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**POEMS AND LETTERS  
OF LORD BYRON**



# POEMS AND LETTERS OF LORD BYRON

EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS IN THE POSSESSION  
OF W. K. BIXBY, OF ST. LOUIS

BY

W. N. C. CARLTON, M.A.



PUBLISHED BY THE  
SOCIETY OF THE DOFOBS  
CHICAGO, MCMXII

POEMS AND LETTERS  
OF LORD BYRON

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Portrait drawn by J. H. [unclear]

## PREFACE

**A** DETAILED commentary on a series of pieces such as compose this volume is neither necessary nor desirable. The poems and letters themselves form the chief attraction of the book and give it its interest and value. The notes and comment, therefore, have been mainly restricted to such information as seemed to make for a clearer and better understanding of a piece than its text alone afforded. They have also been designed to save the reader from the irritating drudgery of consulting reference books when his purpose in reading is to enjoy.

In writing anything about Byron or his work one is conscious of a perpetual chance of error in statement or inference. Undoubtedly a large amount of Byroniana and Byron manuscripts still remain unpublished. This material may and very probably does contain data which would refute or modify many currently accepted facts or views concerning the poet and his life and works. Again, even the accomplished editors of the various Murray editions have a vexing habit of making categorical statements without adducing or mentioning their authority for them. One is thus left to guess whether such an assertion is merely the editor's personal belief, or whether he had good authority for it, but was not permitted to reveal it. It is also difficult at times to make sure that a particular letter of Byron's has never been published. Besides the authorized editions of the letters there are scores of memoirs, biographies, etc., of persons who knew Byron or who were in correspondence with him, in some one of which a newly found letter may already have been printed.

For the purposes of this volume, the last edition of Byron's poems, letters, and journals as published by the house of Murray has been taken as a canon and authority. That monumental work is indeed "the most com-

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prehensive and scholarly record of Byron's life and work" that has yet appeared. It was issued in thirteen volumes between 1898 and 1904 under the joint editorship of Ernest Hartley Coleridge and Rowland E. Prothero. Unless the contrary is indicated, all quotations in the following pages, whether from letters or poems, are made from the text of this Murray edition. The poems, of course, have long been in print, but it will be found interesting to compare the lines as originally written by Byron with the verses as they appear in the printed editions of the poet's works. In his neglect of punctuation Byron was incorrigible. He left that detail to friends or proof-readers. "Do attend to the punctuation," he wrote to Murray; "I can't, for I don't know a comma—at least where to place one."

The five illustrations are from prints or drawings in Mr. W. K. Bixby's collection. By far the most interesting is the magnificent sketch by Harlow which forms the frontispiece. The prints showing Byron as a cricketer and on his death-bed are fanciful sketches and have no value as portraits of the poet. The print engraved by Scriven shows Byron in his thirty-first year; the wavy hair is much longer than he usually wore it.

Many of Byron's contemporaries have left on record their impressions of his striking personal appearance and the beauty of his countenance when at its best. "As for poets," said Sir Walter Scott, "I have seen all the best of my time and country, and, though Burns had the most glorious eye imaginable, I never thought any of them would come up to an artist's notion of the character, except Byron. His countenance is a thing to dream of." Coleridge was even more emphatic than Scott in praising Byron's looks. The Countess of Blessington gives the following description of him as she saw him in April, 1823: "His head is finely shaped, and the forehead open, high, and noble; his eyes are grey and full of expression, but one is visibly larger than the other; the nose is large and well shaped, but from being a little too thick, it looks better in profile than in front-face; his mouth is the most remarkable feature in his face, the upper lip of Grecian shortness, and the corners descending; the lips full and finely cut."

The poetry of Lord Byron is one of the enduring things in English literature. The first of the great modern men in English verse, his influence on

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the intellectual life of Europe has been greater than that of any other English man of letters, Shakspeare alone excepted. It may, indeed, be questioned whether even Shakspeare's European influence has been felt in so many directions as has Byron's. The dynamic and revolutionary ideas in the poetry of Lord Byron profoundly stirred the minds and influenced the religious, political, and social views of Europe's intellectual advance-guard throughout the nineteenth century. Modern liberalism does not realize the extent of its debt to Byron, and perhaps never will, but the future historian of ideas will surely devote a special chapter to the subject of this indebtedness. "With Byron," says Georg Brandes, "romantic sentimentality comes to an end; with him the modern spirit in poetry originates; therefore it was that he influenced not only his own country, but Europe also." And this same great critic, whose range of learning in literature is probably greater than that of any other writer of our time, thus concludes one of his comparative studies in European literature:

"Then, like Achilles arising in his wrath after he has burned the body of Patroclus, Byron, after Shelley's death, arises and lifts up his mighty voice. European poetry was flowing on like a sluggish, smooth river; those who walked along its banks found little for the eye to rest on. All at once, as a continuation of the stream, appeared this poetry, under which the ground so often gave way that it precipitated itself in cataracts from one level to another—and the eyes of all inevitably turn to that part of a river where its stream becomes a waterfall. In Byron's poetry the river boiled and foamed, and the roar of its waters made music that mounted up to heaven. In its seething fury it formed whirlpools, tore itself and whatever came in its way, and in the end undermined the very rocks. But, 'in the midst of the infernal surge,' sat such an Iris as the poet himself has described in 'Childe Harold'—a glorious rainbow, the emblem of freedom and peace—invisible to many, but clearly seen by all who, with the sun above them in the sky, place themselves in the right position.

It presaged better days for Europe."

The poems here reproduced belong to the most moving and beautiful of all Byron's minor verse. Very real and sincere feelings were the source

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whence they sprung, and these pieces are proofs of the truth of what Byron once wrote to Moore: "I could not write upon anything without some personal experience and foundation." Goethe insisted that two cardinal qualities were required in the true poet: intense feeling and the power to express it. None can gainsay Byron the possession of the most intense and sensitive feeling, and what English poet surpasses him in his marvelous power of expression?

The facsimiles of the little group of poems included in this volume show them as they came rushing forth from the poet's heart and brain. The original manuscripts were once the property of the Hon. Mrs. Leigh, Byron's half-sister Augusta. Mr. Richard Edgcumbe says that the manuscripts of the *Thyrza* poems were probably given to Mrs. Leigh by Mary Chaworth; but he mentions no authority for his statement, and, in the absence of positive proof, it may be considered highly improbable that Mrs. Leigh received them from any such source. Through a Mr. Goddard, Mrs. Leigh sold them in 1848 to John Dillon, Esq. From a note in the latest Murray edition it appears that they were later in the possession of Sir Theodore Martin.

About 1902, they were offered for sale by Henry Sotheran & Co., of London, in a collection of Byron material described as follows: "Original manuscripts of seven of his poems, 5 of which are addressed to *Thyrza*, and 2 to his sister. . . . In all 27 pp. folio and 4<sup>o</sup>, also Letter of authentication by John Murray; autograph letters of the poet's father and mother, and three by his sister relative to the sale of these mss. Five portraits and five views. From the John Dillon Collection." From the Messrs. Sotheran these precious papers passed into the already valuable collection of Byron manuscripts of Mr. W. K. Bixby.

The Murray letter of authentication to Mr. Dillon is as follows:

"Albemarle St.

"March [? 1876]

"Dear Sir:

"In compliance with your wish, I have examined the autographs of Byron contained in your interesting volume and as far as my experience goes I can state my confident belief that they are genuine. They are cer-

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tainly very different from the celebrated forgeries, some of which I accepted as good without giving the careful examination I have done to yours."

One of the letters from Mrs. Leigh to Goddard ends with words which need no comment or explanation: "I have prized these poems and admired them so very much, that only hard necessity would have induced me to part with them, or any indeed, but these least of all."





POEMS



## THE THYRZA POEMS

THE so-called "Thyrza Poems" are usually classed in the group entitled "Occasional Pieces," a group which may be described as the aggregate of the shorter poems written between the years 1809 and 1813 which the author considered worthy of a permanent place among his poetical works. The Thyrza poems were written during one of the darkest and most melancholy periods in Byron's life. Four of them are among those here reproduced. Mrs. Leigh wrote to Goddard that she never had the one entitled "Euthanasia" nor the last, *i.e.*, the one beginning, "If sometimes in the haunts of men," etc.

In order to appreciate something of Byron's mood during the months when these famous stanzas were composed, one has only to recall the frame of mind in which he returned to England from his two years' travel in the East and the series of blows dealt him by fate almost immediately after his arrival.

Writing on June 29, 1811, to his friend Hodgson from aboard the frigate which was bearing him home, he says: "Indeed, my prospects are not very pleasant. Embarrassed in my private affairs, indifferent to public, solitary without the wish to be social, with a body a little enfeebled by a succession of fevers, but a spirit, I trust, yet unbroken, I am returning *home* without hope, and almost without a desire. The first thing I shall have to encounter will be a lawyer, the next a creditor, then colliers, farmers, surveyors, and all the agreeable attachments to estates out of repair, and contested coal-pits."

He reached England about the middle of July and on the twenty-third wrote to his mother from London saying that he would shortly be with her

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at Newstead for a short visit. While in London, he learned of the death at Coimbra in Portugal of his old school-fellow, John Wingfield of the Coldstream Guards. "Of all human beings, I was perhaps at one time most attached to poor Wingfield," wrote Byron, and later he made a mournful reference to this friend in the ninety-first stanza of the first canto of "Childe Harold." Another friend, Hargreaves Hanson, had passed away that spring; and in May, Edleston, the young Cambridge chorister, died of consumption. On August 1, before Byron had reached Newstead, his mother died very suddenly. "I heard *one* day of her illness, the *next* of her death," he says. That same week, Charles Skinner Matthews, whom he calls his "guide, philosopher, and friend," was drowned in the Cam. "Some curse hangs over me and mine," he wrote to Scrope Davies on August 7. "My mother lies a corpse in this house; one of my best friends is drowned in a ditch. . . . Come to me, Scrope, I am almost desolate—left almost alone in the world." Davies hurried down to him and by the end of the month Byron had gathered himself together again, but the gloom of profound melancholy could not be entirely shaken off. On October 11, he writes to Dallas, "I am indeed very wretched, and you will excuse my saying so, as you know I am not apt to cant of sensibility." On the thirteenth, he said to Hodgson: "Your climate kills me; I can neither read, write, nor amuse myself, or any one else. My days are listless; I have very seldom any society, and when I have, I run out of it." Such were some of the events and such his mood just prior to the writing of the first of the Thyrza poems.

Nearly every biographer of Byron, from Moore to Gribble, has busied himself with the identity of the person whom the poet calls Thyrza. Each has settled the question to his own satisfaction, but rarely to that of any other independent theorist or investigator. A collection of the chief of these "identifications" may furnish another addition to the gallery of "curiosities of literature" and supply another charming instance of wasted effort in the field of literary hermeneutics.

"It was," says Thomas Moore, "about the time when he was thus bitterly feeling, and expressing, the blight which his heart had suffered from a *real* object of affection, that his poems on the death of an *imaginary* one were

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written;—nor is it any wonder, when we consider the peculiar circumstances under which these beautiful effusions flowed from his fancy, that of all his strains of pathos, they should be the most touching and most pure. They were, indeed, the essence, the abstract spirit, as it were, of many griefs;—a confluence of sad thoughts from many sources of sorrow, refined and warmed in their passage through his fancy, and forming thus one deep reservoir of mournful feeling.”

The editor of the 1832 edition of Byron's works rejected Moore's theory and associated Thyrza with the (unnamed) person referred to by Byron in his letter of October 11, 1811, addressed to Dallas: "I have again been shocked with a death, and have lost one very dear to me in happier times." But the latest editor of Byron's letters, Mr. Prothero, says this reference is to the death of Edleston, and he is probably correct, even though the event occurred some five months previous to the date under which Byron wrote. The Hon. Roden Noel, however, appears to lean toward the view that Edleston was the original of Thyrza, and offers the following extraordinary suggestion: "If Thyrza was Edleston, disguised under a female name, his [Byron's] passionate friendship may be likened to Shakespeare's 'Sonnets' and [Tennyson's] 'In Memoriam.'" It is difficult to be patient with a mind which could imagine the original of Thyrza to be other than a woman.

Trelawney, in his "Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron" (1858), quotes Byron as saying: "When I first left England I was gloomy. I said so in my first canto of 'Childe Harold.' I was then really in love with a cousin [Thyrza, he was very chary of her name], and she was in a decline." This incident occurred in 1823. The words in brackets are Trelawney's, but nowhere does he give the slightest hint of his authority for connecting this cousin with Thyrza.

In 1876, Professor William Minto advanced a new theory in his article on Byron in the ninth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. He expanded it in detail in the *London Athenaeum* of September 2, 1876. A few words of explanation are necessary before quoting the Scotch professor's ingenious solution.

