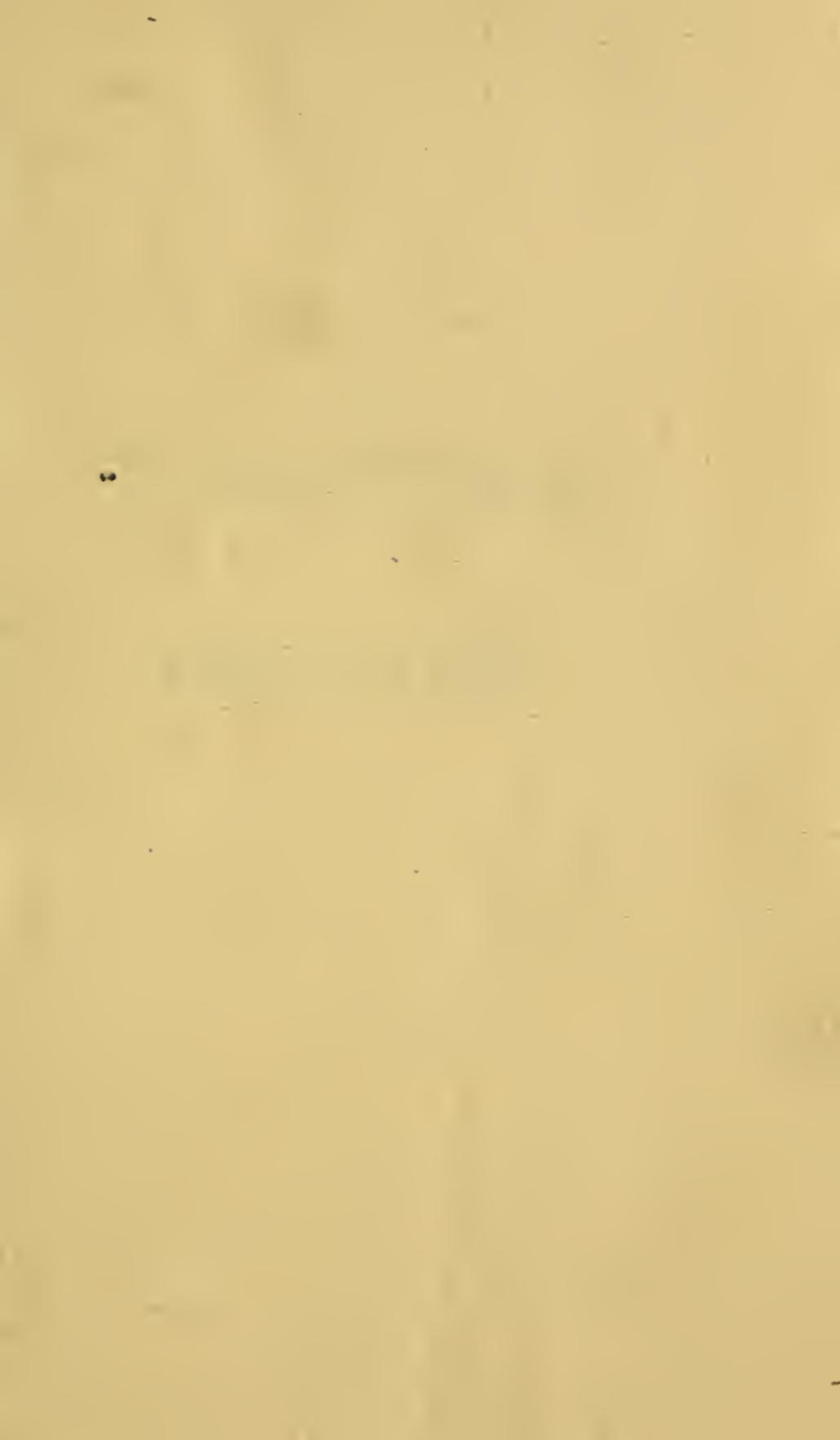


3 vols

18

DUKE
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

Treasure Room





CORRESPONDENCE

OF

LORD BYRON.

PRINTED BY JULES DIDOT, SENIOR,
PRINTER TO HIS MAJESTY, RUE DU PONT-DE-LODI, N° 6.

CORRESPONDENCE

OF

LORD BYRON,

WITH A FRIEND,

INCLUDING HIS LETTERS TO HIS MOTHER, WRITTEN FROM PORTUGAL,
SPAIN, GREECE, AND THE SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN,
IN 1809, 1810 AND 1811.

ALSO

Recollections of the Poet.

BY THE LATE R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

THE WHOLE FORMING

An Original Memoir of Lord Byron's Life,

FROM 1808 TO 1814.

AND

A CONTINUATION AND PRELIMINARY STATEMENT OF THE PROCEEDINGS
BY WHICH THE LETTERS WERE SUPPRESSED IN ENGLAND,
AT THE SUIT OF LORD BYRON'S EXECUTORS.

BY THE REV. A. R. C. DALLAS.

VOL. I.

Paris:

PUBLISHED BY A. AND W. GALIGNANI,

AT THE ENGLISH, FRENCH, ITALIAN, GERMAN, AND SPANISH LIBRARY,
18, RUE VIVIENNE.

1825.

159781



T. R.
B99600
v. 1
A28

CONTENTS.

VOL. I. TREASURE ROOM

Pages

PREFACE.

PRELIMINARY STATEMENT of Mr A. Dallas. i—cxviii

Introductory remark by the present Editor.—Matter of it forms a curious *law-case*.—Cause of the first publication in the shape of RECOLLECTIONS.—Announcement of the letters excited great curiosity.—And stimulated Lord Byron's Executors to apply for an Injunction, which was granted and confirmed, but no report of the case made public.—The case thus left open to false comments.—Unfavourable suspicions raised.—Mr Dallas thus necessitated to defend himself by publishing the truth.—This brought forth the RECOLLECTIONS.—In these was contained a simple narrative of the facts.—But the author died before it could be published.—And the task devolved on his son, Mr A. Dallas.—History of the origin of Mr Dallas's intimacy with Lord Byron.—Mr Dallas was induced to entertain the idea of

VOL. I.

A*

159781

drawing Lord Byron's character, by a suggestion of the poet of his scheme to pourtray his contemporaries.—Mr Dallas completed his own design, and wrote a notice of it to Lord Byron, in 1819.—Proposed to consult the present Lord Byron on the subject.—Was interrupted by the poet's death.—This event changed the scheme into a proposal to publish Lord Byron's Correspondence.—Arrangement made accordingly.—Agreement with Knight to publish it.—His endeavour to have an interview with the present Lord Byron during his visit to London.—But disappointed.—Lord Byron, thus uninformed, could not sanction the work.—Attempt to explain its nature to Mrs Leigh.—Letter from Mr Hobhouse on the subject.—Commented on by Mr A. Dallas.—Mr Hobhouse afterwards finds himself co-executor with Mr Hanson.—Discussion between Mr Hobhouse and Mr Knight, the bookseller.—Letter from Mr A. Dallas to Mr Hobhouse.—Letter from Mr R. Dallas to Mrs Leigh.—Attempt to throw the blame of subsequent animosities on this letter.—Mr Dallas's defence of it.—Opinion of the present Lord Byron.—Lady Byron declined to interfere.—Letter from Mrs Leigh to Mr Dallas.—Comments on it.—A Bill in Chancery filed by the Executors.—Affidavits of the Executors. — And the substance of their Allegations. — Founded on strange beliefs.—Extract of a letter of Mr Dallas to his London publisher, written from Paris.—Injunction obtained, and intelligence of it sent to Mr Dallas, at Paris.—Mr Dallas taken dangerously ill.—Cause of delay and expense.—Mr Dallas's counter-affidavits.—Affidavits of Mr

Knight and Mr Colbourn.—Affidavit of Mr A. Dallas.—
 Affidavit of A. Y. Spearman, esq.—Visit of the present
 Lord and Lady Byron to Mr A. Dallas.—Their favourable
 opinion of the Correspondence, as calculated to raise the
 late Peer's character.—Intended Affidavit of present Lord
 Byron.—Proposal from the Executors of a compromise.—
 Answer of Mr A. Dallas.—Extract of letter from Mr R. Dal-
 las to his son.—Proposed Advertisement.—Counter-proposi-
 tion of Mr R. Dallas.—Rejected.—Affidavit of William
 Fletcher.—Comments on it.—Affidavit of the Hon. Leicester
 Stanhope.—A second Affidavit of Mr Hobhouse.—Com-
 ments on it.—Circumstantial Evidence of the date of Lord
 Byron's intended departure from England, in 1813.—At-
 tempt of Mr Hobhouse and Mrs Leigh to establish the be-
 lief that the letters were placed with Mr Dallas *merely for*
safe custody.—Attempt to dissolve the Injunction.—Judg-
 ment reserved.—Lord Chancellor's Opinion.—Injunction
 finally confirmed.—Letter from Mr Dallas to the Executors.
 —Letter from Mr Charles Hanson to the Solicitors of Mr
 Dallas.—Mr Dallas then left no other alternative than the
 publication of the RECOLLECTIONS.—Distinctions between
private and *confidential* letters.—Remarks on Mr Dallas's
 offer to submit the Correspondence to the inspection of the
 Executors.—Ground taken by the Executors, merely that of
property.—Renewed assertion that the *letters* were a *free*
gift to Mr Dallas.—Claim of Mr Dallas to be considered as
 a mediator of affection between Lord Byron and his sister,
 Mrs Leigh.—The harsh treatment therefore received by Mr

Dallas, ungracious.—The law on the question set at rest by the Lord Chancellor's decision.—Not attempted to be here resisted.—Arrangements made with Messrs Galignani, prior to this Injunction in England.—Letter from Mr R. Dallas to Messrs Galignani, dated May 31, 1824.—Return of Mr R. Dallas from London to France.—Pecuniary losses, caused to Mr Dallas by this law-suit.—Injunction too late to render the suppression in France possible.

NOTE, p. cxvii, as to the birth-place of Lord Byron.

	Pages
Family Connexions of Lord Byron.....	1—3
CORRESPONDENCE of Lord Byron with Mr R.	
C. Dallas.....	5—73
LETTER I. Mr Dallas to Lord Byron.....	5
——— II. Lord Byron to Mr Dallas.....	11
——— III. Mr Dallas to Lord Byron.....	15
——— IV. Lord Byron to Mr Dallas.....	18
RECOLLECTIONS of Mr Dallas.....	21—24
Visit on his 21st birth-day.—His indignation at Lord Carlisle's behaviour estranges him from his family connexions.—Attack upon the Edinburgh Reviewers.	
LETTER V. Mr Dallas to Lord Byron...	25
——— VI. Lord Byron to Mr Dallas ...	32
——— VII. Mr Dallas to Lord Byron ...	35
——— VIII. Lord Byron to Mr Dallas ...	38
——— IX. Mr Dallas to Lord Byron ...	40

	Pages
RECOLLECTIONS.....	42—53
The death of Lord Falkland suggests some new passages in the Satire.—Lord Byron, naturally benevolent.—Effect of his feelings upon his countenance.—Publication of the Satire.—Short Notes.—Additions.—Argument intended for the Satire.	
LETTER X. Mr Dallas to Lord Byron	54
——— XI. Lord Byron to Mr Dallas	57
RECOLLECTIONS.....	57—54
First edition of the Satire nearly exhausted.—Preparation for a new edition.—Mr Rodwell Wright.—Scheme of going abroad with Mr Hobhouse.—Mr Dallas's attempt to suppress a postscript to his Satire, of abuse and defiance.	
LETTER XII. Mr Dallas to Lord Byron....	60
RECOLLECTIONS.....	61—65
State of Lord Byron's mind and feelings at this time.—His misanthropy.—His calm contempt of attacks in the low journals.—His irritability at the assault of the Edinburgh Review.—His dislike of women's society.—His unfavourable ideas of domestic happiness.—His want of habit of cultivating family circles.—His experience of the rarity of friends in wider circles.—His chagrin at the indifference shown by one of his familiars, on the eve of his quitting him for his foreign travels.—Mr Dallas's farewell of him, on June 10, 1809.	

PREFACE.

THE Publishers of the present work deem it necessary to state that it contains all the *Original Letters* of Lord Byron to his Mother, which were prohibited by the Injunction of the Court of Chancery from appearing in England;—together with every word of Mr Dallas's Recollections, which, in

the work subsequently drawn up by Mr R. Dallas himself, and published posthumously by his son, Mr A. Dallas, was necessitated to be substituted for it, omitting only the repetitions which would have occurred where there was an identity of passages between the actual and the prohibited work.

A large part of the *Recollections* had been originally drawn up to stand as links to the *Correspondence*, so that they are here restored to their original places; and the work now appears at Paris, as Mr Dallas had *intended* it should have appeared from his own hand in England.

By the law of England, as now laid down by the Lord Chancellor, though the property of a writer's letters is transferred to

his correspondent by the act of transmission for his private use, yet they cannot be *published* without the consent of himself, his executors, or personal representatives. And, being so, nothing could induce Lord Byron's Executors to consent to the publication of these Letters, written by their testator;—Mr Dallas in vain pleading that they were an *unqualified gift* to him—(of which *gift* he could not avail himself in *law*, for want of any testimony of the donation but his own; though all the circumstantial and moral evidence is strongly corroborative of his affirmation).

It is difficult to conceive any ground of objection on the part of the Executors in this case, as Mr Dallas was willing to take the publication by *consent*, and so announce it. Certainly there is nothing in the Letters

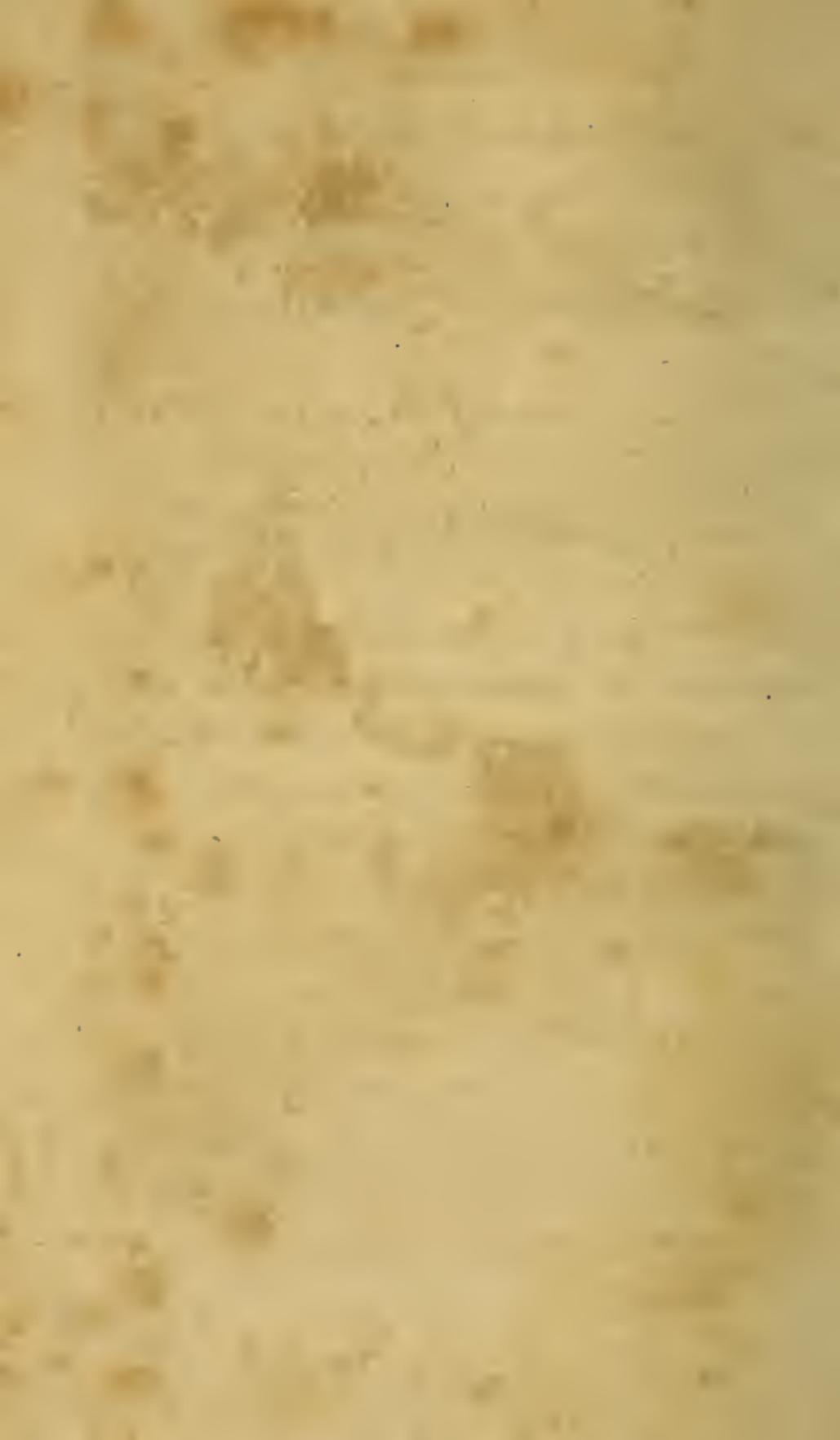
of the great Poet to his Mother derogatory to his feelings or his morals. Mr Dallas says of them not too much, when he says (vol. i. p. 75), that "they are written in an easy style; and if they do not contain all that is to be expected from a traveller, what they do contain of that nature is pleasant; and they mark, what is more to the purpose here, the character of the writer."

Mr A. Dallas's *Preliminary Statement* is a curious and instructive piece of literary history, which suggests many reflections, and involves much development of personal character.

Whether Mr Dallas's criticisms, and his view of Lord Byron's moral and individual character, are, or are not, such as the profound will always concur in, no candid and

just reader can deny that the materials which he has furnished to the Public will always be found to be important *data* ¹ in the final decision upon Lord Byron's character.

¹ It should be recollected that, as Mr Dallas's sister married Lord Byron's uncle, Captain George Anson Byron, father of the *present* Peer, he had the best opportunity of authentic intelligence.



PRELIMINARY STATEMENT.

THE *Preliminary Statement* given by Mr Dallas, junior, to his father's RECOLLECTIONS (which, in consequence of the Lord Chancellor's injunction, was substituted in England for the publication of Lord Byron's *Original Letters*, now given to the public), does not adapt itself in its literal form, and in all its parts, to the design, as it is now offered to the reader : but the matter and very words of this statement shall be used, as far as they can be made applicable to this impression of the *Letters*. They are curious, even as a *law-case* ; and they are due both to the moral and gentlemanly cha-

racter of the late Mr Dallas, and of his son, now surviving, who penned this statement.

Mr ALEXANDER DALLAS, speaking of the above *Recollections*, says, « Circumstances have rendered it necessary to account to the public for the appearance of them in their present form. A work had been announced as preparing for publication, entitled *Private Correspondence of Lord Byron, including his Letters to his Mother, written from Portugal, Spain, Greece, and other parts of the Mediterranean, in the years 1809, 1810, and 1811, connected by Memorandums and Observations, forming a Memoir of his Life, from the year 1808 to 1814.* By R. C. DALLAS, Esq. Much expectation had been raised by this announcement, and considerable interest had been excited in the public mind. The Vice-Chancellor, however, was applied to by Messrs Hobhouse and Hanson, for an injunction to restrain the intended publication, which was summarily granted as a matter of form; since which the Lord-Chan-

cellor has been pleased to confirm the Vice-Chancellor's injunction; but the public have never been furnished with any report of his decision, nor been further informed upon the subject.

« Under these circumstances,» he goes on to state that « the public expectation had been disappointed, and the interest which was created had been left unsatisfied; while, on the other hand, the intended publication had been exposed to the charge of raising an expectation, and exciting an interest, which it was improper and unlawful to gratify. The nature of the letters, and memoirs themselves, was thus left to the vague surmises which might be formed by every thoughtless mind, pampered by the constant food of personality and scandal, which the press has lately afforded in such abundance;»—and Mr D. goes on to observe, that Lord Byron himself had administered food to this expectation, by the deteriorated character of his latter writings.

“Thus situated, no one can deny that it became Mr Dallas’s bounden duty, both to defend himself from the charge which might thus be brought against him, and to lay before the public such an account of the work he had announced as might fairly explain its nature, and shelter it from the suspicions of impropriety,” so excited. “The latter of these objects has produced the publication of the *Recollections*. To obtain the former object, Mr D. thought it only necessary to publish a simple narrative of the facts connected with the formation of the work, with its intended publication, and with its suppression. Such a narrative it was in the contemplation of Mr R. C. Dallas, his father, the author of the *Recollections*, to have written, but it did not please God to prolong his life for the execution of his purpose. He was taken from this world, and the task he had proposed devolved upon his son; who, having been principally concerned, during his father’s absence from Eng-

land, in the transactions which will be recorded, was enabled to state them from his own information.

« Mr R. C. Dallas's knowledge of Lord Byron, and the circumstances which gave rise to his intention of writing any thing concerning him, are fully detailed by himself. A few words, however (his son adds), will convey such a recapitulation of them as will be necessary to enable the reader to understand this narrative. Having been in habits of intimacy, and in frequent correspondence with Lord Byron, from the year 1808 to the year 1814, which correspondence about that period ceased, Mr Dallas had many times heard him read portions of a book in which his Lordship inserted his opinion of the persons with whom he mixed. This book, Lord Byron said, he intended for publication after his death; and, from this idea, Mr Dallas, at a subsequent period, adopted that of writing a faithful deli-

neation of Lord Byron's character, such as he had known him, and of leaving it for publication after the death of both :—and, calculating upon the human probability of Lord Byron's surviving himself, he meant the two posthumous works should thus appear simultaneously. Mr Dallas's work was completed in the year 1819; and, in November of that year, he wrote to inform Lord Byron of his intended purpose.¹

“The event proved the fallacy of human probability—Mr Dallas lived, at seventy, to see the death of Lord Byron, at thirty-six. The idea of digesting his work into a different form, and of publishing it with the greater

¹ “The body of the letter which he wrote upon this occasion will be found in the *Recollections*. Although Lord Byron never replied to this letter, its writer had assurance that he received it—for, some time afterwards, a mutual friend, who had been with Lord Byron, told him that his Lordship had mentioned the receiving of it, and referred to part of its contents.”

part of the letters which it contained, came into his mind even before the report of Lord Byron's death was fully confirmed. This, together with a circumstance more important to the object of this narrative, may be gathered from the contents of a letter which he wrote to the present Lord Byron from France, on the 18th of May, 1824; the following extract from which will show, that Mr Dallas's first thought respecting these letters, was to consult with the most proper person, his nearest male relation and successor.

“ I hear that you have been presented with a frigate by Lord Melville—I congratulate you on this, too; but I own I suspect myself to be more sorry than pleased at it, particularly if you are to go on a station of three years abroad. There are reports respecting your cousin, the truth of which would render your absence very awkward—pray state this to Mr Wilmot, and consult him upon it. I hope, if you do go abroad, that you will run over in one of the Havre packets, to spend a few

days with me previously. I cannot look forward to seeing you again in this world, and I should like to have some conversation with you, not only respecting the situation in which you stand as to the title, but also respecting Lord Byron himself. I have many letters from him, and from your father and mother, which are extremely interesting. Do not fail to see me, George, if but for a couple of days. The Southampton packets are passing Portsmouth three times a-week, and if you could not stay longer, I would not press you to do otherwise than return by the packet you came in.’»

« The next packet, however, brought Mr Dallas the confirmation of the report of Lord Byron’s death, and he was not long in deciding upon the intention which he afterwards put in execution. The work, as it existed at that time, had been written with a view to publication at a period when, after the common age of man, Lord Byron should have quitted this world—that is, thirty or forty years hence.

