

SKETCH OF LORD BYRON,

BY LEICESTER STANHOPE.

IN much of what certain authors have lately said in praise of Lord Byron, I concur. The public are indebted to them for useful information concerning that extraordinary man's biography. I do not, however, think that any of them have given of him a full and masterly description. It would require a person of his own wonderful capacity to draw his character, and even he could not perform this task otherwise than by continuing the history of what passed in his mind; for his character was as versatile as his genius. From his writings, therefore, he must be judged, and from them can he alone be understood. His character was, indeed, poetic, like his works, and he partook of the virtues and vices of the heroes of his imagination. Lord Byron was original and eccentric in all things, and his conduct and his writings were unlike those of other men. He might have said with Rousseau, "*Moi seul. Je sens mon cœur et je connois les hommes. Je ne suis fait comme aucun de ceux qui existent. Si je ne vaux pas mieux, au moins, je suis autre. Si la Na-*

ture a bien ou mal fait de briser le moule dans lequel elle m'a jetté, c'est dont on ne peut juger qu'après m'avoir lu." All that can be hoped is, that, after a number of the ephemeral sketches of Lord Byron have been published, and ample information concerning him obtained, some master hand will undertake the task of drawing his portrait. If any thing like justice be done to Lord Byron, his character will appear far more extraordinary than any his imagination has produced, and not less wonderful than those sublime and inimitable sketches created and painted by the fanciful pen of Shakspeare.

There were two circumstances which appear to me to have had a powerful influence on Lord Byron's conduct. I allude to his lameness and his marriage. The deformity of his foot constantly preyed on his spirits and soured his temper. It is extraordinary, however, and contrary, I believe, to the conduct of the generality of lame persons, that he pitied, sympathised, and befriended those who laboured under similar defects.

With respect to Lady Byron, her image appeared to be rooted in his mind. She had wounded Lord Byron's pride by having refused his first offer of marriage; by having separated herself from him whom others assiduously courted; and by having resisted all the efforts of his genius to compel her again to yield to his dominion. Had Lady Byron been submissive, could she have stooped to become a caressing slave, like other ingenious slaves she might have governed her lord and master. But no, she had a mind too great, and was too much of an Englishwoman to bow so low. These contrarieties set Lord Byron's heart on fire, roused all

his passions, gave birth, no doubt, to many of his sublimest thoughts, and impelled him impetuously forward in his zig-zag career. When angry or humorous, she became the subject of his wild sport; at other times, she seemed, though he loved her not, to be the mistress of his feelings, and one whom he in vain attempted to cast from his thoughts. Thus, in a frolicsome tone, I have heard him sketch characters; and, speaking of a certain acquaintance, say, "With the exception of Southey and Lady Byron, there is no one I hate so much!" This was a noisy shot—a sort of *feu de joie*, that inflicted no wound, and left no scar behind. Lord Byron was in reality a good-natured man, and it was a violence to his nature, which he seldom practised, either to conceal what he thought, or to harbour revenge. In one conversation which I had with Lord Byron, he dwelt much upon the acquirements and virtues of Lady Byron, and even said, she had committed no fault but that of having married him. The truth is, that he was not formed for marriage. His riotous genius could not bear restraint. No woman could have lived with him but one devoid of, or of subdued, feelings—an Asiatic slave. Lord Byron, it is well known, was passionately fond of his child; of this he gave me the following proof. He showed me a miniature of Ada, as also a clever description of her character, drawn by her mother, and forwarded to him by the person he most esteemed, his amiable sister. After I had examined the letter, while reflecting on its contents, I gazed intently on the picture; Lord Byron, observing me in deep meditation, impatiently said, "Well, well, what do you think of Ada?" I replied, "If these are true representations of Ada, and are not

drawn to flatter your vanity, you have engrafted on her your virtues and your failings. She is in mind and feature the very image of her father." Never did I see a man feel more pleasure than Lord Byron felt at this remark; his eyes lightened with ecstasy.

Lord Byron's mental and personal courage was unlike that of other men. To the superficial observer, his conduct seemed to be quite unsettled: this was really the case to a certain extent. His genius was boundless and excursive, and in conversation his tongue was rioting on

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

Still, upon the whole, no man was more constant, and I may almost say, more obstinate in the pursuit of some great objects. For example, in religion and politics, he seemed firm as a rock, though like a rock he was subjected to occasional rude shocks; the convulsions of an agitated nature.

