

# The Works of Lord Byron: Letters and Journals, Volume 2.

## Lord Byron

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THE WORKS

OF

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LORD BYRON.

A NEW, REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION,  
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

Letters and Journals. Vol. II.

EDITED BY  
ROWLAND E. PROTHERO, M.A.,  
FORMERLY FELLOW OF ALL SOULS COLLEGE, OXFORD.

## PREFACE

The second volume of Mr. Murray's edition of Byron's 'Letters and Journals' carries the autobiographical record of the poet's life from August, 1811, to April, 1814. Between these dates were published 'Childe Harold' (Cantos I., II.), 'The Waltz', 'The Giaour', 'The Bride of Abydos', the 'Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte'. At the beginning of this period Byron had suddenly become the idol of society; towards its close his personal popularity almost as rapidly declined before a storm of political vituperation.

Three great collections of Byron's letters, as was noted in the Preface [1] to the previous volume, are in existence. The first is contained in Moore's 'Life' (1830); the second was published in America, in FitzGreene Halleck's edition of Byron's 'Works' (1847); of the third, edited by Mr. W.E. Henley, only the first volume has yet appeared. A comparison between the letters contained in these three collections and in that of Mr. Murray, down to December, 1813, shows the following results: Moore prints 152 letters; Halleck, 192; Mr. Henley, 231. Mr. Murray's edition adds 236 letters to Moore, 196 to Halleck, and to Mr. Henley 157. It should also be noticed that the material added to Moore's 'Life' in the second and third collections consists almost entirely of letters which were already in print, and had been, for the most part, seen and rejected by the biographer. The material added in Mr. Murray's edition, on the contrary, consists mainly of letters which have never before been published, and were inaccessible to Moore when he wrote his 'Life' of Byron.

These necessary comparisons suggest some further remarks. It would have been easy, not only to indicate what letters or portions of letters are new, but also to state the sources whence they are derived. But, in the circumstances, such a course, at all events for the present, is so

impolitic as to be impossible. On the other hand, anxiety has been expressed as to the authority for the text which is adopted in these volumes. To satisfy this anxiety, so far as circumstances allow, the following details are given.

The material contained in these two volumes consists partly of letters now for the first time printed; partly of letters already published by Moore, Dallas, and Leigh Hunt, or in such books as Galt's 'Life of Lord Byron', and the 'Memoirs of Francis Hodgson'. Speaking generally, it may be said that the text of the new matter, with the few exceptions noted below, has been prepared from the original letters, and that it has proved impossible to authenticate the text of most of the old material by any such process.

The point may be treated in greater detail. Out of the 388 letters contained in these two volumes, 220 have been printed from the original letters. In these 220 are included practically the whole of the new material. Among the letters thus collated with the originals are those to Mrs. Byron (with four exceptions), all those to the Hon. Augusta Byron, to the Hanson family, to James Wedderburn Webster, and to John Murray, twelve of those to Francis Hodgson, those to the younger Rushton, William Gifford, John Cam Hobhouse, Lady Caroline Lamb, Mrs. Parker, Bernard Barton, and others. The two letters to Charles Gordon (30, 33), the three to Captain Leacroft (62, 63, 64), and the one to Ensign Long (vol. ii. p. 19, 'note'), are printed from copies only.

The old material stands in a different position. Efforts have been made to discover the original letters, and sometimes with success. But it still remains true that, speaking generally, the printed text of the letters published by Moore, Dallas, Leigh Hunt, and others, has not been collated with the originals. The fact is important. Moore, who, it is believed, destroyed not only his own letters from Byron, but also many of those entrusted to him for the preparation of the 'Life', allowed himself unusual liberties as an editor. The examples of this licence given in Mr. Clayden's 'Rogers and his Contemporaries' throw suspicion on his text, even where no apparent motive exists for his suppressions. But, as Byron's letters became more bitter in tone, and his criticisms of his contemporaries more outspoken, Moore felt himself more justified in omitting passages which referred to persons who were still living in 1830. From 1816 onwards, it will be found that he has transferred passages from one letter to another, or printed two letters as one, and 'vice versâ', or made such large omissions as to shorten letters, in some instances, by a third or even a half. No collation with the originals has ever been attempted, and the garbled text which Moore printed is the only text at present available for an edition of the most important of Byron's letters. But the originals of the majority of the letters published in the 'Life', from 1816 to 1824, are in the possession or control of Mr. Murray, and in his edition they will be for the first time printed as they were written. If any passages are omitted, the omissions will be indicated.

Besides the new letters contained in this volume, passages have been restored from Byron's manuscript notes ('Detached Thoughts', 1821). To these have been added Sir Walter Scott's comments, collated with the originals, and, in several instances, now for the first time published.

Appendix VII. contains a collection of the attacks made upon him in the Tory press for February and March, 1814, which led him, for the moment, to resolve on abandoning his literary work.

In conclusion, I wish to repeat my acknowledgment of the invaluable aid of the 'National Dictionary of Biography', both in the facts which it supplies and the sources of information which it suggests.

R.E. PROTHERO.

September, 1898.

[Footnote 1: Also available from Project Gutenberg in text and html form.]

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329.	Sept. 9.	" "
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CHAPTER V.

AUGUST, 1811-MARCH, 1812.

'CHILDE HAROLD', CANTOS I., II.

169.--To John Murray. [1]

Newstead Abbey, Notts., August 23, 1811.

Sir,--A domestic calamity in the death of a near relation [2] has hitherto prevented my addressing you on the subject of this letter. My friend, Mr. Dallas, [3] has placed in your hands a manuscript poem written by me in Greece, which he tells me you do not object to publishing. But he also informed me in London that you wished to send the MS. to Mr. Gifford. [4] Now, though no one would feel more gratified by the chance of obtaining his observations on a work than myself, there is in such a proceeding a kind of petition for praise, that neither my pride--or whatever you please to call it--will admit.

Mr. G. is not only the first satirist of the day, but editor of one of the principal reviews. As such, he is the last man whose censure (however eager to avoid it) I would deprecate by clandestine means. You will therefore retain the manuscript in your own care, or, if it must needs be shown, send it to another. Though not very patient of censure, I would fain obtain fairly any little praise my rhymes might deserve, at all events not by extortion, and the humble solicitations of a bandied-about MS. I am sure a little consideration will convince you it would be wrong.

If you determine on publication, I have some smaller poems (never published), a few notes, and a short dissertation on the literature of the modern Greeks (written at Athens), which will come in at the end of the volume.--And, if the present poem should succeed, it is my intention, at some subsequent period, to publish some selections from my first work,--my Satire,--another nearly the same length, and a few other things, with the MS. now in your hands, in two volumes.--But of these hereafter. You will apprise me of your determination.

I am, Sir, your very obedient, humble servant,

BYRON.

[Footnote 1: For John Murray, see 'Letters', vol. i. p. 334, note 1  
[Footnote 1 to Letter 167].]

[Footnote 2: Mrs. Byron died August 1, 1811.]

[Footnote 3: For R. C. Dallas, see 'Letters', vol. i. p. 168, note 1.  
[Footnote 1 to Letter 87]]

[Footnote 4: For Gifford, the editor of the 'Quarterly Review', see 'Letters', vol. i. p. 198, note 2. [Footnote 4 of Letter 102]]

\* \* \* \* \*

170.--To James Wedderburn Webster. [1]

Newstead Abbey, August 24th, 1811.

MY DEAR W.,--Conceiving your wrath to be somewhat evaporated, and your Dignity recovered from the \_Hysterics\_ into which my innocent note from London had thrown it, I should feel happy to be informed how you have determined on the disposal of this accursed Coach, [2] which has driven us out of our Good humour and Good manners to a complete Standstill, from which I begin to apprehend that I am to lose altogether your valuable correspondence. Your angry letter arrived at a moment, to which I shall not allude further, as my happiness is best consulted in forgetting it. [3]

You have perhaps heard also of the death of poor Matthews, whom you recollect to have met at Newstead. He was one whom his friends will find it difficult to replace, nor will Cambridge ever see his equal.

I trust you are on the point of adding to your relatives instead of losing them, and of \_friends\_ a man of fortune will always have a plentiful stock--at his Table.

I dare say now you are gay, and connubial, and popular, so that in the next parliament we shall be having you a County Member. But beware your Tutor, for I am sure he Germanized that sanguinary letter; you must not write such another to your Constituents; for myself (as the mildest of men) I shall say no more about it.

Seriously, \_mio Caro W.\_, if you can spare a moment from Matrimony, I shall be glad to hear that you have recovered from the pucker into which this \_Vis\_ (one would think it had been a \_Sulky\_) has thrown you; you know I wish you well, and if I have not inflicted my society upon you according to your own Invitation, it is only because I am not a social animal, and should feel sadly at a loss amongst Countesses and Maids of Honour, particularly being just come from a far Country, where Ladies are neither carved for, or fought for, or danced after, or mixed at all (publicly) with the Men-folks, so that you must make allowances for my natural \_diffidence\_ and two years travel.

But (God and yourself willing) I shall certes pay my promised visit, as I shall be in town, if Parliament meets, in October.

In the mean time let me hear from you (without a privy Council), and believe me in sober sadness,

Yours very sincerely,

BYRON.

[Footnote 1: James Wedderburn Webster (1789-1840), grandson of Sir A. Wedderburn, Bart., whose third son, David, assumed the additional name of Webster, was the author of 'Waterloo, and other Poems' (1816), and 'A Genealogical Account of the Wedderburn Family' (privately printed, 1819). He was with Byron, possibly at Cambridge, certainly at Athens in 1810. He married, in 1810, Lady Frances Caroline Annesley, daughter of Arthur, first Earl of Mountnorris and eighth Viscount Valencia. He was knighted in 1822. Byron, in 1813, lent him £1000. Lady Frances died in 1837, and her husband in 1840.

Moore ('Memoirs, Journals, etc.', vol. iii. p. 112) mentions dining with Webster at Paris in 1820.

"He told me," writes Moore, "that, one day, travelling from Newstead to town with Lord Byron in his vis-a-vis, the latter kept his pistols beside him, and continued silent for hours, with the most ferocious expression possible on his countenance.

'For God's sake, my dear B.,' said W----at last, 'what are you thinking of? Are you about to commit murder? or what other dreadful thing are you meditating?'

To which Byron answered that he always had a sort of presentiment that his own life would be attacked some time or other; and that this was the reason of his always going armed, as it was also the subject of his thoughts at that moment."

Moore also adds ('ibid'., p. 292),

"W. W. owes Lord Byron, he says, £1000, and does not seem to have the slightest intention of paying him."

Lady Frances was the lady to whom Byron seriously devoted himself in 1813-4. Subsequently she was practically separated from her husband, and Byron, in 1823, endeavoured to reconcile them. Moore ('Memoirs, Journals, etc'., vol. ii. p. 249) writes,

"To the Devizes ball in the evening; Lady Frances W. there; introduced to her, and had much conversation, chiefly about our friend Lord B. Several of those beautiful things, published (if I remember right) with the 'Bride', were addressed to her. She must have been very pretty when she had more of the freshness of youth, though she is still but five or six and twenty; but she looks faded already" (1819).

In the Court of Common Pleas, February 16, 1816, the libel action of 'Webster v. Baldwin' was heard. The plaintiff obtained £2000 in damages for a libel charging Lady Frances and the Duke of Wellington with adultery.]

[Footnote 2: On his return to London in July, 1811, Byron ordered a 'vis-a-vis' to be built by Goodall. This he exchanged for a carriage belonging to Webster, who, within a few weeks, resold the 'vis-a-vis' to Byron. The two following letters from Byron to Webster explain the transaction:--

"Reddish's Hotel, 29th July, 1811.

"MY DEAR WEBSTER,--As this eternal 'vis-a-vis' seems to sit heavy on your soul, I beg leave to apprise you that I have arranged with Goodall: you are to give me the promised Wheels, and the lining, with 'the Box at Brighton,' and I am to pay the stipulated sum.

I am obliged to you for your favourable opinion, and trust that the happiness you talk so much of will be stationary, and not take those freaks to which the felicity of common mortals is subject. I do very sincerely wish you well, and am so convinced of the justice of your matrimonial arguments, that I shall follow your example as soon as I can get a sufficient price for my coronet. In the mean time I should be happy to drill for my new situation under your auspices; but business, inexorable business, keeps me here. Your letters are forwarded. If I can serve you in any way, command me. I will endeavour to fulfil your requests as awkwardly as another. I shall pay you a visit, perhaps, in the autumn. Believe me, dear W.,

Yours unintelligibly,

B."

"Reddish's Hotel, July 31st, 1811.

MY DEAR W. W.,--I always understood that the 'lining' was to accompany the 'carriage'; if not, the 'carriage' may accompany the 'lining', for I will have neither the one nor the other. In short, to prevent squabbling, this is my determination, so decide;--if you leave it to my 'feelings' (as you say) they are very strongly in favour of the said lining. Two hundred guineas for a carriage with ancient lining!!! Rags and rubbish! You must write another pamphlet, my dear W., before; but pray do not waste your time and eloquence in expostulation, because it will do neither of us any good, but decide--content or 'not' content. The best thing you can do for the Tutor you speak of will be to send him in your Vis (with the lining) to 'the U--Niversity of Göttingen.' How can you suppose (now that my own Bear is dead) that I have any situation for a German genius of this kind, till I get another, or some children? I am infinitely obliged by your invitations, but I can't pay so high for a second-hand chaise to make my friends a visit. The coronet will not 'grace' the 'pretty Vis,' till your tattered lining ceases to 'dis'grace it. Pray favour me with an answer, as we must finish the affair one way or another immediately,--before next week.

Believe me, yours truly,

BYRON."

"Byron," says Webster, in a note, "was more than strict about trifles."]

[Footnote 3: The death of Mrs. Byron, August 1, 1811.]

\* \* \* \* \*

171.--To R. C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, August 25, 1811.

Being fortunately enabled to frank, I do not spare scribbling, having sent you packets within the last ten days. I am passing solitary, and do not expect my agent to accompany me to Rochdale [1] before the second week in September; a delay which perplexes me, as I wish the business over, and should at present welcome employment. I sent you exordiums, annotations, etc., for the forthcoming quarto, if quarto it is to be: and I also have written to Mr. Murray my objection to sending the MS. to Juvenal, [2] but allowing him to show it to any others of the calling. Hobhouse [3] is amongst the types already: so, between his prose and my verse, the world will be decently drawn upon for its paper-money and patience. Besides all this, my 'Imitation of Horace' [4] is gasping for the press at Cawthorn's, but I am hesitating as to the how and the when, the single or the double, the present or the future. You must excuse all this, for I have nothing to say in this lone mansion but of myself, and yet I would willingly talk or think of aught else.

What are you about to do? Do you think of perching in Cumberland, as you opined when I was in the metropolis? If you mean to retire, why not occupy Miss Milbanke's "Cottage of Friendship," late the seat of Cobbler Joe, [5] for whose death you and others are answerable? His "Orphan Daughter" (pathetic Pratt!) will, certes, turn out a shoemaking Sappho. Have you no remorse? I think that elegant address to Miss Dallas should be inscribed on the cenotaph which Miss Milbanke means to stitch to his memory.

The newspapers seem much disappointed at his Majesty's not dying, or doing something better. [6] I presume it is almost over. If parliament meets in October, I shall be in town to attend. I am also invited to Cambridge for the beginning of that month, but am first to jaunt to Rochdale. Now Matthews [7] is gone, and Hobhouse in Ireland, I have hardly one left there to bid me welcome, except my inviter. At three-and-twenty I am left alone, and what more can we be at seventy? It is true I am young enough to begin again, but with whom can I retrace the laughing part of life? It is odd how few of my friends have died a quiet death,--I mean, in their beds. But a quiet life is of more consequence. Yet one loves squabbling and jostling better than yawning. This 'last word' admonishes me to relieve you from

Yours very truly, etc.

[Footnote 1: For Byron's Rochdale property, which was supposed to contain a quantity of coal, see 'Letters', vol. i. p. 78, 'note' 2. [Footnote 2 of Letter 34]]

[Footnote 2: Gifford.]

[Footnote 3: For John Cam Hobhouse, see 'Letters', vol. i. p. 163, 'note' 1. [Footnote 1 of Letter 86]]

[Footnote 4: The poem remained unpublished till after Byron's death. (See 'note', p. 23, and 'Poems', ed. 1898, vol. i. pp. 385-450.) ]

[Footnote 5:

"In Seaham churchyard, without any memorial," says Mr. Surtees, "rest the remains of Joseph Blasket, an unfortunate child of genius, whose last days were soothed by the generous attention of the family of Milbanke."

'Hist. of Durham', vol. i. p. 272. (See also 'Letters', vol. i. p. 314, 'note' 2 [Footnote 2 of Letter 154]. For Miss Milbanke, afterwards Lady Byron, see p. 118, 'note' 4.) [Footnote 1 of Letter 7]]

[Footnote 6: On July 28, 1811, Lord Grenville wrote to Lord Auckland,

"It is, I believe, certainly true that the King has taken for the last three days scarcely any food at all, and that, unless a change takes place very shortly in that respect, he cannot survive many days"

('Auckland Correspondence', vol. iv. p. 366). It was, however, the mind, and not the physical strength that failed.

"The King, I should suppose," wrote Lord Buckinghamshire, on August 13, "is not likely to die soon, but I fear his mental recovery is hardly to be expected."

('ibid'., vol. iv. p. 367). George III. never, except for brief intervals, recovered his reason.]

[Footnote 7: For C. S. Matthews, see 'Letters', vol. i. p. 150, 'note' 3. [Footnote 2 of Letter 84]]

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172.--To R. C. Dallas. [1]

Newstead Abbey, Aug. 27, 1811.

I was so sincere in my note on the late Charles Matthews, and do feel myself so totally unable to do justice to his talents, that the passage must stand for the very reason you bring against it. To him all the men I ever knew were pigmies. He was an intellectual giant. It is true I loved Wingfield [2] better; he was the earliest and the dearest, and one of the few one could never repent of having loved: but in ability--ah! you did not know Matthews!

'Childe Harold' may wait and welcome--books are never the worse for delay in the publication. So you have got our heir, George Anson Byron, [3] and his sister, with you.

You may say what you please, but you are one of the 'murderers' of Blackett, and yet you won't allow Harry White's genius. [4]

Setting aside his bigotry, he surely ranks next Chatterton. It is astonishing how little he was known; and at Cambridge no one thought or heard of such a man till his death rendered all notice useless. For my own part, I should have been most proud of such an acquaintance: his very prejudices were respectable. There is a sucking epic poet at Granta, a Mr. Townsend, [5] 'protégé' of the late Cumberland. Did you ever hear of him and his 'Armageddon'? I think his plan (the man I don't know) borders on the sublime: though, perhaps, the anticipation of the "Last Day" (according to you Nazarenes) is a little too daring: at least, it looks like telling the Lord what he is to do, and might remind an ill-natured person of the line,

"And fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

But I don't mean to cavil, only other folks will, and he may bring all the lambs of Jacob Behmen about his ears. However, I hope he will bring it to a conclusion, though Milton is in his way.

Write to me--I dote on gossip--and make a bow to Ju--, and shake George by the hand for me; but, take care, for he has a sad sea paw.

P.S.--I would ask George here, but I don't know how to amuse him--all my horses were sold when I left England, and I have not had time to replace them. Nevertheless, if he will come down and shoot in September, he will be very welcome: but he must bring a gun, for I gave away all mine to Ali Pacha, and other Turks. Dogs, a keeper, and plenty of game, with a very large manor, I have--a lake, a boat, houseroom, and \_neat wines\_.

[Footnote 1: Dallas, writing to Byron, August 18, 1811, had said,

"I have been reading the 'Remains' of Kirke White, and find that you have to answer for misleading me. He does not, in my opinion, merit the high praise you have bestowed upon him."



Writing again, August 26, he objected to the 'note' on Matthews in 'Childe Harold':

"In your note, as it stands, it strikes me that the eulogy on Matthews is a 'little' at the expense of Wingfield and others whom you 'have' commemorated. I should think it quite enough to say that his Powers and Attainments were above all praise, without expressly admitting them to be above that of a Muse who soars high in the praise of others."

[Footnote 2: For Wingfield, see 'Letters', vol. i, p. 180, 'note' 1. [Footnote 2 of Letter 92]]

[Footnote: For George Anson Byron, afterwards Lord Byron, and his sister Julia, see 'Letters', vol. i, p. 188, 'note' 1. [Footnote 1 of Letter 96]]

[Footnote 4: For H. K. White, see 'Letters', vol. i, p. 336, 'note' 2. [Footnote 3 of Letter 167]]

[Footnote 5: The Rev. George Townsend (1788-1857) of Trinity College, Cambridge, published 'Poems' in 1810, and eight books of his 'Armageddon' in 1815. The remaining four books were never published. Townsend became a Canon of Durham in 1825, and held the stall till his death in 1857. Richard Cumberland, dramatist, novelist, and essayist (1732-1811), the "Sir Fretful Plagiary" of 'The Critic', announced the forthcoming poem in the 'London Review'; but, as Townsend says, in the Preface to 'Armageddon', praised him "too abundantly and prematurely." "My talents," he adds, "were neither equal to my own ambition, nor his zeal to serve me." (See 'Hints from Horace', lines 191-212, and Byron's 'note' to line 191, 'Poems', ed. 1898, vol. i. p. 403.)]

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173.--To the Hon. Augusta Leigh. [1]

Newstead Abbey, August 30th, 1811.

My Dear Augusta,--The embarrassments you mention in your last letter I never heard of before, but that disease is epidemic in our family. Neither have I been apprised of any of the changes at which you hint, indeed how should I? On the borders of the Black Sea, we heard only of the Russians. So you have much to tell, and all will be novelty.

I don't know what Scrope Davies [2] meant by telling you I liked Children, I abominate the sight of them so much that I have always had

the greatest respect for the character of Herod. But, as my house here is large enough for us all, we should go on very well, and I need not tell you that I long to see you. I really do not perceive any thing so formidable in a Journey hither of two days, but all this comes of Matrimony, you have a Nurse and all the etceteras of a family. Well, I must marry to repair the ravages of myself and prodigal ancestry, but if I am ever so unfortunate as to be presented with an Heir, instead of a Rattle he shall be provided with a Gag.

I shall perhaps be able to accept D's invitation to Cambridge, but I fear my stay in Lancashire will be prolonged, I proceed there in the 2d week in Sepr to arrange my coal concerns, & then if I can't persuade some wealthy dowdy to ennoble the dirty puddle of her mercantile Blood,--why--I shall leave England and all it's clouds for the East again; I am very sick of it already. Joe [3] has been getting well of a disease that would have killed a troop of horse; he promises to bear away the palm of longevity from old Parr. As you won't come, you will write; I long to hear all those unutterable things, being utterly unable to guess at any of them, unless they concern your relative the Thane of Carlisle, [4] though I had great hopes we had done with him.