The progress of the baneful influence (says Mr Dallas) which certain persons, calling themselves his friends, obtained over Lord Byron's mind, when his genius first began to attract attention to him, was, in that work, more distinctly traced. Many circumstances were mentioned in it which might give pain to some now living,¹ who could not be expected to be living then, or who, if they were then alive, would probably experience different feelings at that time to those with which they would recall the circumstances now. In the form it then possessed, therefore, Mr Dallas would not think of publishing it; but he determined to arrange the Correspondence in such a manner as should present an interesting picture of

¹ It cannot but strike a reflecting and candid mind, that this mode of proceeding is liable to great abuses. Scandal and calumny may thus be kept in reserve, till all those who could detect and refute these are gone to their graves. Speaking generally what cannot be spoken in a man's life, had better not be spoken at all.—EDITOR.

Lord Byron's mind, and connecting the letters by memorandums and observations of his own, render the whole a faithful memoir of his life during the period to which the Correspondence referred.

« Having decided upon this, the materials were arranged accordingly;» and Mr A. Dallas assures us, of his own knowledge, « that many parts of the original manuscript were omitted, in tenderness for the feelings of both the very persons composing the partnership which since so violently opposed the publication of the Correspondence, and that none of the parts then omitted have been allowed to appear in his *Recollections*. When this alteration was completed, he came to London, and entered into an agreement with Mr Charles Knight, of Pall Mall East, for the disposal of the copyright.¹ The book was immediately

¹ « The introduction of Mr Colburn's name, in the publication of the book, was in consequence of a subsequent

put to press, and the usual announcements of it were inserted in the newspapers.

“ During the short stay which Mr Dallas made in London, he endeavoured fruitlessly to see the present Lord Byron, who arrived in town, and sought him at his hotel the very day that he had left it, and therefore no sufficient communication took place at that time respecting the work which was about to appear. According to circumstances, which afterwards occurred, this was unfortunate, for had Lord Byron then seen Mr Dallas, he would have been able at once to give his opinion when applied to by the executors; instead of which, when an application was made to him to join in opposing the intended publication, being ignorant of its nature, he was of course unable to express his approbation of the work so fully as he afterwards did.

arrangement between Mr Knight and that gentleman, in which the author was not concerned.”

« The necessary arrangements being made, Mr Dallas returned to France, for the purpose of taking steps for the simultaneous publication of a French translation, in Paris. In passing through Southampton, Mr Dallas paid a visit to his niece, the sister of the present Lord Byron, who was in correspondence with Mrs Leigh, the half-sister of the late Lord Byron. Through her he sent a message to Mrs Leigh, informing her of the nature of the Correspondence then in the press. This is worthy of remark, as it is one of the many assurances which were afforded to the parties who have prevented the Correspondence from being laid before the British public, that the nature of the intended publication was such as could not but be satisfactory to the real friends of Lord Byron. This message was sent on the 20th of June, 1824, and it was faithfully forwarded to Mrs Leigh.

« On the 23d of June, however, Mr Hobhouse addressed the following letter to Mr Dallas :

“ ‘6, *Albany, London, June 23.*

“ ‘DEAR SIR,

“ ‘I see by the newspapers, and I have heard from other quarters, that it is your intention to publish a volume of memoirs, interspersed with letters and other documents relative to Lord Byron. I cannot believe this to be the case, as from what I had the pleasure of knowing of you, I thought that you would never think of taking such a step without consulting, or at least giving warning to the family and more immediate friends of Lord Byron. As to the publication of Lord Byron’s private letters, I am certain, that for the present, at least, and without a previous inspection by his family, no man of honour and feeling ¹ can for a moment entertain such an idea—and I take the liberty of letting you know, that Mrs Leigh, his Lordship’s sister, would consider such a measure as quite unpardonable.

¹ Certainly these words are, at best, very incautiously chosen.—EDITOR.

“ ‘ An intimacy of twenty years with his Lordship, may perhaps justify me in saying, that I am sure he would deprecate, had he any means of interfering, the exposure of his private writings, unless after very mature consultation with those who have the greatest interest in his fame and character, I mean his family and relations.

“ ‘ I trust you will be so kind as to excuse me for my anxiety on this point, and for requesting you would have the goodness to make an early reply to this communication.

“ ‘ Yours, very faithfully,

“ ‘ JOHN C. HOBHOUSE.’ ”

“ Mr A. Dallas desires it to be particularly remarked, that this letter is written without professing to be by any other authority whatever than that which the writer’s « intimacy » with the late Lord Byron might give him. Mr Hobhouse ‘ takes the liberty of letting Mr Dallas know that Mrs Leigh, his Lordship’s sister,

would consider' the measure which he knew that gentleman had taken 'to be quite unpardonable;' he has the modesty to acknowledge that this is a *liberty*; but Mr D. observes that he takes a very much *greater liberty* without any similar acknowledgment; for he asserts, that 'no man of honour and feeling can for a moment entertain such an idea,' as that which he writes to say he has seen by the newspapers, and has heard from other quarters, Mr Dallas has not only entertained, but acted upon.¹ It must be considered, that though Mr Hobhouse might write, perhaps, in the character of Lord Byron's « *more immediate friend*, he does not hint at having any authority, and, least of all,

¹ It must be admitted that Mr Hobhouse was at least very hasty and unguarded in some of these expressions; considering that he had no knowledge of the actual contents of the letters, and that it was impossible that Mr R. C. Dallas, as a man of honour and a gentleman, should be otherwise than deeply wounded by such a tone of interference, especially as Mr Hobhouse did not then write in the function of an executor.—EDITOR.

the authority of an *executor*; and this for the strongest possible reason, that he was not then aware that he had been appointed Lord Byron's executor, which fact he himself acknowledged upon a subsequent occasion. Certainly, on receiving this letter, Mr Dallas had no idea of its being written by an executor, nor is it to be concealed, that its receipt excited feelings of considerable irritation in his mind.

«Very shortly after writing this letter, Mr Hobhouse found himself associated with Mr John Hanson, as executor to Lord Byron's will; and not receiving any letter from Mr Dallas, he, on the 30th June, called upon Mr Knight, the publisher, taking with him a gentleman whom he introduced as Mr Williams. This gentleman was to be witness to the conversation that might take place; though Mr Hobhouse pre-faced his object by expressions of a friendly tendency. Mr Knight not having any reason to expect a visit of the nature which this proved to be, was not prepared with any one to stand

in a similar situation on his part; but the very moment that the conference was ended, he took notes of what had passed. Mr Hobhouse stated, that he had written to Mr Dallas, to complain of the indelicacy of publishing Lord Byron's letters, before the interment of his remains; that Mrs Leigh had not been consulted; and that Mr Dallas had not the concurrence of Lord Byron's family in the intended publication;—that he called on Mr Knight officially, as executor, to say this, though when he wrote to Mr Dallas he did not know that Lord Byron had appointed him one of his executors. Mr Hobhouse thought Mr Dallas had a right to publish Lord Byron's letters to himself; but he doubted his right to publish those of Lord Byron to his mother. Mr Knight said that he believed Mr Dallas would be able to show that Lord Byron had given those letters to him. Mr Hobhouse replied, that if Mr Dallas failed in that, he should move for an injunction. Mr Knight said, that the question of delicacy, as to the time of publication, must be settled

with Mr Dallas;—that the publisher could only look to that question in a commercial view; but that having read the work carefully, he could distinctly state, that the family and the executors need feel no apprehensions as to its tendency, as the work was calculated to elevate Lord Byron's moral and intellectual character. Mr Hobhouse observed, that if individuals were not spoken of with bitterness, and opinions very freely expressed in these letters, they were not like Lord Byron's letters in general; for that he himself had a heap of Lord Byron's letters, but he could never think of publishing them. The conference ended by Mr Knight stating, that a friend of Mr Dallas, a gentleman of high respectability, superintended the work through the press; that Mr Hobhouse's application should be mentioned to him;—but that he, Mr Knight, was not then at liberty to mention that gentleman's name.

« Mr Knight lost no time in forming Mr A. Dallas (who was the person that had under-

taken the task of editing his father's work) of the conversation he had had with Mr Hobhouse; and as the publisher had referred to some one intrusted by Mr Dallas with the charge of conducting the progress of the work through the press, but had hesitated mentioning his name, not having authority to do so, the editor immediately addressed the following letter to Mr Hobhouse, without however being aware of that which he had written to Mr R. C. Dallas, the father.

“ ‘ *Wooburn Vicarage, near Beaconsfield, Bucks,*

“ ‘ *July 3, 1824.*

“ ‘ SIR,

“ ‘ MR KNIGHT has informed me of the conversation he has had with you upon the subject of Lord Byron's Correspondence.

“ ‘ I might have expected that, as you are not unacquainted with my father, his character would have been a sufficient guarantee of the proper nature of any work which should appear before

the public under his direction; and I might naturally have hoped that it would have guarded him from the suspicion of impropriety or indelicacy. In the present case, both his general character as a christian and a gentleman, and his particular connexion with the family of Lord Byron, should have prevented the alarm which appears to have been excited in your mind, for I will not suppose the relations of Lord Byron and my father to have participated in it—an alarm which I must consider as unjustifiable as it is ungrounded.

“ ‘Since these causes have not had their proper effect in your mind, it becomes necessary for me, as my father’s representative and agent in the whole of this business, distinctly to state, that the forthcoming Correspondence of the late Lord Byron contains nothing which one gentleman ought not to write, nor another gentleman to publish. The work will speedily speak for itself, and will show that my father’s object has been to place the original character of Lord Byron’s mind in its true light, to show the much of good that was in it; and the work leaves him when the

good became obscured in the much of evil that I fear afterwards predominated. There is no man on earth, Sir, who loved Lord Byron more truly, or was more jealous for his fair fame, than my father, as long as there was a possibility of his fame being fair;¹ and though that possibility ceased, the affection remained, and will be evinced by the forthcoming endeavour to show that there existed in Lord Byron that which good men might have loved.

“As to any fear for the character of others who may be mentioned in the work, my father, Sir, is incapable of publishing personalities; and Lord Byron, at the time he corresponded with my father, was, I believe, incapable of writing what ought not to be published. If, at any subsequent

¹ These words of the respondent it might have been expedient to have softened into a tone a little more conciliatory, as they were not calculated to raise that confidence in the editor's regard of Lord Byron's memory, which, as a mere matter of policy, it would have been now expedient to prove.—EDITOR.

period, in corresponding with others, he should have degraded himself to do so, I trust that his correspondents will be wise enough to abstain from making public what ought never to have been written.

“ ‘The letters which Lord Byron wrote to his mother were given by him unreservedly to my father, in a manner which seemed to have reference to their future publication; but which certainly rendered them my father’s property, to dispose of in what way he might think fit. Should you think it necessary to resort to any measures to obtain further proof of this, it will only tend to the more public establishing of the authenticity of these letters, and can only be considered as a matter of dispute of property, as Lord Byron’s best friends cannot but wish them published.

“ ‘Being charged by my father with the entire arrangement of this publication, you may have occasion to write to me; it may therefore be right to inform you that I have long since left the profession in which I was engaged when we met at

Cadiz; and, having taken orders, I have the ministerial charge of this parish; to which letters may be directed as this is dated.

“ ‘I remain,

“ ‘ Your obedient Servant,

“ ‘ ALEX. R. C. DALLAS.’ ”

“ Although Mr Dallas had not thought proper to *reply* to Mr Hobhouse’s unauthorised communication, he did not leave it altogether unregarded; but, immediately upon receiving it, he wrote to Mrs Leigh the following letter:—

“ ‘ *Ste Adresse, June 30, 1824.*

“ ‘ MADAM,

“ ‘ I have just received a letter, of which I enclose you a copy. I see by the direction through what channel it has been forwarded to me. As the letter is signed by the son of a gentleman, I would

answer it, could I do it in such a manner as to be of service to the mind of the writer; but having no hope of that, I shall content myself with practising the humility of putting up with it for the present. And here I should conclude my letter to you, did I not, my dear madam, remember you not only as the sister of Lord Byron, but as the cousin of the present Lord Byron and of Julia Heath. But in doing this, I cannot relinquish my feelings. I must profess that I do not believe that you authorised such a letter. That you should have felt an anxiety upon the occasion, I think very natural, and I should have been glad to have prevented it. It was not my fault that it was not prevented, for (premising, however, that I neither saw nor do see any obligation to submit my conduct to the guidance of any relation of Lord B.'s) I took some pains to let my intention be known to his family, and even to communicate the nature of the publication I had in view. On the report of Lord B.'s death, I wrote to George, and mentioned these papers; before I dispatched my letter, his death was confirmed. I urged my wish to see George—I had no answer—I arrived

in London, wrote to him and requested to see him.—I inquired also if you were in town—the servant brought me word that both you and Lord B. were out of town, but that any letter should be forwarded.—I was two days at the New Hummums, and I received no answer. I do not state this as being hurt at it—George had much to occupy him—but I soon after saw Julia Heath, who mentioned your anxiety. This channel of such a communication was natural, and certainly the next best to a direct one from yourself, which, I trust, would have reflected no dishonour on you;—but I met the communication by my niece kindly, and sent you a message through her which she thought would please you, and certainly I did not mean to displease you by it. By that communication I must still abide, repeating only, that if, in the book I am about to publish, there is a sentence which should give you uneasiness, I should be totally at a loss to find it out myself. I will go further, my dear madam, and inform you, that Lord Byron was perfectly well acquainted with the existence of my MS., and with my intention of publishing it, or rather of having it

published when it pleased God to call him from this life—but I little suspected that I should myself see the publication of it. I own, too, that the MS., as intended for posthumous publication, does contain some things that would give you pain, and much that would make others blush—but, as I told Julia Heath, I wished as much as possible to avoid giving pain, even to those that deserved it, and I curtailed my MS. nearly a half. If I restore any portion of what I have crossed out, shall I not be justified by the insolence of the letter I have received from a pretended friend of Lord Byron, and who seems to be ignorant that a twenty years' companionship may exist without a spark of friendship? I do not wonder at his agitation; it is for himself that he is agitated, not for Lord Byron. But I will not waste your time on this subject. I will conclude, by assuring you, that I feel that Lord B. will stand in *my* volume in the amiable point of view that he ought, and would have stood always but for *his friends*.

“It was my purpose to order a copy of the volume to be sent to you. As I trust you will do

me the honour, by a few lines, to let me know that it was not your intention to have me insulted, I will hope still to have that pleasure.

“ ‘I am, dear madam,

“ ‘Yours, faithfully,

“ ‘R. C. DALLAS.’ ”

Mr A. Dallas says, that “ it has been attempted to throw all the blame, in the whole of the subsequent transactions, upon this letter. Perhaps it might have been more desirable that it should not have been written immediately upon the receipt of one which was felt as an insult, however it might have been intended; and Mr Dallas did not scruple afterwards to express his regret, not only for any expression in this letter which might appear to be intemperate or hasty, but for the irritated impulse which could produce it, and he authorized the editor to state this publicly. ” But still his

son says that, « in doing this, he cannot refrain from protesting against the misrepresentation to which the whole letter has been subjected. It appears that it has been distorted into the conveyance of a threat, that the writer intended to insert in the proposed publication what would give pain to Mrs Leigh, and make Lord Byron's friends blush. No fair-judging person, after reading the whole of the letter, can conscientiously say that he rises from it with such an idea in his mind. In a subsequent letter to his son, Mr Dallas strongly points this out. He says, 'It must be a resolution to misunderstand the letter, to say that I intended to restore what I had erased. 'IF (conditional) in the book I AM about to publish, there is a sentence which can give you uneasiness, I should be totally at a loss to find it myself.' Can any doubt exist after reading this? 'As INTENDED for publication.'—'IF I restore any portion.' I have read the letter again, and do not think it affords the ground for blame

thrown upon me, after having thought well of it.'

« But, besides (continues the son) that no such intention can fairly be gathered from the letter, it must not be forgotten to be observed, that in stating that the manuscript, as intended for posthumous publication, does contain some things which would give Lord Byron's sister pain, the writer only meant to suppose that a sister must feel pain on being told of the errors of a brother. It was not in his mind to convey an idea, that Mrs Leigh would feel pain *on her own account*¹ from any thing which was disclosed in the original manuscript. Mr A. D. says, he has read that manuscript, which is now in his possession, with great care, more than once, and has been unable to

¹ Probably not. The threat was clearly directed at Mr Hobhouse, and other companions of Lord Byron.—

discover one word that could have that tendency. How is it, then, that upon the ground which this letter is said to afford, that the Correspondence ‘contained observations upon or affecting persons now living, and the publication of which is likely to occasion considerable pain to such persons,’¹ such an alarm was excited in the mind of Mrs Leigh?²

« That a very great alarm was excited, which ultimately led to the legal proceedings, is most certain. The letter was sent to the present Lord Byron as proof of the offensiveness of the proposed publication, and an immediate answer required of him to sanction the opposition to it. His conduct was indeed very different. In a subsequent letter to Mr A. Dallas (dated 11th July), he says, ‘I was applied to for my opinion. I answered, that if they

¹ Quoted from the Bill in Chancery, filed by Messrs Hobhouse and Hanson.

² Not for herself,—but for her brother and his friendship.—EDITOR.

had good grounds that any part of the work was likely to hurt the feelings of any relations, that the work ought to be inspected by one or two of his (Lord Byron's) relatives; but, I added, if I knew Mr Dallas, as I thought I did, I was convinced he could not object to show the work to Lady Noel Byron as a relative; but I felt convinced there was nothing in it that could reflect discredit on the deceased, or any one related to him—that I knew my 'uncle's opinion was highly in favour of the late Lord Byron, as his admiration was unbounded of his genius. Besides, the Correspondence between them was of a date far before any domestic misery¹ ensued. I felt distressed at being applied to, and not being on the spot could not say what had taken place.'»

Mr A. Dallas says, he «has good grounds for believing that a similar application was made

¹ Here it appears that the alarm had changed its party, or spread farther.—EDITOR.

to Lady Noel Byron on the subject, who declined interfering in the matter.

“ Previously, however, to any legal steps being pursued, Mrs Leigh wrote the following answer to Mr Dallas’s letter:—

“ *St James’s Palace, July 3, 1824.*

“ ‘SIR,

“ ‘ I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 30th June, and am sorry to observe the spirit in which it was written.

“ ‘ In consequence of the message you sent me through Mrs Heath (confirming the report of your intention to publish your manuscript), I applied to Mr Hobhouse, requesting him to write to you, and expressing to him that I did, *as I still do*, think that it would be quite unpardonable to publish private letters of my poor brother’s, without previously consulting his family. I selected Mr Hobhouse as the most proper person to commu-

nicate with you, from his being my brother's executor, and one of his most intimate and confidential friends, although, perhaps, I might have hesitated between him and the present Lord Byron (our mutual relative), had not the illness and hurry of business of the latter, determined me not to add to his annoyances—and I must also state, that I was ignorant of your communication to him until I received your letter.

“I feel equal regret and surprise at your thinking it necessary to call upon me to disclaim an intention of ‘*having you insulted,*’—*regret*, that you should so entirely misunderstand my feelings; and *surprise*, because after having repeatedly read over Mr Hobhouse's letter, I cannot discover in it one word which could lead to such a conclusion on your part.

“Hoping that this explanation may prove satisfactory,

“I remain, Sir,

“Your obedient servant,

“AUGUSTA LEIGH.”

«There are several curious points in this letter, to which it will be necessary to draw the attention of the reader. Mr Dallas's message to Mrs Leigh, sent through Mrs Heath, was one which he states in his letter 'She (Mrs Heath) thought would please her, and that certainly he did not mean to displease her by it.' He refers to that communication, and *repeats* (in writing what before had been only verbal) that 'if in the book he was about to publish, there was a sentence which should give her uneasiness, he should be totally at a loss to find it out himself.' The object of the message was, to assure Mrs Leigh of the harmless, not to say pleasing, nature of the *intended* publication; and yet, in referring to the message, and acknowledging the receipt of a letter which contained a *repetition* of it in writing, she only observes that it 'confirmed the report of Mr Dallas's intention to publish *his manuscript*,' and that, in consequence, she requested Mr Hobhouse to let him know that she should think his conduct would be unpardonable. It

is also somewhat strange that, having been so applied to by Lord Byron's sister, Mr Hobhouse, who at that time had no title to authority for making such a communication in his own name, should not have stated the title which such an application from a near relation seemed to give him, and have written to Mr Dallas as by direction of Mrs Leigh, instead of merely 'taking the liberty of letting him know' what Mrs Leigh thought about the matter.

« But there is a still more extraordinary circumstance in this letter. Mr Hobhouse's conversation with Mr Knight, which took place before Mr Williams, who came to act as witness, has been verified upon oath by Mr Knight, from whose affidavit, registered in the Court of Chancery, the following is an extract:—

« 'On the 30th of June last, said plaintiff, John Cam Hobhouse, told defendant, Charles Knight, that he, said plaintiff, John Cam Hobhouse, had written such letter to said defendant, Robert

Charles Dallas, and at the same time, told defendant, Charles Knight, that he, said plaintiff, John Cam Hobhouse, did not, at the time when he wrote said letter, know that he, said last-named plaintiff, had been appointed an executor of the said Lord Byron'.

“ Thus it appears, that at the time of writing the letter in question, Mr Hobhouse was ignorant that he was the legal representative of Lord Byron; but, from Mrs Leigh's letter, it also appears that *she was not ignorant of that circumstance*, since it was the special motive which induced her to 'select Mr Hobhouse' as the proper person to communicate with Mr Dallas, in preference to 'the present Lord Byron, a mutual relative.' As, therefore, it is impossible to suppose, that the lady in question could state what was not true, we can only wonder that, being privy to the contents of her brother's will, and knowing whom he had chosen to be

his executors, she should never have informed them of the selection he had made.¹

“ The appearance of the Correspondence was promised to the public on the 12th of July, 1824; and it had nearly gone through the press when, on the 7th of July, Messrs Hobhouse and Hanson, as the legal representatives of the late Lord Byron, filed a Bill in Chancery, and, in consequence, obtained, on the same day, from the Vice-Chancellor, an injunction to restrain the publication. This Bill was founded upon the joint affidavit of the executors, the matter of which, divested of its technicalities, was as follows:—

“ The deponents swear, that in the years 1809,

¹ It is clear that Mrs Leigh first employed the intervention of Mr Hobhouse as a *friend*; and, in the mean time, before she wrote this letter, learned that he was *executor*; and naturally, therefore, invests him with the higher authority, without taking the pains to notice the change.—EDITOR.

1810, and part of 1811, Lord Byron was travelling in various countries, from whence he wrote letters to his mother, Mrs Catherine Gordon Byron; 'that such letters were principally of a private and confidential nature, and none of them were intended to be published.' That Mrs C. G. Byron died in the year 1811, intestate, and that Lord Byron being properly constituted her legal personal representative, possessed himself of these letters, and became absolutely and wholly entitled to them as his sole property. The deponents then swear, 'that they have been informed, and verily believe, that the said Lord Byron was in the habits of correspondence with Robert Charles Dallas,' and that, in the course of such correspondence, Lord Byron wrote letters, 'many of which were, as the said deponents believe, of a private and confidential nature'—'and that the said Lord Byron being about again to leave this country, deposited in the hands of the said Robert Charles Dallas for safe custody, all, and every, or a great many of the said

letters, which he had written and sent to his mother.'¹ And that, at the time of Lord Byron's death, such letters were in the custody of the said R. C. Dallas, together with those which his Lordship had written to him. Lord Byron's change of name to Noel Byron, and his death, are then sworn to: and also his will, and the proving of it, by which the deponents became his Lordship's legal representatives.

« Messrs Hobhouse and Hanson then swear, 'that *soon after the death* of the said Lord Byron was known in England, the said R. C. Dallas, *as the said deponents verily believe*, formed a scheme, or plan, to print and publish the same, and, with a view to such printing and publishing, *pretended to be* the absolute owner of all the said letters,' and disposed of 'such pretended copyright' for a

¹ The exact words of the affidavit are quoted when they relate to important points.

considerable sum of money. Then the advertisement of the Correspondence is sworn to, and the belief of the deponents to the identity of the letters advertised for publication, with those before referred to in the affidavit. The affidavit goes on to affirm, 'that the said Robert Charles Dallas never apprised him, the said deponent, John Cam Hobhouse, of his intention to print and publish the said letters, or any of them.' And Mr Hobhouse swears that he wrote the letter of the 23d of June to Mr Dallas; and he swears too that he got no answer; but he swears that, on the 30th of June, he 'called on the said Charles Knight, and warned him not to proceed with the printing and publication of the said letters, and informed him that, if he persevered in his intention,' the two deponents, Messrs Hobhouse and Hanson, 'would, most probably, take legal means to restrain him.'