During the earlier months of 1808, Byron traveled about in company

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with a *fille de joie* dressed in boy's clothes. "Another of the wild freaks I played during my mother's life-time," he told Medwin, "was to dress up Mrs. —, and to pass her off as my brother Gordon, in order that my mother might not hear of my having such a female acquaintance." Moore is also authority for the statement, so euphemistically phrased, that this girl not only became "domesticated with him in lodgings at Brompton," but accompanied him to Brighton disguised in boy's clothes.

Her identity of course has never been revealed, but she is the individual whom Professor Minto believes to have been the original of Thyrza. He says: "Nothing ever racked him with sharper anguish than the death of her whom he mourned under the name of Thyrza. To know the bitterness of his struggle with this sorrow, we have only to look at what he wrote on the day that news reached him [October 11, 1811]; some of his wildest and most fiercely misanthropical verse, as well as some of his sweetest and saddest, belongs to that blackest of dates in his calendar. . . . Who Thyrza was can probably never be known, but, in trying to convey the impression that she was merely imaginary, probably with the intention of shielding his friend's memory, by declaring him innocent of a relationship unsanctioned by society, Moore really did Byron an injustice. The poor girl, whoever she was, and however much she was deified after her death by his imagination, would really seem to have been his grand passion. . . . It is impossible to trace what became of the poor girl, but it is a fair conjecture that she is commemorated as Thyrza. If this girl died before she could welcome him on his return from his wanderings in 1811, nothing is more likely than that he should reproach himself with her death."

The good professor's theory does him credit as a man, but we fear that he has greatly misread both the poetry and the temperament of Lord Byron.

John Cordy Jeaffreson, in "The Real Lord Byron" (1883), while admitting that the poems contain lines pointing to some other person, believes that Byron's cousin Margaret Parker was the chief inspiring force of these "unutterably tender and pathetic poems." He reasons thus in support of his contention: "Thyrza died when the poet was far away from her; so did Margaret Parker. Thyrza had been the poet's companion in those deserted

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towers of Newstead; Margaret Parker had also been his companion there. The mutual love of Thyrza and the poet was known only to themselves, their smiles being 'smiles none else might understand'; so it was with Byron and Margaret. Thyrza and the poet exchanged love-tokens; Byron and Margaret Parker did the same. The poet wore Thyrza's love-token; Byron wore Margaret Parker's locket next his heart. The mutual affection of Thyrza and the poet was the sentiment of young people, so innocent of desire, that 'even Passion blushed to plead for more.' So was the mutual devotion of Margaret and her cousin." Seizing upon Trelawney's statement, Jeaffreson drives home his argument by saying: "Byron's cousin Margaret Parker died of a decline, and was the only one of his cousins to die of that malady after inspiring him with love. True that she died long before he left England; but to his poetic fancy she was still living and fading away when he thought of her on his travels. The mystification and historical inaccuracy of the poet's statement do not weaken the evidence afforded by the words that Margaret and Thyrza were the same person in *his mind*."

Verily, verily, we believe what we wish to believe. For the plain recorded facts with reference to Lord Byron and Margaret we need only quote the poet's own words which give succinctly the whole story and all the story there is in this connection. He says: "My first dash into poetry was as early as 1800. It was the ebullition of a passion for my first cousin, Margaret Parker (daughter and granddaughter of the two Admirals Parker), one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings. I have long forgotten the verse; but it would be difficult for me to forget her—her dark eyes—her long eye-lashes—her completely Greek cast of face and figure! I was then about twelve—she rather older, perhaps a year. She died about a year or two afterwards, in consequence of a fall, which injured her spine, and induced consumption. . . . I knew nothing of her illness being at Harrow and in the country till she was gone. Some years after, I made an attempt at an elegy—a very dull one." His tribute to Margaret is given in his poem entitled "On the Death of a Young Lady, Cousin to the Author and Very Dear to Him," the first stanza of which runs as follows:

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“Hushed are the winds, and still the evening gloom,  
Not e’en a zephyr wanders through the grove,  
Whilst I return, to view my Margaret’s tomb,  
And scatter flowers on the dust I love.”

Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge silently and perhaps justly ignores all the foregoing theories and identifications, but appends this foot-note to the first Thyrza poem: “The identity of Thyrza and the question whether the person addressed under this name really existed, or was an imaginary being, have given rise to much speculation and discussion of a more or less futile kind. This difficulty is now incapable of definite and authoritative solution, and the allusions in the verses in some respects disagree with things said by Lord Byron later. . . . There can be no doubt that Lord Byron referred to Thyrza in conversation with Lady Byron, and probably also with Mrs. Leigh, as a young girl who had existed, and the date of whose death almost coincided with Lord Byron’s landing in England in 1811. On one occasion he showed Lady Byron a beautiful tress of hair, which she understood to be Thyrza’s. He said he had never mentioned her name, and that now she was gone his breast was the sole depository of that secret. . . .

“Thyrza is mentioned in a letter from Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire, to Augustus Foster (London, May 4, 1812): ‘Your little friend, Caro William [Lady Caroline Lamb], as usual, is doing all sorts of imprudent things for him [Lord Byron] and with him; he admires her very much, but is supposed to admire our Caroline [the Hon. Mrs. George Lamb] more: he says she is like Thyrza, and her singing is enchantment to him.’ ”

Mr. Richard Edgcumbe, in his interesting book, “Byron: the Last Phase” (1909), finds in Mary Chaworth (Mrs. Musters) the original of Thyrza. “It was,” he says, “through the depressing influence of solitude that the idea entered Byron’s mind to depict his (possibly eternal) separation from Mary Chaworth in terms synonymous with death. With a deep feeling of desolation he recalled every incident of his boyish love. We have seen how the image of his lost Mary, now the wife of his rival, deepened the gloom caused



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by the sudden death of his mother, and of some of his college friends. It was to Mary, whom he dared not name, that he cried in agony:

“ ‘By many a shore and many a sea  
Divided, yet beloved in vain;  
The Past, the Future fled to thee,  
To bid us meet—no—ne’er again!’

. . . These three pieces comprise the so-called ‘Thyrza’ poems, and in the absence of proof to the contrary we may reasonably suppose that their subject was Mary Chaworth. This is the more likely because the original manuscripts were the property of Byron’s sister, to whom they were probably given by Mary Chaworth, when, in later years, she destroyed or parted with all the letters and documents which she had received from Byron since the days of their childhood.”

Francis Gribble, in the “Love Affairs of Lord Byron” (1910), adopting Mr. Edgcumbe’s theory that Mary Chaworth was the one woman whom Byron consistently loved throughout his life, also accepts the view that she was Thyrza. He says: “The invisible force which was beginning to influence Byron’s life, and was presently to deflect it, was a revival of his recollections of Mary Chaworth. He nowhere tells us so, nor do his biographers on his behalf, but the fact is none the less quite certain. The proofs abound, though the name is never mentioned in them; and Mr. Richard Edgcumbe has marshalled them with conclusive force. The course which Byron’s life followed—the things which he willed and did, as well as the things he said—can only be explained if Mary Chaworth is once more brought into the story. . . . Though Byron spoke of Thyrza to his friends as a real person and showed a lock of her hair, no trace of any woman answering to her description can be discovered in any chronicle of his life. The explanation is that Thyrza was not really dead, though Byron chose so to write of her. Thyrza was Mary Chaworth who was dead to Byron in the sense that she had passed out of his life, as he had every reason to think (though he thought wrongly) for ever. . . . They [the poems] ex-

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pressed, in fact, his despair at finding the secret orchard tenanted only by a ghost; and if we read the poems by the light of that clue, we can get a clear meaning out of every line."

As a hint to future Dryasdusts, we might suggest that Byron's letter of October 28, 1811, to Mrs. Pigott offers a hint that might lead to another literary mare's nest. In that letter he speaks of Edleston's death as "making the sixth, within four months, of friends and relatives that I have lost between May and the end of August." Five of these persons, as we know, were Hargreaves Hanson, Wingfield, Matthews, Edleston, and Mrs. Byron. But who was the other? Was it the unknown, unnamed original of Thyrza? No one seems to have worked that vein of inquiry.

After all, is it worth while? Does the true lover of Byron's poetry care a jot or tittle who the individual was who inspired these verses? We believe not, and for our part we are content to leave the question where Mrs. Leigh left it. In a letter of December 12, 1848, to Mr. Goddard about the manuscripts of Thyrza, she says explicitly: "Mr. Moore (I take the liberty to say) was mistaken as to the Person designated as Thyrza. My Brother told *me no one* knew *who* she was, and evinced so mournful and deep a feeling at that question, I never ventured to repeat it."

The name Thyrza appears to be a variant of Teresa. In the preface to "Cain," Byron writes: "Gesner's 'Death of Abel' I have never read since I was eight years of age at Aberdeen. The general impression of my recollection is delight, but of the contents I remember only that Cain's wife was called Mahala, and Abel's Thirza." When in Athens in 1810, Byron flirted with three daughters of his landlady, Theodora Macri, but the one to whom he seems to have paid most attention was Theresa, whom he has immortalized in his poem,

"Maid of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, oh, give me back my heart!"

Ernest Hartley Coleridge thinks another and more immediate suggestion of the name may be traced to the following translation of Meleager's Epitaphium "In Heliodoram," which one of the "associate bards," Bland or



Oct 27<sup>th</sup> 1844

On the Death of — Thyra

Without a stone to mark the spot  
And ~~rest~~ <sup>say</sup> ~~if such could thy shade~~ <sup>what Truth might will have said,</sup>  
By all save one perchance forgot,  
Ah whence art thou lowly laid?  
By many a land & many a sea  
Divided, ~~tho' hope would still remain,~~ <sup>yet beloved in vain</sup>  
The Past, the Future fled to thee  
To bid us meet — <sup>no-never</sup> ~~never~~ meet again!  
Could this have <sup>been</sup> ~~not~~ — a word — a look  
That softly said — "we part in peace"  
Had taught my bosom how to brook  
With fainter sighs thy Soul's release.  
And didn't thou not? — since Death for thee  
Prepared a light & painless dart,  
Once long for him thou never shalt see,  
Who held and holds thee in his heart? —





The song, celestial from thy voice,  
But sweet to me from none but thine;  
The pledge we gave - I wear it still,  
But where is thine? - ah where art thou?  
Oh have I borne the weight of all  
But never bent beneath till now. -  
Well hast thou ~~left~~<sup>left</sup> in life's best bloom  
The cup of woe for me to drain,  
~~Of judging from my former pain,~~  
~~That~~ <sup>alone is in</sup> the tomb,  
I would not wish thee here again.  
But if in ~~any~~<sup>worlds</sup> more blest than this  
Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,  
Impart some portion of thy bliss  
To wear me from mine anguish here.  
Teach me, too early taught by thee,  
To bear, forgiving, and forgiven,  
On earth thy love was <sup>such</sup> ~~all~~ to me,  
So ~~let it be~~<sup>It fair would form</sup> my hope in Heaven! -





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Merivale or Hodgson, contributed to their "Translations chiefly from the Greek Anthology" (1806, page 4):

"Tears o'er my parted Thyrza's grave I shed,  
Affection's fondest tribute to the dead.

. . . . .  
Break, break my heart, o'ercharged with bursting woe  
An empty offering to the shades below!  
Ah, plant regretted! Death's remorseless power,  
With dust unfruitful checked thy full-blown flower.  
Take, earth, the gentle inmate to thy breast,  
And soft-embosomed let my Thyrza rest."

Later in his life, Byron loved another of this name. Before her marriage the Countess Guiccioli was Teresa Gamba. In his poem "Mazeppa" the name of the fair lady of the intrigue is given as Theresa, and a learned German, Dr. Englaender, has exhaustively argued in behalf of the contention that the Countess was in the poet's mind when the charms of the Theresa in the poem were being described. An equally learned Herr Doctor, Professor Kölbing, has argued with equal profundity that this could not possibly be the case. There we may safely and confidently leave the question.

### ON THE DEATH OF THYRZA

In most, if not all, editions of Byron, the title of this poem reads simply "To Thyrza," and the date October 11 is assigned it. As will be seen from the facsimile, the manuscript in the Bixby collection bears the date "October 27th, 1811" very distinctly. On the twenty-seventh, Byron was writing to Moore from Cambridge, and on the twenty-eighth he arrived in London. The poem first appeared in the first edition of "Childe Harold" (1812, 4<sup>o</sup>). In a letter to Murray, written August 26, 1815, Byron specifically directs how this poem should be printed: "In reading the 4th vol. of your last Edition of

## POEMS AND LETTERS OF LORD BYRON

the poems published in my name, I perceive that piece 12, page 55, is made nonsense of (that is greater nonsense than usual) by dividing it into Stanzas 1, 2, etc., etc., in which form it was not written,—and not printed in the 8vo Editions. The poem in question is one continued piece and not divided into sections, as you may easily perceive by the printing, and as such I request that in future (when opportunity occurs) it may be printed.

