had
been married--It was a strange scene--but it was not vanity misled me. I
grew to love him better than virtue, Religion--all prospects here. He
broke my heart, & still I love him--witness the agony I experienced at
his death & the tears your book has cost me. Yet, sir, allow me to say,
although you have unintentionally given me pain, I had rather have
experienced it than not have read your book. Parts of it are beautiful;
and I can vouch for the truth of much, as I read his own Memoirs before
Murray burnt them. Keep Lord Byron's letter to me (I have the original)
& some day add a word or two to your work from his own words, not to let
every one think I am heartless. The cause of my leaving Lord Byron was
this; my dearest Mother, now dead, grew so terrified about us--that upon
hearing a false report that we were gone off together she was taken
dangerously ill & broke a blood vessel. Byron would not believe it, but
it was true. When he was convinced, we parted. I went to Ireland, &
remained there 3 months. He wrote, every day, long kind entertaining
letters; it is these he asked Murray to look out, and extract from, when
he published the journal; but I would not part with them--I have them
now--they would only burn them, & nothing of his should be burnt. At
Dublin, God knows why, he wrote me the cruel letter part of which he
acknowledges in Glenarvon (the 9th of November, 1812)--He knew it would
destroy my mind and all else--it did so--Lady Oxford was no doubt the
instigator. What will not a woman do to get rid of a rival? She knew
that he still loved me--I need not tire you with every particular. I was
brought to England a mere wreck; & in due time, Lady Melbourne & my
mother being seriously alarmed for me, brought me to town, and allowed
me to see Lord Byron. Our meeting was not what he insinuates--he asked
me to forgive him; he looked sorry for me; he cried. I adored him still,
but I felt as passionless as the dead may feel.--Would I had died
there!--I should have died pitied, & still loved by him, & with the
sympathy of all. I even should have pardoned myself--so deeply had I
suffered. But, unhappily, we continued occasionally to meet. Lord Byron
liked others, I only him--The scene at Lady Heathcote's is nearly
true--he had made me swear I was never to Waltz. Lady Heathcote said,
Come, Lady Caroline, you must begin, & I bitterly answered--oh yes! I am
in a merry humour. I did so--but whispered to Lord Byron 'I conclude I
may waltz _now_,' and he answered sarcastically, 'with every body in
turn--you always did it better than any one. I shall have a pleasure in
seeing you.'--I did so you may judge with what feelings. After this,
feeling ill, I went into a small inner room where supper was prepared;
Lord Byron & Lady Rancliffe entered after; seeing me, he said, 'I have
been admiring your dexterity.' I clasped a knife, not intending
anything. 'Do, my dear,' he said. 'But if you mean to act a Roman's
part, mind which way you strike with your knife--be it at your own
heart, not mine--you have struck there already.' 'Byron,' I said, and
ran away with the knife. I never stabbed myself. It is false. Lady
Rancliffe & Tankerville screamed and said I would; people pulled to get it from me; I was terrified; my hand got cut, & the blood came over my gown. I know not what happened after--but this is the very truth. After this, long after, Ld. Byron abused by every one, made the theme of every one's horror, yet pitied me enough to come & see me; and still, in spite of every one, William Lamb had the generosity to retain me. I never held my head up after--never could. It was in all the papers, and put not truly. It is true I burnt Lord Byron in Effigy, & his book, ring & chain. It is true I went to see him as a Carman, after all that! But it is also true, that, the last time we parted for ever, as he pressed his lips on mine (it was in the Albany) he said 'poor Caro, if every one hates me, you, I see, will never change--No, not with ill usage!' & I said, 'yes, I _am_ changed, & shall come near you no more.'--For then he showed me letters, & told me things I cannot repeat, & all my attachment went. This was our last parting scene--well I remember it. It had an effect upon me not to be conceived--3 years I had _worshipped_ him.

"Shortly after he married, once, Lady Melbourne took me to see his Wife in Piccadilly. It was a cruel request, but Lord Byron himself made it. It is to this wedding visit he alludes. Mrs. Leigh, myself, Lady Melbourne, Lady Noel, & Lady Byron, were in the room. I never looked up. Annabella was very cold to me. Lord Byron came in & seemed agitated--his hand was cold, but he seemed kind. This was the last time upon this earth I ever met him. Soon after, the battle of Waterloo took place. My Brother was wounded, & I went to Brussels. I had one letter while at Paris from Ld. Byron; a jesting one; hoping I was as happy with the regiment as he was with his 'Wife Bell.' When I returned, the parting
between them occurred--& my page affair--& Glenarvon. I wrote it in a month under circumstances would surprise every body, but which I am not at liberty to mention. Besides, it has nothing to do with your book and would only tire you. Previous to this, I once met, & once only, Lady Byron. It was just after the separation occurred. She was so altered I could hardly know her--she appeared heart broken. What she then said to me _I may not repeat_--she was however sent away, she did not go willingly.

"She accused me of knowing every thing, & reproached me for not having stopped the marriage. How could I! She had been shewn my letters, and every one else. It is utterly false that she ever opened the desk--the nurse had nothing to do with the separation--

"From that hour, Lady Byron & I met no more, & it was after this, that, indignant & miserable, I wrote Glenarvon. Lady B. was more angry at it than he was--From that time, I put the whole as much as I could from my mind. Ld. Byron never once wrote to me--and always spoke of me with contempt. I was taken ill in March this year--Mrs. Russell Hunter & a nurse sat up with me. In the middle of the night I fancied I saw Ld. Byron--I screamed, jumped out of bed & desired them to save me from him. He looked horrible, & ground his teeth at me; he did not speak; his hair was straight; he was fatter than when I knew him, & not near so handsome. I felt convinced I was to die. This dream took possession of my mind. I had not dreamed of him since we had parted. It was, besides, like no other dream except one of my Mother that I ever had. I am glad to think it occurred before his death as I never did & hope I never
shall see a Ghost. I have even avoided enquiring about the exact day for fear I should believe it--it made enough impression as it was. I told William, and my Brother & Murray at the time. Judge what my horror was, as well as grief, when, long after, the news came of his death, it was conveyed to me in two or 3 words--'Caroline, behave properly, I know it will shock you--Lord Byron is dead'--This letter I received when laughing at Brockett Hall. Its effect or some other cause produced a fever from which I never yet have recovered--It was also singular that the first day I could go out in an open Carriage, as I was slowly driving up the hill here,--Lord Byron's Hearse was at that moment passing under these very walls, and rested at Welwyn. William Lamb, who was riding on before me, met the procession at the Turnpike, & asked whose funeral it was. He was very much affected and shocked--I of course was not told; but, as I kept continually asking where & when he was to be buried, & had read in the papers it was to be at Westminster Abbey, I heard it too soon, & it made me very ill again."

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APPENDIX IV.

LETTERS OF BERNARD BARTON.

The two following letters were written to Byron in 1814, by Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet (see Letter 238, [Foot]note 1):--
"Woodbridge, Suffolk, Apl. 14th, 1814.

"MY LORD,—I received this morning the reply with which your Lordship
honour'd my last, and now avail myself of the permission you have so
kindly granted to state as briefly as I can the circumstances which have
induced me to make this application, and the extent of my wishes
respecting your Lordship's interference.

"Eight years since, I went into business in this place as a Merchant. I
was then just of age, and, shortly after, married. The business in which
I was engaged was of a very precarious Nature; and after vainly trying
for 4 Years to make the best of it, I was compell'd to relinquish it
altogether. Just then, to add to my distress, I lost my best, my
firmest, my tenderest friend--the only being for whose sake I ever
desir'd wealth, and the only one who could have cheer'd the gloom of
Poverty. My Capital being a borrow'd one, I returned it as far as I
could to the person who had lent it. Since that time, my Lord, I have

which I have to meet every expence, and still to maintain a respectable
appearance in a Place where I have resided under different
circumstances. Had I enter'd my present Situation free of all debts, I
should have made it an inviolable rule to have limited my expenditure to
my Income; but beginning in debt, compell'd by peculiar circumstances to
mix with those much superior to myself, I have gone on till I find it
quite impossible to go on any longer, and I am compelled to seek for
some asylum where, by rigid frugality and indefatigable exertion, I may
free myself from my present humiliating embarrassments; but while I am
here the thing seems impracticable. Your Lordship will naturally inquire
why I do not avail myself of the influence of those friends by whom I am
known. As you have, my Lord, done me the honour to encourage me to state
my position frankly, I will, without hesitation, inform you. I am,
nominally at least, a Quaker. The persons to whom I should, in my
present difficulties, naturally look for assistance are among the most
respectable of that body; but my attachments to literary and
metaphysical studies, and a line of conduct not compatible with the
strictness of Quaker discipline, have, I am afraid, brought me into
disrepute with those to whom I should otherwise have confided my
situation. Were I to disclose it, it would only be consider’d as a fit
judgment on me for my scepticism and infidelity.