I have little to add that you do not already know, and being quite alone, have no great variety of incident to gossip with; I am but rarely pestered with visiters, and the few I have I get rid of as soon as possible. I will now take leave of you in the Jargon of 1794. "Health & Fraternity!"

Yours always, B.

[Footnote 1: For the Hon. Augusta Leigh, see 'Letters', vol. i. p. 18, 'note' 1. [Footnote 1 of Letter 7] Byron's letter is in answer to the following from his half-sister:

"6 Mile Bottom, Aug. 27th.

"My Dearest Brother,--Your letter was stupidly sent to Town to me on Sunday, from whence I arrived at home yesterday; consequently I have not received it so soon as I ought to have done. I feel so very happy to have the pleasure of hearing from you that I will not delay a moment answering it, altho' I am in all the delights of 'unpacking', and afraid of being too late for the Post.

"I have been a fortnight in Town, and went up on my 'eldest' little girl's account. She had been very unwell for some time, and I could not feel happy till I had better advice than this neighbourhood affords. She is, thank Heaven! much better, and I hope in a fair way to be quite 'herself' again. Mr. Davies flattered me by saying she was exactly the sort of child 'you' would delight in. I am determined not to say another word in her praise for fear you should accuse me of partiality and expect too much. The youngest ('little' Augusta) is just 6 months old, and has no particular merit at present but a very sweet placid temper.

"Oh! that I could immediately set out to Newstead and shew them to you. I can't tell you 'half' the happiness it would give me to see it and 'you'; but, my dearest B., it is a long journey and serious

undertaking all things considered. Mr. Davies writes me word you promise to make him a visit bye and bye; 'pray do', you can then so easily come here. I have set my heart upon it. Consider how very long it is since I've seen you.

"I have indeed 'much' to tell you; but it is more easily 'said' than 'written'. Probably you have heard of many changes in our situation since you left England; in a 'pecuniary' point of view it is materially altered for the worse; perhaps in other respects better. Col. Leigh has been in Dorsetshire and Sussex during my stay in Town. I expect him at home towards the end of this week, and hope to make him acquainted with you ere long.

"I have not time to write half I have to say, for my letter must go; but I prefer writing in a hurry to not writing at all. You can't think how much I feel for your griefs and losses, or how much and constantly I have thought of you lately. I began a letter to you in Town, but destroyed it, from the fear of appearing troublesome. There are times, I know, when one cannot write with any degree of comfort or satisfaction. I intend to do so again shortly, so I hope you won't think me a bore.

"Remember me most kindly to Old Joe. I rejoice to hear of his health and prosperity. Your letter (some parts of it at least) made me laugh. I am so very glad to hear you have sufficiently overcome your prejudices against the 'fair sex' to have determined upon marrying; but I shall be most anxious that my future 'Belle Soeur' should have more attractions than merely money, though to be sure 'that' is somewhat necessary. I have not another moment, dearest B., so forgive me if I write again very soon, and believe me,

"Your most affec'tn Sister, A. L.

"Do write if you can."]

[Footnote 2: For Scrope Berdmore Davies, see 'Letters', vol. i. p. 165, 'note' 2. [Footnote 2 of Letter 86] The following story is told of him by Byron, in a passage of his 'Detached Thoughts' (Ravenna, 1821):

"One night Scrope Davies at a Gaming house (before I was of age), being tipsy as he usually was at the Midnight hour, and having lost monies, was in vain intreated by his friends, one degree less intoxicated than himself, to come or go home. In despair, he was left to himself and to the demons of the dice-box.

"Next day, being visited about two of the Clock, by some friends just risen with a severe headache and empty pockets (who had left him losing at four or five in the morning), he was found in a sound sleep, without a night-cap, and not particularly encumbered with bed-clothes: a Chamber-pot stood by his bed-side, brim-full of--'Bank Notes!', all won, God knows how, and crammed, Scrope knew not where; but THERE they were, all good legitimate notes, and to the amount of some thousand pounds."]

[Footnote 3: For Joe Murray, see 'Letters', vol. i. p. 21, 'note' 3. [Footnote 4 of Letter 7]]

[Footnote 4: For the Earl of Carlisle, see 'Letters', vol. i. p. 36, 'note' 2. [Footnote 3 of Letter 13]]

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174.-To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

Newstead Abbey, Aug'st 30th, 1811.

MY DEAR AUGUSTA,--I wrote to you yesterday, and as you will not be very sorry to hear from me again, considering our long separation, I shall fill up this sheet before I go to bed. I have heard something of a quarrel between your spouse and the Prince, I don't wish to pry into family secrets or to hear anything more of the matter, but I can't help regretting on your account that so long an intimacy should be dissolved at the very moment when your husband might have derived some advantage from his R. H.'s friendship. However, at all events, and in all Situations, you have a brother in me, and a home here.

I am led into this train of thinking by a part of your letter which hints at pecuniary losses. I know how delicate one ought to be on such subjects, but you are probably the only being on Earth now interested in my welfare, certainly the only relative, and I should be very ungrateful if I did not feel the obligation. You must excuse my being a little cynical, knowing how my temper was tried in my Non-age; the manner in which I was brought up must necessarily have broken a meek Spirit, or rendered a fiery one ungovernable; the effect it has had on mine I need not state.

However, buffeting with the World has brought me a little to reason, and two years travel in distant and barbarous countries has accustomed me to bear privations, and consequently to laugh at many things which would have made me angry before. But I am wandering--in short I only want to assure you that I love you, and that you must not think I am indifferent, because I don't shew my affection in the usual way.

Pray can't you contrive to pay me a visit between this and Xmas? or shall I carry you down with me from Cambridge, supposing it practicable for me to come? You will do what you please, without our interfering with each other; the premises are so delightfully extensive, that two people might live together without ever seeing, hearing or meeting,--but I can't feel the comfort of this till I marry. In short it would be the most amiable matrimonial mansion, and that is another great inducement to my plan,--my wife and I shall be so happy,--one in each Wing. If this description won't make you come, I can't tell what will, you must please yourself. Good night, I have to walk half a mile to my Bed chamber.  
Yours ever, BYRON.

\* \* \* \* \*

175.--To James Wedderburn Webster.

Newstead Abbey, Notts., Aug'st 31st, 1811.

MY DEAR W.,--I send you back your friend's letter, and, though I don't agree with his Canons of Criticism, they are not the worse for that. My friend Hodgson [1] is not much honoured by the comparison to the 'Pursuits of L.', which is notoriously, as far as the 'poetry' goes, the worst written of its kind; the World has been long but of one opinion, viz. that it's sole merit lies in the Notes, which are indisputably excellent.

Had Hodgson's "Alterative" been placed with the 'Baviad' the compliment had been higher to both; for, surely, the 'Baviad' is as much superior to H.'s poem, as I do firmly believe H.'s poem to be to the 'Pursuits of Literature'.

Your correspondent talks for talking's sake when he says "Lady J. Grey" is neither "Epic, dramatic, or legendary." Who ever said it was "epic" or "dramatic"? he might as well say his letter was neither "epic or dramatic;" the poem makes no pretensions to either character. "Legendary" it certainly is, but what has that to do with its merits? All stories of that kind founded on facts are in a certain degree legendary, but they may be well or ill written without the smallest alteration in that respect. When Mr. Hare prattles about the "Economy," etc., he sinks sadly;--all such expressions are the mere cant of a schoolboy hovering round the Skirts of Criticism.

Hodgson's tale is one of the best efforts of his Muse, and Mr. H.'s approbation must be of more consequence, before any body will reduce it to a "Scale," or be much affected by "the place" he "assigns" to the productions of a man like Hodgson.

But I have said more than I intended and only beg you never to allow yourself to be imposed upon by such "common place" as the 6th form letter you sent me. Judge for yourself.

I know the Mr. Bankes [2] you mention though not to that "extreme" you seem to think, but I am flattered by his "boasting" on such a subject (as you say), for I never thought him likely to "boast" of any thing which was not his own. I am not "'melancholish"'--pray what "'folk"' dare to say any such thing? I must contradict them by being 'merry' at their expence.

I shall invade you in the course of the winter, out of envy, as Lucifer looked at Adam and Eve.

Pray be as happy as you can, and write to me that I may catch the infection.

Yours ever, BYRON.

[Footnote 1: Webster had sent Byron a letter from Naylor Hare, in which the latter criticized Hodgson's poems, 'Lady Jane Grey, a Tale; and other Poems (1809)' (see 'Letters', vol. i. p. 195, 'note 1' [Footnote 1 of Letter 102]).

In the volume (pp. 56-77) was printed his "Gentle Alterative prepared for the Reviewers," which Hare apparently compared to 'The Pursuits of Literature (1794-97)', by T. J. Mathias.

To this criticism Byron objected, saying that the "Alterative" might be more fairly compared to Gifford's 'Baviad' (1794).]

[Footnote 2: For William John Bankes, see 'Letters', vol. i. p. 120, 'note' 1. [Footnote 1 of Letter 67]]

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176.---To the Hon. Augusta Leigh. [1]

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 2d, 1811.

My dear Augusta,--I wrote you a vastly dutiful letter since my answer to your second epistle, and I now write you a third, for which you have to thank Silence and Solitude. Mr. Hanson [2] comes hither on the 14th, and I am going to Rochdale on business, but that need not prevent you from coming here, you will find Joe, and the house and the cellar and all therein very much at your Service.

As to Lady B., when I discover one rich enough to suit me and foolish enough to have me, I will give her leave to make me miserable if she can. Money is the magnet; as to Women, one is as well as another, the older the better, we have then a chance of getting her to Heaven. So, your Spouse does not like brats better than myself; now those who beget them have no right to find fault, but I may rail with great propriety.

My "Satire!"--I am glad it made you laugh for Somebody told me in Greece that you was angry, and I was sorry, as you were perhaps the only person whom I did not want to make angry.

But how you will make me laugh I don't know, for it is a vastly serious subject to me I assure you; therefore take care, or I shall hitch you into the next Edition to make up our family party. Nothing so fretful, so despicable as a Scribbler, see what I am, and what a parcel of Scoundrels I have brought about my ears, and what language I

have been obliged to treat them with to deal with them in their own way;--all this comes of Authorship, but now I am in for it, and shall be at war with Grubstreet, till I find some better amusement.

You will write to me your Intentions and may almost depend on my being at Cambridge in October. You say you mean to be etc. in the \_Autumn\_; I should be glad to know what you call this present Season, it would be Winter in every other Country which I have seen. If we meet in October we will travel in my \_Vis\_. and can have a cage for the children and a cart for the Nurse. Or perhaps we can forward them by the Canal. Do let us know all about it, your "\_bright thought\_" is a little clouded, like the Moon in this preposterous climate.

Good even, Child.

Yours ever, B.

[Footnote 1: The following is Mrs. Leigh's letter, to which the above is an answer:

"6 Mile Bottom, Saturday, 31 Aug.

"My dearest brother,--I hope you don't dislike receiving letters so much as writing them, for you would in that case pronounce me a great torment. But as I prepared you in my last for its being followed very soon by another, I hope you will have reconciled your mind to the impending toil. I really wrote in such a hurry that I did not say half I wished; but I did not like to delay telling you how happy you made me by writing. I have been dwelling constantly upon the idea of going to Newstead ever since I had your wish to see me there. At last a \_bright thought\_ struck me.

"We intend, I believe, to go to Yorkshire in the autumn. Now, if I could contrive to pay you a visit \_en passant\_, it would be delightful, and give me the greatest pleasure. But I fear you would be obliged to make up your mind to receive my \_Brats\_ too. As for my husband, he prefers the \_outside of the Mail\_ to \_the inside of a Post-Chaise\_, particularly when partly occupied by Nurse and Children, so that we always travel \_independent\_ of each other.

"So much for this, my dear B. I can only say I should \_much\_ like to see you at Newstead. The former I hope I shall at all events, as you must not be shabby, but come to Cambridge as you promised. Are you staying at Newstead now for any time? I saw George Byron in Town for one day, and he promised to call or write again, but has not done either, so I begin to think he has gone back to Lisbon. I think it is impossible not to like him; he is so good-natured and natural. We talked much of you; he told me you were grown very thin; as you don't complain, I hope you are not the worse for being so, and I remember you used to wish it. Don't you think \_it a great shame\_ that George B. is not promoted? I wish there was any possibility of assisting him about it; but all I know who \_could\_ do any good with you \_present\_ Ministers, I don't for many reasons like to ask. Perhaps there may be a change by and bye.

"Fred Howard is married to Miss \_Lambton\_. I saw them in town in their way to Castle Howard. I hope he will be happy with all my heart; his

kindness and friendship to us last year, when Col. \_Leigh\_ was placed in one of the most perplexing situations that I think anybody could be in, is never to be forgotten. I think he used to be a greater favourite with you than some others of his family. \_Mrs. F.H.\_ is very pretty, \_very\_ young (not quite 17), and appears gentle and pleasing, which is all one can expect [to discover from] a very slight acquaintance.

"Now, my dearest Byron, pray let me hear from you. I shall be daily expecting to hear of a \_Lady Byron\_, since you have confided to me your determination of marrying, in which I really hope you are serious, being convinced such an event would contribute greatly to your happiness, PROVIDED \_her Ladyship\_ was the sort of person that would suit you; and you won't be angry with me for saying that it is not EVERY \_one\_ who would; therefore don't be too \_precipitate\_. You will \_wish me hanged\_, I fear, for boring you so unmercifully, so God bless you, my dearest Bro.; and, when you have time, do write. Are you going to amuse us with any more \_Satires\_? Oh, \_English Bards!\_ I shall make you laugh (when we meet) about it.

"Ever your most affectionate Sis. and Friend,

"A. L.]"

[Footnote 2: For John Hanson, see Letters, vol. i. p. 8, note 2.  
[Footnote 1 of Letter 3]]

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177.--To Francis Hodgson.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 3, 1811.

MY DEAR HODGSON,--I will have nothing to do with your immortality; [1] we are miserable enough in this life, without the absurdity of speculating upon another. If men are to live, why die at all? and if they die, why disturb the sweet and sound sleep that "knows no waking"?

"Post Mortem nihil est, ipsaque Mors nihil ... quæris quo jaceas post obitum loco? Quo \_non\_ Nata jacent." [2]

As to revealed religion, Christ came to save men; but a good Pagan will go to heaven, and a bad Nazarene to hell; "Argal" (I argue like the gravedigger) why are not all men Christians? or why are any? If mankind may be saved who never heard or dreamt, at Timbuctoo, Otaheite, Terra Incognita, etc., of Galilee and its Prophet, Christianity is of no avail: if they cannot be saved without, why are not all orthodox? It is a little hard to send a man preaching to Judaea, and leave the rest of



the world--Negers and what not--\_dark\_ as their complexions, without a ray of light for so many years to lead them on high; and who will believe that God will damn men for not knowing what they were never taught? I hope I am sincere; I was so at least on a bed of sickness in a far-distant country, when I had neither friend, nor comforter, nor hope, to sustain me. I looked to death as a relief from pain, without a wish for an after-life, but a confidence that the God who punishes in this existence had left that last asylum for the weary.

[Greek: Hon ho theòs agapáei apothnáeskei néos.] [3]

I am no Platonist, I am nothing at all; but I would sooner be a Paulician, Manichean, Spinozist, Gentile, Pyrrhonian, Zoroastrian, than one of the seventy-two villainous sects who are tearing each other to pieces for the love of the Lord and hatred of each other. Talk of Galileism? Show me the effects--are you better, wiser, kinder by your precepts? I will bring you ten Mussulmans shall shame you in all goodwill towards men, prayer to God, and duty to their neighbours. And is there a Talapoin, [4] or a Bonze, who is not superior to a fox-hunting curate? But I will say no more on this endless theme; let me live, well if possible, and die without pain. The rest is with God, who assuredly, had He \_come\_ or \_sent\_, would have made Himself manifest to nations, and intelligible to all.

I shall rejoice to see you. My present intention is to accept Scrope Davies's invitation; and then, if you accept mine, we shall meet \_here\_ and \_there\_. Did you know poor Matthews? I shall miss him much at Cambridge.

[Footnote 1: The religious discussion arose out of the opening stanzas of 'Childe Harold', Canto II., which Hodgson was helping to correct for the press.

Byron's opinions were not newly formed, as is shown by the following letter to Ensign Long (see 'Letters', vol. i. p. 73, 'note 2' [Footnote 2 of Letter 31]), which reached the Editor too late for insertion in its proper place:

Southwell, Ap: 16th, 1807.

"Your Epistle, my dear Standard Bearer, augurs not much in favour of your new life, particularly the latter part, where you say your happiest Days are over. I most sincerely hope not. The past has certainly in some parts been pleasant, but I trust will be equalled, if not exceeded by the future. You hope it is not so with me.

"To be plain with Regard to myself. Nature stamp't me in the Die of Indifference. I consider myself as destined never to be happy, although in some instances fortunate. I am an isolated Being on the Earth, without a Tie to attach me to life, except a few School-fellows, and a 'score of females.' Let me but 'hear my fame on the winds' and the song of the Bards in my Norman house, I ask no more and don't expect so much. Of Religion I know nothing, at least in its 'favour'. We have 'fools' in all sects and Impostors in most; why should I believe mysteries no one understands, because written by men who chose to mistake madness for Inspiration, and style themselves 'Evangelicals?' However enough on this subject. Your 'piety' will be

'aghast,' and I wish for no proselytes. This much I will venture to affirm, that all the virtues and pious 'Deeds' performed on Earth can never entitle a man to Everlasting happiness in a future State; nor on the other hand can such a Scene as a Seat of eternal punishment exist, it is incompatible with the benign attributes of a Deity to suppose so.

"I am surrounded here by parsons and methodists, but, as you will see, not infected with the mania. I have lived a 'Deist', what I shall die I know not; however, come what may, 'ridens moriar'.

"Nothing detains me here but the publication, which will not be complete till June. About 20 of the present pieces will be cut out, and a number of new things added. Amongst them a complete Episode of Nisus and Euryalus from Virgil, some Odes from Anacreon, and several original Odes, the whole will cover 170 pages. My last production has been a poem in imitation of Ossian, which I shall not publish, having enough without it. Many of the present poems are enlarged and altered, in short you will behold an 'Old friend with a new face.' Were I to publish all I have written in Rhyme, I should fill a decent Quarto; however, half is quite enough at present. You shall have 'all' when we meet.

"I grow thin daily; since the commencement of my System I have lost 23 lbs. in my weight '(i.e.)' 1 st. and 9 lbs. When I began I weighed 14 st. 6 lbs., and on Tuesday I found myself reduced to 12 st. 11 lb. What sayest thou, Ned? do you not envy? I shall still proceed till I arrive at 12 st. and then stop, at least if I am not too fat, but shall always live temperately and take much exercise.

"If there is a possibility we shall meet in June. I shall be in Town, before I proceed to Granta, and if the 'mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the mountain.' I don't mean, by comparing you to the mountain, to insinuate anything on the Subject of your Size. Xerxes, it is said, formed Mount Athos into the Shape of a Woman; had he lived now, and taken a peep at Chatham, he would have spared himself the trouble and made it unnecessary by finding a 'Hill' ready cut to his wishes.

"Adieu, dear Mont Blanc, or rather 'Mont Rouge'; don't, for Heaven's sake, turn Volcanic, at least roll the Lava of your indignation in any other Channel, and not consume Your's ever,

"BYRON.

"\_Write Immediately\_"

Byron lived to modify these opinions, as is shown by the following passages from his 'Detached Thoughts':

"If I were to live over again, I do not know what I would change in my life, unless it were 'for--not to have lived at all'. All history and experience, and the rest, teaches us that the good and evil are pretty equally balanced in this existence, and that what is most to be desired is an easy passage out of it. What can it give us but years? and those have little of good but their ending.

"Of the immortality of the soul it appears to me that there can be little doubt, if we attend for a moment to the action of mind; it is in perpetual activity. I used to doubt of it, but reflection has taught me better. It acts also so very independent of body--in dreams, for instance;--incoherently and 'madly', I grant you, but still it is mind, and much more mind than when we are awake. Now that this should not act 'separately', as well as jointly, who can pronounce? The stoics, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, call the present state 'a soul which drags a carcass,'--a heavy chain, to be sure; but all chains being material may be shaken off. How far our future life will be 'individual', or, rather, how far it will at all resemble our 'present' existence, is another question; but that the mind is eternal seems as probable as that the body is not so. Of course I here venture upon the question without recurring to Revelation, which, however, is at least as rational a solution of it as any other. A 'material' resurrection seems strange, and even absurd, except for purposes of punishment; and all punishment which is to 'revenge' rather than 'correct' must be 'morally wrong'; and 'when the world is at an end', what moral or warning purpose 'can' eternal tortures answer? Human passions have probably disfigured the divine doctrines here;--but the whole thing is inscrutable."

"It is useless to tell me 'not' to 'reason', but to 'believe'. You might as well tell a man not to wake, but 'sleep'. And then to 'bully' with torments, and all that! I cannot help thinking that the 'menace' of hell makes as many devils as the severe penal codes of inhuman humanity make villains."

"Man is born 'passionate' of body, but with an innate though secret tendency to the love of good in his main-spring of mind. But, God help us all! it is at present a sad jar of atoms."]

[Footnote 2: The lines are quoted from Seneca's 'Troades' (act ii. et seqq.):

"Post mortem nihil est, ipsaque mors nihil.  
.....  
.....  
Quæris, quo jaceas post obitum loco?  
Quo non nata jacent."]

[Footnote 3: The sentiment is found in one of the [Greek: monóstichoi] of Menander ('Menandri et Philemonis reliquiæ,' edidit Augustus Meineke, p. 48). It is thus quoted by Stobæus ('Florilegium', cxx. 8) as an iambic:

[Greek: Hon oi theoi philoûsin apothnáeskei néos.]

In the 'Comicorum Græcorum Sententiæ, id est' [Greek: gnômai](p. 219, ed, Henricus Stephanus, MDLXIX.) it is quoted as a leonine verse:

[Greek: Hon gàr philei theòs apothnáeskei néos.]

Plautus gives it thus ('Bacchides', iv. 7):

"Quem di diligunt adolescens moritur."]