“P. S. The poem begins ‘Without a Stone,’ etc. I send it as it was and ought to be.”

Cordy Jeaffreson calls it “a poem written in tears and not to be read with tearless eyes.”

### AWAY, AWAY, YE NOTES OF WOE!

In a letter to Hodgson written on the day this poem was composed, December 6, 1811, Byron refers to it thus: “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.” It was first published in the quarto edition of “Childe Harold” (1812), and bore the title “Stanzas,” as in the manuscript.

### ONE STRUGGLE MORE AND I AM FREE

This, like the two preceding, appeared first in the quarto edition of “Childe Harold,” among the fourteen poems appended to the two cantos of the title poem. In all editions from 1812 to 1831 it was called “To Thyrza.” It is possible that the following letter, written to Hodgson from Patras in the Morea, October 3, 1810, describes the occasion referred to in the lines,

“When stretched on Fever’s sleepless bed,  
And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins”:

“As I have just escaped from a physician and a fever, which confined me five days to bed, you won’t expect much *allegrezza* in the ensuing letter.



Stanzas. -

1  
Away, away ye notes of Woe,  
Be silent - than once soothing strain,  
Or I must fly from hence, for oh!  
I dare not ~~hear~~<sup>trust</sup> those sounds again,  
To me they speak of brighter days,  
But ~~burst~~<sup>lull</sup> the chords, for now, Alas!  
I must not think, I dare <sup>may</sup> not gaze  
On what I am, on what I was.

2  
The voice, that made that <sup>own</sup> ~~any~~ more sweet,  
Is hushed, and all their charms are fled,  
And now <sup>And now</sup> their softest notes to me repeat  
A dirge, an anthem <sup>or</sup> of the dead,  
Aye, Thyryza, yea, they breathe of thee  
Beloved dust, since dust thou art,  
And all that once was Harmony  
Is hideous discord to my heart.

3  
It is silent now - but on my ear  
The well remembered echoes thrill,  
I hear a voice I would not hear,  
A voice that men might well be still,  
Yet oft my daulting soul 'till shake,  
And <sup>Even</sup> ~~And~~ slumber owns its gentle tone.

Still Consciousness will vainly wake  
to listen, though the dream be gone.

4

~~Sweet Thyrsa, waking as asleep,  
Then art but now a lovely dream,  
A beam that glided over the deep  
Celestial yet a shadowy  
The light of transient gleam,  
But he that trends life's dreary way  
Must weep when Heaven is veiled  
When darkness veils the stars in wrath,  
Will <sup>long</sup> lament the vanished ray  
That scattered gladness over his path.~~

4

Sweet Thyrsa, waking as in sleep,  
Then art but now a lovely dream,  
A star that trembled over the deep  
Then turned from Earth its tender beam  
But he that <sup>travels</sup> life's dreary way  
Must weep when <sup>on</sup> Heaven is veiled in wrath  
Will long lament the vanished ray  
That scattered gladness over his path.



Stanzas to Thyoga

One struggle more, & I am free  
 From ~~some pangs~~ ~~that that~~  
 Pangs that tear my heart in twain,  
 One last long wish to Love & then  
 Then back to busy life again,  
 It suits me well, to wish now  
 With things that ~~were~~ ~~pleas'd~~ before  
 Though every joy is fled below  
 Yet sorrow cannot touch me now

2.  
 Then being in mine, the hardest being,  
 Man was not fated to live alone  
 In that light unmeaning thing  
 That smiles with all & weeps with none,  
 It was not ~~so~~ <sup>they</sup> <sup>days</sup> <sup>more</sup> <sup>dear</sup>  
~~It would not have been~~ ~~fall~~ ~~but~~  
~~that you~~ ~~with-drawn~~ ~~of~~ ~~me~~ ~~lovely~~ ~~here,~~  
~~with-drawn~~ ~~so~~ ~~soon~~ ~~of~~ ~~me~~ ~~lovely~~ ~~here,~~  
 There's nothing - all are nothing now.

On many a lone & lonely night  
 When I <sup>was</sup> ~~would~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~would~~ to gaze upon the sky  
 For well I <sup>know</sup> the rolling light  
 Shone <sup>smoothly</sup> on  
~~ward~~ <sup>off</sup> ~~ward~~ <sup>ward</sup> thy <sup>peric</sup> eye,  
 And oft ~~at~~ I thought in <sup>thy</sup> <sup>synthetic</sup> <sup>noon</sup>  
 When sailing on the Ocean wave  
<sup>Man</sup> Thy gaze <sup>on</sup> that <sup>Maury</sup> -  
 Was! it <sup>glanced</sup> upon her <sup>face</sup> -

When stretched on <sup>thy</sup> <sup>purple</sup> bed,  
 And <sup>thy</sup> <sup>lived</sup> <sup>my</sup> <sup>throbbing</sup> <sup>veins</sup>,  
 To combat with <sup>the</sup> <sup>said</sup>  
 That Thyrona <sup>was</sup> <sup>not</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>my</sup> <sup>hair</sup>,  
 Like freedom to the <sup>unhappy</sup> <sup>slave</sup>  
~~But health & life <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>under</sup> <sup>ground</sup>~~  
 a <sup>room</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>let</sup> <sup>them</sup> <sup>be</sup> <sup>live</sup>  
 a <sup>hour</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>all</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>give</sup>  
 My returning health & nature gave  
~~liberty~~ <sup>to</sup> <sup>my</sup> <sup>life</sup>  
 To <sup>live</sup>, when Thyrona <sup>would</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>live</sup>



My Thyra's <sup>5. pledge</sup> gift, in better days

When Love & Life at the same time  
Her dearest name then meet't - my gaze  
Her touch'd by time with sorrow's hue  
The heart that gave it self with thee  
As silent, oh! we never as still  
Though cold as even the dead can be  
It feels, it sighs with the chill.

6

Thou bitter pledge, thou mournful token  
Though painful, welcome to my heart  
Still, still preserve that love unbroken  
Which break the heart to which it can't part  
Time's temporary love but not removes  
More hallow'd when it's there is dead,  
The what are thousand living loves  
So that which cannot quit the dead!

In vain my ~~eyes~~ <sup>eyes</sup> would lightly breathe  
But ~~vain~~ the ~~strange~~ <sup>strange</sup> ~~dearly~~ <sup>dearly</sup> ~~eyes~~;

The smile that sorrow fain would wear

<sup>But</sup> ~~But~~ ~~Procks~~ the woe that ~~looks~~ <sup>flat looks</sup> beneath

Like snow on a ~~shrub~~ <sup>shrub</sup> ~~leaf~~;

~~And~~ ~~not~~ ~~is~~ ~~sure~~ ~~the~~ ~~joy~~ ~~of~~ ~~heart~~  
And ~~such~~ ~~is~~ ~~sure~~ ~~the~~ ~~joy~~ ~~of~~ ~~heart~~  
~~That~~ ~~holds~~ ~~the~~ ~~work~~ ~~of~~ ~~all~~ ~~it~~ ~~loves~~

~~The~~ ~~heart~~ ~~lost~~ ~~the~~ ~~dearest~~ ~~to~~ ~~its~~ ~~owner~~  
Dispel as well the ~~veils~~ <sup>veils</sup> of all  
Though ~~pleasure~~ <sup>pleasure</sup> pierces the maddening ~~and~~

The heart, the heart is ~~lost~~ <sup>lost</sup> still.

## POEMS OF LORD BYRON

In this place there is an indigenous distemper, which when the wind blows from the Gulf of Corinth (as it does five months out of the six), attacks great and small, and makes woful work with visitors. Here be also two physicians, one of whom trusts to his genius (never having studied)—the other to a campaign of eighteen months against the sick of Otranto, which he made in his youth with great effect. When I was seized with my disorder, I protested against both these assassins;—but what can a helpless, feverish, toast-and-watered poor wretch do? In spite of my teeth and tongue, the English Consul, my Tartar, Albanians, dragoman, forced a physician upon me, and in three days vomited and glystered me to the last gasp. In this state I made my epitaph—take it:—

“Youth, Nature, and relenting Jove,  
To keep my lamp *in* strongly strove:  
But Romanelli was so stout,  
He beat all three—and *blew* it out.

But Nature and Jove, being piqued at my doubts, did, in fact, beat Romanelli, and here I am, well but weakly, at your service.”

### AND THOU ART DEAD, AS YOUNG AND FAIR

This poem, written in February, 1812, appeared in the second octavo edition of “Childe Harold” (1812). In that and all succeeding editions down to 1831, it bore the title “Stanzas.” The manuscript in the Bixby collection does not contain the stanzas numbered 6, 7, 8, in the poem as printed in the last Murray edition. Mrs. Leigh wrote as follows concerning this: “I cannot express my vexation about these deficiencies which Mr. Dillon mentions. I have hunted over my remaining scraps to-day, and I have found two of the missing Stanzas in ‘And art thou dead’; the third missing is [that] between the two I have found, and he no doubt wrote it afterwards; he was very apt to alter and revise.”

## POEMS AND LETTERS OF LORD BYRON

Writing to John Murray, April 10, 1814, about the "Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte," which he had just composed, Byron adds in a postscript: "It is in the measure of my stanzas at the end of 'Childe Harold,' which were much liked; beginning, 'And thou art dead,' etc."

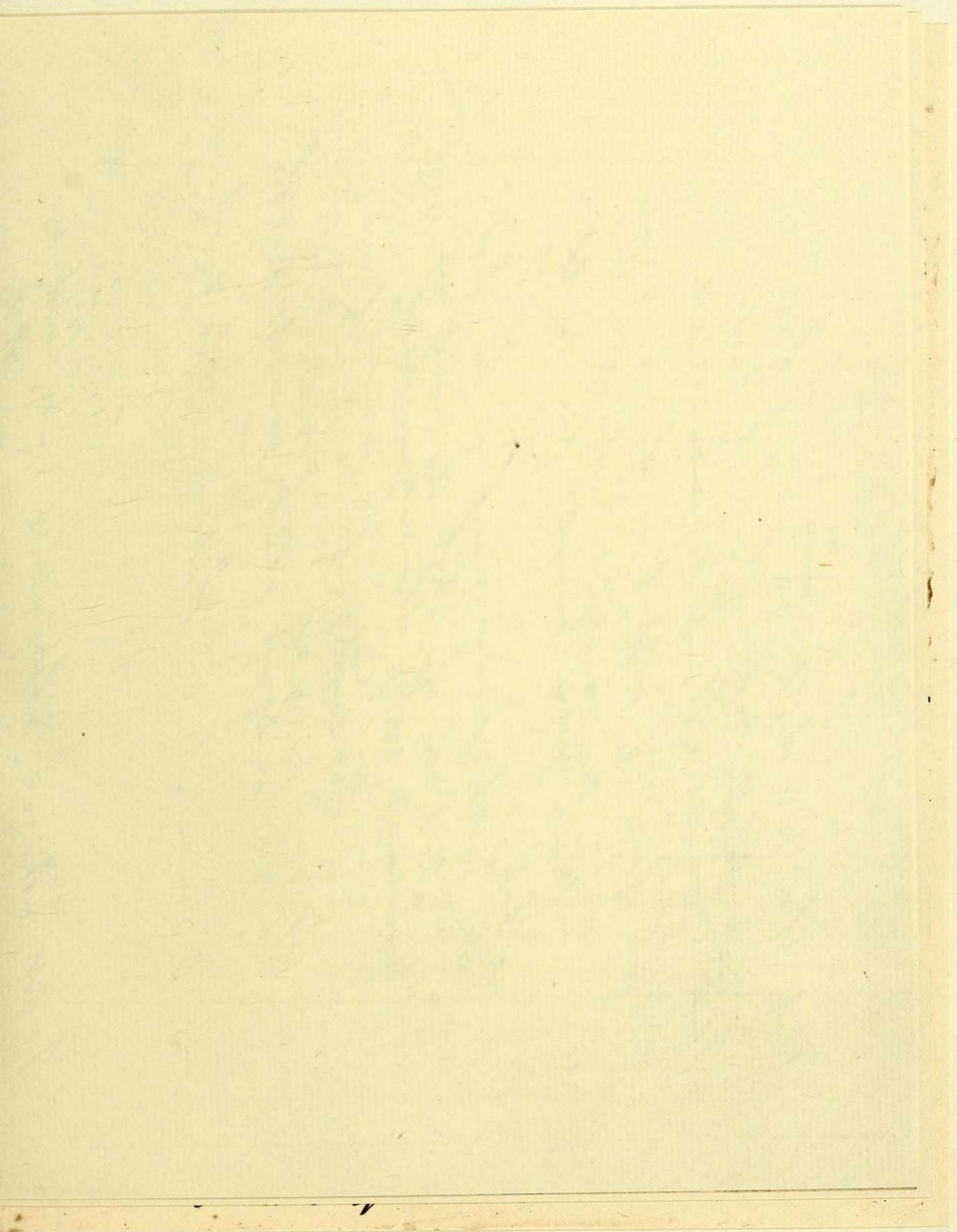
### A FRAGMENT

This was written at the Villa Diodati in 1816, but not published until 1830, when it appeared in the second volume of Byron's "Letters and Journals," edited by Moore. Composed at the same time as Churchill's "Grave," it is closely allied to it in purport and sentiment.

