8-1949

The travels of Lord Byron

Maxwell Rock Schools

THE TRAVELS OF LORD BYRON

BY
MAXWELL ROCK SCHOOLS

A THESIS
SUBMITTED TO THE GRADUATE FACULTY
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND
IN CANDIDACY
FOR THE DEGREE OF
MASTER OF ARTS IN ENGLISH

AUGUST 1949

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PART ONE

THE PILGRIMAGE

INTRODUCTION

It is the purpose of this work to present in a concise manner the record of the travels of Lord Byron. His travels are the most important part of his life, because he spent the major part of his adult life in foreign lands, and his journeys are responsible for his great poetic creations.

From early youth he cherished the desire for travel. It was his wanderings that created poems within him: The father of Manfred and Cain is the Bernese Oberland; the tour of the Mediterranean gave birth to Childe Harold; Venice created Marino Faliero, The Two Foscari, Beppo, and other poems; and Don Juan is the child of all his life's travels.

Travel was as necessary to Byron as the air he breathed. Without it he would have withered away and died of boredom. He was the true lover of nature, and the only part of it he despised was man himself. His physical and mental makeup made it imperative that he be almost constantly on the move. He could not be satisfied with anything for very long.

Byron's chief purpose in his writings was to bring to his readers a true picture of the world as he saw it. It is acknowledged by those who have traveled in

the same countries he describes, that in general his descriptions are realistic and true.

There is no affectation in the expression "Oh that the desert were my dwelling place." He seemed to delight in the more violent aspects of nature. He reveled in the beauties of the storm, the crags and precipices, the rushing torrents and the terrifying avalanches. All of these corresponded to his wild and untamed nature.

Because of his passion and power of expression he was able to represent the human tragedy in which he played so many parts. He has projected himself upon the screen, against a background of the places he visited. His ten years of travel produced for the world as much as any decade of any one man's life.

George Gordon, Lord Byron, was born on January 22, 1788, in London. His father, John Byron, shortly thereafter abandoned both wife and son in order to escape his creditors and fled to Valenciennes, where he died in August 1791.

Soon after the birth of her son Mrs. Byron took him to Scotland and settled in Aberdeen in 1790. In 1792 he was sent to a day school, where his progress was not remarkable. Next he was tutored by a devout

clergyman named Ross, under whose tutorship he made great progress. His next tutor, Paterson, he admired very much. Byron was backward and indifferent to technical scholarship, but he eagerly took to history and romance. His temper was quick and he was eager for adventures, interested in sports, and always more ready to give a blow than to take one. He was affectionate, though resentful.

During 1796 he was taken by his mother to Ballater to recover from scarlet fever. It was here that he first learned to love the mountains. In the autumn of 1798 his mother took him to Newstead, which they found half ruined and desolate, and for a time they resided in near-by Nottingham.

In the summer of 1799 he was sent to London under the medical care of Dr. Baillie and placed in a boarding school at Dulwich under the charge of Dr. Glennie. In 1801 he entered the public school at Harrow, where he remained till the autumn of 1805. It was during this period that he met and loved Mary Chaworth, who only toyed with his boyish affections.

In October 1805, on the advice of Dr. Drury, Byron was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, and he kept up a connection with the University for less than three years of irregular attendance. His attachment

for Harrow and his desire to go to Oxford served all the more to make him dissatisfied with Cambridge. His Hours of Idleness was a product of this period. Here he distinguished himself at cricket, boxing, riding, and shooting.

Byron formed the acquaintance of a group of brilliant contemporaries at Cambridge. It was here that he met Charles Skinner Matthews, Scrope Davies, John Cam Hobhouse [Lord Broughton], Rev. Francis Hodgson, Henry Drury, and Robert Charles Dallas.

In March 1807 the Hours of Idleness was published. In July he went to London and remained there until September, when he returned to Cambridge. The first half of the year 1808 was spent in London, and the last months were spent at his home, Newstead Abbey. During this period he studied Pope and prepared his satire in answer to the attack of the Edinburgh Review upon his Hours of Idleness. He took his seat in the House of Lords on March 13, 1809, and a few days later the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers appeared before the public. The satire was an immediate success, because it was the only good thing of its kind since Churchill. He bitterly attacked Jeffrey, Brougham, Moore, Campbell, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott, and others. In the meantime he returned to

Newstead, where he invited some choice friends to hold a few weeks of farewell revel; then, Byron and Hobhouse set out for Falmouth.

Chapter I

Portugal, Spain, And The Mediterranean

Early in 1809 Lord Byron having reached the age of twenty-one took his seat in the House of Lords. Embittered by the adverse criticism the reviewers had given his Hours of Idleness he composed the satire, English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, which was published by a little known bookseller named Cawthorne on March 16, 1809. His pride wounded by criticism, his financial state shattered and his long cherished desire for travel now possible, Byron, accompanied by his friend John Cam Hobhouse and a large retinue, left London on June 11, 1809, on tour to observe mankind.[1]

Byron himself describes his pilgrimage as a flight rather than a journey.[2] He looked upon his acquaintances as parasites instead of friends. He had tired of revelry and decided to leave England and "visit scorching climes beyond the sea."[3]

1. Karl Elze, Life of Lord Byron, pp. 88-89.
2. Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, I, ii-xi.
3. Ibid., I, vi, 7.

> With pleasure drugg'd, he almost long'd for woe,
> And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades below.[4]

The fact that his name was blighted because of his father's complicity in a murder angered Byron,[5] and he began his pilgrimage without bidding adieu to his mother, sister, or friends.[6]

On July 2 he left the port of Falmouth for Lisbon,[7] and in describing his embarkation he reiterates the fact that he is leaving England gladly and with no regrets.[8] His song from Childe Harold best describes the feelings with which he set out:

> And now I'm in the world alone
> Upon the wide, wide sea;
> But why should I for others groan,
> When none will sigh for me?
> Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
> Till fed by stranger hands;
> But long ere I come back again
> He'd tear me where he stands.
>
> With thee my bark, I'll swiftly go
> Athwart the foaming brine;
> Nor care what land thou bearest me to
> So not again to mine.
> Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!
> And when you fail my sight
> Welcome ye deserts and ye caves!
> My native land -- Good night![9]

4. Ibid., I, vi, 8-9.
5. Ibid., I, iii.
6. Ibid., I, x.
7. Elze, op. cit., p. 90.
8. C H P, I, xii.
9. Ibid. stanzas 9 and 10 of song between stanzas xiii and xiv.

On leaving England Byron dedicated to his first love, Mrs. Musters, formerly Mary Chaworth, a poem,[10] in which he implies that he left England because his love for her was unreturned. He also describes his embarkation in a poem written on board the Lisbon Packet.[11] On the fifth day he arrived in the port of Lisbon after an uneventful voyage,[12] and on the following day, July 8, he went ashore.[13] He has little good to say of Lisbon. Although its appearance was beautiful from a distance, he says that the town was dirty, and that the inhabitants were used to filth and squalor.[14] He describes the Portugese as a nation of proud and ignorant people, who lick the hand of their benefactor [England] and yet hate her.[15]

The lawlessness of the city and its vicinity shocked Byron. He describes it in both poetry[16] and prose.[17] He states that assassinations in the streets of Lisbon and vicinity were not confined by the Portugese to their own countrymen but that foreigners, including Englishmen, were killed daily and there was no redress. Englishmen were requested not to interfere

10. "Stanzas To A Lady On Leaving England."
11. "Lines To Mr. Hodgson."
12. C H P, I, xiv.
13. Lord Broughton, Recollections of a Long Life, I, 6.
14. C H P, I, xvii.
15. Ibid., I, xvi.
16. Ibid., I, xxi.
17. Ibid., note.

if they saw one of their countrymen defending himself against the Portugese. Byron himself was once stopped on the way to the theater at eight o'clock at night and, had he not been armed, he would probably have met foul play.

He was surprised, however, at the beauty of Cintra, which he visited on July 12. In a letter to Mr. Hodgson, written at Lisbon he said, "I must just observe that the village of Cintra in Estremadura is the most beautiful perhaps in the world."[18] In Childe Harold he asks why such men were allowed to live in such beautiful surroundings.[19] He describes Cintra as an Eden and bemoans the fact that man is unable to describe [with pen or pencil] the beauty of the place. His picture of the natural setting of Cintra is a masterpiece of description:

> The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd,
> The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
> The mountain moss by scorching skies imbrown'd
> The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
> The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
> The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
> The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
> The vine on high, the willow branch below,
> Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.[20]

While in Lisbon Byron visited Mafra, which he

18. Thomas Moore, Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, I, 193.
19. C H P, I, xviii.
20. Ibid., I, xix.

thought magnificent. In a note on Childe Harold he states:

> The extent of Mafra is prodigious; it contains a palace, convent, and superb church. The six organs are the most beautiful I ever beheld, in point of decoration: we did not hear them but were told that their tones were correspondent to their splendor. Mafra is termed the Escurial of Portugal.[21]

On July 21 Byron, having sent some of his retinue to Gibraltar by boat, set out with Hobhouse from Aldea Gallega on horseback for Seville. They passed through Montemor, where they saw a Moorish castle with extensive ruins. On the following day they reached Elvas, which they entered after much difficulty with the authorities. On July 24 they reached Monastereo, where they overtook two French prisoners and a Spanish spy on their way to Seville to be hanged. On the following day they arrived at Seville.[22] In Childe Harold he describes his departure from Lisbon.[23] He says that he no longer seeks the harlot and wine, but that he is flying to a goal which he knows not, and that thirst for travel is urging him on. He was greatly impressed by his trip on horseback. He describes valleys teeming with fruit, hills, and many pleasant places, the shepherd with his flocks, and the plains whereon they fed.

21. Ibid., I, XXIX, note.
22. Broughton, op. cit., I, 10.
23. I, xxviii.

He was greatly impressed by the absence of barriers, natural or man-made, between Spain and Portugal.[25] He has described the spot, where he passed from Portugal into Spain, with these words:

> But these between a silver streamlet glides,
> And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook.
> Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides.[26]

On his journey to Seville he visited the battlefield of Albuera, which he salutes in Childe Harold:

> O Albuera, glorious field of grief!
> As o'er thy plain the pilgrim prick'd his steed,
> Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,
> A scene where mingling foes should boast and bleed![27]

Byron and Hobhouse travelled over four hundred English miles on horseback on their journey from Aldea Gallega to Seville. It was at Seville that Byron saw the famous Maid of Saragossa, whom he has immortalized in Childe Harold.[28] In a note to Childe Harold he states that by her valor she had elevated herself to the highest rank of heroines and that she walked daily on the Prado, decorated with medals by the command of the Junta.[29] Byron was unmoved by the Alcazar, the grave of Columbus, and memorials of Roman and Moorish

24. C H P, I, xxx and xxxi.
25. Ibid., xxxii.
26. Ibid., xxxiii, 1-3.
27. Ibid., xliii, 1-4.
28. Ibid., liv-lvi.
29. Ibid., I, lvi, note.

rule.[30] He remained four days at Seville and then rode to Cadiz across the Sierra Morena, which he describes as a vast fortification.[31]

Byron regarded Cadiz as the crown of Spanish cities. In a letter to Mr. Hodgson written at Gibraltar, August 6, 1809, he wrote: "Cadiz, sweet Cadiz! -- is the first spot in the creation."[32] He has written twenty-one stanzas in the first Canto of Childe Harold in praise of the city.[33] The gaiety and revelry of Cadiz, as well as its beautiful women were largely responsible for his estimate.