[Footnote 4: The word is said to be illegible, and the conclusion of the letter to be lost ('Memoir of the Rev. Francis Hodgson', vol. i. p. 196). Only the latter statement is correct. The word is perfectly legible. Talapoin (Yule's 'Glossary of Anglo-Indian Words, sub voce') is the name used by the Portuguese, and after them by the French writers, and by English travellers of the seventeenth century (Hakluyt, ed. 1807, vol. ii. p. 93; and Purchas, ed. 1645, vol. ii. p. 1747), to designate the Buddhist monks of Ceylon and the Indo-Chinese countries. Pallegoix ('Description du Royaume Thai ou Siam', vol. ii. p. 23) says,

"Les Européens les ont appelés 'talapoins', probablement du nom de l'éventail qu'ils tiennent à la main, lequel s'appelle 'talapat', qui signifie 'feuille de palmier'."

Possibly Byron knew the word through Voltaire ('Dial.' xxii., 'André des Couches à Siam');

"A. des C.': Combien avez-vous de soldats?

'Croutef.': Quatre-vingt mille, fort médiocrement payés.

'A. des C.': Et de talapoins?

'Cr.': Cent vingt-mille, tous fainéans et très riches," etc.]

\* \* \* \* \*

178.--To R.C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, September 4th, 1811.

My dear Sir,--I am at present anxious, as Cawthorn seems to wish it, to have a small edition of the 'Hints from Horace' [1] published immediately, but the Latin (the most difficult poem in the language) renders it necessary to be very particular not only in correcting the proofs with Horace open, but in adapting the parallel passages of the imitation in such places to the original as may enable the reader not to lose sight of the allusion. I don't know whether I ought to ask you to do this, but I am too far off to do it for myself; and if you condescend to my school-boy erudition, you will oblige me by setting this thing going, though you will smile at the importance I attach to it.

Believe me, ever yours,

BYRON.

[Footnote 1: 'Hints from Horace', written during Byron's second stay at Athens, March 11-14, 1811, and subsequently added to, had been placed in the hands of Cawthorn, the publisher of 'English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers', for publication. Byron afterwards changed his mind, and the poem remained unpublished till after his death.

The following letter from Cawthorn shows that considerable progress had been made with the printing of the poem, and that Byron also contemplated another edition of 'English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers'. The advice of his friends led him to abandon both plans; but his letter to Cawthorn, printed below, is evidence that in September he was still at work on 'Hints from Horace':

"24, Cockspur Street, Aug. 22'd, 1811.

"My Lord,—Mr. Green the Amanuensis has finished the Latin of the Horace, and I shall be happy to do with it as your Lordship may direct, either to forward it to Newstead, or keep it in Town. Would it not be better to print a small edition separate ('sic'), and afterwards print the two satires together? This I leave to your Lordship's consideration. Four Sheets of the 'Travels' are already printed, and one of the plates (Albanian Solain) is executed. I sent it Capt. H[obhouse] yesterday to Cork, to see if it meets his approbation. The work is printed in quarto, for which I may be in some measure indebted to your Lordship, as I urged it so strongly. I shall be extremely sorry if Capt. H. is not pleased with it, but I think he will. Your Lordship's goodness will excuse me for saying how much the very sudden and melancholy events that have lately transpired—I regret—Capt. Hobhouse has written me since the decease of Mr. Mathews. I am told Capt. H. is very much affected at it. I have received some drawings of costumes from him, which I am to deliver to your Lordship. Is it likely we shall see your Lordship in Town soon?

"I have the honour to be your Lordship's

"Most respectful and greatly obliged Servt.,

"JAMES CAWTHORN.

"If a small edition is printed of 'Horace' for the first" [words erased] "that, and I think in all probability the 'E. Bards' will want reprinting about March next, when both could be done together. Do not think me too sanguine."

A few days later, Byron writes to Cawthorn as follows:

"Newstead Abbey, September 4th, 1811.

"More notes for the 'Hints!' You mistake me much by thinking me inattentive to this publication. If I had a friend willing and able to correct the press, it should be out with my good will immediately. Pray attend to annexing additional notes in their proper places, and let them be added immediately.

"Yours, etc.,

"BYRON."]

\* \* \* \* \*

179.--To John Murray. [1]

Newstead Abbey, Notts., Sept. 5, 1811.

SIR,--The time seems to be past when (as Dr. Johnson said) a man was certain to "hear the truth from his bookseller," for you have paid me so many compliments, that, if I was not the veriest scribbler on earth, I should feel affronted. As I accept your compliments, it is but fair I should give equal or greater credit to your objections, the more so as I believe them to be well founded. With regard to the political and metaphysical parts, I am afraid I can alter nothing; but I have high authority for my Errors in that point, for even the 'Æneid' was a \_political\_ poem, and written for a \_political\_ purpose; and as to my unlucky opinions on Subjects of more importance, I am too sincere in them for recantation. On Spanish affairs I have said what I saw, and every day confirms me in that notion of the result formed on the Spot; and I rather think honest John Bull is beginning to come round again to that Sobriety which Massena's retreat [2] had begun to reel from its centre--the usual consequence of \_un\_usual success. So you perceive I cannot alter the Sentiments; but if there are any alterations in the structure of the versification you would wish to be made, I will tag rhymes and turn stanzas as much as you please. As for the "\_Orthodox\_," let us hope they will buy, on purpose to abuse--you will forgive the one, if they will do the other. You are aware that any thing from my pen must expect no quarter, on many accounts; and as the present publication is of a nature very different from the former, we must not be sanguine.

You have given me no answer to my question--tell me fairly, did you show the MS. to some of your corps? [3]

I sent an introductory stanza to Mr. Dallas, that it might be forwarded to you; the poem else will open too abruptly. The Stanzas had better be numbered in Roman characters, there is a disquisition on the literature of the modern Greeks, and some smaller poems to come in at the close. These are now at Newstead, but will be sent in time. If Mr. D. has lost the Stanza and note annexed to it, write, and I will send it myself.--You tell me to add two cantos, but I am about to visit my \_Collieries\_ in Lancashire on the 15th instant, which is so \_unpoetical\_ an employment that I need say no more.

I am, sir, your most obedient, etc., etc.,

BYRON.

[Footnote 1: The following is Murray's letter, to which Byron replies:

"London, Sept. 4, 1811, Wednesday.

"MY LORD,--An absence of some days, passed in the country, has prevented me from writing earlier in answer to your obliging letter. I have now, however, the pleasure of sending under a separate cover, the first proof sheet of your Lordship's 'Poem', which is so good as to be entitled to all your care to render perfect. Besides its general merit, there are parts, which, I am tempted to believe, far excel anything that your Lordship has hitherto published, and it were therefore grievous indeed, if you do not condescend to bestow upon it all the improvement of which your Lordship's mind is so capable; every correction already made is valuable, and this circumstance renders me more confident in soliciting for it your further attention.

"There are some expressions, too, concerning Spain and Portugal, which, however just, and particularly so at the time they were conceived, yet as they do not harmonize with the general feeling, would so greatly interfere with the popularity which the poem is, in other respects, so certainly calculated to excite, that, in compassion to your publisher, who does not presume to reason upon the subject, otherwise than as a mere matter of business, I hope your Lordship's goodness will induce you to obviate them, and, with them, perhaps, some religious feelings which may deprive me of some customers amongst the 'Orthodox'.

"Could I flatter myself that these suggestions were not obtrusive, I would hazard another, in an earnest solicitation that your Lordship would add the two promised Cantos, and complete the 'Poem'. It were cruel indeed not to perfect a work which contains so much that is excellent; your Fame, my Lord, demands it; you are raising a Monument that will outlive your present feelings, and it should therefore be so constructed as to excite no other associations than those of respect and admiration for your Lordship's Character and Genius.

"I trust that you will pardon the warmth of this address when I assure your Lordship that it arises, in the greatest degree, in a sincere regard for your lasting reputation, with, however, some view to that portion of it, which must attend the Publisher of so beautiful a Poem, as your Lordship is capable of rendering

""The Romaunt of Childe Harold'.

"I have the honour to be, My Lord,

"Your Lordship's

"Obedient and faithful servant,

"JOHN MURRAY."]

[Footnote 2: On the night of March 5, 1811, Massena retreated from his camp at Santarem, whence he had watched Wellington at Torres Vedras, and on April 4 he crossed the Coa into Spain.]

[Footnote 3: Murray had shown the MS. to Gifford for advice as to its publication. Byron seems to have resented this on the ground that it might look like an attempt to propitiate the 'Quarterly Review'.]

\* \* \* \* \*

180.--To R. C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, September 7, 1811.

As Gifford has been ever my "Magnus Apollo," any approbation, such as you mention, would, of course, be more welcome than "all Bocara's vaunted gold", than all "the gems of Samarcand." [1] But I am sorry the MS. was shown to him in such a manner, and had written to Murray to say as much, before I was aware that it was too late.

Your objection to the expression "central line" I can only meet by saying that, before Childe Harold left England, it was his full intention to traverse Persia, and return by India, which he could not have done without passing the equinoctial.

The other errors you mention, I must correct in the progress through the press. I feel honoured by the wish of such men that the poem should be continued, but to do that I must return to Greece and Asia; I must have a warm sun, a blue sky; I cannot describe scenes so dear to me by a sea-coal fire. I had projected an additional canto when I was in the Troad and Constantinople, and if I saw them again, it would go on; but under existing circumstances and 'sensations', I have neither harp, "heart, nor voice" to proceed, I feel that 'you are all right' as to the metaphysical part; but I also feel that I am sincere, and that if I am only to write "ad captandum vulgus," I might as well edit a magazine at once, or spin canzonettas for Vauxhall. [2]

My work must make its way as well as it can; I know I have every thing against me, angry poets and prejudices; but if the poem is a 'poem', it will surmount these obstacles, and if 'not', it deserves its fate. Your friend's Ode [3] I have read--it is no great compliment to pronounce it far superior to Smythe's on the same subject, or to the merits of the new Chancellor. It is evidently the production of a man of taste, and a poet, though I should not be willing to say it was fully equal to what might be expected from the author of "'Horae Ionicae'." [4] I thank you for it, and that is more than I would do for any other Ode of the present day.

I am very sensible of your good wishes, and, indeed, I have need of them. My whole life has been at variance with propriety, not to say decency; my circumstances are become involved; my friends are dead or estranged, and my existence a dreary void. In Matthews I have lost my "guide, philosopher, and friend;" in Wingfield a friend only, but one whom I could have wished to have preceded in his long journey.

Matthews was indeed an extraordinary man; it has not entered into the heart of a stranger to conceive such a man: there was the stamp of immortality in all he said or did;--and now what is he? When we see such



men pass away and be no more--men, who seem created to display what the Creator 'could make' his creatures, gathered into corruption, before the maturity of minds that might have been the pride of posterity, what are we to conclude? For my own part, I am bewildered. To me he was much, to Hobhouse every thing. My poor Hobhouse doted on Matthews. For me, I did not love quite so much as I honoured him; I was indeed so sensible of his infinite superiority, that though I did not envy, I stood in awe of it. He, Hobhouse, Davies, and myself, formed a coterie of our own at Cambridge and elsewhere. Davies is a wit and man of the world, and feels as much as such a character can do; but not as Hobhouse has been affected. Davies, who is not a scribbler, has always beaten us all in the war of words, and by his colloquial powers at once delighted and kept us in order. Hobhouse and myself always had the worst of it with the other two; and even Matthews yielded to the dashing vivacity of Scrope Davies. But I am talking to you of men, or boys, as if you cared about such beings.

I expect mine agent down on the 14th to proceed to Lancashire, where I hear from all quarters that I have a very valuable property in coals, etc. I then intend to accept an invitation to Cambridge in October, and shall, perhaps, run up to town. I have four invitations--to Wales, Dorset, Cambridge, and Chester; but I must be a man of business. I am quite alone, as these long letters sadly testify. I perceive, by referring to your letter, that the Ode is from the author; make my thanks acceptable to him. His muse is worthy a nobler theme. You will write as usual, I hope. I wish you good evening, and am, etc.

[Footnote 1: The lines, which are parodied in Byron's unpublished 'Barmaid', are from Sir W. Jones's translation of a song by Hafiz ('Works, vol. x. p. 251):

"Sweet maid, if thou would'st charm my sight,  
And bid these arms thy neck infold;  
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,  
Would give thy poet more delight,  
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,  
Than all the gems of Samarcand."]

[Footnote 2: Vauxhall Gardens (1661 to July 25, 1859) were still not only a popular but a fashionable resort, though fireworks and masquerades threatened to expel musicians and vocalists. At this time the principal singers were Charles Dignum (1765-1827); Maria Theresa Bland (1769-1838), a famous ballad-singer; Rosoman Mountain, 'née' Wilkinson (1768-1841), whose husband was a violinist and leader at Vauxhall.--('The London Pleasure Gardens', pp. 286-326.)]

[Footnote 3: On June 29, 1811, the Duke of Gloucester was installed as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. The Installation Ode, written by W. Smyth, of Peterhouse (1765-1849), Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, and author of 'English Lyrics' (1797) and other works, was set to music by Hague, and performed in the Senate House, Braham and Ashe, it is said, particularly distinguishing themselves among the performers. The Ode is given in the 'Annual Register' for 1811, pp. 593-596. The rival Ode, which Byron preferred, was by Walter Rodwell Wright.]

[Footnote 4: For Walter Rodwell Wright, author of 'Horæ Ionicæ' (1809), see Letters, vol. i. p. 336, 'note' 1. [Footnote 2 of Letter 167]]

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181.--To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Six Mile Bottom, Newmarket.]

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 9th, 1811.

My Dear Augusta,--My Rochdale affairs are understood to be settled as far as the Law can settle them, and indeed I am told that the most valuable part is that which was never disputed; but I have never reaped any advantage from them, and God knows if I ever shall. Mr. H., my agent, is a good man and able, but the most dilatory in the world. I expect him down on the 14th to accompany me to Rochdale, where something will be decided as to selling or working the Collieries. I am Lord of the Manor (a most extensive one), and they want to enclose, which cannot be done without me; but I go there in the worst humour possible and am afraid I shall do or say something not very conciliatory. In short all my affairs are going on as badly as possible, and I have no hopes or plans to better them as I long ago pledged myself never to sell Newstead, which I mean to hold in defiance of the Devil and Man.

I am quite alone and never see strangers without being sick, but I am nevertheless on good terms with my neighbours, for I neither ride or shoot or move over my Garden walls, but I fence and box and swim and run a good deal to keep me in exercise and get me to sleep. Poor Murray is ill again, and one of my Greek servants is ill too, and my valet has got a pestilent cough, so that we are in a peck of troubles; my family Surgeon sent an Emetic this morning for one of them, I did not very well know which, but I swore Somebody should take it, so after a deal of discussion the Greek swallowed it with tears in his eyes, and by the blessing of it, and the Virgin whom he invoked to assist it and him, I suppose he'll be well tomorrow, if not, another shall have the next. So your Spouse likes children, that is lucky as he will have to bring them up; for my part (since I lost my Newfoundland dog,) I like nobody except his successor a Dutch Mastiff and three land Tortoises brought with me from Greece.

I thank you for your letters and am always glad to hear from you, but if you won't come here before Xmas, I very much fear we shall not meet here at all, for I shall be off somewhere or other very soon out of this land of Paper credit (or rather no credit at all, for every body seems on the high road to Bankruptcy), and if I quit it again I shall not be back in a hurry.

However, I shall endeavour to see you somewhere, and make my bow with decorum before I return to the Ottomans, I believe I shall turn Mussulman in the end.

You ask after my health; I am in tolerable leanness, which I promote by exercise and abstinence. I don't know that I have acquired any thing by my travels but a smattering of two languages and a habit of chewing Tobacco. [1]

Yours ever,

B.

[Footnote 1: To appease the pangs of hunger, and keep down his fat, Byron was in the habit of chewing gum-mastic and tobacco. For the same reason, at a later date, he took opium. The mistake which he makes in his letter to Hodgson (December 8, 1811), "I do nothing but eschew tobacco," is repeated in 'Don Juan' (Canto XII. stanza xiiii.)--

"In fact, there's nothing makes me so much grieve,  
As that abominable tittle-tattle,  
Which is the cud eschewed by human cattle."]

\* \* \* \* \*

182.--To Francis Hodgson.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 9, 1811.

Dear Hodgson,--I have been a good deal in your company lately, for I have been reading 'Juvenal' and 'Lady Jane', [1] etc., for the first time since my return. The Tenth Sat'e has always been my favourite, as I suppose indeed of everybody's. It is the finest recipe for making one miserable with his life, and content to walk out of it, in any language. I should think it might be redde with great effect to a man dying without much pain, in preference to all the stuff that ever was said or sung in churches. But you are a deacon, and I say no more. Ah! you will marry and become lethargic, like poor Hal of Harrow, [2] who yawns at 10 o' nights, and orders caudle annually.

I wrote an answer to yours fully some days ago, and, being quite alone and able to frank, you must excuse this subsequent epistle, which will cost nothing but the trouble of deciphering. I am expectant of agents to accompany me to Rochdale, a journey not to be anticipated with pleasure; though I feel very restless where I am, and shall probably ship off for Greece again; what nonsense it is to talk of Soul, when a cloud makes it

\_melancholy\_ and wine makes it \_mad\_.

Collet of Staines, your "most kind host," has lost that girl you saw of his. She grew to five feet eleven, and might have been God knows how high if it had pleased Him to renew the race of Anak; but she fell by a ptisick, a fresh proof of the folly of begetting children. You knew Matthews. Was he not an intellectual giant? I knew few better or more intimately, and none who deserved more admiration in point of ability.

Scrope Davies has been here on his way to Harrowgate; I am his guest in October at King's, where we will "drink deep ere we depart." "Won't you, won't you, won't you, won't you come, Mr. Mug?" [3] We did not amalgamate properly at Harrow; it was somehow rainy, and then a wife makes such a damp; but in a seat of celibacy I will have revenge. Don't you hate helping first, and losing the wings of chicken? And then, conversation is always flabby. Oh! in the East women are in their proper sphere, and one has--no conversation at all. My house here is a delightful matrimonial mansion. When I wed, my spouse and I will be so happy!--one in each wing.

I presume you are in motion from your Herefordshire station, [4] and Drury must be gone back to Gerund Grinding. I have not been at Cambridge since I took my M.A. degree in 1808. \_Eheu fugaces!\_ I look forward to meeting you and Scrope there with the feelings of other times. Capt. Hobhouse is at Enniscorthy in Juverna. I wish he was in England.

Yours ever,

B.

[Footnote 1: See 'Letters', vol. i. p. 195, 'note' I. [Footnote 1 of Letter 102]]

[Footnote 2: For Henry Drury, see 'Letters', vol. i. p. 41, 'note' 2. [Footnote 1 of Letter 14]]

[Footnote 3: Byron may possibly allude to "Matthew Mug," a character in Foote's 'Mayor of Garratt', said to be intended for the Duke of Newcastle. In act ii. sc. 2 of the comedy occurs this passage--

"'Heel-Tap'. Now, neighbours, have a good caution that this Master Mug does not cajole you; he is a damn'd palavering fellow."

But there is no passage in the play which exactly corresponds with Byron's quotation.]

[Footnote 4: Hodgson was staying with his uncle, the Rev. Richard Coke, of Lower Moor, Herefordshire.]

183.--To R.C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 10, 1811.

Dear Sir,--I rather think in one of the opening stanzas of 'Childe Harold' there is this line:

'Tis said at times the sullen tear would start.

Now, a line or two after, I have a repetition of the epithet "sullen reverie;" so (if it be so) let us have "speechless reverie," or "silent reverie;" but, at all events, do away the recurrence.

Yours ever,

B.

\* \* \* \* \*

184.--To Francis Hodgson.

Newstead Abbey, September 13, 1811.

My Dear Hodgson,--I thank you for your song, or, rather, your two songs,--your new song on love, and your old song on religion. [1] I admire the first sincerely, and in turn call upon you to admire the following on Anacreon Moore's new operatic farce, [2] or farcical opera--call it which you will:

Good plays are scarce,  
So Moore writes Farce;  
Is Fame like his so brittle?  
We knew before  
That "Little's" Moore,  
But now 'tis Moore that's Little.

I won't dispute with you on the Arcana of your new calling; they are Bagatelles like the King of Poland's rosary. One remark, and I have done; the basis of your religion is injustice; the Son of God, the pure, the immaculate, the innocent, is sacrificed for the Guilty. This proves His heroism; but no more does away man's guilt than a schoolboy's volunteering to be flogged for another would

exculpate the dunce from negligence, or preserve him from the Rod. You degrade the Creator, in the first place, by making Him a begetter of children; and in the next you convert Him into a Tyrant over an immaculate and injured Being, who is sent into existence to suffer death for the benefit of some millions of Scoundrels, who, after all, seem as likely to be damned as ever. As to miracles, I agree with Hume that it is more probable men should lie or be deceived, than that things out of the course of Nature should so happen. Mahomet wrought miracles, Brothers [3] the prophet had proselytes, and so would Breslaw [4] the conjuror, had he lived in the time of Tiberius.

Besides I trust that God is not a Jew, but the God of all Mankind; and as you allow that a virtuous Gentile may be saved, you do away the necessity of being a Jew or a Christian.

I do not believe in any revealed religion, because no religion is revealed: and if it pleases the Church to damn me for not allowing a nonentity, I throw myself on the mercy of the "Great First Cause, least understood," who must do what is most proper; though I conceive He never made anything to be tortured in another life, whatever it may be in this. I will neither read pro nor con. God would have made His will known without books, considering how very few could read them when Jesus of Nazareth lived, had it been His pleasure to ratify any peculiar mode of worship. As to your immortality, if people are to live, why die? And our carcasses, which are to rise again, are they worth raising? I hope, if mine is, that I shall have a better pair of legs than I have moved on these two-and-twenty years, or I shall be sadly behind in the squeeze into Paradise. Did you ever read "Malthus on Population"? If he be right, war and pestilence are our best friends, to save us from being eaten alive, in this "best of all possible Worlds." [5]

I will write, read, and think no more; indeed, I do not wish to shock your prejudices by saying all I do think. Let us make the most of life, and leave dreams to Emanuel Swedenborg. Now to dreams of another genus--Poesies. I like your song much; but I will say no more, for fear you should think I wanted to scratch you into approbation of my past, present, or future acrostics. I shall not be at Cambridge before the middle of October; but, when I go, I should certes like to see you there before you are dubbed a deacon. Write to me, and I will rejoin.

Yours ever, BYRON.

[Footnote 1: The lines in which Hodgson answered Byron's letter on his religious opinions are quoted in the 'Memoir of the Rev. F. Hodgson', vol. i. pp. 199, 200.]

[Footnote 2: Moore's 'M.P., or The Bluestocking', was played at the Lyceum, September 9, 1811, but was soon withdrawn.]

