



BYRON





BYRON

PR4350
E57



1020023278



Mac Donnell Library.

No. 78.

NO
[UUC]
D9B

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
LORD BYRON.

WITH LIFE.

Six Engravings on Steel.

GALL & INGLIS.

Edinburgh: | London:
BERNARD TERRACE. | 25 PATERNOSTER SQ.

George Gordon Byron. (II)
13509

821

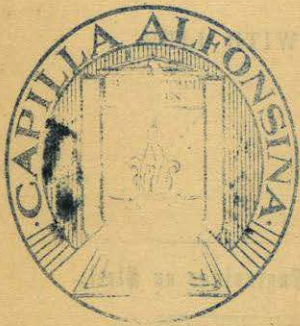
B.

PR 4350

E57



BIBLIOTECA



ACERVO DE LITERATURA

129227

A4992

LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

ON the 22d January 1788, in Holles Street, London, the poet Byron was born. His boyhood was spent in Aberdeenshire, his youth in England, and the single decade of his manhood in foreign countries. He died at Missolonghi in Greece on the 19th April 1824.

In this locomotive age, thousands—whose memory survives them no longer than the grief of immediate kinsmen—trace a life-itinerary more varied and more suggestive of adventure and vicissitude than the above. But Byron's course, however simple and ordinary when viewed merely as a traveller's, was signalized by outbursts of genius and character at once sulphureous and splendid, which startled the contemporary world, as they rapidly succeeded each other,—exciting the alarm of the timid, the admiration of the bold, and the wonder of all. Nor has that mingling of brightness and shade, which marks both his genius and his character, less either of attraction or of mystery for us his immediate posterity. In surveying the monument which he has erected to himself in our literature, we are still like visitors to a volcano, only that the volcano is now extinct; and whether we dig into the lava, rich in rarest ores which his burning genius outpoured, or look down into the crater where his soul, alternately gleaming like heaven and smoking like hell, wasted, and at length wore out the man, posterity is divided, like his contemporaries, between terror and admiration, united only by wonder.

If an ill-assorted marriage be an evil omen for the issue, then was Byron born under unlucky stars. His father, Captain Byron, had outraged, in his previous family life, not only the principles of religion, but also the laws of society; and when, in 1783, he married Miss Catherine Gordon, the wealthy heiress of Gight, Aberdeenshire, it was chiefly for the purpose of paying off his debts with her fortune. Within two years after the marriage the heiress of Gight was reduced to a pittance of L.150 a year. In 1790, for economy's sake, the unhappy couple removed from London to Aberdeen; but they soon separated. Even after this Captain Byron was mean-spirited enough to solicit money from his beggared wife, and she had not the heart to refuse him. With a small supply thus obtained he crossed the channel and in 1791 he died at Valenciennes, in the north of France.

Of this ill-starred marriage the poet Byron was the fruit, in 1788, as has been said. He was therefore two years old when his parents removed to Aberdeen, and in that city the next eight years of his boyhood were spent. He was put to a day-school at the age of five, and even then betrayed an unusual fondness for historical reading. But neither here, nor afterwards at the Grammar School of Aberdeen, did he distinguish himself in school-work; he was usually far down in the class; and when Aberdonians in after years raked up their reminiscences of their noble school-fellow, it was as a leader in frolic and fight, not as a maker of Latin versions, that Byron stood forth.

Instances of generosity, boldness, and impotent rage, are cited out of Byron's boyhood: but anecdotes of this kind belong to the childhood of thousands who turn out most ordinary men. One only circumstance is characteristic enough to merit specification, and that is the profound impression made upon his heart, at eight years of age, by a Scotch *lassie* named Mary Duff. So long afterwards as 1813, when twenty-five years of age, he made this first attachment the theme of lengthened remark in his diary. He avers that the news of Mary Duff's marriage was "like a thunder-stroke, it nearly choked me, to the horror of my mother, and the astonishment and almost incredulity of everybody." Byron's precocity, therefore, was not intellectual, but emotional.

In 1796, which is also the date of this boy's attachment, Byron, on recovering from scarlet-fever, was removed, for the benefit of the country air, from Aberdeen to a farm-house near Ballater. The bed in which Byron slept is still shown in the farm-house, and a short walk brings the worshipper of genius to "Dark Lochnagar." The mountain scenery of other lands always recalled to him that of Scotland; and the recollected innocence and peace amid which he had viewed the latter, formed a chief element of his delight in contemplating the former. In "The Island," a poem written only a year or two before his death, he thus expounds his love of the most stupendous or most classic mountain scenes:—

"But 'twas not all long ages' lore, nor all
Their nature, held me in their thrilling thrall
The infant rapture still survived the boy,
And Lochnagar with Ida looked o'er Troy."