On July 29 they reached Xeres, a large town, and on August 3 they set forth on the frigate "Hyperion" for Gibraltar, which they reached on the following day.[34] Since Gibraltar was an English town, it was to Byron a "cursed place,"[35] and its natural beauty inspired but one stanza.[36]

Byron renounced his plans for an extended excursion to the African coast in order that he might catch the packet for Malta. On August 16 he and Hobhouse

30. Elze, Life of Lord Byron, pp. 89-91.
31. C H P, I, li, lii, and note to same stanzas.
32. Moore, op. cit., I, 195.
33. Stanzas lxv - lxxxv.
34. Broughton, op. cit., I, 11.
35. Moore, The Works of Lord Byron with Life, I, 282.
36. C H P, II, xxii.

set forth from Gibraltar in the packet. They stopped briefly at Cagliari, Sardinia, where they were hospitably received by the English ambassador, and in the theater they saw the Sardinian royal family.[37]

On August 28 they embarked for Sicily. After the ship had landed the mail at Girgenti they continued to Malta,[38] where they anchored in the Grand Harbor on August 31.[39] Byron and Hobhouse remained at Malta until September 19. Byron's first care was to study Arabic, but his whole time and interest were soon absorbed by a beautiful lady to whom under the name of "Florence" he addressed several poems.[40] She was Mrs. Spencer Smith, and he describes her as a modern Calypso.[41] In Childe Harold he dedicated seven stanzas to Mrs. Smith. Amid a present so full of fascination, Byron completely forgot the romantic past of Malta. John Galt believes that some unpleasantness, perhaps the quarrel into which Byron fell with an officer, was the cause of his punishing, so to speak, the island with his silence.[42] It should, however, be borne in

37. Elze, op. cit., pp. 92 - 93.
38. Ibid., p. 93.
39. Broughton, op. cit., I, 13.
40. "To Florence," "Lines Written In an Album," "Stanzas Composed During a Thunderstorm," and "Stanzas Written in Passing the Ambracian Gulf."
41. C H P, II, xxx.
42. John Galt, Life of Lord Byron, p. 69.

mind that Byron seldom turned to the romance of history or locality.

The travelers left Malta on September 19 in the brig of war "Spider" and on September 23 first caught sight of ancient Greece from the channel between Cephalonia and Zante. On entering the Gulf of Corinth on September 24 they gave chase to and captured a small vessel, and on the following day they fell in with a Turkish vessel, which they chased and captured after a fight.[43] On September 26 they landed on the Peloponnesus at Patras,[44] and on the next day they sailed in the channel between Ithaca and the mainland.[45] They sailed past Ithaca, which Byron called "the barren spot where sad Penelope o'erlooked the wave,"[46] and the Rock of Leucadia [Santa Maura] from which Sappho is said to have thrown herself into the sea. The sight of the rock inspired Byron to say:

> And as the stately vessel glided slow
> Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,
> He watch'd the billows' melancholy flow;
> And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,
> More placid seem'd his eye, and smooth his pallid front.[47]

On the morning of September 28 Byron first saw the hills

43. Broughton, op. cit. I, 14.
44. Ibid., p. 15.
45. E. Hartley Coleridge, Byron's Works, Vol. II, Introduction to C H P, p. xxi.
46. C H P, II, xxix, 1 - 2.
47. Ibid., xli, 5-9

of Albania, the rocks of Suli, and Mount Pindus.[48] This first sight of Albania inspired Byron to greet her with these famous words:

> Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes
> On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men![49]

48. Ibid., xlii.
49. Ibid., xxxviii.

Chapter II

Albania, Greece, And Turkey

Byron landed at Prevesa in Albania, over against Actium on September 28.[50] He describes his impressions of Albania beautifully in Childe Harold.[51] He saw where the battles of Actium and Lepanto had been fought. He trod upon the soil where Mount Pindus towered, and looked upon the waters of the Acherusian Lake, where the sacred oaks of Dodona once stood.[52]

On September 29 he visited the ruins of Nicopolis, but found little remaining there.[53] Two days later he set out from Prevesa and arrived at Salakhora [Salagoura]. From Salakhora he made his way to Arta, which he reached on October 3. He departed on the following day and arrived at St. Demetre, and on October 5 reached Janina [Ioannina].[54] Here he learned that Ali Pacha was engaged in besieging Ibrahim Pacha in his castle at Berat. Ali, however, was informed by the English Resident, Captain Leake, of the expected arrival of an Englishman of rank and had given the fullest orders for the hospitable reception of the strangers in true Eastern style.

50. Broughton, op. cit., I, 15.
51. II, xlii.
52. Elze, [redacted] op. cit., p. 94.
53. Broughton, op. cit., I, 15.
54. Coleridge, op. cit., II, Introduction to C H P, p. xxii.

He invited them to his summer residence at Tepeleni, only one day's journey from Berat. Janina, seldom visited by tourists, impressed Byron greatly with its picturesque beauty. The city, however, brought to them a shudder, for it was here that they saw hanging in a street the arm of a man, who had been executed.[55] Byron states that Janina, almost universally among the Greeks took the precedence of Athens in wealth, refinement, and dialect.[56] He himself has called Janina the "primal city of the land."[57] Byron's chief desire in traveling from Janina northward was to meet Ali Pacha, whom he admired greatly. He was impressed by the fact that he ruled with a bloody hand, a nation "turbulent and bold,"[58] and that there were still bands of mountaineers who defied his rule and fought against him.[59]

On October 7 Byron visited the palace of Mookta Pacha, the eldest son of Ali,[60] and on the following

55. Elze, op. cit., p. 96
56. C H P, II, note D.
57. Ibid., II, xlvii, 3
58. Ibid., 6.
59. Ibid., xlvii.
60. Broughton, op. cit., I, 15.

day he rode into the country.[61] On October 11 he left Janina en route to Zitza. Near the monastery of Zitza Byron's guards lost the road and wandered about with him in the mountains during a tremendous storm for nine hours.[62] It was during this storm that he composed his "Stanzas Composed During a Thunderstorm," of which I quote two stanzas:

> Chill and mirk is the nightly blast,
> Where Pindus' mountains rise,
> And angry clouds are pouring fast
> The vengeance of the skies.
>
> Our guides are gone, our hope is lost,
> And lightnings as they play,
> But show where rocks our paths have crost,
> Or gild the torrent's spray.[63]

On the day following the storm he visited Zitza.

> Zitza like one of Virgil's goats hangs literally upon the rocks and is perhaps the most romantic spot in the world. The opposite mountain clothed with wood and vineyards and diversified by splashes of crimson colored rocks, makes a vivid object in the landscape. To the northward the hills of Sagoni, the mountains of Chimora, with the beautiful plain of the foreground, closes in the landscape, which eastward the windings of the Calamas (Thyamis) enriched by the grand vineyards of the foreground complete a picture as beautiful as any I know.[64]

Byron also was moved by the beauty of Zitza. In Childe

61. Coleridge, op. cit., II, Introduction, p. xxii.
62. Elze, op. cit., p. 97.
63. Stanzas i and ii.
64. Broughton, op. cit., I, 16.

Harold he has gone to some length in describing the beauty of the place.[65] He looked upon it as a "small but favored spot of holy ground."[66] The view from Zitza was magnificent. He saw rocks, the rivers, forests, mountains, blue skies, and rushing torrents. He describes it as being a most comfortable place even in the hottest weather, because of the breezes which blow continuously.[67] The Chimaerean Alps were in plain view, and below lay a beautiful valley in which he saw flocks of sheep, trees, and flowing streams.[68]

Pluto! if this be hell I look upon,
Close shamed Elysium's gates, my shade shall seek for none.[69]

He reveled in the fact that no man-made city could be seen to spoil the beautiful view. There were few men dwelling in this lovely place. The goat and the shepherd with his flock were all that moved within the peaceful scene.[70]

They departed from Zitza on October 13 and traveled through Mossiani [Mosero], Delvinaki, Libokhovo, Cesarades [Kestouratoes], Ereeneed [Irindi], and on

65. II, xlviii-lii.
66. Ibid., xlviii, 2.
67. Ibid., xlviii, 1.
68. Ibid., li, 1-7.
69. Ibid., li, 8-9.
70. Ibid., lii.

October 19 arrived at Tepelini.[71] At Libokhovo they spent a short while with one of Ali's nephews.[72]

Byron in a letter to his mother gives his impressions upon entering Tepelini.[73] He entered the town at five o'clock in the afternoon. It brought to his mind Scott's description of Branksome Castle in his Lay and also the feudal system. He was impressed with the beautiful dress of the Albanians, Tartars, and Turks. He noted the soldiers. and the black slaves, and their horses. The city appeared a beehive of activity, with couriers rushing hither and yon, drums beating, and the small boys calling the hour from the minaret of the mosque.

Elze describes Tepelini as inclosed on all sides by lofty and steep mountains. He states that no tree or shrub flourished on the precipices, and that the narrow gorges through which flowed the Vozussa (The River of Sighs) were the constant abode of winds and storms.[74]

In Childe Harold Byron describes his entry into Tepelini as occuring soon after the sun had set behind Mount Tomerit.[75] As the shades of night approached, he

71. Coleridge, op. cit., II, Introduction, p. xxii.
72. Broughton, op. cit., I, 17.
73. Elze, op. cit., p. 97.
74. Ibid., pp. 97-98.
75. II, lv-lix.

saw the minarets of Tepelini appear glittering in the sky like meteors; and upon drawing near he heard the hum of soldiers, busy with their duties. He passed by the silent Tower of Haram and beneath the arching gate of the city and looked upon the Palace of Ali Pacha, which on the outside appeared to be a fortress. He saw richly uniformed men and horses circling the court, and soldiers of various lands around the corridor.

On October 21 Byron first met Ali Pacha. The great impression which Ali made upon him is later reflected in his poetry, especially his tales. He wrote his mother that Ali was "a tyrant without conscience, who has been guilty of the greatest cruelties," but he adds immediately afterwards that he is "so brave and good a general, that he is called the Mahometan Bonaparte."[76] Ali Pacha furnished Byron with letters of introduction, guides, and an armed escort for the return journey through Janina to Salora.[77]

On October 22 Byron left Tepelini and traveled through Locavo [Lacovon], Delvinaki, and Zitza, and

76. Elze, op. cit., p. 99.
77. Ibid., p. 100.

arrived in Janina on October 26.[78] He was all the while engaged in writing Childe Harold.[79] On November 3 he left by St. Demetrius's gate on the way to Arta, which is thought to be on the site of the Ambracia of Ptolemy.[80] On November 5 he left Arta and traveled by way of Salakhora [Salora], where he took ship for Prevesa. He sailed down the gulf in which was fought the Battle of Actium. A violent storm arose, and the Captain was terrified and only wrung his hands. By the cool-headedness of several Greeks, the ship was saved and brought to shore in the Bay of Phanari.[81] On November 9 he arrived in Volondorako, where he was hospitably received and entertained. From here he proceeded to Prevesa accompanied by armed Albanians.[82] Near Nicopolis he saw the remains of a small theater, which he had missed on his previous visit. Byron fluently describes the storm which is mentioned above.[83] He tells how he was driven ashore upon the coast of Suli during darkness, when it was perilous to land and more perilous to keep sailing. The mariners were afraid to venture forth on land; but they, and the

78. Broughton, op. cit., I, 18.
79. Ibid.
80. Ibid., pp. 19-20.
81. Ibid., p. 20.
82. Elze, op. cit., p. 101.
83. C H P, II, lxvii, - lxviii.

passengers were hospitably received by the Suliotes, who led them to safety. They were given dry clothes and food, which though coarse were all the Suliotes had to offer.