"This, my Lord, is a brief but faithful statement of my present
situation; it is, as I before told your Lordship, in every respect an
unteachable one. I must relinquish it, and throw myself an outcast on
society. _Can you, will you_, my Lord, exert _your influence_ to save me
from irretrievable ruin? Can you, my Lord, in any possible way, afford
employment to me? Can you take me into your service--a young man, not
totally destitute of talents, eager to exert them, and willing to do
anything or be anything in his power? If you can, my Lord, I will
promise to serve you not servilely, but faithfully in any manner you
shall point out. Do not, I beg of you, my Lord, refuse my application
the moment you peruse it. The mouse, you know, once was able to show its
gratitude to the lion; and it may be in my power, if your Lordship will
but give me the opportunity, to evince my deep gratitude for any
kindness you may show me, not by _words_, but _deeds_. Be assur’d you
will not have cause to repent any interest you have taken or may take in
my concerns. For the civility you shewed me on a former occasion, my
Lord, I felt, as I ought, much indebted; but infinitely more for the
generosity of feeling and soundness of judgment which dictated the
letter you then did me the honour to address to me. Ever since then I
have entertain’d the highest opinion both of your head and your heart.
Is it, then, strange, my Lord, that, surrounded by difficulties,
perplexed at every step I take, I should look up to your Lordship for
_advice_, and, if possible, for assistance? Be the consequences what
they may, I have ventur’d on the presumption of doing so. If I have
taken too great a liberty, I beg you, my Lord, to forgive me, and let
the tale of my perplexities and my misfortunes, my impertinence and its
punishment, be alike forgotten; it can, at any rate, only give your
Lordship the trouble of reading a letter. If, on the other hand, your
Lordship can in any way realize the hopes I have long enthusiastically
cherished, why, the ‘blessing of him who is ready to perish shall fall
on you.’ Be the event what it may, '_Crede Byron_' is, your Lordship
sees, my motto.

"I am, my Lord,

"Your Lordship’s very obt. servt,
"B. BARTON.

"P. S.--I shall wait with no common anxiety to see whether your Lordship
will so far forgive this intrusion as to answer it."

* * * * *

2.

"Woodbridge, April 15th, 1814.

"My Lord,--I should be truly sorry if my importunity should defeat its
own purpose, and, instead of interesting your Lordship on my behalf,
should make you regret the indulgence you have already granted me; but I
really feel as if I had staked every remaining hope on the cast of the
die, and, therefore, before it is thrown, I wish, my Lord, to make one
or two more observations.

"Although in my last, which, as I before observed, was hastily written,
I express'd my wish to be allow'd, _in some capacity or other_, to serve
your Lordship, yet I am not so foolish as to think of fastening myself
wish, was an idea that your Lordship might go abroad before long; and,
added to my own wish to see something of the world on which fate has
thrown me, it occurred to me at the moment, that on such an occasion the
services of one who is warmly attach'd to you, perhaps romantically, for I know nothing of your Lordship but by your writings, might be acceptable.

"But, my Lord, although I have thus alluded to what would most gratify my own wishes, it was not intended to dictate to you the manner in which you might promote my interest. If your Lordship's superior judgment and greater knowledge of the world can suggest anything else for my consideration, it shall receive every attention.

"One more remark, my Lord, and I have done. I am very sensible that in this application to your Lordship I have been guilty of what would be term'd by some a piece of great impertinence, and by most an act of consummate folly. Will you allow me, my Lord, frankly to state to you the arguments on which my resolutions were founded?

"I have not address'd you, my Lord, on the impulse of the moment, dictated by desperation, and adopted without reflection. No, my Lord; I had, or, at least, I thought I had, better reasons. I remembered that you had once condescended to address me _'candidly, not critically,'_ that you had even kindly interested yourself on my behalf. I thought that, amid all the keenness and poignancy of your habitual feelings, as powerfully pourtrayed in your writings, I could discern the workings of a heart truly noble. I imagin'd that what to a superficial observer appear'd only the overflowings of misanthropy, were, in reality, the effusions of deep sensibility. I convinc'd myself, by repeated perusals
of your different productions, that though disappointments the most painful, and sensations the most acute, might have stung your heart to its very core, it had yet many feelings of the most exalted kind. From these I hoped everything. Those hopes may be disappointed, but the opinions which gave rise to them have not been hastily form'd, nor will any selfish feeling of mortification be able to alter them.

"I do not, my Lord, intend the above as any idle complimentary apology for what I have done. I am not, God knows, just now in a complimentary mood; and if I were, you, my Lord, are one of the last persons on earth on whom I should be tempted to play off such trash as idle panegyrics. I esteem you, my Lord, not merely for your rank, still less for your personal qualities. The former I respect as I ought; of the latter I know nothing. But I feel something more than mere respect for your genius and your talents; and from your past conduct towards myself I cannot be insensible to your kindness. For these reasons, my Lord, I acted as I have done. I before told you that I consider'd you _no common character_, and I think your Lordship will admit that I have not treated you as such.

"Permit me once more, my Lord, to take my leave by assuring you that I am,

"With the truest esteem,

"Your very obt. and humble servt.,

"BERNARD BARTON."
"P. S.--I hope your Lordship will find no difficulty in making out this scrawl; but really, not being able to mend my pen, I am forced to write with it backwards. When I have the good luck to find my pen-knife, I will endeavour to furnish myself with a better tool."

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Part of the draft of Byron's answer to these two letters is in existence, and runs as follows:

"Albany, April 16th, 1814.

"Sir,--All offence is out of the question. My principal regret is that it is not in my power to be of service. My own plans are very unsettled, and at present, from a variety of circumstances, embarrassed, and, even were it otherwise, I should be both to offer anything like dependence to one, who, from education and acquirements, must doubly feel sensible of such a situation, however I might be disposed to render it tolerable.

"As an adviser I am rather qualified to point out what should be avoided than what may be pursued, for my own life has been but a series of imprudences and conflicts of all descriptions. From these I have only acquired experience; if repentance were added, perhaps it might be all the better, since I do not find the former of much avail without it."
APPENDIX V.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH WALTER SCOTT.

The following is Walter Scott's reply to Byron's letter of July 6, 1812:

"Abbotsford, near Melrose, 16th July, 1812.

"MY LORD,—I am much indebted to your Lordship for your kind and friendly letter; and much gratified by the Prince Regent's good opinion of my literary attempts. I know so little of courts or princes, that any success I may have had in hitting off the Stuarts is, I am afraid, owing to a little old Jacobite leaven which I sucked in with the numerous traditionary tales that amused my infancy. It is a fortunate thing for the Prince himself that he has a literary turn, since nothing can so effectually relieve the ennui of state, and the anxieties of power.

"I hope your Lordship intends to give us more of 'Childe Harold'. I was delighted that my friend Jeffrey—for such, in despite of many a feud, literary and political, I always esteem him—has made so handsomely the 'amende honorable' for not having discovered in the bud the merits of
the flower; and I am happy to understand that the retractation so
doriously made was received with equal liberality. These circumstances
may perhaps some day lead you to revisit Scotland, which has a maternal
claim upon you, and I need not say what pleasure I should have in
returning my personal thanks for the honour you have done me. I am
labouring here to contradict an old proverb, and make a silk purse out
of a sow's ear, namely, to convert a bare 'haugh' and 'brae', of about
100 acres, into a comfortable farm. Now, although I am living in a
gardener's hut, and although the adjacent ruins of Melrose have little
tempt one who has seen those of Athens, yet, should you take a tour
which is so fashionable at this season, I should be very happy to have
an opportunity of introducing you to anything remarkable in my
fatherland. My neighbour, Lord Somerville, would, I am sure, readily
supply the accommodations which I want, unless you prefer a couch in a
closet, which is the utmost hospitality I have at present to offer. The
fair, or shall I say the sage, Apreece that was, Lady Davy that is, is
soon to show us how much science she leads captive in Sir Humphrey; so
your Lordship sees, as the citizen's wife says in the farce,
'Thread-needle Street has some charms,' since they procure us such
celebrated visitants. As for me, I would rather cross-question your
Lordship about the outside of Parnassus, than learn the nature of the
contents of all the other mountains in the world. Pray, when under 'its
cloudy canopy' did you hear anything of the celebrated Pegasus? Some say
he has been brought off with other curiosities to Britain, and now
covers at Tattersal's. I would fain have a cross from him out of my
little moss-trooper's Galloway, and I think your Lordship can tell one
how to set about it, as I recognise his true paces in the high-mettled
description of Ali Pacha's military court.
"A wise man said--or, if not, I, who am no wise man, now say--that there is no surer mark of regard than when your correspondent ventures to write nonsense to you. Having, therefore, like Dogberry, bestowed all my tediousness upon your Lordship, you are to conclude that I have given you a convincing proof that I am very much

"Your Lordship's obliged and very faithful servant,

"WALTER SCOTT."