He sometimes disdains Scotland; but this was affectation. A fond remembrance was the genuine tribute of his heart to the scenes and companions of his boyhood.

In 1798, by the death of his grand-uncle, the fifth Lord Byron, Mary Duff's sweetheart became all at once an English peer, and the delighted mother removed with her noble boy to Newstead Abbey, the family seat in Nottinghamshire. This was not only the turning-point in the fortunes of the future poet, but a circumstance of mighty influence on the development of his character. During the spring-time of life there is unrest and waywardness enough in most individuals of a race so vigorous as the British, and the necessity of daily labour, to win or to maintain one's position in society, is the fly-wheel graciously attached to the machinery of our powers, regulating all their movements, and turning to profitable account that energy which might otherwise have proved destructive. By his sudden elevation to wealth and rank, Byron

was deprived of this restraining and regulating influence, and thus had one chance less of acquitting himself worthily as a man.

Another circumstance which influenced his character, and especially his temper, not a little, was a slight deformity of the right foot, the result of an accident at birth. In after life he became morbidly anxious to conceal the defect, that he might escape the observation of vulgar curiosity, and he almost entirely succeeded; but it begat in him a lasting grudge towards his mother, whom he held responsible, if not for the accident itself, at least for the neglect of *immediate* remedies; and the stimulus which it gave to his desire of excelling was not unaccompanied with bitterness. Sometimes he made a jest of his lame foot, and obtruded it on the attention of his friends; for he was consistent in nothing; but the following lines from the "The Deformed Transformed," may be accepted as fairly representing his general view:—

"Deformity is daring.
It is its essence to o'ertake mankind
By heart and soul, and make itself the equal—
Aye, the superior of the rest. There is
A spur in its halt movements, to become
All that the others cannot, in such things
As still are free to both, to compensate
For stepdame Nature's avarice at first."

During the year 1799, spent in Dr Glennie's school at Dulwich, Byron was tortured by mechanical appliances for the rectification of his foot; but to no purpose. Neither was the other object of placing him with this gentleman,—that, namely, of preparing him for a great public school,—attained in any satisfactory degree; for the capricious fondness of his mother continually interfered with the discipline of the school, and, not content with the interval between Saturday and Monday, she would often keep him at home a whole week. It appears that he was known amongst his Dulwich schoolfellows as "The Old English Baron," a *sobriquet* suggested by his boastful allusions to his paternal ancestry. The Byrons came over from France at the Conquest, and one Ralph de Burun is mentioned in Domesday Book as a proprietor in Nottinghamshire. Newstead Abbey was a gift from Henry VIII., and the title, conferred by Charles I. in 1643, was the reward of loyalty. His mother's lineage was not unworthy of his father's, for she could trace up her descent to James I. of Scotland: but Byron was of course most interested in the name which he himself bore. A favourite book among Dr Glennie's boys was a narrative of the shipwreck of the *Juno*, on the coast of Arracan, in 1795; and the awful scene in Canto II. of *Don Juan* is due to the impression which the perusal of this volume made upon Byron's young mind. In one particular, indeed, the horror of Byron's picture falls short of the actual narrative, for, from the lines—

"When he himself sank down all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering,"—

one would suppose that the agony of the father was almost immediately over, whereas the prose-narrative represents it as lasting several days:—"then, wrapping himself in a piece of canvass (he), sank down and rose no more; though he must have lived two days longer, as we judged from the quivering of his limbs when a wave broke over him."

While still at Dr Glennie's, Byron dashed off into poetry, the goddess of his inspiration being his own cousin, Margaret Parker. He himself considered the verses made on this occasion as his first; but his nurse, Amy Gray, whose memory is more to be trusted, represents him as having already, in 1798, when living at Newstead, fired off a rhymed satire at an old lady for whom he had conceived an aversion.

In 1800 Byron was removed to Harrow, which is still visited by his admirers for the sake of a stone in the churchyard, called Byron's tomb, because he used to sit upon it musing for hours. Here, as at Aberdeen Grammar School, he was more distinguished in the playground than in the classroom, and the only notable reminiscence of Byron's school appearances which Dr Drury, then head-master at Harrow, has been able to recal, relates to an English declamation. All the other orators delivered precisely what they had written: but Byron, after repeating from his manuscript for a while, diverged from it, breaking out into more brilliant and not less fluent language, and so continued to the end. However slight the attention paid by Byron to strictly scholastic work, his time was not wasted at Harrow. His reading, though miscellaneous, was extensive; and scholarship was not at all necessary to the poetic reproduction of his materials.