« The affidavit next ^pstates, that the deponents verily believe that Lord Byron's letters

to his mother ' were wholly written and composed by him, and that he did not deliver the same to the said R. C. Dallas, for the purpose of publication, but to be disposed of as he, the said Lord Byron, might direct.' And that he never meant nor intended that they should be published—that they were, as the deponents verily believe, at the time of Lord Byron's death, his own sole and absolute property; and that they now belong to the said deponents, as his legal personal representatives. The deponents go on to swear, that the letters written by Lord Byron to Mr Dallas were, as they verily believe, ' also wholly written and composed by the said Lord Byron; and that such letters are not, and never were, the sole and absolute property of the said R. C. Dallas; but that the said Lord Byron, in his life time, had, and the said deponents, as his legal representatives, now have, at least, a partial and qualified property in such letters,' which has never been relinquished or abandoned; and that Lord Byron never intended

or gave permission to Mr Dallas to publish them, or any part of them.

« Then comes the following clause, ‘ And the said deponents *verily believe*, that the said several letters were written in the course of private and confidential correspondence; and the said deponents believe that many of them contain observations upon, or affecting, persons now living; and that the publication of them is likely to occasion considerable pain to such persons.’

« The affidavit closes with the affirmation, that the publication in question was intended to be made for the profit and advantage of the defendants; and ‘ that such publication was, as the deponents conceived and believed, a breach of private confidence, and a violation of the rights of property,’ which, as the representatives of Lord Byron, they had in the letters.»

Mr A. Dallas continues his comment thus: " Previous to stating the reply to this affidavit, it may not be improper to make some observations upon the nature of its contents. It contains matter of opinion, but no matter of fact relating to the point in question. There is a great deal of belief expressed, but not one reasonable ground upon which the belief is founded.

" It is really a matter of surprise that any one should so implicitly believe that to be a fact, which, upon the face of the business, he can only *suppose* to be so. Mr Hobhouse never saw or read the letters written by Lord Byron to his mother; yet he *swears* (and in this case without the mention, that he *verily believes*; but *as of his own knowledge*), ' that such letters were principally of a private and confidential nature.' Any one might *suppose* that a man writing to his mother may write confidentially; but few men would al-

low that supposition so much weight in their minds, as to enable them to swear¹ that it was so. Mr Hobhouse was travelling with Lord Byron during the time when many of these letters were written, and probably he supposes that his Lordship may have often mentioned him to his mother. This seems an equally natural supposition with the other; and if it should have entered into Mr Hobhouse's head, he would, by analogy, be equally ready to swear, not that he supposed he was often mentioned, but that he really was so. And yet, after reading Lord Byron's letters to his mother, it would never be gathered from them that his Lordship had any companion at all in his travels, as he always writes in the first person singular; except indeed that Mr Hobhouse's name is mentioned in an enumeration of his suite; and, upon parting with him,

¹ He does not swear that it is so; he only swears to his *belief*.—EDITOR.

Lord Byron expresses his satisfaction at being alone.¹

“To the assertion respecting these unseen letters, Mr Hobhouse adds, that ‘none of them were intended to be published.’ If it is meant to say, that they were not written with the intention of being published, as the sentence may seem to imply, nobody will deny the fact. If they had been, they would not have contained the natural and unrestrained development of character which makes them valuable to the public now. But their not having been written with the intention of publication, by no means precludes the possibility of Lord Byron himself *subsequently* intending them to be published. Mr Dallas has it in his Lordship’s own hand-writing, that he did *subsequently* intend part of them, at

¹ These comments of Mr A. Dallas are certainly coloured by resentment :—perhaps, indeed, not unnatural!

least, to be published ; because having kept no other journal, he meant to cut up these letters into notes for the first and second Cantos of Childe Harold. This was, however, previous to his having given them to Mr Dallas.

« The same observation as that which has been made upon Mr Hobhouse's *swearing* that Lord Byron's letters to his mother were confidential, will equally apply to his swearing that he believes his Lordship's letters to Mr Dallas were so also. But when he *swears* 'that Lord Byron, being about again to leave this country, deposited the letters to his mother in the hands of R. C. Dallas for safe custody ;'—when he states this upon oath, not as verily believing it—not as supposing it—but as knowing that it was so¹—without stating any ground whatever for his knowledge of a circumstance in which he had been in no way

¹ Mr Hobhouse only swears here again to his *belief*.—
EDITOR.

concerned, it is hardly possible to conjecture how extensive Mr Hobhouse's interpretation of an oath may become. Upon this subject I cannot forbear inserting an extract from a letter written by Mr Dallas to his publisher from Paris, immediately that he was informed of the issuing of the injunction, and before he was fully made acquainted with the whole circumstances. He says,

“ ‘So far from thinking it wrong to publish such a correspondence, I feel that it belongs in a manner to the public; and that I have no right to withhold it. If the Vice-Chancellor has been made acquainted with the spirit of the work, there is an end to the injunction; for as to the property in the letters from Lord Byron to his mother, the affidavit sets that at rest; ¹ and in the volume

¹ He alludes to an affidavit relating principally to this point, which he sent in this letter the moment he heard of the Injunction; but which, not being sufficiently full upon other points, was not made use of in the legal proceedings.

itself it may be seen that Mr Hobhouse made a false assertion (I hope it was not upon oath), in his application for the injunction, when he says, that Lord Byron deposited them with me for safe custody only, when his Lordship was going abroad. The text shows, that I have long considered them as mine, before Lord Byron thought of leaving England; and that he also considered them so. There was no memorandum made of the circumstance; it was a gift made personally, and as had happened in the case of *Childe Harold* and of the *Corsair*. What can be more conclusive than the words with which he accompanied the gift? The additional words I allude to, conveyed an idea of some dissatisfaction with others, and a feeling that my attachment and judgment were more to be relied upon. I trust that the circumstances have been made clear to the Vice-Chancellor; and that all the disgraceful insinuation of the application, that I am capable of publishing letters which ought not to be made public, has been wiped away. I shall be glad to find this carried even so far as to show, that, although I did not strictly or morally hold myself bound to

submit my intentions of publishing to the direction of Lord Byron's family, I was attentive to their feelings, and that it was not my fault that a communication did not take place upon the subject. As to any delicacy towards the executors, I declare to you, on my honour, that, till I saw it afterwards in a public newspaper, I did not know that the executors of Lord Byron were those *confidential friends, the Mr H.'s*, though one of them (Mr Hobhouse) had thought proper to give me counsel in very improper language.' 'Again, why should Lord Byron deposit these letters with *me* for safe custody, when these two confidential friends were at hand, and other confidential friends, and his sister? There is an absurdity on the face of the assertion.'

« It is not intended here to answer Mr Hobhouse's statements, which will be better met by the counter-affidavits themselves, but merely to make some necessary observations; and, amongst them, it is impossible not to observe, with regret, that Messrs Hobhouse and Hanson,

in swearing that they proved Lord Byron's will in the proper Ecclesiastical Court, and became his Lordship's legal representatives, did not insert the date of the probate, or even the period when their appointment came to their knowledge.¹ Such an insertion might have prevented all obscurity in a subsequent part of the affidavit, where it is sworn, 'that on the 23d June last, being soon after the *deponents* were informed of such intention (of publishing), deponent, John Cam Hobhouse, wrote and sent a letter of that date to R. C. Dallas, representing to him the impropriety of publishing said letters.' As the passage stands, it does not appear whether Mr Hobhouse wrote as 'the more immediate friend' of Lord Byron, or with the authority of an executor. The difference is somewhat material; and as

¹ It was understood that Lord Byron's will was not to be opened till his remains arrived in England;—the vessel which bore those remains reached the Nore on the 1st of July, seven days after the date of Mr Hobhouse's letter to Mr Dallas.—A. D.

the affidavit mentions that the letter was written soon after the deponents (in the plural number) were informed of Mr Dallas's intention, it certainly wants the information which the reader now possesses, but which the affidavit does not supply, to make it clear that he wrote merely as 'the more immediate friend.'

« But the said deponents '*verily believe*' that Mr Dallas formed a scheme to print and publish the letters '*soon after the death of Lord Byron was known in England.*' What could possibly have been the grounds of a belief so firm, that the persons believing come forward to attest it by affidavit in a court of justice? The gravamen of the matter is, that the scheme was formed soon after Lord Byron's death was known, *and not before*; and this Messrs Hobhouse and Hanson swear they believe to be the case. A dozen persons of the highest respectability read the letters arranged for publication, in the first intended memoir, years before Lord Byron's death; some of whom

state it upon oath, and all the others would have done so if it had been considered necessary by the legal advisers. It is to be lamented that so much firm faith has been thrown away upon so slight a foundation; and it is to be hoped, that the persons who can believe so easily, are not inconsistently difficult of belief upon points which will hereafter more materially concern themselves.

«When it was known that the injunction had been obtained, intelligence of it was forwarded to Mr Dallas, at Paris, and his immediate presence was required in London. The following certificate, enclosed in a letter from a friend, was the reply received to this communication:—

«This is to certify, that Robert Charles Dallas is now labouring under a very severe attack of inflammation of the chest, which was attended by fever and delirium;—that he is now under my professional care, and that his symptoms were of

so dangerous a character as to render large bleedings necessary, even at his advanced age. He is at present better, but certainly unable to undertake a journey.

« Given under my hand, at Paris, Rue du Mail, Hotel de Mars, this 11th day of July, 1824.

« 'DAVID BARRY, M. D.' »

« In consequence of this unfortunate illness, it became necessary to send out a commission from the Court of Chancery, to receive Mr Dallas's answer at Paris. This occasioned considerable expense, and a delay which was regretted at the time; but it afterwards appeared that the decision in the cause could not have been hastened, even had no obstacle of this nature intervened.

« The answer was founded upon several affidavits, of which the first was that of Mr Dallas himself, wherein he 'denies it to be true, that

the letters of Lord Byron to his mother were principally of a private and confidential nature; but, on the contrary, affirms that such letters were principally of a general nature; and for the most part consisted of accounts and descriptions of various places which the said Lord Byron visited, and scenes which he witnessed, and adventures which he encountered, and remarkable persons whom he met with in the course of his travels, and observations upon the manners, customs, and curiosities of foreign countries and people: and although he admitted that in some of such letters matters were mentioned, or alluded to, of a *private* nature, yet he swears that such matters of a private nature were only occasionally and incidentally mentioned or alluded to, and did not form the principal contents or subjects of the letters.' And he further says, that 'to the best of his judgment and belief, none of these letters are of a *confidential* or secret nature,' or contain any matters of such a nature.

“ Mr Dallas goes on to swear, that ‘being in habits of friendship and correspondence with Lord Byron, as Mr Hobhouse had stated, in the course of that friendship his Lordship gave him, as free and absolute gifts, the copyrights of the first and second Cantos of *Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage*, and of the *Corsair*,’ which gifts were respectively made by word of mouth, and delivery of the original manuscripts to him; and that a considerable portion of the letters from Lord Byron to himself were written ‘at the times when the poems were preparing for, or in the course of publication,’ and that they ‘contained or related to divers alterations, additions, and amendments which were from time to time made, or proposed to be made, in the poems, or otherwise related to them,’—and that ‘other parts of these letters relate to matters of general literature, morals, and politics, and other subjects of a general nature, and the individual opinions and feelings of Lord Byron;’ and that ‘some very few parts of such letters related to other private matters,

which were only occasionally and incidentally mentioned or alluded to therein, and did not form the principal contents or subjects of such letters, and were not in any respect of a *confidential* or secret nature.'

« Mr Dallas then states, in his affidavit, that Lord Byron thought of leaving England in 1816, but that 'in or about the month of April, 1812, he being in conversation' with Lord Byron, his Lordship promised to bring and give to him a letter which he had written to his mother on the matter which formed the subject of such conversation, and that some time afterwards, that is to say, in the month of June, 1814, Lord Byron, in performance of such promise, brought, and gave, and delivered to him not only the letter so promised, but also all the rest of the letters which he, Lord Byron, had written to his mother, and at the same time he addressed to Mr Dallas the following words :—

¹ The sale of Newstead Abbey was the subject of these conversations.

« 'Take them.—They are yours to do what you please with. Some day or other they will be curiosities.'

« From this Mr Dallas swears that he 'believes that Lord Byron in so delivering these letters to him, and addressing him in this manner, did fully intend to give the same letters and every of them, and the copyright thereof, and all his, Lord Byron's, property, right, title, and interest therein to him, Mr Dallas, for his own use and benefit, as a free and absolute gift, in the same manner as he had given the copyrights of the poems;' and further, 'that at the time of this gift, Lord Byron contemplated the probability of the letters being afterwards published by Mr Dallas.'

« The deponent distinctly denies that the letters were left with him for safe custody; and alleges that Lord Byron did not leave England until 1816, that is, two years after the gift of the letters.

«The affidavit further states, that for several years previous to the death of Lord Byron, the deponent was engaged in compiling and writing memoirs of his life and writings, and that in these memoirs were inserted and embodied many of the letters both to Mrs C. G. Byron and to himself; and that he did so for the purpose of illustrating and giving authority to the memoirs, and of placing in a just and favourable point of view the conduct, character, and opinions of Lord Byron, their insertion being essential to the illustrating and giving authority to the memoirs; and that for many years previous to the death of Lord Byron, he had formed the intention and plan to publish these letters in the before-mentioned memoirs; and that Lord Byron, so long ago as the year 1819, was aware of his intention and plan so to publish them. The letter to Lord Byron, inserted in the last chapter of this work is there sworn to; with the addition, that his Lordship never applied to, or requested Mr Dallas to desist or abstain from publishing the memoirs,

nor from inserting in them any of the letters in his possession.

« These are the important parts of the affidavit made by Mr Dallas, although it necessarily follows the whole of the Bill filed against him, denying or admitting its several allegations, as the case requires. There is, however, one other part of the affidavit which is important, though only matter of opinion. It states, that to the best of Mr Dallas's judgment and belief, the publication of the Correspondence, as advertised, 'will be of considerable service to the cause of literature and poetry, as being illustrative of many of the best poems, and other valuable works, of the said Lord Byron; and will also tend greatly to improve and exalt the public estimation of his conduct, character, and opinions.'

« The affidavits of Mr Charles Knight and Mr Henry Colburn follow, which are mere matters of form; except only as far as relates to the

conversation which Mr Knight held with Mr Hobhouse, on the 30th June. An extract from Mr Knight's affidavit has been already given, in which he states, that Mr Hobhouse declared to him that he did not know he was Lord Byron's executor at the time he wrote to Mr Dallas. Mr Knight, who had read all the letters, also swears, that none of them were of a *confidential* nature.

« The affidavit of Mr A. Dallas himself is the next. It states, that he had frequently seen and read the original manuscript of the Memoirs first compiled by his father, containing the letters in question; and knew, so long ago as 1822, of his intention to publish them at a future period. That, in that year, Mr Dallas deposited the original manuscript in his hands, with directions to publish it in such manner as he should think fit, after the death of Lord Byron; Mr Dallas assuming that he should die before his Lordship. The affidavit then details the change which took place in this intention,

and the alterations in the work, to fit it for publication when Lord Byron's death was known; declaring, at the same time, the deponent's opinion, that as now intended for publication, there is not a single passage in the letters which could affect or injure the character, or give pain to the feelings of any person whomsoever. The editor corroborates the testimony already given, that none of the letters were of a confidential nature. He swears that the present Lord Byron has read the intended publication, and knows of the intention to publish it; that he has never expressed to the editor any disapprobation of or objection to the publication; but, on the contrary, has expressed to him his concurrence in, and approbation of it. He also swears, that for several years previously to the death of Lord Byron, he had frequently heard Mr Dallas declare that his Lordship had made him a present of his letters to his mother; and had also frequently seen in Mr Dallas's possession a bundle of letters inclosed in a cover or envelope, on which

was written 'Letters of Lord Byron to his mother, given to me by him, June, 1814;' or words to that effect.

«The only other corroborative affidavit which the legal advisers thought necessary to make use of, was one made by Alexander Young Spearman, Esq., who states, that so long ago as the year 1822, he had read the manuscript memoir in which was embodied the letters in question; and that, to the best of his judgment, there was nothing contained in the work or in the letters which could lower the character of Lord Byron, or which was of a confidential or secret nature; but, on the contrary, that from reading them, he had formed a higher and better opinion of the character and conduct of Lord Byron than he had previously entertained; and that the letters were, for the most part, upon subjects of general and public interest; and of such a nature, that their publication would be an advantage to the cause of literature, and no breach of honour or confidence.

« From the substance of these affidavits, it may probably strike the reader as singular, that Mr Dallas himself should have said nothing concerning the approbation of the present Lord Byron; while his son swears directly to his knowledge of, and concurrence in, the publication. To account for this, and to prove now ready both the author of the Memoirs and his son were to make any reasonable arrangement by which the pledge to the public might be fulfilled, it will be necessary to state some circumstances which occurred previous to the filing of the answer to the Bill in Chancery; which, as has already been shown, was unavoidably delayed.

« The present Lord and Lady Byron happened to be on a visit to Mr A. Dallas, at his house at Wooburn, towards the end of July; and there they had an opportunity of reading the whole of the work, as intended for publication, and which had so nearly gone through the press, that they read three-fourths of it in print.

Whatever pain Lord Byron might feel on account of the early development of the seeds of vice in his predecessor and near relation, he felt immediately that the work was highly calculated to raise his Lordship's character from the depth into which (as Mr A. Dallas pretends) it had subsequently fallen; and he unreservedly expressed his wish that the publication should proceed. A single passage in the narrative part, which was observed upon by Lord Byron, was omitted according to his desire. With these feelings he endeavoured, in the kindest manner, to clear away the obstacles which impeded its progress; and fearing lest his former reply to the sudden demand for his opinion upon the subject, as it had been conditional, might be construed into direct disapprobation, he expressed himself ready to state his concurrence in the publication. The following affidavit was accordingly drawn up, with the approbation of his own legal adviser:—

“ George Anson, Lord Byron, maketh oath, and

saith, that he well knows the defendant, R. C. Dallas, who is the uncle of this deponent, and that he well knows that the said R. C. Dallas was formerly in the habit of corresponding with the late George Gordon, Lord Byron, to whom the deponent is the nearest male relation and successor. And this deponent further saith, that having been informed that a certain work was proposed to be published by the said R. C. Dallas, and to include certain letters written by the said George Gordon, Lord Byron, to him, and to Mrs Catharine Gordon Byron, the mother of the said George Gordon, Lord Byron, this deponent declared his reluctance to such publication taking place until the said work should have been examined by the relatives and friends of the said George Gordon, Lord Byron; and that the said deponent now maketh oath and saith, that he has since read the said work, entitled 'Private Correspondence, etc. ;' and the letters from the said George Gordon, Lord Byron, to his mother, and to the defendant, R. C. Dallas, included therein; and this deponent further saith, that he does not

now entertain any objection to the publication of the said work.'

« This affidavit received the sanction of Lord Byron; but it having been ascertained that the executors did not intend to make any use of the conditional opinion that his Lordship had expressed, it was not thought necessary that he should swear it; as from motives of delicacy it was wished if possible not to mix him up with a dispute in which he stood in close connexion with both sides. Mr A. Dallas states that nothing but the absolute necessity which now exists of making the public fully acquainted with all the circumstances connected with this strange proceeding, would induce him to refer to his noble relation. As, however, his Lordship's conduct throughout the whole business has been not only manly and open, but also guided by an amiable desire of conciliation, the public mention of these transactions can only be a testimony highly to his credit.

« In consequence of what had taken place, Lord Byron called on Mr Hobhouse, and personally stated his own knowledge of the nature of the work, and his opinion respecting the propriety of its publication. He also stated, that he knew the editor was by no means averse to enter into any reasonable arrangement by which the difficulties in the minds of the executors might be overcome. It appears that the plea by which their opposition was defended was, that other persons possessed letters of the late Lord Byron, which it would be highly improper to give to the public; and that the executors felt it their duty to establish their right to prevent the publication of any letters. However, Mr Hobhouse supposed that matters might be arranged, if Mr Dallas would consent to insert in the title-page of the work, '*published by permission of the executors,*' of course submitting it first to the inspection of some person approved of by them.

« Upon immediate consultation with the

editor, he declined giving a promise that such words should be used until he had seen his legal advisers; but he authorised Lord Byron to state, that *he perfectly concurred in the spirit of the proposed arrangement*, and offered at once to submit the work to the inspection of a friend of Lord Byron's, well known to the executors, but with whom the editor himself was totally unacquainted, and to abide by his opinion. This was mentioned within the same hour to Mr Hobhouse, who was satisfied with the person named, and promised to consult his colleague, Mr Hanson, upon the business. It may not be improper here to insert part of a letter, written by Mr Dallas to his son, upon hearing of this proposal:

« 'As to an executor's *veto*—shall an executor be allowed to decide on the publication of a work (letters) on general topics, when it may be enough that there is in it a difference of opinion on religion, morality, or politics? This is an argument

which should be strongly urged.' I see neither law nor equity in such a *veto*; yet do not deny either, if the letters are libellous; but this is not to be vaguely supposed, and my letter to Mrs Leigh, far from supporting such a suggestion, supports the contrary.' 'However, I do not wish to keep up contention, and have no objection (*go which way the Chancellor's decision may*) to say, '*printed with consent of the executors*'—and they will be foolish not to consent, for the circulation of the work would be but wider if they do not; so act in this as you judge best. But I do not think the sheets should be shown to him.

* * * * *

I believe I cut out the Portsmouth anecdote. I know I did, and he is hardly even alluded to in any of the letters; but he ought not to see it.' 'The Chancellor's dissolving this injunction is no reason why he should not grant injunctions against the publications of Moore¹ or ***', which, un-

¹ According to the law laid down by the Lord Chancellor in the subsequent Injunction, Mr Moore will be

supported by such an answer and such testimonies as mine, might be confirmed. Our case does not decide the general question: our documents take it out of the general case of publishing injurious letters.'

« While Mr Hobhouse went to consult his colleague, Mr A. Dallas applied to his legal advisers, by whom certain legal difficulties, about the word 'permission' were stated to him. In consequence of what there took place, he drew out the following statement, which he gave to Lord Byron as the ground for the future conducting of the negotiation:—

« 'Mr Dallas has no objection to insert the following advertisement after the title page of the work:

curtailed of a valuable portion of his materials, unless with the consent of the executors.—EDITOR.

“ ‘ADVERTISEMENT.

“ ‘The publication of this work having been delayed in consequence of an injunction from the Court of Chancery, obtained on the application of the executors of Lord Byron, it is proper to state, upon their authority, that the work had not been submitted to their inspection, when they entertained their objection to its publication; but that, having since been made acquainted with its contents, they have withdrawn their objection, and consented to the dissolution of the injunction.’

“ ‘If the objection of the executors of the late Lord Byron be, that the publication of this work should not be drawn into a precedent by others, for giving to the world their improper and unauthorised compilations relative to Lord Byron, it is presumed that this advertisement will be considered sufficient for that purpose.

“ ‘If the executors do not consider this to be sufficient for that purpose, Mr Dallas would only

object to the words '*published by permission of the executors of the late Lord Byron,*' being printed with the work, inasmuch as it may seem to *acknowledge a property* as belonging to the executors which he does not acknowledge to belong to them—but to meet the supposed object of the executors, as above stated, Mr Dallas will consent to the insertion of those words, if the executors will sign a paper to the following effect:—

“ ‘We, the executors of the late Lord Byron, hereby assign and make over to R. C. Dallas, his heirs, executors, or assigns, all and every interest, property, right, claim, or demand whatsoever, (*if any such we have*), in such letters of the said Lord Byron as are inserted in a work, entitled '*Private Correspondence of Lord Byron, etc. etc.*' whether such letters are addressed to the said R. C. Dallas, or to Mrs Catherine Gordon Byron, the mother of the said Lord Byron.’