* * * * *

APPENDIX VI.

"THE GIANT AND THE DWARF."

The reply of Leigh Hunt's friends to Moore's squib, "The 'Living Dog' and the 'Dead Lion'" (see Letter 291, p. 205, note 1 [Footnote 2]), ran as follows:

"THE GIANT AND THE DWARF."
"Humbly inscribed to T. Pidcock, Esq., of Exeter 'Change.

"A Giant that once of a Dwarf made a friend,
(And their friendship the Dwarf took care shouldn't be hid),
Would now and then, out of his glooms, condescend
To laugh at his antics,--as every one did.

"This Dwarf-an extremely diminutive Dwarf,--
In birth unlike G--y, though his pride was as big,
Had been taken, when young, from the bogs of Clontarf,
And though born quite a Helot, had grown up a Whig.

"He wrote little verses--and sung them withal,
And the Giant's dark visions they sometimes could charm,
Like the voice of the lute which had pow'r over Saul,
And the song which could Hell and its legions disarm.

"The Giant was grateful, and offered him gold,
But the Dwarf was indignant, and spurn'd at the offer:
'No, never!' he cried, 'shall _my_ friendship be sold
For the sordid contents of another man's coffer!

"What would Dwarfland, and Ireland, and every land say?
To what would so shocking a thing be ascribed?
_My Lady_ would think that I was in your pay,
And the _Quarterly_ say that I must have been bribed.

"You see how I'm puzzled; I don't say it wouldn't be pleasant just now to have just that amount:
But to take it in gold or in bank-notes!—I couldn't, I _wouldn't_ accept it—on any account.

"But couldn't you just write your Autobiography, all fearless and personal, bitter and stinging?
Sure _that_ with a few famous heads in lithography, would bring me far more than my Songs or my singing.

"You know what I did for poor Sheridan's Life; your's is sure of my very best superintendence;
I'll expunge what might point at your sister or wife,—
And I'll thus keep my priceless, unbought independence!'

"The Giant smiled grimly: he couldn't quite see what difference there was on the face of the earth,
Between the Dwarf's taking the money in fee, and his taking the same thing in that money's worth.

"But to please him he wrote; and the business was done: The Dwarf went immediately off to 'the Row';
And ere the next night had pass'd over the sun,
APPENDIX VII.

ATTACKS UPON BYRON IN THE NEWSPAPERS FOR FEBRUARY AND MARCH, 1814.

I. 'THE COURIER'.

(1) LORD BYRON ('The Courier', February 1, 1814).

A new Poem has just been published by the above Nobleman, and the 'Morning Chronicle' of to-day has favoured its readers with his Lordship's Dedication of it to THOMAS MOORE, Esq., in what that paper calls "an elegant eulogium." If the elegance of an eulogium consist in its extravagance, the 'Chronicle's' epithet is well chosen. But our purpose is not with the Dedication, nor the main Poem, 'The Corsair', but with one of the pieces called Poems, published at the end of the 'Corsair'. Nearly two years ago (in March, 1812), when the REGENT was attacked with a bitterness and rancour that disgusted the whole country; when attempts were made day after day to wound every feeling of the
heart; there appeared in the 'Morning Chronicle' an anonymous 'Address
to a Young Lady weeping', upon which we remarked at the time ('Courier
of March' 7, 1812), considering it as tending to make the Princess
CHARLOTTE of WALES view the PRINCE REGENT her father as an object of
suspicion and disgrace. Few of our readers have forgotten the disgust
which this address excited. The author of it, however, unwilling that it
should sleep in the oblivion to which it had been consigned with the
other trash of that day, has republished it, and, placed the first of
what are called Poems at the end of this newly published work the
Corsair, we find this very address:

"Weep daughter of a _royal_ line,
A Sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;"

_Lord Byron thus avows himself to be the Author._

To be sure the Prince has been extremely _disgraced_ by the policy he
has adopted, and the events which that policy has produced; and the
realm has experienced _great decay_, no doubt, by the occurrences in the
Peninsula, the resistance of Russia, the rising in Germany, the
counter-revolution in Holland, and the defeat, disgrace, and shame of
BUONAPARTE. But, instead of continuing our observations, suppose we
parody his Lordship's Address, and apply it to February 1814:

TO A YOUNG LADY.
February, 1814.

"View! daughter of a royal line,
A father's fame, a realm's renown:
Ah! happy that that realm is thine,
And that its father is thine own!

"View, and exulting view, thy fate,
Which dooms thee o'er these blissful Isles
To reign, (but distant be the date!)
And, like thy Sire, deserve thy People's smiles."

* * * * *

(2) 'The Courier', February 2, 1814.

Lord BYRON, as we stated yesterday, has discovered and promulgated to
the world, in eight lines of choice doggrel, that the realm of England
is in decay, that her Sovereign is disgraced, and that the situation of
the country is one which claims the tears of all good patriots. To this
very indubitable statement, the 'Morning Chronicle' of this day exhibits
an admirable companion picture, a _genuine_ letter from _Paris_, of the
25th ult.
"'The Courier' is indignant," says the 'Morning Chronicle', "at the
discovery now made by Lord BYRON, that he was the author of 'the
Verses to a Young Lady weeping,' which were inserted about a
twelvemonth ago in the 'Morning Chronicle'. The Editor thinks it
audacious in a hereditary Counsellor of the KING to admonish the 'Heir
Apparent'. It may not be 'courtly' but it is certainly 'British', and
we wish the kingdom had more such honest advisers."

The discovery of the author of the verses in question was not made by
Lord BYRON. How could it be? When he sent them to the 'Chronicle,
without' his name, he was just as well informed about the author as he
is now that he has published them in a pamphlet, 'with' his name. The
discovery was made to the public. They did not know in March, 1812, what
they know in February, 1814. They did not suspect then what they now
find avowed, that a Peer of the Realm was the Author of the attack upon
the PRINCE; of the attempt to induce the Princess CHARLOTTE of WALES to
think that her father was an object not of reverence and regard, but of
disgrace.

But we "think it audacious in an hereditary Counsellor of the KING to
admonish the Heir Apparent." No! we do not think it audacious: it is
constitutinal and proper. But are anonymous attacks the constitutional duty of a Peer of the Realm? Is that the mode in which he should admonish the Heir Apparent? If Lord BYRON had desired to admonish the PRINCE, his course was open, plain, and known— he could have demanded an audience of the PRINCE; or, he could have given his admonition in Parliament. But to level such an attack— "Kill men i' the dark!" This, however, is called by the 'Chronicle' "certainly 'British,','" though it might not be 'courtly', and a strong wish is expressed that "the country had many more such honest advisers" or admonishers.

--Admonishers indeed! A pretty definition of admonition this, which consists not in giving advice, but in imputing blame, not in openly proffering counsel, but in secretly pointing censure.

* * * * *

(4) BYRONIANA NO. I ('The Courier', February 5, 1814).

The Lord BYRON has assumed such a poetico-political and such a politico-poetical air and authority, that in our double capacity of men of letters and politicians, he forces himself upon our recollection. We say 'recollection' for reasons which will bye and by, be obvious to our readers, and will lead them to wonder why this young Lord, whose greatest talent it is to forget, and whose best praise it would be to be forgotten, should be such an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. SAM ROGERS'S 'Pleasures of Memory'.
The most virulent satirists have ever been the most nauseous panegyrists, and they are for the most part as offensive by the praise as by the abuse which they scatter.

His Lordship does not degenerate from the character of those worthy persons, his poetical ancestors:

"The mob of Gentlemen who wrote with ease"

who of all authors dealt the most largely in the alternation of flattery and filth. He is the severest satirical and the civilest dedicator of our day; and what completes his reputation for candour, good feeling, and honesty, is that the persons whom he most reviles, and to whom he most fulsomely dedicates, are identically the same.

We shall indulge our readers with a few instances:--the most obvious case, because the most recent, is that of Mr. THOMAS MOORE, to whom he has dedicated, as we have already stated, his last pamphlet; but as we wish to proceed orderly, we shall postpone this and revert to some instances prior in order of time; we shall afterwards show that his Lordship strictly adheres to HORACE'S rule, in maintaining to the end the ill character in which he appeared at the outset. His Lordship's first dedication was to his guardian and relative, the Earl of CARLISLE. So late as the year 1808, we find that Lord BYRON was that noble Lord's "most affectionate kinsman, etc., etc."
Hear how dutifully and affectionately this ingenuous young man celebrates, in a few months after (1809), the praises of his friend:

"No Muse will cheer with renovating smile,
The _paralytic puling_ of CARLISLE;
What heterogeneous honours deck the Peer,
Lord, rhymester, petit-maitre, pamphleteer!
So _dull_ in youth, so _drivelling_ in age,
_His_ scenes alone had damn'd our sinking stage.
But Managers, for once, cried 'hold, enough,'
Nor drugg'd their audience with the tragic stuff.
Yet at their judgment let his Lordship laugh,
And case his volumes in _congenial calf_:
Yes! doff that covering where Morocco shines,
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant lines."