To the Harrow period belongs that one of all Byron's attachments in which he has ever had most of the world's sympathy. The vacation of 1803 was spent with his mother at Nottingham, near Newstead, and here he fell in love with Miss Chaworth, heiress of Annesley, a property contiguous to his own. He was in his sixteenth year, and she was unfortunately two years older, so that, instead of regarding him as even a possible candidate for her hand, she thought of him only as a school-boy. "Do you think I would care anything for that lame boy?" is an expression of her's that was reported to Byron, and which cut deeper into his soul than anything she could have said to himself, in declining his addresses. This unfortunate attachment is celebrated in "The Dream," and has been considered by Byron's biographers, as it also was by himself, as having exerted a fatal influence on his whole subsequent career. No doubt a virtuous attachment is the best safeguard of youth, and a happy domestic circle is the sphere most favourable to the development of all that is good in man; but unsuccessful love is often more lasting than love requited, and, considering Byron's peculiar temperament, it is exceedingly doubtful whether, even with Miss Chaworth, he would have been able to fulfil his dream, and would have always remained content with the sober happiness of English domestic life. At all events as Byron would have shown himself more a man by reconciling himself to the disappointment, instead of evermore idly regretting it, and too often wickedly avenging it upon others, so it is better for us, instead of speculating on what might have been had Miss Chaworth returned his affection, to note the fact that he sank under the trial. Religion, which inculcates the *unworthiness* of the individual, and begets the habit of resignation by the constant reference of events to an All-wise Disposer; or Philosophy, which teaches the *utility* of the individual, and the necessity, if not the duty, of submitting to inevitable evils, would have sustained

aim; but the natural imperiousness of his will had not been as yet tamed by either of these wise mistresses. There was rebellion in his very submission; and a disappointment which might have humbled his pride and sweetened his temper, seems rather to have soured him to the world and stung his pride into recklessness. The grave doubt, with which Byron commences the following paragraph in his "Detached Thoughts," is not to be forgotten over the pensiveness of the conclusion. "I doubt sometimes whether, after all, a quiet and unagitated life would have suited me, yet I sometimes long for it. My earliest dreams (as most boy's dreams are) were martial; but a little later they were all for *love* and retirement, till the hopeless attachment to M—— C—— began, and continued (though sedulously concealed) *very* early in my teens, and so upwards, for a time; *this* threw me out again alone on a wide, wide sea."

In 1805 Byron entered Trinity College, Cambridge, the proper studies of which were not more attractive to him than had been those of Harrow. He never, indeed, came to entertain either affection or respect for Cambridge, which is probably due to the fact that he was here brought into more immediate contact with the ecclesiastical element, whilst at the same time scepticism was growing up within him, and, not long after his entrance, acquired such consistency as to make him distinctly conscious of its presence. Only those outward things which harmonize with the inward things of a man can command his respect and affection; but to Byron's mind the whole university system bristled with prohibitions and threats, and in opposition to this hostile aspect he assumed a hostile attitude. Neither body nor mind however was allowed to remain inactive; the former, manifesting already that tendency to corpulence which so greatly annoyed him afterwards, he exercised by athletic sports, particularly swimming and boxing; and the latter he continued to store by miscellaneous reading. His muse, too, became vocal, and his verses began to circulate in private, winning so much approbation, as they passed from hand to hand, that in 1806 he put a small collection of them to the press. He presented the first copy to the Rev. John Becher, Southwell, for whom he entertained a sincere regard; and, when that gentleman hastened to expostulate with him on the inexcusable "luxuriousness of colouring" in one of the pieces, Byron immediately ordered the whole stock to be burnt. This order was easily executed as the volumes were intended only for private circulation; and in four and twenty hours only two of them remained, viz., Mr Becher's own, and one that had been sent to Edinburgh before that gentleman's criticism reached the author. In 1807 a purified edition was prepared; and, not long after, appeared for general circulation the "Hours of Idleness," dedicated to Lord Carlisle, his guardian.