On November 13, accompanied by armed Albanians, he left Prevesa, crossed the Gulf of Atra, and anchored at Vonitsa. On the next day he sailed to Utraikey, a village on the seacoast, where that famous night scene, which the poet has painted in unfading colors, took place.[84] He describes how he was waylaid by bandits, who did not harm him, but entertained him with their native dances.

On November 15 he left Utraikey and arrived in Kaluna, and on the sixteenth he set out for Missolonghi, by way of Makala [Macholas], Guria, and Aetolikan.[85] On November 21 he arrived at Missolonghi and two days later reached Patras by water.[86] He found the city half in ruins, but remained there for fourteen days and then sailed for Vostizza. As he approached he beheld the snowy peak of Parnassus. Two days later

84. Ibid., lxix-lxxi.
85. Coleridge, op. cit., II, Introduction, p. xxiii.
86. Broughton, op. cit., I, 21.

among the sacred caves of Delphi, the stanzas[87] with which that vision had inspired him were written.[88]

Byron was thrilled at the sight of Mount Parnassus wrapped in snow, and he was apologetic because he felt himself unable to describe the beauty of the mount in fitting words.[89]

In his journals Byron writes:

> Going to the fountain of Delphi (Castri) in 1809, I saw a flight of twelve eagles, and I seized the omen. On the day before I composed the lines to Parnassus (in Childe Harold) and on beholding the birds, had a hope that Apollo had accepted my homage. I have at least had the name and fame of a poet during the poetical part of life (from twenty to thirty); whether it will last is another matter.[90]

Byron proceeded from Vostizza to the northern shore of the Gulf of Lepanto. He journeyed on by way of Larnaki to Crisso [Chryso] and on December 16 he visited Castri [Delphi], a town built of mud huts.[91] He rode up Mount Parnassus, with which he was dissapointed, drank of the Castalian Fount, and from Livadia visited the cave of Trophonius and the battlefield of Chaeronea.

87. C H P, I, lx-lxiv.
88. Moore, op. cit., I, 212.
89. C H P, I, lxi.
90. Moore, op, cit., I, 212.
91. Broughton, op. cit., I, 22.

Of Delphi he has said:

> Yet there I've wander'd by thy vaunted rill;
> Yes! sigh'd o'er Delphi's long deserted shrine,
> Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still.[92]

On December 19 Byron arrived at Orchomenus. It was here that he wrote "Lines Written in the Travellers Book at Orchomenus." In this book a traveller had written:

> Fair Albion, smiling sees her son depart
> To trace the birth and nursery of art:
> Noble his object, glorious is his aim;
> He comes to Athens, and he writes his name.

Beneath which Lord Byron inserts the following:

> The modest bard, like many a bard unknown,
> Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own;
> But yet, whoe'er he be, to say no worse,
> His name would bring more credit than his verse.

Byron then proceeded to Thebes, which he reached on December 20. He found no visible signs of the ancient city or its glory. He left Thebes on December 24 and reached Skourta, a miserable and deserted village. Here he spent much of Christmas Eve in a stable.[93] On Christmas Day he passed the ruins of Phyle and caught his first glimpse of Athens, the object of his longings. He reached Athens on the same day, where he took lodging with Madame Theodora Macri.[94] Hobhouse records her name as Madame Theodora Mayne.[95] Upon

92. C H P, I, i, 5-7.
93. Broughton, op. cit., I, 25.
94. Moore, op. cit., I, 215.
95. Broughton, op. cit., I, 25.

seeing the ruins of Phyle, Byron weeps bitterly for the Greeks in their plight. He contrasts the glory that was once Phyle's with the present state of the Greeks.[96]

At Athens the magnificent remains of antiquity filled him with admiration and awe. Though the poet has left in his own verses an undying testimony of the enthusiasm with which he viewed the scenes around him, it is not difficult to conceive that to superficial observers Lord Byron at Athens might have seemed an unmoved spectator of much that throws ordinary travelers into rapture. He had little sympathy for the antiquarian and the connoisseur. "I am not a collector, nor an admirer of collections," he says in one of his notes on Childe Harold. For antiquity unassociated with high names and deeds he had no regard whatever; and for works of art, he admired only the general effect without professing or aiming at any knowledge of details. It was to nature, even at Athens, shining unaltered among the ruins of glory and of art, that he paid his true homage:

96. CHP, II, lxxiii-lxxiv.

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
Land of lost gods and godlike men, art thou!
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favorite now.
Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow,
Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
Broke by the share of every rustic plough
(So perish monuments of mortal birth,
So perish all in turn save well-recorded worth);

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields;
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The free-born wanderer of thy mountain air;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare;
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.[97]

It is evident that the beauties of nature rather than the memories of history charmed the soul of Byron. He wrote to his mother: "Greece, particularly in the vicinity of Athens, is delightful — cloudless skies and lovely landscapes."[98] It is in his poems, however, that we see the profound impression which Greece made upon him. His descriptions and tales of Greece are among the most beautiful that ever flowed from his pen. The lines at the beginning of The Giaour and The Bride of Abydos, and the ode in the third canto

97. Ibid., II, lxxxv - lxxxvii.
98. Moore, op. cit., I, 219.

of Don Juan are notable examples.

The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phoebus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet;
But all except their sun, is set.

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.[99]

By no other modern poet has Greece been sung with such enthusiasm and ardor as by Byron. But even here, as usual, the state of society and, above all, women occupied the attention of Byron. He lodged with the widow of the English Vice Consul Macri, who supported herself and her three daughters by letting her apartments to strangers, especially Englishmen. The three daughters, young and beautiful after the Greek type, fired his heart. On one occasion, in accordance with the Oriental mode of professing love, in the presence of one of them, he gashed his breast with his dagger. It was to the eldest, Theresa, that he addressed the famous poem which begins thus:[100]

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart![101]

99. Don Juan, Canto III, Ode between stanzas 86-87, verses 1-3.
100. "Maid of Athens Ere we Part".
101. Ibid., lines 1 and 2.

On December 30 he finished the first Canto of Childe Harold.[102] He made many excursions and trips to classical places while staying at Athens. On January 13 he visited Eleusis, and on the 16th he paid a visit to Mendeli Pentelicus , and two days later he walked around the Peninsula of Munychia. On the next day he set out for the plain of Marathon. He visited Vari and Keratea, and on January 24 he reached the plain of Marathon, which he explored the following day.[103] The plain was offered to him for sale. Byron himself gives the account in his notes on Childe Harold:

> The plain of Marathon was offered to me for sale at the sum of sixteen hundred piastres, about nine hundred pounds! Alas, was the dust of Miltiades worth no more! It could scarcely have fetched less if sold by weight.[104]

While in Athens he also visited Hymettus, Cape Colonna, the scene of Falconer's shipwreck, and the Colonus of Oedipus.[105] Byron had a poor opinion of the modern Athenians, who seemed at this period to have done their best to justify Juvenal. Byron found them superficial, cunning, and false; but he was willing to excuse it because he knew that they were unused to freedom and knew not what to do with it.[106] On January 26 he

102. Coleridge, op. cit., II, Introduction, p. xxiii.
103. Ibid.,
104. C H P, II, lxxxix, note.
105. Nichol, Byron, p. 61.
106. Ibid.

returned to Athens from his excursion.

On February 28 Byron, Hobhouse, and John Galt visited the Parthenon to view more closely the bas-reliefs, two large pieces of which had fallen since the last visit.[107] He remained in Athens ten weeks, until March 5, when he set out for Smyrna. He would probably have remained in Athens much longer had he not been offered a desirable passage to Smyrna in the English sloop-of-war "Pylades". He arrived at Smyrna on March 7 and was received into the home of the English Consul; and there on March 28 he completed the second canto of Childe Harold, which he had begun five months before at Ioannina [Janina]. In his memorandum prefixed to his original manuscript of the poem he says: "Byron, Ioannina in Albania, Begun October 31, 1809,-- Concluded Canto 2nd Smyrna, March 28, 1810. Byron."

While in Smyrna, Byron paid a visit to Ephesus. He began his journey to the ancient city on March 13 and, having passed through Han and Aiasaluk, reached his destination on March 15. He visited the Temple of Artemis, which made no warm impression upon him, and returned to Smyrna on the following day. Here

107. Broughton, op. cit., I, 27.

he remained until April 11, when he left in the frigate "Salsette," which anchored off Tenedos the next day, and on April 13 he visited the ruins of Alexandria Troas. On April 14 the ship anchored off Cape Janissary. On April 16 Byron unsuccessfully attempted to swim across the Hellespont and paid a visit to the Troad.[108] The ship was held up fourteen days by the Turkish authorities. Byron used this time to explore the surrounding countryside. On April 30 he visited the Springs of Bunarbashi [Bunarbasi]. On May 3 Byron and a Mr. Ekenhead swam the Dardanelles from Sestos to Abydos. Mr. Ekenhead swam the distance in one hour and five minutes; Byron in one hour and ten minutes.[109] Immediately after swimming the Hellespont Byron wrote the poem, "Written After Swimming from Sestos to Abydos."

On May 13 the ship achored off Veneglio Point, and on the next day Byron landed in Constantinople at a point under the walls of the Seraglio Garden.[110] He was particularly pleased with the Golden Horn, and here he abandoned his design of traveling to Persia.

108. Coleridge, op. cit., II, Introduction, p. xxiv.
109. Broughton, op. cit., I, 28.
110. Ibid.

The darkness of the city and its stillness greatly impressed the poet.[111] He looked upon the inhabitants of the city as slaves, and he was surprised that such slaves could revel in such great mirth and merriment as he viewed there.[112]

In the morning when Lord Byron left the ship the wind blew strongly from the northeast, and the swift current of the Bosphorus dashed with great violence against the rocky projections of the shore, as the captain's boat was rowed against the stream.[113] Byron describes his landing in Don Juan:

> The wind swept down the Euxine, and the wave
> Broke foaming o'er the blue Symplegades;
> 'Tis a grand sight from off the Giant's Grave
> To watch the progress of those rolling seas
> Between the Bosphorus, as they lash and lave
> Europe and Asia, you being quite at ease;
> There's not a sea the passenger o'er pukes in
> Turns up more dangerous breakers than the Euxine.[114]

The next morning Byron and Hobhouse on their way to the principal hotel in Pera saw a corpse, gnawed by dogs and lying in the streets,--a spectacle which he reproduced in The Siege of Corinth in terrifying colors.[115]

On May 21 Byron and Hobhouse paid a visit to the Bazaars and the Seraglio. The latter was surrounded with high and gloomy walls with niches on each side of the gate. On the wall near the gate were exposed the

111. Elze, op. cit., p. 106.
112. C H P, II, lxxvii-lxxix.
113. Galt, op. cit., p. 144.
114. Don Juan, V, v.
115. Stanza 16, lines 454--472.

heads of criminals, whose bodies were thrown carelessly on to a dunghill near by.[116] The impression usually made by Constantinople lost some of its effect on Byron because of his knowledge of Turkish cities, yet the beauty of the city charmed him and inspired these words of praise:

> The European with the Asian shore
> Sprinkled with palaces; the Ocean stream
> Here and there studded with a seventy-four;
> Sophia's cupola with golden gleam;
> The cypress groves; Olympus high and hoar;
> The twelve isles, and the more than I could dream,
> Far less describe, present the very view
> Which charm'd the charming Mary Montagu.[117]

The descriptions of the slave market and the Seraglio which Byron sketched in Don Juan were founded to a small extent upon personal observations. He visited the slave market, but there were so few slaves that it would be wrong to call it a market in the proper sense. In the Seraglio Byron was present only in the retinue of the English ambassador, Mr. Adair, when the ambassador had an audience with the Sultan in regard to his proposed leave-taking. His description of the slave market is largely the product of his imagination,[118] and his lines in reference to the Seraglio are even more so.[119] On the occasion of his visit to the Sultan