"It is a questioning of Death! O Death, *what* is thy sting? There is an analogy between exile and death. As Churchill lay in his forgotten grave at Dover, one of 'many millions decomposed to clay,' so he the absent is dead to the absent, and the absent are dead to him. And what are the dead? the aggregate of nothingness? or are they a multitude of atoms having neither part nor lot one with the other? There is no solution but in the grave. Death alone can unriddle death. The poet's questioning spirit would plunge into the abyss to bring back the answer."

### THE POEMS TO AUGUSTA

The winter of 1815-1816 was an eventful and tragic one in the life of Lord Byron. Its incidents and the thoughts and emotions aroused in him at that time are found reflected in the poems written both then and afterward. On December 10, 1815, his daughter, Augusta Ada, was born. On January 15, 1816, Lady Byron left London with the five-weeks-old baby for a visit with her father and mother in Leicestershire. Then followed in rapid succession the events which culminated in the deed of separation signed by Lord and Lady Byron on April 21 and 22. On the twenty-fifth, he sailed for Ost-















Could I recount the river of my years  
To the first fountain of my soul with a tear  
I would not trace its stream of flowing hours  
Of pain its <sup>languid</sup> ~~sublime~~ banks of withered flowers.  
That is this death - a quiet of the heart -

The whole of that of which we are a part -

Your life is but a vision - what I see

Of all that <sup>when</sup> lives above is life to one

And ~~it~~ being so - the absent are the dead

Who <sup>haunt</sup> us from ~~transcendence~~ <sup>transcendently</sup> - and spread

A dreary shadow round us - and invest

With sad remembrances our hours of rest -

The absent are the dead, - ~~the changed~~ <sup>for they are</sup> - the cold -

Who <sup>had</sup> ~~can~~ be what once we did behold -

And they are changed - & cheerless - or if ~~yet~~ yet

They <sup>the</sup> ~~are~~ forgotten do not all forget -

Of their <sup>deeds</sup> ~~deeds~~ - <sup>equal</sup> ~~what~~ <sup>must</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~me~~

If the deep barrier be of earth or sea -

Perchance it may be both - ~~so~~ ~~no~~ ~~one~~ ~~thing~~ but one lay and it will

And in this life ~~yet~~ ~~live~~ ~~through~~ ~~every~~ ~~thing~~ -  
In the dark union of incarnate dust -

And ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~number~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~remains~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~seen~~ -  
And ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~number~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~remains~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~seen~~ -  
And ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~number~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~remains~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~seen~~ -  
And ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~number~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~remains~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~seen~~ -

The under-earth inhabitants - <sup>are</sup> they  
of that mingled millions, decompose to clay -  
The ashes of a thousand <sup>years</sup> ~~of long ages~~ spend  
Where Man has trodden a shall tread -  
<sup>And</sup> Do they <sup>in</sup> their silent cities dwell  
Each in their <sup>in</sup> incommunicable cell -  
Or have they their own language - <sup>and</sup> a sense  
Of breathless being - darkened and intense -  
As ~~Midnight~~ <sup>Midnight</sup> in her solitude - <sup>Oh</sup> Earth!  
Where are the past - & where had they birth?  
The dead are they inheritors - and we  
<sup>But bubbles of</sup> ~~have nothing but~~ the surface - and the key  
Of their profundity is in the grave;  
The narrow portal of <sup>the</sup> universal cave -  
When I would walk in spirit and behold  
Our elements resolved to things untold -  
And fathom the hidden wonders - and explore  
The essence of great powers now no more.

Dictate July 10

## POEMS OF LORD BYRON

end and never again saw his wife, his daughter, or his sister. After a visit to Waterloo he went by way of the Rhine to Geneva, where he took the Villa Diodati, on the Belle Rive, a promontory on the south side of the lake. Here he wrote those beautiful and moving verses which immortalized his affection and love for the one human being whom we know he consistently loved throughout his brief and turbulent life.

The Hon. Augusta Byron (born 1783, died 1851) was the daughter of Captain John Byron by his first wife Amelia d'Arcy. She was thus Lord Byron's half-sister and senior by five years. She did not see her brother until 1802. She was brought up by her grandmother, the Countess of Holderness, and lived with other relatives until her marriage in 1807 to her first cousin Colonel George Leigh of the Tenth Dragoons. Colonel Leigh was a friend of the Prince Regent and well known in fashionable and racing circles. Mrs. Leigh was long attached to the court, moved in good society, and was greatly liked by those who knew her intimately. Byron's close and devoted friends, Hobhouse (Lord Broughton), the Rev. Francis Hodgson, and the Rev. William Harness, three men of unimpeachable character, respected and admired her to the last.

From 1802 until Byron's death, Mrs. Leigh took in him not merely the interest of an older sister, but she was, as Frances, Lady Shelley, who knew them both well, says, "like a mother to him." From the end of 1805, with but few interruptions, they maintained a close and intimate correspondence, and visited or resided at various times in each other's homes. Her devotion to him and to his never wavered during his lifetime or hers, and Byron repaid it with a sincerity of feeling he never showed toward any other woman whose name we know. His letters and journals are filled with references to her, and they are invariably tender, affectionate, and fully appreciative of all she had done for him and all she had felt for him in the great crises which they passed through together. The love of this brother and sister, as revealed in his letters and poems, is one of the most beautiful elements in Byron's life and character.

One of the first presentation copies of "Childe Harold" was sent to her with this inscription: "To Augusta, my dearest sister, and my best friend,

## POEMS AND LETTERS OF LORD BYRON

who has ever loved me much better than I deserved, this volume is presented by her father's son, and most affectionate brother, B."

Byron's animosity toward the Earl of Carlisle for a fancied slight at the time of the former's taking his seat in the House of Lords is well known. Augusta thought her brother in the wrong and did not hesitate to tell him so. An entry in his "Journal," under the date of March 28, 1814, shows something of the influence which she had over him at times: "Augusta wants me to make it up with Carlisle. I have refused *every* body else, I can't deny her anything; so I must e'en do it, though I had as lief 'drink up Eisel—eat a crocodile.' "

Augusta watched over and tended Lady Byron during the latter's confinement, and was godmother to the little daughter, Ada. In Byron's last letter to Lady Byron, before leaving England, he wrote: "I have just parted from Augusta, almost the last being whom you have left me to part with. . . . If any accident occurs to me, be kind to Augusta; if she is then also nothing—to her children. You know that some time ago I made my will in her favour and her children, because any child of ours was provided for by other and better means. This could not be prejudice to you, for we had not then differed, and even now is useless during your life by the terms of our settlements. Therefore,—be kind to her, for never has she acted or spoken towards you but as your friend. And recollect, that, though it may be an advantage to you to have lost a husband, it is sorrow to her to have the waters now, or the earth hereafter, between her and her brother. It may occur to your memory that you formerly promised me this much. I repeat it—for deep resentments have but *half* recollections. Do not deem this promise cancell'd, for it was not a vow." In the same letter he requested that all news and tidings of his daughter be sent to him through Mrs. Leigh.

On April 16, 1816, he sent a note to Samuel Rogers: "My sister is now with me, and leaves town tomorrow; we shall not meet again for some time, at all events—if ever; and, under these circumstances, I trust to stand excused to you and Mr. Sheridan for being unable to wait upon him this evening." His last letter, written just before sailing, was addressed to Augusta. Years later, shortly before leaving Italy for Greece, he said: "To

## POEMS OF LORD BYRON

me she was, in the hour of need, as a tower of strength. Her affection was my last rallying point, and is now the only bright spot that the horizon of England offers to my view. Augusta knew all my weaknesses, but she had love enough to bear with them. She has given me much good advice, and yet, finding me incapable of following it, loved and pitied me the more, because I was erring. This is true affection, and, above all, true Christian feeling." Hodgson states that a pocket Bible, which Augusta had presented her brother, was among the books which Byron always kept near him.

On his writing-table after his death there was found the unfinished letter beginning: "My Dearest Augusta: I received a few days ago yours and Lady Byron's report of Ada's health." His last articulate words were: "My sister—my child."

### STANZAS TO AUGUSTA

This poem, written at the Villa Diodati on July 24, 1816, appeared first in "The Prisoner of Chillon, and other Poems" (1816). Its place in that volume is at page 24, where it is called, "Stanzas to —," and this title was retained in all editions until 1830. Byron wrote to Murray, October 5, 1816: "Be careful in printing the stanzas beginning, 'Though the day of my destiny,' etc., which I think well of as a composition."

In the third canto of "Childe Harold," Stanza 55, Byron again refers to Augusta's loyalty when she was made to feel the rancor of his enemies:

"And there was one soft breast, as hath been said,  
Which unto his was bound by stronger ties  
Than the church links withal; and, though unwed  
*That* love was pure, and, far above disguise  
Had stood the test of mortal enmities  
Still undivided, and cemented more  
By peril, dreaded most in female eyes;  
But this was firm, and from a foreign shore  
Well to that heart might his these absent greetings pour!"

## POEMS AND LETTERS OF LORD BYRON

### EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA

This also was written at Diodati during the summer of 1816. It was sent to Murray, in Shelley's care, in a volume of manuscript (written out in fair copy) containing "the third canto of 'Childe Harold,' the 'Castle of Chillon,' etc., etc." In a postscript to the letter of August 28, which accompanied the manuscript, Byron said: "There is in the volume—an epistle to Mrs. Leigh—on which I should wish her to have her opinion consulted; if she objects, of course, omit it." On September 29, he again cautioned Murray not to forget to consult Mrs. Leigh on the lines to her; "they must not be published without her full consent and approbation." Mrs. Leigh was at first disposed not to allow either the "Stanzas" or the "Epistle" to be published, but finally limited her refusal to the latter, and so informed her brother. "I have received a letter, from Mrs. L.," Byron wrote Murray, October 5, "in which she tells me that she has decided on the omission of the lines 'an Epistle, etc.' Upon this point her option will be followed. . . . As I have no copy of the 'Epistle to Mrs. L.,' I request that you will preserve one for me in MS., for I never can remember a line of that nor any other composition of mine. . . . Recollect, do not omit a line of the MS. sent you except 'The Epistle.' It is too late for me to start at Shadows. If you like to have the originals, Mrs. L. will, I daresay, send them to you; they are all in the box."

Mrs. Leigh's letters to Murray, dated November 1 and November 8, reveal her anxiety to do nothing that would offend or hurt her brother or Lady Byron.

"When you were so good as to call upon me at St. James's and told me of the arrival of the canto, and *some lines addressed to me, which were to be published or not as I liked*, I answered, instinctively almost—'Whatever is addressed to me do *not* publish.' I felt so forcibly that such things could only serve to *me faire valoir aux dépens de sa Femme*—besides 1000 other



July 26<sup>th</sup> 1718

Though the days of my glory are over  
 And the Sun of my fame has declined  
 My soft heart ~~could~~ refused to discover  
 The faults which so many could find  
 Though thy soul with my grief was <sup>informed</sup> ~~informed~~  
 It shrouded not to share it with me  
 And the Love which my Spirit had painted  
 It never hath found but in thee -

2  
 Then when Nature around me is smiling  
 The last smile which answers to mine  
 I will not believe it beguiling  
 Because it reminds me of <sup>your</sup> ~~your~~ <sup>things</sup> ~~things~~  
 And when ~~base~~ <sup>winds</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup>  
~~boats~~ <sup>boats</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~ocean~~ <sup>ocean</sup>  
 I catch the ~~winds~~ <sup>winds</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~sea~~ <sup>sea</sup>  
 As the ~~foes~~ <sup>foes</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>me</sup> -

If their billows excite an emotion

It is that they bear me from their

3.