The fierce onslaught which the *Edinburgh Review* made upon this last production in the spring of 1808, stung Byron to the quick, and, like a challenge addressed to a man of spirit, first made him aware of his own great resources. Indeed he is said to have looked such fierce defiance after reading the critique, that a friend actually asked him if he had received a challenge. He resolved upon revenge, and took it, ere a twelvemonth elapsed, by the

publication of his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," a satire as fierce, indiscriminate, and unprincipled as he afterwards himself declared it to be. On the first leaf of a copy, which he perused nine years afterwards abroad, the following has been found in his handwriting:—"The binding of this volume is considerably too valuable for its contents. Nothing but the consideration of its being the property of another prevents me from consigning this miserable record of misplaced anger and indiscriminate acrimony to the flames."

Some of Byron's eccentricities belonging to this period deserve to be mentioned. Thus, after reading the *Edinburgh Review* on the "Hours of Idleness," he is said to have drunk three bottles of claret at dinner; and he celebrated his coming of age in 1809 by dining on eggs and bacon, and a bottle of ale. This latter fact he himself records thirteen years afterwards, when writing from Geneva, and adds,—“but as neither of them agrees with me, I never use them but on great jubilees, once in four or five years or so.” This recurrence after so long a date, to so trivial a circumstance, and the annotation of it, clearly betray an affectation of peculiarity, and a desire to be noticed and wondered at, to which no other name than vanity can be given. There is every reason to believe that Byron said and did many things, and these not always innocent, for the express purpose of making people especially his own countrymen, stare. Did not vanity combine with incipient misanthropy in dictating the inscription over the tomb of his favourite dog Boatswain in the grounds of Newstead.

Byron was just twenty when this monument was erected; and the misanthropy of an English nobleman at that early age is on the first view surprising. In Byron's case, however, the explanation is at hand. Let a man be out of harmony with the social system into which he has been born, let him be prevented from expending on any object in heaven or on earth that power of love which nature gives in greater or less measure to us all, and let him lose even his own self-respect, then the most natural issue is misanthropy. These fatal data were already present in Byron. His scepticism brought him into discord with the institutions of his country, and deprived him, in his solitary musings, of man's "last appeal from fortune and from fate;" the *Edinburgh Review* had stung him into insurrection against the whole literary world, where, if anywhere, he might have expected to meet with kindred spirits: his love had gone out to a worthy object, and had returned to his bosom with the poison of rejection and disdain: filial piety offered him no refuge, for his mother had forfeited his respect by the vulgar extremes to which she went in her fits of passion, throwing even the poker at his head; nor could he dwell peacefully with his own thoughts,—for there he was encountered by the fresh memory of his youthful excesses. Had Byron's spirit broken, one of two issues was before him,—either the paralysis of despair, or complete regeneration; but, as it resisted the pressure, nothing remained but to go out of himself in hate, and wage war with mankind.

It is much to be regretted that Byron was taken by his peers just for what he was, or rather for what he gave himself out to be, which, by a strange perversity, was even worse than the reality. They all stood aloof, even his guardian Lord Carlisle; and when,

on the 13th March 1809, Byron took his seat in the House of Lords, not a single nobleman was there to introduce him. Had his faults been generously overlooked, had he been accepted as a better man than he actually was, it is possible that this more than human charity might have bent a pride which could not be broken, and that he might have made it a point of honour to merit a confidence gratuitously afforded. As it was, he felt deeply the neglect; and, not having the humility to acknowledge the equity of the retribution which so quickly visited his early sins, he seems to have resolved upon justifying the evil impressions which attended his entrance into public life.

Byron now concerted a scheme of foreign travel with Mr John Cam Hobhouse, afterward Lord Broughton; and it may be easily conceived that, besides the attractions which foreign travel presents to all young men of intelligence and spirit, it had a peculiar fascination for him, as promising some relief from that social isolation and antagonism in England, which he could neither remedy nor endure. Scotchmen, they say, are most at home when abroad, that is a satire; but it is always true of the man who is not in harmony with things at home. He may not be a whit more in harmony with things abroad, but then he does not feel himself called upon to be so; no one expects him to be a participator there, and the position of an onlooker, which would have been false at home, becomes true and natural abroad. Already in the autumn of 1808, Byron had taken up his residence at Newstead Abbey; and he now left his mother in possession of it, assigning her at the same time a suitable income. His last act, however, before leaving England, was one of defiance. The first edition of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," which had appeared only a few days after he took his seat in the House of Lords, was exhausted in six weeks; he prepared a second edition for the press, and immediately after started on his travels, sailing from Falmouth on the 2d July 1809.