“ In the mean time, however, the two executors had consulted together, and Lord Byron

received the following communication from Mr Hobhouse :—

“ ‘I saw Mr Hanson this evening, and have to inform you, that he objects to stopping the proceedings until the question can be laid before counsel, after your friend Mr Dallas has filed his affidavits, or made his answer.’

“ This opening being thus closed up, the answer and affidavits were filed. Whether the question of negotiation was laid before counsel or not, Mr Hanson best knows; but all that Mr A. Dallas says he can affirm is, that four affidavits were immediately filed, intended to oppose the dissolution of the injunction.

“ The first was the affidavit of William Fletcher, in which he swears, that he had lived with Lord Byron for the last eighteen years, as his Lordship’s valet and head servant, and accom-

panied him abroad in the month of April, 1816. He then declares, 'that when he was with Lord Byron at Venice, in the latter end of the year 1816, or the beginning of 1817, in a conversation which he then and there had with his Lordship, touching his property and things which he had left behind him in England, the deponent represented to him, that some of his (Fletcher's) property had been seized by his Lordship's creditors, together with his own property, when Lord Byron stated to the deponent, that he would make good his (Fletcher's) loss. And he, the said Lord Byron, then told the deponent, that he was extremely glad that he, the said Lord Byron, had taken care of most of the things that were of most consequence to him, such as letters and papers, which he thought of more consequence than all they had seized; for that he the said Lord Byron had before left them with several of his friends to be taken care of for him; some with Mr Hobhouse, others with Mrs Leigh, and others with Mr Dallas, meaning the above-

named defendant, Robert Charles Dallas, at the same time saying to deponent, ' You know Mr Dallas, he who used so often to call on me,' or to that effect.'

« To this assertion Fletcher adds his opinion and impression, that in speaking of the letters and papers so left in the care of Mr Dallas, Lord Byron spoke of them as his own property, and did not convey to Fletcher's mind any notion that he had given them to Mr Dallas.

« It was really necessary that Fletcher should have sworn to his impression and opinion, as to the proprietor of the papers so left, for, from the subject of the conversation, in the course of which they were casually mentioned, it seems doubtful whether Fletcher did not think Lord Byron meant that they were his (Fletcher's) property, to make up for the loss of the articles seized by his lordship's creditors. This interpretation, however, would militate against Mr Hobhouse's affidavit, where he swears that

Lord Byron never meant the letters to be published, as the only value they could have been to Fletcher would be from the 'valuable consideration' which he might obtain for their publication.

« But no ; this was not Fletcher's idea of the matter. He understood that whatever papers Lord Byron left with Mr Dallas were left for safe custody, because, as Mr Hobhouse says, he was going to leave England.

« It is somewhat singular that leaving papers and letters, several boxes containing great quantities of them, as is afterwards sworn, which he considered of more consequence than the goods and chattels of which his creditors had deprived him, with Mr Hobhouse and Mrs Leigh, Lord Byron should have selected *a very small bundle* of particular letters, and left them, and them only, in the charge of another person, nearly two years before he went abroad. So small and particular a selec-

tion from the great mass of his papers seems strange, unless, having high value for them, he did not consider that which was *safe custody* for his other papers was *safe custody* for these. But there is a stranger circumstance, too, which under the supposition that the letters were so left for special safe custody when he was going abroad, is not only strange, but absolutely unaccountable. In the autumn of the same year, 1814, on which this sacred deposit was supposed to be made, and only a few months after, the person to whom this precious charge was given, took the very step, the intention of doing which is said to have produced the deposit. He left the country, and went abroad; and on the day before he set off from London, in conversation with Lord Byron, he told him that his object in then going, was to seek the most eligible place for a future residence for himself and his family abroad. Yet did nothing pass upon the subject of such a deposit. A communication took place between them, when Mr Dallas was at Bordeaux, in Decem-

ber, 1814. And when, in March, 1815, the return of Bonaparte to France brought him home again, he visited Lord Byron as before; yet did nothing pass upon the subject of such a deposit. At the end of the year 1815, Mr Dallas took his family abroad, and settled in Normandy, taking with him the letters which Lord Byron had made him a present of. Lord Byron knew of this second going abroad, and heard from Mr Dallas, when he had fixed upon his place of residence; yet did nothing pass upon the subject of such a deposit.

« But to come nearer to the time mentioned in Fletcher's affidavit, that in which his conversation occurred with Lord Byron. In the beginning of the very same year, 1816, his Lordship, being then about to leave England, himself proposed to Mr A. Dallas to accompany him in his travels. A long conversation took place upon the subject, in which Mr Dallas was mentioned; and his son may well be pardoned, under these circumstances, for add-

ing that he was mentioned by Lord Byron with a grateful feeling, as 'one of his oldest and best friends.' His place of residence was referred to; and yet not one word passed that had the least reference to any deposit of papers or letters, as having been made to him. If Lord Byron had given valuable papers in charge to Mr Dallas for safe custody, when his lordship was going abroad, would it not have been natural that he should resume them, when he found that the person with whom he had deposited them was himself in the situation which had induced him to put them out of his own custody? And when, in fact, he was leaving the country, in conversing with Mr Dallas's son, would he not most probably have mentioned the circumstance, as a remembrance or as a renewal of the charge, if even he had not thought fit to resume it? If therefore Fletcher's remembrance of a very casual remark at the distance of eight years be correct, it is more reasonable to suppose that Lord Byron spoke loosely, recollecting merely

the literary communication he had so long had with Mr Dallas, than to place such an incidental remark¹ against the body of circumstantial evidence which has been brought to prove the gift of these letters to Mr Dallas.

« The next affidavit is really ludicrous ; it is sworn by the Honourable Leicester Stanhope ; and begins by stating ‘ that for several *months* prior, and down to the time of Lord Byron’s death, which happened on the 19th of April last, at Missolonghi, *an intimacy* subsisted between him, the deponent, and the said Lord Byron.’ It is truly absurd to see how all Lord Byron’s *monthly* friends prostitute the word *intimacy*. The reporter of his Lordship’s Conversations, lately published, is a remarkable instance of this, and the present affidavit is no

¹ This reasoning of Mr A. Dallas is well-founded and solid. It does seem very idle to put in such an affidavit as Fletcher’s against the circumstantial affidavit of Mr R. C. Dallas, the father, fortified as it is by so much collateral matter.—EDITOR.

less so; it shall be given to the reader in Mr Stanhope's own words. The honourable deponent goes on thus:—

“ ‘Saith, that about three months before said Lord Byron's death, he, deponent, held a conversation with said Lord Byron, touching the events of his Lordship's life, and the publication thereof at a future period; and, upon that occasion, said Lord Byron, in talking to him, deponent, of certain persons who, he said, were in possession of the requisite information for writing a Memoir, or History of his, said Lord Byron's, Life, he, said Lord Byron, made no allusion whatsoever to the defendant, Robert Charles Dallas, or to any Memoir, or History of his Lordship, or the events of his life, preparing, or prepared by him, said Robert Charles Dallas; but, on the contrary, said Lord Byron, in the course of the conversation above alluded to, named two individuals by name, as being the most competent to write the History, or Memoir, of his life, neither of whom was said Robert Charles Dallas.

“ ‘Saith, that said Lord Byron never, in conversation which deponent so had with him as aforesaid, or in any other conversation which he, deponent, had with said Lord Byron, ever mentioned, or alluded to, the name of said Robert Charles Dallas, or intimated, or conveyed, to deponent, that he, said Lord Byron, knew that said Robert Charles Dallas had any intention of publishing any Memoir, or History, or Life of his Lordship, or that he had given said Robert Charles Dallas any permission to write or publish any thing concerning said Lord Byron, or any letters written by him, said Lord Byron, and which deponent thinks it extremely probable said Lord Byron would have done had he possessed any knowledge of said Robert Charles Dallas’s intention to publish any thing concerning him, said Lord Byron, and more particularly if said Lord Byron had given said Robert Charles Dallas any consent or permission so to do.’¹

¹ Certainly these affidavits become totally inefficacious by attempting to prove too much. They place a strange reliance on negative evidence. It is only necessary to refe

«The Honourable Leicester Stanhope's idea of the necessary communicativeness of a few months' *intimacy* is somewhat new, and will, of course, have sufficient weight to prevent any but the two persons who are properly qualified from writing any thing about Lord Byron.

«After this Mr Hobhouse appears again to aver, in an affidavit, 'that for the space of seventeen years previous, and down to the time of the death of the above-named Lord Byron, which happened about the 19th of April last, he was upon terms of the closest intimacy and friendship with Lord Byron; and, during the years 1814 and 1815, he associated much with Lord Byron, and was in the habit of corresponding with Lord Byron from the time he last left England, which was in the month of April, 1816; and the deponent declares that upon Lord Byron's going abroad, his Lordship left in his

to Mr Dallas's letter to Lord Byron, of Nov. 10, 1819, to blow away all these weak inferences.—EDITOR.

hands, and under his care, several boxes, containing great quantities of private letters and papers, which he desired deponent to take care of for him during his absence from England.' He goes on to swear, 'That Lord Byron did also, previous to his so going abroad, as deponent believes, leave quantities of letters and papers of a private nature, with others of his friends in England for safe custody, and to be taken care of for him. And, that Lord Byron, for many years previous to his so going abroad, as aforesaid, was in the habit of imparting his private concerns and transactions to him; but that Lord Byron never told him, or gave him, in any manner, to understand, that he had presented, or given, any letters whatsoever to R. C. Dallas, for his own use, or benefit, or to be published.'

« If this assertion is good for any thing, it is good to prove Lord Byron did not leave the letters with Mr Dallas *for safe custody*; for, if in the course of such confidential communica-

tion, as is here described, his Lordship never mentioned to Mr Hobhouse having done so, even while placing large quantities of papers in his own hands for safe custody, when it would have been so very natural to refer to the circumstance, the inference is strong that no such circumstance took place. If Lord Byron had mentioned to Mr Hobhouse having so done, he certainly would have sworn to that fact, when, from the paucity of positive information, he was reduced to the necessity of swearing to suppositions, as has been shown. The case, therefore, stands thus: Mr Hobhouse *does swear* that Lord Byron did *not* tell him that he had given the letters to Mr Dallas; and Mr Hobhouse *does not swear* that Lord Byron told him he had left them for safe custody with Mr Dallas: the one proves one fact at least, as much as the other proves the other, and, therefore, in this debtor and creditor account of the affidavit the balance is NOTHING.¹

¹ The balance is certainly *nothing*, as far as affects the

« Mr Hobhouse ends his affidavit by swearing ‘ that Lord Byron had it in contemplation, to the knowledge of the deponent, to go abroad about June, 1814, and had actually made preparations for such his last-mentioned journey, and that the deponent had agreed to accompany him ; but that Lord Byron afterwards altered his intention, and did not go.’

« This point also forms the opening assertion of the next deponent, the Honourable Augusta Mary Leigh, the half-sister of the late Lord Byron. She states that she well remembers that Lord Byron did, about June, 1814, make preparations, and then had it in contemplation to

question of *safe custody* : but the result is decidedly in Mr Dallas’s favour, to prove the futility of the *other* negative evidence set up by his opponents in this case—the fact of such letters having been delivered to Mr Dallas being self-evident, and no mention of this fact being made by Lord Byron to Mr Hobhouse.—EDITOR.

go abroad; but that he did not then go abroad, as he had contemplated and intended.

« When a lady swears merely to her remembrance, she may very innocently make a mistake in a year, especially after the lapse of ten years since the circumstance took place. But, in this case, Mr Hobhouse swears '*to the knowledge of the deponent;*' therefore we are bound, not only to believe what he asserts, but to understand that, previous to so positive an assertion upon a point where the difference of time makes *all* the difference in the matter, he must have consulted any memorandums he may have made, referred to pocket-books or letters, so as to convince himself from some more tangible data than that furnished by memory, that it really was '*about June, 1814,*' and not '*about June, 1813,*' that the intention of going abroad existed in Lord Byron's mind.

« These observations have arisen from a sin-

gular coincidence. Amongst the late Mr Dallas's papers his son has found a printed catalogue of books belonging to Lord Byron, to be sold. He had frequently before seen this catalogue, and been informed by Mr Dallas that it referred to an intended sale of Lord Byron's library, which was to have taken place in consequence of his intention to go abroad; but that he altered his intention before the day of sale, though after the announcement; and that consequently the books were saved from the hammer. The catalogue is curious, as many of the books were presentation copies, given to his Lordship by the authors, with their autographs in them; but its particular curiosity is from its containing the following description of two lots:

«Lot 151. A silver sepulchral urn, made with great taste. Within it are contained human bones, taken from a tomb within the long wall of Athens, in the month of February, 1811. The urn weighs 187 oz. 5 dwt.

« Lot 152. A silver cup, containing

« ‘Root of hemlock gather’d in the dark,’

according to the direction of the witches in Macbeth. The hemlock was plucked at Athens by the noble proprietor, in 1811.—The silver cup weighs 29 oz. 8 dwts.

« The title-page of this catalogue is as follows :

« ‘A catalogue of books, the property of a nobleman ABOUT to leave *England on a tour to the Morea*. To which are added a silver sepulchral urn, containing relics brought from Athens, in 1811; and a silver cup, the property of the same noble person; which will be sold by auction by R. H. Evans, at his house, No. 26, Pall Mall, on Thursday, July 8th, and the following day. Catalogues to be had, and the books viewed at the place of sale.’

« So far this all corroborates the statement

made in the two affidavits under consideration, that Lord Byron intended to go abroad, and made preparations to that effect, *about June*—for it is to be supposed that the 8th of July may fairly come within the interpretation of that phrase.¹ There is, however, a generally neglected part of the title-page, which happened to catch the Editor's eye on reading it over; it is the date following the printer's name, which runs thus, '*Printed by W. Bulmer and Co. Cleveland-row, St James's, 1813.*' This may possibly be a typographical error, and this sale of books may really have been a part of the preparation for going abroad, which Mr Hobhouse and Mrs Leigh swear was made by Lord Byron in 1814; or should the date of this catalogue be correct, probably Lord Byron made an *annual preparation* for leaving England *about June*. If any reader happens to know of a similar

¹ "The gift of the letters to Mr Dallas was made by Lord Byron, on the 10th of June, 1814, in performance of a promise made in April, 1812."

preparation made by Lord Byron, about June, in the year 1812, or about June, in the year 1815, the chain of preparations between his first return about June, in 1811, and his second departure, about June, 1816, will be established, and the fact of the two preparations before referred to will be strongly corroborated.

« The object of Mr Hobhouse and Mrs Leigh is to establish their statement, that Lord Byron placed the letters in question with Mr Dallas, for safe custody, *‘being about to leave the country.’* That statement would altogether fall to the ground if Lord Byron’s intention to go abroad was in June, 1813, as he gave the letters in June 1814, a twelvemonth after he had abandoned his intention, having promised to give one of them in April, 1812, a twelvemonth before he formed his intention. It is, therefore, to be regretted, as there is proof in print that the intention to leave the country was in 1813, that Mr Hobhouse, in his affidavit concerning his *knowledge* of the fact, did not mention or

allude to some of the tangible data upon which he doubtless established that knowledge in his own mind, instead of resting altogether upon the corroborative *remembrance* of Mrs Leigh.

« Mrs Leigh, by her affidavit, further presents, upon oath, a debtor and creditor account, similar to that which Mr Hobhouse had already exhibited, respecting the fact of Lord Byron's never having mentioned either the delivery for safe custody, or the gift of the disputed letters. This account having been sufficiently audited in the former case, it is only necessary to state in the present, that a similar examination of it leads to a similar conclusion that the balance is NOTHING.

« This honourable lady, upon her oath, declares also, that she 'believes that such letters were left or deposited, by Lord Byron, in the care or keeping of R. C. Dallas, for the use of him, the said Lord Byron, in the same manner as his Lordship left such other letters and pa-

pers with deponent and others of his friends'—that is to say, she swears that she does not believe Mr Dallas's assertion upon oath, which she must have seen, as these affidavits were filed in answer to it. Mr Dallas felt it unnecessary to give himself the pain of positively contradicting the *belief* sworn to in this affidavit. But his son refers the reader to the whole of the foregoing observations, that he may form his opinion as to the grounds upon which the contradiction might have been given.

«The narrative is now drawing to a close. After a considerable, though unavoidable delay, arising from the mass of business which peremptorily occupied the attention of the Court of Chancery, on the very last day of the Lord Chancellor's public sittings, an attempt was made to bring on the consideration of the cause, HOBHOUSE *v.* DALLAS, out of its proper rotation. This was resisted; but Lord Eldon being informed of the pressing nature of the business, kindly consented to take the papers to his

house, and without calling for the arguments of counsel, gave his decision at a private sitting. Accordingly, on the 23d of August, 1824, the Lord Chancellor delivered the following judgment in his private room. It is copied literally from the short-hand writer's notes.

“ ‘LORD CHANCELLOR.—In the case' of *Hobhouse and Dallas*, I shall reserve my judgment on one point till Wednesday, because I think it an extremely difficult point. But upon the point, whether this gentleman can publish the letters that Lord Byron wrote to *himself*, I cannot say that it is possible for him to be allowed to do that. I apprehend the law, as it has been settled with respect to letters—the property in letters is, (and whether that was a decision that could very well have stood at first or not,² I will not under-

¹ “ It is owing to this circumstance that no report of the cause has appeared in the public papers.”

² This certainly does seem to be most extraordinary law. Surely the property is in all reason thus transferred

take to say, but it is so settled, therefore I do not think I ought to trouble myself at all about it), that if A. writes a letter to B., B. has the property in that letter, for the purpose of reading and keeping it, but no property in it to publish it; and, therefore, the consequence of that is, that unless the point which relates to the letters that were written by Lord Byron to his mother is a point that can be extended to the letters written by Lord Byron to this gentleman himself,—unless the point on the first case affect the point on the second, it appears to me that the letters written to himself clearly fall within that rule which I am now alluding to.

“The other is a thing which, after carefully reading the bill, and answers of these gentlemen

from A. to B., partly as gift, and often indeed, partly by purchase; for then postage is a price, and sometimes a heavy price. The right of property is one thing, the right to publish another;—but where any one has a right to publish the matter, it would seem to be the receiver, and not the executor of the writer of the letter.—EDITOR.

who propose to be the publishers, I have formed an inclination of opinion about it, but which I will not at this moment express, because I think that opinion must be wrong, unless it is founded on every word that is to be found in all the answer relative to the transaction of Lord Byron's putting these letters into the hands of Mr Dallas. That is a point on which I would rather reserve my opinion till Wednesday morning, and then I will conclude it with respect to that question. With respect to the letters written to himself, I confess I entertain no doubt at all about it. And there is another circumstance too, I think, which is, that it is a very different thing with respect to letters written by Lord Byron to his mother—it is a very different thing, as it appears to me, publishing as information what those letters may have communicated as matters of fact, and publishing the letters themselves. If you are here on Wednesday morning, I will give you my judgment on the point which I have reserved, and if you are not here, I will give it on Saturday.'

“COUNSEL.—Then of course the injunction con-

tinues as to the letters written to Mr Dallas himself?’

“ LORD CHANCELLOR.—Yes; and with respect to the others, that will stand over till Wednesday. I don’t see, if an action was brought against Mr Dallas for publishing the other letters, I don’t see how he could defend that action; for the question about the other letters depends entirely, I think, on what is supposed to have passed between himself and Lord Byron alone; and, therefore, if an action was brought against him, there could be no evidence at all that would take his case out of the reach of the law.’¹

“ These are the words of the Lord Chancellor’s

¹ The construction of this part of the injunction, then, seems to be, that the *primâ facie* right to the property of the letters of Lord Byron to his *mother* being in Lord Byron’s executors, *Mr Dallas* could produce no evidence *at law* to support the transfer of that property;—not being qualified in a court of law to be witness in his own cause. In conscience, the circumstances in favour of the transfer, or gift, seem clearly with *Mr Dallas*.—EDITOR.

decision, as far as it goes. Nothing took place on the Wednesday with respect to the reserved point; but his Lordship left town on the following Monday, and previously to so doing, he desired the Registrar of the Court to inform Mr Dallas's solicitor, that 'the injunction must remain in all its points.'

« That no step might be omitted which could by possibility enable Mr Dallas to redeem the pledge which he had given to the public, the following letter was sent to the executors by the parties restrained by the injunction of the Court of Chancery from publishing the letters in question :—

« 'To the Executors of the late Right Honourable
Lord Byron.

« *London, 24th of September, 1824.*

« 'GENTLEMEN,

« 'As the Lord Chancellor has given his opinion that the Letters of the late Lord Byron, contained

in the work which we intended to publish, cannot be made public without the permission of his Lordship's executors, we beg to state to you, that the work in question has been perused by the present Lord Byron, who has expressed his approbation of it, and his desire that it should appear; and we now request the permission of the executors for its publication, declaring, at the same time, our readiness to submit the work to the inspection of any person to be mutually approved of by both parties in this transaction; and if any omissions should be suggested, to make all such as, upon a fair examination, may be considered proper.

“ ‘The favour of an immediate answer is requested, addressed under cover to our solicitors, Messrs S. Turner and Son, Red Lion-square.

“ ‘We remain, gentlemen,

“ ‘Your most obedient servants,

“ ‘ALEX. R. C. DALLAS, for R. C. DALLAS,

“ ‘CHARLES KNIGHT, for myself,

and HENRY COLBURN.’

« In consequence of this letter written by the parties to the executors themselves, Messrs Turner and Son, the solicitors to those parties, received the following letter, without a date, from Mr Charles Hanson, the solicitor to the executors :—

« ‘ GENTLEMEN,

« ‘ *Hobhouse and another v. Dallas and others.*

« ‘ I AM directed by the executors of the late Lord Byron, in answer to a letter addressed to them by your clients, containing a proposal for the publication of the late Lord Byron’s letters in the work in question, to inform you, that the executors do not deem it proper to sanction the publication of any of Lord Byron’s letters; and that they are advised to pursue legal measures to compel the delivering up to them such of the letters as they are entitled, as his representatives, to possess. It has been represented to the executors that a publication of the letters in question has been contemplated abroad. The executors

do not vouch for the truth of this report; but I think it proper to mention, that if such a thing should be done, it will be deemed by the executors a contempt of the Injunction granted in this cause.

“ ‘I am, etc.

“ ‘CHAS. HANSON.’

This letter having closed every possible avenue by which the correspondence could be given to the British public, as had been promised, Mr Dallas was placed in the situation which was stated at the beginning of this narrative; and there was no alternative left to him but the step which he has since taken. He therein trusts that the RECOLLECTIONS will sufficiently establish the propriety of the intended publication, as far as relates to the *nature of its contents*; and he has given this Statement to the public, with a view to prove the propriety of Mr Dallas's intention and conduct in promising its publication; and the existence of the Injunc-

tion relieves him from all blame in not performing his promise in England.

“After the full statement that has been made, it will not be necessary to detain the reader much longer. There are, however, three points to which Mr A. Dallas begs to draw attention:—The first is the difference between the words ‘*private*’ and ‘*confidential*.’ The parties who oppose the publication of the Correspondence made use of them as synonymous; against this use of them the parties who intended the publication distinctly protest. The *private letters* of a *public* man are those in which, unrestrained by the *present* intention of publication to the world, he naturally and inartificially conveys his thoughts, sentiments, and opinions to a friend. Can it be said that when a man’s celebrity has raised him from his peculiar circle to belong to the unlimited one of all mankind, and when his death has made him the subject of history, and rendered the development of

his character interesting to all the world, it is a breach of confidence to give to the world such *private* letters so written? *Confidential letters* are those in which any man intrusts that which at the time he would not make known, to the keeping and secrecy of one in whom he confides. Such letters, it is a breach of confidence, and highly dishonourable, to publish. Mr A. Dallas submits these definitions to the criticism of the public; and by them he wishes the matter in question to be tried. Messrs Hobhouse and Hanson, *without ever having read one word of the letters* proposed to be published, swear, that they ARE confidential, and that the publication of them would be a breach of honour and confidence. Mr Dallas, Mr Spearman, Mr Knight, and Mr A. Dallas, *after having carefully read over all the letters*, swear, that they ARE NOT confidential. Mr Dallas not only acknowledges that they are *private*, according to the above definition, but he publishes them *because* they are so; if they were not, they would not be

worth publishing now. But had they been *confidential*, no inducement on earth would have prevailed with Mr Dallas to submit them to the inspection of any third person whatever, much less to publish them.