116. Broughton, op. cit., I, 30.
117. Don Juan, V, iii.
118. Ibid., vii-xxix.
119. Ibid., xlvi-xcv.

Byron childishly and foolishly asserted his rank, claiming not only the place of precedence, but even a separate presentation to the Sultan, which the ambassador could not grant. Byron regarded this as a personal injury.[120] Mr. Adair referred him to the Austrian Internuncio, whose decision was given justly against Byron.[121]

On July 14, two months after the date of his arrival, he set out from Constantinople with his friend Hobhouse on the frigate "Salsette," and on the following day the ship came to anchor just above the castle of the Dardanelles.[122] The ship resumed its journey and arrived at the small island of Zea, where Byron with his two Albanians, a Tartar, and one English servant, disembarked.[123] On a little stone terrace at the end of the bay Hobhouse bid farewell to Byron "not without tears"[124] and divided with him a small nosegay of flowers.[125] Hobhouse continued on to England and Byron left immediately for Athens. Here he met an old University friend, the Marquis of Sligo, with whom a few days later, he journeyed to Corinth. The Marquis continued

120. Elze, op. cit., p. 107
121. Nichol, op. cit., p. 63.
122. Broughton, op. cit., I, 31.
123. Moore, op. cit., I, 235.
124. Broughton, op. cit., I, 30.
125. Ibid., p. 31.

on to Tripolitza and Byron went on to Patras in order to settle some business there with the English Consul-General, Mr. Strane, who apparently managed his affairs during his travels. During the next month he made frequent expeditions from Athens through the Morea to Agros and Napoli and visited Valhi Pacha, a son of Ali, at Tripolitza. He was received with the same distinction as at Tepeleni, and the Pacha presented him with a beautiful stallion when he departed. In September he was again in Patras, where for the first time he was attacked by marsh-fever, which killed him fourteen years later almost within sight of this town. His native servants, whom he always greatly praised, nursed him and threatened to cut the throat of his physician if he did not cure their master. In consequence of this threat, the physician, to Byron's joy, did not return again and to this circumstance as well as to his refusal to take any medicine, Byron ascribed his recovery.[126]

During Byron's second visit to Athens he did not reside at the house of Madame Macri and her beautiful daughters, but dwelt instead in a Franciscan [Capuchin] Monastery. Most of his time was devoted to the study

126. Elze, op. cit., p. 108.

of Modern Greek and to the composition of Hints From Horace and The Curse of Minerva. He did not intend to publish the latter.[127] In a letter to his mother he said that he had cured himself of the "disease of scribbling."[128] He passed some pleasant days in the company of the Marquis of Sligo; the English consul, Bruce; and Lady Hester Stanhope. Bruce and Lady Stanhope, just arrived from England, saw Byron swimming alone at Cape Colonna and were afterwards introduced to him by the Marquis. His acquaintance with "The Maid of Athens" seemingly had ended. Byron, craving friendship, took an almost brotherly interest in a poor youth, Nicolo Girard, a widow's son. He even intended to leave him a considerable legacy.[129]

An adventure similar to that on which The Giaour is founded, occurred at Athens. When returning from bathing in the Piraeus one day, Byron met a group of soldiers dragging a girl sewn up in a sack to the river to drown her according to the sentence of the court, because of her implication in a love affair with a Frank. Byron with pistol in hand forced the soldiers to return with him to the Aga, from whom

127. Ibid.
128. Moore, Life, I, 352.
129. Ibid., I, 349; and II, 43.

partly by threats and partly by bribes he was successful in obtaining the girl's pardon under the condition that she leave Athens. He sent her to Thebes that same night. Galt insinuated that Byron himself was the Frank with whom she had committed the offence.[130] The Marquis of Sligo, who at Byron's request recorded all he had heard of the affair in Athens, is silent on this point,[131] but Hobhouse asserts that Byron's Turkish servant was the girl's lover.[132]

Byron knew well how to adapt himself to the discomforts and privations of travelling and to foreign usages and customs. Athens was especially delightful to him, and the prolongation of his travels constantly occupied his thoughts. In a letter to his mother, dated February 28, 1811, he stated that he had received a firman for a journey to Egypt and that he planned to make the trip in the spring. His next letter to his mother was written, however, on June 25 on board the frigate "Volage," and in this letter he announced his intention of returning home.[133] The cause of his sudden change of plans probably lay in the embarrassed state of his finances. It is apparent that during his travels he received irregular and small remittances. He frequently complained of his London

130. Galt, op. cit., p. 158.
131. Letter of Marquis of Sligo - Moore's Life, II, 189.
132. Elze, op. cit., p. 109.
133. Ibid., pp. 110-111.

man of business, Mr. Hanson, from whom he had received but one letter in an entire year. Hanson urged him to sell Newstead Abbey, but Byron rebelled against this proposal because he looked upon Newstead as the only tie he had to England.[134] In a letter to his friend Hodgson written during the voyage home, he said:

> Indeed my prospects are not very pleasant. Embarassed in my private affairs, indifferent to public, solitary without the wish to be social, with a body a little enfeebled by a succession of fevers, but a spirit, I trust, yet unbroken, I am returning home without a hope, and almost without a desire. In short, I am sick and sorry, and when I have a little repaired my irreparable affairs, away I shall march, either to campaign in Spain, or back again to the East, where I can at least have cloudless skies and a cessation from impertinence.[135]

He begged his mother to get in readiness his apartments at Newstead, where he planned to live in complete retirement. He bade her to take care of his books and reminded her to leave him a few bottles of champagne.[136]

How Byron reached Malta is nowhere mentioned. He was, however, accompanied by his friend Nicolo Girand.

134. Ibid.
135. Moore, Life, I, 354.
136. Elze, op. cit., p. 111.

At Malta he suffered another attack of fever and upon recovery set forth for England in the frigate "Volage" on June 3, 1811, and arrived there early in July, his pilgrimage having lasted a few days over two years.

He found it impossible to tear himself away from London as quickly as he had contemplated. On July 23 he wrote his mother that he was kept against his wishes in London, but promised to come to her as soon as possible.[137] A few days later he heard of her dangerous illness. He hastened as quickly as possible, but on the road he heard the news of her death. Mrs. Byron was inclined to superstition and she had cherished the fancy that she would possibly not live till her son returned. She remarked to her maid, "If I should be dead before Byron comes down, what a strange thing it would be!"[138]

She died on August 1 and her son reached Newstead the next day. On the evening after his arrival his mother's waiting-woman heard Byron sighing heavily at his mother's bedside. Upon her remonstrance against

137. Nichol, op. cit., p. 67.
138. Moore, Life, II, 31.

his yielding to grief, he burst into tears and said: "Oh, I had but one friend in the world and she is gone!"[139] He could not bring himself to follow her to the grave, dreading, perhaps, to be overcome with grief before others. He remained at the Abbey gate and watched the procession. He then sent for his boxing gloves and proceeded with his usual exercise, but he was forced to fling away his gloves and retire to his room.[140]

139. Ibid., I, 34.
140. Elze, op. cit., pp. 112-113.

PART TWO

THE SELF EXILE

Introduction

Upon landing in England Byron placed in the hands of Mr. Dallas the *Hints from Horace*, which he wished to have published by Cawthorne. Dallas did not approve of the work and asked if Byron had anything else to show for his travels. Byron replied that he had some short pieces and some Spenserian stanzas of little worth. Dallas saw the real worth of the stanzas and assumed the responsibility for their publication. The Spenserian stanzas were accepted by Mr. Murray and made ready for publication.

Byron remained at Newstead till the end of October, negotiating with creditors and lawyers, and engaged in correspondence about his publications. In February 1812 he declared to Hodgson his intention of leaving England forever, to dwell in one of the islands of the East. On February 29 the first two cantos of *Childe Harold* appeared, and the book ran through seven editions in four weeks. Overnight he became famous, for the poem caught the fancy of the English masses.

The Waltz was published in April 1813, and it was followed a month later by The Giaour. The Bride of Abydos followed in December, and The Corsair was published in January 1814. Lara, the sequel to this, was published in August of the same year. His Hebrew Melodies were written in December 1814, and he composed The Siege of Corinth and Parisina after his marriage in the summer and autumn of 1815. All of those works were seized upon by the public with enthusiasm. Fourteen thousand copies of The Corsair were sold in one day. Byron himself was rather surprised at the reception of his work. He claimed that Lara was written while he was undressing after coming home from parties and balls in 1814; that The Bride of Abydos was written in four days, and The Corsair in ten days.

Byron received his first profits from his work when he received seven hundred pounds for Lara. He had given to Dallas the profits from Childe Harold, The Corsair, The Giaour, and The Bride of Abydos.

Byron became familiar with all phases of London society during the years 1813-14-15. In 1815 he

became a member of the Drury Lane Committee and associated with the dandies.

His friendship for Scott began in 1812 and blossomed into a warm and lasting one. Until 1815 their friendship consisted of letters and compliments paid to each other. In the spring of 1815 they met and their friendship was sealed.

During the period 1811-1816 Byron and Moore, whom he had attacked in English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, became lifelong friends.

The years 1811-1816, which included the whole period of his social glory, were filled with love affairs of all kinds, and his reputation was blasted by those who were skilled in the distortion of truth. It was during this period that he met Lady Caroline Lamb, with whom he had a celebrated affair. She was apparently the aggressor in the case, and when Byron ceased to care, she became hostile.

Byron first proposed to Miss Milbanke, the niece of Lady Caroline Lamb, in 1813, and she refused in such a gracious manner that they continued correspondence and gradually became intimate; his second offer, towards the end of the following year, was accepted. On January 2, 1815, they were joined in marriage,

with Byron trembling and making the wrong responses. They spent some time at Halnaby, near Darlington, and while there visited Seaham and London often. Their daughter Augusta Ada was born in London on December 10, 1815. On January 15, 1816, the storm broke. Lady Byron left home apparently on a visit to her family. On the way she sent a playful letter to her husband. Shortly thereafter he was informed--first by her father and then by herself, that she did not intend to return to him. The efforts of Mrs. Leigh, Hodgson, Moore, and others at reconciliation of the estranged couple were futile. Byron himself was eager for the reconciliation, but she remained firm. The cause of the disunion has never been known, and when Moore allowed the Memoirs to be destroyed, he removed all possible chance of the riddle being solved. Suffice it to say, the two were not suited to each other. Byron, however, was the one who suffered because of the break. He was accused of every imaginable vice and compared to the most disreputable and evil persons mentioned in history. All of his actions were misinterpreted. He was hissed on the streets, and in the theatres, and was advised to refrain from going to

Parliament to keep from being insulted. On the day of his departure he was threatened with violence by the mobs assembling at the door of his carriage.

The press was active and violent in condemnation. His name was tainted and he believed that if what had been said about him were true he was not fit for England; and if it were false, England was not fit for him. In either event he deemed it necessary to leave, and accordingly on April 25, 1816, he turned his back on England, which he never saw again, and set sail for Ostend.

Chapter I

Switzerland

Out of defiance, perhaps, to society, which had outlawed him, and in spite of his fiancial difficulties, Byron set out upon his self-exile with great display. He surrounded himself with a large retinue of servants. Besides Fletcher and his page Rushton, he took a Swiss named Berger, and a young Italian physician, Dr. Polidori. He had a large carriage built after the pattern of that used by Napoleon. In addition to a bed it contained a library, a plate-chest, and every apparatus for dining, and was equally adapted for sleeping, studying, or eating. It is not certain from what source Byron secured the money for these expenses. He probably secured it from his wife's fortune or from his wife's parents.[1] Byron, however, said that he not only repaid the dowry of ten thousand pounds she had brought to him at their marriage, but that he had added a like sum from his own fortune.[2] If this is true it could not have taken place before 1818, When Newstead Abbey was sold to Colonel Wildman.