Though the rock of my <sup>last</sup> young Hope is shivered

And its fragments lie as lost in the wave

Though I feel sure that my Soul is delivered

To Pain - it shall not be its slave

There is ~~no~~ many a hand to persecute me -

~~And many a hand to persecute me -~~  
But many a hand to persecute me -

They may persecute but shall not subdue me -

~~And I think but of those not of those~~  
They may persecute but shall not subdue me -

It is of those that I think - not of those

Yet I blame not the world nor despise it

Now the war of the many with one

If my Soul was not sold to prize it

It were folly not sooner to shun -

~~human~~  
~~tempted~~

Though ~~human~~ though didn't not know me

Though woman - though didn't not know me

Though loved - though forbade to give me -

Though ~~tempted~~ - ~~they~~ <sup>than</sup> ~~could~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~could~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~share~~

Though trusted - then didn't not betray me -

Though parted - ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~fly~~ <sup>fly</sup> -

Though ~~parted~~ - ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~defame~~ <sup>defame</sup> me

Though watchful - ~~times~~ <sup>times</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~world~~ <sup>world</sup> ~~might~~ <sup>might</sup> ~~harm~~ <sup>harm</sup> -

Though ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~silent~~ <sup>silent</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~mention~~ <sup>mention</sup> a ~~word~~ <sup>word</sup> -



~~I have not built the gate which hath cost me -~~  
And if surely that ever hath cost me,  
Of ~~what~~ <sup>what</sup> more than I ~~then~~ <sup>once</sup> could foresee -  
I have found that whatever it cost me  
It could not deprive ~~me~~ <sup>me</sup> of ~~them~~ <sup>them</sup>.

65.

~~In the ~~in the~~~~  
~~in the~~ <sup>in the</sup> ~~wreck~~ <sup>wreck</sup> of the past - which hath perished -  
Then much I at least may recall -  
It hath taught us that what I most cherish  
Deserv'd to be dearest of all -  
The Desert <sup>where</sup> a fountain is springing  
In the <sup>wide</sup> ~~wide~~ <sup>world</sup> ~~world~~ <sup>where</sup> a ~~tree~~ <sup>tree</sup> is a tree -  
And a bird in the solitude <sup>is</sup> singing -  
Which speaks to my Spirit of thee.

## POEMS OF LORD BYRON

reasons, which I can better explain whenever I have the pleasure of seeing you. . . . *You* must know how I have suffered in the late melancholy proceedings. I have, I can truly say, felt for *both*, and done my utmost and, to the best of my judgment, all I could, and such reflections must be my only consolation. Yet I am so afraid of *his* being hurt.

“After reflecting on every possibility and probability, I *do* think the *least objectionable* line will be to *let them be published*, for perhaps, on the other hand, considering his positive commands to you and a good many other etceteras, he might be provoked into something worse,—representing me as a *Victim of slander* and *bitterness* to the other party, and in short I hope I decide for the *best*.”

Thus it was that the “Stanzas” alone were published at this time. The “Epistle” remained in manuscript until its publication in Moore’s “Letters and Journals of Lord Byron” in 1830 (Vol. II, pp. 38–41). In a notice of Moore’s work in the *Quarterly Review* the following year, the reviewer recorded his opinion that in the whole body of Lord Byron’s poetry there was nothing “more mournfully and desolately beautiful” than these verses.

In a volume destined for the hands of book-lovers and lovers of poetry, it is wholly unnecessary to enlarge upon the literary and poetical worth of these poems. The verses carry their own message: they require no interpretation by critic nor criticism by rhetorician. Their splendid music is apparent to reader or listener, and no man of taste needs the help of metrical experts to appreciate their beauties. There is really “nothing to be said about great poetry except that it is great and beautiful.”

If poetry made exactly the same appeal to every one, it would be of little value to the world. Great poetry endures because it carries an infinite variety of message and meaning to those who read it. It is really a matter of small moment whether or not a poet shall “live for all time”; but it is of vital importance that in all times and ages there shall be poets in whose verse men may find the matchless and melodious expression of thoughts, feelings, emotions, and moods which have been theirs individually.

Byron is notably a man’s poet in spite of superficial indications to the

## POEMS AND LETTERS OF LORD BYRON

contrary. The real heart and core of his greatest verse is masculine, and sensitively masculine. No normal, active, mentally alert man has reached middle life without, in varying degree, having lived through some crises such as Byron lived through, and without having shared at least some of Byron's moods, thoughts, and passions, but few have had the power to describe or express these things either in verse or in prose. Byron had that power, and he used it with wonderful and supremely beautiful results.



~~I am not yet overwhelmed~~ nor do I wish to screen  
the fault on mine - ~~that I shall ever bear~~  
~~My errors upon a such~~ as with defensive paradox -  
~~the thought on those which daily smother -~~

I have been cunning in mine overthrow  
The <sup>careful</sup> Pilot  
And ~~the~~ ~~brides~~ ~~of~~ my proper awe. -

4 -

More were my faults - and mine ~~the~~ their reward -

My whole life was a combat - since the day  
that gave me being gave me that which married  
the rift - ~~and~~ a fate or will that ~~walked~~ <sup>walked</sup> ~~away~~ <sup>at my</sup> -

And I at times have found the struggle hard -

And thought of shaking off ~~the~~ my bonds of clay -

But

that now I faint would for ~~some~~ for a time survive  
of but to see what next ~~will~~ can will arrive.

5

Things down and empires in my little life <sup>day</sup> -

I have outlived and yet I am not old -

And when I look on this, the petty <sup>spring</sup> ~~stuff~~ -

Of my own years of trouble, which have rolled  
Like a wild bay of breakers - melts away -

Something - I know not what - does still uphold -

a spirit of slight patience - not in vain

if ~~when~~ ~~even~~ for its own sake - do  
we can bear it - ~~how~~ we purchase pain. -



Perhaps - the workings of defiance stir  
 within me - ~~or perhaps a cold despair -~~  
~~when it repelled the <sup>some</sup> fair state recess~~  
~~on which~~ when I'm habitually  
 brought on by ~~fair state~~ ~~to the~~ ~~recess~~ -

Perhaps ~~with~~ a kinder line - or purer air -  
 Go to <sup>all</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>may</sup> chance of Paul refer -  
 And with <sup>light</sup> ~~the~~ armour ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> <sup>may</sup> <sup>have</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>bear</sup> -  
 Have taught me a strange <sup>quiet</sup> ~~quiet~~ - which ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> <sup>not</sup>  
~~has~~ ~~been~~ ~~taught~~ ~~me~~ ~~to~~ ~~this~~ ~~but~~ ~~I~~ ~~can~~ ~~see~~ ~~it~~ ~~now~~ ~~at~~ ~~all~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~place~~ ~~as~~ ~~before~~ -  
 The chief companion of a calmer lot. ~~the~~  
 things which I ~~do~~ ~~not~~ ~~see~~ ~~now~~ - ~~but~~ ~~was~~ ~~like~~ ~~then~~ -

I ~~felt~~ <sup>feel</sup> almost at times as I have felt  
 In happy childhood, - trees and ~~stars~~ <sup>flowers</sup> - & brooks -  
 which do ~~now~~ <sup>now</sup> remember me of where I dwelt  
~~Before~~ ~~I~~ ~~had~~ ~~to~~ ~~study~~ ~~hard~~ ~~for~~ ~~any~~ ~~purpose~~ ~~of~~ ~~study~~ ~~at~~ ~~all~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~place~~ ~~as~~ ~~before~~ -  
 Come on if you upon me - and can melt  
 My <sup>heat</sup> ~~heart~~ ~~with~~ ~~recognition~~ ~~of~~ ~~their~~ ~~looks~~ -  
 And even at moments, I would think I see  
 Some living things to love - but none like these.

Now <sup>are</sup> <sup>the</sup> ~~in~~ ~~an~~ ~~low~~ ~~Alpine~~ ~~landscapes~~ ~~which~~ ~~wait~~ ~~for~~ ~~me~~ ~~to~~ ~~admire~~  
 a fund for contemplation - ~~have~~ ~~no~~ ~~more~~ ~~to~~ ~~admire~~  
 As a brief feeling of a <sup>trivial</sup> ~~little~~ ~~state~~ -  
 But something ~~rather~~ ~~do~~ ~~such~~ ~~never~~ ~~inspire~~

There to be lovely is not desolate  
For much I view which I could not derive -  
And above all a lake I can behold -  
Larger - not dearer - than our own of old -

9

Oh that thou wert but with me! - but I grow  
The fool of my own wishes - and forget  
The statue which I have vaunted so  
Has lost its' praise in this but one respect -  
There may be others which I less may share -  
I am ~~not~~ not of the plaintive mood - and yet  
I feel an ebb in my philosophy  
And ~~think of such things with a childish eye.~~  
<sup>the tide rising in my thought</sup>

10.

I did remember thee of our own dear lake -  
By the old Hall which may be mine no more -  
If ~~this~~ is fair - but think not I forsake  
The sweet remembrance of <sup>dearer</sup> ~~our~~ share -  
Sad ~~hours~~ <sup>hours</sup> Time must with my memory make  
Or that or thou ~~are~~ fade these eyes before -  
Though like all things which I have loved - they are  
Assigned forever - or divided far. - - -

The world is all before me - I but ask  
 Of Nature that with which she will comply  
 It is but in her Summer's sun to bask -  
 To mingle in the quiet of her sky -  
 To see her gentle face without a mask  
 And never ~~look~~ <sup>gaze</sup> on it with apathy -  
 She was my early friend - and now shall be  
 My Sister - till I look ~~once~~ again on thee.

And I can reduce all feelings - but this one  
 And that I would not - <sup>for at length I</sup> ~~see~~ <sup>see</sup>  
 The ~~scene~~ <sup>scene</sup> ~~where~~ <sup>where</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~which~~ <sup>which</sup> my life began  
 The earliest - <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>only</sup> ~~path~~ <sup>path</sup> ~~most~~ <sup>most</sup> ~~important~~ <sup>important</sup> for me -  
 Had I but sooner known the wound to shun  
 I had been better than I now can be  
 The Pains which have <sup>me</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>would</sup> have slept -  
 I had not suffered - and <sup>A</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~rest~~ <sup>rest</sup> -

With false ambition what had I to do?  
~~She~~ <sup>She</sup> ~~let~~ <sup>let</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>me</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~love~~ <sup>love</sup> - and ~~lost~~ <sup>lost</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~all~~ <sup>all</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~glance~~ <sup>glance</sup>?  
 And yet they came unthought of with me grew,  
 And made me what all which they can make - a Name



For thou - my own sweet Sister! - in thy heart  
 I know myself secure - as thou in mine -  
~~we were out and -~~ ~~What a blessed~~ - I am - over as thou art -  
 things - who near each other, can resign -  
 It is the same together or apart -  
 From life's commencement to thy slow decline -  
~~we are entwined; -~~ ~~we have been -~~ ~~I will be~~ ~~at death come slow or fast -~~  
 The tie which bound the first endures the last. -



**LETTERS**



PLAY!

*Pub<sup>d</sup> by S. Knight's Sweeting: Alley, Cornhill.*

*W. Day Lith<sup>d</sup> in the King's Gate St.*



## LETTERS

So far as can be learned, only one of the following letters has appeared in print, and of that only a few paragraphs were published in the last Murray edition. The letter in question is the long and interesting one addressed to R. B. Hoppner, March 31, 1820. Although these letters are for the most part unrelated, each will be found to have some point of interest which justifies its printing. The originals of all of them are in Mr. Bixby's collection.

*Volage* Frigate, off Ushant  
July 7<sup>th</sup> 1811

Mr. Cawthorn:

I have been scolding you (like almost all Scolders) without a reason, for I found your two parcels, one at Athens, & the other at Malta on my way down. In a few days on our arrival at Portsmouth, which we expect to make about the 10<sup>th</sup>, I shall send this off, however the date on the outside will apprize you of the day. I shall thence proceed to town where I expect you to pay me a visit either at Dorant's or Reddish's Hotels in Albemarle or St James's Street. I hope the Satire has answered your purpose, & of course it has answered mine. I have a poem in the same style, & much about the same length which I intend as a kind of Sequel to the former; it is ready for publication, but as my scrawl is impenetrable to Printers, & the Manuscript is a good deal blotted with Alterations etc, you must have an Amanuensis ready to copy it out fair on my arrival. I suppose you have not lost by the last, but my only motive for asking is a wish that you *may not*; the present shall be yours for the risk of printing, as the last was. But neither you nor I must suppose because the first has succeeded tolerably, a second will have the same fate, though its style is similar. However, it will serve to make a

## POEMS AND LETTERS OF LORD BYRON

tolerable volume with the other, with which it is in some degree connected. The Nature of it I will explain more fully when I see you. If you see Mr. Dallas or other of my acquaintance, you will present my Compts. I remain

Y<sup>r</sup> obed<sup>t</sup> Serv<sup>t</sup>.