« The second point to be attended to is the reluctance of Mr Dallas to submit the Correspondence to the inspection of the executors, with a view to their decision on its publication. This point has been already incidentally touched upon; but a few more observations may, perhaps, be pardonable. Mr Dallas never denied the right of an executor to prevent the posthumous publication of letters which were either libellous, or injurious to the deceased, or otherwise improper for publication; but, without adverting to the legal question, he did deny that persons differing from an author in opinions respecting religion, morality, politics, and patriotism, ought to have unlimited control, and the power of an unalterable *veto*, over a

work, in which those subjects were more or less discussed. For this reason he refused to submit the work in question to Messrs Hobhouse and Hanson, because, as far as he knew, or had heard of either, he had grounds for believing that he differed materially from them both on one or other of those points. But when a third person was mentioned, to whom the book might be submitted, the greatest readiness was shown to make an amicable arrangement; and the proposition contained in the final letter to the executors, is exactly the same as was made in a previous stage of the business through the present Lord Byron.

“The third point to be mentioned is that, after reading this narrative, it cannot but be painful to be forced to the conviction that the opposition of the executors amounts, by their own confession in the affidavits, to a *matter of property* only. They cannot venture to say, in the face of all the evidence adduced as to the na-

ture of the work, that they oppose its publication in tenderness to Lord Byron's character; they know it is more likely to exalt his character, as far as it may be exalted, than any other work that can be written;¹ they know that those who most desire to see Lord Byron's character placed, if possible, in a better light than it stands at present, approve of the work, and wish it to be made public. Neither can they venture to say that they fear to allow this Correspondence to appear, lest it should be taken as a precedent, and other letters less proper should afterwards come forth; for they have the power offered to them of sanctioning the work in the title-page by their '*permission*,' which would leave them at liberty to resist any *unsanctioned* publication. They, therefore, are forced to acknowledge, as they do in the course of these proceedings, that their opposition is *a matter of property*,—that is to say, that they want to make the most of

¹ It certainly does exalt his character; and Mr A. Dallas naturally sees this in the strongest light.—EDITOR.

these letters for the benefit of the late Lord Byron's legatee.^{1 2}

“No one, under all the circumstances, can doubt, morally speaking, that Lord Byron made a free gift to Mr Dallas of his mother's letters. Other proof than that which can now be given might, perhaps, be necessary to satisfy

¹ “It is hardly possible to be believed that all these oaths, as of knowledge upon surmisings, have for their object to add a few hundreds to the hundred thousand of pounds that Lord Byron has stripped from an ancient and honourable title which they were meant to support—not to give to his daughter, which would have put the silence of feeling upon the reproach of justice, but to enrich his sister *of the half blood*, she being married, and of course naturally bound only to expect and to follow the fortunes of her husband.—*A. Dallas.*”

² Some bitterness must be forgiven to Mr Dallas, though it breaks out with a good deal of fever here, and in the note. It cannot be denied that it was a little hard on the present Peer, not to inherit what remained out of the sale of *Newstead*.—EDITOR.

the requirements of law; but, certainly, the oaths that have been sworn are not calculated to remove the moral conviction from the mind, that the letters are the property of Mr Dallas. As it is not according to the rules of law that matters of feeling are decided, there is a circumstance, of no slight importance, which should be taken into consideration, in forming an opinion upon this transaction. For many years of his life Lord Byron never saw Mrs Leigh,¹ and would have no communication with her; he was averse to the society of the sex, and thought lightly of family ties. This separation continued from his boyhood up to the year 1812; during the latter part of which period Mr Dallas, continually, but fruitlessly, endeavoured to induce Lord Byron to take notice of Mrs Leigh. However, after his return to England, when the publication of

¹ It is believed that Mrs Leigh was brought up in her infancy with her half-sister, the Countess of Chichester, by their grandmother, the Countess of Holderness.

Childe Harold was approaching, his arguments were urged with more force, and Lord Byron, at length, yielded to them. The gift of an early copy of the *Pilgrimage* was one of the first steps towards a renewal of intercourse; and the kind and affectionate terms in which that gift was expressed, as mentioned in the *Recollections*, were the result of feelings which Mr Dallas had endeavoured to excite. That gentleman, during his life-time, never took merit to himself for promoting this union, though he has frequently mentioned the circumstances to his son, who now makes use of them without having been entrusted to do so; but, impelled by the necessity of vindicating his father under the unexpected treatment he has experienced.¹

¹ « The result of this union, *so produced*, has been, that Lord Byron, against all *moral* right, has applied the money procured by the sale of Newstead Abbey, to enrich his half-sister, and left the family title without the family estate which belonged to it. It may be said against all *moral* right, because the grant of Newstead was made by Henry VIII., to his ancestor, as the representative, at

« The Lord Chancellor's decision sets the question of law at rest; and Mr A. Dallas is anxious distinctly to state, that neither Mr Dallas nor himself have ever presumed to call in question the soundness of an opinion given by the venerable Lord Eldon. Neither of them, indeed,

that time, of a very ancient and honourable family, which was afterwards ennobled by Charles I., having the estate, as well as that of Rochdale, in possession, to support the title so given. Lord Byron received this title and estate together *in collateral descent*, he being the grand nephew only of his predecessor. The law, which destroyed the perpetuity of entails, could not destroy the feeling which makes a man morally bound to transmit such honours and such an estate together to his successors; and had Lord Byron's grand-uncle sold Newstead and Rochdale, because he had no son, nor even brother, nor nephew, nor *cousin*, to succeed him, but only a grand-nephew, his Lordship would have been the first to have felt the moral injustice done him. Lord Byron is succeeded in a nearer relationship than that in which he stood to his predecessor; yet he leaves a title and a name distinguished in almost every generation from the conquest, without any of the rewards which were given to the successive bearers of that name, to support its ancient honours.»

had taken the legal view of the subject, which his Lordship appears to have entertained; and they were warranted in bringing the matter to an issue, by the opinion of one of the most deservedly celebrated lawyers at the Chancery Bar. Without such an opinion, they certainly would not have added the heavy expenses of a Chancery suit, to the already considerable loss occasioned by the nearly completed preparations for publishing a large edition of the work in quarto. It is particularly necessary, thus publicly to declare an humble submission to the authority of the Court of Chancery, as the appearance of the work in France may induce a supposition that the Author and Editor could be guilty of an *intentional* contempt of that Court. To prevent such a supposition, which would be very far from the truth, the Editor has only to declare, that the arrangements for publication with Messrs A. and W. GALIGNANI, of Paris, were made by Mr Dallas, not only before the matter was decided; but that the foundation of those arrangements was laid before

the work was offered to any bookseller in London. To this fact the following letter will bear testimony:—

“ ‘To Messrs. A. and W. Galignani, Paris.

“ ‘*Ste. Adresse, near Havre de Grace, May 31, 1824.*

“ ‘GENTLEMEN,

“ ‘You may, perhaps, remember my calling at your house when I was in Paris some time ago. I write at present to inform you, that I have some very interesting manuscripts of Lord Byron’s, which I am going to publish in London, where I purpose to send them as soon as they are copied. I am not decided as to disposing of the copyright; but whether I do or not, I mean to offer them to a Paris publisher for a translation, so that the French and English editions may appear at the same time. I offer you the preference; but I beg an immediate answer, as I mean, if you decline the offer, to write to a friend in Paris to treat with another respectable bookseller.

“ ‘With regard to the interest of the work, you

cannot, it is true, judge of that without a more particular communication; but all I wish at present to know is, whether you would enter into this speculation, if the manuscripts prove to possess great interest. I would give you a sight of them, if the distance between us did not prevent it, but in the course of this week they go to London.

“ ‘When I was in Paris, I gave you a print of Lord Byron. It was much soiled, but certainly the best likeness I have seen of him. You purposed having a reduced engraving made of it—did you get it done?’

“ ‘I am, gentlemen,

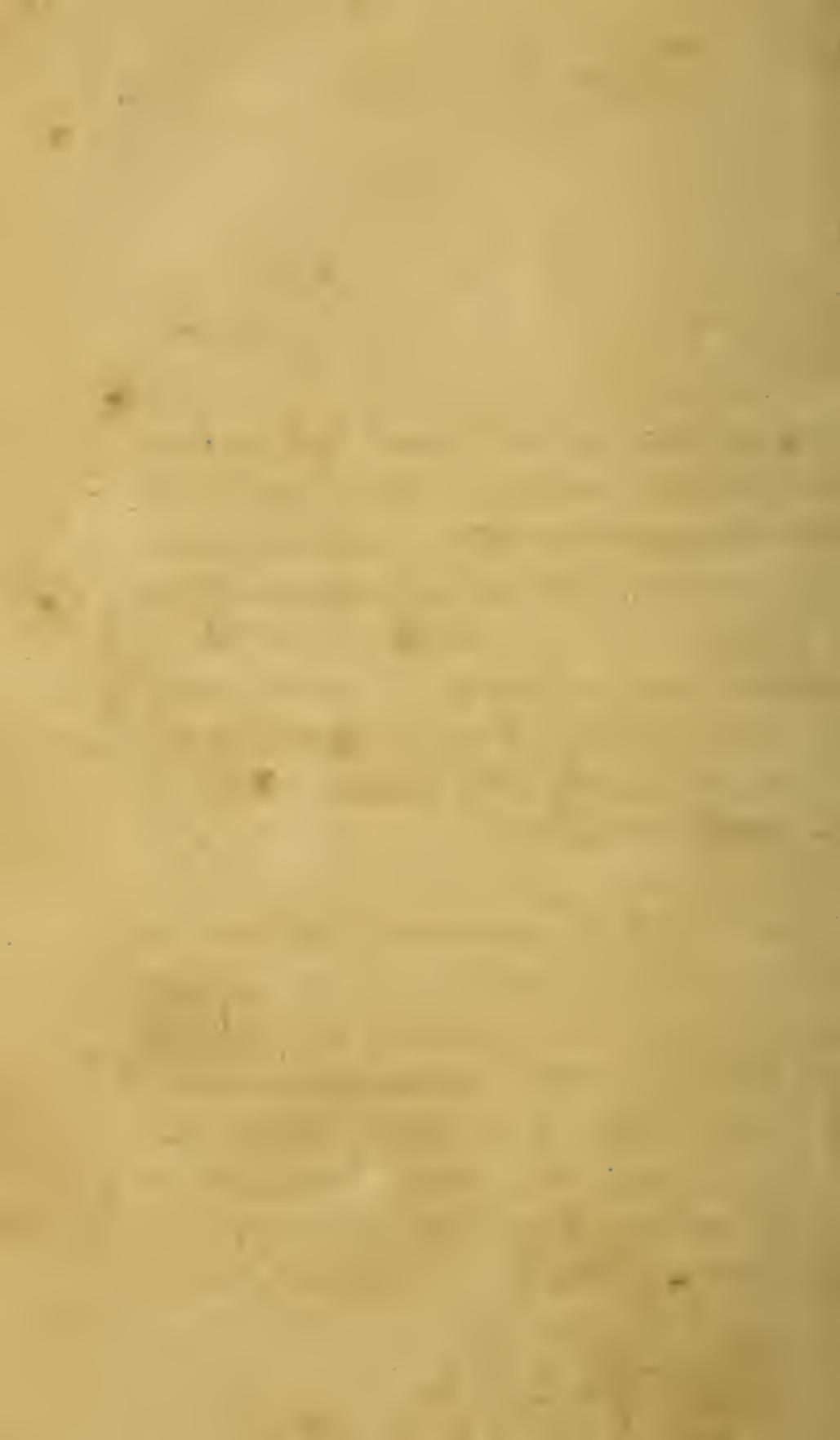
“ ‘Your humble servant,

“ ‘R. C. DALLAS.’

“ After arranging for the publication in England, Mr Dallas returned without loss of time to France. At Paris, he entered into a written

agreement with Messrs Galignani, according to the terms of which the sheets were transmitted to them, as they were struck off in London. Mr Dallas himself remained in Paris to conduct the work through the press; and it had nearly advanced as far as the edition in England, when the progress of both was arrested by the injunction. Mr Dallas has been under the necessity of abiding by the pecuniary loss to a large amount, which the advanced state of the work, when stopped, brings upon him in England; but this very fact is a reason why he should be unable to meet a similar loss to nearly a similar amount in France. And not only were the actual expenses incurred to be considered, but, by suppressing the work in Paris, he would have been liable to the consequences of a lawsuit upon his formal contract there also. Mr Dallas, therefore, was left without a reasonable alternative, and the arrangements with Messrs Galignani have been allowed to proceed; and this the more necessarily, as from the number of hands through which the manuscript had

passed, and the copies of it which had been dispersed for translation and other literary purposes, it was impossible to guard against the almost certain appearance of the work in part, or in the whole, however unsanctioned by the approbation of the editor. In these arrangements with Messrs Galignani, Mr Knight and Mr Colburn were not, and are not, in any respect parties;—the right of such publication having been reserved to Mr Dallas in the original agreement.»



. N O T E.

As, in the first page of this work, it is asserted that Lord Byron was born at Dover, and as the public newspapers stated that, in the inscription on the urn which contained his Lordship's relics, it was said that he was born in London, Mr A. Dallas has thought it right to publish the extract of a letter to himself, from the Author of the Recollections, in which his reasons for making the assertion are stated:—

“ I find in the newspapers that Lord Byron is stated *on the urn* to have been born in London. The year previous to the January when he was born, I was on a visit to Captain Byron and my sister at Chantilly. Lord Byron's father and mother, with Mrs Leigh, then Augusta Byron, a child then about four years old, were in France. I returned to Boulogne, where I then had a house,

where I was visited by Mrs Byron, in her way to England; she was pregnant, and stopped at Dover, on crossing the Channel. That Lord Byron was born there, I recollect being mentioned both by his uncle and my sister, and I am so fully persuaded of it (Captain Byron and my sister soon followed, and staid some time at Folkestone),¹ that I cannot even now give full credit to the contrary, and half suspect that his mother might have had him christened in London, and thus given ground for a mistake.”

¹ It may be added that Captain Byron's sister, mother to Colonel Leigh, resided some years at Sandgate, close to Folkestone, where the writer of this note remembers seeing her—he thinks about 1792.—EDITOR.

CORRESPONDENCE,

ETC. ETC.



CORRESPONDENCE

OF

LORD BYRON.

LORD BYRON was a nephew of the late Captain George Anson Byron, of the Royal Navy, who was married to my sister, Henrietta-Charlotte. In consequence of this connexion I was well acquainted with Lord Byron's father and mother. The former, whose name was John, died at Valenciennes, not long after the birth of his son, which took place at Dover, 22d January, 1788; the latter went with her child into Scotland, and I lost sight of them for

many years. I heard of him when a boy at De Loyauté's Academy, and afterwards, on the death of the old Lord, his grand uncle, when he was placed at Harrow. Captain Byron and my sister were then both dead, and I saw little of the Byron family for several years.

At the end of the year 1807, some of my family observed in the newspapers extracts from Lord Byron's juvenile Poems, which he had published under the title of *Hours of Idleness*. I ordered the volume, which I received on the 27th of December. I read it with great pleasure, and, if it is not saying too much for my own judgment, discerned in it marks of the genius which has been since so universally acknowledged. Though sensible of some personal gratification from this proof of superior talents breaking forth in the nephew of my friend and brother, it did not enter my mind to make it the occasion of seeking the author, till I was urged to compliment him upon his

publication, which I did in the letter that stands first in the following correspondence.

He was called George after his uncle, who was his godfather: the name of Gordon had been assumed by his father in compliance with a condition imposed by will on the husband of Miss Gordon, the maiden name of his mother, and on the representatives of her family.



LETTER I.

To the Right Honourable GEORGE GORDON,
LORD BYRON.

King's Road, Chelsea, Jan. 6th, 1808.

MY LORD,

YOUR Poems were sent to me a few days ago. I have read them with more pleasure than I can express, and I feel myself irresistibly impelled to pay you a tribute on the effusions of a noble mind in strains so truly poetic. Lest, however, such a tribute from a stranger should appear either romantic or indecorous, let me inform your Lordship that the name of Byron is extremely dear to me, and that for some portion of my life I was intimately connected with, and enjoyed the friendship of, a near relation of yours, who had begun

to reflect new lustre on it, and who, had he lived, would have added a large share of laurels to those which your Muse so sweetly commemorates: I mean your father's brother, through whom I also knew your father and mother.

Your Poems, my Lord, are not only beautiful as compositions,—they bespeak a heart glowing with honour, and attuned to virtue, which is infinitely the higher praise. Your addresses to Newstead Abbey, a place about which I have often conversed with your uncle, are in the true spirit of chivalry, and the following lines are in a spirit still more sublime:

“ I will not complain, and though chilled is affection,
With me no corroding resentment shall live:
My bosom is calm'd by the simple reflection,
That both may be wrong, and that both should forgive.”

A spirit that brings to my mind another noble author, who was not only a fine poet, orator, and historian, but one of the closest reasoners we have on the truth of that religion, of which forgiveness

is a prominent principle; the great and the good Lord Lyttleton, whose fame will never die. His son, to whom he had transmitted genius but not virtue, sparkled for a moment, and went out like a falling star, and with him the title became extinct. He was the victim of inordinate passions, and he will be heard of in this world only by those who read the English Peerage. The lines which I have just cited, and the sentiments that pervade your volume, sufficiently indicate the affinity of your mind with the former; and I have no doubt that like him you will reflect more honour on the Peerage than the Peerage on you.

I wish, my Lord, that it had been within your plan, and that you had been permitted to insert among your poems the verses from your friend complaining of the warmth of your descriptions. It must have been much to his honour; and from the general sentiments of your reply, I think your Lordship will not long continue of an opinion you express in it: I mean, that you will not always consider the strength of virtue in some, and the downhill career of other young women, as ren-

dering the perusal of very lively descriptions a matter of indifference. Those whom education and early habits have made strong, and those whom neglected nurseries or corrupt schools have rendered weak, are, perhaps, few, compared to the number that are for a time undecided characters; that is, who have not been advanced to the adamant rock of purity by advice and by example; nor, on the other hand, are yet arrived at the steep pitch of descent, where their progress cannot be arrested, but are still within the influence of impressions. Rousseau acknowledges the danger of warm descriptions, in the front of a book in which that danger is pushed to its utmost extent; and, at the same time, with his usual paradoxical inconsistency, says it will not be his fault that certain ruin ensues, for good girls should not read novels. I have not the *New Heloise* by me, but I translate the passage from an *Essay on Romances* by Marmontel: "No chaste young woman," says Rousseau, "ever reads novels, and I have given this a title sufficiently expressive to show, on opening it, what is to be expected. She who, in spite of that title, shall dare to read a single page of it

is a *lost young woman*; but let her not impute her ruin to this book: the mischief was done before, and as she has begun, let her read to the end; she has nothing more to risk." On this Marmontel asks if the title, *LETTERS OF TWO LOVERS*, is a bugbear; and adds: "shall he who puts sweet poison in the reach of children say, if they poison themselves, that he is not to be blamed for it?"

Having perhaps already trespassed too much on your time, I will not pursue this subject further, but content myself with referring your Lordship to the Essay which I have cited, for an admirable critique on Rousseau's Novel. It is printed with Marmontel's other works.

And now, my Lord, shall I conclude with an apology for my letter? If I thought one necessary I would burn it: yet I should feel myself both delighted and honoured if I were sure your Lordship is better pleased with its being put into the post than into the fire. Most sincerely do I wish you success in those pursuits to which I conceive you allude in your preface; and I congratulate you

that, at so early a period of your life, and in spite of being a favourite of the Muses, you feel yourself born for your country.

I am,

My Lord,

Your most obedient Servant,

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER II.

TO R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

Dorant's Hotel, Albemarle-Street, Jan. 20th, 1808.

SIR,

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

If the little volume you mention has given pleasure to the author of *Percival* and *Aubrey*, I am sufficiently repaid by his praise; though our periodical censors have been uncommonly lenient, I confess a tribute from a man of acknowledged genius is still more flattering. But I am afraid I should

forfeit all claim to candour, if I did not decline such praise as I do not deserve; and this is, I am sorry to say, the case in the present instance. The compositions speak for themselves, and must stand or fall by their own worth or demerit: *thus far* I feel highly gratified by your favourable opinion. But my pretensions to virtue are unluckily so few, that though I should be happy to merit, I cannot accept, your applause in that respect. One passage in your letter struck me forcibly: you mention the two Lords Lyttleton in the manner they respectively deserve, and will be surprised to hear the person who is now addressing you has been frequently compared to the *latter*. I know I am injuring myself in your esteem by this avowal, but the circumstance was so remarkable from your observation, that I cannot help relating the fact. The events of my short life have been of so singular a nature, that, though the pride commonly called honour has, and I trust ever will, prevent me from disgracing my name by a mean or cowardly action, I have been already held up as the votary of licentiousness, and the disciple of infidelity.

How far justice may have dictated this accusation I cannot pretend to say, but, like the *gentleman* to whom my religious friends, in the warmth of their charity, have already devoted me, I am made worse than I really am. However, to quit myself (the worst theme I could pitch upon,) and return to my poems, I cannot sufficiently express my thanks, and I hope I shall some day have an opportunity of rendering them in person. A second edition is now in the press, with some additions and considerable omissions; you will allow me to present you with a copy. The Critical, Monthly, and Anti-Jacobin Reviews have been very indulgent; but the Eclectic has pronounced a furious Philip-*pic*, not against the *book* but the *author*, where you will find all I have mentioned asserted by a reverend divine who wrote the critique.

Your name and connexion with our family have been long known to me, and I hope your person will be not less so; you will find me an excellent compound of a « Brainless » and a « Stanhope. »*

* Characters in the novel of *Percival*.

I am afraid you will hardly be able to read this, for my hand is almost as bad as my character; but you will find me as legibly as possible,

Your obliged

and obedient Servant,

BYRON.

LETTER III.

TO LORD BYRON.

King's Road, January 21st, 1808.

MY LORD,

I AM much indebted to the impulse that incited me to write to you, for the new pleasure it has procured me.

Though your letter has made some alteration in the portrait my imagination had painted, it has in two points heightened it: the candour with which you decline praise you think you do not deserve, and your declaration that you should be happy to merit it, convince me that you have been very injudiciously compared to the last Lord Lyttleton. I own that, from the design you express in your preface of resigning the

service of the Muses for a different vocation, I conceived you bent on pursuits which lead to the character of a legislator and statesman. I imagined you at one of the Universities, training yourself to habits of reasoning and eloquence, and storing up a large fund of history and law, preparatory to the time when your rank in society must necessarily open to you an opportunity of gratifying a noble ambition. But I have not taken up the pen to make your Lordship's letter the subject of a sermon: on the contrary, I am perfectly sensible that if you do indeed need the reform some of your friends think you do, pedantry will never effect it; and though my years and the compliments you pay me might be some excuse for me, the only inclination I feel at present is to express a warm wish that so much candour, good sense and talent, may lead you to the knowledge of TRUTH, and the enjoyment of REAL HAPPINESS.

I write principally to thank you for the honour you intend me by a gift of the new edition of your poems, which I shall be happy to receive; and to say that I mean to avail myself of your expression relative to a meeting to pay my compliments to

you in Albemarle-street, in the course of a few days.

While the pen is in my hand, I will just say that my mention of Lord Lyttleton to you who had been compared with him is singular: but it is no less remarkable that before I was of your age I was anxious to see him, and went from school to the House of Peers on purpose, when he introduced a bill for licensing a theatre at Manchester, in which I heard him opposed by your relation Lord Carlisle. No, no; you are not like him—you *shall not* be like him, except in eloquence.

Pardon this last effusion, and believe me to be,

My Lord,

Your faithful and obedient Servant,

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER IV.

TO R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

Dorant's, January 21st, 1808.

SIR,

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

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

limited to the Church—not of Christ, but of the nearest benefice.

