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HORRID BYRON IN EARLY YOUTH.

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# THE LADY'S BOOK.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF LORD BYRON.

VERY few indeed have ever occupied, or are destined to occupy so large a space in the world of mind, as the illustrious subject of the prefixed engraving. His life was a romance; every thought original, and every incident a reality. He was in fact an era, and therefore an object of universal interest and observation, whose limits became extensive as his mind's development. It may be said that Scott was his compeer in personal interest; but this is most unequivocally denied. The commanding genius of Scott was exercised upon the actual and external observation of "men and things;" every legend found its living hero, and history its mingled, yet not less faithful record: But Byron was a man *sui generis*—his genius was exercised upon himself, and his observations within his own mysterious and inscrutable spirit. No scene did he behold, no incident did he relate that he did not people, and vivify with himself, not in the monotonous and gloomy character ascribed to him by cavilling reviewers, but in all the rainbow variety of his brief but eventful pilgrimage.

George Gordon Byron was born in Holles street, London, on the 22d of January 1788. His mother was an only child, and heiress of George Gordon Esq., of Gight, and descended from as illustrious an ancestry as any which Scotland can boast. She was possessed of considerable property in real estate, ready money and bank shares, which, however, soon disappeared before the profligate prodigality of her husband, and she was reduced from extensive affluence to comparative poverty. In the year 1790 she took up her residence at Aberdeen, where she placed her son, on the attainment of his fifth year, at the school of Mr. Bowers. His progress being rather slow, he was transferred to the tuition of a Rev. Mr. Ross, under whose *surveillance* he made a rapid advance in his infantile studies. He was then passed over to the instruction of a third tutor, with whom he continued until he was placed at the grammar school, where the various characteristics of his after life exhibited themselves.

On the death of his eccentric grand uncle, in the year 1798, he became a ward of Chancery, under the guardianship of the Earl of Carlisle, who immediately had the young lord placed under the tuition of Dr. Drury, at Harrow, through which, as he himself says, "he fairly fought his way." In October, 1805, he was removed to the University of Cambridge, where he used very little exertion to be distinguished for any thing, but a thorough contempt for academical honours: and, so decided was this feeling, that he would, with much gravity tell his friends that the young bear which he kept in his room, was in training for a fellowship. In the twentieth year of his age, Lord Byron took up his residence at Newstead Abbey, which had been recently left by Lord Grey de Ruthven in a most ruinous condition, and which he immediately proceeded to repair. In the November of this year, his celebrated dog, Boatswain, died in a state of madness; "After," as Lord Byron says, "suffering much, yet retaining all the gentleness of his nature to the last." The regret which he felt at this event is best recorded on the monument erected to the memory of the animal,

and which still forms a conspicuous ornament in the grounds at Newstead. The inscription on this testimonial is remarkable for its misanthropic character, and concludes thus,

"Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,  
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn:  
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise—  
I never knew but one, and here he lies."

Lord Byron now betook himself to the enlargement, improvement, and preparation for the press of that satire, which alone would have admitted his claim to poetical distinction. It is true, his "Hours of Idleness" gave but very little hope of future success: but, they were the production of minority, and could not have been expected to possess that excellence which is alone attainable by maturity and experience. A few days before the appearance of this splendid philippic, he took his seat in the House of Lords, under circumstances, not only embarrassing, but peculiarly mortifying. The forms of the House required certain certificates in proof of the legitimacy of his claim previous to taking his seat: on this subject his late guardian, Lord Carlisle refused to give any information to the Lord Chancellor; and this, with his own lone and neglected situation—without a single member of the assembly to which he belonged to introduce him, preyed heavily upon his keenly sensitive nature. On the 13th of March, he took the oaths and his seat, whence, after a few minutes' delay, he arose and joined his friend Mr. Dallas, who waited at the bar of the House.