Byron.

To Mr. Cawthorn  
Cockspur Street  
London.

P. S. Accept my excuse for blaming you for what you did not deserve. I am sorry for it; the fault lay with my Maltese Correspondents.

James Cawthorn, to whom this letter is addressed, was the publisher of "English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers. A Satire" (March, 1809). The poem which Byron mentions as having ready for publication was the "Hints from Horace," which he had recently written at the Franciscan Convent in Athens. "I have an imitation of Horace's 'Art of Poetry' ready for Cawthorn," he had informed Dallas on June 28. Dallas called at Reddish's Hotel July 15, 1811, and received the manuscript, but was not at all enthusiastic over it. He asked Byron if that was all that he had written while away; whereupon Byron produced the first two cantos of "Childe Harold." Very much against his wishes, he was persuaded by his friends to publish the latter instead of the former, with what results we all know. But to the end of his life Byron insisted on regarding the "Hints from Horace" as one of the best things he had ever done, whereas it is by general agreement one of the very worst. It was not published until 1831, seven years after his death.

4 Bennet Street

July 13th [1813]

Sir

Prince Korlovsky informed me a few days ago that he had reason to think by a proper application to you I should obtain a passage in the ship which is to convey him to the Mediterranean. I confess that I did not foresee any impropriety or difficulty in this, as it had already been my good fortune to obtain the same favour several times during my last absence from England, by the kindness of some whose influence was much inferior to your own. But as I had not the honour of your acquaintance & certainly

## LETTERS OF LORD BYRON

not the slightest pretension to intrude upon you for the mere purpose of serving myself, I thought the application would come with a better grace from one whom you would have greater pleasure in obliging. Though he has failed, which does not make my own prospect of success very promising, may I now venture to say that by obtaining for me a passage in any ship of war bound to the Mediterranean at or nearly the same time with the *Boyne*, you will confer upon me the last—indeed I might add—the only favour which can be rendered me in this country. If I am wrong or informal in the present application you will excuse an unintentional offence.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Yr most obed<sup>t</sup>.

humble Ser<sup>t</sup>.

Byron

J. W. Croker, Esq.,

&c., &c., &c.

From July until October in 1813, Byron's letters are full of references to some plan he had of going abroad, probably to the East or to Italy. On the same date as this letter to Croker, the Secretary of the Admiralty, Byron wrote to Moore: "I want to get away, but find difficulty in compassing a passage in a ship of war." This was, however, arranged for him. At Croker's request, Captain Carlton of the *Boyne*, who had just been ordered to reënforce Sir Edward Pellew in the Mediterranean, had consented to take Byron in his cabin on that voyage. Byron acknowledged Croker's courtesy in a letter dated August 2, 1813. But on August 22 we find him writing to Moore: "All this time you wonder I am not gone; so do I; but the accounts of the plague are very perplexing—not so much for the thing itself as the quarantine established in all ports, and from all places, even from England."

As a matter of fact, it was a very different kind of "plague" that was hindering his lordship from sailing on the projected voyage. A passage in this same letter to Moore tells the real reason: "I have said nothing, either, of the brilliant sex; but the fact is, I am at this moment in a far more serious, and entirely new, scrape than any of the last twelve months,—and that is saying a good deal. It is unlucky that we can neither live with nor without these women." Ernest Hartley Coleridge says that Lady Frances Wedderburn Webster was the lady with whom Byron was at this moment so infatuated. But this is scarcely credible, for less than two weeks after the date of the letter to Moore, Byron is congratulating his friend Webster on the birth of a son and promising to stand as godfather to the child.

## POEMS AND LETTERS OF LORD BYRON

In the middle of September, he asked Murray to "enquire after any ship with a convoy taking passengers and get me one if possible." Nothing came of this, however, and he remained in England.

On November 8, came the well-known letter to his sister: "I have only time to say that I shall write tomorrow, and that my present and long silence has been occasioned by a thousand things (with which *you* are not concerned). It is not L<sup>v</sup> C. nor O., but perhaps you may *guess*, and, if you do, do not tell. You do not know what mischief your being with me might have prevented. You shall hear from me tomorrow; in the meantime, don't be alarmed. I am in *no immediate* peril." In his "Journal" for November 17, there is this entry: "Not a word from. . . . Have they set out from . . . ? or has my last precious epistle fallen into the lion's jaws? If so—I must clap on 'my musty morion' and 'hold out my iron.' I am out of practice—but I won't begin at Manton's now. Besides, I would not return his shot."

The contemplated journey abroad did not occur, and no one has yet successfully identified the lady who prevented it, notwithstanding the labored efforts of Mr. Edgumbe and his echo, Mr. Gribble.

March 2nd, 1814.

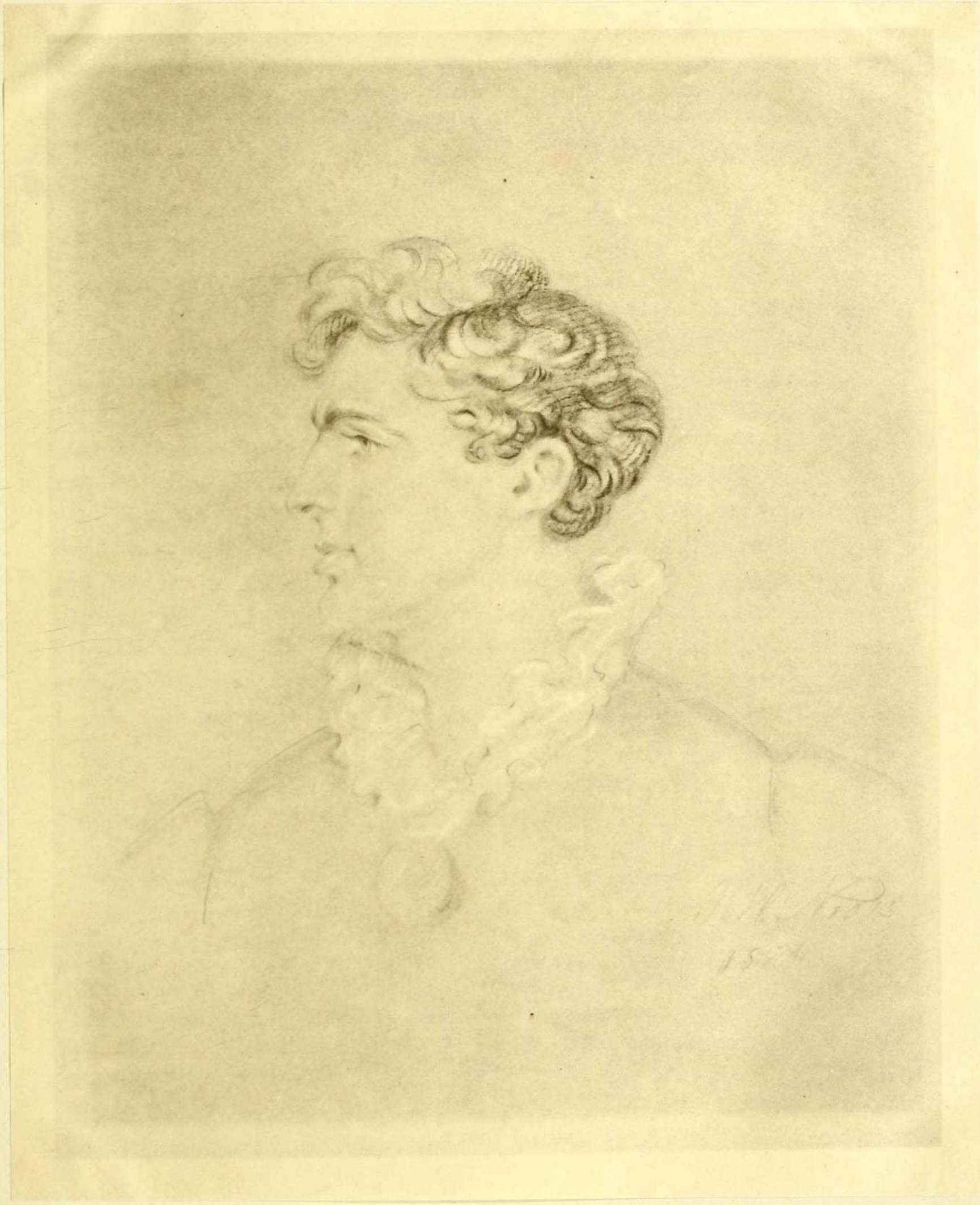
Dear Webster:

I am sorry to say that in consequence of a disappointment for the present in the amount of the remittance I expected, I am obliged to decline advancing the sum which I would readily have done had it been within my power. With regard to joining you as a security I should have no objection, but on the terms & with persons to whom you have applied, I should only become instrumental in involving *both*, without any permanent benefit to yourself. I speak from experience, as my own difficulties have arisen from similar sources. Your own agent could surely direct you to more respectable lenders and better terms, and as you must have security to give on your own property, I should think the business might be arranged without your having recourse to the Advertisers in papers. I regret very much that it is not in my power to advance this *myself* & I think you know that I would have done so had it been practicable.

Very truly yrs,

B.

James Wedderburn Webster (1789–1840) was the author of "Waterloo, and other Poems" (1816). He was with Byron possibly at Cambridge, and certainly at Athens in



J. H. Adams  
1874

## POEMS AND LETTERS OF LORD BYRON

1810. In that year he married Lady Frances Caroline Annesley. In 1813, Byron lent him £1000. Moore says: "W. W. owes Lord Byron, £1000, and does not seem to have the slightest intention of paying him." Lady Frances separated from her husband, and in 1823 Byron endeavored to reconcile them.

Venice, Nov. 20th, 1817.

Dear Sir:

I shall endeavor to keep the conditions of the lease and I had already decided to retain in my service the man whom you left in care of the place. I took the liberty of sending to request that you would accept cash for the draft immediately as I was making up some accounts, and also on account of the exchange as I wished to draw before it lowered still farther which I understand will shortly be the case. I have sent you the publications you honoured me by requesting, and also the last poem of my friend Moore and one by Coleridge—which you have perhaps not seen—and of which I beg your acceptance as I have other copies of the same works and these can be spared without the least inconvenience to myself. If you have not read "Tales of my Landlord" I have duplicates and a set is at your service—they are well worth the perusal—and I will send them whenever you like. I have the honour to be

Very truly your obedient & faithful svt.,

Byron

To

R. B. Hoppner, (Esq.)

Richard Belgrave Hoppner (1786–1872) was the second son of John Hoppner, R. A. He was appointed English Consul at Venice in October, 1814. The Shelleys and Byron saw much of him and his charming wife during their stays in Venice. Byron had a great respect for Hoppner. He told the Countess of Blessington that Hoppner "was a good listener, and his remarks were acute and original; he is besides a thoroughly good man; and I know he was in earnest when he gave me his opinions."

## LETTERS OF LORD BYRON

Venice, Nov. 28, 1819.

Dear Sir

In this remote corner of Italy where we have neither books or booksellers I am as ignorant of the affairs of the literary world as a Siberian bear. The only oracle that gives me some scanty hints is Galignani's Messenger, but as I do not see a review I cannot be said to know the doings of the [*illegible*]. Now and then I read a stray leaf filled with the Boetian sounds of some croaking Scot prosing about the morals of the Don. The vile squeak of the Italian fiddle is music compared with the lingua Scotorum pronounced *ore rotundo* by some Edinburgh Galen. The sound is tinkling in my ears whenever I read the lucubrations of one of those modern Athenians. Write soon. Perhaps you had best answer to me here (Venice Poste Restante) it will come quicker thus.

Believe me ever & truly yrs

Byron

To the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird  
Pall Mall London

Ravenna,  
March 31st, 1820.

Dear Hoppner,

Laziness has kept me from answering your letter. It is an inveterate vice—which grows stronger, and I feel it in my pen at this moment.

With regard to Mr. Gnoatto, I doubt that the Chevalier is too honest a man to make a good lawyer. Castelli is a bustling, sly, sharp [*illegible*] & will be more likely to make the rascal wince. But I mean to do thus,—that is to say—with your approbation. You will inform Madame Mocenigo, that till Mr. Gnoatto's money is paid, *I shall deduct that sum* from her rent in June till she compels her Servant to pay it. She may make a cause of it, if

## LETTERS OF LORD BYRON

she likes; *so will I* & carry it through all the tribunals, so as to give her as many years work of it as she pleases. At the same time I will prosecute *him* also. I am not even sure that I will pay her *at all* till she compels her Scoundrelly dependant to do me justice, which a word from *her* would do. All this you had better let *her* know as soon as can be.