Touching at Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, and Malta, he landed at Prevesa in Albania, on the 29th September, and prosecuted a tour through that and the adjacent Turkish provinces, arriving towards the end of the year at Athens, where he spent ten weeks. Here he lodged with the widow of the English vice-consul, one of whose daughters, Theresa Macri, is the "Maid of Athens," celebrated in song. This lady became afterwards the wife of a stalwart Englishman, Mr Black, till lately teacher of English in the Gymnasium of Athens; she is still alive, the mother of very handsome sons and daughters.

On the 5th March 1810, Byron sailed from the Piræus to Smyrna, and thence to Constantinople. The ship had to wait in the Dardanelles for a favourable wind; and it was on this occasion that Byron swam across the Hellespont in imitation of Leander. The actual distance across is only about a mile, but the swimming distance is upwards of three, owing to the strength of the current towards the Archipelago, and he was not unjustly proud of this feat, as demonstrating both his own prowess and the credibility of classic story. It is true that Leander's performance was greater still, because he crossed both ways as often as he visited Hero, whereas Byron crossed only the

What were the particulars of that incompatibility which led to Lady Byron's separation from her husband, and to her perseverance in it, notwithstanding repeated advances on his Lordship's part towards a reconciliation, the world does not know. Their general nature may be guessed at from her Ladyship's declaration, that if Byron were sane, then she never would return to him. It appears that a list of sixteen symptoms was actually submitted to medical opinion in proof of his insanity; and one can easily understand how a lady, who had all her own impulses under that strict control which is essential to good breeding in England, should have suspected of insanity a man like Byron, who rejoiced not only in uttering whatever came into his head, and in doing whatever the whim of the moment dictated, but in exaggerating both, as if for the purpose of experimenting to what length eccentricity could go. Satisfied at length that Byron was not insane, she was unable, from want of sympathy with an almost hysterical temperament like his, to ascribe his conduct to anything else than disrespect, studied or heedless, towards herself, and withdrew accordingly from the scene of her humiliation. The fault must have been Byron's, for he himself exculpates Lady Byron, writing to Mr Moore, under date March 8, 1816. "I never had, nor can have, any reproach to make her, while with me. Where there is blame, it belongs to myself, and, if I cannot redeem it, I must bear it."

If Lady Byron, who had special opportunities of getting at the rationale of Byron's domestic eccentricities, and whose prepossessions, as well as interests, must have led her to seek the most favourable interpretation of them, yet pronounced against him, it could not be expected that society in general would pass a kindlier verdict. A huge outcry was indeed raised against Byron, and, with hardly a dissentient voice, sentence of social excommunication was passed upon him. Add to this, that his pecuniary embarrassments, which were already so great that, in the single year of his married life, his house was nine times in the possession of bailiffs, had now reached a crisis, and it will be seen that now, much more than in 1809, he was shut up to a flight from England. In February 1816 he had published "The Siege of Corinth" and "Parisina," having consented by this time, under the pressure of his pecuniary difficulties, to receive payment for his works; and in the spring of the same year he started for the Continent.

He reached Switzerland by Brussels and the Rhine, and fixed his residence at the Villa Diodati, near Geneva. Here he composed the third canto of "Childe Harold," "The Prisoner of Chillon," and "The Dream." Now, as before, melancholy gnawed at his heart. After descanting on the noble views he had seen during a tour of thirteen days in Switzerland, he concludes his journal by the following melancholy passage:—"But in all this, recollections of bitterness, and more especially of recent and more home desolation, which must accompany one through life, have preyed upon me here; and neither the music of the shepherd, the crashing of the avalanche, nor the torrent, the mountain, the glacier, the forest, nor the cloud, have for one moment lightened the weight upon my heart, nor enabled me to lose my

own wretched identity in the majesty, and the power, and the glory around, above, and beneath me." The society of Mr and Mrs Shelley, whom he met with at Geneva, afforded him an agreeable relief; but hard work and spare diet were the characteristics of his sojourn in Switzerland. It is almost incredible that he should have lived on so slender a bill of fare as Moore gives in a note*:—"A thin slice of bread, with tea, at breakfast; a light vegetable dinner, with a bottle or two of Seltzer water, tinged with *vin de grave*; and, in the evening, a cup of green tea, without milk or sugar, formed the whole of his sustenance. The pangs of hunger he appeased by privately chewing tobacco, and smoking cigars."