As to my reading, I believe I may aver, without hyperbole, it has been tolerably extensive in the historical department; so that few nations exist, or have existed, with whose records I am not in some degree acquainted, from Herodotus down to Gibbon. Of the Classics I know about as much as most schoolboys after a discipline of thirteen years: of the *Law of the Land*, as much as enables me to keep “within the statute,” to use the poacher’s vocabulary: I did study “the Spirit of Laws,” and the Law of Nations; but when I saw the latter violated every month, I gave up my attempts at so useless an accomplishment: of Geography, I have seen more land on maps than I should wish to traverse on foot: of Mathematics, enough to give me the head-ach without clearing the part affected: of Philosophy, Astronomy, and Metaphysics, more than I can comprehend; and of common sense so little, that I mean to leave a Byronian prize at each of our “*Almæ Matres*” for the first discovery,

though I rather fear that of the Longitude will precede it.

I once thought myself a philosopher, and talked nonsense with great decorum: I defied pain, and preached up equanimity. For some time this did very well, for no one was in *pain* for me but my friends, and none lost their patience but my hearers. At last, a fall from my horse convinced me bodily suffering was an evil; and the worst of an argument overset my maxims and my temper at the same moment, so I quitted Zeno for Aristippus, and conceive that pleasure constitutes the *το καλον*. In morality, I prefer Confucius to the Ten Commandments, and Socrates to St. Paul, though the two latter agree in their opinion of marriage. In religion I favour the Catholic emancipation, but do not acknowledge the Pope; and I have refused to take the Sacrament, because I do not think eating bread or drinking wine from the hand of an earthly vicar will make me an inheritor of heaven. I hold virtue in general, or the virtues severally, to be only in the disposition, each a *feeling*, not a principle. I believe truth the prime attribute o

the Deity; and death an eternal sleep, at least, of the body. You have here a brief compendium of the sentiments of the *wicked* George Lord Byron; and, till I get a new suit, you will perceive I am badly clothed. I remain,

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

I considered these letters, though evidently grounded on some occurrences in the still earlier part of his life, rather as *jeux d'esprit* than as a true portrait. I called on him on the 24th of January, and was delighted with the interview. In a few days, the 27th, I dined with him, and was more and more pleased with him. I saw nothing to warrant the character he had given of himself: on the contrary, when a young fellow-collegian, who dined with us, introduced a topic on which I did not hesitate to avow my orthodoxy, he very gracefully diverted the conversation from the channel of ridicule which it had begun to take,

and partly combated on my side, though, as I was afterwards convinced, his opinion did not differ from his companion's, who was also a polite gentleman, and did not make me feel the contempt which he probably entertained for the blindness of my understanding. After this I saw him frequently, always with new pleasure, but occasionally mixed with pain, as intimacy removed the polite apprehension of offending, and showed me his engrafted opinions of religion. I must say *engrafted*, for I think he was inoculated by the young pridelings of intellect, with whom he associated at the University. In the course of the spring he left town, and I did not see him or hear from him for several months.

In the beginning of the next year, I was agreeably surprised on receiving a note from him, dated January 20th, at Reddish's Hotel, St. James's-street, requesting to see me on the morning of the Sunday following. I did not fail to keep the appointment. It was his birth-day, (January 22d, 1809,) and that on which he came of age. He was in high spirits; indeed, so high as to seem to me

more flippant on the subject of religion, and some others, than he had ever appeared before. But he tempered the overflow of his gaiety with good manners and so much kindness, that, far from being inclined to take offence, I felt a hope that by adopting forbearance, I might do him some service in an occasional argument or sentiment: for, although I did not put on solemn looks, I never, for a moment, allowed him to imagine that I could adopt his opinions on sacred points. He talked of the Earl of Carlisle with more than indignation. I had heard him before speak bitterly of that nobleman, whose applause he had courted for his juvenile poetry, and from whom he received a frigid answer, and little attention. But his anger that morning proceeded from another cause. Overcoming, or rather stifling the resentment of the poet, he had written to remind the Earl that he should be of age at the commencement of the ensuing Session of Parliament, in expectation of being introduced by him, and, being presented as his near relation, saved some trouble and awkwardness. A cold reply informed him, technically, of the mode of proceeding; but nothing

more. Extremely nettled, he determined to lash his relation with all the gall he could throw into satire. He declaimed against the ties of consanguinity, and abjured even the society of his sister. When he had vented his resentment on this subject, he attacked the editor and other writers of the *Edinburgh Review*; and then told me that, since I last saw him, he had written a Satire on them, which he wished me to read. He put it into my hands, and I took it home. I was surprised and charmed with the nerve it evinced. I immediately wrote to him upon it, and he requested me to get it published without his name. I offered it to the house of Messrs Longman and Co.; but they declined it, from its asperity. I then gave it to Mr Cawthorn, by whom it was published.

LETTER V.

TO LORD BYRON.

King's Road, January 24, 1809.

MY DEAR LORD BYRON,

I HAVE read your Satire with infinite pleasure, and were you sufficiently acquainted with my mind to be certain that it cannot stoop to flattery, I would tell you that it rivals the Baviad and Mæviad; but, till my praise is of that value, I will not be profuse of it.

I think in general with you of the literary merit of the writers introduced. I am particularly pleased with your distinction in Scott's character;—a man of genius adopting subjects which men of genius will hardly read twice, if they can go

through them once. But, in allowing Mr Scott to be a man of genius, and agreeing, as you must, after the compliments you pay to Campbell and M^cNeil, that he is not the only one Scotland has produced, it will be necessary to sacrifice, or modify, your note relative to the introduction of the kilted goddess, who, after all, in having to kiss such a son as you picture Jeffrey, can be but a spurious germ of divinity.

As you have given me the flattering office of looking over your poem with more than a common reader's eye, I shall scrutinize, and suggest any change I may think advantageous. And, in the first place, I propose to you an alteration of the title. "*The British Bards*"¹ immediately brings to the imagination those who were slain by the first Edward. If you prefer it to the one I am going to offer, at least let the definite article be left out. I would fain have you however call the Satire, "*The Parish Poor of Parnassus;*" which will afford an opportunity for a note of this nature:

¹ This was the intended title of the Satire.

—“ Booksellers have been called the midwives of literature; with how much more propriety may they now be termed overseers of the poor of Parnassus, and keepers of the workhouse of that desolated spot. ”

I enclose a few other alterations of passages, straws on the surface, which you would make yourself, were you to correct the press.

I will also take the liberty of sending you some two dozen lines, which, if they neither offend your ear nor your judgment, I wish you would adopt, on account of the occasion which has prompted them. I am acquainted with ^{***}, and, though not on terms of very close intimacy, I know him sufficiently to esteem him as a man. He has but a slender income, out of which he manages to support two of his relations. His literary standard is by no means contemptible, and his objects have invariably been good ones. Now for any author to step out of the common track of criticism to make a victim of such a man, by the means of a

particular book, made up of unfair ridicule and caricature, for the venal purpose of collecting a few guineas, is not only unworthy of a scholar, but betrays the malignity of a demon. If you think my lines feeble, let your own breast inspire your pen on the occasion, and send me some.

I shall delay the printing as little as possible; but I have some apprehension as to the readiness of my publishers to undertake the sale, for they have a large portion of the work of the Poor of Parnassus to dispose of. I will see them without delay, and persuade them to it if I can; if not, I will employ some other. Southey is a great favourite of theirs, and I must be ingenuous enough to tell you, that though I have ever disapproved of the absurd attempt to alter, or rather destroy, the harmony of our verse, and found *Joan of Arc* and *Mudoc* tedious, I think the power of imagination, though of the marvellous, displayed in *Thalaba*,

« Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wondrous son,»

evinces genius.

I see your Muse has given a couplet to your noble relation;—I doubt whether it will not be read as the two severest lines in the Satire, and do, what I could wish avoided for the present, betray the author, which will render abortive a thought that has entered my mind, of having the Satire most favourably reviewed in the *Satirist*, which, on its being known afterwards to be yours, would raise a laugh against your enemies in that quarter. Consider, and tell me, whether the lines shall stand.¹ I agree that there is only *one* among the

¹ The lines were:—

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

I was not a little surprised at this compliment, after what I had so lately heard him say of Lord Carlisle; but the fact is, that the couplet was composed before he had written to his Lordship, and perhaps in contemplation of the attention he expected from him when he came of age. He brought the Satire from Newstead to London unaltered, and had not revised it when he put it into my hands. He not only changed it, but added lines and notes, as the poem was going through the press.

peers on whom Apollo deigns to smile; but, believe me, that peer is no *relation* of yours.

I am sorry you have not found a place among the genuine Sons of Apollo for Crabbe, who, in spite of something bordering on servility in his dedication, may surely rank with some you have admitted to his temple. And now, before I lay down my pen, I will tell you the passage which gave me the greatest pleasure—that on Little. I am no preacher, but it is very pleasing to read such a confirmation of the opinion I had formed of you; to find you an advocate for keeping a veil over the despotism of the senses. Such poems are far more dangerous to society than Rochester's. In your concluding line on Little, I would, though in a quotation, substitute, *line*, or *lay*, for *life*:

“ She bids thee mend thy *line* and sin no more.”¹

¹ In the original the words were “ mend thy *life*.” He however adopted the word *line*.

LORD BYRON.

31

Pray answer as soon as you conveniently can,
and believe me ever, My Lord,

Yours most faithfully,

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER VI.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Reddish's Hotel, Jan. 25th, 1809.

MY DEAR SIR,

My only reason for not adopting your lines is because they are *your* lines. You will recollect what Lady Wortley Montague said to Pope: « no touching, for the good will be given to you, and the bad attributed to me.» I am determined it shall be all my own, except such alterations as may be absolutely requisite; but I am much obliged by the trouble you have taken, and your good opinion.

The couplet on Lord C. may be scratched out, and the following inserted:

Roscommon! Sheffield! with your spirits fled,
 No future laurels deck a noble head;
 Nor e'en a hackney'd Muse will deign to smile
 On minor Byron, or mature Carlisle.

This will answer the purpose of concealment.
 Now, for some couplets on Mr Crabbe, which
 you may place after « Gifford, Sotheby, M'Neil: »

There be who say, in these enlighten'd days,
 That splendid lies are all the Poet's praise;
 That strain'd invention, ever on the wing,
 Alone impels the modern Bard to sing.
 'Tis true that all who rhyme, nay, all who write,
 Shrink from that fatal word to genius, trite:
 Yet Truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,
 And decorate the verse herself inspires.
 This fact in Virtue's name let Crabbe attest;
 Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best.

I am sorry to differ with you with regard to the
 title, but I mean to retain it with this addition:
 «The British English ¹ Bards and Scotch Re-

¹ The corrections of the pen are occasionally retained
 when they indicate doubt and choice. It is evident Lord

viewers ;”—and, if we call it a *Satire*, it will obviate the objection, as the Bards also were Welch. Your title is too humorous;—and as I know a little of ***, I wish not to embroil myself with him, though I do not commend his treatment of ***.

I shall be glad to hear from you, or see you, and beg you to believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

BYRON.

B. meant to continue the original title, but substituting “English” for “British,” after having written the latter, made a complete alteration.

LETTER VII.

TO LORD BYRON.

Chelsea, Feb. 6, 1809.

MY DEAR LORD,

I HAVE received your lines,¹ which shall be inserted in the proper place. May I say, that I *question* whether *own* and *disown* be an allowable rhyme?

« Translation's servile work at length disown,
And quit Achaia's muse to court your own.

You see I cannot let any thing pass; but this only proves to you how much I feel interested.

I have inserted the note on the kilted goddess; still I would fain have it omitted. My first objec-

¹ Those complimenting the translators of the Anthology.

tion was that it was a fiction in prose, too wide of fact, and not reconcileable with your own praise of Caledonian genius. Another objection now occurs to me of no little importance. There seems at present a disposition in Scotland to withdraw support from the Edinburgh Reviewers: that disposition will favour the circulation of your satire in the north: this note of yours will damp all ardour for it beyond the Tweed. You have yet time; tell me to suppress^d it when I next have the pleasure of seeing you, which will be when I receive the first proof. I did hope to be able to bring the proof this morning, but the printer could not prepare the paper, etc. for the press till to-day. I am promised one by the day after to-morrow.

I trust you will approve of what I have done with the bookseller. He is to be at all the expense and risk, and to account for half the profits,¹ for which he is to have one edition of a

¹ The whole of the profits were left to the publisher without purchase.

thousand copies. It would not have answered to him to have printed only five hundred on these terms. I have also promised him that he shall have the publishing of future editions, if the author chooses to continue it; but I told him that I could not dispose of the copy-right.

I have no doubt of the poem being read in every quarter of the United Kingdom, *provided* however you do not affront Caledonia.

I am,

My dear Lord Byron,

Yours most faithfully,

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER VIII.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

February 7, 1809

MY DEAR SIR,

SUPPOSE we have this couplet—

Though sweet the sound, disdain a borrow'd tone,
Resign Achaia's lyre, and strike your own:

OR,

Though soft the echo, scorn a borrow'd tone,
Resign Achaia's lyre, and strike your own.

So much for your admonitions; but my note o
notes, my solitary pun, must not be given up—
no, rather

« Let mightiest of all the beasts of chace
That roam in woody Caledon»

come against me; my annotation must stand.

We shall never sell a thousand; then why print
so many? Did you receive my yesterday's note?
I am troubling you, but I am apprehensive some
of the lines are omitted by your young amanuen-
sis, to whom, however, I am infinitely obliged.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

LETTER IX.

TO LORD BYRON.

Chelsea, Feb. 7, 1809.

MY DEAR LORD,

ON another perusal of the objectionable note, I find that the omission of two lines only would render it inoffensive—but, as you please.

I observed to you, that in the opening of the poem there appears to be a sudden stop with Dryden. I still feel the gap there; and wish you would add a couple of lines for the purpose of connecting the sense, saying that Otway and Congreve had wove mimic scenes, and Waller tune his lyre to love. If you do, «But why these names, etc.» would follow well—and it is perhaps

the more requisite, as you lash our present Dramatists.

“ Half Tweed combined his waves to form a tear,”

will perhaps strike you, on reconsidering the line, to want alteration. You may make the river god act without cutting him in two : you may make him ruffle half his stream to yield a tear.

“ Hoyle, whose learned page, etc.” The pronoun is an identification of the antecedent *Hoyle*, which is not your meaning—say, *Not he whose learned page, etc.*

“ Earth’s chief dictatress, Ocean’s lonely queen”—

The primary and obvious sense of *lonely* is solitary, which does not preclude the idea of the ocean having other queens. You may have some authority for the use of the word in the acceptance you here give it, but, like the custom in Denmark, I should think it more honoured in the breach than the observance. *Only* offers its service; or why not change the epithet altogether?

I mention these little points to you now, because there is time to do as you please. I hope to call on you to-morrow; if I do not, it will be because I am disappointed of the proof.

Believe me, my dear Lord,

Yours faithfully,

R. C. DALLAS.

I now saw Lord Byron daily. It was about this time that Lord Falkland was killed in a duel, which suggested some lines as the Satire was going through the press. Nature had endowed Lord Byron with very benevolent feelings, which I have had opportunities of discerning, and I have seen them at times render his fine countenance most beautiful. His features seemed formed in a peculiar manner for emanating the high conceptions of genius, and the workings of the passions. I have often, and with no little admiration, witnessed these effects. I have seen them in the

glow of poetical inspiration, and under the influence of strong emotion; on the one hand, mounting to virulence, and on the other, replete with all the expression and grace of the mild and amiable affections. When under the influence of resentment and anger, it was painful to observe the powerful sway of those passions over his features: when he was impressed with kindness, which was the natural state of his heart, it was a high treat to contemplate his countenance. I saw him the morning after Lord Falkland's death. He had just come from seeing the lifeless body of the man with whom he had a very short time before spent a social day; he now and then said, as if it were to himself, but aloud,—“Poor Falkland!” He looked more than he spoke—“But his wife! It is she who is to be pitied!”—I saw his mind teeming with benevolent intentions, and they were not abortive. If ever an action was pure, that which he then meditated was so; and the spirit that conceived, the man that performed it, was at that time making his way through briars and brambles to that clear but narrow way which leads to heaven. You,

who have taken pains to guide him from it, must answer for it!

The remembrance of the impression produced on Lord Byron by Lord Falkland's death, at the period I am retracing, has excited this slight, but sincere and just effusion, and I am sensible that the indulgence of it needs no apology.

As the printing of his Satire proceeded, I urged some alterations and omissions successfully, and others not so. He continued, while the work was in the press, constantly adding to it. The following notes which he wrote to me, and which came quickly after me by the post, as from time to time I quitted him, will show how much his mind was bent upon it.

SHORT NOTES.

I wish you to call, if possible, as I have some alterations to suggest as to the part about Brougham.

February 11th, 1809.

B.

Excuse the trouble, but I have added two lines which are necessary to complete the poetical character of Lord Carlisle.

. in his age
 His scenes alone had damn'd our sinking stage;
 But Managers for once cried, « hold, enough!»
 Nor drugg'd their audience with the tragic stuff.

February 12th, 1809.

Yours, etc. B.

I wish you much to call on me, about *One*, not later, if convenient, as I have some thirty or forty lines for addition.

February 15th, 1809.

Believe me, etc. B.

Ecce iterum Crispinus!—I send you some lines to be placed after «Gifford, Sotheby, M'Neil.» Pray call to-morrow any time before two, and believe me, etc.

B.

P. S.—Print soon or I shall overflow with more rhyme.

February 16th, 1809.

I enclose some lines to be inserted, the first six after "Lords too are Bards, etc.," or rather immediately following the line:

"Ah! who would take their titles with their rhymes."

The four next will wind up the panegyric on Lord Carlisle, and come after "tragic stuff."

Yours truly,

February 19th, 1809.

B.

In these our times with daily wonders big,
 A letter'd Peer is like a letter'd Pig:
 Both know their alphabet, but who from thence
 Infers that Peers or Pigs have manly sense?
 Still less that such should woo the graceful nine?
 Parnassus was not made for Lords and Swine.

Roscommon, Sheffield, etc. etc.

* * * * *

. tragic stuff.

Yet at their judgment let his Lordship laugh,
 And case his volumes in congenial calf:
 Yes, doff that covering where morocco shines,
 "And hang a calf-skin on those recreant" lines.¹

A cut at the opera.—Ecce signum! from last night's observation, and inuendos against the Society for the suppression of Vice. The lines will come well in after the couplets concerning Naldi and Catalani. Yours truly,

February 22d, 1809.

BYRON.

To the poem, as I originally received it, he added a hundred and ten lines, including those to Mr Gifford, on the Opera, Kirke White, Crabbe, the Translators of the Anthology, and Lord Car-

¹ I prevailed upon him to suppress the first six lines; the last four were added with a note.

lisle; and most of the address to Mr Scott towards the conclusion. He once intended to prefix an Argument to the Satire, and wrote one. I have it among many other manuscripts of his, and, as it becomes a curiosity, I insert it.

ARGUMENT INTENDED FOR THE SATIRE.

The poet considereth times past and their poets—maketh a sudden transition to times present—is incensed against book-makers—revileth W. Scott for cupidity and ballad-mongering, with notable remarks on Master Southey—complains that Master Southey hath inflicted three poems epic and otherwise on the public—inveigheth against Wm. Wordsworth, but laudeth Mr Coleridge and his elegy on a young ass—is disposed to vituperate Mr Lewis—and greatly rebuketh Thomas Little (the late) and the Lord Strangford—recommendeth Mr Hayley to turn his attention to prose—and exhorteth the Moravians to glorify Mr Grahame—sympathizeth with the Rev. — Bowles—and deploreth the melancholy fate of Montgomery—breaketh out into

invective against the Edinburgh Reviewers—call-eth them hard names, harpies, and the like—apostrophiseth Jeffrey and prophesieth—Episode of Jeffrey and Moore, their jeopardy and deliverance; portents on the morn of the combat; the Tweed, Tolbooth, Frith of Forth severally shocked; descent of a goddess to save Jeffrey; incorporation of the bullets with his sinciput and occiput—Edinburgh Reviewers *en masse*—Lord Aberdeen, Herbert, Scott, Hallam, Pillans, Lambe, Sydney Smith, Brougham, etc.—The Lord Holland applauded for dinners and translations.—The Drama; Skeffington, Hook, Reynolds, Kenney, Cherry, etc.—Sheridan, Colman, and Cumberland called upon to write—Return to poesy—Scribblers of all sorts—Lords sometimes rhyme; much better not—Hafiz, Rosa Matilda, and X. Y. Z.—Rogers, Campbell, Gifford, etc., true poets—Translators of the Greek Anthology—Crabbe—Darwin's style—Cambridge—Seatonian Prize—Smythe—Hodson—Oxford—Richards—Poeta loquitur—conclusion.

The Satire was published about the middle of

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

understood was also given to him by others, it is natural to ask, how came he by that disposition, for he got it not from nature? Had he not been left early to himself, or rather to dangerous guides and companions, would he have contracted that disposition? Or even, had nature been cross, might it not have been rectified? During his long minority ought not his heart and his intellect to have been trained to the situation he was to fill? Ought he not to have been saved from money-lenders and men of business? And ought not a shield to have been placed over a mind so open to impressions, to protect it from self-sufficient free-thinkers and witty sophs? The wonder is, not that he should have erred, but that he should have broken through the cloud that enveloped him, which was dispersed solely by the rays of his own genius.

After some talk about the Satire, the last sheets of which were in the press, I accompanied Lord Byron to the House. He was received in one of the antechambers by some of the officers in attendance, with whom he settled respecting the

fees he had to pay. One of them went to apprise the Lord Chancellor of his being there, and soon returned for him. There were very few persons in the House. Lord Eldon was going through some ordinary business. When Lord Byron entered, I thought he looked still paler than before; and he certainly wore a countenance in which mortification was mingled with, but subdued by, indignation. He passed the woolsack without looking round, and advanced to the table where the proper officer was attending to administer the oaths. When he had gone through them, the Chancellor quitted his seat, and went towards him with a smile, putting out his hand warmly to welcome him; and, though I did not catch his words, I saw that he paid him some compliment. This was all thrown away upon Lord Byron, who made a stiff bow, and put the tips of his fingers into a hand, the amiable offer of which demanded the whole of his. I was sorry to see this, for Lord Eldon's character is great for virtue, as well as talent; and even in a political point of view, it would have given me inexpressible pleasure to have seen him uniting heartily with him. The

Chancellor did not press a welcome so received, but resumed his seat; while Lord Byron carelessly seated himself for a few minutes on one of the empty benches to the left of the throne, usually occupied by the Lords in opposition. When, on his joining me, I expressed what I had felt, he said: « If I had shaken hands heartily, he would have set me down for one of his party—but I will have nothing to do with any of them, on either side; I have taken my seat, and now I will go abroad.» We returned to St James's-street, but he did not recover his spirits. The going abroad was a plan on which his thoughts had turned for some time; I did not, however, consider it as determined, or so near at hand as it proved. In a few days he left town for Newstead Abbey, after seeing the last proof of the Satire, and writing a short preface to the Poem. In a few weeks I had the pleasure of sending him an account of its success in the following letter.

LETTER X.

TO LORD BYRON.

King's Road, April 17, 1809.

MY DEAR LORD BYRON,

THE essence of what I have to say to you was comprised in the few lines I wrote to you in the cover of my letter to Mr H**. Your Satire had a rapid sale, and the publisher thinks the edition will soon be out. However, what I have to repeat to you is a legitimate source of pleasure, and I request you will receive it as the tribute of genuine praise.