[Footnote 3: Richard Brothers (1757-1824) believed that, in 1795, he was to be revealed as Prince of the Hebrews and ruler of the world. In that year he was arrested, and confined first as a criminal lunatic, afterwards in a private asylum, where he remained till 1806. A portrait of "Richard Brothers, Prince of the Hebrews," was engraved, April, 1795,

by William Sharp, with the following inscription:

"Fully believing this to be the Man whom God has appointed, I engrave this likeness. William Sharp."

[Footnote 4: See 'Breslaw's Last Legacy; or, the Magical Companion'. Including the various exhibitions of those wonderful Artists, Breslaw, Sieur Comus, Jonas, etc. (1784).]

[Footnote 5: 'Candide, ou l'Optimisms' (chapitre xxx.):

"et Pangloss disait quelquefois à Candide; Tous les événements sont enchainés dans le meilleur des mondes possibles," etc.

Hodgson replies (September 18, 1811):

"Your last letter has unfeignedly grieved me. Believing, as I do from my heart, that you would be better and happier by thoroughly examining the evidences for Christianity, how can I hear you say you will not read any book on the subject, without being pained? But God bless you under all circumstances. I will say no more. Only do not talk of 'shocking my prejudices,' or of 'rushing to see me 'before' I am a Deacon.' I wish to see you at all times; and as to our different opinions, we can easily keep them to ourselves."

The next day he writes again:

"Let me make one other effort. You mentioned an opinion of Hume's about miracles. For God's sake,--hear me, Byron, for God's sake--examine Paley's answer to that opinion; examine the whole of Paley's 'Evidences'. The two volumes may be read carefully in less than a week. Let me for the last time by our friendship, implore you to read them."

\* \* \* \* \*

185.--To John Murray. [1]

Newstead Abbey, Notts., Sept. 14, 1811.

Sir,--Since your former letter, Mr. Dallas informs me that the MS. has been submitted to the perusal of Mr. Gifford, most contrary to my wishes, as Mr. D. could have explained, and as my own letter to you did, in fact, explain, with my motives for objecting to such a proceeding. Some late domestic events, of which you are probably aware, prevented my letter from being sent before; indeed, I hardly conceived you would have

so hastily thrust my productions into the hands of a Stranger, who could be as little pleased by receiving them, as their author is at their being offered, in such a manner, and to such a Man.

My address, when I leave Newstead, will be to "Rochdale, Lancashire;" but I have not yet fixed the day of departure, and I will apprise you when ready to set off.

You have placed me in a very ridiculous situation, but it is past, and nothing more is to be said on the subject. You hinted to me that you wished some alterations to be made; if they have nothing to do with politics or religion, I will make them with great readiness.

I am, Sir, etc., etc., BYRON.

[Footnote 1: As soon as Byron came to town, he was a frequent visitor at 32, Fleet Street, while the sheets of 'Childe Harold' were passing through the press.

"Fresh from the fencing rooms of Angelo and Jackson, he used to amuse himself by renewing his practice of 'Carte et Tierce', with his walking-cane directed against the bookshelves, while Murray was reading passages from the poem with occasional ejaculations of admiration, on which Byron would say, 'You think that a good idea, do you, Murray?' Then he would fence and lunge with his walking-stick at some special book which he had picked out on the shelves before him. As Murray afterwards said, 'I was often very glad to get rid of him!'"

(Smiles's 'Memoir of John Murray', vol. i. p. 207).]

\* \* \* \* \*

186.--To R. C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 15, 1811.

My dear Sir,--My agent will not be here for at least a week, and even afterwards my letters will be forwarded to Rochdale. I am sorry that Murray should \_groan\_ on my account, tho' \_that\_ is better than the anticipation of applause, of which men and books are generally disappointed.

The notes I sent are \_merely matter\_ to be divided, arranged, and published for \_notes\_ hereafter, in proper places; at present I am too much occupied with earthly cares to waste time or trouble upon rhyme, or its modern indispensables, annotations.



Pray let me hear from you, when at leisure. I have written to abuse Murray for showing the MS. to Mr. G., who must certainly think it was done by my wish, though you know the contrary.--Believe me, Yours ever,  
B--

\* \* \* \* \*

187.--To John Murray.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 16, 1811.

DEAR SIR,--I return the proof, which I should wish to be shown to Mr. Dallas, who understands typographical arrangements much better than I can pretend to do. The printer may place the notes in his own way, or any way, so that they are out of my way; I care nothing about types or margins.

If you have any communication to make, I shall be here at least a week or ten days longer. I am, Sir, etc., etc.,

BYRON.

\* \* \* \* \*

188--To R. C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 16, 1811.

DEAR SIR,--I send you a 'motto':

"L'univers est une espèce de livre, dont on n'a lu que la première page quand on n'a vu que son pays. J'en ai feuilleté un assez grand nombre, que j'ai trouvé également mauvaises. Cet examen ne m'a point été infructueux. Je haïssais ma patrie. Toutes les impertinences des peuples divers, parmi lesquels j'ai vécu, m'ont réconcilié avec elle. Quand je n'aurais tiré d'autre bénéfice de mes voyages que celui-là, je n'en regretterais ni les frais, ni les fatigues."

"Le Cosmopolite." [1]

If not too long, I think it will suit the book. The passage is from a little French volume, a great favourite with me, which I picked up in the Archipelago. I don't think it is well known in England; Monbron is the author; but it is a work sixty years old.

Good morning! I won't take up your time.

Yours ever,  
BYRON.

[Footnote 1: Fougeret de Monbron, born at Péronne, served in the 'Gardes du Corps', but abandoned the sword for the pen, and published 'Henriade Travestie' (1745); 'Préservatif Centre l'Anglomanie' (1787); and 'Le Cosmopolite' (1750). His novels, 'Margot la Ravaudeuse, Thérèse Philosophe', and others, appeared under the name of Fougeret. He died in 1761. In that year was published in London an edition of 'Le Cosmopolite, ou le Citoyen du Monde', par Mr. de Monbron, with the motto, "Patria est ubicunque est bene" (Cic. 5, Tusc. 37).

Byron's quotation is the opening paragraph of the book. The author, who had travelled in England, returns to France a complete "Jacques Rôt-de-Bif." He then visits Holland, the Low Countries, Constantinople, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and England a second time. He finds that the charm has vanished, and that the English are no better than their neighbours. It is a cynical little book, abounding in such sayings as. "Make acquaintances, not friends; intimacy breeds disgust;" "The best fruit of travelling is the justification of instinctive dislikes." Monbron, like Byron, ridicules the traveller's passion for collecting broken statues and antiques.]

\* \* \* \* \*

189.--To R. C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 17, 1811.

I can easily excuse your not writing, as you have, I hope, something better to do, and you must pardon my frequent invasions on your attention, because I have at this moment nothing to interpose between you and my epistles.

I cannot settle to any thing, and my days pass, with the exception of bodily exercise to some extent, with uniform indolence, and idle insipidity. I have been expecting, and still expect, my agent, when I shall have enough to occupy my reflections in business of no very pleasant aspect. Before my journey to Rochdale, you shall have due

notice where to address me--I believe at the post-office of that township. From Murray I received a second proof of the same pages, which I requested him to show you, that any thing which may have escaped my observation may be detected before the printer lays the corner-stone of an errata column.

I am now not quite alone, having an old acquaintance and school-fellow [1] with me, so old, indeed, that we have nothing new to say on any subject, and yawn at each other in a sort of quiet inquietude. I hear nothing from Cawthorn, or Captain Hobhouse; and their quarto--Lord have mercy on mankind! We come on like Cerberus with our triple publications. [2] As for myself, by myself, I must be satisfied with a comparison to Janus.

I am not at all pleased with Murray for showing the MS.; and I am certain Gifford must see it in the same light that I do. His praise is nothing to the purpose: what could he say? He could not spit in the face of one who had praised him in every possible way. I must own that I wish to have the impression removed from his mind, that I had any concern in such a paltry transaction. The more I think, the more it disquiets me; so I will say no more about it. It is bad enough to be a scribbler, without having recourse to such shifts to extort praise, or deprecate censure. It is anticipating, it is begging, kneeling, adulating,--the devil! the devil! the devil! and all without my wish, and contrary to my express desire. I wish Murray had been tied to Payne's neck when he jumped into the Paddington Canal, [3] and so tell him,--that is the proper receptacle for publishers. You have thought of settling in the country, why not try Notts.? I think there are places which would suit you in all points, and then you are nearer the metropolis. But of this anon.

I am, yours, etc.,  
BYRON.

[Footnote 1: John Claridge. (See 'Letters', vol. i. p. 267, 'note' 2.)  
[Footnote 4 of Letter 136]]

[Footnote 2: i. e. 'Childe Harold', 'Hints from Horace', and 'Travels in Albania.']

[Footnote 3: Mr. Payne, of the firm of Payne and Mackinlay, the publishers of Hodgson's 'Juvenal', committed suicide by drowning himself in the Paddington Canal. Byron, in a note to 'Hints from Horace', line 657, thus applies the incident:

"A literary friend of mine, walking out one lovely evening last summer, on the eleventh bridge of the Paddington canal, was alarmed by the cry of 'one in jeopardy:' he rushed along, collected a body of Irish haymakers (supping on buttermilk in an adjacent paddock), procured three rakes, one eel spear and a landing-net, and at last ('horresco referens') pulled out--his own publisher. The unfortunate man was gone for ever, and so was a large quarto wherewith he had taken the leap, which proved, on inquiry, to have been Mr. Southey's last work. Its 'alacrity of sinking' was so great, that it has never since been heard of; though some maintain that it is at this moment

concealed at Alderman Birch's pastry-premises, Cornhill. Be this as it may, the coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of "Felo de Bibliopolâ" against a quarto unknown,' and circumstantial evidence being since strong against the 'Curse of Kehama' (of which the above words are an exact description), it will be tried by its peers next session, in Grub Street--Arthur, Alfred, Davideis, Richard Coeur de Lion, Exodus, Exodiad, Epigoniad, Calvary, Fall of Cambria, Siege of Acre, Don Roderick, and Tom Thumb the Great, are the names of the twelve jurors. The judges are Pye, Bowles, and the bell-man of St. Sepulchre's."

\* \* \* \* \*

190.--To R.C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 17, 1811.

Dear Sir,--I have just discovered some pages of observations on the modern Greeks, written at Athens by me, under the title of 'Noctes Atticæ'. They will do to \_cut up\_ into notes, and to be \_cut up\_ afterwards, which is all that notes are generally good for. They were written at Athens, as you will see by the date.

Yours ever,  
B.

\* \* \* \* \*

191.--To R. C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, Sept, 21, 1811.

I have shown my respect for your suggestions by adopting them; but I have made many alterations in the first proof, over and above; as, for example:

Oh Thou, in \_Hellas\_ deem'd of heavenly birth,  
etc., etc.

Since \_shamed full oft\_ by \_later lyres\_ on earth,  
Mine, etc.

Yet there \_I've wandered\_ by the vaunted rill;

and so on. So I have got rid of Dr. Lowth and "drunk" to boot, and very glad I am to say so. I have also sullenised the line as heretofore, and in short have been quite conformable.

Pray write; you shall hear when I remove to Lancashire. I have brought you and my friend Juvenal Hodgson upon my back, on the score of revelation. You are fervent, but he is quite \_glowing\_; and if he take half the pains to save his own soul, which he volunteers to redeem mine, great will be his reward hereafter. I honour and thank you both, but am convinced by neither. Now for notes. Besides those I have sent, I shall send the observations on the Edinburgh Reviewer's remarks on the modern Greek, an Albanian song in the Albanian (\_not Greek\_) language, specimens of modern Greek from their New Testament, a comedy of Goldoni's translated, \_one scene\_, a prospectus of a friend's book, and perhaps a song or two, \_all\_ in Romaic, besides their Pater Noster; so there will be enough, if not too much, with what I have already sent. Have you received the "Noctes Atticæ"?

I sent also an annotation on Portugal. Hobhouse is also forthcoming. [1]

[Footnote 1: That is, with his 'Travels in Albania', in part of which Byron and his Greek servant, Demetrius, were assisting him with notes and other material.]

\* \* \* \* \*

192.--TO R. C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 23, 1811.

\_Lisboa\_ [1] is the Portuguese word, consequently the very best. Ulissipont is pedantic; and as I have \_Hellas\_ and \_Eros\_ not long before, there would be something like an affectation of Greek terms, which I wish to avoid, since I shall have a perilous quantity of \_modern\_ Greek in my notes, as specimens of the tongue; therefore Lisboa may keep its place. You are right about the \_Hints\_; they must not precede the \_Romaunt\_; but Cawthorn will be savage if they don't; however, keep \_them\_ back, and \_him\_ in \_good humour\_, if we can, but do not let him publish.

I have adopted, I believe, most of your suggestions, but "Lisboa" will be an exception to prove the rule. I have sent a quantity of notes, and shall continue; but pray let them be copied; no devil can read my hand. By the by, I do not mean to exchange the ninth verse of the "Good Night." [2] I have no reason to suppose my dog better than his brother brutes, mankind; and \_Argus\_ we know to be a fable. The \_Cosmopolite\_ was an acquisition abroad. I do not believe it is to be found in England. It is an amusing little volume, and full of French flippancy. I read, though I do not speak the language.

I \_will\_ be angry with Murray. It was a bookselling, back-shop, Paternoster-row, paltry proceeding; and if the experiment had turned out as it deserved, I would have raised all Fleet Street, and borrowed the giant's staff from St. Dunstan's church, [3] to immolate the betrayer of trust. I have written to him as he never was written to before by an author, I'll be sworn, and I hope you will amplify my wrath, till it has an effect upon him. You tell me always you have much to write about. Write it, but let us drop metaphysics;—on that point we shall never agree. I am dull and drowsy, as usual. I do nothing, and even that nothing fatigues me.

Adieu.

[Footnote 1: See 'Childe Harold', Canto I. stanza xvi., and Byron's 'note'.]

[Footnote 2: See 'Childe Harold', Canto I. The "Good Night" is placed between stanzas xiii. and xiv.

"And now I'm in the world alone,  
Upon the wide, wide sea;  
But why should I for others groan,  
When none will sigh for me?  
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,  
Till fed by stranger hands;  
But long ere I come back again  
He'd tear me where he stands."]

[Footnote 3: St. Dunstan's in the West, before its rebuilding by Shaw (1831-33), was one of the oldest churches in London. The clock, which projected over the street, and had two wooden figures of wild men who struck the hours with their clubs, was set up in 1671. Unless there was a similar clock before this date, as is not improbable, Scott is wrong in 'The Fortunes of Nigel', where he makes Moniplies stand "astonished as old Adam and Eve ply their ding-dong." The figures, the removal of which, it is said, brought tears to the eyes of Charles Lamb, were bought by the Marquis of Hertford to adorn his villa in Regent's Park, still called St. Dunstan's. Murray's shop at 32, Fleet Street, stood opposite the church, the yard of which was surrounded with stationers' shops, where many famous books of the seventeenth century were published.]

\* \* \* \* \*

193.--To Francis Hodgson.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 25, 1811.

MY DEAR HODGSON,--I fear that before the latest of October or the first of November, I shall hardly be able to make Cambridge. My everlasting agent puts off his coming like the accomplishment of a prophecy. However, finding me growing serious he hath promised to be here on Thursday, and about Monday we shall remove to Rochdale. I have only to give discharges to the tenantry here (it seems the poor creatures must be raised, though I wish it was not necessary), and arrange the receipt of sums, and the liquidation of some debts, and I shall be ready to enter upon new subjects of vexation. I intend to visit you in Granta, and hope to prevail on you to accompany me here or there or anywhere.

I am plucking up my spirits, and have begun to gather my little sensual comforts together. Lucy is extracted from Warwickshire; some very bad faces have been warned off the premises, and more promising substituted in their stead; the partridges are plentiful, hares fairish, pheasants not quite so good, and the Girls on the Manor \* \* \* \* Just as I had formed a tolerable establishment my travels commenced, and on my return I find all to do over again; my former flock were all scattered; some married, not before it was needful. As I am a great disciplinarian, I have just issued an edict for the abolition of caps; no hair to be cut on any pretext; stays permitted, but not too low before; full uniform always in the evening; Lucinda to be commander--'vice' the present, about to be wedded ('mem'. she is 35 with a flat face and a squeaking voice), of all the makers and unmakers of beds in the household.

My tortoises (all Athenians), my hedgehog, my mastiff and the other live Greek, are all purely. The tortoises lay eggs, and I have hired a hen to hatch them. I am writing notes for 'my' quarto (Murray would have it a 'quarto'), and Hobhouse is writing text for 'his' quarto; if you call on Murray or Cawthorn you will hear news of either. I have attacked De Pauw, [1] Thornton, [1] Lord Elgin, [2] Spain, Portugal, the 'Edinburgh Review', [3] travellers, Painters, Antiquarians, and others, so you see what a dish of Sour Crout Controversy I shall prepare for myself. It would not answer for me to give way, now; as I was forced into bitterness at the beginning, I will go through to the last. 'Væ Victis'! If I fall, I shall fall gloriously, fighting against a host.

'Felicissima Notte a Voss. Signoria,'

B.

[Footnote 1: 'Childe Harold', Canto II. note D, part ii.]

[Footnote 2: 'Ibid'., note A.]

[Footnote 3: 'Ibid'., note D, part iii.]

\* \* \* \* \*

194.--To R. C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 26, 1811.

MY DEAR SIR,-In a stanza towards the end of canto 1st, there is in the concluding line,

Some bitter bubbles up, and e'en on roses stings.

I have altered it as follows:

Full from the heart of joy's delicious springs  
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.

If you will point out the stanzas on Cintra [1] which you wish recast, I will send you mine answer. Be good enough to address your letters here, and they will either be forwarded or saved till my return. My agent comes tomorrow, and we shall set out immediately.

The press must not proceed of course without my seeing the proofs, as I have much to do. Pray, do you think any alterations should be made in the stanzas on Vathek? [2]

I should be sorry to make any improper allusion, as I merely wish to adduce an example of wasted wealth, and the reflection which arose in surveying the most desolate mansion in the most beautiful spot I ever beheld.

Pray keep Cawthorn back; he was not to begin till November, and even that will be two months too soon. I am so sorry my hand is unintelligible; but I can neither deny your accusation, nor remove the cause of it.--It is a sad scrawl, certes.--A perilous quantity of annotation hath been sent; I think almost enough, with the specimens of Romaic I mean to annex.

I will have nothing to say to your metaphysics, and allegories of rocks and beaches; we shall all go to the bottom together, so "let us eat and drink, for tomorrow, etc." I am as comfortable in my creed as others, inasmuch as it is better to sleep than to be awake.

I have heard nothing of Murray; I hope he is ashamed of himself. He sent me a vastly complimentary epistle, with a request to alter the two, and



finish another canto. I sent him as civil an answer as if I had been engaged to translate by the sheet, declining altering anything in sentiment, but offered to tag rhymes, and mend them as long as he liked.

I will write from Rochdale when I arrive, if my affairs allow me; but I shall be so busy and savage all the time with the whole set, that my letters will, perhaps, be as pettish as myself. If so, lay the blame on coal and coal-heavers. Very probably I may proceed to town by way of Newstead on my return from Lancs. I mean to be at Cambridge in November, so that, at all events, we shall be nearer. I will not apologise for the trouble I have given and do give you, though I ought to do so; but I have worn out my politest periods, and can only say that I am much obliged to you.

Believe me, yours always,

BYRON.

[Footnote 1: 'Childe Harold', Canto I. stanza xviii.]

[Footnote 2: 'i.e.' on Bedford (see 'Letters', vol. i. p. 228, 'note' 1 [Footnote 2 of Letter 125]; and 'Childe Harold', Canto I, stanza xxii.).]

\* \* \* \* \*

195.-To James Wedderburn Webster.

Newstead Abbey, Oct. 10th, 1811.

DEAR WEBSTER,--I can hardly invite a gentleman to my house a second time who walked out of it the first in so singular a mood, but if you had thought proper to pay me a visit, you would have had a "Highland Welcome."

I am only just returned to it out of Lancashire, where I have been on business to a Coal manor of mine near Rochdale, and shall leave it very shortly for Cambridge and London. My companions, or rather companion, (for Claridge alone has been with me) have not been very amusing, and, as to their "\_Sincerity\_", they are doubtless sincere enough for a man who will never put them to the trial. Besides you talked so much of your conjugal happiness, that an invitation from home would have seemed like Sacrilege, and my rough Bachelor's Hall would have appeared to little advantage after the "Bower of Armida" [1] where you have been reposing.

I cannot boast of my social powers at any time, and just at present they

are more stagnant than ever. Your Brother-in-law [2] means to stand for Wexford, but I have reasons for thinking the Portsmouth interest will be against him; however I wish him success. Do you mean to stand for any place next election? What are your politics? I hope Valentia's Lord is for the Catholics. You will find Hobhouse at Enniscorthy in the contested County.

Pray what has seized you? your last letter is the only one in which you do not rave upon matrimony. Are there no symptoms of a young W.W.? and shall I never be a Godfather? I believe I must be married myself soon, but it shall be a secret and a Surprise. However, knowing your exceeding discretion I shall probably entrust the secret to your silence at a proper period. You have, it is true, invited me repeatedly to Dean's Court [3] and now, when it is probable I might adventure there, you wish to be off. Be it so.

If you address your letters to this place they will be forwarded wherever I sojourn. I am about to meet some friends at Cambridge and on to town in November.

The papers are full of Dalrymple's Bigamy [4] (I know the man). What the Devil will he do with his Spare-rib? He is no beauty, but as lame as myself. He has more ladies than legs, what comfort to a cripple! Sto sempre umilissimo servitore.

BYRON.

[Footnote 1: Armida is the Sorceress, the niece of Prince Idreotes, in Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered', in whose palace Rinaldo forgets his vow as a crusader. Byron, in 'Don Juan' (Canto I. stanza lxxi.), says:

"But ne'er magician's wand  
Wrought change, with all Armida's fairy art,  
Like what this light touch left on Juan's heart."

In the Catalogue of Byron's books, sold April 5, 1816, appear four editions of Tasso's 'Gerusalemme Liberata', being those of 1776, 1785, 1813, and one undated.]

[Footnote 2: For George Annesley, Lord Valentia, afterwards Earl of Mountnorris (1769-1844), see 'Poems', ed. 1898, vol. i. p. 378, and 'note 5'.]

[Footnote 3: Near Wimborne, Dorset.]

[Footnote 4: The suit of 'Dalrymple' v. 'Dalrymple' was tried before Sir William Scott, in the Consistory Court, Doctors' Commons, July 16, 1811. The suit was brought by Mrs. Dalrymple ('née' Joanna Gordon) against Captain John William Henry Dalrymple. By Scottish law he was held to have been married to Miss Gordon, and his subsequent marriage with Miss Manners, sister of the Duchess of St. Albans, was held to be illegal.]