In October 1816 Byron removed from Switzerland to Venice, where he spent three years,—the most discreditable, certainly, of his whole life: for youth and inexperience can no longer be pled in palliation of his excesses. Nevertheless the noble drama of Manfred belongs to this period. At Venice Byron first met with Madame Guiccioli, to be near whom he removed to Ravenna in the end of 1819. Here he joined the Carbonari; and as Madame Guiccioli and her brother were so far compromised in the unsuccessful rising of 1821 as to be banished by the Pope, Byron removed in that year from Ravenna to Pisa, for the purpose of rejoining them.

To this year belongs, perhaps, the most touching incident in Byron's whole history. On July 31, 1814, a pious young lady in Hastings entered in her diary a solemn prayer in behalf of one who could be no other than Byron; that lady became the wife of Mr Sheppard, Frome, Dorset; and, in 1821, two years after her decease, that gentleman, under whose eye this portion of his late wife's diary had meanwhile fallen, communicated it to Lord Byron, accompanying it with such remarks as piety prompted, and respect for his Lordship allowed. By return of post Byron wrote an answer, which is no less admirable from his point of view than was the young lady's prayer from hers. He allows the advantage which believers in the gospel have over unbelievers, considers his own scepticism a necessity of his nature, and almost hopes that he, like Maupertuis and Henry Kirke White, having begun with infidelity, may end in a firm belief.†

This hope, which he but glances at, was never fulfilled. Byron's pride remained unbroken; he could not surrender,—he could only assert himself; and the last act of his life-drama shows us simply a man vindicating his manhood. The Greeks had by this time risen in insurrection, and Philhellenism had become the fashion, or rather the passion, of the day. To play a conspicuous figure at the head of revolted Greeks, was a prospect that presented irresistible attractions to Byron. It promised a dangerous adventure, which would form a piquant contrast to the secure indulgence of former years; an almost scenic position, which would keep him before the eyes of men, and particularly of the English; and an opportunity of serving the cause of liberty and human progress, and of thus gratifying a noble ambition. The lines written at Missolonghi‡ on the 36th and last anniversary of his birth-day, clearly show how this expedition to Greece appealed to his nobler nature. He had led an unworthy life; and the soul now insisted

* Moore's Life of Byron, vol. i, p. 236. † *Ib.*, vol. v., p. 236. ‡ *Ib.*, vol. vi., p. 137

on rising superior to the body, and closing the connection by a worthy exploit.

In the autumn of 1822 Byron left Pisa, because of a quarrel with a sergeant-major of the town, and because the Guiccioli had been ordered out of the Tuscan territory. These, his favourite friends, he rejoined in Genoa, whence, in July 1823, he set sail for Greece. It was not till the beginning of the following year, however, that he reached Missolonghi. First of all, a storm drove back his ship into the port of Genoa; then he touched at Leghorn, where a messenger, direct from Goethe, presented him with complimentary verses by that famous German; and when, on landing at Argostoli, in Cephalonia, he learned the distracted condition of Greek affairs, he prudently kept aloof from all the parties who competed for his special patronage, nor removed to Missolonghi, till his personal presence there seemed likely to further, or, as many represented it, was indispensable to save the national cause. Even those who condemn most unsparingly the extravagance and recklessness of Byron's former life are constrained to admire his moderation and good sense in connection with the Greek rising. In the end of January he was appointed commander of an expedition which was to reduce Lepanto, then in possession of the Turks; and he took measures for the regulation of his finances, and of the commissariat, as well as for the military organization, with all the foresight and skill of an experienced commander.

His course, however, was now nearer a close than his own occasional forebodings contemplated. The weather was bad, and the situation unhealthy; he had got wet through, too, and on the evening of the 15th February was seized with a convulsive fit. His constitution was in fact breaking down, and the means he employed were not apt for building it up. It is well known that debility and plethora have certain symptoms in common: Byron was really suffering from the former, but his measures were directed against the latter. In Greece he subsisted almost entirely on dry toast, vegetables, and cheese; and if, on measuring the girth of his wrist and waist, which he did almost every morning, he found them, as he supposed, enlarged, he immediately took a strong dose of medicine. On the 9th of April he got wet through again; fever and rheumatic pains ensued. On the 18th, Easter day, he got up, and attempted to read, but in a few minutes he became faint, and returned to bed. He quietly expired on the following day. The Greeks were in consternation, and all the more so because a thunder-storm broke over the town at the moment he died. They still reverence his memory. The English traveller now reads "Lord Byron," inscribed among a host of other conspicuous Philhellenes on the walls of the Greek senate; and, should he visit Munychia, he leaves Athens by a street bearing Byron's name.