In a few days after, appeared "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" so rapid was its advance to popularity, that nearly the whole edition was disposed of by the end of April; and he immediately proceeded to prepare a second; which, in the course of the ensuing month was ready for publication. *Without*, however, waiting to witness his second triumph, he left London on the 11th of June, and, on the 2d of July sailed from Falmouth for Lisbon. Here, then, may we place the starting post of a fame which eclipsed all co-temporary rivalry; running a career of brilliancy which knew no horizon. From Lisbon he proceeded through the southern provinces of Spain to the Mediterranean. After a short sojourn at Malta, he sailed for Prevesa, where he landed on the 29th of September. Hence, he proceeded to Yanina, where he was informed that Ali Pacha was with his army in Illyricum. The latter, however, having understood that an Englishman of rank was in his dominions, directed the commandant at Yanina to provide him with a house, and every kind of accommodation gratuitously. From this capital, he travelled over the mountains through "monastic Zitza," which he so enchantingly immortalizes for the hospitality of the "Caloyer," and the beauty of its sacred scenery. He, hence proceeded towards Tepaleen, of which he says, "I shall never forget the singular scene on entering Tepaleen at five in the afternoon as the sun was going down;" which observation may now be well applied to the graphic and

splendidly finished description he has left to posterity in the second canto of "Childe Harold." To select any separate portion of this magnificent picture, would be an absurdity—it is indivisible, and must be contemplated entire to be understood and felt; as well as to perceive the Herculean power with which Lord Byron's genius sprung into almost instantaneous maturity. He was lodged in the palace, and, on the next day introduced to Ali Pacha, who recognized his aristocracy in his small white hands and curling hair, and paid him some complimentary attentions. On his return from Tepaleen, he was introduced at Yanina to Hussien Bey and Mahomet Pacha, two children of Ali Pacha. He subsequently visited Smyrna, where he concluded the 2d canto of Childe Harold, in March 1810, whence he sailed on the 11th of April, for Constantinople. Here he performed a feat on which he exhibits considerable egotism, making it a repeated feature in many of his subsequent epistolary communications—we allude to his having swam from Sestos to Abydos; notwithstanding the discouraging fate of his predecessor, Leander. On the 14th of July he sailed from Constantinople, in the Salsette frigate, from which, by his own desire, he was landed on the small island of Zea, whence he went to Athens. On the 26th or 27th of July, he left Athens in the company of the Marquis of Sligo; he, to proceed to Patras; and the Marquis, to the capital of the Morea. At Patras, Lord Byron was seized with a spell of illness, and on his return to Athens very characteristically observed, "I should like, I think, to die of a consumption." This observation proves that his expressive face was no less observed by himself than others. On the 3d of June 1811, he set sail from Malta in the Volage frigate for England; where he arrived on the 2d of July, after an absence of two years. The acknowledged embarrassments of his affairs at this period—his evident solitariness, his physical debility caused by intermittent fevers, give the reader some estimate of the feelings which accompanied his return. The illness of his mother soon called him to Newstead; on his arrival, however, she had already paid "the debt of nature;" and, notwithstanding the unmotherly influence, which she sought to exercise over him, and which, in fact, considerably moulded his very peculiar and eccentric mind; he wept. A tear from the Stoic Byron?—yes! his faults were confined to himself—his affections and benevolence had no limits. A circumstance of more than ordinary interest—one, indeed, to which we are indebted for a new description of biography, so arranged that, although less epistolary ones may be more unbrokenly interesting, none can possibly be more authentic. It is somewhere about this period the first interview between Lord Byron and Mr. Thomas Moore occurred. The allusion made in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," to Mr. Moore, the Irish Anacreon, had induced that gentleman to address the noble author on the subject, in a letter dated Dublin, January 1, 1810, and which, being as it is, the warlike cause of so warm and unbroken a friendship, as has since existed between them, we here insert.

"Dublin, January 1st, 1810.

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

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

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

"I have the honour to be

"Your lordship's very humble servant,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"22, Molesworth-street."

This letter did not meet his lordship, who had recently gone abroad; but it remained in the hands of his friend Mr. Hodgson. On his return to England, however, Mr. Moore again addressed him, under circumstances which were rendered materially different from those which dictated the former communication. Mr. Moore had, to use his own words, taken upon himself "Obligations both as husband and father, which make most men—and especially those who have nothing to bequeath—less willing to expose themselves unnecessarily to danger."

To this letter Lord Byron sent the following spirited and characteristic reply:—

"Cambridge, October 27th, 1811.