\* \* \* \* \*

196.--To R.C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, October 10th, 1811.

DEAR SIR,--Stanzas 24, 26, 29, [1] though \_crossed\_ must \_stand\_, with their \_alterations\_. The other three [2] are cut out to meet your wishes. We must, however, have a repetition of the proof, which is the first. I will write soon.

Yours ever,

B.

P.S.--Yesterday I returned from Lancs.

[Footnote 1: The stanzas are xxiv., xxv., xxvi. of Canto I.]

[Footnote 2: The following are the three deleted stanzas:

XXV.

"In golden characters, right well designed,  
First on the list appeareth one 'Junot;'  
Then certain other glorious names we find;  
(Which rhyme compelleth me to place below--)  
Dull victors! baffled by a vanquished foe,  
Wheedled by conynge tongues of laurels due,  
Stand, worthy of each other, in a row  
Sirs Arthur, Harry, and the dizzard Hew  
Dalrymple, seely wight, sore dupe of 'tother tew."

XXVII.

"But when Convention sent his handy work,  
Pens, tongues, feet, hands, combined in wild uproar;  
Mayor, Alderman, laid down th' uplifted fork;  
The bench of Bishops half forgot to snore;  
Stern Cobbett, who for one whole week forbore  
To question aught, once more with transport leapt,  
And bit his dev'lish quill agen, and swore  
With foe such treaty never should be kept.  
Then burst the blatant beast, and roared and raged and--slept!!!"

XXVIII.

"Thus unto heaven appealed the people; heaven,  
Which loves the lieges of our gracious King,  
Decreed that ere our generals were forgiven,  
Inquiry should be held about the thing.  
But mercy cloaked the babes beneath her wing;  
And as they spared our foes so spared we them.  
(Where was the pity of our sires for Byng?)  
Yet knaves, not idiots, should the law condemn.  
Then live ye, triumph gallants! and bless your judges' phlegm.]"

\* \* \* \* \*

197.--To R.C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, Oct. 11, 1811.

I have returned from Lancashire, and ascertained that my property there may be made very valuable, but various circumstances very much circumscribe my exertions at present. I shall be in town on business in the beginning of November, and perhaps at Cambridge before the end of this month; but of my movements you shall be regularly apprised. Your objections I have in part done away by alterations, which I hope will suffice; and I have sent two or three additional stanzas for both "Fyttes." I have been again shocked with a death, and have lost one very dear to me in happier times [1]; but "I have almost forgot the taste of grief," and "supped full of horrors" [2] till I have become callous, nor have I a tear left for an event which, five years ago, would have bowed down my head to the earth. It seems as though I were to experience in my youth the greatest misery of age. My friends fall around me, and I shall be left a lonely tree before I am withered. Other men can always take refuge in their families; I have no resource but my own reflections, and they present no prospect here or hereafter, except the selfish satisfaction of surviving my betters. I am indeed very wretched, and you will excuse my saying so, as you know I am not apt to cant of sensibility.

Instead of tiring yourself with my concerns, I should be glad to hear your plans of retirement. I suppose you would not like to be wholly shut out of society? Now I know a large village, or small town, about twelve miles off, where your family would have the advantage of very genteel society, without the hazard of being annoyed by mercantile affluence; where you would meet with men of information and independence; and where I have friends to whom I should be proud to introduce you. There are, besides, a coffee-room, assemblies, etc., etc., which bring people together. My mother had a house there some years, and I am well acquainted with the economy of Southwell, the name of this little commonwealth. Lastly, you will not be very remote from

me; and though I am the very worst companion for young people in the world, this objection would not apply to \_you\_, whom I could see frequently. Your expenses, too, would be such as best suit your inclinations, more or less, as you thought proper; but very little would be requisite to enable you to enter into all the gaieties of a country life. You could be as quiet or bustling as you liked, and certainly as well situated as on the lakes of Cumberland, unless you have a particular wish to be \_picturesque\_.

Pray, is your Ionian friend in town? You have promised me an introduction. You mention having consulted some friend on the MSS. Is not this contrary to our usual way? Instruct Mr. Murray not to allow his shopman to call the work \_Child of Harrow's Pilgrimage\_!!!! [3] as he has done to some of my astonished friends, who wrote to inquire after my \_sanity\_ on the occasion, as well they might. I have heard nothing of Murray, whom I scolded heartily. Must I write more notes? Are there not enough? Cawthorn must be kept back with the \_Hints\_. I hope he is getting on with Hobhouse's quarto. Good evening.

Yours ever, etc.

[Footnote 1: The reference is to Edleston (see 'Letters', vol. i. p. 130, note 3 [Footnote 2 of Letter 74]), of whose death Miss Edleston had recently sent Byron an account.]

[Footnote 2:

"I have almost forgot the taste of fears:

...

I have supp'd full with horrors."

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

[Footnote 3: Francis Hodgson, writing to Byron, October 8, 1811, says,

"Murray's shopman, taught, I presume, by himself, calls 'Psyche' 'Pishy,' 'The Four Slaves of Cythera' 'The Four do. of Cythera,' and 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage' 'Child of Harrow's Pilgrimage.' This misnaming Vendor of Books must have been misbegotten in some portentous union of the Malaprops and the Slipslops."]

\* \* \* \* \*

198.--To Francis Hodgson.

Newstead Abbey, Oct. 13, 1811.

You will begin to deem me a most liberal correspondent; but as my letters are free, you will overlook their frequency. I have sent you answers in prose and verse to all your late communications; and though I am invading your ease again, I don't know why, or what to put down that you are not acquainted with already. I am growing \_nervous\_ (how you will laugh!)--but it is true,--really, wretchedly, ridiculously, fine-ladically \_nervous\_. Your climate kills me; I can neither read, write, nor amuse myself, or any one else. My days are listless, and my nights restless; I have very seldom any society, and when I have, I run out of it. At "this present writing," there are in the next room three \_ladies\_, and I have stolen away to write this grumbling letter.--I don't know that I sha'n't end with insanity, for I find a want of method in arranging my thoughts that perplexes me strangely; but this looks more like silliness than madness, as Scrope Davies would facetiously remark in his consoling manner. I must try the hartshorn of your company; and a session of Parliament would suit me well,--any thing to cure me of conjugating the accursed verb "\_ennuyer\_."

When shall you be at Cambridge? You have hinted, I think, that your friend Bland [1] is returned from Holland. I have always had a great respect for his talents, and for all that I have heard of his character; but of me, I believe he knows nothing, except that he heard my sixth form repetitions ten months together at the average of two lines a morning, and those never perfect. I remembered him and his \_Slaves\_ as I passed between Capes Matapan, St. Angelo, and his Isle of Ceriga, and I always bewailed the absence of the \_Anthology\_. I suppose he will now translate Vondel, the Dutch Shakspeare, and \_Gysbert van Amsteli\_ [2]

will easily be accommodated to our stage in its present state; and I presume he saw the Dutch poem, where the love of Pyramus and Thisbe is compared to the passion of Christ; also the love of Lucifer for Eve, and other varieties of Low Country literature.

No doubt you will think me crazed to talk of such things, but they are all in black and white and good repute on the banks of every canal from Amsterdam to Alkmaar.

Yours ever,

B.

My poesy is in the hands of its various publishers; but the \_Hints from Horace\_ (to which I have subjoined some savage lines on Methodism, [3] and ferocious notes on the vanity of the triple Editory of the \_Edin. Annual Register\_ [4]), my \_Hints\_, I say, stand still, and why?--I have not a friend in the world (but you and Drury) who can construe Horace's Latin or my English well enough to adjust them for the press, or to correct the proofs in a grammatical way. So that, unless you have bowels when you return to town (I am too far off to do it for myself), this ineffable work will be lost to the world for--I don't know how many \_weeks\_.

\_Childe Harold's Pilgrimage\_ must wait till \_Murray's\_ is finished. He is making a tour in Middlesex, and is to return soon, when high matter may be expected. He wants to have it in quarto, which is a cursed unsaleable size; but it is pestilent long, and one must obey one's bookseller. I trust Murray will pass the Paddington Canal without being

seduced by Payne and Mackinlay's example,--I say Payne and Mackinlay, supposing that the partnership held good. Drury, the villain, has not written to me; "I am never (as Mrs. Lumpkin [5] says to Tony) to be gratified with the monster's dear wild notes."

So you are going (going indeed!) into orders. You must make your peace with the Eclectic Reviewers--they accuse you of impiety, I fear, with injustice. Demetrius, the "Sieger of Cities," is here, with "Gilpin Horner." [6]

The painter [7] is not necessary, as the portraits he already painted are (by anticipation) very like the new animals.--Write, and send me your "Love Song"--but I want *\_paulo majora\_* from you. Make a dash before you are a deacon, and try a *\_dry\_* publisher.

Yours always,

B.

[Footnote 1: For Robert Bland, see 'Letters', vol. i. p. 271, 'note' 1 [Footnote 2 of Letter 137]. In his 'Four Slaves of Cythera' (1809), Canto I., occur the following lines:

"Now full in sight the Paphian gardens smile,  
And thence by many a green and summer isle,  
Whose ancient walls and temples seem to sleep,  
Enshadowed on the mirror of the deep,  
They coast along Cythera's happy ground,  
Gem of the sea, for love's delight renown'd."]

[Footnote 2: Bland had been acting as English Chaplain in Holland. Joost Van Vondel (1587-1679), born at Cologne of Anabaptist parents, became a Roman Catholic in 1641. Most of his thirty-two tragedies are on classical or religious subjects, and in the latter may be traced his gradual change of faith. 'Gysbrecht van Amstel'(1637) is a play, the action of which takes place on Christmas Day in the thirteenth century. The scene is laid at Amsterdam, which is captured by a ruse like that of the Greeks at Troy. The play appealed strongly to the patriotic instincts of the Dutch by its prophecy of the future greatness of Amsterdam. Vondel's 'Lucifer' (1654) has been often compared to 'Paradise Lost'. It also bears some affinities to 'Cain'. In it the Archangel Lucifer rebels against God on learning the Divine intention to take on Himself the nature, not of Angels, but of Man.]

[Footnote 3: 'Hints from Horace', lines 371-382.]

[Footnote 4: 'The Edinburgh Annual Register' (1808-26) was published by John Ballantyne and Co. The prospectus promised a general history of Europe; a collection of State papers; a chronicle of events; original essays on morality, literature, and science; and articles on biography, the useful arts, and meteorology. The Editor was Scott, and Southey was responsible for the historical department. The first two parts, giving the history of 1808, did not appear till July, 1810, and then with an editorial apology for the omission of the articles on biography, the

useful arts, and meteorology; also with an explanation that the idea of original essays on morality, literature, and science had been abandoned. The venture, thus unfortunately launched, never succeeded. For Byron's attack, see 'Hints from Horace', line 657, and his 'note'.]

[Footnote 5: This is an obvious slip for "Mrs. Hardcastle," who, in 'She Stoops to Conquer' (act ii.), says,

"I'm never to be delighted with your agreeable wild notes, unfeeling monster!"]

[Footnote 6: Probably Demetrius, his Greek servant, whom he nicknames after Demetrius Poliorcetes, and Claridge, who had bored Byron during a long stay of three weeks.]

[Footnote 7: Barber, whom he had brought down to Newstead to paint his wolf and his bear.]

\* \* \* \* \*

199.--To R. C. Dallas.

Oct. 14, 1811.

DEAR SIR,--Stanza 9th, for Canto 2nd, somewhat altered, to avoid recurrence in a former stanza.

STANZA 9.

There, thou! whose love and life together fled,  
Have left me here to love and live in vain:--  
Twined with my heart, and can I deem thee dead,  
When busy Memory flashes o'er my brain?  
Well--I will dream that we may meet again,  
And woo the vision to my vacant breast;  
If aught of young Remembrance then remain,  
Be as it may  
Whate'er beside Futurity's behest;

or,--

Howe'er may be  
For me 'twere bliss enough to see thy spirit blest!



I think it proper to state to you, that this stanza alludes to an event which has taken place since my arrival here, and not to the death of any \_male\_ friend.

Yours,

B.

\* \* \* \* \*

200.--To R. C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, Oct. 16, 1811.

I am on the wing for Cambridge. Thence, after a short stay, to London. Will you be good enough to keep an account of all the MSS. you receive, for fear of omission? Have you adopted the three altered stanzas of the latest proof? I can do nothing more with them. I am glad you like the new ones. Of the last, and of the \_two\_, I sent for a new edition, to-day a \_fresh note\_. The lines of the second sheet I fear must stand; I will give you reasons when we meet.

Believe me, yours ever,

BYRON.

\* \* \* \* \*

201.--To R. C. Dallas.

Cambridge, Oct. 25, 1811.

DEAR SIR,--I send you a conclusion to the \_whole\_. In a stanza towards the end of Canto I. in the line,

Oh, known the earliest and \_beloved\_ the most,

I shall alter the epithet to "\_esteemed\_ the most." The present stanzas are for the end of Canto II. For the beginning of the week I shall be at

No. 8, my old lodgings, in St. James' Street, where I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you.

Yours ever,

B.

\* \* \* \* \*

202.--To Thomas Moore. [1]

Cambridge, October 27, 1811.

SIR,--Your letter followed me from Notts, to this place, which will account for the delay of my reply.

Your former letter I never had the honour to receive;--be assured in whatever part of the world it had found me, I should have deemed it my duty to return and answer it in person.

The advertisement you mention, I know nothing of.--At the time of your meeting with Mr. Jeffrey, I had recently entered College, and remember to have heard and read a number of squibs on the occasion; and from the recollection of these I derived all my knowledge on the subject, without the slightest idea of "giving the lie" to an address which I never beheld. When I put my name to the production, which has occasioned this correspondence, I became responsible to all whom it might concern,--to explain where it requires explanation, and, where insufficiently or too sufficiently explicit, at all events to satisfy. My situation leaves me no choice; it rests with the injured and the angry to obtain reparation in their own way.

With regard to the passage in question, you were certainly not the person towards whom I felt personally hostile. On the contrary, my whole thoughts were engrossed by one, whom I had reason to consider as my worst literary enemy, nor could I foresee that his former antagonist was about to become his champion. You do not specify what you would wish to have done: I can neither retract nor apologise for a charge of falsehood which I never advanced.

In the beginning of the week, I shall be at No. 8, St. James's Street.--Neither the letter nor the friend to whom you stated your intention ever made their appearance.

Your friend, Mr. Rogers, [2] or any other gentleman delegated by you, will find me most ready to adopt any conciliatory proposition which shall not compromise my own honour,--or, failing in that, to make the atonement you deem it necessary to require.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

BYRON.

[Footnote 1: Thomas Moore (1779-1852), by his literary and social gifts, had made his name several years before 1811, when he first became personally acquainted with Byron. His precocity was as remarkable as his versatility. The son of a Dublin grocer, for whom his political interest secured the post of barrack-master, he went, like Sheridan, to Samuel Whyte's school, and was afterwards at Trinity College, Dublin. Before he was fifteen he had written verses, including lines to Whyte, himself a poet, the publication of which, in the 'Anthologia Hibernica' (October, 1793; February, March, and June, 1794), gained him a local reputation. Coming to London in 1799, he read law at the Middle Temple. His 'Odes' translated from Anacreon (1800), dedicated to the Prince of Wales, opened to him the houses of the Whig aristocracy; and his powers as a singer, an actor, a talker, and, later, as a satirist, made him a favourite in society. In 1801 appeared his 'Poems: by the late Thomas Little', amatory verses which Byron read, and imitated in some of the silliest of his youthful lines.

The review of Moore's 'Odes, Epistles, and Other Poems' (1806), which appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review' for July, 1806, provoked Moore to challenge Jeffrey. Their duel with "leadless pistols" led, not only to Moore's friendship with Jeffrey, but, indirectly, as is seen from the following letters, to Moore's acquaintance with Byron. Moore himself contributed to the 'Edinburgh', between the years 1814 and 1834, essays on multifarious subjects, from poetry to German Rationalism, from the Fathers to French official life. In 1807 the first of the 'Irish Melodies' was published; they continued to appear at irregular intervals till 1834, when 122 had been printed. A master of the art of versification, Moore sings, with graceful fancy, in a tone of mingled mirth and melancholy, his love of his country, of the wine of other countries, and the women of all countries. But, except in his patriotism, he shows little depth of feeling. The 'Melodies' are the work of a brilliantly clever man, endowed with an exquisite musical ear, and a temperament that is rather susceptible than intense. With them may be classed his 'National Airs' (1815) and 'Sacred Song' (1816).

Moore had already found one field in which he excelled; it was not long before he discovered another. His serious satires, 'Corruption' (1808), 'Intolerance' (1808), and 'The Sceptic' (1809), failed. His nature was neither deep enough nor strong enough for success in such themes. In the ephemeral strife of party politics he found his real province. Nothing can be better of their kind than the metrical lampoons collected in 'Intercepted Letters, or the Twopenny Post-bag, by Thomas Brown the Younger' (1813). In his hands the bow and arrows of Cupid become formidable weapons of party warfare; nor do their ornaments impede the movements of the archer. The shaft is gaily winged and brightly polished; the barb sharp and dipped in venom; and the missile hums music as it flies to its mark. Moore's satire is the satire of the Clubs at its best; but it is scarcely the satire of literature. 'The Twopenny Post-bag' was the parent of many similar productions, beginning with 'The Fudge Family in Paris' (1818), and ending with 'Fables for the Holy Alliance' (1823), which he dedicated to Byron.

As a serious poet, and the author of 'Lalla Rookh' (1817), 'The Loves of the Angels' (1823), and 'Alciphron' (1839), Moore was perhaps overrated by his contemporaries. In spite of their brightness of fancy, metrical skill, and brilliant cleverness, they lack the greater elements of the highest poetry.

Moore's prose work begins, apart from his contributions to periodical literature, with the 'Memoirs of Captain Rock' (1824), 'The Epicurean' (1827), 'The Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion' (1834), 'The History of Ireland' (1846); and a succession of biographies--the life of 'Sheridan' (1825), of 'Byron' (1830), and 'Lord Edward Fitzgerald' (1831)--complete the list. In the midst of his biographical work, Moore was advised by Lord Lansdowne to write nine lives at once, and print them together under the title of 'The Cat'.

In 1811 Moore married Miss Elizabeth Dyke (born 1793), an actress who fascinated him at the Kilkenny private theatricals in 1809. To the outer world, Mrs. Moore's bird, as she called him, was a sprightly little songster, who lived in a whirl of dinners, suppers, concerts, and theatricals. These, as well as his private anxieties and misfortunes, are recorded in the eight volumes of his 'Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence', which were edited by Lord John Russell, in 1853. Moore was an excellent son, a good husband, an affectionate father, and to Byron a loyal friend, neither envious nor subservient. Clare, Hobhouse, and Moore were (Lady Blessington's 'Conversations', 2nd edition, 1850, pp. 393, 394) the only persons whose friendship Byron never disclaimed. He spoke of Moore ('ibid'., pp. 322, 323) as "a delightful companion, gay without being boisterous, witty without effort, comic without coarseness, and sentimental without being lachrymose. He reminds one of the fairy who, whenever she spoke, let diamonds fall from her lips. My 'tête-à-tête' suppers with Moore are among the most agreeable impressions I retain of the hours passed in London."

In July, 1806, in consequence of the article in the 'Edinburgh Review' on his recent volume of 'Poems', Moore sent, through his friend Hume, a challenge to Jeffrey, who was seconded by Francis Horner, and a meeting was arranged. Moore, who had only once in his life discharged a firearm of any kind, and then nearly blew his thumb off, borrowed a case of pistols from William Spencer, and bought in Bond Street enough powder and bullets for a score of duels. The parties met at Chalk Farm; the seconds loaded the pistols, placed the men at their posts, and were about to give the signal to fire, when the police officers, rushing upon them from behind a hedge, knocked Jeffrey's weapon from his hand, disarmed Moore, and conveyed the whole party to Bow Street. They were released on bail; but, on Moore returning to claim the borrowed pistols, the officer refused to give them up, because only Moore's pistol was loaded with ball. Horner, however, gave evidence that he had seen both pistols loaded; and there, but for the reports circulated in the newspapers, the affair would have ended. But the joke was too good to be allowed to drop, and, in spite of Moore's published letter, he was for months a target for the wits ('Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence', vol. i. pp. 199-208).

In 'English Bards, etc.', lines 466, 467, and his 'note', Byron made merry over "Little's leadless pistol," with the result that, when the second edition of the satire was published, with his name attached, Moore sent him the following letter:--

"Dublin, January 1, 1810.

"My Lord,--Having just seen the name of 'Lord Byron' prefixed to a work entitled 'English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers', in which, as it appears to me, 'the lie is given' to a public statement of mine, respecting an affair with Mr. Jeffrey some years since, I beg you will have the goodness to inform me whether I may consider your Lordship as the author of this publication.

"I shall not, I fear, be able to return to London for a week or two; but, in the mean time, I trust your Lordship will not deny me the satisfaction of knowing whether you avow the insult contained in the passages alluded to.

"It is needless to suggest to your Lordship the propriety of keeping our correspondence secret.

"I have the honour to be,

"Your Lordship's very humble servant,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"22, Molesworth Street."

Owing to Byron's absence abroad, the letter never reached him; it was, in fact, kept back by Hodgson. On his return to England, Moore, who in the interval had married, sent him a second letter, restating the nature of the insult he had received in 'English Bards'.

"'It is now useless,' I continued ('Life', p. 143), 'to speak of the steps with which it was my intention to follow up that letter. The time which has elapsed since then, though it has done away neither the injury nor the feeling of it, has, in many respects, materially altered my situation; and the only object which I have now in writing to your Lordship is to preserve some consistency with that former letter, and to prove to you that the injured feeling still exists, however circumstances may compel me to be deaf to its dictates, at present. When I say "injured feeling," let me assure your Lordship that there is not a single vindictive sentiment in my mind towards you. I mean but to express that uneasiness, under (what I consider to be) a charge of falsehood, which must haunt a man of any feeling to his grave, unless the insult be retracted or atoned for; and which, if I did 'not' feel, I should, indeed, deserve far worse than your Lordship's satire could inflict upon me.' In conclusion I added, that so far from being influenced by any angry or resentful feeling towards him, it would give me sincere pleasure if, by any satisfactory explanation, he would enable me to seek the honour of being henceforward ranked among his acquaintance."

Byron's letter of October 27, 1811. was written in reply to this second letter from Moore.]

[Footnote 2: For Samuel Rogers, see p. 67, note 1.]

\* \* \* \* \*

203.--To R. C. Dallas.

8, St. James's Street, 29th October, 1811.

DEAR SIR,--I arrived in town last night, and shall be very glad to see you when convenient.