In the first place, notwithstanding our precautions, you are already pretty generally known to be the author. So Cawthorn tells me, and a proof occurred to myself at Hatchard's, the Queen's

Bookseller. On inquiring for the Satire, he told me that he had sold a great many, and had none left, and was going to send for more, which I afterwards found he did. I asked who was the author? He said it was believed to be Lord Byron's. Did he believe it? Yes, he did. On asking the ground of his belief, he told me that a lady of distinction had, without hesitation, asked for it as Lord Byron's Satire. He likewise-informed me that he had inquired of Mr Gifford, who frequents his shop, if it was yours. Mr Gifford denied any knowledge of the author, but spoke very highly of it, and said a copy had been sent to him. Hatchard assured me that all who came to his reading-room admired it. Cawthorn tells me it is universally well spoken of, not only among his own customers, but generally at all the booksellers'. I heard it highly praised at my own publisher's, where I have lately called several times. At Phillips's it was read aloud by Pratt to a circle of literary guests, who were unanimous in their applause:—The *Antijacobin*, as well as the *Gentleman's Magazine*, has already blown the trump of fame for you. We shall see it in the

other Reviews next month, and probably in some severely handled, according to the connexions of the proprietors and editors with those whom it lashes. I shall not repeat my own opinion to you; but I will repeat the request I once made to you, *never to consider me as a flatterer*. Were you a monarch, and had conferred on me the most munificent favours, such an opinion of me would be a signal of retreat, if not of ingratitude: but if you think me sincere, and like me to be candid, I shall delight in your fame, and be happy in your friendship.

I am,

Sincerely and faithfully yours,

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER XI.

TO R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

April 25, 1809.

DEAR SIR,

I AM just arrived at Batt's Hotel, Jermyn-street, St. James's, from Newstead, and shall be very glad to see you when convenient or agreeable. Hobhouse is on his way up to town, full of printing resolution, and proof against criticism.

Believe me, with great sincerity,

Yours truly,

BYRON.

The success of the Satire brought him thus quickly to town. He found the edition almost

exhausted, and began preparing for another, to which he determined to prefix his name. I saw him constantly; and in about a fortnight found the Poem completely metamorphosed, and augmented nearly four hundred lines, but retaining the whole of the first impression. He happily seized on some of the vices which at that juncture obtruded themselves on the public notice, and added some new characters to the list of authors, with censure or applause. Among those who received the latter, it gave me great pleasure to find my excellent friend Waller Rodwell Wright, whose poem, "Horæ Ionicæ," was just published.¹ He allowed me to take home with me his manuscripts as he wrote them; and so soon as the 10th of May I had a note from him urging for them to be sent to the press. He was desirous of hastening the new edition, in order that he might see the last proofs before he left England; for, during his stay at Newstead Abbey, he had arranged with Mr Hobhouse his plan of going abroad early in

¹ Mr Wright was, at that time, Recorder of Bury St Edmunds, and is now the Chief Justice of Malta.

June, but whither, I believe, was not exactly settled; for he sometimes talked to me of crossing the line, sometimes of Persia and India. As the new edition not only concluded in a most bitter strain, and contained besides a prose postscript, in which I thought he allowed his feelings to carry him to an excess of abuse and defiance that looked more like the vaunting ebullition of

“Some fiery youth of new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man,”

than the dignified revenge of genius, I endeavoured to prevail upon him to suppress or alter it, as the proofs which I corrected passed my hands, but I only obtained some modification of his expressions. The following letter, which was the last that I wrote to him respecting the Satire before he left England, will show how strenuous I was on this point, and also the liberty which he allowed me to take.

LETTER XII.

TO LORD BYRON.

MY DEAR LORD BYRON,

NOT being certain that I shall see you to-day, I write to tell you that I am angry with myself on finding that I have more deference for form, than friendship for the author of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." The latter prompted me to tear the concluding pages, left at Cawthorn's; the former withheld me, and I was weak enough to leave the lines to go to the printer. You have been so kind as to sacrifice some lines to me before. I beseech you to sacrifice these, for in every respect they injure the poem, they injure you, and are pregnant with what you do not mean. I WILL NOT let you print them. I am going to dine in St James's-place to-day at five o'clock, and in

the hope of having a battle with you I will be in St James's-street about four.

I am most truly yours,

R. C. DALLAS.

King's Road, June 2, 1809.

Very soon after this the Satire appeared in its new form, but too late for its author to enjoy his additional laurels before he left England. I was with him almost every day while he remained in London. Misanthropy, disgust of life, leading to scepticism and impiety, prevailed in his heart and embittered his existence. He had for some time past been grossly attacked in several low publications, which he bore however with more temper than he did the blind headlong assault on his genius by the Edinburgh Review. Unaccustomed to female society, he at once dreaded and abhorred it, and spoke of women, such I mean as he neither dreaded nor abhorred, more as playthings than companions. As for domestic happiness he had no idea of it. "A large family,"

he said, "appeared like opposite ingredients mixed perforce in the same salad, and he never relished the composition." Unfortunately, having never mixed in family circles, he knew nothing of them, and, from being at first left out of them by his relations, he was so completely disgusted that he avoided them, especially the female part. "I consider," said he, "collateral ties as the work of prejudice, and not the bond of the heart, which must choose for itself unshackled." It was in vain for me to argue that the nursery and similarity of pursuits and enjoyments in early life are the best foundations of friendship and of love, and that to choose freely the knowledge of home was as requisite as that of wider circles. In those wider circles he had found no friend, and but few companions, whom he used to receive with an assumed gaiety but real indifference at his heart, and spoke of with little regard, sometimes with sarcasm. He used to talk of one young man, who had been his school-fellow, with an affection which he flattered himself was returned. I occasionally met this friend at his apartments before his last excursion to

Newstead. Their portraits, by capital painters, were elegantly framed, and surmounted with their respective coronets to be exchanged. However, whether taught by ladies in revenge to neglect Lord Byron, or actuated by a frivolous inconstancy, he gradually lessened the number of his calls and their duration. Of this, however, Lord Byron made no complaint till the very day I went to take my leave of him, which was the one previous to his departure. I found him bursting with indignation. "Will you believe it," said he, "I have just met *** and asked him to come and sit an hour with me; he excused himself; and what do you think was his excuse? He was engaged with his mother and some ladies to go shopping! And he knows I set out to-morrow, to be absent for years, perhaps never to return! Friendship! I do not believe I shall leave behind me, yourself and family excepted, and perhaps my mother, a single being who will care what becomes of me."

At this period of his life his mind was full of bitter discontent. Already satiated with pleasure

and disgusted with those companions who have no other resource, he had resolved on mastering his appetites; he broke up his harems; and he reduced his palate to a diet the most simple and abstemious; but the passions of the heart were too mighty, nor did it ever enter his mind to overcome *them*: resentment, anger, and hatred, held full sway over him, and his greatest gratification at that time was in overcharging his pen with gall, which flowed in every direction against individuals, his country, the world, the universe, creation, and the Creator. He might, he ought to have been a different creature, and he but too well accounts for the unfortunate bias of his disposition in the following lines:—

E'en I—least thinking of a thoughtless throng,
Just skilled to know the right and choose the wrong,
Freed at that age when Reason's shield is lost,
To fight my course through Passion's countless host;
Whom every path of Pleasure's flowery way
Has lured in turn, and all have led astray.

I took leave of him on the 10th of June, 1809, and he left London the next morning: his objects

were still unsettled; but he wished to hear from me particularly on the subject of the Satire, and promised to inform me how to direct to him when he could with certainty; it was, however, long before I heard from him. After some time, I wrote him the following letter, directed, at a chance, to Malta, which informed him of the success of the Satire. He had previously written to me, but his letter had not reached me. It was forwarded to me soon after by Mr Hobhouse.

LETTER XIII.

TO LORD BYRON, *Malta.**Mortlake, November 3d, 1810.*

MY DEAR LORD,

IF I have not written to you since your departure from Old England, it has not been from want of inclination, but because I had no clew to follow you. In imagination I have seen you at Malta and Constantinople, but no farther; for I knew not to what region you would bend your steps. I half believed you pushing on eastward into Persia. Yesterday I heard of your having been at Athens. I dined on Richmond Hill, in company with your fellow traveller's father. I had great pleasure in talking of you, and of the laurel with which the Muses have already decked you. I find that Hobhouse is returned without

you, and that he went immediately to Bath, where he now is. Had he been within my reach, I would have called upon him, to talk about you.

I have seen your letter to Mr Cawthorn, in which you charge him with not attending to his promise of sending the books. I can take upon me to say, that he prepared the parcel for you, and I believe him when he assures me that he sent it. Probably it has miscarried. He is now making up another, by which I intend to send this letter. He has been very attentive to the publishing of your Satire, which is now going into a fourth edition. He has consulted me about it, and I spoke last Thursday to the printer respecting the types. I shall correct the press, and will attend to the substitution of the lines you have sent. Neither the Edinburgh nor Quarterly Review have noticed the work. How could they? They are parties, and the rapid circulation of the Satire is decisive as to the opinion of the public. Your travels must have afforded you much pleasure. It would be classical sacrilege to doubt it, as you have passed to the east of the Peloponnesus. I

hope you thought of my friend Wright's *Horæ Ionicæ*, if you sailed by, or touched at any of the islands. His poem has been much read, and much praised.¹

As your letter to Cawthorn is dated at Constantinople, and you direct his parcel to be addressed to Malta, I suspect you are on your way home. Should chance carry you to Cadiz, I trust you will meet my son. He has a commission in the Commissariat, and I hear from a friend in the army lately come from the place, that he has been very kindly received there. He knows you well by name, and will be highly gratified by your making yourself known to him as his father's friend. The King's illness, the meeting of Parliament, the death of the Princess Amelia, and other public events, you will learn by other channels sooner than this will reach you. In the state of literature, Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake* is the chief novelty; and Wallace, or the *Fight of*

¹ I have often thought that the *Horæ Ionicæ* gave the hint of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

Falkirk, which I read with great pleasure. The Lady of the Lake I have not yet read throughout. There is nothing new in the drama worth mentioning, except, perhaps, *Hit or Miss*, which ridicules the knights of the whip. My own farce, *Not at Home*, was half damned the first night, but having a majority of supporters, it was played a short time. The prologue, which you had promised me, was supplied by the author of *Horæ Ionicæ*.

I shall be truly happy to see your Lordship once more in England, and filling your place in the Upper House; meanwhile accept my best wishes, and believe me ever,

Your attached and faithful,

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER XIV.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Constantinople, June 23d, 1810.

DEAR SIR,

I SEIZE the opportunity of Mr Hobhouse's return to England to write a few lines, in the hope that they will find you well and as happy as philosophers are, and men ought to be. I have since my departure from your country (a year ago) been in Portugal, Spain, Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, all the most interesting parts of Turkey in Europe, and Asia Minor, including Athens, etc. in the former, and the Troad and Ephesus in the latter, and have at last reached my head quarters, the capital. I have, of course, seen some variety, but I shall content myself with stating my only remarkable

personal achievement, namely, swimming from Sestos to Abydos, which I did on the 3d of May, as we lay at anchor in the Dardanelles, in the Salsette frigate. You will smile at this exploit, but as it made an ancient immortal, I see no reason why a modern may not be permitted to boast of it, particularly as I had no mistress to comfort me at landing, and my labour was even to be its own reward. Mr Hobhouse, our brother author, will narrate, no doubt, all our adventures, if you seriously incline that way. We have, moreover, been very high up into Albania, the wildest province in Europe, where very few Englishmen have ever been: but I say no more on this head, as my companion will be ready to gratify your inquiries.

I received your letter and request of a prologue at Lisbon, but it was too late; I have ever since been in motion, or I would have prologuized with pleasure. I presume you have had your run by this time. I need not add my good wishes for your drama. If I rightly recollect, you stated something about Murray's publishing my rhymes

all together, including my Satire. Upon second thoughts, he had better let them alone; and if they are not begun on, pray suspend the operation till my return. I heard the other day that my Satire was in a third edition; that is but a poor progress, but Cawthorn published too many copies in the first. However, this circumstance will not interrupt my tranquillity beneath the blue skies of Greece, where I return to spend my summer, and perhaps the winter. I am alike distant from praise or censure, which tends to make both very indifferent to me, and so good night to scribbling. Hobhouse's book has been out some time, I hear; but more we know not, except in a letter from my friend**, who says the Reviews have attacked it for indecency. I suppose the few stanzas of my writing in the volume have been bedeviled, and indeed they deserve little better. Has your friend Wright galloped on the highway of letters? and what have you done yourself? I thirst for intelligence; if you have nothing better to do some afternoon, remember that Malta is my post-office.

I refer you to Mr Hobhouse for detail, and, having now discharged a duty, I will trouble you no more at present, except to state that all climates and nations are equally interesting to me; that mankind are every where despicable in different absurdities; that the farther I proceed from your country the less I regret leaving it, and the only advantage you have over the rest of mankind is the sea, that divides you from your foes; your other superiorities are merely imaginary. I would be a citizen of the world, but I fear some indispensable affairs will soon call me back; and as I left the land without regret, I shall return without pleasure. The only person whom I expected to have grieved took leave of me with a coolness which, had I not known the heart of man, would have surprised me; I should have attributed it to offence, had I ever been guilty in that instance of any thing but affection. But what is all this to you? nothing. Good night!

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

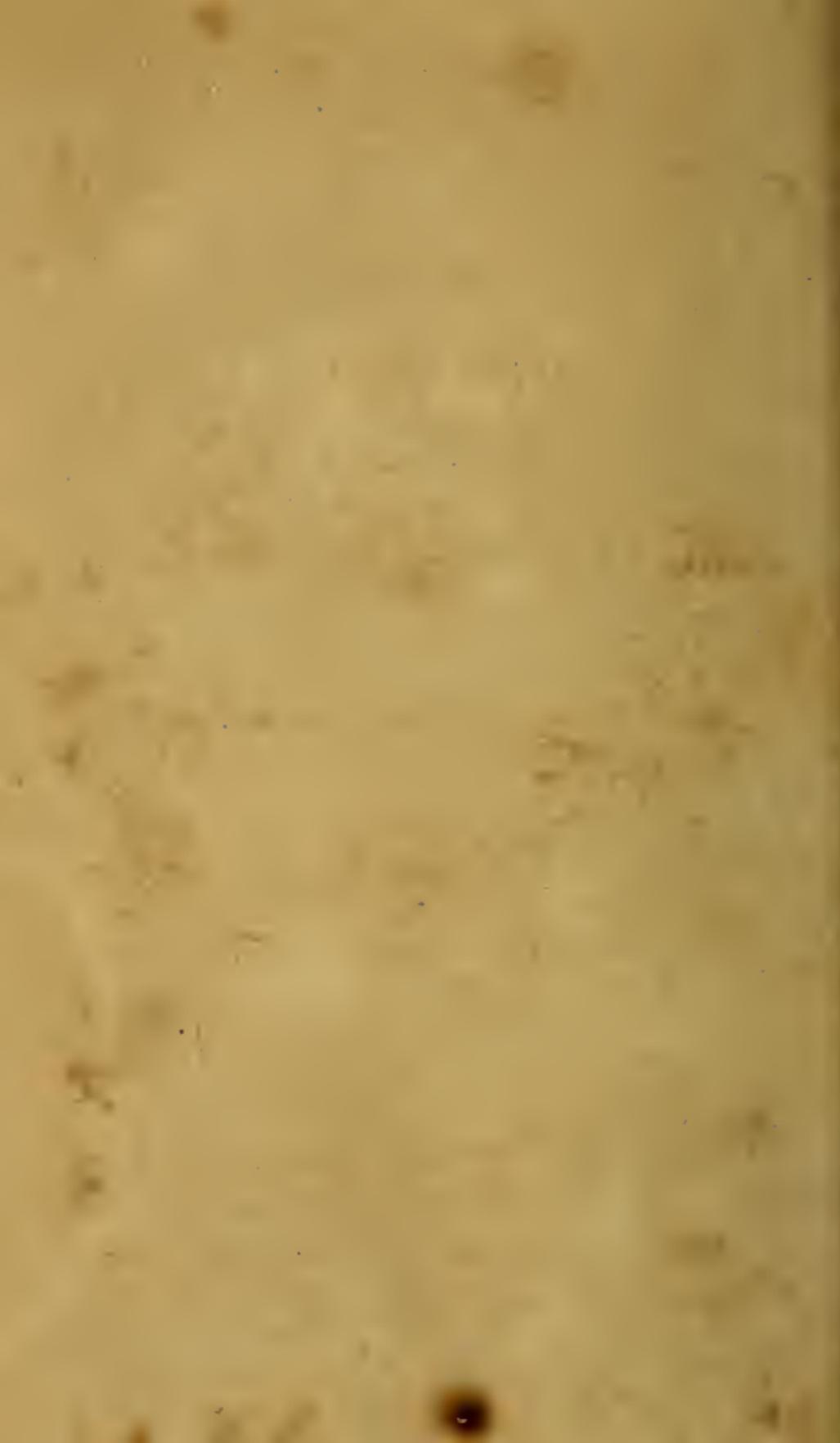
BYRON.

P. S. I again repeat my request that you will write to Malta. I expect a world of news, not political, for we have the papers up to May. If you tear one another to pieces for a continuance, I must come back and share the carrion. Have the military murdered any more mechanics? and is the flower of chivalry released? We are not very quiet here, the Russians having drubbed the Mussulmen, but we talk of peace.

Leaving England with a soured mind, disclaiming all attachments, and even belief in the existence of friendship, it will be no wonder if it shall be found that Lord Byron, during the period of his absence, kept up little correspondence with any persons in England. The above letter, dated at Constantinople, is the only one I received from him; till he was approaching the shores of England in the Volage frigate. To his mother he wrote by every opportunity. Upon her death, which happened very soon after his arrival, and before he saw her, as will be seen in the continu-

ance of his correspondence with me, I was conversing with him about Newstead, and expressing my hope that he would never be persuaded to part with it, when he assured me he would not, and promised to give me a letter which he had written to his mother to that effect, as a pledge that he never would. His letters to her being at Newstead, it was some time before he performed his promise; but in doing it he made me a present of all his letters to her, on his leaving England and during his absence; saying, as he put them into my hands, "Some day or other they will be curiosities." They are written in an easy style, and if they do not contain all that is to be expected from a traveller, what they do contain of that nature is pleasant; and they mark, which is more to the purpose here, the character of the writer.

Mrs Byron had no right to the distinction on the direction of the letters, her husband's father, the Admiral, never having succeeded to the barony.



LETTERS

FROM

LORD BYRON TO HIS MOTHER;

WRITTEN

In the Years 1808, 1809, 1810, and 1811.

LETTER XV.

To the Honourable MRS BYRON.

Newstead Abbey, Notts, October 7th, 1808.

DEAR MADAM,

I HAVE no beds for the H**s (or any body else at present). The H**s sleep at Mansfield. I do not know that I resemble Jean Jacques Rousseau. I have no ambition to be like so illustrious a mad-

man—but this I know, that I shall live in my own manner, and as much alone as possible. When my rooms are ready I shall be glad to see you; at present it would be improper, and uncomfortable to both parties. You can hardly object to my rendering my mansion habitable, notwithstanding my departure for Persia in March (or May at farthest) since *you* will be *tenant* till my return, and in case of any accident (for I have already arranged my will to be drawn up the moment I am twenty-one), I have taken care you shall have the house and manor for *life*, besides a sufficient income. So you see my improvements are not entirely selfish. As I have a friend here, we will go to the Infirmary Ball on the 12th, we will drink tea with Mrs Byron at eight o'clock, and expect to see you at the ball. If that lady will allow us a couple of rooms to dress in we shall be highly obliged;—if we are at the ball by ten or eleven it will be time enough, and we shall return to Newstead about three or four.

Adieu. Believe me

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

LETTER XVI.

To the Honourable MRS BYRON.

Newstead Abbey, November 2nd, 1808.

DEAR MOTHER,

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

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

After all, you must own my project is not a bad one. If I do not travel now I never shall, and all men should one day or other. I have at present no connexions to keep me at home; no wife, or unprovided sisters, brothers, etc. I shall take care of you, and when I return I may possibly become a politician. A few years knowledge of other countries than our own will not incapacitate me for that part. If we see no nation but our own we do not give mankind a fair

chance—it is from *experience*, not books, we ought to judge of them: There is nothing like inspection, and trusting to our own senses.

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

LETTER XVII.¹

To the Honourable MRS BYRON.

8, *St James's-street*, March 6th, 1809.

DEAR MOTHER,

MY last letter was written under great depression of spirits from poor Falkland's death, who has left without a shilling four children and his wife. I have been endeavouring to assist them, which, God knows, I cannot do as I could wish, from my own embarrassments and the many claims upon me from other quarters. What you say is all very true: come what may, *Newstead* and I *stand* or fall together. I have now lived on the spot, I have fixed my heart upon it, and no pressure, present or future, shall induce me to barter the last vestige of our inheritance. I have

¹ This letter was the pledge, the others were given to accompany it.

that pride within me which will enable me to support difficulties. I can endure privations; but could I obtain in exchange for Newstead Abbey the first fortune in the country, I would reject the proposition. Set your mind at ease on that score; Mr H** talks like a man of business on the subject, I feel like a man of honour, and I will not sell Newstead. I shall get my seat on the return of the affidavits from Carhais, in Cornwall, and will do something in the House soon; I must dash, or it is all over. My Satire must be kept secret for a *month*; after that you may say what you please on the subject. Lord C** has used me infamously, and refused to state any particulars of my family to the Chancellor. I have *lashed* him in my *Rhymes*, and perhaps his Lordship may regret not being more conciliatory. They tell me it will have a sale; I hope so, for the bookseller has behaved well, as far as publishing well goes.

Believe me,

Yours truly,

BYRON.

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

LETTER XVIII.

To the Honourable MRS BYRON.

Falmouth, June 22d, 1809.

DEAR MOTHER,

I AM about to sail in a few days; probably before this reaches you. Fletcher begged so hard, that I have continued him in my service. If he does not behave well abroad I will send him back in a *transport*. I have a German servant, (who has been with Mr Wilbraham in Persia before, and was strongly recommended to me by Dr Butler of Harrow,) Robert, and William; they constitute my whole suite. I have letters in plenty—you shall hear from me at the different ports I touch upon; but you must not be alarmed if my letters miscarry. The continent is in a fine state, an

insurrection has broken out at Paris, and the Austrians are beating Buonaparte—the Tyrolese have risen.—There is a picture of me in oil, to be sent down to Newstead soon.—I wish the Miss P**s had something better to do than carry my miniatures to Nottingham to copy.—Now they have done it, you may ask them to copy the others, which are greater favourites than my own. As to money matters, I am ruined—at least till Rochdale is sold; and if that does not turn out well I shall enter into the Austrian or Russian service—perhaps the Turkish, if I like their manners—the world is all before me, and I leave England without regret, and without a wish to revisit any thing it contains, except *yourself*, and your present residence.

Believe me,

Yours ever sincerely,

BYRON.

P. S.—Pray tell Mr Rushton his son is well, and doing well; so is Murray, indeed better than I ever saw him; he will be back in about a month,

I ought to add leaving Murray to my few regrets, as his age perhaps will prevent my seeing him again. Robert I take with me; I like him, because, like myself, he seems a friendless animal.

LETTER XIX.

To the Honourable MRS BYRON.

Gibraltar, August 11th, 1809.