The assertions I have ventured to make of Lord Byron having fixed opinions on certain material questions are not according to his own judgement. From what fell from his own lips, I could draw no such conclusions; for, in conversing with me on government and religion, and after going wildly over these subjects, sometimes in a grave and philosophical, and sometimes in a laughing and humourous strain, he would say, "The more I think, the more I doubt; I am a perfect sceptic." In contradiction to this assertion, I set Lord Byron's recorded sentiments, and his actions from the period of his boyhood to that of his death; and I con-

tend that, although he occasionally veered about, yet he always returned to certain fixed opinions; and that he felt a constant attachment to liberty, according to his own notions of liberty, and that, although no Christian, he was a firm believer in the existence of a God. It is, therefore, equally remote from truth to represent him as either an atheist or a Christian: he was, as he has often told me, a confirmed deist.

Lord Byron was no party politician. Lord Clare was the person whom he liked best, because he was his old school acquaintance. Mr. John Cam Hobhouse was his long-tryed, his esteemed, and valued literary and personal friend. Death has severed these; but there is a soul in friendship that can never die. No man ever chose a nobler friend. Mr. Hobhouse has given many proofs of this, and among others, I saw him, from motives of high honour, destroy a beautiful poem of Lord Byron's, and, perhaps, the last he ever composed. The same reason that induced Mr. H. to tear this fine manuscript will, of course, prevent him or me from ever divulging its contents. Mr. Douglas Kinnaird was another for whom Lord Byron entertained the sincerest esteem: no less on account of his high social qualities, than as a clear-sighted man of business, on whose discretion he could implicitly rely. Sir Francis Burdett was the politician whom he most admired. He used to say, "Burdett is an Englishman of the old school." He compared the Baronet to the Statesmen of Charles the First's time, whom he considered the sternest and loftiest spirits that Britain had produced. Lord Byron entertained high aristocratic notions, and had much family pride. He admired, notwithstanding, the Ame-

rican institutions, but did not consider them of so democratic a nature as is generally imagined. He found, he said, many Englishmen and English writers more imbued with liberal notions than those Americans and American authors with whom he was acquainted.

Lord Byron often spoke to me about Mr. Canning. His Lordship entertained a high opinion of his scholarship, and his capacity for public business. "Canning," he said, "is a genius, almost a universal one; an orator, a poet, and a statesman." He felt for Mr. Secretary Canning as Mr. Windham did for Sir Francis Burdett, a sort of sneaking partiality, which excited in him hopes. Lord Byron appears to have prejudged well, for where is the minister, under the influence of an unreformed Parliament, who would have done more than he has effected during the last sessions. Mr. Canning has the high merit of having acted up to the professions of his political antagonists. Lord Byron and the reformers have indeed had reason to complain of this minister, for he had rendered himself for a time the most formidable enemy to reform, by pursuing in other state affairs a wise course. From his great general merit, however, must be excepted parts of his conduct towards our Eastern Empire. Thwarted in his first good selection, he has sent out to India an amiable gentleman, but a very incompetent diplomatist and governor. This mistake has involved the country in an unnecessary, an ill-conducted, a protracted, and an expensive war, accompanied by dangerous military mutinies. Lord Amherst has stifled the free press, which Warren Hastings (for many years justly prosecuted as a tyrant) protected; which Lord Hastings, in the pride of his triumphs, restored; and which Mr. Canning

once magnanimously shielded from the scribes of Leadenhall. Poor Lord Amherst has been brought into such contempt that he has been hissed at the Calcutta theatre by a mob who gave two guineas each for their tickets. Bad as this is, Lord Amherst may thank his stars that Edmund Burke is not on earth to scrutinize, and dissect, with his sharp wit, the conduct of his mad and slavish administration: to stand up, as in the bright days of his virtue, the mighty advocate of oppressed nations, to give another rough sweeping to the filthy Augean stable, and to lay the great foundations of wholesome reforms. But it is time to return from the obtrusion of my opinions of Mr. Canning to those of Lord Byron; and that his Lordship's sentiments concerning him may not be mis-stated, I shall quote them in his own words:—

Yet something may remain, perchance, to chime
 With reason, and, what's stranger still, with rhyme;
 Even this thy genius, Canning, may permit,
 Who, bred a statesman, still was born a wit,
 And never, even in that dull house, couldst tame
 To unleavened prose thine own poetic flame;
 Our last, our best, our only orator,
 Ev'n I can praise thee."