"SIR—Your letter followed me from Notts. to this place, which will account for the delay of my reply. Your former letter I never had the honour to receive; be assured, in whatever part of the world it had found me, I should have deemed it my duty to return and answer it in person.

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

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

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

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

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"BYRON."

Mr. Moore in acknowledging the receipt of this communication thus concludes:—

"As your lordship does not show any wish to proceed beyond the rigid formulary of explanation, it is not for me to make any further advances. We, Irishmen, in businesses of this kind, seldom know any medium between decided hostility and decided friendship; but, as my approaches towards the latter alternative must now depend entirely on your lordship, I have only to repeat that I am satisfied with your letter, and that I have the honour to be," &c. &c.

On the following day, he received from Lord Byron the annexed rejoinder.

"8. St. James's-street, October 29th, 1811.

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

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

"I have the honour to be," &c.

Mr. Moore, now, for the first time, informed his friend, Mr. Rogers, of his correspondence with Lord Byron, and the nature of it. The hospitable author of "The Pleasures of Memory," proposed his own table as the place of a meeting (hinted at by Mr. Moore, and gladly understood by Lord Byron,) between the two epistolary belligerents. The social hour arrived; and, as Mr. Moore says, "Such a meeting could not be otherwise than interesting to us all."

In giving these rather circumstantial details of the first personal acquaintance of these two great men, we have been directed by the importance which they will ever possess, as an unalienable item in any biography of Byron, however minute or limited; and, indeed, connecting the unpromising circumstances attending this correspondence, and the youth of his lordship at that period, we are not unwilling to recommend the particular attention of our readers to that portion of it which emanated from *him*: full, as it is, of "good sense, self possession and frankness," and that nobility, which was no less glorious in his soul, than in that title which descended to him, through a long line of proud and gallant ancestry.

On the 27th of February 1812, Lord Byron made his first oratorical attempt in the House of Lords. Two days after appeared the two first cantos of Childe Harold; the success was instantaneous; and, unlike things of sudden growth, deep and lasting. The effect was electric, and the sale of the first edition was as instantaneous as its fame. The Giaour, and the Bride of Abydos soon followed; and Lord Byron's fame seemed to have reached its acme, when "The Corsair" appeared, dazzling the literary world with its unprecedented splendour. Nothing which could add interest to this *condensed* sketch, occurred between this period of his glory and the commencement of his matrimonial career. On the 2d of January 1815, he was married to Miss Milbank, the daughter of Sir Ralph Milbank, of Seaham, in the county of Durham. That this marriage was an "untoward event," is already known to all who have felt an interest in the personal history of this extraordinary man. It was attended with bickerings and recriminations, and domestic distresses; and remarkable for no "oasis" but the

birth of Ada Byron; which took place on the 10th of December 1815. This young lady has lately appeared at Court, and—but no! we are speaking of the father—we may return to the progeny. Beseet by the public and private assassins of his personal reputation, even he, with all his apparent stoicism, could not withstand the conspiracy; and, in 1816, he left England to meet that glorious fate over which fame rejoices, and genius laments. That Lord Byron's domestic difficulties were the source of his domestic ruin, will not be disputed; they would, therefore, become a very fair and interesting subject of research, if, in the progress of that research, we could hope to arrive at any thing like authenticity; but, even his bosom friend—he, to whom he infelicitously committed the defence of his deeply injured character—he, to whose observation his mysterious heart and mind were as unsealed epistles—even he does not *appear* to be acquainted with the source of his domestic afflictions. We, therefore, shall not speculate; but, proceed to the subsequent phases of his fortunes. He now passed over to France; and, passing onward to Brussels, visited that Mecca of British pilgrims—Waterloo. One of the most splendid exertions of his genius is the living and almost breathing description he gives of that bloody field, in the third canto of Childe Harold—

"Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones;

Whose table, earth—whose dice, were human bones."