And in explanation of this affectionate effusion, our lordly dedicator subjoins a note to inform us that Lord CARLISLE'S works are splendidly bound, but that "the rest is all but leather and prunella," and a little after, in a very laborious note, in which he endeavours to defend his consistency, he out-Herods Herod, or to speak more forcibly, out-Byrons Byron, in the virulence of his invective against "his guardian and relative, to whom he dedicated his volume of puerile poems." Lord CARLISLE has, it seems, if we are to believe his word, for a series of years, beguiled "the public with reams of most orthodox, imperial
"What can ennoble knaves, or _fools_, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards."

"So says POPE," adds Lord BYRON. But POPE does not say so; the words
"_knaves and fools_," are not in POPE, but interpolated by Lord BYRON,
in favour of his "guardian and relative." Now, all this might have slept
in oblivion with Lord CARLISLE'S Dramas, and Lord BYRON'S Poems; but if
this young Gentleman chooses to erect himself into a spokesman of the
public opinion, it becomes worth while to consider to what notice he is
entitled; when he affects a tone of criticism and an air of candour, he
obliges us to enquire whether he has any just pretensions to either, and
when he arrogates the high functions of public praise and public
censure, we may fairly inquire what the praise or censure of such a
being is worth:

"Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind."

* * * * *

(5) BYRONIANA NO. 2 ('The Courier', February 8, 1814).

"_Crede Byron_" is Lord Byron's armorial motto; 'Trust Byron' is the
translation in the Red-book. We cannot but admire the ingenuity with
which his Lordship has converted the good faith of his ancestors into a sarcasm on his own duplicity.

"Could nothing but your chief reproach, Serve for a motto on your coach?"

Poor Lord Carlisle; he, no doubt, _trusted_ in his affectionate ward and kinsman, and we have seen how the affectionate ward and kinsman acknowledged, like _Macbeth_, "_the double trust_" only to abuse it. We shall now show how much another Noble Peer, Lord Holland, has to trust to from his _ingenuous_ dedicator.

Some time last year Lord Byron published a Poem, called _The Bride of Abydos_, which was inscribed to Lord Holland, "_with every sentiment of regard and respect by his gratefully obliged and sincere friend_., BYRON." "_Grateful and sincere!_" Alas! alas; 'tis not even so good as what Shakespeare, in contempt, calls "the sincerity of a cold heart."

"_Regard and respect!_" Hear with what regard, and how much respect, he treats this identical Lord Holland. In a tirade against literary assassins (a class of men which Lord Byron may well feel entitled to describe), we have these lines addressed to the Chief of the Critical Banditti:

"Known be thy name, unbounded be thy sway, Thy _Holland's_ banquets shall each toil repay, While grateful Britain yields the praise she owes,
"To Hollands hirelings, and to learnings foes!"

By which it appears, that

"--These wolves that still in darkness prowl;
This coward brood, which mangle, as their prey,
By hellish instinct, all that cross their way;"

are hired by Lord Holland, and it follows, very naturally, that the
"_hirelings_" of Lord Holland must be the "_foes of learning_"

This seems sufficiently caustic; but hear, how our dedicator proceeds:

"Illustrious Holland! hard would be his lot,
His hirelings mention’d, and himself forgot!
Blest be the banquets spread at Holland House,
Where Scotchmen feed, and Critics may carouse!
Long, long, beneath that hospitable roof
Shall _Grub-street_ dine, while duns are kept aloof,
And _grateful_ to the founder of the feast
Declare the Landlord can _translate_, at least!"

Lord Byron has, it seems, very accurate notions of _gratitude_, and the
word "_grateful_" in these lines, and in his dedication of 'The Bride of
Abydos', has a delightful similarity of meaning. His Lordship is pleased
to add, in an explanatory note to this passage, that Lord Holland's life
of Lopez de Vega, and his translated specimens of that author, are much
"BEPRAISED _by these disinterested guests_." Lord Byron well knows that
_bepraise_ and _bespatter_ are almost synonimous. There was but one
point on which he could have any hope of touching Lord Holland more
nearly; and of course he avails himself, in the most gentlemanly and
generous manner, of the golden opportunity.

When his club of literary assassins is assembled at Lord Holland's
table, Lord Byron informs us

"That lest when heated with the unusual grape,
Some _glowing_ thoughts should to the press escape,
And tinge with red the _female_ reader's cheek,
My LADY skims the _cream_ of each critique;
Breathes o'er each page _her purity_ of soul,
Reforms each error, and refines the whole."

Our readers will, no doubt, duly appreciate the manliness and generosity
of these lines; but, to encrease their admiration, we beg to remind them
that the next time Lord Byron addresses Lord Holland, it is to dedicate
to him, in all friendship, _sincerity_, and gratitude, the story of a
young, a pure, an amiable, and an affectionate bride!

The verses were bad enough, but what shall be said, after _such_ verses,
of the insult of _such_ a dedication!
We forbear to extract any further specimens of this peculiar vein of Lord Byron's satire; our "gorge rises at it," and we regret to have been obliged to say so much. And yet Lord Byron is, "with all regard and _respect_, Lord Holland's sincere and grateful friend!" It reminds us of the _respect_ which Lear's daughters shewed their father, and which the poor old king felt to be "worse than murder."

Some of our readers may perhaps observe that, personally, Lord Holland was not so ill-treated as Lord Carlisle; but let it be recollected, that Lord Holland is only an acquaintance, while Lord Carlisle was "guardian and relation," and had therefore _peculiar_ claims to the ingratitude of a mind like Lord Byron's.

_Trust Byron_, indeed! "him," as Hamlet says

"_Him_, I would trust as I would _adders_ fang'd."

* * * * *

(6) BYRONIANA No. 3 ('The Courier', February 12, 1814). "Crede Byron"--"Trust Byron."

We have seen Lord Byron's past and present opinions of two Noble Persons
whom he has honoured with his satire, and vilified by his dedications;
let us now compare the evidence which he has given at different and yet
not distant times, on the merits of his third _Dedicatee_, Mr. Thomas
Moore. To him Lord Byron has inscribed his last poem as a person "of
unshaken _public principle_, and the most undoubted and various talents;
as the firmest of Irish _patriots_, and the first of Irish bards."

Before we proceed to give Lord Byron's own judgment of this "firmest of
patriots," and this "best of poets," we must be allowed to say, that
though we consider Mr. Moore as a very good writer of songs, we should
very much complain of the poetical supremacy assigned to him, if Lord
Byron had not qualified it by calling him the first only of _Irish_
poets, and, as we suppose his Lordship must mean, of _Irish_ poets of
the _present_ day. The title may be, for aught we know to the contrary,
perfectly appropriate; but we cannot conceive how Mr. Moore comes by the
high-sounding name of "_patriot_;" what pretence there is for such an
appellation; by what effort of intellect or of courage he has placed his
name above those idols of Irish worship, Messrs. Scully, Connell, and
Dromgoole. Mr. Moore has written words to Irish tunes; so did Burns for
_his_ national airs; but who ever called Burns the "firmest of patriots"
on the score of his contributions to the _Scots Magazine_?

Mr. Moore, we are aware, has been accused of tuning his harpsichord to
the key-note of a faction, and of substituting, wherever he could, a
party spirit for the spirit of poetry: this, in the opinion of most
persons, would derogate even from his _poetical_ character, but we hope
that Lord Byron stands alone in considering that such a prostitution of
the muse entitles him to the name of patriot. Mr. Moore, it seems, is an
Irishman, and, we believe, a Roman Catholic; he appears to be, at least
in his poetry, no great friend to the connexion of Ireland with England.
One or two of his ditties are quoted in Ireland as _laments_ upon
certain worthy persons whose lives were terminated by the hand of the
law, in some of the unfortunate disturbances which have afflicted that
country; and one of his most admired songs begins with a stanza, which
we hope the Attorney-General will pardon us for quoting:

"Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her _faithless sons betrayed her_,
When Malachy wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from her proud Invader;
When her Kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red Branch Knights to danger,
Ere, the emerald gem of the western world,
_Was set in the crown of a Stranger_."

This will pretty well satisfy an English reader, that, if it be any
ingredient of patriotism to promote the affectionate connexion of the
English isles under the constitutional settlement made at the revolution
and at the union; and if the foregoing verses speak Mr. Moore's
sentiments, he has the same claims to the name of "_patriot_" that Lord
Byron has to the title of "trustworthy;" but if these and similar verses
do not speak Mr. Moore's political sentiments, then undoubtedly he has
never written, or at least published any thing relating to public
affairs; and Lord Byron has no kind of pretence for talking of the
political character and public principles of an humble individual who is
only known as the translator of Anacreon, and the writer, composer, and
singer of certain songs, which songs do not (_ex-hypothesi_) speak the
sentiments even of the writer himself.