1. Elze, op. cit., pp. 202-203.
2. Ibid.

In Childe Harold's Pilgrimage Byron tells us of the feelings with which he set out on his self-exile. He states that he is leaving England with no regret and that his destination is uncertain. He is delighted to be once again sailing over the ocean waves, and he looks upon himself as a weed to be washed from place to place by the waves and storms of the ocean. He deems himself unfit to mingle with mankind, because he feels that he has little in common with man. He also expresses the determination not to be forced to yield the independence of his mind or to be curbed by those whose spirits are in direct opposition to his. He states that he is still proud though desolate, and that he can find a life within himself which can breathe without mankind.[3]

Again he pledges his allegiance to nature and smiles at man's feeble effort to compete with her:

> Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;
> Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home;
> Where a blue sky, and glowing clime extends,
> He had the passion and the power to roam;
> The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
> Were unto him companionship; they spake
> A mutual language, clearer than the tome
> Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake,
> For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on the lake.[4]

3. III, i, ii, xii.
4. C H P, III, xiii.

> But in man's dwellings he became a thing
> Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,
> Droop'd as a wild-born falcon with clipt wing,
> To whom the boundless air alone were home;
> Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,
> As eagerly the barr'd up bird will beat
> His breast and beak against his wiry dome
> Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat
> Of his impeded soul would through his bosom eat.[5]

He further states that he is setting forth with no hope, and that the knowledge that he has lived in vain makes despair welcome and indeed joyous.[6]

On April 25, 1816, with bitterness in his heart Byron embarked for Ostend, and turned his back upon the shores of England, which he never saw again. From Ostend he proceeded to Brussels and immediately visited the plain of Waterloo, which because of its geographical features, appeared to his mind as if it had been marked out for the scene of great action. He says:

> I have viewed with attention those of the Plataea, Troy, Mantinea, Leuctra, Chaeronea, and Marathon; and the field around Mont St. Jean and Hugomont appears to want but a better cause, and that undefinable but impressive halo, which the lapse of ages throws around a celebrated spot, to vie in interest with any or all of these except perhaps the last mentioned.[7]

He collected many weapons at Waterloo and consigned them to the care of Mr. Murray. The twenty-odd

5. Ibid., III, xv.
6. Ibid., III, xvi.
7. Ibid., III, xxx, note.

stanzas pertaining to the battle, he wrote at Brussels.[8] He is greatly moved by the battlefield of Waterloo, and he states that he fears that nothing was accomplished by the shedding of so much blood there. He calls this the grave of France, and sighs because power and fame are so fleeting.[9]

From Brussels Byron followed the Rhine River into the heart of the most beautiful scenery of Europe.[10] That he was greatly impressed by the Rhine we may see in Childe Harold:

> But Thou, exulting and abounding river!
> Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
> Through banks, whose beauty would endure forever,
> Could man but leave thy bright creation so,
> Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
> With the sharp scythe of conflict--then to see
> Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know
> Earth paved like Heaven and to seem such to me
> Even now what wants thy stream? that it should Lethe be.[11]

He looks upon the river as eternal. He notes that the many battles fought along its banks have been forgotten, that the graves of the fallen have been destroyed and the blood washed away by the pure waters of the clear river.[12]

8. Ibid., III, xvii-xlii.
9. Ibid., III, xvii-xviii.
10. Elze, op. cit., P. 204.
11. C H P, III, 1.
12. Ibid., III, li.

Proceeding down the Rhine, Byron passed the "Castled Crag of Drachenfels".[13] The castle stood on the highest summit of "The Seven Mountains." It is the first to be seen on the road from Bonn, but is on the opposite side of the river.[14] He proceeded on past Coblentz [Koblenz] and saw Ehrenbreitstein, one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, until it was blown up by the French at the Truce of Leoben.[15] He was impressed with the ruins of the great fortress, and noted that peace had destroyed what war had never been able to harm.[16]

Shortly after passing Ehrenbreitstein, he bid farewell to the Rhine and found the Alps towering above him:

> Above me are the Alps,
> The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
> Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
> And throned Eternity in icy halls
> Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
> The Avalanche--the thunderbolt of snow!
> All that expands the spirit, yet appals
> Gather around these summits, as to show
> How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain Man below.[17]

He journeyed on through Basle, Berne, Avenches, and Morat, the battlefield where the Burgundian Army

13. Ibid., Song between stanzas lv and lvi.
14. Ibid., Note.
15. Ibid., III, lviii, note.
16. Ibid., III, lviii.
17. Ibid., III, lxii.

was slaughtered, and their bodies piled up in the shape of a pyramid and left unburied.[18] He also viewed the ruins of Aventicum, the Roman capital of Helvetia, where the town of Avenches now stands.[19] He continued on to Lausanne and thence to Geneva, where he took up his abode at the Hotel Secheron.

In a letter to Mr. Murray, dated June 27, 1816, he writes:

> My route through Flanders and by the Rhine to Switzerland was all I expected and more. I have traversed all Rousseau's ground with the Héloïse before me and am struck to a degree that I cannot express with the force and accuracy of his descriptions, and the beauty of their reality. Meillerie, Clarens, and Vevey, and the Chateau de Chillon are places of which I shall say little because all I could say must fall short of the impressions they stamp.[20]

At Geneva Byron met Shelley and Mrs. Shelley, and Jane Clairmont, who became the mother of his daughter Allegra. The two poets and the ladies sailed daily on Lake Leman. What his feelings were cannot be more beautifully expressed than in his own words:

18. Ibid., III, lxiii and note.
19. Ibid., III, lxv, note.
20. Moore, Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, II, 7.

Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue;
There is too much of man here to look through
With a fit mind the night which I behold;
But soon in me shall loneliness renew
Thoughts hid, but not less cherished than of old,
Ere mingling with the herd that penn'd me in their fold.[21]

The calm and placid water of the lake charmed Byron, and he marvelled that he had ever reveled in the roar of the ocean waves.[22]

When the Shelleys took a villa on the eastern shore of the lake, Byron sailed every evening from the hotel across to them. With the approach of night he returned alone and often gave vent to his feelings by singing.[23] After a few weeks at the Secheron he, also, took a villa on the eastern shore of the lake, a ten minute walk from Shelley's villa. Byron's villa was called Diodati. It was here at Diodati that Mrs. Shelley created the horror story Frankenstein and that Byron wrote The Vampire.

As days went by, Byron and the Shelleys became more intimate and often prolonged their meetings until the morning. Dr. Polidori was the only disturbing

21. C H P, III, lxviii.
22. Ibid., lxxxv.
23. Elze, op. cit., p. 205.

element in the circle. He was vain and extremely jealous of Shelley. It was during their tour in the Rhineland that he once said to Byron, "After all, what is there you can do that I cannot do?" Byron answered with these words: "Why, since you force me to say it I think there are three things I can do which you cannot." Polidori defied him to name them and Byron replied: "I can swim across that river; I can snuff out that candle with a pistol-shot at the distance of twenty paces; and I have written a poem of which 14,000 copies were sold in one day."[24] Matters between them grew steadily worse and Byron was forced to get rid of him.

Byron was thrilled by the beauty of a thunderstorm which took place at midnight on June 13, 1816. He has recorded it for us in Childe Harold:

> The sky is changed! - and such a change! Oh 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![25]

The two poets made an excursion on Lake Geneva from June 23 to July 1. They were caught by a squall

24. Ibid., p. 207.
25. C H P, III, xcii.

near Meillerie and were for some time in great danger until they landed safely at St. Gingolph. With Héloïse in their hands they visited, Meillerie, Clarens, Vevey, and Chillon. Clarens, especially profoundly moved them. In the Bosquet-de-Julie they walked through the vineyards in silence, which Byron broke only once with the exclamation: "Thank God! Polidori is not here." The scenes around Lake Geneva inspired many of Byron's most beautiful lines, in which he paid great tribute to Clarens, and Lausanne, and Ferney as the abodes of Rosseau, Voltaire, and Gibbon.[26] At Lausanne he visited with devotion the place where Gibbon completed The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

At a small inn in the village of Ouchy, where they were detained by rain for two days [June 26 and 27], Byron wrote The Prisoner of Chillon and announced to Mr. Murray the completion of the third canto of Childe Harold.[27]

Byron often visited the home of Madame de Staël at Coppet and thought her an amiable person. She spoke to him about his matrimonial affairs and persuaded

26. Ibid., xcix -cv.
27. Elze, op. cit., p. 209.

him to attempt a reconciliation, but all attempts were in vain.

On August 26 Hobhouse arrived at Diodati to visit Byron, and three days later they set out for Chamouni. They proceeded to Bonneville and entered the Sardinian country an hour after leaving Diodati. They continued in the Arve Valley, which narrowed at every step, until they reached the small town of Chives. On the following day they passed through the village of Servoz, and crossed the Arve. Directly in front of them they saw the snowy heights of Mount Blanc. The mountains to the south and the Coutes stretched their peaks into the clouds and above them. The travellers saw an avalanche of snow running down the steep dell of the mountain, and then the Glacier of Bossons with its immense masses of blue ice which stretched into the vegetation of the valley. They then descended into the valley to the village of Les Houches.[28] They went down the other side of the glacier, which they crossed in an hour and fifteen minutes, and arrived at Chamouni half an hour later.[29] After dinner they went to the source of the Arveiron,

28. Broughton, op. cit., II, 8.
29. Ibid., II, 8.

a stream that runs into the Arne from the glacier which extends into the valley from the famous Mer de Glace. Although they were warned of the danger, they approached the fountain under the ice itself, and saw the very summit of Mount Blanc.[30] On August 31 they departed from Chamouni and its valley by the ridge of the ravine of the Arne. Upon their arrival at Servoz they visited the monument, erected to the memory of Enschen, who had fallen into a crevice of the glacier of Buet and thus died.[31]

On September 16 Byron and Hobhouse went to Geneva, and on the following day passed through Nyon, Marges, and Lausanne and on September 18 arrived at Vevey. The next day they set out to cross the Dent de Jaman, overlooking the level of the lake. They continued to climb until they passed Chainy, a small mountain town, and soon thereafter reached a torrent where they were advised to pass quickly for fear stones should fall upon them. In an hour they reached the top of the pass and caught

30. Ibid., II, 9-10.
31. Ibid., II, 11.

sight of the immense Valleys of the Saône immediately below them.[32] They passed through several villages in the Simmenthal on September 21 and reached the little village of Weissenburg. They continued through a pass of gigantic rocks squeezed out of the Simmenthal and saw the Chateau of Wimmis at the foot of the Niesen. From this point they saw the great frozen Alps.[33] On the following day they went by boat to Neuhaus, where they landed, and drove to Interlachen, Unterseen, and Laugerbrunnen, the approach to which led through a rocky cavern that stretched to the sky and was closed up in front by the precipices of ice and snow of the Jungfrau.[34]

Byron kept a memorandum of his travels around the lake and in the Bernese Oberland, a memorandum which he afterwards used in his great play Manfred. In this record of his travels he writes:

> The torrent is in shape, curving over the rock like the tail of a white horse stretching in the wind, such as it might be conceived would be that of the 'pale horse' on which death is mounted in the Apocalypse.[35]

In Manfred he has used almost the same words.[36]

32. Ibid., II, 19.
33. Ibid., II, 20.
34. Ibid.
35. Moore, Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, II, 18.
36. II, ii, 95-102.