But never did the genius of Byron become immortal, until, becoming inspired, upon the Lake of Geneva, it spoke in words of thunder, which, long as the language of nature is understood, will bear into every ear its magic, and, into every mind its overwhelming majesty. Had Lord Byron's domestic misfortunes been permitted to exercise their baneful usurpation over his mind, that written monument of his genius had disappeared with his existence—it would have been, at least, injurious to his previous enviable reputation: but, if they, in these moments when he communed with nature, did at all exist, they became so amalgamated with his external observations, that they gave his mind the essence, which fired it to a deeper idolatry of nature—the deity of the universe. Repeatedly as this description has been quoted, it would be an injustice to the memory of the illustrious dead, and an imperfection in our biographical sketch, to omit its unparalleled repetition. Never was the English language more expressively applied; every word is a sentiment and every sentence a picture.

"The sky is changed!—and such a change! O night,  
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,  
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,  
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,  
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,  
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,  
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,  
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

"And this is in the night:—most glorious night!  
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be  
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—  
A portion of the tempest and of thee!  
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,  
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!  
And now again 'tis black—and now, the glee  
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,  
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

"Now, where the quick Rhone thus has cleft his way,  
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:  
For here, not one, but many, make their play,  
And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,  
Flashing and cast around: of all the band,

The brightest through these parted hills hath fork'd  
His lightning—as if he did understand,  
That in such gaps as desolation work'd,  
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurk'd.

“Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye!  
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul  
To make these felt and feeling, well may be  
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll  
Of your departing voices is the knoll  
Of what in me is sleepless—if I rest.  
But where of ye, oh tempests! is the goal?  
Are ye like those within the human breast?  
Or, do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?”

And again—

“The roar of waters!—from the headlong height  
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;  
The fall of waters! rapid as the light,  
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;  
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,  
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat  
Of their great agony, wrung out from this  
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet  
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set;

“And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again  
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,  
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,  
Is an eternal April to the ground,  
Making it all one emerald—how profound  
The gulf! and how the giant element  
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,  
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent  
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent,

“To the broad column which rolls on, and shows  
More like the fountain of an infant sea  
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes  
Of a new world, than only thus to be  
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,  
With many windings through the vale—look back!  
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,  
As if to sweep down all things in its track,  
Charming the eye with dread—a matchless cataract,

“Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,  
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,  
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,  
Like hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn  
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn  
By the distracted waters, bears serene  
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn:  
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,  
Love watching madness with unalterable mien.

“Once more upon the woody Apennine,  
The infant Alps, which—had I not before  
Gazed on their mightier parents, where the pine  
Sits on more shaggy summits, and where roar  
The thundering lauwine—might be worshipp'd more;  
But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau rear  
Her never-trodden snow, and seen the hoar  
Glaciers of bleak Mont-Blanc both far and near,  
And in Chimari heard the thunder-hills of fear.”

Lord Byron adopted Venice as his principal residence, from 1817 to the close of 1819; and here he composed the Lament of Tasso, Marino Faliero, the fourth, and last, canto of Childe Harold, the Two Foscari, Beppo, Mazeppa, and the earlier cantos of that inimitable picture of human life, Don Juan. It may by many be said that this most original and splendid of his productions is *morally* objectionable:—we emphasize the word “morally,” because as a literary production it stands triumphantly *per se*—but we could refer to some very sacred pictures of life during the Mosaic dispensation, which would lose not only

their natural but their moral effect, if they did not represent the contrast of vice and virtue: and, indeed, never was the hideousness of the one, or the beauty of the other, correctly estimated except when placed in contrasting juxta-position. But this poem needs no advocacy; it holds the mirror up to nature.