But, hold--we had forgot one circumstance: Mr. Moore has been said to be
one of the authors of certain verses on the highest characters of the
State, which appeared from time to time in the 'Morning Chronicle', and
which were afterwards collected into a little volume; this may,
probably, be in Lord Byron's opinion, a clear title to the name of
_patriot_, in which case, his Lordship has also his claim to the same
honour; and, indeed that sagacious and loyal person, the Editor of the
'Morning Chronicle', seems to be of this notion; for when some one
ventured to express some, we think not unnatural, indignation at Lord
Byron's having been the author of some impudent doggrels, of the same
vein, which appeared anonymously in that paper reflecting on his Royal
Highness the Prince Regent, and her Royal Highness his daughter, the
Editor before-mentioned exclaimed--"What! and is not a Peer, an
hereditary councillor of the Crown, to be permitted to give his
constitutional advice?!!!"

If writing such vile and anonymous stuff as one sometimes reads in the
'Morning Chronicle' be the duty of a good subject, or the privilege of a
Peer of Parliament, then indeed we have nothing to object to Mr. Moore's
title of Patriot, or Lord Byron's open, honourable, manly, and
constitutional method of advising the Crown.
To return, however, to our main object, Lord Byron's _consistency_,
truth_, and trustworthiness.

His Lordship is pleased to call Mr. Moore not only Patriot and Poet, but
he acquaints us also, that "he is the delight alike of his readers and
his friends; the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own."

Let us now turn to Lord Byron's thrice-recorded opinion of "_this Poet
of all Circles_." We shall quote from a Poem which was republished,
improved, amended, and reconsidered, not more than _three_ years ago;
since which time Mr. Moore has published no Poem whatsoever; therefore,
Lord Byron's former and his present opinions are founded upon the same
data, and if they do not agree, it really is no fault of Mr. Moore's,
who has published nothing to alter them.

"Now look around and turn each _trifling_ page,
Survey the _precious_ works that please the age,
While Little's lyrics shine in hot-pressed twelves."

Here, by no great length of induction, we find Little's, _i.e._ Mr.
Thomas Moore's lyrics, are _trifling, "precious_ works," his Lordship
ironically adds, that "please times from which," as his Lordship says,
"taste and reason are passed away!"
Bye and by his Lordship delivers a still more plain opinion on Mr. Moore's fitness to be the "Poet of ALL circles."

"Who in soft guise, surrounded by a quire
Of virgins _melting_, not to _Vesta's_ fire,
With sparkling eyes, and cheek by _passion_ flush'd,
Strikes his wild lyre, while listening dames are hush'd?
'Tis Little, young Catullus of his day,
As sweet, but as immoral, in his lay;
Griev'd to condemn, the Muse must yet be just,
Nor spare melodious _advocates of lust!_"

"_O calum et terra!_" as _Lingo_ says. What! this purest of Patriots is _immoral?_ What! "the Poet of _all_ circles" is "the advocate of lust"?
Monstrous! But who can doubt Byron? And his Lordship, in a subsequent passage, does not hesitate to speak still more plainly, and to declare, in plain round terms (we shudder while we copy) that Moore, the Poet, the Patriot "Moore, is lewd"!!

After this, we humbly apprehend that if we were to "trust Byron," Mr. Moore, however he may be the idol of his own circle, would find some little difficulty in obtaining admittance into any other.

Lord Byron having thus disposed, as far as depended upon him, of the moral character of the first of Patriots and Poets, takes an early opportunity of doing justice to the personal honour of this dear
"friend;" one, as his Lordship expresses it, of "the magnificent and
fiery spirited" sons of Erin.

"In 1806," says Lord Byron, "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, _like the courage of the
combatants_, were found to have _evaporated!_"

"Magnificent and fiery spirit," with a vengeance!

We are far from thinking of Mr. Moore as Lord Byron either did or does;
not so degradingly as his Lordship did in 1810; not so extravagantly as
he does in 1813. But we think that Mr. Moore has grave reason of
complaint, and almost just cause, to exert "his fiery spirit" against
Lord Byron, who has the effrontery to drag him twice before the public,
and overwhelm him, one day with odium, and another with ridicule.

We regret that Lord Byron, by obliging us to examine the value of his
censures, has forced us to contrast his past with his present judgments,
and to bring again before the public the objects of his lampoons and his
flatteries. We have, however, much less remorse in quoting his satire
than his dedications; for, by this time, we believe, the whole world is
inclined to admit that his Lordship can pay no compliment so valuable as
his censure, nor offer any insult so intolerable as his praise.
"'Don Pedro.' What offence have these men done?

"'Dogberry.' Many, Sir; they have committed false reports; moreover

they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are

slanders; sixthly and lastly, they have belied a Lady;

thirdly, they have verified unjust things, and, to

conclude, they are lying knaves."

'Much Ado about Nothing.'

We have already seen how scurvily Lord Byron has treated _three_ of the

four persons to whom he has successively dedicated his Poems; but for

the fourth he reserved a species of contumely, which we are confident

our readers will think more degrading than all the rest. _He has

uniformly praised him! and him alone!!!_--The exalted rank, the gentle

manners, the polished taste of his guardian and relation, Lord Carlisle;

the considerations due to Lord Holland, from his family, his personal

character, and his love of letters; the amiability of Mr. Moore's

society, the sweetness of his versification, and the vivacity of his

imagination;--all these could not save their possessors from the

_brutality_ of Lord Byron's personal satire.
It was, then, for a person only, who should have _none_ of these titles to his envy that his Lordship could be expected to reserve the fullness and steadiness of his friendship; and if we had any respect or regard for that small poet and very disagreeable person, Mr. Sam Rogers, we should heartily pity him for being "_damned_" to such "_fame_" as Lord Byron's uninterrupted praise can give.

But Mr. Sam Rogers has another cause of complaint against Lord Byron, and which he is of a taste to resent more. His Lordship has not deigned to call _him_ "the firmest of patriots," though we have heard that his claims to that title are not much inferior to Mr. Moore's. Mr. Sam Rogers is reported to have clubb'd with the Irish Anacreon in that scurrilous collection of verses, which we have before mentioned, and which were published under the title of the _Twopenny Post-bag_, and the assumed name of "Thomas Brown." The rumour may be unfounded; if it be, Messrs. Rogers and Moore will easily forgive us for saying that, much as we are astonished at the effrontery with which Lord Byron has acknowledged his lampoon, we infinitely prefer it to the cowardly prudence of the author or authors of the _Twopenny Post-bag_ lurking behind a fictitious name, and "devising impossible slanders," which he or they have not the spirit to avow.

But, to return to the more immediate subject of our lucubrations: It seems almost like a fatality, that Lord Byron has hardly ever praised any thing that he has not at some other period censured, or censured any
thing that he has not, by and bye, praised or _practised_.

It does not often happen that booksellers are assailed for their too
great liberality to authors; yet, in Lord Byron's satire, while Mr.
Scott is abused, his publisher, Mr. Murray, is sneered at, in the
following lines:

"And think'st them, Scott, by vain conceit perchance,
On public taste to foist thy stale romance;
Though _Murray_ with his Miller may combine,
_To yield thy Muse just_ HALF-A-CROWN A LINE?
No! when the sons of song descend to trade,
Their bays are sear, their former _laurels fade_.
Let such forgo the poet's sacred name,
Who _rack_ their _brains_ for _lucre_, not for fame:
Low may they sink to _merited contempt_,
And _scorn_ remunerate the _mean_ attempt."

Now, is it not almost incredible that this very Murray (the only
remaining one of the booksellers whom his Lordship had attacked; Miller
has left the trade)--is it not, we say, almost incredible that this very
Murray should have been soon after selected, by this very Lord Byron, to
be his own publisher? But what will our readers say, when we assure
them, that not only was Murray so selected, but that this magnanimous
young Lord has actually _sold_ his works to this same Murray? and, what
is a yet more singular circumstance, has received and pocketed, for one
of his own "stale romances," a sum amounting, not to "half-a-crown,"
but to _a whole crown, a line!!!_

This fact, monstrous as it seems in the author of the foregoing lines,
is, we have the fullest reason to believe, accurately true. And the
"_faded laurel, _" _the brains rac'd for lucre, _" _the merited
contempt, _" _the scorn, _" and the "_meanness, _" which this impudent
young man dared to attribute to Mr. Scott, appear to have been a mere
anticipation of his own future proceedings; and thus,

"--Even-handed Justice
Commends the ingredients of his _poison'd_ chalice
To his own lips."