Again in his memorandum he states:

> The height of the Jungfrau is 13,000 feet above the sea; 11,000 above the valley. She is the biggest of this range. Heard the avalanches falling every five minutes, nearly. From whence we stood on the Wengen Alp, we had all these in view on one side, on the other the clouds rose from the opposite valley, curling up perpendicular precipices like the foam of the ocean of hell during a spring tide--it was white and sulphury, and immeasureably deep in appearance.[37]

He later used these words to great advantage.[38]

On September 23 they climbed up the bare green slopes of the Wengern Alp, and in two hours they were just opposite the Jungfrau and the two Eigers. The white peak of the Wetterhorn came into view as they mounted higher up the slope and looked down upon Grindenwald.[39] They ascended to the summit, called Malinetha, and when they reached it, the Valley of Lauterbrunnen, and the sides of the Jungfrau, and the Eigers were enveloped in clouds. As they descended they heard avalanches echoing down the great Alps but could catch no sight of their fall.[40] They continued and just before dark reached the foot of the upper glacier plunging from between the Wettenbergh and Wetterhorn Alps.[41]

37. Moore, Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, II, 19.
38. Manfred, I, ii, 336-342, 346-350.
39. Broughton, op. cit., II, 20.
40. Ibid., p. 21.
41. Ibid.

In an entry in his Journal, September 23, Byron says: "Arrived at the Grindelwald, dined, mounted again and rode to the higher glacier-like a frozen hurricane."[42] Once again he found a place for these hastily jotted words.[43]

On September 24 they set out from Lauterbrunnen, and ascended an easy road up the Bach Alp and the Buss Alp until they reached the Scheideck and came in sight of the great Rose Glacier, "suspended like a sea at a vast height and lost in the masses of snow which crown the tops of these great Alps."[44] They crossed the Reichenbach, and soon after entered the Valley of Hasli, with its green inhabited mountains. They then traveled by the banks of the Aar River, which they crossed at the mouth, into the valley leading them to Brientz.[45] On the next day they proceeded to Interlachen in a boat and on September 26 went on to Bern. They passed through

42. Moore, Letters and Journals of Byron, II, 20.
43. Manfred, II, iii, 302-306.
44. Broughton, op. cit., II, 21-22.
45. Ibid.

the village of Bafoul into the beautiful country around Orbe, and reached a village called "The Middle of the World." They continued to Aubonne, reached Geneva on September 29 and arrived at Diodati at four o'clock.[46]

Amid all the splendor and natural beauty of the scenes around him during this excursion, Byron could not for one moment forget the bitterness in his heart or the desolation of his spirit. In reference to this excursion he says:

> But in all this--the recollection of bitterness and more especially of recent and more home desolation, which must accompany me through life, have preyed upon me here; and neither the music of the shepherd, the crashing of the avalanches, nor the torrent, the mountain, the glacier, the forest nor the cloud have for one moment lightened the weight upon my heart, nor enabled me to lose my own wretched identity in the majesty, and the power, and the glory around, above, and beneath me.[47]

The impressions he received from his excursion were not all of the stern and more overwhelming aspects of nature. He had an eye also for the more peaceful

46. Ibid., pp. 22-24.
47. Moore, Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, II, 22.

side of life among the mountains. The tinkling of the cowbell and the pipes of the herdsman gave him a perfect and delightful image of pastoral life, and the dances in the inn at Brientz delighted him.[48]

Notwithstanding its beauty Switzerland, least of all Geneva, was not suited to Byron's nature. He saw there the traces of the spirit of intolerance which had once sent Servetus to the scaffold and punished a husband because he kissed his wife on Sunday. He felt that the formal character of Geneva resembled the moral aspects of England. The most incredible stories were circulated concerning him. He was watched with a telescope from the other side of the lake, and in Madame de Staël's house Mrs. Harvey, an old lady, swooned at his entrance into the room as if the devil were arriving. The dark suspicion of the alleged crime for which his wife had left him was an open secret here. The consciousness of this induced Byron to seek a refuge elsewhere.[49] After a farewell dinner at Coppet on October 1,[50]

48. Elze, op. cit., p. 212.
49. Ibid., p. 213.
50. Ibid.

and another one on October 3, Byron and Hobhouse set out from Geneva for Italy on October 5.[51]

During his stay in Switzerland, in addition to the third canto of Childe Harold and The Prisoner of Chillon, he produced "Darkness" and "The Dream." The verses entitled "The Incantation"[52] which he afterwards introduced without any connection with the subject into Manfred, were for the most part written during this period, soon after his fruitless attempt at reconciliation.[53]

The two travelers having set out from Geneva, passed through Thonon to La Ropaille and thence to the torrent of Dranse and the village of Evian. They continued through Meillerie, St. Gingolph, and St. Maurice, where they caught a view of the glacier and the Dent du Midi.[54] On October 7 they came to the famous waterfall of the Pisse Vache and then proceeded to the little town of Martigny and thence to Sion. From Sion they went on to Turtmann through a rich agricultural valley, surrounded by beautiful

51. Broughton, op. cit., II, 26-28.
52. Manfred, I, 1, 192-261.
53. Moore, Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, II, 35.
54. Broughton, op. cit., II, 30.

mountain peaks. Opposite Lenk from a bridge over a torrent they saw a cleft in a mountain of stone, where a torrent had given the curious appearance of the effects of fire to a bed of sand and white stone sloping down to the Rhone.[55] On October 9 they set out to cross the Alps and arrived at Simplon. On the following day they set out at seven o'clock and came to the torrent Querna, which flowed from the great glacier called the Lavia. They proceeded to Gateig, and saw another torrent falling into the Querna.[56] They walked on through wild scenes and in the bed of the Veniola saw frozen snow avalanches in the midst of loose masses of rock--above, below and all around, which gave the appearance of the world falling to pieces.[57] They entered Piedmont and came to Isella. At the Bridge of Crevola they burst upon the valley of Domo d'Ossola, flourishing with green meadows and populous with villages. They set out again for Ornavasso, ten miles distant, and at the Bridge of Ponte Massone

55. Ibid., p. 32.
56. Ibid., pp. 33-34.
57. Ibid.

at Brescia on the next day. On November 7 they passed through Peschiera and arrived at Verona. Two days later they arrived at Vicenza, and on November 11 reached their destination, Venice.[64]

64. Moore, Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, II, 44.

Chapter II

Venice

On November 20 Byron wrote the poem "In This Beloved Marble View" on the "Helen" of Canova, a bust in the house of the Countess d'Albrizzi, and gave the poem to Hobhouse.[65]

On December 5 Hobhouse left Venice, but Byron remained.[66] No city could have harmonized better with Byron's character than Venice. It was the City of the Sea. The canal directly in front of his house led him at once into the Adriatic. The Venetians reverenced the old aristocratic names and the ruling caste. To Byron, who valued his pedigree above every other consideration, no characteristic could be more agreeable. Magnificent palaces and historical associations added their charm to all this. Venice was the city where life revelled without restraint in the pleasures of the senses. He looked upon Venice as the greenest isle of his imagination.[67] In the fourth cantoof Childe Harold, in Marino Faliero, The Two Foscari, the "Ode on Venice," and Beppo, Venice is the main theme.[68]

65. Broughton, op. cit., II, 62.
66. Ibid., p. 66.
67. Elze, op. cit., p. 215.
68. Ibid.

Of Venetian women Byron has this to say:

> They've pretty faces yet, those same Venetians,
> Black eyes, arched brows and sweet expressions still;
> Such as of old were copied from the Grecians,
> In ancient arts, by moderns mimick'd ill;
> And like so many Venuses of Titian's
> (The best's at Florence--see it, if ye will),
> They look when leaning over the balcony,
> Or stepped from out a picture by Giorgione.[69]

Later, when he became disgusted with excesses, he came to reflection at Ravenna, and declared that there were not ten righteous persons in Venice and called it a "scorpion nest of vice."[70] He also calls Venice

> Gehenna of the waters! Thou sea-sodom![71]

But for the present Byron thought of nothing but of rushing headlong into its sensuality.

He finished during the winter The Tragedy of Manfred, which he had begun in Switzerland. In a letter to Mr. Murray, dated Venice, February 15, 1817, Byron says:

> I forgot to mention to you that a kind of poem in dialogue (in blank verse) or drama from which the "Incantation" is an extract, begun last summer, in Switzerland, is finished; it is in three acts; but a very wild metaphysical and inexplicable kind.[72]

His reference of course is to Manfred, and in a letter to Mr. Moore dated Venice, March 25, 1817, he wrote: "I wrote a sort of mad drama for the sake of introducing the Alpine scenery in description."[73]

69. Beppo, stanza xi.
70. Elze, op. cit., p. 216.
71. Marino Faliero, V, i.
72. Moore, Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, II, 76.
73. Ibid., p. 78

While in Venice he studied the Armenian Language under the tutorship of the monks of the Society of Saint Lazarus. He translated an epistle of the Corinthians to the apostle Paul and the answer to it, neither of which was genuine.[74] In February 1817 he was attacked by a fever, which he threw off without medical aid.[75]

Soon after his arrival in Venice he secured a gondola, hired a box in the Phoenix Theatre, and began living with a mistress named Marianna Segati, the young wife of a merchant in whose house he had secured lodgings. It was because of her that he refused to continue to Rome with Hobhouse.[76] When he had fully recovered from his fever and Marianna was suffering from the same disease, he tore himself from her for some time and made a tour of Rome.[77] He left Venice about the middle of April and passed through Ferrara, Florence, and Foligno. In Ferrara he saw the court where according to Gibbon's narrative, Parisina and Hugo were beheaded; and the prison of

74. Elze, op. cit., p. 210.
75. Ibid.
76. Ibid., p. 216.
77. Ibid., p. 219.

Tasso, which suggested the poem "The Lament of Tasso," which he sent ready for the press from Florence to John Murray.[78] Byron himself says that the poem was written in consequence of his having been lately at Ferrara.[79] Although he thought Florence beautiful, he remained there only one day.

In Rome he was delighted to find few of his countrymen, although he was delighted to meet again Hobhouse, and Lord Lansdowne. Hobhouse asked Byron to continue with him to Naples, but Byron could not remain longer away from Marianna, and for that reason never saw Naples, Vesuvius, Herculaneum, or Pompeii.[80]

Having brought his horses from Venice, Byron made all his excursions to places of interest on horseback. That Rome moved and fascinated him may be seen in the fourth canto of Childe Harold, written on the very spot.[81] Here he wrote some of his greatest poetry. Scott has said: "The voice of Marius could not sound more deep and solemn among the ruined Arches

78. Ibid., p. 219.
79. Moore, Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, II, 105.
80. Elze, op. cit., pp. 219-220.
81. Ibid.,

of Carthage than the strains of the pilgrim amid the broken shrines and fallen statues of her subduer."[82] It was here that Thorwaldsen made his bust of Byron, and it was here that he completed his rewriting of Manfred. It was Rome that inspired these noble verses:

O Rome! My Country! City of the Soul!
The Orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day -
A world is at your feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! There she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;
The Scipio's tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers; dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marbled wilderness?
Rise with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

The double night of ages and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
All round us; we but feel our way to err:
The Ocean hath its chart, the stars their map,
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;
But Rome is as the desert; where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections: now we clap
Our hands, and cry "Eureka!" it is clear --
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

Alas the lofty city! and alas
The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day
When Brutus made the daggers edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas for Tully's voice and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page! But these shall be
Her resurrection; all beside--decay.
Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free![83]

82. Moore, Life., II, 107
83. C H P, IV, lxxviii, lxxix, lxxxi, lxxxii.

In Childe Harold Byron mentions many of the wonders he saw at Rome: the statue of the Spada Pompey,[84] the statue of the wolf that nursed Romulus and Remus,[85] the tomb of Cecilia Metella, called Capo di Bone,[86] the Column of Trajan,[87] the Egerian Grotto,[88] the Pantheon,[89] the Castle of St. Angelo,[90] the Vatican,[91] and the Coliseum.[92]

He returned to Venice on May 28, 1817, although he had not planned to return until some time in June.[93] His eagerness to see Marianna again was so great that he could remain in Rome no longer. Upon his return he established himself with her at La Mira, on the Brenta close to the city, to which he made frequent visits for business and pleasure.