Towards the close of the year 1819, Lord Byron removed to Ravenna; and here he wrote that expansively wrought poem, the Prophecy of Dante; and, about the same time, Sardanapalus—Cain—and Heaven and Earth. In the year 1821, he removed to Pisa in Tuscany; where he became acceptably attached to the celebrated Countess Guiccioli. At Pisa, Lord Byron wrote the tame and unworthy drama of “Werner”—the singular and characteristic drama of “The Deformed Transformed,” and the continuation of Don Juan. From Pisa, Lord Byron went to Genoa in the autumn of 1822, where he spent the winter: and, in the course of the ensuing year embarked at Leghorn for the land of his earliest and most successful inspiration. He arrived at Cephalonia on the 23d of August 1823. The distractions which, notwithstanding the progressive success of the Greek cause, prevailed in the Greek councils, required the administration of some influential and opportune sedative; and Lord Byron, whose fame and philhellenic intentions had preceded him, was looked to as the successful Samaritan. Accordingly Lord Byron decided on the non-interference system, except to reconcile the contending parties; and took up his temporary residence at Metaxata, a village of Cephalonia. In the month of October 1823, Missolonghi was blockaded both by land and sea. For the defeat of this blockade, Lord Byron, with a generosity which should render all his peccadilloes invisible, offered the sum of sixty thousand dollars, to pay for fitting out a fleet. He sailed from Argostoli on the 29th of December 1823, for Missolonghi, where he was received with the most unlimited exultation. He was received on landing by Prince Maurocordato and all the authorities, together with the military and populace; by whom he was escorted to his house, amid the shouts of the people and the thundering gratulations of the artillery. This must have been a proud moment to Lord Byron. He stood in the classic land of Greece! Greece, hallowed by the most sacred ties which can link generations together—the land of arts and arms—

“Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
Where grew the arts of war and peace,  
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung”—

The land of Homer and Tyrtæus—of Phidias and Praxiteles, of Hector and Achilles, and the “Pious Æneas;” and Themistocles and Marathon, and Miltiades and Salamis, and Leonidas and Thermopylæ; and standing upon that land, how must his heart have bounded, to witness the honours which he that day received from their descendants, and to know that they were deserved; and if there be an enviable moment in his existence, this certainly is it. One of his first acts, on landing at Missolonghi, was to pay the fleet: he next proceeded to form a brigade of Suliotés to the number of five hundred. He consequently, on the first of January 1824, took into his pay that number of these bravest and most unyielding soldiers in Greece. At this time an expedition against Lepanto was proposed, of which Lord Byron was to have the command. But the untameable and mercenary nature of these hiring mountaineers, produced a complete abandonment of the project, at the very moment they should have availed themselves of Lord Byron's enthusiasm; and he became, very naturally, irritable, being disappointed, in his hopes, even thus early, of giving an advance, if not a triumph to the cause of Grecian Liberty. On the 15th of February he had an attack of epilepsy, which, considering the extreme susceptibility

of his mind, it is not unreasonable to ascribe to this very important, and very unseasonable disappointment of his glorious ambition. From this time his constitution suffered a considerable change, which was rendered the more injurious by his stay in Missolonghi, which is a flat, marshy, and unhealthy place. He was requested by a gentleman of Zante, to return for some time to that island; but, his devotedness to the cause he had embraced, made every thing else, even his health, a matter of secondary consideration. The following is his reply to that request; it requires no comment.

"I am extremely obliged by the offer of your country-house, as for all other kindness, in case my health should require my removal; but I cannot quit Greece while there is a chance of my being of (even supposed) utility. There is a stake worth millions such as I am, and while I can stand at all, I must stand by the cause. While I say this, I am aware of the difficulties, and dissensions, and defects of the Greeks themselves: but allowance must be made for them by all reasonable people."