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

204.--To Thomas Moore. [1]

8, St. James's Street, October 29, 1811.

SIR,--Soon after my return to England, my friend, Mr. Hodgson, apprised me that a letter for me was in his possession; but a domestic event hurrying me from London immediately after, the letter (which may most probably be your own) is still unopened in his keeping. If, on examination of the address, the similarity of the handwriting should lead to such a conclusion, it shall be opened in your presence, for the satisfaction of all parties. Mr. H. is at present out of town;--on Friday I shall see him, and request him to forward it to my address.

With regard to the latter part of both your letters, until the principal point was discussed between us, I felt myself at a loss in what manner to reply. Was I to anticipate friendship from one, who conceived me to have charged him with falsehood? Were not advances, under such circumstances, to be misconstrued,--not, perhaps, by the person to whom they were addressed, but by others? In my case such a step was impracticable. If you, who conceived yourself to be the offended person, are satisfied that you had no cause for offence, it will not be difficult to convince me of it. My situation, as I have before stated, leaves me no choice. I should have felt proud of your acquaintance, had it commenced under other circumstances; but it must rest with you to determine how far it may proceed after so auspicious a beginning.

I have the honour to be, etc.

[Footnote 1: Moore had replied, accepting Byron's explanation, and adding,

"As your Lordship does not show any wish to proceed beyond the rigid formulary of explanation, it is not for me to make any further advances. We Irishmen, in businesses of this kind, seldom know any

medium between decided hostility and decided friendship; but, as any approaches towards the latter alternative must now depend entirely on your Lordship, I have only to repeat that I am satisfied with your letter, and that I have the honour to be," etc., etc.]

\* \* \* \* \*

205.--To Thomas Moore. [1]

8, St. James's Street, October 30, 1811.

SIR,--You must excuse my troubling you once more upon this very unpleasant subject. It would be a satisfaction to me, and I should think to yourself, that the unopened letter in Mr. Hodgson's possession (supposing it to prove your own) should be returned in statu quo to the writer; particularly as you expressed yourself "not quite easy under the manner in which I had dwelt on its miscarriage."

A few words more, and I shall not trouble you further. I felt, and still feel, very much flattered by those parts of your correspondence, which held out the prospect of our becoming acquainted. If I did not meet them in the first instance as perhaps I ought, let the situation I was placed in be my defence. You have now declared yourself satisfied, and on that point we are no longer at issue. If, therefore, you still retain any wish to do me the honour you hinted at, I shall be most happy to meet you, when, where, and how you please, and I presume you will not attribute my saying thus much to any unworthy motive.

I have the honour to remain, etc.

[Footnote 1:

"Piqued," says Moore ('Life', 144), "at the manner in which my efforts towards a more friendly understanding were received,"

he had briefly expressed his satisfaction at Byron's explanation, and added that the correspondence might close.]

\* \* \* \* \*

206.--To R. C. Dallas.

8, St. James's Street, October 31, 1811.

DEAR SIR,--I have already taken up so much of your time that there needs no excuse on your part, but a great many on mine, for the present interruption. I have altered the passages according to your wish. With this note I send a few stanzas on a subject which has lately occupied much of my thoughts. They refer to the death of one to whose name you are a stranger, and, consequently, cannot be interested. I mean them to complete the present volume. They relate to the same person whom I have mentioned in Canto 2nd, and at the conclusion of the poem.

I by no means intend to identify myself with 'Harold', but to deny all connection with him. If in parts I may be thought to have drawn from myself, believe me it is but in parts, and I shall not own even to that. As to the Monastic dome, etc., [1] I thought those circumstances would suit him as well as any other, and I could describe what I had seen better than I could invent. I would not be such a fellow as I have made my hero for all the world.

Yours ever,

B.

[Footnote 1: 'Childe Harold', Canto II. stanza xlviij.]

\* \* \* \* \*

207.--To Thomas Moore.

8, St. James's Street, November 1, 1811.

Sir,--As I should be very sorry to interrupt your Sunday's engagement, if Monday, or any other day of the ensuing week, would be equally convenient to yourself and friend, I will then have the honour of accepting his invitation. [1]

Of the professions of esteem with which Mr. Rogers [2] has honoured me, I cannot but feel proud, though undeserving. I should be wanting to myself, if insensible to the praise of such a man; and, should my approaching interview with him and his friend lead to any degree of intimacy with both or either, I shall regard our past correspondence as one of the happiest events of my life. I have the honour to be,

Your very sincere and obedient servant,



BYRON.

[Footnote 1: Rogers has left an account of this dinner.

"Neither Moore nor myself had ever seen Byron when it was settled that he should dine at my house to meet Moore; nor was he known by sight to Campbell, who, happening to call upon me that morning, consented to join the party. I thought it best that I alone should be in the drawing-room when Byron entered it; and Moore and Campbell accordingly withdrew. Soon after his arrival, they returned; and I introduced them to him severally, naming them as Adam named the beasts. When we sat down to dinner, I asked Byron if he would take soup? 'No; he never took soup.' 'Would he take some fish?' 'No; he never took fish.' Presently I asked if he would eat some mutton? 'No; he never ate mutton.' I then asked if he would take a glass of wine? 'No; he never tasted wine.' It was now necessary to inquire what he 'did' eat and drink; and the answer was, 'Nothing but hard biscuits and soda-water.' Unfortunately, neither hard biscuits nor soda-water were at hand; and he dined upon potatoes bruised down on his plate and drenched with vinegar. My guests stayed very late, discussing the merits of Walter Scott and Joanna Baillie. Some days after, meeting Hobhouse, I said to him, 'How long will Lord Byron persevere in his present diet?' He replied, 'Just as long as you continue to notice it.' I did not then know, what I now know to be a fact, that Byron, after leaving my house, had gone to a Club in St. James's Street and eaten a hearty meat-supper"

('Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers', pp. 231, 232). Moore's ('Life', p. 145) first impressions of Byron were

"the nobleness of his air, his beauty, the gentleness of his voice and manners, and--what was naturally not the least attraction--his marked kindness to myself. Being in mourning for his mother, the colour, as well of his dress, as of his glossy, curling, and picturesque hair, gave more effect to the pure, spiritual paleness of his features, in the expression of which, when he spoke, there was a perpetual play of lively thought, though melancholy was their habitual character when in repose."]

[Footnote 2: Samuel Rogers (1763-1855), the third son of a London banker, was born at Stoke Newington. Shortly after his father's death, in 1793, he withdrew from any active part in the management of the bank, and devoted himself for the rest of his long life to literature, art, and society. In 1803 he moved from chambers in the Temple to a house in St. James's Place, overlooking the Green Park. Here he lived till his death, in December, 1855, and here he gathered round him, at his celebrated breakfasts, the most distinguished men and women of his time. An excellent account of the "Town Mouse" entertaining the "Country Mouse" is given by Dean Stanley ('Life', vol. i. p. 298), who met Wordsworth at breakfast with Rogers, in 1841, and describes

"the town mouse a sleek, well-fed, sly, 'white' mouse, and the country mouse with its rough, weather-worn face and grey hairs; the town mouse displaying its delicate little rolls and pyramids of glistening strawberries, the country mouse exulting in its hollow tree, its crust of bread and liberty, and rallying its brother on his

late hours and frequent dinners."

One of his earliest recollections was the sight of a rebel's head upon a pole at Temple Bar. He had talked with a Thames boatman who remembered Pope; had seen Garrick in 'The Suspicious Husband'; had heard Sir Joshua Reynolds deliver his last lecture as President of the Royal Academy; had seen John Wesley "lying in state" in the City Road; had gone to call on Dr. Johnson, but, when his hand was on the knocker, found his courage fled. He lived to be offered the laureateship in 1850, on the death of Wordsworth, and to decline it in favour of Tennyson.

"Time was," wrote Mathias ('Pursuits of Literature', note, p. 360, ed. 1808), "when bankers were as stupid as their guineas could make them; they were neither orators, nor painters, nor poets. But now. . . Mr. Rogers dreams on Parnassus; and, if I am rightly informed, there is a great demand among his brethren for the 'Pleasures of Memory'."

Rogers began to write poetry at an early age, and continued to write it all his life. His 'Ode to Superstition' was published in 1786; the 'Pleasures of Memory', in 1792; the 'Epistle to a Friend', in 1798; 'Columbus', in 1812; 'Jacqueline', in 1813; 'Human Life', in 1819; 'Italy', in 1822-34. His later years were occupied in revising, correcting, or amplifying his published poems, and in preparing the notes to 'Italy', which are admirable studies in compactness and precision of language. A disciple of Pope, an imitator of Goldsmith, Rogers was rather a skilful adapter than an original poet. His chief talent was his taste; if he could not originate, he could appreciate. The fastidious care which he lavished on his work has preserved it. In his commonplace-book he has entered the number of years which he spent in composing and revising his poems. His 'Pleasures of Memory' occupied seven years, 'Columbus' fourteen, and 'Italy' fifteen. An excellent judge of art, he employed Flaxman, Stothard, and Turner at a time when their powers were little appreciated by his fellow-countrymen. Of his taste Byron speaks enthusiastically in his Journal (see p. 331). But the following passage (hitherto unpublished) from his 'Detached Thoughts' (Ravenna, 1821) gives his later opinion of the man:

"When Sheridan was on his death-bed, Rogers aided him with purse and person. This was particularly kind of Rogers, who always spoke ill of Sheridan (to me, at least), but, indeed, he does that of everybody to anybody. Rogers is the reverse of the line:

'The \_best good man\_ with the \_worst\_ natured Muse,'

being:

'The \_worst\_ good man with the \_best\_ natured Muse.'

His Muse being all Sentiment and Sago and Sugar, while he himself is a venomous talker. I say 'worst good man' because he is (perhaps) a 'good' man; at least he does good now and then, as well he may, to purchase himself a shilling's worth of salvation for his slanders. They are so 'little', too--small talk--and old Womanny, and he is malignant too--and envious--and--he be damned!"

In a manuscript note to these passages Sir Walter Scott writes,

"I never heard Rogers say a single word against Byron, which is rather odd too. Byron wrote a bitter and undeserved satire on Rogers. This

conduct must have been motivated by something or other."

Speaking of Rogers and Sheridan, he says,

"He certainly took pennyworths out of his friend's character. I sat three hours for my picture to Sir Thomas Lawrence, during which the whole conversation was filled up by Rogers with stories of Sheridan, for the least of which, if true, he deserved the gallows. One respected his committing a rape on his sister-in-law on the day of her husband's funeral. Others were worse."

In politics Rogers was a Whig, in religion a Presbyterian. But he meddled little with either. In private life he was as kindly in action as he was caustic in speech. A sensitive man himself, he studied to be satirical to others. When Ward condemned 'Columbus' in the 'Quarterly Review', Rogers repaid his critic in the stinging epigram:

"Ward has no heart, they say; but I deny it;  
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it."

Byron warmly admired Rogers's poetry. To him he dedicated 'The Giaour', in

"admiration for his genius, respect for his character, and gratitude for his friendship."

The 'Quarterly Review', in an article on 'The Corsair' and 'Lara', mentions

"the highly refined, but somewhat insipid, pastoral tale of 'Jacqueline'."

Byron, on reading the review, said to Lady Byron,

"The man's a fool. 'Jacqueline' is as superior to 'Lara' as Rogers is to me"

('Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers', p. 154, 'note').

"The 'Pleasures of Memory'," he said (Lady Blessington's 'Conversations', p. 153), "is a very beautiful poem, harmonious, finished, and chaste; it contains not a single meretricious ornament. If Rogers has not fixed himself in the higher fields of Parnassus, he has, at least, cultivated a very pretty flower-garden at its base." But he goes on to speak of the poem (p. 354) as "a 'hortus siccus' of pretty flowers," and an illustration of "the difference between inspiration and versification."

If Rogers ever saw Byron's 'Question and Answer' (1818), he was generous enough to forget the satire. In 'Italy' he paid a noble tribute to the genius of the dead poet:

"He is now at rest;  
And praise and blame fall on his ear alike,  
Now dull in death. Yes, Byron, thou art gone,  
Gone like a star that through the firmament  
Shot and was lost, in its eccentric course  
Dazzling, perplexing. Yet thy heart, methinks,

Was generous, noble--noble in its scorn  
Of all things low or little; nothing there  
Sordid or servile. If imagined wrongs  
Pursued thee, urging thee sometimes to do  
Things long regretted, oft, as many know,  
None more than I, thy gratitude would build  
On slight foundations; and, if in thy life  
Not happy, in thy death thou surely wert,  
Thy wish accomplished; dying in the land  
Where thy young mind had caught ethereal fire,  
Dying in Greece, and in a cause so glorious!

They in thy train--ah, little did they think,  
As round we went, that they so soon should sit  
Mourning beside thee, while a Nation mourned,  
Changing her festal for her funeral song;  
That they so soon should hear the minute-gun,  
As morning gleamed on what remained of thee,  
Roll o'er the sea, the mountains, numbering  
Thy years of joy and sorrow.

Thou art gone;  
And he who would assail thee in thy grave,  
Oh, let him pause! For who among us all,  
Tried as thou wert--even from thy earliest years,  
When wandering, yet unspoilt, a Highland boy--  
Tried as thou wert, and with thy soul of flame;  
Pleasure, while yet the down was on thy cheek,  
Uplifting, pressing, and to lips like thine,  
Her charmed cup--ah, who among us all  
Could say he had not erred as much, and more?"]

\* \* \* \* \*

208.--To Francis Hodgson.

8, St. James's Street, November 17, 1811.

Dear Hodgson,--I have been waiting for the letter [1] which was to have been sent by you immediately, and must again jog your memory on the subject. I believe I wrote you a full and true account of poor--'s proceedings. Since his reunion to--, [2] I have heard nothing further from him. What a pity! a man of talent, past the heyday of life, and a clergyman, to fall into such imbecility. I have heard from Hobhouse, who has at last sent more copy to Cawthorn for his Travels. I franked an enormous cover for you yesterday, seemingly to convey at least twelve cantos on any given subject. I fear the I aspect of it was too epic for the post. From this and other coincidences I augur a publication on your part, but what, or when, or how much, you must disclose immediately.

I don't know what to say about coming down to Cambridge at present, but

live in hopes. I am so completely superannuated there, and besides feel it something brazen in me to wear my magisterial habit, after all my buffooneries, that I hardly think I shall venture again. And being now an [Greek: ariston men hydôr] disciple I won't come within wine-shot of such determined toppers as your collegiates. I have not yet subscribed to Bowen. I mean to cut Harrow "\_enim unquam\_" as somebody classically said for a farewell sentence. I am superannuated there too, and, in short, as old at twenty-three as many men at seventy.

Do write and send this letter that hath been so long in your custody. It is important that Moore should be certain that I never received it, if it be \_his\_. Are you drowned in a bottle of Port? or a Kilderkin of Ale? that I have never heard from you, or are you fallen into a fit of perplexity? Cawthorn has declined, and the MS. is returned to him. This is all at present from yours in the faith,

[Greek: Mpairon].

[Footnote 1: On November 17, 1811, Hodgson writes to Byron:

"I enclose you the long-delayed letter, which, from the similarity of hands alone, Davies and I will go shares in a bet of ten to one is the cartel in question."]

[Footnote 2: The names are carefully erased by Hodgson.]

\* \* \* \* \*

209.--To Francis Hodgson.

8, St. James's Street, December 4, 1811.

MY DEAR HODGSON,--I have seen Miller, [1]

who will see Bland, [2] but I have no great hopes of his obtaining the translation from the crowd of candidates. Yesterday I wrote to Harness, who will probably tell you what I said on the subject. Hobhouse has sent me my Romaic MS., and I shall require your aid in correcting the press, as your Greek eye is more correct than mine. But these will not come to type this month, I dare say. I have put some soft lines on ye Scotch in the 'Curse of Minerva'; take them;

"Yet Caledonia claims some native worth," etc. [3]

If you are not content now, I must say with the Irish drummer to the deserter who called out,

"Flog high, flog low"

"The de'il burn ye, there's no pleasing you, flog where one will."

Have you given up wine, even British wine?

I have read Watson to Gibbon. [4] He proves nothing, so I am where I was, verging towards Spinoza; and yet it is a gloomy Creed, and I want a better, but there is something Pagan in me that I cannot shake off. In short, I deny nothing, but doubt everything. The post brings me to a conclusion. Bland has just been here. Yours ever,

BN.

[Footnote 1: See Letters', vol. i. p. 319, 'note' 2 [Footnote 1 of Letter 158]]

[Footnote 2: Byron was endeavouring to secure for Bland (see 'Letters, vol. i. p. 271, 'note' 1 [Footnote 2 of Letter 137]), the work of translating Lucien Buonaparte's poem of 'Charlemagne'. He did not succeed. The poem, translated by Dr. Butler, Head-master of Shrewsbury, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield, and Francis Hodgson, was published in 1815.]

[Footnote 3: Lines 149-156.]

[Footnote 4: 'An Apology for Christianity, in a Series of Letters to Edward Gibbon, Esq.', by Richard Watson, D.D. (1776). Gibbon had a great respect for Watson, at this time Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, afterwards Bishop of Llandaff, whom he describes as "a prelate of a large mind and liberal spirit." In a letter to Holroyd (November 4, 1776), he speaks of the 'Apology' as "feeble," but "uncommingly genteel." To his stepmother he writes, November 29, 1776, that Watson's answer is "civil" and "too dull to deserve your notice."]

\* \* \* \* \*

210.--To William Harness. [1]

8, St. James's Street, Dec. 6, 1811.

My Dear Harness,--I write again, but don't suppose I mean to lay such a tax on your pen and patience as to expect regular replies. When you are

inclined, write: when silent, I shall have the consolation of knowing that you are much better employed. Yesterday, Bland and I called on Mr. Miller, who, being then out, will call on Bland to-day or to-morrow. I shall certainly endeavour to bring them together.--You are censorious, child; when you are a little older, you will learn to dislike every body, but abuse nobody.

With regard to the person of whom you speak, your own good sense must direct you. I never pretend to advise, being an implicit believer in the old proverb. This present frost is detestable. It is the first I have felt for these three years, though I longed for one in the oriental summer, when no such thing is to be had, unless I had gone to the top of Hymettus for it.

I thank you most truly for the concluding part of your letter. I have been of late not much accustomed to kindness from any quarter, and am not the less pleased to meet with it again from one where I had known it earliest. I have not changed in all my ramblings,--Harrow, and, of course, yourself, never left me, and the

"\_Dulces reminiscitur Argos\_"

attended me to the very spot to which that sentence alludes in the mind of the fallen Argive.--Our intimacy began before we began to date at all, and it rests with you to continue it till the hour which must number it and me with the things that \_were\_.

Do read mathematics.--I should think \_X plus Y\_ at least as amusing as the 'Curse of Kehama' [2], and much more intelligible. Master Southey's poems \_are\_, in fact, what parallel lines might be--viz. prolonged \_ad infinitum\_ without meeting anything half so absurd as themselves.

"What news, what news? Queen Orraca,  
What news of scribblers five?  
S----, W----, C----, L----d, and L----e?  
All damn'd, though yet alive."

Coleridge is lecturing. [3]

"Many an old fool," said Hannibal to some such lecturer, "but such as this, never." [4]

Ever yours, etc.

[Footnote 1: See 'Letters', vol. i. p. 177, 'note' 1. [Footnote 1 of Letter 92]]

[Footnote 2: Robert Southey (1774-1843) published his 'Curse of Kehama' in 1810. It formed a part of a series of heroic poems in which he intended to embody the chief mythologies of the world. In spite of Byron's adverse opinion, it contains magnificent passages, and disputes with 'Roderick, the Last of the Goths' (1814), the claim to be the finest of his longer poems. Southey's literary activity was immense. He had already produced 'Joan of Arc' (1796), 'Thalaba' (1801), 'Madoc' (1805), and many other works in prose and verse. At this time he was personally unknown to Byron, who had ridiculed his "annual strains."

They met for the first time at Holland House, in September, 1813. (See Byron's letter to Moore, September 27, 1813, and Journal, p. 331.) The animosity between the two men belongs to a later date, and in its origin was partly political, partly personal. Southey, in early life, had been a republican and a Unitarian, if not a deist. He collaborated with Coleridge in the 'Fall of Robespierre' (1794), wrote a portion of the 'Conciones ad Populum' (1795), which the Government considered seditious; and, according to Poole ('Thomas Pools and his Friends', vol. i. chap. vi.), wavered "between Deism and Atheism." He became a champion of monarchical principles and of religious orthodoxy, and attacked the views, which he had once held and expressed in 'Wat Tyler' (written in 1794, and piratically published in 1817), with the bitterness of a reactionary. He had also, as Byron believed, circulated, if not invented, a report that Byron and Shelley had formed "a league of incest" at Geneva, in 1816-17, with "two girls," Mary Godwin (Mrs. Shelley) and Jane Clairmont. Byron not only denied the charge, but retorted upon him, in his "Observations upon an Article in 'Blackwood's Magazine'" (March 15, 1820), as the author of 'Wat Tyler' and poet laureate, the man who "wrote treason and serves the King," the ex-pantisocrat who advocated "all things, including women, in common." Southey's 'Vision of Judgment', an apotheosis of George III., published in 1821, gave Byron a second provocation and a second opportunity, by speaking in the preface of his "Satanic spirit of pride and audacious impiety." Byron again replied in prose; and Southey (January 5, 1820), in a letter to the 'London Courier', invited him to attack him in rhyme. In Byron's 'Vision of Judgment' he found his invitation accepted, and himself pilloried in that tremendous satire. Southey overvalued his own narrative poetry. It is as a man, a prominent figure in literary history, a leader in the romantic revival, a master of prose, and the author of the best short biography in the English language--the 'Life of Nelson' (1813)--that he lives at the present day. His name also deserves to be remembered with gratitude by all who have read the nursery classic of "The Three Bears." Byron parodies a stanza in Southey's "Queen Orraca and the Five Martyrs of Morocco" ('Works', vol. vi. pp. 166-173):

"What news, O King Affonso,  
 What news of the Friars five?  
 Have they preached to the Miramamolin;  
 And are they still alive?"

The blanks stand for Scott or Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lloyd, and Lamb(e), with the lines from 'New Morality' in his mind:

"Coleridge and Southey, Lloyd and Lamb and Co.,  
 Tune all your mystic harps to praise Lepaux."]