Lord Byron was chivalrous even to Quixotism. This might have lowered him in the estimation of the wise, had he not given some extraordinary proofs of the noblest courage. For example, the moment he recovered from that alarming fit which took place in my room, he inquired again and again, with the utmost composure, whether he was in danger. If in danger, he desired

the physician honestly to apprise him of it, for he feared not death. Soon after this dreadful paroxysm, when Lord Byron, faint with over-bleeding, was lying on his sick bed, with his whole nervous system completely shaken, the mutinous Suliots, covered with dirt and splendid attires, broke into his apartment, brandishing their costly arms, and loudly demanding their wild rights. Lord Byron, electrified by this unexpected act, seemed to recover from his sickness; and the more the Suliots raged, the more his calm courage triumphed. The scene was truly sublime.

At times, Lord Byron would become disgusted with the Greeks, on account of their horrid cruelties, their delays, their importuning him for money, and their not fulfilling their promises. That he should feel thus was very natural, although all this is just what might be anticipated from a people breaking loose from ages of bondage. We are too apt to expect the same conduct from men educated as slaves (and here be it remembered that the Greeks were the Helots of slaves) that we find in those who have, from their infancy, breathed the wholesome atmosphere of liberty.

Most persons assume a virtuous character. Lord Byron's ambition, on the contrary, was to make the world imagine that he was a sort of "Satan," though occasionally influenced by lofty sentiments to the performance of great actions. Fortunately for his fame, he possessed another quality, by which he stood completely unmasked. He was the most ingenuous of men, and his nature, in the main good, always triumphed over his acting. There was nothing that he detested more than to be

thought merely a great poet, though he did not wish to be esteemed inferior as a dramatist to Shakspeare. Like Voltaire, he was unconsciously jealous of, and for that reason abused, our immortal bard. His mind was absorbed in detecting Shakspeare's glaring defects, instead of being overpowered by his wonderful creative and redeeming genius. He assured me, that he was so far from being a "heaven-born poet," that he was not conscious of possessing any talent in that way when a boy. This gift had burst upon his mind unexpectedly, as if by inspiration, and had excited his wonder. He also declared, that he had no love or enthusiasm for poetry. I shook my head, doubtingly, and said to him, that although he had displayed a piercing sagacity in reading and developing the characters of others, he knew but little of his own. He replied, "Often have I told you that I am a perfect sceptic. I have no fixed opinions, that is my character. Like others I am not in love with what I possess, but with that which I do not possess, and which is difficult to obtain." Lord Byron was for shining as a hero of the first order. He wished to take an active part in the civil and military government of Greece. On this subject he consulted me; I condemned the direct assumption of command by a foreigner, fearing that it would expose him to envy and danger without promoting the cause. I wished him, by a career of perfect disinterestedness, to preserve a commanding influence over the Greeks, and to act as their great mediator. Lord Byron listened to me with unusual and courteous politeness, for he suspected my motives—he thought me envious—jealous of his increasing power; and though he did not disregard, did not altogether follow my ad-

vice. I was not, however, to be disarmed by politeness or suspicions; they touched me not, for my mind was occupied with loftier thoughts. The attack was renewed the next day in a mild tone. The collision, however, of Lord Byron's arguments, sparkling with jests, and mine, regardless of his brilliancy and satire, all earnestness, ended as usual in a storm. Though most anxious to assume high power, Lord Byron was still modest. He said to me, laughing, that if Napier came, he would *supersede himself*, as governor and commander of Western Greece, in favour of that distinguished officer. I laughed at this whimsical expression till I made Lord Byron laugh too, and repeat over again that he would "supersede himself."

The mind of Lord Byron was like a volcano, full of fire and wealth, sometimes calm, often dazzling and playful, but ever threatening. It ran swift as the lightning from one subject to another, and occasionally burst forth in passionate throes of intellect, nearly allied to madness. A striking instance of this sort of eruption I shall mention. Lord Byron's apartments were immediately over mine at Missolonghi. In the dead of the night, I was frequently startled from my sleep by the thunders of his Lordship's voice, either raging with anger or roaring with laughter, and rousing friends, servants, and, indeed, all the inmates of the dwelling from their repose. Even when in the utmost danger, Lord Byron contemplated death with calm philosophy. He was, however, superstitious, and dreadfully alarmed at the idea of going MAD, which he predicted would be his sad destiny. As a companion, no one could be more amusing; he

had neither pedantry nor affectation about him, but was natural and playful as a boy. His conversation resembled a stream, sometimes smooth, sometimes rapid, and sometimes rushing down in cataracts; it was a mixture of philosophy and slang—of every thing—like his “Don Juan.” He was a patient, and, in general, a very attentive listener. When, however, he did engage with earnestness in conversation, his ideas succeeded each other with such uncommon rapidity, that he could not control them. They burst from him impetuously, and although he both attended to, and noticed the remarks of others, yet he did not allow these to check his discourse for an instant.