Byron's remains were taken to England, and interred in the family vault, in the Church of Hucknall, a village between which and Missolonghi some have traced a strong resemblance.

CONTENTS.

HOURS OF IDLENESS:—	PAGE
On the Death of a Young Lady—"Hush'd are the winds,"	5
To E—"Let folly smile,"	6
"D—"In thee, I fondly hoped,"	6
Epitaph on a Friend—"Oh, friend! for ever,"	6
A Fragment—"When to their airy hall,"	7
Leaving Newstead Abbey—"Through thy battlements,"	7
Answer to Lines in "Letters of an Italian Nun, &c.,"	8
Adrian's Address to his Soul when Dying—"Ah! gentle,"	9
Translation from Catullus. Ad Lesbiam—"Equal to Jove,"	9
Translation of Epitaph on Virgil—"He who sublime,"	9
Imitation of Tibullus—"Cruel Cerinthis!"	10
Translation from Catullus. "Lugete," &c.—"Ye Cupids,"	10
Imitated from Catullus. To Ellen—"Oh! might I kiss,"	10
Translation from Horace—"The man of firm,"	11
From Anacreon. <i>Θίλω λυγρὴν Ἀρπιδίαν</i> —"I wish to tune,"	11
"Anacreon. <i>Μεσονυκτίας πρὸς ὄρασις</i> —"Twas now,"	12
"the Prometheus Vincetus, &c.—"Great Jove,"	13
To Emma—"Since now the hour is come at last,"	13
"M. S. G.—"Whene'er I view those lips,"	14
"Caroline—"Think'st thou I saw thy beauteous eyes,"	15
"—"When I hear you express an affection,"	15
"—"Oh! when shall the grave,"	16
"a Lady, with Camoën's Poems—"This votive pledge,"	17
The First Kiss of Love—"Away with your fictions,"	17
To the Duke of Dorset—"Dorset! whose early steps,"	18
Change of Masters at a School—"Where are those honours,"	20
On Marriage of Miss Chaworth—"Hills of Annesley!"	21
Granta. A Medley—"Oh! could Le Sage's,"	21
On Harrow on the Hill—"Ye scenes of my childhood,"	23
To M—"Oh! did those eyes,"	24
"Woman—"Woman! experience might,"	25
"M. S. G.—"When I dream that you love 'em,"	25
"Mary, on receiving her Picture—"This faint,"	26
"Lesbia—"Lesbia! since far from you,"	26
"a Lady, alarmed by a bullet—"Doubtless, sweet girl,"	27
Love's last Adieu—"The roses of love,"	28
Damætas—"In law an infant,"	29
To Marion—"Marion! why that pensive brow,"	29
To a Lady on a Lock of Hair braided with his own,	31
Oscar of Alva. A Tale—"How sweetly shines,"	32
Episode of Nisus and Euryalus—"Nisus the guardian,"	38
Translation from the Medea of Euripides—"When fierce,"	46
Suggested by a College Examination—"High in the midst,"	47
To a beautiful Quaker—"Sweet girl! though only once,"	49
The Cornelian—"No specious splendour,"	50