[Footnote 3: Coleridge, beginning November 18, 1811, and ending January 27, 1812, delivered a course of seventeen lectures on Shakespeare and Milton, "in illustration of the principles of poetry." The lectures were given under the auspices of the London Philosophical Society, in the Scot's Corporation Hall, Crane Court, Fleet Street. Single tickets for the whole course were two guineas, or three guineas "with the privilege of introducing a lady." J. Payne Collier took shorthand notes of the lectures and published a portion of his material, the rest being lost ('Lectures on Shakespear', from notes by J.P. Collier), The notes, with other contemporary reports from the 'Times', 'Morning Chronicle', 'Dublin Chronicle', Crabb Robinson's 'Diary', and other sources, were republished in 1883 by Mr. Ashe ('Lectures and Notes on Shakspeare and



other English Poets').

Collier, in his notes of Coleridge's conversation (November 1, 1811), gives the substance, in all probability, of the attack on Campbell alluded to in the next letter. Coleridge said that "neither Southey, Scott, nor Campbell would by their poetry survive much beyond the day when they lived and wrote. Their works seemed to him not to have the seeds of vitality, the real germs of long life. The two first were entertaining as tellers of stories in verse; but the last, in his 'Pleasures of Hope', obviously had no fixed design, but when a thought (of course, not a very original one) came into his head, he put it down in couplets, and afterwards strung the 'disjecta membra' (not 'poetæ') together. Some of the best things in it were borrowed; for instance the line:

'And freedom shriek'd when Kosciusko fell,'

was taken from a much-ridiculed piece by Dennis, a pindaric on William III.:

'Fair Liberty shriek'd out aloud, aloud Religion groaned.'

It is the same production in which the following much-laughed-at specimen of bathos is found:

'Nor Alps nor Pyreneans keep him out,  
Nor fortified redoubt.'

Coleridge had little toleration for Campbell, and considered him, as far as he had gone, a mere verse-maker."(Ashe's Introduction to 'Lectures on Shakspeare', pp. 16, 17).]

[Footnote 4: Hannibal, in exile at Ephesus, was taken to hear a lecture by a peripatetic philosopher named Phormio. The lecturer ('homo copiosus') discoursed for some hours on the duties of a general, and military subjects generally. The delighted audience asked Hannibal his opinion of the lecture. He replied in Greek,

"I have seen many old fools often, but such an old fool as Phormio,  
never

('Multos se deliros senes s<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>pe vidisse; sed qui magis, quam Phormio,  
deliraret, vidisse neminem')

(Cicero, 'De Oratore', ii. 18).]

\* \* \* \* \*

8, St. James's St., Dec. 7th, 1811.

My Dear W.,--I was out of town during the arrival of your letters, but forwarded all on my return.

I hope you are going on to your satisfaction, and that her Ladyship is about to produce an heir with all his mother's Graces and all his Sire's good qualities. You know I am to be a Godfather. Byron Webster! a most heroic name, say what you please.

Don't be alarmed; my "\_caprice\_" won't lead me in to Dorset. No, \_Bachelors\_ for me! I consider you as dead to us, and all my future \_devoirs\_ are but tributes of respect to your \_Memory\_. Poor fellow! he was a facetious companion and well respected by all who knew him; but he is gone. Sooner or later we must all come to it.

I see nothing of you in the \_papers\_, the only place where I don't wish to see you; but you will be in town in the Winter. What dost thou do? shoot, hunt, and "wind up y'e Clock" as Caleb Quotem says? [1]

That thou art vastly happy, I doubt not.

I see your brother in law at times, and like him much; but we miss you much; I shall leave town in a fortnight to pass my Xmas in Notts.

Good afternoon, Dear W.  
Believe me,  
Yours ever most truly,  
B.

[Footnote 1: Byron alludes to Caleb Quotem's song in 'The Review, or Wags of Windsor' (act ii. sc. 2), by George Colman the Younger:

"I'm parish clerk and sexton here,  
My name is Caleb Quotem,  
I'm painter, glazier, auctioneer,  
In short, I am factotum."

...

"At night by the fire, like a good, jolly cock,  
When my day's work is done and all over,  
I tipple, I smoke, and I wind up the clock,  
With my sweet Mrs. Quotem in clover."

\* \* \* \* \*

St. James's Street, Dec. 8, 1811.

Behold a most formidable sheet, without gilt or black edging, and consequently very vulgar and indecorous, particularly to one of your precision; but this being Sunday, I can procure no better, and will atone for its length by not filling it. Bland I have not seen since my last letter; but on Tuesday he dines with me, and will meet Moore, the epitome of all that is exquisite in poetical or personal accomplishments. How Bland has settled with Miller, I know not. I have very little interest with either, and they must arrange their concerns according to their own gusto. I have done my endeavours, at your request, to bring them together, and hope they may agree to their mutual advantage.

Coleridge has been lecturing against Campbell. [1]

Rogers was present, and from him I derive the information. We are going to make a party to hear this Manichean of poesy. Pole [2] is to marry Miss Long, and will be a very miserable dog for all that. The present ministers are to continue, and his Majesty does continue in the same state; so there's folly and madness for you, both in a breath.

I never heard but of one man truly fortunate, and he was Beaumarchais, [3] the author of Figaro, who buried two wives and gained three lawsuits before he was thirty.

And now, child, what art thou doing? Reading, I trust. I want to see you take a degree. Remember, this is the most important period of your life; and don't disappoint your papa and your aunt, and all your kin--besides myself. Don't you know that all male children are begotten for the express purpose of being graduates? and that even I am an A.M., [4] though how I became so the Public Orator only can resolve. Besides, you are to be a priest; and to confute Sir William Drummond's late book about the Bible [5] (printed, but not published), and all other infidels whatever. Now leave Master H.'s gig, and Master S.'s Sapphics, and become as immortal as Cambridge can make you.

You see, Mio Carissimo, what a pestilent correspondent I am likely to become; but then you shall be as quiet at Newstead as you please, and I won't disturb your studies as I do now. When do you fix the day, that I may take you up according to contract? Hodgson talks of making a third in our journey; but we can't stow him, inside at least. Positively you shall go with me as was agreed, and don't let me have any of your politesse to H. on the occasion. I shall manage to arrange for both with a little contrivance. I wish H. was not quite so fat, and we should pack better. You will want to know what I am doing--chewing tobacco.

You see nothing of my allies, Scrope Davies and Matthews [6]--they don't suit you; and how does it happen that I--who am a pipkin of the same pottery--continue in your good graces? Good night,--I will go on in the morning.

Dec. 9th.--In a morning I am always sullen, and to-day is as sombre as myself. Rain and mist are worse than a sirocco, particularly in a beef-eating and beer-drinking country. My bookseller, Cawthorne, has just left me, and tells me, with a most important face, that he is in treaty for a novel of Madame D'Arblay's, for which 1000 guineas are

asked! [7] He wants me to read the MS. (if he obtains it), which I shall do with pleasure; but I should be very cautious in venturing an opinion on her whose \_Cecilia\_ Dr. Johnson superintended. [8]

If he lends it to me, I shall put it in the hands of Rogers and Moore, who are truly men of taste. I have filled the sheet, and beg your pardon; I will not do it again. I shall, perhaps, write again; but if not, believe, silent or scribbling, that I am,

My dearest William, ever, etc.

[Footnote 1: See p. 75, 'note' 1. In the application to Coleridge of the phrase, "Manichean of poesy," Byron may allude to Cowper's 'Task' (bk. v. lines 444, 445):

"As dreadful as the Manichean God,  
Adored through fear, strong only to destroy."]

[Footnote 2: William Wellesley Pole Tylney Long Wellesley (1788-1857), one of the most worthless of the bloods of the Regency, son of Lord Maryborough, and nephew of the Duke of Wellington, became in 1845 the fourth Earl of Mornington. He married in March, 1812, Catherine, daughter and co-heir, with her brother, of Sir James Tylney Long, Bart., of Draycot, Wilts. On his marriage he added his wife's double name to his own, and so gave a point to the authors of Rejected Addresses:

"Long may Long-Tilney-Wellesley-Long-Pole live."

For Byron's allusion to him in 'The Waltz', see 'Poems', 1898, vol. i. p. 484, note 1. Having run through his wife's large fortune by his extravagant expenditure at Wanstead Park and elsewhere, he was obliged, in 1822, to escape from his creditors to the Continent. There (1823-25) he lived with Mrs. Bligh, wife of Captain Bligh, of the Coldstream Guards. His wife died in 1825, after filing a bill for divorce, and making her children wards of Chancery. Wellesley subsequently (1828) married Mrs. Bligh; but the second wife was as ill treated as the first, and he left her so destitute that she was a frequent applicant for relief at the metropolitan police-courts. He died of heart-disease in July, 1857, a pensioner on the charity of his cousin, the second Duke of Wellington.]

[Footnote 3: Byron's statement is incorrect. Pierre-Auguste Caron de Beaumarchais (1732-1799) married, in 1756, as his first wife, Madeleine-Catherine Aubertin, widow of the sieur Franquet. She died in 1757. He married, in 1768, as his second wife, Geneviève-Magdaine Watted, widow of the sieur Lévêque. She died in 1770. The only lawsuit which he won "before he was thirty," was that against Lepaute, who claimed as his own invention the escapement for watches and clocks, which Beaumarchais had discovered. The case was decided in favour of Beaumarchais in 1754. Out of his second lawsuit--with Count de la Blache, legatee of his patron Duverney, who died in 1770--sprang his action against Goëzman, with which began the publication of his 'Mémoires'. (See Loménie, 'Beaumarchais and his Times', tr. by H.S. Edwards, 4 vols., London, 1855-6.)]

[Footnote 4: Byron took his M. A. degree at Cambridge July 4, 1808.]

[Footnote 5: Sir William Drummond (1770-1828), Tory M.P. for St. Mawes (1795-96) and for Lostwithiel (1796-1801), held from 1801 to 1809 several diplomatic posts: ambassador to the Court of Naples 1801-3; to the Ottoman Porte 1803-6; to the Court of Naples for the second time, 1806-9. From 1809, at which date his political and diplomatic career closed, he devoted himself to literature. He had already published 'Philosophical Sketches on the Principles of Society and Government' (1793); 'A Review of the Governments of Sparta and Athens' (1795); 'The Satires of Persius', translated (1798); 'Byblis, a Tragedy', in verse (1802); 'Academical Questions' (1805). In 1810 he published 'Herculanensia'; and, in the following year, printed for private circulation his 'OEdipus Judaicus', a bold attempt to explain many parts of the Old Testament as astronomical allegories. In 1817 appeared the first part of his 'Odin', a poem in blank verse; in 1824-29 his 'Origines, or Remarks on the Origin of several Empires, States, and Cities', was published. Sir William, who died at Rome in 1828, lived much of his later life abroad.

Drummond, as a member of the Alfred Club, is described in the 'Sexagenarian' (vol. ii. chap. xxiv.), where Beloe, speaking of the ('Edipus Judaicus'), says that

"he appeared to have employed his leisure in searching for objections and arguments as they related to Scripture, which had been so often refuted, that they were considered by the learned and wise as almost exploded."

He refers to 'Byblis' as evidence of his "perverted and fantastical taste" in poetry, praises his "spirited translation" of Persius, commends the "sound sense and very extensive reading" of his 'Philosophical' 'Sketches', and scoffs at the "metaphysical labyrinth" of his 'Academical Questions'.

"When you go to Naples," said Byron to Lady Blessington ('Conversations', pp. 238, 239), "you must make acquaintance with Sir William Drummond, for he is certainly one of the most erudite men and admirable philosophers now living. He has all the wit of Voltaire, with a profundity that seldom appertains to wit, and writes so forcibly, and with such elegance and purity of style, that his works possess a peculiar charm. Have you read his 'Academical Questions'? If not, get them directly, and I think you will agree with me, that the preface to that work alone would prove Sir William Drummond an admirable writer. He concludes it by the following sentence, which I think one of the best in our language:

"'Prejudice may be trusted to guard the outworks for a short space of time, while Reason slumbers in the citadel; but if the latter sink into a lethargy, the former will quickly erect a standard for herself. Philosophy, wisdom, and liberty support each other; he who will not reason is a bigot; he who cannot is a fool; and he who dares not is a slave.'

"Is not the passage admirable? How few could have written it! and yet how few read Drummond's works! They are too good to be popular. His 'Odin' is really a fine poem, and has some passages that are

beautiful, but it is so little read that it may be said to have dropped still-born from the press--a mortifying proof of the bad taste of the age. His translation of Persius is not only very literal, but preserves much of the spirit of the original... he has escaped all the defects of translators, and his Persius resembles the original as nearly, in feeling and sentiment, as two languages so dissimilar in idiom will admit."]

[Footnote 6: Henry Matthews (1789-1828) of Eton and King's College, Cambridge, younger brother of Charles Skinner Matthews, and author of the 'Diary of an Invalid' (1820).]

[Footnote 7: 'The Wanderer, or Female Difficulties', Madame d'Arblay's fourth and last novel ('Evelina', 1778; 'Cecilia', 1782; 'Camilla', 1796), was published in 1814.

"I am indescribably occupied," she writes to Dr. Burney, October 12, 1813, "in giving more and more last touches to my work, about which I begin to grow very anxious. I am to receive merely £500 upon delivery of the MS.; the two following £500 by instalments from nine months to nine months, that is, in a year and a half from the day of publication. If all goes well, the whole will be £3000, but only at the end of the sale of eight thousand copies."

The book failed; but rumour magnified the sum received by the writer. Mrs. Piozzi, shortly after the publication of 'The Wanderer' and of Byron's lines, "Weep, daughter of a royal line," writes to Samuel Lysons, February 17, 1814:

"Come now, do send me a kind letter and tell me if Madame d'Arblay gets £3000 for her book or no, and if Lord Byron is to be called over about some verses he has written, as the papers hint"

('Autobiography, Letters, and Literary Remains', vol. ii. p. 246).]

[Footnote 8: Dr. Johnson never saw 'Cecilia' (1782) till it was in print. A day or two before publication, Miss Burney sent three copies to the three persons who had the best claim to them--her father, Mrs. Thrale, and Dr. Johnson.]

\* \* \* \* \*

213.--To Francis Hodgson.

London, Dec. 8, 1811.

I sent you a sad Tale of Three Friars the other day, and now take a dose in another style. I wrote it a day or two ago, on hearing a song of former days.

"Away, away, ye notes of woe," etc., etc. [1]

I have gotten a book by Sir W. Drummond (printed, but not published), entitled \_OEdipus Judaicus\_ in which he attempts to prove the greater part of the Old Testament an allegory, particularly Genesis and Joshua. He professes himself a theist in the preface, and handles the literal interpretation very roughly. I wish you could see it. Mr. Ward [2] has lent it me, and I confess to me it is worth fifty Watsons.

You and Harness must fix on the time for your visit to Newstead; I can command mine at your wish, unless any thing particular occurs in the interim. Master William Harness and I have recommenced a most fiery correspondence; I like him as Euripides liked Agatho, or Darby admired Joan, as much for the past as the present. Bland dines with me on Tuesday to meet Moore. Coleridge has attacked the \_Pleasures of Hope\_, and all other pleasures whatsoever. Mr. Rogers was present, and heard himself indirectly \_rowed\_ by the lecturer. We are going in a party to hear the new Art of Poetry by this reformed schismatic [3]; and were I one of these poetical luminaries, or of sufficient consequence to be noticed by the man of lectures, I should not hear him without an answer. For you know,

"an a man will be beaten with brains, he shall never keep a clean doublet." [4]

Campbell [5] will be desperately annoyed. I never saw a man (and of him I have seen very little) so sensitive;--what a happy temperament! I am sorry for it; what can \_he\_ fear from criticism? I don't know if Bland has seen Miller, who was to call on him yesterday.

To-day is the Sabbath,--a day I never pass pleasantly, but at Cambridge; and, even there, the organ is a sad remembrancer. Things are stagnant enough in town; as long as they don't retrograde, 'tis all very well. Hobhouse writes and writes and writes, and is an author. I do nothing but eschew tobacco. [6] I wish parliament were assembled, that I may hear, and perhaps some day be heard;--but on this point I am not very sanguine. I have many plans;--sometimes I think of the East again, and dearly beloved Greece. I am well, but weakly. Yesterday Kinnaird [7] told me I looked very ill, and sent me home happy.

You will never give up wine. See what it is to be thirty! if you were six years younger, you might leave off anything. You drink and repent; you repent and drink.

Is Scrope still interesting and invalid? And how does Hinde with his cursed chemistry? To Harness I have written, and he has written, and we have all written, and have nothing now to do but write again, till Death splits up the pen and the scribbler.

The Alfred [8] has three hundred and fifty-four candidates for six vacancies. The cook has run away and left us liable, which makes our committee very plaintive. Master Brook, our head serving-man, has the gout, and our new cook is none of the best. I speak from report,--for what is cookery to a leguminous-eating Ascetic? So now you know as much of the matter as I do. Books and quiet are still there, and they may

dress their dishes in their own way for me. Let me know your determination as to Newstead, and believe me, Yours ever,

[Greek: Mpairon.]

[Footnote 1: Here follows one of the 'Thyrza' poems.]

[Footnote 2: The Hon. John William Ward, afterwards fourth Earl of Dudley. Byron said of him (Lady Blessington's 'Conversations with Lord Byron', p. 197),

"Ward is one of the best-informed men I know, and, in a 'tête-à-tête', is one of the most agreeable companions. He has great originality, and, being 'très distrait', it adds to the piquancy of his observations, which are sometimes somewhat 'trop naïve', though always amusing. This 'naïveté' of his is the more piquant from his being really a good-natured man, who unconsciously thinks aloud. Interest Ward on a subject, and I know no one who can talk better. His expressions are concise without being poor, and terse and epigrammatic without being affected," etc.

Of somewhat the same opinion was Lady H. Leveson Gower ('Letters of Harriet, Countess Granville', vol. i. pp. 41, 42):

"The charm of Mr. Ward's conversation is exactly what Mr. Luttrell wants, a sort of 'abandon', and being entertaining because it is his nature and he cannot help it. I only mean Mr. Ward in his happier hour, for what I have said of him is the very reverse of what he is when vanity or humour seize upon him."]

[Footnote 3: Crabb Robinson, in his 'Diary' for January 20, 1812, has the following entry:

"In the evening at Coleridge's lecture. Conclusion of Milton. Not one of the happiest of Coleridge's efforts. Rogers was there, and with him was Lord Byron. He was wrapped up, but I recognized his club foot, and, indeed, his countenance and general appearance."]

[Footnote 4:

"'Benedict':

No; if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him."

'Much Ado about Nothing', act v. sc. 4.]

[Footnote 5: Thomas Campbell (1777-1844) lectured at the Royal Institution in 1811 on poetry. The lectures were afterwards published in the 'New Monthly Magazine', of which he was editor (1820-30).

Campbell also apparently read his lectures aloud at private houses. Miss Berry ('Journal', vol. ii. p. 502) mentions a dinner-party on June 26,



1812, at the Princess of Wales's, where she heard him read his "first discourse," delivered at the Institution. Again (*ibid.*, vol. iii. p. 6), she dined with Madame de Stael, March 9, 1814:

"Nobody but Campbell the poet, Rocca, and her own daughter. After dinner, Campbell read to us a discourse of his upon English poetry, and upon some of the great poets. There are always signs of a poet and critic of genius in all he does, often encumbered by too ornate a style."

Campbell's best work was done between 1798 and 1810. Within that period were published 'The Pleasures of Hope' (1799), 'Gertrude of Wyoming' (1809), and such other shorter poems as "Hohenlinden," "Ye Mariners of England," "The Battle of the Baltic," and "O'Connor's Child." His "Ritter Bann," a reminiscence of his sojourn abroad (1800-1), was not published till later; both it and "The Last Man" were published in the 'New Monthly Magazine', during the period of his editorship. An excellent judge of verse, he collected 'Specimens of the British Poets' (1819), to which he added a valuable essay on poetry and short biographies. His 'Theodoric' (1824), 'Pilgrim of Glencoe' (1842), and Lives of Mrs. Siddons, Petrarch, and Shakespeare added nothing to his reputation.

The judgment of contemporary poets in the main agreed with Coleridge's estimate of Campbell's work.

"There are some of Campbell's lyrics," said Rogers ('Table-Talk', etc., pp. 254, 255), "which will never die. His 'Pleasures of Hope' is no great favourite with me. The 'feeling' throughout his 'Gertrude' is very beautiful." Wordsworth also thought the 'Pleasures of Hope' "strangely over-rated; its fine words and sounding lines please the generality of readers, who never stop to ask themselves the meaning of a passage." Byron, who calls Campbell "a warm-hearted and honest man," thought that his "'Lochiel' and 'Mariners' are spirit-stirring productions; his 'Gertrude of Wyoming' is beautiful; and some of the episodes in his 'Pleasures of Hope' pleased me so much that I know them by heart".

(Lady Blessington's 'Conversations with Lord Byron', p. 353).

George Ticknor, who met Campbell in 1815 ('Life', vol. i. p. 63), says,

"He is a short, small man, and has one of the roundest and most lively faces I have seen amongst this grave people. His manners seemed as open as his countenance, and his conversation as spirited as his poetry. He could have kept me amused till morning."

Shortly afterwards, Ticknor went to see him at Sydenham (*ibid.*, p. 65):

"Campbell had the same good spirits and love of merriment as when I met him before,—the same desire to amuse everybody about him; but still I could see, as I partly saw then, that he labours under the burden of an extraordinary reputation, too easily acquired, and feels too constantly that it is necessary for him to make an exertion to satisfy expectation. The consequence is that, though he is always amusing, he is not always quite natural."

Sir Walter Scott made a similar remark about the numbing effect of Campbell's reputation upon his literary work; his deference to critics

ruined his individuality. It was Scott's admiration for "Hohenlinden" which induced Campbell to publish the poem. The two men, travelling in a stage-coach alone, beguiled the way by repeating poetry. At last Scott asked Campbell for something of his own. He replied that there was one thing he had never printed, full of "drums and trumpets and blunderbusses and thunder," and that he did not know if there was any good in it. He then repeated "Hohenlinden." When he had finished, Scott broke out with,

"But, do you know, that's devilish fine! Why, it's the finest thing you ever wrote, and it 'must' be printed!"

[Footnote 6: See p. 31, note 1 [Footnote 1 of Letter 181].]

[Footnote 7: Douglas James William Kinnaid (1788-1830), fifth son of the seventh Baron Kinnaid, was educated at Eton, Gottingen, and Trinity College, Cambridge. He was an intimate friend of Hobhouse, with whom he travelled on the Continent (1813-14), and was in political sympathy. He represented Bishop's Castle from July, 1819, to March, 1820, but losing his seat at the general election, did not again attempt to enter Parliament. He was famous for his "mob dinners," to which Moore probably refers when he writes to Byron, in an undated letter, of the "Deipnosophist Kinnaid." He was a partner in the bank of Ransom and Morland, a member of the committee for managing Drury Lane Theatre, author of the acting version of 'The Merchant of Bruges, or Beggar's Bush' (acted at Drury Lane, December 14, 1815), and a member of the Radical Rota Club.