Lord Byron professed a deep-rooted antipathy to the English, though he was always surrounded by Englishmen, and, in reality, preferred them (as he did Italian women) to all others. I one day accused him of ingratitude to his countrymen. For many years, I observed, he had been, in spite of his faults, and although he had shocked all her prejudices, the pride, and I might almost say, the idol of Britain. He said, they must be a stupid race to worship such an idol, but he had at last cured their superstition, as far as his divinity was concerned, by the publication of his “Cain.” It was true, I replied, that he had now lost their favour. This remark stung him to the soul, for he wished not only to occupy the public mind, but to command, by his genius, public esteem. Having touched upon the subject of “Cain,” and his passions being excited, he began to rate the Lord Chancellor Eldon; that “most wise and upright judge,” who, from an humble origin, had risen to rank and to a comfortable competency, who “sat like

patience on a monument,” pondering on mountains of parchment, and revolving cases, laws, equity, politics, theology, common sense, reason,—artificial or law reason, and political reason or expediency, in his deep mind; judging “in time and by time”—time deciding all things. This orthodox Protestant and statesman-like judge, Lord Byron called “The Demon of the Law.” He condemned Lord Eldon’s decision in his own case as most unjust, for he had robbed him of his property, and had cast it away in the public market, to be scrambled for and divided among the breakers and defyers of the law. He reprobated it as impolitic, because it had lowered the price of the work, had rendered it by this arbitrary decree popular, and had thereby increased its sale ten-fold. Lord Byron then began to rail at England, her constitution, her judges, and laws. “She boasted of her laws, (he said,) which were the most voluminous and undefined, contradictory and bloody—in short, the worst ‘Code’ (if such a heap of asses’ skin could be called a ‘Code’) in the world, not excepting that of the Koran. She asserted that her laws were the envy of the world; this was false. Foreigners, on the contrary, wondered how a nation so enlightened could submit to be under the dominion of such a ‘Code.’ In some cases they were, in fact, under the arbitrary power of the Lord Chancellor, who, contrary to every wise principle of justice, is also the highest political functionary in the realm. With respect to the other parts of the judiciary system, all that was good in it was counterbalanced by the arbitrary power and dreadful delays suffered in the Court of Chancery under Lord Eldon; and the enormous expense to be incurred in the pursuit

of justice, put it beyond the reach of the mass of the people, and enabled the rich, right or wrong, to triumph. While Lord Byron paused to take breath, I said "you are preaching the doctrines of the immortal Bentham." "Yes, (he replied,) law is his *forte*, and not the fabricating of constitutions." I was about to answer, but Lord Byron was off again in a voice too loud and swift to admit of interruption. "Thus, (he continued,) the people of England are deprived of justice; and the people of Ireland, of Hindoostan, and of the Colonies,—that is to say, nine-tenths of British subjects,—are, from restrictions on religion, on liberty, and on trade, out of the pale of this—our famous constitution!" In this strain Lord Byron continued to dwell at great length. He was indeed, so absorbed in the subject, that he paid no attention to my replies or remarks, but pursued his line of argument. Suddenly he changed his theme, and began to talk about "Cain" and his religious opinions, to condemn all atheists, and to maintain the principles of deism. The conversation, of which this report is merely an outline, took place during a ride at Cephalonia, and lasted two or three hours almost without a pause.

This extraordinary person, whom every body was as anxious to see, and to know, as if he had been a Napoleon—the conqueror of the world, had a notion that he was hated, and avoided like one who had broken quarantine. He used often to mention to me the kindness of this or that insignificant individual, for having given him a good and friendly reception. In this particular, Lord Byron was capricious; for at Genoa he would scarcely see any one but those who lived in his own family; whereas, at Cephalonia, he was to every one

and at all times accessible. At Genoa he acted the misanthropist. At Cephalonia he appeared in his genuine character, doing good, and rather courting than shunning society.