DEAR MOTHER,

I HAVE been so much occupied since my departure from England, that till I could address you at length I have forborne writing altogether. As I have now passed through Portugal, and a considerable part of Spain, and have leisure at this place, I shall endeavour to give you a short detail of my movements. We sailed from Falmouth on the 2d of July, reached Lisbon, after a very favourable passage of four days and a half, and took up our abode in that city. It has often been described without being worthy of description; for, except the view from the Tagus, which

is beautiful, and some fine churches and convents, it contains little but filthy streets and more filthy inhabitants. To make amends for this, the village of Cintra, about fifteen miles from the capital, is, perhaps in every respect, the most delightful in Europe; it contains beauties of every description, natural and artificial. Palaces and gardens rising in the midst of rocks, cataracts, and precipices; convents on stupendous heights—a distant view of the sea and the Tagus; and, besides, (though that is a secondary consideration) is remarkable as the scene of Sir H. D.'s convention. It unites in itself all the wildness of the western highlands, with the verdure of the south of France. Near this place, about ten miles to the right, is the palace of Mafra, the boast of Portugal, as it might be of any country, in point of magnificence without elegance. There is a convent annexed; the Monks, who possess large revenues, are courteous enough, and understand Latin, so that we had a long conversation: they have a large library, and asked me if the *English* had *any books* in their country. I sent my baggage and part of the servants by sea to Gibraltar, and travelled on horse-

back from Aldea Galhega (the first stage from Lisbon, which is only accessible by water) to Seville, (one of the most famous cities in Spain,) where the government called the Junta is now held. The distance to Seville is nearly four hundred miles, and to Cadiz almost ninety further towards the coast. I had orders from the government, and every possible accommodation on the road, as an English nobleman, in an English uniform, is a very respectable personage in Spain at present. The horses are remarkably good, and the roads (I assure you upon my honour, for you will hardly believe it,) very far superior to the best British roads, without the smallest toll or turnpike. You will suppose this when I rode post to Seville in four days, through this parching country, in the midst of summer, without fatigue or annoyance. Seville is a beautiful town; though the streets are narrow they are clean. We lodged in the house of two Spanish unmarried ladies, who possess six houses in Seville, and gave me a curious specimen of Spanish manners. They are women of character, and the eldest a fine woman, the youngest pretty, but not so good a

figure as Donna Josepha. The freedom of manner which is general here astonished me not a little; and in the course of further observation I find that reserve is not the characteristic of the Spanish belles, who are, in general, very handsome, with large black eyes, and very fine forms. The eldest honoured your *unworthy* son with very particular attention, embracing him with great tenderness at parting, (I was there but three days) after cutting off a lock of his hair, and presenting him with one of her own, about three feet in length, which I send, and beg you will retain till my return. Her last words were, « Adios tu hermoso! me gusto mucho.»—« Adieu, you pretty fellow, you please me much.» She offered a share of her apartment, which my *virtue* induced me to decline; she laughed, and said I had some English « amante » (lover), and added that she was going to be married to an officer in the Spanish army. I left Seville, and rode on to Cadiz, through a beautiful country. At Xeres, where the sherry we drink is made, I met a great merchant, a Mr Gordon, of Scotland, who was extremely polite, and favoured me with the inspection of his vaults

and cellars, so that I quaffed at the fountain-head. Cadiz, sweet Cadiz, is the most delightful town I ever beheld, very different from our English cities in every respect, except cleanliness, (and it is as clean as London,) but still beautiful, and full of the finest women in Spain, the Cadiz belles being the Lancashire witches of their land. Just as I was introduced, and began to like the grandes, I was forced to leave it for this cursed place; but before I return to England I will visit it again. The night before I left it, I sat in the box at the opera with Admiral Cordova's family; he is the commander whom Lord St Vincent defeated in 1797, and has an aged wife and a fine daughter, Sennorita Cordova; the girl is very pretty in the Spanish style, in my opinion by no means inferior to the English in charms, and certainly superior in fascination. Long black hair, dark languishing eyes, *clear* olive complexions, and forms more graceful in motion than can be conceived by an Englishman used to the drowsy, listless air of his countrywomen, added to the most becoming dress, and, at the same time, the most decent in the world, render a Spanish beauty irresistible.

I beg leave to observe that intrigue here is the business of life; when a woman marries she throws off all restraint, but I believe their conduct is chaste enough before. If you make a proposal, which in England would bring a box on the ear from the meekest of virgins, to a Spanish girl, she thanks you for the honour you intend her, and replies: "Wait till I am married, and I shall be too happy." This is literally and strictly true. Miss C. and her little brother understood a little French, and, after regretting my ignorance of the Spanish, she proposed to become my preceptress in that language. I could only reply by a low bow, and express my regret that I quitted Cadiz too soon to permit me to make the progress which would doubtless attend my studies under so charming a directress. I was standing at the back of the box, which resembles our Opera boxes (the theatre is large, and finely decorated, the music admirable), in the manner in which Englishmen generally adopt for fear of incommoding the ladies in front, when this fair Spaniard dispossessed an old woman (an aunt or a duenna) of her chair, and commanded me to be seated

next herself, at a tolerable distance from her mamma. At the close of the performance I withdrew, and was lounging with a party of men in the passage, when, *en passant*, the lady turned round and called me, and I had the honour of attending her to the Admiral's mansion. I have an invitation on my return to Cadiz, which I shall accept, if I repass through the country on my return from Asia. I have met Sir John Carr, Knight Errant, at Seville and Cadiz. He is a pleasant man. I like the Spaniards much. You have heard of the battle near Madrid, and in England they will call it a victory—a pretty victory! Two hundred officers and 5000 men killed, all English, and the French in as great force as ever. I should have joined the army, but we have no time to lose before we get up the Mediterranean and Archipelago. I am going over to Africa to-morrow; it is only six miles from this fortress. My next stage is Cagliari in Sardinia, where I shall be presented to his Majesty. I have a most superb uniform as a court dress, indispensable in travelling.

August 13th. I have not yet been to Africa; the wind is contrary; but I dined yesterday at Algeiras, with Lady Westmorland, where I met General Castanos, the celebrated Spanish leader in the late and present war: to-day I dine with him; he has offered me letters to Tetuan in Barbary, for the principal Moors; and I am to have the house for a few days of one of the great men, which was intended for Lady W. whose health will not permit her to cross the Straits.

August 15th. I could not dine with Castanos yesterday, but this afternoon I had that honour; he is pleasant, and, for aught I know to the contrary, clever. I cannot go to Barbary. The Malta packet sails to-morrow, and myself in it. Admiral Purvis, with whom I dined at Cadiz, gave me a passage in a frigate to Gibraltar, but we have no ship of war destined for Malta at present. The packets sail fast, and have good accommodations. You shall hear from me on our route. Joe Murray delivers this. I have sent him and the boy back; pray show the lad any kindness, as he is my great favourite. I would have taken him on, * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * Say this to his father, who may otherwise think he has behaved ill.

I hope this will find you well.

Believe me yours

Ever sincerely,

BYRON.

P. S. So Lord G* is married to a rustic! Well done! If I wed, I will bring you home a Sultana, with half a dozen cities for a dowry, and reconcile you to an Ottoman daughter-in-law with a bushel of pearls, not larger than ostrich eggs, or smaller than walnuts.

LETTER XX.

To the Honourable Mrs BYRON.

Malta, September 15th, 1809.

DEAR MOTHER,

THOUGH I have a very short time to spare, being to sail immediately for Greece, I cannot avoid taking an opportunity of telling you that I am well. I have been in Malta a short time, and have found the inhabitants hospitable and pleasant. This letter is committed to the charge of a very extraordinary woman, whom you have doubtless heard of, Mrs Spencer Smith, of whose escape the Marquis de Salvo published a narrative a few years ago. She has since been shipwrecked, and her life has been from its commencement so

fertile in remarkable incidents, that in a romance they would appear improbable. She was born at Constantinople, where her father, Baron Herbert, was Austrian Ambassador; married unhappily, yet has never been impeached in point of character; excited the vengeance of Buonaparte by a part in some conspiracy, several times risked her life; and is not yet twenty-five. She is here on her way to England, to join her husband, being obliged to leave Trieste, where she was paying a visit to her mother, by the approach of the French, and embarks soon in a ship of war. Since my arrival here, I have had scarcely any other companion. I have found her very pretty, very accomplished, and extremely eccentric. Buonaparte is even now so incensed against her, that her life would be in some danger if she were taken prisoner a second time.

You have seen Murray and Robert by this time, and received my letter—little has happened since that date. I have touched at Cagliari, in Sardinia, and at Girgenti, in Sicily, and embark to-morrow

for Patras, from whence I proceed to Yanina, where Ali Pacha holds his court, so I shall soon be among the Mussulmans. Adieu.

Believe me, with sincerity, yours ever,

BYRON.

LETTER XXI.

To the Honourable MRS BYRON.

Previsa, November 12th, 1809.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I HAVE now been some time in Turkey: this place is on the coast, but I have traversed the interior of the province of Albania, on a visit to the Pacha. I left Malta in the Spider, a brig of war, on the 21st of September, and arrived in eight days at Previsa. I thence have been about 150 miles as far as Tepaleen, his Highness's country palace, where I staid three days. The name of the Pacha is *Ali*, and he is considered a man of the first abilities, he governs the whole of Albania (the ancient Illyricum), Epirus, and part of Macedonia. His son, Velly Pacha, to whom he has given me letters, governs the Morea, and he

has great influence in Egypt; in short, he is one of the most powerful men in the Ottoman empire. When I reached Yanina, the capital, after a journey of three days over the mountains, through a country of the most picturesque beauty, I found that Ali Pacha was with his army in Illyricum, besieging Ibrahim Pacha in the castle of Berat. He had heard that an Englishman of rank was in his dominions, and had left orders in Yanina with the commandant to provide a house, and supply me with every kind of necessary *gratis*; and, though I have been allowed to make presents to the slaves, etc., I have not been permitted to pay for a single article of household consumption. I rode out on the vizier's horses, and saw the palaces of himself and grandsons: they are splendid, but too much ornamented with silk and gold. I then went over the mountains through Zitza, a village with a Greek monastery (where I slept on my return), in the most beautiful situation (always excepting Cintra, in Portugal) I ever beheld. In nine days I reached Tepaleen. Our journey was much prolonged by the torrents that had fallen from the mountains, and intersected the

roads. I shall never forget the singular scene on entering Tepaleen at five in the afternoon, as the sun was going down : it brought to my mind (with some change of *dress* however) Scott's description of Branksome Castle in his *Lay*, and the feudal system. The Albanians in their dresses (the most magnificent in the world, consisting of a long *white kilt*, gold-worked cloak, crimson velvet gold-laced jacket and waistcoat, silver-mounted pistols and daggers), the Tartars with their high caps, the Turks in their vast pelisses and turbans, the soldiers and black slaves with the horses, the former in groups in an immense large open gallery in front of the palace, the latter placed in a kind of cloister below it, two hundred steeds ready caparisoned to move in a moment, couriers entering or passing out with dispatches, the kettle-drums beating, boys calling the hour from the minaret of the mosque, altogether, with the singular appearance of the building itself, formed a new and delightful spectacle to a stranger. I was conducted to a very handsome apartment, and my health inquired after by the vizier's secretary, « à la mode *Turque*." The next day I

was introduced to Ali Pacha. I was dressed in a full suit of staff uniform, with a very magnificent sabre, etc. The vizier received me in a large room paved with marble; a fountain was playing in the centre; the apartment was surrounded by scarlet ottomans. He received me standing, a wonderful compliment from a Mussulman, and made me sit down on his right hand. I have a Greek Interpreter for general use, but a Physician of Ali's, named Femlario, who understands Latin, acted for me on this occasion. His first question was, why, at so early an age, I left my country?—(the Turks have no idea of travelling for amusement.) He then said, the English minister, Captain Leake, had told him I was of a great family, and desired his respects to my mother; which I now, in the name of Ali Pacha, present to you. He said he was certain I was a man of birth, because I had small ears, curling hair, and little white hands, and expressed himself pleased with my appearance and garb. He told me to consider him as a father whilst I was in Turkey, and said he looked on me as his son. Indeed, he treated me like a child, sending me almonds and sugared sherbet,

fruit and sweetmeats, twenty times a day. He begged me to visit him often, and at night, when he was at leisure. I then, after coffee and pipes, retired for the first time. I saw him thrice afterwards. It is singular, that the Turks, who have no hereditary dignities, and few great families, except the Sultans, pay so much respect to birth; for I found my pedigree more regarded than my title.

His Highness is sixty years old, very fat, and not tall, but with a fine face, light blue eyes, and a white beard; his manner is very kind, and at the same time he possesses that dignity which I find universal amongst the Turks. He has the appearance of any thing but his real character; for he is a remorseless tyrant, guilty of the most horrible cruelties, very brave, and so good a general, that they call him the Mahometan Buonaparte. Napoleon has twice offered to make him King of Epirus; but he prefers the English interest, and abhors the French, as he himself told me. He is of so much consequence, that he is much courted by both; the Albanians being the most warlike sub-

jects of the Sultan, though Ali is only nominally dependent on the Porte. He has been a mighty warrior; but is as barbarous as he is successful, roasting rebels, etc. etc. Buonaparte sent him a snuff-box, with his picture; he said the snuff-box was very well, but the picture he could excuse, as he neither liked it nor the original. His ideas of judging of a man's birth from ears, hands, etc. were curious enough. To m^e, he was, indeed, a father, giving me letters, guards, and every possible accommodation. Our next conversations were of war and travelling, politics and England. He called my Albanian soldier, who attends me, and told him to protect me at all hazard. His name is Viscillie, and, like all the Albanians, he is brave, rigidly honest, and faithful; but they are cruel, though not treacherous; and have several vices, but no meannesses. They are, perhaps, the most beautiful race, in point of countenance, in the world; their women are sometimes handsome also, but they are treated like slaves, *beaten*, and, in short, complete beasts of burthen; they plough, dig, and sow. I found them carrying wood, and actually repairing the highways. The

men are all soldiers, and war and the chase their sole occupation. The women are the labourers, which, after all, is no great hardship in so delightful a climate. Yesterday, the 11th of November, I bathed in the sea; to-day it is so hot that I am writing in a shady room of the English Consul's, with three doors wide open, no fire, or even *fire-place* in the house, except for culinary purposes. To-day I saw the remains of the town of Actium, near which Antony lost the world, in a small bay where two frigates could hardly manœuvre; a broken wall is the sole remnant. On another part of the gulf stand the ruins of Nicopolis, built by Augustus in honour of his victory. Last night I was at a Greek marriage; but this, and a thousand things more, I have neither time nor *space* to describe. I am going to-morrow, with a guard of fifty men, to Patras in the Morea, and thence to Athens, where I shall winter. Two days ago, I was nearly lost in a Turkish ship of war, owing to the ignorance of the captain and crew, though the storm was not violent. Fletcher yelled after his wife, the Greeks called on all the Saints, the Mussulmans on Alla; the captain burst

into tears and ran below deck, telling us to call on God; the sails were split, the main-yard shivered, the wind blowing fresh, the night setting in, and all our chance was to make Corfu, which is in possession of the French, or (as Fletcher pathetically termed it) «a watery grave.» I did what I could to console Fletcher, but finding him incorrigible, wrapped myself up in my Albanian capote (an immense cloak), and lay down on deck to wait the worst. I have learnt to philosophize in my travels, and if I had not, complaint was useless. Luckily the wind abated, and only drove us on the coast of Suli, on the main land, where we landed, and proceeded, by the help of the natives, to Previsa again; but I shall not trust Turkish sailors in future, though the Pacha had ordered one of his own galliots to take me to Patras. I am therefore going as far as Messolonghi by land, and there have only to cross a small gulf to get to Patras. Fletcher's next epistle will be full of marvels: we were one night lost for nine hours in the mountains in a thunder storm, and since nearly wrecked. In both cases Fletcher was sorely bewildered, from apprehensions of famine

and banditti in the first, and drowning in the second instance. His eyes were a little hurt by the lightning, or crying (I don't know which), but are now recovered. When you write, address to me at Mr Strané's, English Consul, Patras, Morea.

I could tell you I know not how many incidents that I think would amuse you, but they crowd on my mind as much as they would swell my paper; and I can neither arrange them in the one, or put them down in the other, except in the greatest confusion. I like the Albanians much; they are not all Turks; some tribes are Christians; but their religion makes little difference in their manner or conduct: they are esteemed the best troops in the Turkish service. I lived on my route, two days at once, and three days again, in a barrack at Salora, and never found soldiers so tolerable, though I have been in the garrisons of Gibraltar and Malta, and seen Spanish, French, Sicilian, and British troops in abundance. I have had nothing stolen, and was always welcome to their provision and milk. Not

a week ago an Albanian chief (every village has its chief, who is called Primate), after helping us out of the Turkish galley in her distress, feeding us, and lodging my suite, consisting of Fletcher, a Greek, two Athenians, a Greek Priest, and my companion, Mr Hobhouse, refused any compensation but a written paper stating that I was well received; and when I pressed him to accept a few sequins, "No," he replied; "I wish you to love me, not to pay me." These are his words. It is astonishing how far money goes in this country. While I was in the capital I had nothing to pay by the Vizier's order; but since, though I have generally had sixteen horses, and generally six or seven men, the expense has not been *half* as much as staying only three weeks in Malta, though Sir A. Ball, the Governor, gave me a house for nothing, and I had only *one servant*. By the bye, I expect H** to remit regularly; for I am not about to stay in this province for ever. Let him write to me at Mr Strané's, English Consul, Patras. The fact is, the fertility of the plains is wonderful, and specie is scarce, which makes this remarkable cheapness. I am going to Athens

to study modern Greek, which differs much from the ancient, though radically similar. I have no desire to return to England, nor shall I, unless compelled by absolute want, and H**'s neglect; but I shall not enter into Asia for a year or two, as I have much to see in Greece, and I may perhaps cross into Africa, at least the Egyptian part. Fletcher, like all [Englishmen, is very much dissatisfied, though a little reconciled to the Turks by a present of eighty piastres from the Vizier, which, if you consider every thing, and the value of specie here, is nearly worth ten guineas English. He has suffered nothing but from cold, heat, and vermin, which those who lie in cottages and cross mountains in a cold country must undergo, and of which I have equally partaken with himself; but he is not valiant, and is afraid of robbers and tempests. I have no one to be remembered to in England, and wish to hear nothing from it, but that you are well, and a letter or two on business from H**, whom you may tell to write. I will write when I can, and beg you to believe me

Your affectionate son,

BYRON.

P. S.—I have some very «magnifique» Albanian dresses, the only expensive articles in this country. They cost fifty guineas each, and have so much gold, they would cost in England two hundred. I have been introduced to Hussim Bey and Mahmont Pacha, both little boys, grand-children of Ali, at Yanina. They are totally unlike our lads, have painted complexions like rouged dowagers, large black eyes, and features perfectly regular. They are the prettiest little animals I ever saw, and are broken into the court ceremonies already. The Turkish salute is a slight inclination of the head, with the hand on the breast. Intimates always kiss. Mahmont is ten years old, and hopes to see me again. We are friends without understanding each other, like many other folks, though from a different cause. He has given me a letter to his father in the Morea, to whom I have also letters from Ali Pacha.

LETTER XXII.

To the Honourable MRS BYRON.

Smyrna, March 19th, 1810.

DEAR MOTHER,

I CANNOT write you a long letter, but as I know you will not be sorry to receive any intelligence of my movements, pray accept what I can give. I have traversed the greatest part of Greece, besides Epirus, etc. etc., resided ten weeks at Athens, and am now on the Asiatic side on my way to Constantinople. I have just returned from viewing the ruins of Ephesus, a day's journey from Smyrna. I presume you have received a long letter I wrote from Albania, with an account of my reception by the Pacha of the province. When I arrive at Constantinople I shall

determine whether to proceed into Persia or return, which latter I do not wish, if I can avoid it. But I have no intelligence from Mr H**, and but one letter from yourself. I shall stand in need of remittances whether I proceed or return. I have written to him repeatedly, that he may not plead ignorance of my situation for neglect. I can give you no account of any thing, for I have not time or opportunity, the frigate sailing immediately. Indeed the further I go the more my laziness increases, and my aversion to letter-writing becomes more confirmed. I have written to no one but yourself and Mr H**, and these are communications of business and duty rather than of inclination. Fletcher is very much disgusted with his fatigues, though he has undergone nothing that I have not shared. He is a poor creature; indeed English servants are detestable travellers. I have, besides him, two Albanian soldiers and a Greek interpreter; all excellent in their way. Greece, particularly in the vicinity of Athens, is delightful: cloudless skies and lovely landscapes. But I must reserve all account of my adventures till we meet. I keep no journal, but

my friend Hobhouse scribbles incessantly. Pray take care of Murray and Robert, and tell the boy it is the most fortunate thing for him that he did not accompany me to Turkey. Consider this as merely a notice of my safety.

And believe me,

Yours, etc. etc.

BYRON.

LETTER XXIII.

To the Honourable MRS BYRON.

Smyrna, April 10th, 1810.

DEAR MOTHER,

TO-MORROW, or this evening, I sail for Constantinople in the Salsette frigate, of 36 guns. She returns to England with our ambassador, whom she is going up on purpose to receive. I have written to you short letters from Athens, Smyrna, and a long one from Albania. I have not yet mustered courage for a second large epistle, and you must not be angry, since I take all opportunities of apprizing you of my safety; but even that is an effort, writing is so irksome. I have been traversing Greece, and Epirus, Illyria, etc. etc., and you see by my date, have got into Asia.

I have made but one excursion lately to the ruins of Ephesus. Malta is the rendezvous of my letters, so address to that island. Mr H** has not written, though I wished to hear of the Norfolk sale, the Lancashire law-suit, etc. etc. I am anxiously expecting fresh remittances. I believe you will like Nottinghamshire, at least, my share of it. Pray accept my good wishes in lieu of a long letter, and believe me,-

Yours sincerely,

and affectionately,

BYRON.

LETTER XXIV.

To the Honourable MRS BYRON.

Salsette Frigate, off the Dardanelles, April 17th, 1810.

DEAR MADAM,

I WRITE at anchor (in our way to Constantinople) off the Troad, which I traversed two days ago. All the remains of Troy are the tombs of her destroyers, amongst which I see that of Antilochus from my cabin window. These are large mounds of earth, like the barrows of the Danes in your island. There are several monuments, about twelve miles distant, of the Alexandrian Troas, which I also examined: but by no means to be compared with the remnants of Athens and Ephesus. This will be sent in a ship of war bound with dispatches for Malta. In a few days we shall be at Constantinople, barring accidents. I have

also written from Smyrna, and shall, from time to time, transmit short accounts of my movements, but I feel totally unequal to long letters.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

BYRON.

P. S.—No accounts from H**!!! Do not complain of short letters; I write to nobody but yourself and Mr H.

LETTER XXV.

To the Honourable MRS BYRON.

Constantinople, May 18th, 1810.

DEAR MADAM,

I ARRIVED here in an English frigate from Smyrna a few days ago, without any events worth mentioning, except landing to view the plains of Troy, and afterwards, when we were at anchor in the Dardanelles, *swimming* from Sestos to Abydos, in imitation of Monsieur Leander, whose story you no doubt know too well for me to add any thing on the subject, except that I crossed the Hellespont without so good a motive for the undertaking. As I am just going to visit the Captain Pacha, you will excuse the brevity of my letter. When Mr Adair takes leave, I am to see the Sultan and the mosques, etc.

Believe me,

Yours ever,

BYRON.

LETTER XXVI.

To the Honourable MRS BYRON.

Constantinople, May 24th, 1810.

DEAR MOTHER,

I WROTE to you very shortly the other day on my arrival here; and as another opportunity avails, take up my pen again, that the frequency of my letters may atone for their brevity. Pray did you ever receive a picture of me in oil by *Sanders*, in *Vigo-lane*, London? (a noted limner;) if not, write for it immediately—it was paid for, except the frame (if frame there be) before I left England. I believe I mentioned to you in my last, that my only notable exploit lately has been swimming from *Sestos* to *Abydos* on the third of this month, in humble imitation of *Leander*, of amorous memory, though I had no *Hero* to receive me on the other shore of the *Hellespont*. Of *Constantinople* you have of course read fifty de-

scriptions by sundry travellers, which are in general so correct that I have nothing to add on the subject. When our ambassador takes his leave, I shall accompany him to see the Sultan, and afterwards probably return to Greece. I have heard nothing of Mr H**, but one remittance, without any letter from that legal gentleman. If you have occasion for any pecuniary supply, pray use my funds as far as they *go* without reserve; and, lest this should not be enough, in my next to Mr H** I will direct him to advance any sum you may want, leaving it to your discretion how much, in the present state of my affairs, you may think proper to require. I have already seen the most interesting parts of Turkey in Europe and Asia Minor, but shall not proceed further till I hear from England: in the mean time I shall expect occasional supplies according to circumstances; and shall pass my summer amongst my friends, the Greeks of the Morea. You will direct to Malta, where my letters are forwarded;

And believe me to be, with great sincerity,

Yours ever,

BYRON.

P. S. Fletcher is well; pray take care of my boy Robert, and the old man Murray. It is fortunate they returned; neither the youth of the one, nor the age of the other, would have suited the changes of climate and fatigue of travelling.

END OF VOL I.



4/18/30

38.88-26



1/2 a
m/s n/t

+ ml. l.