Kinnaid was Byron's "trustworthy trustee and banker, and crown and sheet anchor." It was at his suggestion that Byron wrote the 'Hebrew Melodies' and the 'Monody on the Death of Sheridan'. Talking of Kinnaid to Lady Blessington ('Conversations', p. 215), Byron said,

"My friend Dug is a proof that a good heart cannot compensate for an irritable temper; whenever he is named, people dwell on the last and pass over the first; and yet he really has an excellent heart, and a sound head, of which I, in common with many others of his friends, have had various proofs. He is clever, too, and well informed, and I do think would have made a figure in the world, were it not for his temper, which gives a dictatorial tone to his manner, that is offensive to the 'amour propre' of those with whom he mixes."]

[Footnote 8: The Alfred Club (1808-55), established at 23, Albemarle Street, was the Savile of the day. Beloe, in his 'Sexagenarian' (vol. ii. chaps. xx.-xxv.), describes among the members of the Symposium, as he calls it, Sir James Mackintosh, George Ellis, William Gifford, John Reeves, Sir W. Drummond, and himself. Byron, in his 'Detached Thoughts', says,

"I was a member of the Alfred. It was pleasant; a little too sober and literary, and bored with Sotheby and Sir Francis d'Ivernois; but one met Peel, and Ward, and Valentia, and many other pleasant or known people; and it was, upon the whole, a decent resource in a rainy day, in a dearth of parties, or parliament, or in an empty season."

It was, says Mr. Wheatley ('London Past and Present'), known as the

'Half-read'.

In a manuscript note, now for the first time printed as written, on the above passage from Byron's 'Detached Thoughts', Sir Walter Scott writes,

"The Alfred, like all other clubs, was much haunted with boars, a tusky monster which delights to range where men most do congregate. A boar, or bore, is always remarkable for something respectable, such as wealth, character, high birth, acknowledged talent, or, in short, for something that forbids people to turn him out by the shoulders, or, in other words, to cut him dead. Much of this respectability is supplied by the mere circumstance of belonging to a certain society of clubists, within whose districts the bore obtains free-warren, and may wallow or grunt at pleasure. Old stagers in the club know and avoid the fated corner and arm-chair which he haunts; but he often rushes from his lair on the inexperienced."]

\* \* \* \* \*

214.--To Thomas Moore.

December 11, 1811.

My Dear Moore,--If you please, we will drop our former monosyllables, and adhere to the appellations sanctioned by our godfathers and godmothers. If you make it a point, I will withdraw your name; at the same time there is no occasion, as I have this day postponed your election 'sine die', till it shall suit your wishes to be amongst us. I do not say this from any awkwardness the erasure of your proposal would occasion to me, but simply such is the state of the case; and, indeed, the longer your name is up, the stronger will become your probability of success, and your voters more numerous. Of course you will decide--your wish shall be my law. If my zeal has already outrun discretion, pardon me, and attribute my officiousness to an excusable motive.

I wish you would go down with me to Newstead. Hodgson will be there, and a young friend, named Harness, the earliest and dearest I ever had from the third form at Harrow to this hour. I can promise you good wine, and, if you like shooting, a manor of 4000 acres, fires, books, your own free will, and my own very indifferent company. 'Balnea, vina, Venus' [1].

Hodgson will plague you, I fear, with verse;--for my own part I will conclude, with Martial, 'nil recitabo tibi' [2]; and surely the last inducement, is not the least. Ponder on my proposition, and believe me, my dear Moore,

Yours ever,

BYRON.

[Footnote 1:

"Balnea, vina, Venus corrumpunt corpora nostra."

The words are thus given in Grüter ('Corpus Inscriptionum' (1603), p. DCCCCXII. 10).]

[Footnote 2: Martial (xi. lii. 16), 'Ad Julium Cerealem':

"Plus ego polliceor: nil recitabo tibi."]

\* \* \* \* \*

215.--To Francis Hodgson.

8, St. James's Street, Dec. 12, 1811.

Why, Hodgson! I fear you have left off wine and me at the same time,--I have written and written and written, and no answer! My dear Sir Edgar [1], water disagrees with you--drink sack and write. Bland did not come to his appointment, being unwell, but Moore supplied all other vacancies most delectably. I have hopes of his joining us at Newstead. I am sure you would like him more and more as he developes,--at least I do.

How Miller and Bland go on, I don't know. Cawthorne talks of being in treaty for a novel of Madame D'Arblay's, and if he obtains it (at 1500 guineas!!) wishes me to see the MS. This I should read with pleasure,--not that I should ever dare to venture a criticism on her whose writings Dr. Johnson once revised, but for the pleasure of the thing. If my worthy publisher wanted a sound opinion, I should send the MS. to Rogers and Moore, as men most alive to true taste. I have had frequent letters from Wm. Harness, and you are silent; certes, you are not a schoolboy. However, I have the consolation of knowing that you are better employed, viz. reviewing. You don't deserve that I should add another syllable, and I won't.

Yours, etc.

P.S.--I only wait for your answer to fix our meeting.

[Footnote 1: Hodgson published, in 1810, 'Sir Edgar, a Tale'.]

\* \* \* \* \*

216.--To R. C. Dallas.

[Undated, Dec.? 1811] [1]

DEAR SIR,--I have only this scrubby paper to write on--excuse it. I am certain that I sent some more notes on Spain and Portugal, particularly one on the latter. Pray rummage, and don't mind my politics. I believe I leave town next week. Are you better? I hope so.

Yours ever,  
B.

[Footnote 1: Dallas's answer is dated December 14, 1811]

\* \* \* \* \*

217.--To William Harness.

8, St. James's Street, Dec. 15, 1811.

I wrote you an answer to your last, which, on reflection, pleases me as little as it probably has pleased yourself. I will not wait for your rejoinder; but proceed to tell you, that I had just then been greeted with an epistle of \* \* \*s, full of his petty grievances, and this at the moment when (from circumstances it is not necessary to enter upon) I was bearing up against recollections to which his imaginary sufferings are as a scratch to a cancer. These things combined, put me out of humour with him and all mankind. The latter part of my life has been a perpetual struggle against affections which embittered the earliest portion; and though I flatter myself I have in a great measure conquered them, yet there are moments (and this was one) when I am as foolish as formerly. I never said so much before, nor had I said this now, if I did not suspect myself of having been rather savage in my letter, and wish to inform you this much of the cause. You know I am not one of your dolorous gentlemen: so now let us laugh again.

Yesterday I went with Moore to Sydenham to visit Campbell [1]. He was not visible, so we jogged homeward merrily enough. To-morrow I dine with Rogers, and am to hear Coleridge, who is a kind of rage at present. Last night I saw Kemble in Coriolanus [2];--he was glorious, and exerted himself wonderfully. By good luck I got an excellent place in the best part of the house, which was more than overflowing. Clare [3] and Delawarr [4], who were there on the same speculation, were less

fortunate. I saw them by accident,--we were not together. I wished for you, to gratify your love of Shakspeare and of fine acting to its fullest extent. Last week I saw an exhibition of a different kind in a Mr. Coates, [5] at the Haymarket, who performed Lothario in a \_damned\_ and damnable manner.

I told you the fate of B[land] and H[odgson] in my last. So much for these sentimentalists, who console themselves in their stews for the loss--the never to be recovered loss--the despair of the refined attachment of a couple of drabs! You censure \_my\_ life, Harness,--when I compare myself with these men, my elders and my betters, I really begin to conceive myself a monument of prudence--a walking statue--without feeling or failing; and yet the world in general hath given me a proud pre-eminence over them in profligacy. Yet I like the men, and, God knows, ought not to condemn their aberrations. But I own I feel provoked when they dignify all this by the name of \_love\_--romantic attachments for things marketable for a dollar!

Dec. 16th.--I have just received your letter;--I feel your kindness very deeply. The foregoing part of my letter, written yesterday, will, I hope, account for the tone of the former, though it cannot excuse it. I do \_like\_ to hear from you--more than \_like\_. Next to seeing you, I have no greater satisfaction. But you have other duties, and greater pleasures, and I should regret to take a moment from either. H \* \* was to call to-day, but I have not seen him. The circumstances you mention at the close of your letter is another proof in favour of my opinion of mankind. Such you will always find them--selfish and distrustful. I except none. The cause of this is the state of society. In the world, every one is to stir for himself--it is useless, perhaps selfish, to expect any thing from his neighbour. But I do not think we are born of this disposition; for you find \_friendship\_ as a schoolboy, and \_love\_ enough before twenty.

I went to see \* \*; he keeps me in town, where I don't wish to be at present. He is a good man, but totally without conduct. And now, my dearest William, I must wish you good morrow, and remain ever, Most sincerely and affectionately yours, etc.

[Footnote 1: Campbell lived at Sydenham from 1804 to 1820. Moore (Life, p. 148) adds the following note:

"On this occasion, another of the noble poet's peculiarities was, somewhat startlingly, introduced to my notice. When we were on the point of setting out from his lodgings in St. James's Street, it being then about midday, he said to the servant, who was shutting the door of the 'vis-a-vis', 'Have you put in the pistols?' and was answered in the affirmative. It was difficult,--more especially taking into account the circumstances under which we had just become acquainted,--to keep from smiling at this singular noonday precaution."]

[Footnote 2: On December 14, 1811, at Covent Garden, Kemble acted "Coriolanus" with Mrs. Siddons as "Volumnia." It was Kemble's great part, and in it he made his last appearance on the stage (June 23, 1817).]

[Footnote 3: For Lord Clare, see 'Letters', vol. i. p. 116, 'note' 1  
[Footnote 1 of Letter 65.]]

[Footnote 4: For Lord Delawarr, see 'Letters', vol. i. p. 41, note 1  
[Footnote 5 of Letter 13.]]

[Footnote 5: Robert Coates, "the Amateur of Fashion," known as "Romeo" Coates, sometimes as "Diamond" Coates, sometimes as "Cock-a-doodle-doo" Coates (1772-1848), was the only surviving son of a wealthy West Indian planter. He made his first appearance on the stage at Bath (February 9, 1810), as "Romeo." In the play-bill he was announced as "a Gentleman, 1st Appearance on any stage." Genest ('English Stage', vol. viii. p. 207) says,

"Many gentlemen have been weak enough to fancy themselves actors, but no one ever persevered in obtruding himself for so long a time on the notice of the public in spite of laughter, hissing, etc."

On December 9, 1811, he appeared at the Haymarket as "Lothario" in Rowe's 'Fair Penitent'. Mathews, at Covent Garden, imitated his performance, in Bate Dudley's 'At Home', as "Mr. Romeo Rantall," appearing in the

"pink silk vest and cloak, white satin breeches and stockings, Spanish hat, with a rich high plume of ostrich feathers," in which Coates had played "Lothario"

'Memoirs of Charles Mathews', (vol. ii. pp. 238, 239).]

\* \* \* \* \*

218.--To Robert Rushton. [1]

8, St. James's Street, Jan. 21, 1812.

Though I have no objection to your refusal to carry letters to Mealey's, you will take care that the letters are taken by Spero at the proper time. I have also to observe, that Susan is to be treated with civility, and not insulted by any person over whom I have the smallest controul, or, indeed, by any one whatever, while I have the power to protect her. I am truly sorry to have any subject of complaint against you; I have too good an opinion of you to think I shall have occasion to repeat it, after the care I have taken of you, and my favourable intentions in your behalf. I see no occasion for any communication whatever between you and the women, and wish you to occupy yourself in preparing for the situation in which you will be placed. If a common sense of decency cannot prevent you from conducting yourself towards them with rudeness, I should at least hope that your own interest, and regard for a master who has never treated you with

unkindness, will have some weight.

Yours, etc., BYRON.

P.S.--I wish you to attend to your arithmetic, to occupy yourself in surveying, measuring, and making yourself acquainted with every particular relative to the land of Newstead, and you will write to me one letter every week, that I may know how you go on.

[Footnote 1: The two following letters, and a suppressed passage in the letter to Moore of January 29, 1812, refer to a quarrel among his dependents, in which Rushton, the "little page" of Childe Harold (see 'Letters', vol. i. pp. 224, 242), played a part. The story is told at considerable length in a letter to Hodgson, dated January 28, 1812. To the same affair probably belong the following scrap and Byron's note:

"Pray don't forget me, as I shall never cease thinking of you, my Dearest 'and only Friend, (signed) S. H. V."

To this Byron has added this note:

"This was written on the 11th of January, 1812; on the 28th I received ample proof that the Girl had forgotten me and herself too. Heigho! B."

The letters show, writes Moore ('Life', p. 152),

"how gravely and coolly the young lord could arbitrate on such an occasion, and with what considerate leaning towards the servant whose fidelity he had proved, in preference to any new liking or fancy by which it might be suspected he was actuated toward the other."

In a MS. book written by Mrs. Heath of Newstead ('née' Rebekah Beardall), it is stated that the elder Rushton had as his farm-servant Fletcher, afterwards Byron's valet. Byron watched Fletcher and young Robert Rushton ploughing, took a fancy to both, and engaged them as his servants. Rushton accompanied Byron to Geneva, but afterwards entered the service of James Wedderburn Webster (see p. 2, 'note' 1). In 1827 he married a woman of the name of Bagnall, and with her help kept a school at Arnold, near Nottingham. Subsequently he took a farm on the Newstead estate, named Hazelford, and shortly afterwards died, leaving a widow and three children.]

\* \* \* \* \*

219.--To Robert Rushton.

8, St. James's Street, January 25, 1812.



Your refusal to carry the letter was not a subject of remonstrance: it was not a part of your business; but the language you used to the girl was (as she stated it) highly improper.

You say, that you also have something to complain of; then state it to me immediately: it would be very unfair, and very contrary to my disposition, not to hear both sides of the question.

If any thing has passed between you before or since my last visit to Newstead, do not be afraid to mention it. I am sure you would not deceive me, though she would. Whatever it is, you, shall be forgiven. I have not been without some suspicions on the subject, and am certain that, at your time of life, the blame could not attach to you. You will not consult, any one as to your answer, but write to me immediately. I shall be more ready to hear what you have to advance, as I do not remember ever to have heard a word from you before against, any human being, which convinces me you would not maliciously assert an untruth. There is not any one who can do the least injury to you, while you conduct yourself properly. I shall expect your answer immediately.  
Yours, etc.,

BYRON.

\* \* \* \* \*

220.--To Thomas Moore.

January 29, 1812.

My Dear Moore,--I wish very much I could have seen you; I am in a state of ludicrous tribulation.\*\*\*

Why do you say that I dislike your poesy [1]? I have expressed no such opinion, either in print or elsewhere. In scribbling myself, it was necessary for me to find fault, and I fixed upon the trite charge of immorality, because I could discover no other, and was so perfectly qualified in the innocence of my heart, to "pluck that mote from my neighbour's eye."

I feel very, very much obliged by your approbation; but, at this moment, praise, even your praise, passes by me like "the idle wind." I meant and mean to send you a copy the moment of publication; but now I can think of nothing but damned, deceitful,--delightful woman, as Mr. Liston says in the 'Knight of Snowdon' [2]? Believe me, my dear Moore,

Ever yours, most affectionately, BYRON.

[Footnote: 1. Of Moore's early poems Byron was an admirer. The influence of "Little" and "Anacreon" is strongly marked throughout 'Hours of Idleness'. For the "trite charge of immorality," see 'English Bards, etc.', lines 283-294; and 'Letters', vol. i. p. 113. Byron's opinion of Moore's later poetry was thus stated by him to Lady Blessington ('Conversations', pp. 354, 355):

"Having compared Rogers's poems to a flower-garden, to what shall I compare Moore's?--to the Valley of Diamonds, where all is brilliant and attractive, but where one is so dazzled by the sparkling on every side that one knows not where to fix, each gem beautiful in itself, but overpowering to the eye from their quantity."]

[Footnote 2: 'The Knight of Snowdoun', a musical drama, written by Thomas Morton (1764-1838), and founded on 'The Lady of the Lake', was produced at Covent Garden, Feb. 5, 1811, and published the same year. John Liston (1776-1846), the most famous comedian of the century, played the part of "Macloon," his wife that of "Isabel." In act iii. sc. 3 Macloon says,

"Oh, woman! woman! deceitful, damnable, (\_changing into a half-smile\_) delightful woman! do all one can, there's nothing else worth thinking of."]

\* \* \* \* \*

221.--To Francis Hodgson.

8, St. James's Street, Feb. 1, 1812.

MY DEAR HODGSON,-I am rather unwell with a vile cold, caught in the House of Lords last night. Lord Sligo and myself, being tired, \_paired off\_, being of opposite sides, so that nothing was gained or lost by \_our\_ votes. I did not speak: but I might as well, for nothing could have been inferior to the Duke of Devonshire, Marquis of Downshire, and the Earl of Fitzwilliam. The Catholic Question comes on this month, and perhaps I may then commence. I must "screw my courage to the sticking-place," and we'll \_not\_ fail.

Yours ever, B.

\* \* \* \* \*

222.--To Samuel Rogers.

February 4, 1812.

MY DEAR SIR,--With my best acknowledgments to Lord Holland [1], I have to offer my perfect concurrence in the propriety of the question previously to be put to ministers. If their answer is in the negative, I shall, with his Lordship's approbation, give notice of a motion for a Committee of Inquiry. I would also gladly avail myself of his most able advice, and any information or documents with which he might be pleased to intrust me, to bear me out in the statement of facts it may be necessary to submit to the House.

From all that fell under my own observation during my Christmas visit to Newstead, I feel convinced that, if conciliatory measures are not very soon adopted, the most unhappy consequences may be apprehended. [2]

Nightly outrage and daily depredation are already at their height; and not only the masters of frames, who are obnoxious on account of their occupation, but persons in no degree connected with the malecontents or their oppressors, are liable to insult and pillage.

I am very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken on my account, and beg you to believe me,

Ever your obliged and sincere, etc.

[Footnote 1: For Lord Holland, see 'Letters', vol. i. p. 184, 'note' 1 [Footnote 3 of Letter 94]. He was Recorder of Nottingham; hence his special interest in the proposed legislation against frame-breaking.]

[Footnote 2: Owing to the state of trade, numbers of stocking-weavers had lost work. The discontent thus produced was increased by the introduction of a wide frame for the manufacture of gaiters and stockings, which, it was supposed, would further diminish the demand for manual labour. In November, 1811, organized bands of men began to break into houses and destroy machinery. For several days no serious effort was made to check the riots, which extended to a considerable distance round Nottingham. But on November 14 the soldiers were called out. Between that date and December 9, 900 cavalry and 1000 infantry were sent to Nottingham; and, on January 8, 1812, these forces were increased by two additional regiments. The rioters assumed the name of Luddites, and their leader was known as General Lud. The name is said to have originated in 1779, in a Leicestershire village, where a half-witted lad, named Ned Lud, broke a stocking-frame in a fit of passion; hence the common saying, when machinery was broken, that "Ned Lud" did it. A Bill was introduced in the House of Commons (February 14) increasing the severity of punishments for frame-breaking. On the second reading (February 17) Sir Samuel Romilly strongly opposed the measure, which passed its third reading (February 20) without a division. The Bill, as introduced into the Upper House by Lord Liverpool,

(1) rendered the offence of frame-breaking punishable by death; and  
(2) compelled persons in whose houses the frames were broken to give information to the magistrates.

On the second reading of the Bill (February 27, 1812), Byron spoke against it in his first speech in the House of Lords (see Appendix II. (i)). The Bill passed its third reading on March 5, and became law as 52 Geo. III. c. 16. Byron did not confine his opposition to a speech in the House of Lords. He also addressed "An Ode to the Framers of the Frame Bill," which appeared in the 'Morning Chronicle' on Monday, March 2, 1812. The following letter to Perry, the editor, is published by permission of Messrs. Ellis and Elvey, in whose possession is the original:

"Sir,--I take the liberty of sending an alteration of the two last lines of Stanza 2'd which I wish to run as follows,

"Gibbets on Sherwood will heighten the Scenery  
Shewing how Commerce, how Liberty thrives!"

"I wish you could insert it tomorrow for a particular reason; but I feel much obliged by your inserting it at all. Of course, do not put my name to the thing. Believe me, Your obliged and very obed't Serv't, BYRON.

"8, St. James Street, Sunday, March 1st, 1812."]

\* \* \* \* \*

223.--To Master John Cowell. [1]

8, St. James's Street, February 12, 1812.

MY DEAR JOHN,--You have probably long ago forgotten the writer of these lines, who would, perhaps, be unable to recognize yourself, from the difference which must naturally have taken place in your stature and appearance since he saw you last. I have been rambling through Portugal, Spain, Greece, etc., etc., for some years, and have found so many changes on my return, that it would be very unfair not to expect that you should have had your share of alteration and improvement with the rest. I write to request a favour of you: a little boy of eleven years, the son of Mr. \*\*, my particular friend, is about to become an Etonian, and I should esteem any act of protection or kindness to him as an obligation to myself: let me beg of you then to take some little notice of him at first, till he is able to shift for himself.

I was happy to hear a very favourable account of you from a schoolfellow a few weeks ago, and should be glad to learn that your family are as

well as I wish them to be. I presume you are in the upper school;--as an \_Etonian\_, you will look down upon a \_Harrow\_ man; but I never, even in my boyish days, disputed your superiority, which I once experienced in a cricket match, where I had the honour of making one of eleven, who were beaten to their hearts' content by your college in \_one innings\_. [2]

Believe me to be, with great truth, etc., etc.,

B.

[Footnote 1:

"Breakfasted with Mr. Cowell," writes Moore, in his Diary, June 11, 1828, "having made his acquaintance for the purpose of gaining information about Lord Byron. Knew Byron for the first time when he himself was a little boy, from being in the habit of playing with B.'s dogs. Byron wrote to him to school to bid him mind his prosody. Gave me two or three of his letters to him. Saw a good deal of B. at Hastings; mentioned the anecdote about the ink-bottle striking one of the lead Muses. These Muses had been brought from Holland; and there were, I think, only eight of them arrived safe. Fletcher had brought B. a large jar of ink, and, not thinking it was full, B. had thrust his pen down to the very bottom; his anger at finding it come out all besmeared with ink made him chuck the jar out of the window, when it knocked down one of the Muses in the garden, and deluged her with ink. In 1813, when B. was at Salt Hill, he had Cowell over from Eton, and 'pouched' him no less than ten pounds. Cowell has ever since kept one of the notes. Told me a curious anecdote of Byron's mentioning to him, as if it had made a great impression on him, their seeing Shelley (as they thought) walking into a little wood at Lerici, when it was disco

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