Lord Byron conceived that he possessed a profound knowledge of mankind, and of the working of their passions. In this he judged right. He could fathom every mind and heart but his own, the extreme depths of which none ever reached. On my arrival from England, at Cephalonia, his Lordship asked me what new publications I had brought out. Among others I mentioned "The Springs of Action." "Springs of Action," said Lord Byron, stamping with rage with his lame foot, and then turning sharply on his heel, "I don't require to be taught on this head. I know well what are the Springs of Action." Some time afterwards, while speaking on another subject, he desired me to lend him, "The Springs of Action." He then suddenly changed the conversation to some humorous remarks, for the purpose of diverting my attention. I could not, however, forbear reminding him of his former observations, and his furious stamp.

Avarice and great generosity were among Lord Byron's qualities; these contrarieties are said not unfrequently to be united in the same person. As an instance of Lord Byron's parsimony, he was constantly attacking Count Gamba, sometimes, indeed, playfully, but more often with the bitterest satire, for having purchased for the use of his family, while in Greece, 500 dollars' worth of cloth. This he used to mention as an instance of the Count's imprudence and extravagance. Lord Byron

told me one day, with a tone of great gravity, that this 500 dollars would have been most serviceable in promoting the siege of Lepanto; and, that he never would, to the last moment of his existence, forgive Gamba, for having squandered away his money in the purchase of cloth. No one will suppose that Lord Byron could be serious in such a denunciation; he entertained, in reality, the highest opinion of Count Gamba, who, both on account of his talents and devotedness to his friend, merited his Lordship's esteem.

Lord Byron's generosity is before the world; he promised to devote his large income to the cause of Greece, and he honestly acted up to his pledge. On the result of this struggle depend the liberties of Greece, and most probably those of the neighbouring countries. The sages of diplomacy, that hateful race, so unlike the De Wits and the Temples, pray for their retrograding back to dark barbarism. Nature has, however, blessed mankind with reason, with the faculties of acquiring knowledge, with the means of judging between right and wrong, and when a nation has the courage to put forth all her strength, its powers are, in general, sufficient to master oppression. These influences, I doubt not, will be exercised in favour of Greece. The Turks will never permanently conquer liberated Greece, and her condition must necessarily be improved.

I consider the effects which have been brought about by the press and by education in Hindoostan, and the efforts making in favour of freedom by the Greeks, to form an epoch in the history of Asia. Like the Reformation, from which remote event may be derived the Ame-

rican and the French Revolutions, these measures will, also, spite of the arbitrary power, which may check or may increase the impetus, produce a long chain of events highly advantageous to the interests and dignity of man. To those who fear the workings of the public mind, the "march of intellect," and the life and the movements to which it gives birth, there is left no consolation. All their efforts to stifle or to annihilate these feelings must prove ineffectual: they might as well attempt to choke the mouth of *Ætna* and prevent the throes of Nature.

It was impossible for Lord Byron to have made a more useful and, therefore, a more noble sacrifice of his wealth, than by devoting it, *with discretion*, to the Greek cause. He set a bright example to the *millionaires* of his own country, who certainly show but little public spirit. Most of them expend their fortunes in acts of ostentation or selfishness. Few there are of this class who will devote, perchance, the hundredth part of their large incomes to acts of benevolence or bettering the condition of their fellow-men. None of our *millionaires*, with all their pride and their boasting, have had the public virtue, like Lord Byron, to sacrifice their incomes or their lives in aid of a people struggling for liberty. They are all ready with their large professions and their brilliant speeches, and these, it is true, are of vast importance in promoting a lofty spirit throughout the world; but all their public debts are paid in this way. What generous mind but admired the fine, the eloquent orations made in favour of the Spanish cause, or could feel otherwise than horror-struck at beholding the martyrs to it famishing with hunger in the streets of London? It is true, that efforts were made

in favour of these patriots, but not by those who most excited their passions, nor by the *millionaires*.

Lord Byron's reading was desultory, but extensive; his memory was retentive to an extraordinary extent.

He was partial to the Italian poets, and is said to have borrowed from them. Their fine thoughts he certainly associated with his own, but with such skill, that he could not be accused of plagiarism. Lord Byron possessed, indeed, a genius absolutely boundless, and could create with such facility that it would have been irksome to him to have become a servile imitator. He was original in all things, but especially as a poet.