How he now likes the taste of it we do not know; about as much, we
suspect, as the "incestuous, murderous, damned Dane" did, when _Hamlet_
 obliged him to "_drink off the potion_ " which he had treacherously
drugged for the destruction of others.

* * * * *

(8) BYRONIANA No. 5 ('The Courier', February 19, 1814).

"He professes no keeping oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than
Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think
truth were a fool."

'All's Well that ends Well'.

We have, we should hope, sufficiently exposed the audacious levity and waywardness of Lord Byron's mind, and yet there are a few touches which we think will give a finish to the portrait, and add, if it be at all wanting, to the strength of the resemblance.

* * * * *

It must be amusing to those who know anything of Lord Byron in the circles of London, to find him magnanimously defying in very stout heroics,

"--all the din of _Melbourne_ House
And _Lambes'_ resentment--"

and adding that he is "_unscared_" even by "_Holland's spouse_."

* * * * *

To those who may be in the habit of hearing his Lordship's political descants, the following extract will appear equally curious:
"Mr. Brougham, in No. 25 of the 'Edinburgh Review', throughout the article concerning Don Pedro Cevallos, has displayed more politics than policy; many of the worthy burgesses of Edinburgh being so incensed at the INFAMOUS principles it evinces, as to have withdrawn their subscriptions;" and in the text of this poem, to which the foregoing is a note, he advises the Editor of the Review to

"Beware, lest blundering Brougham destroy the sale;  
Turn beef to bannacks, cauliflower to kail."

Those who have attended to his Lordship's progress as an author, and observed that he has published four poems, in little more than two years, will start at the following lines:

"--Oh cease thy song!  
A bard may chaunt too often and too long;  
As thou art strong in verse, in mercy spare;  
A FOURTH, alas, were more than we could bear."

And as the scene of each of these four Poems is laid in the Levant, it is curious to recollect, that when his Lordship informed the world that he was about to visit "Afric's coast," and "Calpe's height," and "Stamboul's minarets," and "Beauty's native clime," he enters into a voluntary and solemn engagement with the public,
"That should he back return, no letter'd rage
Shall drag _his_ common-place book on the stage;
Of Dardan tours let Dilettanti tell,
He'll leave topography to classic Cell,
And, _quite content_, no more shall interpose,
To _stun_ mankind with _poetry or prose_.

And yet we have already had, growing out of this "Tour," four volumes of _poetry_, enriched with copious notes in _prose_, selected from his _common-place book_. The whole interspersed every here and there with the most convincing proofs that instead of being "_quite content_," his Lordship has returned, as he went out, the most discontented and peevish thing that breathes.

But the passage of all others which gives us the most delight is that in which his Lordship attacks his critics, and declares that

"Our men in buckram shall have blows enough,
And feel they _too_ are penetrable stuff."

and adds,

"--I have--
Learn'd to deride the Critic's stern decree,
And _break him on the wheel he meant for me._"

We should now, with all humility, ask his Lordship whether _he_ yet feels that "he _too_ is penetrable stuff;" and we should further wish to know how he likes being "_broken on the wheel he meant for others?_"

When his Lordship shall have sufficiently pondered on those questions, we may perhaps venture to propound one or two more.

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(9) From 'The Courier' (March 15, 1814).

The republication of some _Satires_., which the humour of the moment now disposes the writer to recall, was strenuously censured, the other day, in a Morning Paper. It was there said, amongst other things, that such a republication "contributes to exasperate and perpetuate the divisions of those whom _nature_ and friendship have joined!" This is within six weeks after the deliberate _republication_ of "Weep, daughter," etc., etc.; and thus we are informed of the exact moment at which all retort is to cease; at which misrepresentation towards the public and outrage towards the Personages much more than insulted in those lines, is to be no longer remembered. What privileges does this writer claim for his friends! They are to live in all "the swill'd insolence" of attack upon those on whose character, union, and welfare, the public prosperity
mainly depends; they are to instruct the DAUGHTER to hold the FATHER disgraced, because he does not surrender the prime Offices of the State to their ambition. And if, after this, public disgust make the author feel, in the midst of the little circle of flatterers that remains to him, what an insight he has given into the guilt of satire _before_ maturity, _before_ experience, _before_ knowledge; if the original unprovoked intruder upon the peace of others be thus taught a love of privacy and a facility of retraction; if Turnus have found the time,

"magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta, et cum spolia ista, diemque
Oderit;"

if triumphing arrogance be changed into a sentimental humility, O! then 'Liberality' is to call out for him in the best of her hacknied tones; the contest is to cease at the instant when his humour changes from mischief to melancholy; 'affetuoso' is to be the only word; and he is to be allowed his season of sacred torpidity, till the venom, new formed in the shade, make him glisten again in the sunshine he envies!

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II. MORNING POST.

(1) VERSES ('Morning Post', February 5, 1814).
Suggested by reading some lines of Lord Byron's at the end of his newly published work, entitled "_The Corsair_" which begin:

"_Weep, Daughter of a Royal Line._"

"Far better be the thing that crawls, [1]
Disgustful on a dungeon's walls;
Far better be the worm that creeps,
In icy rings o'er him who sleeps;"

"Far better be the reptile scorn'd,
Unseen, unheeded, unadorn'd,
Than him, to whom indulgent heav'n,
Has talents and has genius giv'n;
If stung by envy, warp'd by pride,
Such gifts, alas! are misapplied;
Not all by nature's bounty blest
In beauty's dazzling hues are drest;
But who shall play the critic's part,
If for the form atones the heart?
But if the gloomiest thoughts prevail,
And Atheist doctrines stain the tale;
If calumny to pow'r addrest,
Attempts to wound its Sovereign's breast;
If impious it shall try to part,
The Father from the Daughter's heart;
If it shall aim to wield a brand,
To fire our fair and native land;
If hatred for the world and men,
Shall dip in gall the ready pen:

"Oh then far better 'tis to crawl,
Harmless upon a dungeon's wall;
And better far the worm that creeps,
In icy rings o'er him who sleeps."

[Footnote 1: 'Vide' Lord Byron's works.]

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(2) To LORD BYRON ('Morning Post', February 7, 1814).

"Bard of ungentle wayward mood!
'Tis said of thee, when in the lap,
Thy nurse to tempt thee to thy food,
Would squeeze a _lemon_ in thy pap.

"At _vinegar_ how danc'd thine eyes,
Before thy tongue a want could utter,
And oft the dame to stop thy cries,
Strew'd _wormwood_ on thy bread and butter.

"And when in childhood's frolic hour,
Thou'dst plait a garland for thy hair;
The _nettle_ bloom'd a chosen flow'r,
And native thistles flourish'd there.

"For _sugar-plum_ thou ne'er did'st pine,
Thy teeth no _sweet-meat_ ever hurt--
The _sloe's juice_ was thy favourite wine,
And _bitter almonds_ thy desert.

"Mustard, how strong so e'er the sort is,
Can draw no moisture from thine eye;
Not vinegar nor aqua-fortis
Could ever set thy face awry.

"Thus train'd a Satirist--thy mind
Soon caught the bitter, sharp, and sour,
And all their various pow'rs combin'd,
Produc'd 'Childe Harold', and the 'Giaour'."

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(3) LORD BYRON ('Morning Post', February 8, 1814).
We are very much surprized, and we are not the only persons who feel
disgust as well as astonishment, at the uncalled for avowal Lord Byron
has made of being the Author of some insolent lines, by inserting them
at the end of his new Poem, entitled "_The Corsair_." The lines we
allude to begin "_Weep, Daughter of a Royal Line_." Nothing can be more
repugnant to every good heart, as well as to the moral and religious
feelings of a country, which we are proud to say still cherishes every
right sentiment, than an attempt to lower a father in the eyes of his
child. Lord Byron is a young man, and from the tenor of his writings,
has, we fear, adopted principles very contrary to those of Christianity.
But as a man of honour and of _feeling_, which latter character he
affects _outrageously_, he ought never to have been guilty of so
unamiable and so unprovoked an attack. Should so gross an insult to her
Royal Father ever meet the eyes of the illustrious young Lady, for whose
perusal it was intended, we trust her own good sense and good heart will
teach her to consider it with the contempt and abhorrence it so well
merits. Will she _weep for the disgrace of a Father_ who has saved
Europe from bondage, and has accumulated, in the short space of two
years, more glory than can be found in any other period of British
history? Will she "_weep for a realm's decay_," when that realm is
hourly emerging under the Government of her father, from the complicated
embarrassments in which he found it involved? But all this is too
evident to need being particularised. What seems most surprising is,
that Lord Byron should chuse to avow Irish trash at a moment when every
thing conspires to give it the lie. It is for the _organ of the Party_
alone, or a few insane admirers of Bonaparte and defamers of their own
country and its rulers, to applaud him. We know it is now the fashion
for our young Gentlemen to become Poets, and a very innocent amusement
it is, while they confine themselves to putting their travels into
verse, like _Childe Harold_, and Lord Nugent's _Portugal_. Nor is there
any harm in Turkish tales, nor wonderful ditties, of ghosts and
hobgoblins. We cannot say so much for all Mr. Moore's productions,
adored as he is by Lord Byron. In short, the whole galaxy of minor
poets, Lords Nugent and Byron, with Messrs. Rogers, Lewis, and Moore,
would do well to keep to rhyme, and not presume to meddle with politics,
for which they seem mighty little qualified. We must repeat, that it is
innocent to write tales and travels in verse, but calumny can never be
so, whether written by poets in St. James's-street, Albany, or
Grub-street.

