

virtue has permitted him to make in India, would be insufficient for his maintenance without his pay of a Colonel, and it has been just signified, that if, for what he had done or had wished to do for the cause of the Greeks, the Holy Alliance should happen to require his deprivation, he would not fail to be deprived of his rank, in order to preserve the promised neutrality. Now, it is certain, that it is some time since Stanhope's elder brother wrote him a pressing letter; so that every day one of the things which I fear most is to see him in my arms.

For the rest, do with respect to him what you think proper; you will not have the least resentment to fear on his part, for he is incapable of it.

* * * * *

Ever your affectionate father,

JEREMY BENTHAM.

No. 39.

From Captain Trelawny to Colonel Stanhope.

Missolonghi, April 28th, 1824.

My dear Colonel,

WHEN all my anxiety I could not get here before the third day. It was the second, after having crossed the first great torrent, that I met some soldiers from Missolonghi. I had let them all pass me, ere I had resolution enough to inquire the news from Missolonghi. I then rode back and demanded of a straggler the news. I heard nothing more than—Lord Byron is dead,—and I proceeded on in gloomy silence. With all his faults I loved him truly; he is connected with every event of the most interesting years of my wandering life: his every-day companion,—we lived in ships, boats, and in houses together,—we had no secrets,—no reserve, and, though we often differed in opinion, never quarrelled. If it gave me pain witnessing his frailties, he only wanted a little excitement to awaken and put forth virtues that redeemed them all. He was an only child,—early an orphan,—the world adopted him and spoilt him,—his conceptions were so noble when his best elements were aroused, that we, his

friends, considered it pure inspiration. He was violent and capricious. In one of his moments of frailty, two years back, he could think of nothing which could give him so much pleasure as saving money, and he talked of nothing but its accumulation, and the power and respect it would be the means of giving him; and so much did he indulge in this contemptible vice, that we, his friends, began to fear it would become his leading passion; however, as in all his other passions, he indulged it to satiety, and then grew weary. I was absent from him in Rome when he wrote me from Genoa, and said, "Trelawny, you must have heard I am going to Greece, why do you not come to me? I can do nothing without you, and am exceedingly anxious to see you; pray come, for I am at last determined to go to Greece, it is the only place I was ever contented in. I am serious, and did not write before, as I might have given you a journey for nothing: they all say I can be of use to Greece; I do not know how, nor do they; but, at all events, let's go." I who had long despaired of getting him out of Italy, to which he had become attached from habit, indolence, and strong ties; I lost no time; every thing was hurried on, and, from the moment he left Genoa, though twice driven back, his ruling passion became ambition of a name, or rather by one great effort to wipe out the memory of those deeds which his enemies had begun to rather freely descant on in the public prints, and to make his name as great in glorious acts, as it already was by his writings.

He wrote a song the other day on his birth-day, his thirty-sixth year, strongly exemplifying this.—It is the most beautiful and touching of all his songs, for he was not very happy at composing them. It is here amongst his papers.

"If thou regret thy youth, *why* live?
The land of honourable death
Is here. Up to the field and give
Away thy breath.
Awake! *not* Greece, *she* is awake!
Awake! *my* spirit.

He died on the 19th April, at six o'clock at night; the two last days he was altogether insensible, and died so, apparently without pain. From the first moment of his illness, he expressed on this, as on all former occasions, his *dread* of pain and fearlessness of death.

He talked chiefly of Ada, both in his sensible and insensible state. He had much to say, and many directions to leave, as was manifest from his calling Fletcher, Tita, Gamba, Parry, to his bed-side; his lips moved, but he could articulate nothing distinctly. "Ada—my sister—wife—say—do you understand my directions?" said he, to Fletcher, after muttering thus for half an hour, about—"Say this to Ada,"—"this to my sister,"—wringing his hands; "Not a word, my Lord," said Fletcher.—"That's a pity," said he, "for 'tis now too late,—for I shall die or go mad." He then raved, said—"I will not live a madman, for I can destroy myself." I know the reason of this fear he had of losing his senses; he had lately, on his voyage from Italy, read, with deep interest, Swift's life, and was always talking to me of his horrible fate. Byron's malady was a rheumatic fever; was brought on by getting wet after violent perspiration from hard riding, and neglecting to change his clothes. Its commencement was trifling. On the 10th he was taken ill; his doctors urged him to be bled, but this was one of his greatest prejudices,—he abhorred bleeding. Medicine was not efficient; the fever gained rapid ground, and on the third day the blood showed a tendency to mount to his head; he then submitted to bleeding, but it proved too late; it had already affected his brain, and this caused his death. Had he submitted to bleeding on its first appearance, he would have assuredly recovered in a few days. On opening him, a great quantity of blood was found in the head and brain; the latter, his brain, the doctor says, was a third greater in quantity than is usually found, weighing four pounds. His heart is likewise strikingly large, but performed its functions feebly, and was very exhausted; his liver much too small, which was the reason of that deficiency of bile, which necessitated him to continually stimulate his stomach by medicine. His body was in a perfect state of health and soundness. They say his only malady was a strong tendency of the blood to mount to the head, and weakness of the vessels there; that he could not, for this reason, have lived more than six or seven years more. I do not exactly understand this; but the doctor is going to write me a medical account of his illness, death, and state of his body.

His remains are preparing to send by way of Zante to England, he having left no directions on this head. I shall ever regret I was not with him when he gave up his mortality.

Your pardon, Stanhope, that I have turned aside from the great cause in which I am embarked; but this is no private grief; the

world has lost its greatest man, I my best friend, and that must be my excuse for having filled a letter with this one subject. To-morrow, for Mavrocordato has delayed my courier till his letters are ready, I will return to duty.

Yours, very sincerely,

EDWARD TRELAWNY.

No. 40.

From Captain Trelawny to Colonel Stanhope.

Missolonghi, April 28th, 1824.

Dear Stanhope,

Your impatient spirit will ill brook my delay, but I am at the fountain head of procrastination. The pestilential fever of these torpid waters seems to have infected every thing; the atmosphere is as dense as a November in London, and it is infected by reptiles;—every thing is transacted, not under the rose, but under the mud;—imbecile councils,—intriguing people,—greedy soldiers, and factious captains, are the beings I have to deal with in this Ionian sand (or rather slime) isthmus, cut off, as it most wisely is, (as we prune an unsightly scion from a beautiful tree,) from classic Greece. But enough of episodes.

There have been meetings and orations enough to settle all the affairs of Greece, if talking would do it, and all that is yet settled is, that the great body of captains, or generals as they designate themselves, will not attend the congress; however, they are to nominate representatives, with full power. Anagnosti Cariacci and Maceru have likewise promised to attend; and they have promised to nominate the deputies to-morrow, two in number, and these four, with our Salona envoy, will depart for Salona on the 29th. I have so clearly pointed out to Mavrocordato the advantage of his attending in person the congress, and through your good offices to effect a reconciliation with Odysseus, that he has pledged himself to accompany me to Salona in three or four days; for I have told him what we thought of that general, without reserve, and I see he thinks as I do, that he will be obliged to return to Hydra, that is, if they will receive him, except he is aided by the muscular arm of Odysseus.