	PAGE
HOURS OF IDLENESS—(Continued).	
Prologue to "Wheel of Fortune,"—"Since the refinement,"	51
On the Death of Mr Fox—"Oh factious viper!"	52
The Tear—"When friendship or love,"	53
Reply to Verses of J. M. Pigot—"Why, Pigot, complain,"	54
To the sighing Strephon—"Your pardon, my friend,"	55
"Eliza—"Eliza, what fools are the Mussulman,"	55
Lachin y Gair—"Away, ye gay landscapes,"	56
To Romance—"Parent of golden dreams,"	57
Elegy on Newstead Abbey—"Newstead! fast falling,"	58
Childish Recollections—"When slow disease,"	62
Answer to a beautiful Poem, entitled "The Common Lot,"	70
To Rev. J. T. Beecher—"Dear Beecher, you tell me,"	71
The Death of Calmar and Orla—"Dear, are the days,"	72
To Edward Noel Long, Esq.—"Dear Long, in this,"	75
" A Lady—"Oh had my fate,"	77
" I would I were a careless child,"	78
" When I roved a young Highlander,"	79
To George, Earl Delawarr—"Oh! yes, I will own,"	80
" the Earl of Clare—"Friend of my youth,"	81
Written beneath an Elm at Harrow—"Spot of my youth,"	83
Criticism of "Hours of Idleness" in the Edinburgh Review,	84
ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS,	88
THE GIAOUR; A Fragment of a Turkish Tale,	115
THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS; A Turkish Tale,	145
THE CORSAIR; A Tale,	173
LARA; A Tale,	213
HEBREW MELODIES:—	
" She walks in beauty,"	239
" The harp the monarch minstrel swept,"	239
" If that high world,"	240
" The wild Gazelle,"	240
" Oh! weep for those,"	241
" On Jordan's banks,	241
" Jephtha's Daughter—"Since our Country,"	241
" Oh! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,"	242
" My soul is dark,"	242
" I saw thee weep,"	243
" Thy days are done,"	243
" Song of Saul before his last Battle—"Warriors and chiefs!"	243
" Saul, "Thou whose spell,"	244
" All is Vanity—"Fame, wisdom, love,"	244
" When coldness wraps this suffering clay,"	245
" Vision of Belshazzar—"The King was on his throne,"	246
" "Sun of the sleepless!"	247
" "Were my bosom as false as thou deem'st it to be,"	247
" Herod's Lament for Mariamne—"Oh Mariamne,"	247
" Destruction of Jerusalem—"From the last hill,"	248
" By the Rivers of Babylon—"We sate down and wept,"	248
" Destruction of Sennacherib—"The Assyrian came,"	249
" " A Spirit pass'd before me,"	249
THE SIEGE OF CORINTH,	250
PARISINA,	273
THE PRISONER OF CHILLON; A Fable,	287
THE DREAM,	296

	PAGE
MANFRED; A Dramatic Poem,	301
THE LAMENT OF TASSO,	332
THE CURSE OF MINERVA,	338
CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE,	345
ODE TO NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,	459
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS:—	
" On Revisiting Harrow—"Here once engaged,"	463
" Epitaph on John Adams—"John Adams here lies,"	463
" " Farewell! if ever fondest prayer,"	464
" " Bright be the place of thy soul!"	464
" " When we two parted,"	464
" To a Youthful Friend—"Few years have past,"	465
" Lines upon a Cup formed from a Skull—"Start not,"	467
" " Well! thou art happy,"	467
" On a Newfoundland Dog—"When some proud son of man,"	468
" To a Lady—"When Man, expelled from Eden," &c.,	469
" " Remind me not, remind me not,"	469
" " There was a time, I need not name,"	470
" " And wilt thou weep when I am low?"	471
" " Fill the goblet again!—A Song,	471
" To Mrs Musters, on leaving England—"Tis done," &c.,	472
" Written in an Album, at Malta—"As o'er the cold,"	474
" To Florence—"Oh Lady! when I left,"	474
" On passing the Ambracian Gulf—"Through cloudless,"	475
" Stanzas composed in a thunder storm—"Chill and mirk,"	475
" On Swimming from Sestos to Abydos—"If, in the month,"	477
" Written at Athens, January 16, 1810—"The spell,"	478
" " Maid of Athens, ere we part,"	478
" Translation of a Greek War-Song—"Sons of the Greeks,"	479
" " of a Romaic song—"I enter thy garden,"	480
" Lines written beneath a Picture—"Dear object,"	481
" On Parting—"The kiss, dear maid!"	481
" To Thyrsa—"Without a stone,"	481
" " The same—"One struggle more,"	483
" " Away, away, ye notes of woe,"	484
" Euthanasia—"When time, or soon or late,"	485
" " And thou art dead, as young and fair,"	485
" " If sometimes in the haunts of men,"	487
" On a Cornelian Heart—"Ill-fated Heart!"	488
" From the French—"Ægle, beauty, and poet,"	488
" Reply to Lines in Traveller's Book—"The modest bard,"	488
" Epitaph for Joseph Blacket—"Stranger! behold,"	488
" Lines to a Lady Weeping—"Weep, daughter,"	489
" " The chain I gave,"	489
" To Samuel Rogers, Esq.—"Absent or present,"	490
" Address, at Drury Lane Theatre—"In one dread night,"	490
" Verses found in a Summer-House—"When Dryden's fool,"	492
" Impromptu—"Remember thee!"	492
" To Time—"Time! on whose arbitrary wing,"	492
" Translation of a Romaic Love-song—"Ah! love,"	493
" " Thou art not false, but thou art fickle,"	494
" On being asked "The origin of Love,"	495
" " Remember him, whom passion's power,"	495
" Monody on death of Sheridan—"When the last," &c.,	496