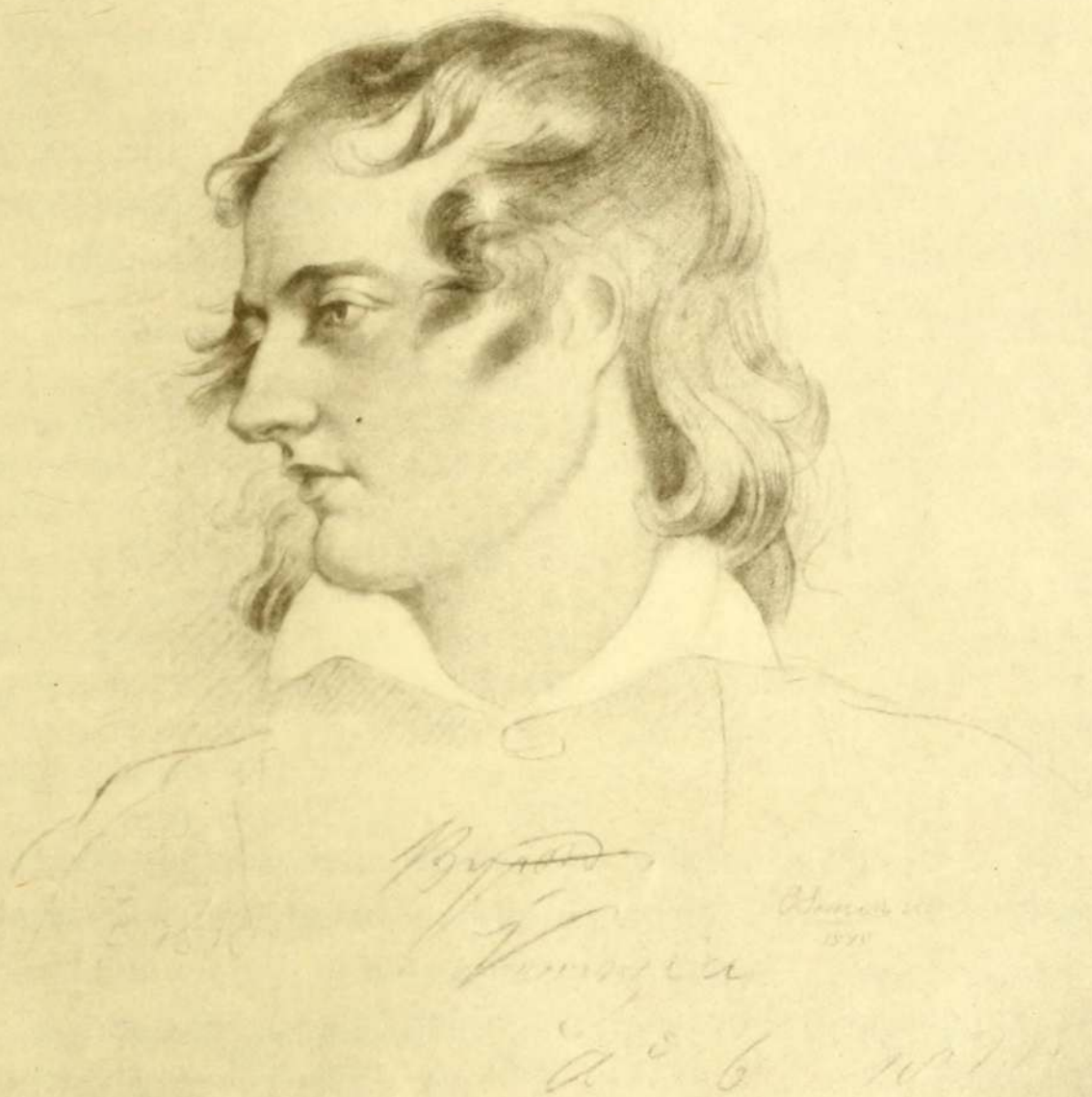
By the way, I should like to have my *Gondola* sold for what it will bring, and do you carry money to the account of expenses. If Mother Mocenigo does as she ought to do, I may perhaps give up her house and pay her rent into the bargain. If not, I 'll pay nothing and we 'll go to law—I *loves* a "*lité*."

What you tell me of Mrs. Strephon is very amusing, but all private matters must be superseded at present by the public plots, and so forth. I wonder what it will all end in. I should probably have gone to England for the Coronation but for my wife. I don't wish to walk in such company, under present circumstances. Ravenna continues much the same as I described it. *Conversazioni* all Lent, and much better ones than any at Venice. There are small games at hazard, that is, Faro, where nobody can point more than a shilling or two; other Card tables, and as much talk and Coffee as you please. Everybody does and says what they please, and I do not recollect any disagreeable events, except being three times falsely accused of flirtation, and once being robbed of six sixpences by a nobleman of the city, a count Bozzi. I did not suspect the illustrious delinquent; but the Countess Vitellani and the Marquess Loratelli told me of it directly, and also that it was a way he had of filching money when he saw it before him; but I did not ax him for the cash, but contented myself with telling him that if he did it again, I should anticipate the law.

There is to be a theatre in April, and a fair, and an Opera, and another opera in June, besides the fine weather of Nature's giving, and the rides in the Forest of Pine.

Augustine overturned the carriage a fortnight ago and smashed it and himself and me and Tita and the horses into a temporary hodge-podge. He pleaded against the horses, but it was his own bad driving. Nobody was hurt, a few slight bruises; the escape was tolerable, being between a river





POEMS AND LETTERS OF LORD BYRON

on one side and a steep bank on the other. I was luckily alone, Allegra being with Madame Guiccioli. With my best respects to Mrs. Hoppner believe me ever and very truly yours

Byron.

P. S. Could you give me an Item of what books remain at Venice? I *don't* want them, but wish to know whether the few that are not here are there, and were not lost by the way.

I hope and trust you have got all your wine safe, and that [it] is drinkable.

Allegra is prettier I think, but as obstinate as a Mule, and as ravenous as a Vulture. Health good to judge [from] the Complexion, temper tolerable, but for vanity and pertinacity. She thinks herself handsome and will do as she pleases.

Ravenna April 2nd, 1820

My Dear Douglas

Pray give the Honorable Member the enclosed song and tell him I know he will never forgive me, but I could not help him & his ragmuffins for putting him in *quod*. Hang that set of parsons. I know the hypocrites—their carnal appetite is fiercer than that of a he goat & the Don is as *innocent as a babe* of such sins as they commit daily under cover of the cassocks. Perhaps the attack is written by H—— as a reward for having paid his debts and traveled all night to beg his mother-in-law (by his own desire) to let him marry her daughter, though I had never seen her in my life—it succeeded. But such are mankind. The moral Clytemnestra is not very communicative of her tidings, but there will come a day of reckoning. I am all for moderation, [with] which profession of faith I beg leave to conclude by

## LETTERS OF LORD BYRON

wishing that those sanctimonious judges who throw stones at me may find a home in a place painted in Michel Angelo's Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel which would just suit them.

ever yours very truly

Byron.

Hon. Douglas Kinnaird,  
Pall Mall London

The Honorable Douglas James William Kinnaird (1788–1830) was one of Byron's most intimate friends. They were, among other things, fellow-members of the managing committee of Drury Lane Theater. Byron called him his "trustworthy trustee and banker, and crown and sheet anchor." It was at Kinnaird's suggestion that he wrote the "Hebrew Melodies" and the "Monody on Sheridan."

The "Honorable Member" referred to in the letter was Hobhouse. His pamphlet, "A Defence of the People" (1819), was followed in the same year by "A Trifling Mistake," which was declared by the House of Commons to be a breach of privilege, and he was committed to Newgate Prison. The death of George III, and the dissolution of Parliament, set him free. He won a seat in the Commons as a member for Westminster, with Sir Francis Burdett as his colleague, and represented it for thirteen years. Byron had also sent Murray a copy of the Lampoon which he had written on Hobhouse's political difficulties, and the phrasing is a trifle clearer in the letter to Murray: "Pray give Hobhouse the enclosed song, and tell him I know he will never forgive me, but I could not help it. I am so provoked with him and his ragamuffins for putting him in *quod*; he will understand that word, being now resident in the flash capital." A garbled version of the song got into the newspapers and Hobhouse was greatly indignant at Byron's writing it and at Murray's allowing a knowledge of it to get into circulation. The first stanza of the ballad on Hobhouse runs thus:

"How came you in Hob's pound to cool,  
My boy Hobbie O?  
Because I bade the people pull  
The House into the Lobby O."

POEMS AND LETTERS OF LORD BYRON

May 5th 1821.

My Dear Sir

I open the packet sealed a quarter to 4 P. M. in order to add a few lines. I have not begun with the [? Quarterers] but let them look to it. As for [illegible] you well know that I have not been unfair to his poetry even I, but I have lately had some information of his critical proceedings, which may bring that on him he will be sorry for. I happen to know *that* of him which would annihilate him when he pretends to teach *morality*. As to the old Serpent's sentimental twaddle, let the carrion crow croak. I won't say anything for fear of being indelicate.

Yours ever

Byron

[? To John Murray.]

R<sup>a</sup> May 21<sup>st</sup>. 1821

My dear Hoppner:

I return to the subject of Saturday (I wrote by that day's post), because the Milan Gazette again repeats the same thing in the same words only with a different date and an additional word. I ask you to interfere because otherwise they will do an absent & obnoxious individual no justice. If the play has been hissed, let them repeat it till they are tired; but at least state, as all our papers have done, *how & why* it was *dragged* upon the stage against my positive orders. I merely wish the *matter of fact*; as to criticism, that is *opinion* & of course open to all men. I have had Galignani's English papers (which you will have seen) sent to Milan. I enclose you two letters from Douglas Kinnaird which will show you what to think,—unless he has egregiously mis-stated. A few words from you to the uppermost of

## LETTERS OF LORD BYRON

the [*illegible*] party at Milan & Venice will be enough. I require nothing but the statement of the *facts* as you will have read them.

Yours ever & most truly,

Byron.

In January, 1821, Byron learned that his play "Marino Faliero," which Murray was just about to publish, was to be put on at Drury Lane Theater by Elliston the manager. He protested vigorously against the play being produced, and his friends secured from the Lord Chancellor an injunction forbidding the performance. This was later withdrawn, however, and the play was performed on April 21, April 30, and five nights in May. A Milan paper reported that it had been hissed off the stage. Byron was full of wrath at these events, and his letters to Hoppner, Murray, and Moore at this time are filled with denunciations of all concerned in the matter. His letter of May 20 to Moore shows how the incident and the false rumors finally ended: "Since I wrote to you last week, I have received English letters and papers, by which I perceive that what I took for an Italian *truth* is, after all, a French lie of the *Gazette de France*. It contains two ultra-falsehoods in as many lines. In the first place, Lord B. did *not* bring forward his play, but opposed the same; and secondly, it was not condemned, but is continued to be acted, in despite of publisher, author, Lord Chancellor, and (for aught I know to the contrary) of audience. . . .

"You will oblige me, then, by causing Mr. Gazette of France to contradict himself, which, I suppose, he is used to."

Ravenna, Oct. 3, 1821

Dear Sir

I open the packet in order to add a few lines. Have you publicated three plays in *one* volume? that will be the best way. The "poessie" you must publish as heretofore decided, but whether with or without the *proses* I leave to your pleasure. As Liston says, that "is all *hoptional*" you know.

Yours, &c.,

Byron

[? To John Murray.]

The three plays mentioned may possibly be the following, which were published together on December 19, 1821: "Sardanapalus, a Tragedy," "The Two Foscari, a Tragedy," and "Cain, a Mystery."

## POEMS AND LETTERS OF LORD BYRON

Pisa, Aug. 28<sup>th</sup>, 1822

Dear Sir

In a few days I remove to Genoa. I am sick of this place & its damp, heavy air, which is doubtless owing to the quaggy soil and to a hill covering Pisa towards the North in a circular form, and reverberating down into the bottom, where the city stands, all the vapours wafted against it by the southerly winds.

Your complaints are just, but what remedy is there? I quite agree with you that nothing is worth an effort. As for philosophy & freedom, and all that, they tell devilish well in a stanza, but men have always been fools & slaves, & fools & slaves they always will be. But I fancy every period of life has its pleasures, and as we advance in life the exercise of power and the possession of wealth must be great consolations to the majority. Gold is worshipped in all climates without a single temple, and by all classes without a single hypocrite. I *loves* lucre, a noble occupation,—do as I do. Lucky is he who has neither creditors nor offspring & who owes neither money nor affection—after all, the most difficult to pay of the two. It cannot be commanded, for there is no usury for love. My horses are waiting. Believe me always,

yours affectionately  
Byron

To Sir Godfrey Webster  
Upper Broad St., London

Pisa, Sept. 1st, 1822.