On July 31 Hobhouse paid Byron a visit at La Mira, and on August 20 they rode out and returned on the side of the river opposite Dolo. Here they

84. Ibid., IV, lxxxvii.
85. Ibid., ixxxviii.
86. Ibid., xcix.
87. Ibid., cx - cxi.
88. Ibid., cxv - cxvi, et seq.
89. Ibid., cxlvi.
90. Ibid., clii.
91. Ibid., clx-clxi.
92. Ibid., cxxxix, et seq.
93. Elze, op. cit., p. 222

saw the moon shining to the right of them, and the Alps still reflecting the glow of the sunset. The Brenta took on an aspect of purple.[94] It was this unusual spectacle which inspired the poet to write these beautiful descriptive verses:

> The moon is up and yet it is not night--
> Sunset divides the sky with her -- a sea
> Of glory streams along the Alpine height
> Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven is free
> From clouds, but of all colors seems to be
> Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
> Where the Day joins the past Eternity;
> While on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
> Floats through the azure air--an island of the blest!
>
> A single star is at her side, and reigns
> With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
> Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
> Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhaetian hill,
> As day and night contending were, until
> Nature reclaim'd her order:--gently flows
> The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
> The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
> Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it glows,
>
> Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
> Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
> From the rich sunset to the rising star,
> Their magical variety diffuse:
> And now they change; a paler shadow strews
> Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
> Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
> With a new color as it gasps away,
> The last still loveliest, till--'tis gone--and all is grey.[95]

Shelley arrived in August to transact some business with Byron, probably with reference to his daughter Allegra. Soon thereafter Byron became weary of Marianna

94. Broughton, op. cit., II, 77.
95. C H P, IV, xxvii-xxix.

and put her aside. He considered his lodging at La Mira unsuited to his rank and position and secured a palace on the Grand Canal from the Countess Mocenigo, and there established himself during the course of the summer. He still, however, retained possession of La Mira.[96]

On November 1 Byron and Hobhouse rode to Padua, Montselice, and Este, and then returned home. On January 7, 1818, Hobhouse bid adieu to Byron, who had just completed the fourth canto of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.[97] On January 19 Byron sent Beppo to Mr. Murray for publication.[98]

During the period following his break with Marianna he secluded himself from good society. Margarita Cogni now took the place of his former mistress. She was beautiful, but ignorant, jealous, and overbearing, and Byron was forced at length to get rid of her, but not without a struggle.[99]

Hobhouse and Moore had been trying for some time to persuade Byron to return to England, but he would not consent. It was at this time that he

96. Elze, op. cit., p. 222.
97. Broughton, Recollections of a Long Life, II, 90.
98. Moore, Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, II, [illegible].
99. Elze, op. cit, pp. 224-225.

met the Countess Guiccioli, the daughter of Count Gamba, a Ravennese nobleman. She had been married before she was sixteen to Count Guiccioli, a widower of sixty years of age for whom she had no affection. Byron first met her at the home of the Countess Albrizzi in the autumn of 1818. It was not until April 1819, however, when they met at a party of the Countess Benzoni, that they became interested in each other. Each was so impressed with the other that they met each day until the countess departed from Venice. About the middle of April she returned with her husband to Ravenna. The leave-taking affected her so greatly that she became ill. She could not be calmed or restored to health until she received a promise from Byron that he would visit her in Ravenna. Dante's grave and the famous pine-forest furnished a sufficient pretext for an invitation. Accordingly, on June 2 Byron set out from La Mira, his destination Ravenna. He visited on the way the famous spots of Ferrara and Bologna. It was during this journey that he composed his "Stanzas to the Po." He remained at

Bologna until June 8, undecided whether to continue to Ravenna or to return to Venice.[100] He continued to Ravenna, however, and found the countess in a deplorable condition. At Byron's insistence, a distinguished Venetian physician was consulted, and his treatment and Byron's presence brought about her gradual recovery.[101]

The count showed every possible honor and courtesy to his guest. Almost daily he took him for a drive in his carriage. Byron in the meantime sent for his riding horses and upon their arrival often took romantic rides in the Pineta. Here he passed daily the tomb of Dante; here it was that Boccaccio in the Decameron made the spectral knight pursue his mistress to death; and here was the scene of Dryden's tale Honoria. Like these great poets, Byron too has linked his name with the Pineta.[102] In Don Juan he sings in lofty strains of the famous pine forest.[103]

Byron soon tired of an existence, so quiet and monotonous, and he proposed to the countess. She refused on the grounds that an elopement would ruin

100. Ibid., pp. 229-231.
101. Ibid., pp. 231-232.
102. Ibid., p. 232.
103. III, cv-cvi.

her in the eyes of society. Their intimate relations outside matrimony were a sanctioned custom and were no breach of the moral code, but an elopement of the sort Byron suggested would not be tolerated.[104] In a few days she accompanied her husband to Bologna. Byron was to follow a few days later. Accordingly, on August 10, 1819, he set out for Bologna. The count and countess were visiting his estates, and Byron was perfectly miserable without her. He visited the Campo Santo and carried on with the Sexton a conversation about skulls which almost rivals the famous scene in Hamlet.[105]

In the beginning of September the count had to return to Ravenna and he left his wife at Bologna in Byron's company. He even allowed the countess to follow Byron to La Mira, where they spent the autumn under the same roof. This gave a shock even to Italian morality.[106]

104. Elze, op. cit., pp. 232-233.
105. Moore, Life, IV, 197.
106. Elze, op. cit., pp. 233-234.

On October 8 Byron was cheered by a visit from Thomas Moore, whom he immediately installed in the Palazzo Mocenigo. They toured Venice together daily, and on the night before Moore's departure Byron remained away from La Mira all night. Byron proposed that they go to Arqua to see Petrarch's grave, but Moore declined because he was bound to a travelling companion, whom he had left for a few days.[107]

Byron gave Moore a manuscript of his memoirs at La Mira shortly before his departure. These were not to be published until after the death of Byron, but because of a number of unfortunate circumstances, they were destroyed after the death of Byron, and so were lost to the world.[108] Moore parted from Byron at La Mira, never to see him again.

Soon after Moore's departure Byron was again stricken with fever. While Byron was in this condition the count came and took the countess away. Byron did not interfere, and in the event that there should be no reconciliation, he planned to go to France or South America with her as his wife. The

107. Ibid., pp. 234-235.
108. Ibid., pp. 235-237--Appendix E, pp. 456-461.

reconciliation, however, was brought about under the condition that all connection between the lovers should cease, and about the middle of November she followed her husband to Ravenna. Byron, much out of sorts, returned to Venice. Italy now became distasteful to him and he wished to remove as far as possible from the countess. He made serious preparations for returning to England. His own ill health and that of Allegra alone retarded him. While he was busy packing for the trip letters were again exchanged by the lovers. Immediately after her arrival at Ravenna she suddenly became ill again, and with the express approval of the Count Guiccioli her father invited Byron to return to Ravenna as soon as possible.[109]

He had already announced to his friends the intention of returning to England immediately, and the very day and hour of departure had been set; but when called to Ravenna, he cast aside his plans and about the middle of December, without taking leave of anyone, he departed from Venice and hastened to Ravenna.[110]

109. Ibid., pp. 238-239.
110. Ibid., pp. 240-241.

While at Venice Byron composed the following: the fourth canto of Childe Harold, Beppo, Manfred, "The Lament of Tasso," "Ode on Venice," Mazeppa, and Don Juan (Cantos I-IV).

As Byron found Venice, so he left her-he alone had changed--and it is fitting that he bid her a last farewell with the immortal lines with which he greeted her:

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion
A ruler of the waters and their powers:
And such she was; her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.

In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone--but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade--but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy.[111]

111. C H P, IV, i-iii.

Chapter III

Ravenna, Pisa, Genoa

When Byron arrived in Ravenna, the city was in the midst of preparations for the Carnival. He was introduced at a party given by the Countess' uncle and was received as a member of the family. From Count Guiccioli he rented a suite of rooms in the Count's own palace, and once again lived under the same roof with his mistress. The restraint of Ravenna was not at all pleasing to Byron. He easily adapted himself, however, to Italian manners and returned to social life. He appeared at most of the great social functions. He found Ravenna unlike London or Venice in that life here wore a narrow and provincial character but he found among the higher classes culture and intelligence.[112]

Byron was much pleased to welcome to Ravenna two friends, Banks, the traveller, and Sir Humphry Davy on his return from his fourteenth ascent of

112. Elze, op. cit., p. 244.

Vesuvius. Byron, as was usual with him, was completely unaffected by the great historical recollections of the city. Here under Honorius was the center of the Roman Empire of the West; here, the residence of Theodoric; and here, the seat of the Greek Exarchate. These recollections drew from him scarcely a line. Even in his letters and journals there can not be found a single allusion to any of them.[113]

At Ravenna his pen was not idle. It was here that he wrote the dramas, Marino Faliero, Sardanapalus, The Two Foscari, Cain, and Heaven and Earth, and began Werner and The Deformed Transformed. In addition to his dramatic writing he composed here The Prophecy of Dante, The Vision of Judgment, the fifth canto of Don Juan, and translated the episode of Francesca da Rimini in Dante's Inferno, and the Morgante Maggiore of Pulci.[114]

The quiet life in the Guiccioli palace did not endure long. The Count withdrew his assent to the relations of the two lovers after a year's toleration

113. Ibid., p. 246.
114. Ibid.,

and resolved that all intercourse between the lovers must cease. His move at this time was distasteful not only to his wife but also to her relations and to public opinion. The Countess threatened to leave her husband. Byron urged peace but would not leave. He thought that honor demanded that he remain with his mistress.[115] The public believed that the Count was wrong in changing his mind at this late date. The Count had the reputation of having conveniently disposed of two persons distasteful to him, and for this reason Byron's friends were greatly concerned for his safety. Byron, however, continued to take his rides in the Pineta, though he was constantly armed and usually accompanied by a servant. He did not believe that the Count would be willing to spend the price for his assassination. He believed that death by assassination was not worse than death in any other way, but that it was rather a melodramatic way to depart.[116]

The Count's declaration of his intention to prove his wife's infidelity injured his cause with

115. Ibid., p. 247.
116. Ibid.

the public. The Countess insisted upon separation against the wishes of her family, but the decree was granted by the Pope early in July 1820. By this decree she was deprived of her social position and her wealth. She received as alimony two hundred pounds a year, and was forced to reside in a villa belonging to her father twenty miles from Ravenna, where Byron was permitted to visit her only occasionally.[117]

She returned to Ravenna some time later and dwelt in her father's house. Byron spent his evenings with her, and listened to her as she played the piano or sang. His life became monotonous, and in his journal, kept during the months of January and February, his existence was invariably described with these words: "Rode--fired with pistols--dined--went out--heard music--came home--rodde."[118] His only escape from boredom was the interest he took in the attempted deliverance of Italy by the Carbonari. This society was formed to combat the forces of oppression, which ruled Italy with an iron hand. The Gamba

117. Ibid.
118. Ibid., p. 248.

family belonged to this society. Pietro Gamba, a youth of twenty-two, the brother of the Countess, was one of the leaders. He had formed a great friendship for Byron, and in this way Byron was persuaded to join the group. His sympathy for Italy and his sorrow and anger at the rule of the foreigner is expressed forcefully in the Prophecy of Dante, written in the terza rima of Dante. Byron has described this work as the best he had ever done.[119]

Byron was given a place of honor in the Carbonari without passing up through the ranks. He was placed at the head of his division, which bore the name "Americani!" He distributed arms among the league, and offered money to the constitutional government of Naples as a contribution to the struggle against the Holy Alliance. His letters in regard to this offer, it would appear, fell into the hands of the Papal Government. His fury against the Austrians knew no bounds, and to him they were Barbarians or Huns. He became a thorn in the side of the Austrian police, and he believed that his letters were opened by them, and for this reason made it a point to include in his letters the bitterest attacks upon the Austrian government. The publication of an Italian translation of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage

119. Moore, Life, IV, 294.

was prohibited in Austrian Italy; and he thought himself surrounded by spies who according to his own account went so far as to plot his assassination.[120]

Although the Carbonari were united in their belief that Austrian rule must cease and that the unification of Italy was necessary for its survival, yet they differed widely as to what kind of government should follow. Byron and most of the leaders believed that the answer lay in a general republic. The conspirators even used the weapon of assassination in their service. One of these assassinations took place immediately in front of Byron's palace. At eight o'clock on December 9, 1820, as Byron was about to leave to visit the Countess, he heard a shot. His servants went to the balcony and reported that someone had been murdered.[121] Byron and Tita, his Venetian Gondolier, ran outside where they found Del Pinto, the commandant of the Papal troops, lying in the street with five wounds. Byron had the man carried into his house, where he soon died. The people of Ravenna, however, were not greatly disturbed by these affairs, but instead revelled in the joys of the Carnival, and Byron likewise joined in.