On the 9th of April Lord Byron rode out, according to daily custom; but unfortunately got very wet in a rain-storm which overtook him. On his return home he changed his clothes, which were completely saturated: but, he had been in them too long, and he was attacked with a feverish cold. On the 12th, he became more alarmingly ill; on the 14th and 15th, his valet, Fletcher, requested him to send to Zante for Dr. Thomas, but he was told there was no necessity as the cold would be removed in a day or two. On the 18th he continued to get worse; and he was evidently in a state of great exhaustion. Nature was fast yielding to dissolution, and the sun which had illuminated the world, was now about to set for ever. He now seemed dissatisfied with the medical treatment he received, and regretted that he had not permitted Fletcher to send for Dr. Thomas. Every hour increased his debility, and, he began to suffer under intervals of delirium. His thoughts were now turned to his Ada; and he called Fletcher to communicate some directions which he wished him to see executed; but the time, for even that, had passed; his words were unintelligible; except, when, by great exertion, he could say, "My God—my wife—my child"—in this way he continued to approach the limits of his career, until the evening of the 19th, when, at six o'clock, Fletcher saw him open his eyes and then shut them; but neither limb nor feature exhibited the least feeling of pain. He lay quite calm; and a sweet tranquillity was on his countenance. The Doctors felt his pulse; it was stirless; the world had lost its brightest genius, and Greece its most devoted champion. Every demonstration of the public affliction was made at Missolonghi, where the sorrow was universal: minute guns were fired: the shops and public offices were closed; the Easter festivities suspended, and a general mourning took place. The body of Lord Byron was opened and embalmed, and the heart, brain, and intestines were placed in separate vessels. On the 22d, his honoured remains were borne to the church where the bodies of the illustrious Marco Botzaris and General Norman repose. Here the funeral service was performed; after which the body was left there, guarded by a detachment of his own brigade, until the 23d, when it was privately conveyed back to his own house. On the 2d of May, the remains were embarked, under a salute from the guns of the fortress, which but a few months before, were loud in their joyous thunders. In three days they reached Zante; where, on the 10th, Colonel Stanhope arrived; and, taking the body in charge, embarked with it on board the Florida. On the 25th of May she sailed from Zante, and, on the 29th of June arrived in the Downs.

The noble Lord's will having been proved by J. C.

Hobhouse and J. Hanson, (Lord Byron's executors,) they claimed the body, and had it conveyed to London, where it was exhibited in state at the house of Sir Edward Knatchbull, in Westminster. On the 16th of July, the interment took place at Hucknall church, within two miles of Newstead Abbey: the coffin was placed next to that of his mother, and was accompanied by an urn bearing this inscription—

"Within this urn are deposited the heart, brain, &c. of the deceased Lord Byron."

On the coffin was the following:

GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON,  
LORD BYRON  
OF ROCHDALE;  
BORN IN LONDON  
JAN. 22, 1788,  
DIED AT MISSOLOGHI,  
IN WESTERN GREECE,  
APRIL 19, 1824.

Taking our farewell of Hucknall and its interred immortality; we naturally ask why the memory of so stupendous a mind should not be *honoured*, (we will not say perpetuated; the name of Byron will never die,) by the erection of a monument to him in Westminster Abbey, which seems to be the final reward of British gratitude to British genius. The answer is simple. The Dean of Westminster will not permit its erection. On this subject we cannot do better than subjoin the happy observations of the Boston Statesman: as they exhibit an indignation which is at once noble and just.

"The refusal of the Dean of Westminster, assisted by the Dean of St. Paul's, to permit a monument to be erected to Lord Byron in Westminster Abbey, may vie, in the genuine spirit of vandalism, with the imprisonment of Copernicus for discovering that the earth was round, or with the petty spite of the Inquisition which burns the books whose contents are written upon men's minds by the living pen of intellectual inspiration. Petty agents of *hate*, not *injury*, to the manes of Byron! you cannot deprive him of a particle of his fame; his works will live when all the monuments of those ancient ruins, together with the pile which covers them, will crumble into ungatherable atoms. \* \* \* \*

"Reverend prelates! you retain within the pale of your benedictions and funeral rites, a Swift and a Sterne, men who uttered more downright obscenity than Byron ever thought or could think; and yet you *deny* monumental honours to the man who has distributed your literature into every village of Europe, who defended your fame from the encroachment of an armour-cased Scot, who before *he* (Byron) appeared, mocked at and bearded your intellectual chiefs, and almost claimed the supremacy of the island. But this is not all. If you are sincere in your pathetic lamentations over the Greeks, if you are, or ever were, the advocates of that cause, will not the interference at Missolonghi—the act of his latest days—redeem his character from the fangs of calumny and misinterpretation? Are you not aware, Right Reverends, that some of the most glorious of mortal men in deeds and station, have been silent upon the subject of religion? Is it not a matter that lies between the great Creator and the conscience of the individual? But in respect to this interdiction, is not the fame you aim at like his who fired the Ephesian temple? Believe it, Byron will not go down to posterity

'Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.'

But when the process of decomposition is completed upon your bodies, in despite of your crosiers, your leaden coffins, and your cast-iron protectors, how many, separated from this act of barbarism, *will even recollect your names, and who will chaunt your fame?*"