The study of voyages and travels was that in which he most delighted; their details he seemed actually to devour. He would sit up all night reading them. His whole soul was absorbed in these adventures, and he appeared to personify the traveller. Lord Byron had a particular aversion to business; his familiar letters were scrawled out at a great rate, and resembled his conversations. Rapid as were his tongue and his pen, neither could keep pace with the quick succession of ideas that flashed across his mind. He hated nothing more than writing formal official letters; this drudgery he would generally put off from day to day, and finish by desiring Count Gamba, or some other friend, to perform the task. No wonder that Lord Byron should dislike this dry antipoetic work, and which he, in reality, performed with so much difficulty. Lord Byron's arduous, yet unsuccessful, labours in this barren field, put me in mind of the difficulty which one of the biographers of Addison describes this politician to have experienced when attempting to compose an official paragraph for the

Gazette, announcing the death of the Queen. This duty, after a long and ineffectual attempt, the minister, in despair, handed over to a clerk, who (not being a genius, but a man of business) performed it in an instant.

Not less was Lord Byron's aversion to reading than to writing official documents; these he used to hand over to me, pretending, spite of all my protestations to the contrary, that I had a passion for documents. When once Lord Byron had taken any whim into his head, he listened not to contradiction, but went on laughing and satirizing, till his joke had triumphed over argument and fact. Thus I, for the sake of peace, was sometimes silent, and suffered him to good-naturedly bully me into reading over, or, rather, yawning over, a mass of documents dull and uninteresting.

Lord Byron once told me, in a humourous tone, but apparently quite in earnest, that he never could acquire a competent knowledge of arithmetic. Addition and subtraction he said he could, though with some difficulty, accomplish. The mechanism of the rule of three pleased him, but then division was a puzzle he could not muster up sufficient courage to unravel. I mention this, to show of how low a cast Lord Byron's capacity was in some common-place matters, where he could not command attention. The reverse was the case on subjects of a higher order, and in those trifling ones, too, that pleased his fancy. Moved by such themes, the impulses of his genius shot forth, by day and night, from his troubled brain, electric sparks or streams of light, like blazing meteors. Critics may disapprove of my narrating facts like these, as illustrative of his character—of my showing

his strong and feeble side--his virtues and his failings. I crave your mercy, critics; I know no law of composition, but that paramount one of truth. My crime is that of having gone beyond my depth--of having presumptuously attempted to give a sketch of one of the most eccentric and original geniuses that ever existed.

Lord Byron loved Greece. Her climate and her scenery--her history, her struggles, her great men, and her antiquities, he admired. He declared that he had no mastery over his own thoughts. In early youth, he was no poet, nor was he now, except when the fit was upon him, and he felt his mind agitated and feverish. These attacks, he continued, scarcely ever visited him any where but in Greece; there he felt himself exhilarated--metamorphosed into another person, and with another soul--in short, never had he, but in Greece, written one good line of poetry. This is a fact exaggerated, as facts often are by the impulses of strong feelings. It is not, on that account, less calculated to convey to others the character of Lord Byron's mind, or to impress it the less upon their recollections.

Lord Byron had acquired wandering habits, and they were congenial to his disposition. For five or six months he would remain immovable in one place, and then become flighty and desirous of changing his abode. After his arrival at Cephalonia, he remained for more than a month, without any comforts, on board "The Hercules," and refused Col. Napier's invitation to dwell in his house. He afterwards took up his residence in a small villa at Metaxata: from thence it was equally difficult to move him. Despatch after despatch were expedited from

Greece, praying him to send the money he had lent to the Government, and inviting him to proceed thither in person. He promised, after much solicitation, to comply with their wishes. Notwithstanding this pledge, courier after courier, and ship after ship, were sent for him; and it was not until the fleet and the Suliot were on the point of breaking out into a mutiny in consequence of the "*L'Or*," as they called it, not arriving, and until the English residents were threatened with all the curses and imprecations of the hungry and the frightened, that his Lordship set sail. When this event was announced to the Greeks, who think that money can work miracles, they looked out for the "*L'Or*" with as intense an interest, as if they expected to behold the precious mountains of Peru advancing to save them, and to crush the Turkish host. Judge of their dismay, when they saw the enemy's fleet, from the Gulf of Corinth, crossing the mouth of the harbour in triumph, and when they feared that Lord Byron was taken; and, finally, of their rapture, when they found that his Lordship had been so close to a Turkish frigate, that he had heard the Ottomans conversing, and had, notwithstanding, by his presence of mind, escaped; and that Count Gamba, by his address, had got safe off with his head and the gold from Lepanto.