* * * * *

(4) LINES ('Morning Post', February 8, 1814).

Written on reading the insolent verses published by Lord Byron at the
end of his new poem, "_The Corsair_" beginning

"_Weep, Daughter of a Royal Line_."

"Unblest by nature in thy mien,

Pity might still have play'd her part,
For oft compassion has been seen,
To soften into love the heart.

But when thy gloomy lines we read,
And see display'd without control,
Th' ungentle thought, the Atheist creed,
And all the rancour of the soul.

When bold and shameless ev'ry tie,
That GOD has twin'd around the heart,
Thy malice teaches to defy,
And act on earth a Demon's part.

Oh! then from misanthropic pride
We shrink--but pity too the fate
Of youth and talents misapplied,
Which, _if admired_, [1] we still must hate."

[Footnote 1: We say, _if admired_, as there is a great variety of
opinions respecting Lord Byron's Poems. Some certainly extol them much,
but most of the best judges place his Lordship rather low in the list of
our minor Poets.]
Suggested by perusing Lord Byron's small Poem, at the end of his
"_Corsair_" addressed to a Lady weeping, beginning:

"_Weep, Daughter of a Royal Line_."

"To LORD BYRON.

"Were he the man thy verse would paint,
'_A Sire's disgrace, a realm's decay_;'

Art thou the meek, the pious saint,
That _prates_ of feeling night and day?

"Stern as the Pirate's [1] heart is thine,
Without one ray to cheer its gloom;
And shall that Daughter once repine,
Because thy rude, unhallow'd line,
Would on her virtuous cause presume?

"Hide, BYRON! in the shades of night--
Hide in thy own congenial cell
The mind that would a fiend affright,
_And shock the dunnest realms of hell!_"
"No; she will never weep the tears
Which thou would'st Virtue's deign to call;
Nor will they, in remoter years,
Molest her Father's heart at all.

"Dark-vision'd man! thy moody vein
Tends only to thy mental pain,
And cloud the talents Heav'n had meant
To prove the source of true content;
Much better were it for thy soul,
Both here and in the realms of bliss,
To check the glooms that now controul
Those talents, which might still repay
The wrongs of many a luckless day,
In such a _cheerless_ clime as this.

"But never strive to lure the heart
From _one_ to which 'tis ever nearest,
Lest from its duty it depart,
And shun the Pow'r which should be dearest:
For heav'n may sting thy heart in turn,
And rob thee of thy sweetest treasure
But, BYRON! thou hast yet to learn,
_That Virtue is the source of pleasure!_"
G--n-street, Feb. 9, 1814.

[Footnote 1: 'The Corsair'.]

[Footnote 2: In allusion to the general melancholy character of his Lordship's poetical doctrines.]

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(6) To LORD BYRON ('Morning Post', February 15, 1814).

Occasioned by reading his Poem, at the end of 'The Corsair', beginning:

"_Weep, Daughter of a Royal Line._"

Shame on the verse that dares intrude

On Virtue's uncorrupted way--

That smiles upon Ingratitude,

And charms us only to betray!

For this does BYRON'S muse employ
The calm unbroken hours of night?

And wou'd she basely thus destroy

The source of all that's just-upright?

Traitor to every moral law!

Think what thy own cold heart wou'd feel,

If some insidious mind should draw

Thy daughter [1] from her filial zeal.

And dost thou bid the offspring shun

Its father's fond, incessant care?

Why, every sister, sire, and son,

Must loathe thee as the poison'd air!

BYRON! thy dark, unhallow'd mind,

Stor'd as it is with Atheist writ,

Will surely, never, never find,

One convert to admire its wit!

Thou art a planet boding woe,

Attractive for thy novel mien--

A calm, but yet a deadly foe,

Most baneful when thou'rt most serene!

Tho' fortune on thy course may shine,
Strive not to lead the mind astray,
Nor let one impious verse of thine,
The unsuspecting heart betray!
But rather let thy talents aim
To lead incautious youth aright;
Thus shall thy works acquire that fame,
Which ought to be thy chief delight.

"The verse, however smooth it flow,
Must be abhor'd, abjur'd, despis'd,
When Virtue feels a secret blow,
And order finds her course surpris'd."

HORATIO.

Fitzroy-square, Feb. 13.

[Footnote 1: Supposing LORD BYRON to have a daughter.]

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(7) To LORD BYRON ('Morning Post', February 16, 1814).

"Bard of the pallid front, and curling hair,
To London taste, and northern critics dear,
Friend of the dog, companion of the bear,
APOLLO drest in trimmest Turkish gear.

"Tis thine to eulogize the fell Corsair,
Scorning all laws that God or man can frame;
And yet so form'd to please the gentle fair,
That reading misses wish their Loves the same.

"Thou prov'st that laws are made to aid the strong,
That murderers and thieves alone are brave,
That all religion is an idle song,
Which troubles life, and leaves us at the grave.

"That men and dogs have equal claims on Heav'n,
Though dogs but bark, and men more wisely prate,
That to thyself one friend alone was giv'n,
That Friend a Dog, now snatch'd away by Fate.

"And last can tell how daughters best may shew
Their love and duty to their fathers dear,
By reckoning up what stream of filial woe
Will give to every crime a cleansing tear.

"Long may'st thou please this wonder-seeking age,
By MURRAY purchas'd, and by MOORE admir'd;

May fashion never quit thy classic page,

Nor e'er be with thy Turkomania tir'd."

UNUS MULTORUM.

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(8) VERSES ADDRESSED TO LORD BYRON ('Morning Post', February 16, 1814).

"Lord _Byron_! Lord _Byron_!
Your heart's made of iron,
As hard and unfeeling as cold.
Half human, half bird,
From _Virgil_ we've heard,
Were form'd the fam'd harpies of old.

"Like those monsters you chatter,
Friends and foes you bespatter,
And dirty, like them, what you eat:
The _Hollands_, your muse
Does most grossly abuse,
Tho' you feed on their wine and their meat.

"Your friend, little _Moore_."
You have dirtied before,
But you know that in safety you write:
You've declared in your lines,
That revenge he declines,
For the poor little man will not fight.

"At _Carlisle_ you sneer,
That worthy old Peer,
Though united by every tie;
But you act as you preach,
And do what you teach,
And your _God_ and your duty defy.

"As long as your aim
Was alone to defame,
The nearest relation you own;
At your malice he smil'd,
But he won't see defil'd,
By your harpy bespatt'rings, the Throne."

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(9) PATRONAGE EXTRAORDINARY ('Morning Post', February 17, 1814).