My Dear Hay

Your letter has greatly amused me. Pray tell me more of these fine things. This comes of rhyming at the counting desk! A man in love may make a similar blunder. But there is a cure for love; there is none for poetry. Poets are all mad. The ancient Athenians fined Homer fifty drachmas for being a madman, but they could not cure him. A minstrel's

## LETTERS OF LORD BYRON

wreath is the most difficult of all trophies to attain—envy, and doubt, and difficulty oppose him in the onset for the prize; and if he be strong & resolute enough to conquer & pass them by, they still continue to snarl in the tracks of his "*winged feet*" like sharks in the wake of some noble ship, watching their opportunity to devour. How is your fat friend? I would rather see *him* here than *Rogers*, the old noodle. I salute you & remain

Very Truly Yrs

Noel Byron

To Capt. J. Hay  
Post Office  
Cheltenham

Genoa, Nov. 28, 1822

My Dear Webster

I must sincerely thank you for the kind interest you are good enough to take in the reports of the state of my health. I wish it was in my power to say that those reports were not only exaggerated but altogether unfounded. The fact is I have been suffering from a slow fever which has somewhat weakened me, but as I am my own physician I need not be apprehensive of troubling old Charon to ferry me across the Styx. I could not help laughing at your delectable story. Your sagacious friend reminds me of the following quaint passage in a very old copy of a work on necromancy. Question, "How to raise a devil?" Answer—"Contradict your Wyffe." I have had some experience which has convinced me of the *probatum est*. He is no beauty, but as lame as myself, still he contrives to find a spare rib now and then besides his legitimate one. What a comfort to a cripple! He is evidently a practical man, and I have scarcely heard a single word to his dispraise, although he has never gone out of his way to court the sweet voices of the multitude. My horses are waiting. Il sempre umilissimo servitore.

Biron

To Sir Godfrey Webster  
Upper Broad St., London

## POEMS AND LETTERS OF LORD BYRON

Genoa, Jy 2<sup>d</sup>, 1823.

My Dear Hoppner

Your friend Mr. Ingram called on me some time ago, and gave me a tolerable account of you and Mrs. Hoppner, to whom I present my respects. I have had letters from Cicognara and Aglietti on the subject of subscribing to Canova's monument, and have answered in the affirmative, but am undecided to *what amount*, being afraid of giving too much or too little, as it might disgust the Subscribers or the Subscribers, to err on either side. I should like to hear your consular opinion.

I think (if I mistake not) that you received from [*illegible*] or [*illegible*] some Turkish articles (a dozen in number) and six telescopes (of which I have received *two* since), now four, which you were good enough to take care of for me in my absence. As my return to Venice is very problematical, I could wish you to dispose of them for what they will fetch, and remit the same; they are quite unused and therefore as good as new, and I should think not unlikely to be marketable for the Trieste or Levant trade, as I originally brought them out with the intention of proceeding to Turkey, where they would have served as acceptable presents to the natives.

I do not know that any acquaintances of yrs are here except the Ingrams (I believe you do not know the Guiccioli) and Mrs. Shelley, who is living at some distance. I see very little of her—about once a month. She is staying with the Hunts, friends of Shelley's, but I see very little indeed of either. Shelley left me his executor, but his will is not at present available, if indeed it ever will be, and his father Sir Timothy will do nothing for the widow as yet, so that it is difficult to decide what is to be done,—she will probably return to her father in the Spring.

I am staying at Albaro on a hill overlooking Genoa, cold & frosty but airy,—only *one chimney* in the whole house, which is spacious enough for twenty. I had been very unwell, but am better and hope to continue so—



## LETTERS OF LORD BYRON

at least I am temperate enough—much more so indeed than in Venice, where I did not exceed in my eating department, but I find that the greater the abstinence, the better the health. An old, but not often regarded truism. I should have written to you before but I thought that the Congressors would occupy your whole time, and Mrs. Hoppner's toilet. I hope we shall meet again some day and that you will be merry and I be wise. Believe me ever & truly

Yrs  
Noel Byron.

P. S. If you go to Switzerland this Spring, I would make an effort to meet you there.

To R. B. Hoppner, Esqr.,  
Console Generale  
di S. M. R.  
Venezia



## BOOKS OF LORD BYRON

### BOOKS OF LORD BYRON



## BOOKS OF LORD BYRON

One of Sir Walter Scott's impressions of Byron after their meeting in 1815 was that the latter's reading did not appear to have been very extensive. A perusal of Byron's "Letters and Journals" gives one an entirely opposite view. They show him to have been an unusually well-read man. In the index to the last edition of the "Letters and Journals" there are two headings which will well repay study in this connection. Under the entry "Books read by Lord Byron" over two hundred titles are listed, and under the heading "Quotations from Authors" there appear no less than one hundred and fifty names of writers from whose works Byron makes quotation. And it is to be remembered that these are only the authors or books which he happens to mention in the letters which are printed in that edition. The range of his reading and quotation was astonishingly wide, including as it did the greatest names in the literatures of Greece, Rome, Italy, France, Germany, and England.

The list here printed from a manuscript in the Bixby collection is additional testimony to the catholicity of the poet's taste and the breadth of his intellectual interests. History, antiquities, travel, theology, poetry, fiction, drama, and essays are all represented by classic titles familiar to all bookmen and lovers of letters. If the list represents some portion of the collection which Byron selected to take with him on his expedition to Greece, it compares very favorably with more modern lists of the ideal traveling library.

From Zante 9<sup>th</sup> July 1824. L<sup>d</sup> Byron's Books.

Swifts Works (by Sr Walter Scott)	19 vols compleat
Gibbons Roman History,	9 vols. 5 & 7 missing
Fieldings Works,	12 vols compleat
[illegible] celebres,	13 vols. compleat.
Mon Oncle Thomas,	4 vols.
M. Botte,	3 vols. vol. 1 missing.
[illegible]	

POEMS AND LETTERS OF LORD BYRON

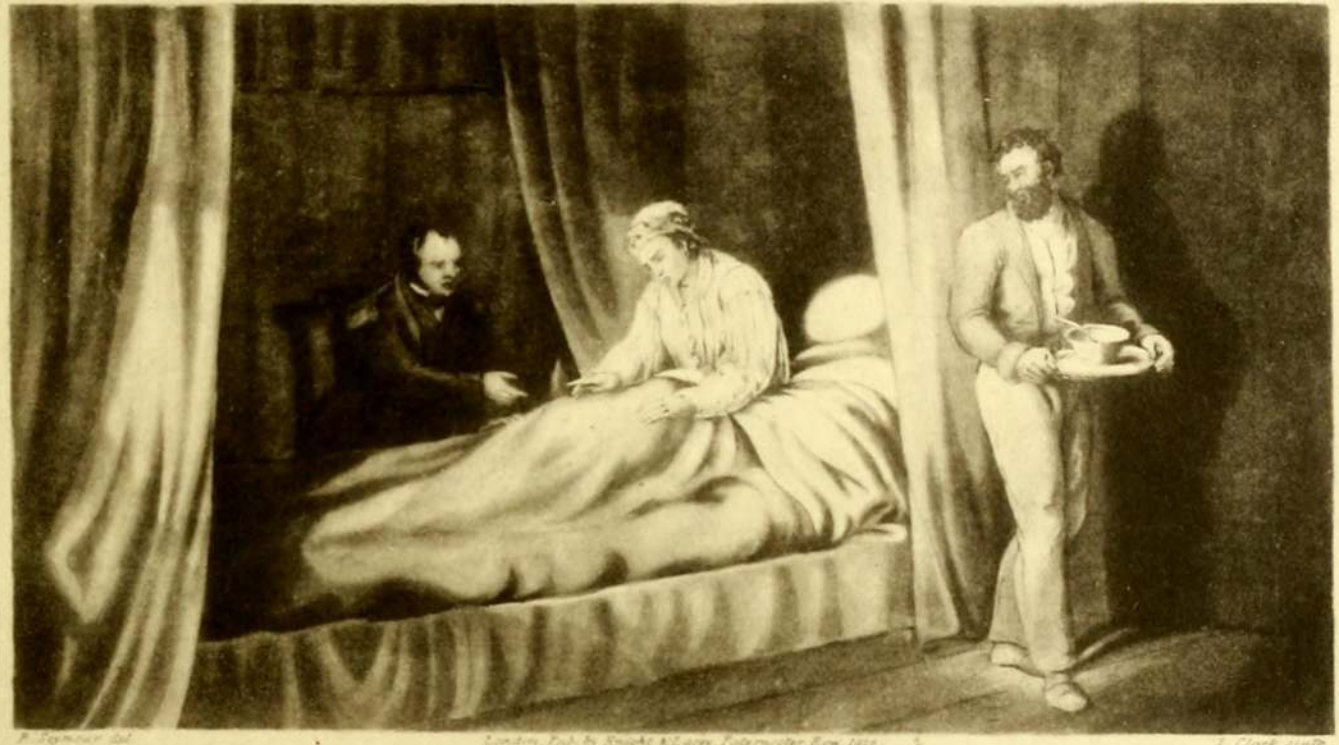
Shipwrecks & Disasters at Sea,	3 vols.
Watson. Reign of Philip 2 <sup>d</sup> ,	2 vols.
—— Reign of Phil <sup>p</sup> . 3,	2 —
Pausanias's Greece. 2 & 3 vols.,	1 vol. missing
Hooke's Roman Hist <sup>y</sup> .,	11 vols. 2 missing
Anastasius,	3 vols.
Antiquary,	3 vols.
Kenilworth,	3 vols.
Ivanhoe,	3 vols.
Tales of My Landlord. 1 <sup>st</sup> Series.	1 vol. 3 missing.
—— 2 Series	4 vols.
—— 3 D <sup>o</sup> —	3 vols. 2 vol. missing
Hist. des Republicues italiennes,	10 vols. 6 vols., missing
Langhorne's Plutarch,	6 vols.
Mitford's Hist <sup>y</sup> . of Greece,	6 vols. (4 miss'g)
Gil Blas,	3 vols.
Montesquieu	8 vols.
Sheridan's Works. given to C <sup>t</sup> Gamba, 18 Aug <sup>t</sup> .	2 vols.
Essais de Montaigne (Sent to Mr. H. Browne, Aug 14, 1824)	4
Gli Animalì parlanti,	3 v.
Reflexions sur l'Evidence du X:isme,	1 vol.
Human Nature in its II:fold state,	1 vol.
Max <sup>s</sup> . de la Rochefoucauld,	1 v.
Harriet [? Newele],	1 v.
Jones on the Trinity,	1 v.
Roderick Random, C <sup>t</sup> Gamba, 18 Aug <sup>t</sup> .	1 v.
Peregrine Pickle,	1 v.
Les Montagnes,	1 v.
Bowring. Russian Anthology,	2 vols.
Alfieri (Sent to Mr. Ham. Browne, Aug. 14 <sup>th</sup> , 1824)	7 odd vols.
Bowring. Matins & Vespers,	1 vol.
Peregrinus Proteus,	2 vols.

## BOOKS OF LORD BYRON

Commentaire de Cesar,	2 v.
Dante,	1 v. (the 3 <sup>d</sup> )
Turner's Tour in the Levant,	3 vols.
Illustrations of Divine Govt,	1 vol.
[illegible] Saxon Campaigns,	2 vols.
Beauforts Karamanie,	1 vol.
Emmeline by Mrs. [illegible],	1 vol.
Dr Reid on nervous affections,	1 vol.
British Essayists,	5 vols.
Gillie's Hist: of Ant: Greece,	2 vols. odd
Le Vite di Plutarco,	6 vols.
Memoires de Sully.	vols. 4 & 5.
Falconer's Shipwreck,	1 vol.
Oeuvres de Florian (Don Quichotte),	5 v. 1 <sup>st</sup> missing.
Ariosto,	1 vol. (the 4 <sup>th</sup> )
Plutarch Morals,	4 vols. (3 <sup>d</sup> miss'g).
Rime de Poeti Ravennati,	1 v.
Baxter. Call to the unconverted.	1 v.
ΘΟΥΚΥΔΙΔΟΥ (sent to Mr. H. Browne),	1 vol.
Discourses & Sermons,	1 vol.
L'Europe & L'Amerique (Pradt),	1 vol. (2)
Collect <sup>t</sup> Complete des ouvrages par B. d. Constant,	vol. 2
The 29 <sup>th</sup> Report of the Directors of the Missy. Socy.	
French Grammar.	
Stanley's Philosophy.	
Elegant Epistles.	







F. Seymour del.

London, Pub. by Knight & Lacey, Paternoster Row, 1825.

J. Clark sculp.

*Lord Byron on his Death Bed.*

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IN THE MONTH OF MARCH, 1912.







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