Once established at Missolonghi, it required some great impetus to move Lord Byron from that unhealthy swamp. On one occasion, when irritated by the Suliot, and the constant applications for money, he intimated his intention to depart. The citizens of Missolonghi and the soldiers grumbled, and communicated to me, through Dr. Meyer, their discontent. I repeated what

I had heard to Lord Byron. He replied, calmly, that he would rather be cut to pieces than imprisoned, for he came to aid the Greeks in their struggle for liberty, and not to be their slave. No wonder that the "Hellenists" endeavoured to impede Lord Byron's departure, for even I, a mere soldier, could not escape from Missolonghi, Athens, Corinth, or Salona, without considerable difficulty. Some time previous to Lord Byron's death, he began to feel a restlessness and a wish to remove to Athens or to Zante.

It has been asserted by many that Lord Byron's valuable life might have been saved by timely bleeding. His Lordship used to say that he "feared less the lance than the lancet." Some of his physicians plead this prejudice in exculpation of their conduct. My opinion, founded on the best information, is, that he might have been persuaded to have been bled sooner, but that certain of his five doctors did not think it of vital importance, and, therefore, courteously yielded for some time to his wishes. Far is it, however, from my intention to calumniate any of the medical men who attended Lord Byron; I am acquainted with them all. I know Bruno, Millingen, Meyer, Freiber, and Luca Vaya, and consider these Italian, English, Swiss, German, and Greek doctors all sincere, and of respectable abilities. Nor can I pretend to give an opinion as to the chances there would have been of Lord Byron's recovery under any other mode of treatment. What I am well convinced of is, that Lord Byron's constitution was broken by excesses: by the workings of his own mad genius, by his wild and racing career, and by the capricious systems of abstinence and of eating and

I had heard to Lord Byron. He replied, calmly, that he would rather be cut to pieces than imprisoned, for he came to aid the Greeks in their struggle for liberty, and not to be their slave. No wonder that the "Hellenists" endeavoured to impede Lord Byron's departure, for even I, a mere soldier, could not escape from Missolonghi, Athens, Corinth, or Salona, without considerable difficulty. Some time previous to Lord Byron's death, he began to feel a restlessness and a wish to remove to Athens or to Zante.

It has been asserted by many that Lord Byron's valuable life might have been saved by timely bleeding. His Lordship used to say that he "feared less the lance than the lancet." Some of his physicians plead this prejudice in exculpation of their conduct. My opinion, founded on the best information, is, that he might have been persuaded to have been bled sooner, but that certain of his five doctors did not think it of vital importance, and, therefore, courteously yielded for some time to his wishes. Far is it, however, from my intention to calumniate any of the medical men who attended Lord Byron; I am acquainted with them all. I know Bruno, Millingen, Meyer, Freiber, and Luca Vaya, and consider these Italian, English, Swiss, German, and Greek doctors all sincere, and of respectable abilities. Nor can I pretend to give an opinion as to the chances there would have been of Lord Byron's recovery under any other mode of treatment. What I am well convinced of is, that Lord Byron's constitution was broken by excesses: by the workings of his own mad genius, by his wild and racing career, and by the capricious systems of abstinence and of eating and

drinking which he had at times adopted. The proof of this lies in the fact that, for a long period previous to his death, medicines had become a part of his daily food; without them he could not have existed. Under all these circumstances, it is not very probable that Lord Byron could have recovered from his last severe attack of fever under any course of treatment, and it is next to an impossibility that he could have been long-lived. His bodily functions were in reality destroyed, and his youthful and "burning thoughts" were every instant preying upon his existence.

Among the numerous Calumnies which have been industriously circulated in this country relative to my conduct in Greece, is that of my having acted in factious opposition to Lord Byron. The degraded quarter from whence the mass of these charges proceed, and their total want of truth, absolutely precludes me from replying to them in any manner whatever; but I cannot forbear quoting the testimony which his Lordship himself bears in my favour.

In a letter addressed to Mr. Bowring, he expresses himself in the following terms:—

[Vide the Extract from Lord Byron's letter, lithographed on the opposite page.]

I am happy to say that
Colonel Lieut. Stanhope and myself
are acting in perfect harmony
together, he is likely to be of
great service both to the cause
and to the committee - and is
publicly as well as personally a
very valuable acquisition to our party
on every account. -

A. H.