"Procul este profani--!"
"A friendship subsisted, no friendship was closer,
'Twixt the heir of a Peer and the son of a Grocer;
'Tis _true_, though so wide was their difference of station,
For, we _always_ find _truth_ in a _long dedication_.
Atheistical doctrines in verse we are told,
The former sold _wholesale_, was daring and bold;
While the latter (whatever _he_ offer'd for sale)
Like papa, he disposed of--of course by _retail!_
First--_scraps_ of _indecency_, next _disaffection_,
Disguised by the knave from his fear of detection;
To court _party favour_, then, sonnets he wrote;
Set political squibs to the harpsichord's note.
One, as _patron_ was chosen by his brother Poet,
The Peer, to be sure, from his rank we may know it;
Not the low and indecent composer of jigs--
Yes! yes! 'twas the son of the seller of Figs!!
Did the Peer then possess _no respectable friend_
To add weight to his name, and his works recommend?!
Atheistical writings we well may believe,
None of _worth_ from the Author would deign to receive;
So--to cover the faults of his friend he essays,
By _daubing_ him _thickly all over with praise_.
But, _parents_, attend! if your _daughters_ you _love_,
The works of _these serpents_ take _care_ to remove:
Their _infernal attacks_ from your _mansions_ repel,
Where _filial affection_ and _modesty_ dwell."
If it was the object of Lord BYRON to stamp his character, and to bring
his name forward by a single act of his life into general notoriety, it
must be confessed that he has completely succeeded. We do not recollect
any former instance in which a Peer has stood forth as the libeller of
his Sovereign. If he disapproves the measures of his Ministers, the
House of Parliament, in which he has an hereditary right to sit, is the
place where his opinions may with propriety be uttered. If he thinks he
can avert any danger to his country by a personal conference with his
Sovereign, he has a right to demand it. The Peers are the natural
advisers of the Crown, but the Constitution which has granted them such
extraordinary privileges, makes it doubly criminal in them to attack the
authority from which it is derived, and to insult the power which it is
their peculiar province to uphold and protect. What then must we think
of the foolish vanity, or the bad taste of a titled Poet, who is the
first to proclaim himself the Author of a Libel, because he is fearful
it will not be sufficiently read without his avowal. We perfectly
remember having read the verses in question a year ago; but we could not
then suppose them the offspring of patrician bile, nor should we now
believe it without the Author's special authority. It seems by some late
quotations from his Lordship's works, which have been rescued from that
oblivion to which they were hastening with a rapid step, by one of our
colleagues, that this peerless Peer has already gone through a complete
course of private ingratitude. The inimitable Hogarth has traced the
gradual workings of an unfeeling heart in his progress of cruelty. He
has shewn, that malevolence is progressive in its operation, and that a
man who begins life by impaling flies, will find a delight in torturing
his fellow creatures before he closes it. We have heard that even at
school these poetical propensities were strongly manifested in Lord
BYRON, and that he began his satirical career against those persons to
whom the formation of his mind was entrusted. From his schoolmaster he
turned the oestrus of his opening genius to his guardian and uncle, the
Earl of CARLISLE. We cannot believe that the Noble Person's conduct has
in this instance been a perfect contrast to the general tenor of his
life. We have heard, that during his guardianship he tripled the amount
of his nephew's fortune. If the Earl of CARLISLE was satisfied with his
own 'conscia mens recti', if he wanted no thanks, he must at least have
been much surprised to find such attentions and services rewarded with a
libel, in which not only his literary accomplishments, but his bodily
infirmities, were made the subject of public ridicule. The Noble Earl
was certainly at liberty to treat such personal attacks with the
contempt which they deserve, but since his Sovereign is become the
object of a vile and unprovoked libel, he will no doubt draw the
attention of his Peers to a new case of outrage to good order and
government, which has been unfortunately furnished by his own nephew.

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III. THE SUN.

(1) LORD BYRON AND THE 'MORNING CHRONICLE'

('The Sun', February 4, 1814).

That poetical Peer, Lord BYRON, knowing full well that anything insulting to his Prince or injurious to his country would be most thankfully received and published by the 'Morning Chronicle', did in March, 1812, send the following loyal and patriotic lines to that loyal and patriotic Paper, in which of course they appeared:

"To A LADY WEEPING.

"Weep, daughter of a Royal line,
_A Sire's disgrace, a realm's decay:_
Ah! happy! if each tear of thine
Could wash a father's _fault_ away!

"Weep--for thy tears are Virtue's tears--
Auspicious to these suffering isles:
And be each drop, in future years,
Repaid thee by thy people's smiles!"
These lines the 'Morning Chronicle', in the following paragraph of yesterday, informs us were aimed at the PRINCE REGENT, and addressed to the Princess CHARLOTTE:

"The Courier’ is indignant at the discovery now made by Lord BYRON, that he was the author of 'the Verses to a Young Lady weeping,' which were inserted about a twelvemonth ago in 'the Morning Chronicle'. The Editor thinks it audacious in a hereditary Counsellor of the King to admonish the 'Heir Apparent'. It may not be 'courtly', but it is certainly 'British', and we wish the kingdom had more such honest advisers."

No wonder the 'Courier', and every loyal man, should be indignant at the discovery (made by the republication of these worthless lines, in the Noble Lord's new Volume) that this gross insult came from the pen of "a hereditary Counsellor of the KING! "No wonder every good subject should execrate this novel and disagreeable mode of "admonishing' the Heir Apparent," which is further from being British than it is from being Courtly; for, from Courtier baseness may be expected, but from a Briton no such infamous dereliction of his duty as is involved in a malignant, 'anonymous' attack by a Peer of the Realm upon the person exercising the Sovereign Authority of his Country. But the assertions of Lord BYRON are as false as they are audacious. What was the "Sire's Disgrace" to be thus bewept? He preferred the independence of the Crown to the arrogant dictation of a haughty Aristocracy, who desired to hold him in
Leading-strings. It was then, amid a "Realm's (fancied) decay," because
this Faction were not admitted to supreme power, that his Royal
Highness's early friends drank his health in contemptuous silence, while
their more vulgar partizans "at the lower end of the Hall" hissed and
hooted the royal name. But mark the reverse since March, 1812, a reverse
which it might have been thought would have induced the Noble Lord, from
prudent motives, to have withheld this ill-timed publication! How is his
Royal Highness's health toasted 'now'? With universal shouts and
acclamations. Treason itself dare not interpose a single discordant
sound save in its own private orgies! Where is 'now' the realm's decay?
oh short-sighted prognosticators of the prophecies! look around, and
dread the fate of the speakers of falsehood among the Jews of old, who
were stoned to death by the people! The wide world furnishes the answer
to your selfish croakings, and tells Lord BYRON that he is destitute of
at least one of the qualities of an inspired Bard.

Perhaps we might add another, viz. honesty in acknowledging his
plagiarisms, one of which (as we have already said more than his silly
verse above quoted deserves, except from the rank of its author) we
shall take the liberty of stating to the Public.

The 'Bride of Abydos' begins, something in the stile of an old ballad,
thus:

"Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture--the love of the turtle--
Now melt into sorrow--now madden to crime?--
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine?
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine,
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of Ocean is deepest in dye."

The whole of which passage we take to be a paraphrase, and a bad
translation was published at Berlin in 1798:

"Know'st thou the land, where citrons scent the gale,
Where glows the orange in the golden vale,
Where softer breezes fan the azure skies,
Where myrtles spring and prouder laurels rise?
"Know'st them the pile, the colonnade sustains,
Its splendid chambers and its rich domains,
Where breathing statues stand in bright array,
And seem, 'What ails thee, hapless maid?' to say?

"Know'st thou the mount, where clouds obscure the day;
Where scarce the mule can trace his misty way;
Where lurks the dragon and her scaly brood;
And broken rocks oppose the headlong flood?"

* * * * *

(2) EPIGRAM ('The Sun', February 8, 1814).

On the Detection of Lord BYRON'S Plagiarism, in 'The Sun' of Friday last.

"That BYRON _borrows verses_ is well known,
But his _misanthropy_ is all his own."

* * * * *

(3) LORD BYRON ('The Sun', February 11, 1814).

We are informed from very good authority, that as soon as the House of Lords meets again, a Peer of very independent principles and character intends to give notice of a motion, occasioned by the late spontaneous avowal of a copy of verses by Lord BYRON, addressed to the Princess CHARLOTTE of WALES, in which he has taken the most unwarrantable liberties with her august Father's character and conduct; this motion being of a personal nature, it will be necessary to give the Noble Satirist some days notice, that he may prepare himself for his defence
against a charge of so aggravated a nature, which may perhaps not be a fit subject for a criminal prosecution, as the laws of the country, not foreseeing the probability of such a case ever occurring, under all the present circumstances, have not made a provision against it; but we know that each House of Parliament has a controul over its own members, and that there are instances on the Journals of Parliament, where an individual Peer has been suspended from all the privileges of the high situation to which his birth entitled him, when by any flagrant offence against good order and government, he has rendered himself unworthy of exercising so important a trust.

'Morning Post'.

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(4) PARODY ('The Sun', February 16, 1814).

"WEEP, DAUGHTER OF A ROYAL LINE!"

"MOURN, dabbler in dull party rhyme,
Thy mind's disease, thy name's disgrace.
Ah, lucky! if the hand of Time
Should all thy Muse's crimes efface!

"MOURN--for thy lays are Rancour's lays--
Disgraceful to a Briton born;

And hence each theme of factious praise
Consigns thee to thy Country's scorn."
George Gordon Byron (invariably known as Lord Byron), later Noel, 6th Baron Byron of Rochdale FRS was a British poet and a leading figure in Romanticism. Amongst Byron's best-known works are the brief poems *She Walks in Beauty*, *When We Two Parted*, and *So, we'll go no more a roving*, in addition to the narrative poems *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* and *Don Juan*. He is regarded as one of the greatest British poets. Download Book (Respecting the intellectual property of others is utmost important to us, we make every effort to make sure we only link to legitimate sites, such as those sites owned by authors and publishers. If you have any questions about these links, please contact us.) link 1 link 2. Comments. Send a comment. PLEASE READ: All comments must be approved before appearing in the thread; time and space constraints prevent all comments from appearing. We will only approve comments that are directly related to the article, u