120. Elze, op. cit., pp. 249-250.
121. Moore, Life, V, 37-38. Also Don Juan, V, xxxiii.

Both sides in the struggle were afraid of decisive action.[122]

On January 22, 1821, Byron wrote these pathetic lines:

> Through life's dull road, so dim and dirty,
> I have dragg'd to three-and-thirty.
> What have these years left to me?
> Nothing--except thirty-three.[123]

On February 7, 1821, the Austrians crossed the Po. The Ravennese, believing that the people of Naples would resist with strength, felt no uneasiness. When the government decreed that anyone found with arms would be punished, the people brought back to Byron's palace the weapons and ammunition he had given them, without even asking his permission. The Neapolitans were routed by the Austrians and thus incurred the wrath of all Italy.[124] Byron himself writes:

> Here in Romagna the efforts were necessarily limited to preparations and good intentions--whether 'hell will be paved' with those 'good intentions,' I know not, but there will probably be a good store of Neapolitans to walk upon the pavement, whatever may be its composition. Slabs of larva from their own mountain, with the bodies of their own d----d souls for cement, would be the fittest causeway for Satan's corso.[125]

122. Elze, op. cit., pp. 251-252.
123. "Through Life's Dull Road, So Dim and Dirty."
124. Elze, op. cit., pp. 252-253.
125. Moore, Life, V, 152.

The turn in political events greatly affected the fortunes of Byron. Nothing could be done against his person, since he was an English peer. He was, however, such a problem to the Austrian and Papal police and the priesthood that it was necessary that he be disposed of. This was a comparatively easy matter. Count Gamba and his sons were banished and their possessions confiscated.[126] Since the deed of separation stipulated that the Countess must reside either in her father's house or retire to a cloister, the police foresaw that she and Byron would follow the Gambas into banishment.

On February 15 Byron wrote in his Journal: "Last night finished the first act of Sardanapalus",[127] and on May 30 he wrote to Mr. Murray from Ravenna: "By this post, in five packets, I send you the Tragedy of Sardanapalus, which is written in a rough hand."[128] In a letter to Mr. Moore dated Ravenna, June 4, 1821, he sent the "Elegy" on the Recovery of Lady Byron:

> Behold the blessings of a lucky lot -
> My play is damned and Lady Mool not.

He added these words: "You'll be surprised to hear

126. Elze, op. cit., p. 254.
127. Moore, Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, II, 427.
128. Ibid., p. 489.

that I have finished another tragedy in five acts observing all the unities strictly. It is called Sardanapalus and was sent by last post to England."[129]

In a letter to Mr. Murray dated Ravenna, September 12, 1821, he wrote: "By Tuesday's post I forwarded, in three packets, the drama of Cain in three acts,"[130] and on October 1 he wrote to Mr. Moore:

> I have written since, about sixty stanzas of a poem, in octave stanzas in the Pulci Style, which the fools in England think was invented by Whistlecraft-it is as old as the hills in Italy-called The Vision of Judgment by Quevedo Redivivus.[131]

About the middle of July Count Gamba and Pietro were ordered to leave Ravenna within twenty-four hours. Pietro was seized that same night and carried across the border, and the Countess, in desperate straits, wrote to Byron begging his aid. Her husband, believing the time to be ripe for action, planned to force her to return to him or to place her in a convent. She therefore fled secretly to Bologna and after a short stay continued on to

129. Ibid., p. 491.
130. Ibid., p. 525.
131. Ibid., p. 541.

Florence to join her father and brother. Byron tried to have the order of banishment of the Gambas revoked, but he was unsuccessful. He remained in Ravenna chiefly out of defiance, but he had also become so accustomed to Ravenna that he did not wish to leave it.[132] He told Medwin on one occasion that next to Greece, he loved no place so much.[133] Byron had become popular with the poorer classes because of his willingness to give to benevolent purposes, and in appreciation they petitioned the Cardinal Legate to try to induce Byron to remain. The petition had the opposite effect to what was intended, and life in Ravenna became unsafe for him. The choice of another place of abode was difficult, and Byron necessarily delayed his departure. The Gambas preferred Switzerland, and Byron inquired about a villa near Geneva for them and himself. On this occasion he showed little consideration for the Countess and changed his mind when he thought of

132. Elze, op. cit., p. 254.
133. Moore, Life, V. 32.

the intolerant attitude of Geneva, the numerous English tourists, and other drawbacks to Swiss life. He preferred to remain in Italy and fixed his eye on Pisa or Lucca.[134]

Byron sent for Shelly, who came immediately from Pisa to see him. Shelley, at Byron's request, wrote to the Countess explaining the reasons for his refusal to go to Switzerland. His pleas convinced the Gambas, and they consented to go to Pisa, where they rented the Lanfranchi Palace, the most beautiful in Pisa, for themselves and Byron. The Countess begged Shelley not to leave Ravenna without Byron, but he had to content himself with a promise from Byron that he would soon follow. Byron began to break up his establishment, and during this long task suffered another attack of fever.[135]

Finally on October 29 he began his journey with seven servants, five carriages, nine horses, a monkey, a bull-dog, a mastiff, two cats, three pea-fowls, and some hens.[136] On the road between Imola and Bologne he had an accidental meeting with his friend Lord Clare, whom he had not seem for several years. Of this meeting

134. Elze, op. cit., p. 255.
135. Ibid., pp. 255-256.
136. Ibid.

Byron has picturesquely said:

> This meeting annihilated for a moment all the years between the present time and the days of Harrow. It was a new an inexplicable feeling, like rising from the grave, to me. Clare, too was much agitated-more in appearance than was myself; for I could feel his heart beat to his finger's ends, unless, indeed it was the pulse of my own which made me think so. We were but five minutes together, and on the public road; but I hardly recollect an hour of my existence, which could be weighed against them.[137]

In Bologna Byron met Rogers, who was returning from Venice. After resting one day they crossed the Appenines together, and journeyed to Florence where they visited the Gallery.[138]

The Countess made the Casa Lanfranchi as comfortable as possible for her lover, and since the separation from her husband was now formally completed, she felt herself free of moral scruples which had previously bound her. The condition that she remain in her father's house appears not to have been observed. It is believed that Count Gamba lived in another house.[139]

On the road between Florence and Pisa Byron composed the poem which begins with these lines:[140]

> Oh talk not to me of a name great in story
> The days of our youth are the days of our glory.

137. Moore, Life, V. 278.
138. Moore, Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, II, 554.
139. Elze, op. cit., p. 257.
140. Moore, Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, II, 566.

He was pleased with the Palazza Lanfranchi, which was thought to have been built by Michael Angelo. The popular belief that the rooms of the palace were haunted was a delight to Byron. He was unmoved by the historical monuments and recollections of Pisa. He has made no mention of the Campo Santo, the Baptistry, the Leaning Tower, or Galileo.[141] His manner of life at Pisa was as irregular as it had been elsewhere. He usually had breakfast at two o'clock in the afternoon, played a game of billiards, drove to the city gates in a carriage, mounted his horse and rode to the Cascine and the pine forest. On the east side of town he found a farm which had great charms for him, partly because of a beautiful girl who lived there, and partly because he could indulge in his favorite pastime of pistol shooting. In spite of the violent trembling of his hand, he was still the most unerring shot of them all. Even in this pastime he could endure no rival. At sunset he would return

141. Elze, op. cit., pp. 257-258.

to the city and eat dinner thirty minutes later. He would then devote two hours to the Countess and read and write the greater part of the night. In Don Juan he says:

> .....(I sing by night--sometimes an owl,
> And now and then a nightingale).....[142]

In these night hours at Pisa he finished Werner, The Deformed Transformed, and Don Juan (Cantos V-XI).[143]

Byron became the center of a circle of English friends. These associations led him to greater sociability. He even planned to promote an amateur theater and he himself wished to play the part of Iago in Othello. These plans came to nought because of the opposition of the Countess. Captain Medwin based his famous Conversations with Lord Byron on the talks he had with Byron at the parties in Pisa.[144] It was here that Byron had his unpleasant relations with Leigh Hunt. At Pisa Hobhouse paid Byron a visit which affected him nearly as much as his surprise meeting with Clare.[145]

On March 24, 1822, when Byron and his party were about to ride through the city gates, a corporal

142. XV, xcvii, 1-2.
143. Elze, op. cit., pp. 258-259.
144. Ibid.
145. Moore, Life, V, 360.

of dragoons overtook them and dashed through their midst. He nearly unseated the Irishmen, Taffe. Byron and his party galloped after the corporal and overtook him. The corporal was very abusive, and a battle ensued. Shelley received a saber-cut on his head and was thrown from his horse. Byron challenged the corporal to a duel. Byron's servants seriously wounded the corporal and two of them were imprisoned. Although the affair was apparently settled, it laid the groundwork for the ultimate banishment of the Gamba family from Tuscany.[146]

At the instigation of Shelley, Byron invited Leigh Hunt to come to Pisa to edit his journal. He had offered the job to Moore, who refused to accept. Hunt gave up his position with the Examiner and thus deprived himself completely of any income. He became completely dependent upon Shelley and Byron for his subsistence. Byron gave Hunt the use of the lower floor of his palace, having furnished it at his own expense. Shelley and his wife

146. Elze, op. cit., p. 261.

managed Hunt's housekeeping.[147]

In April, 1822, Byron received notice that his daughter Allegra had died of a fever in the convent of Bagna Cavallo, where she was being educated.[148]

About the beginning of July Hunt and his family landed at Leghorn, where Byron and the Countess and Pietro had been living at the Villa Rossa on the Montenero, a hill three or four miles from Leghorn. On hearing of Hunt's arrival, Shelley came to Leghorn and accompanied his friend to Pisa. Byron also returned to Pisa at this time. Hunt believed that he could put himself upon terms of intimacy with Byron, which Byron refused to allow. Hunt was completely dependent upon Byron and had neither the will nor the ability to do anything for himself.

The journal was published under the title of "The Liberal." Hunt's brother John was the publisher.

147. Ibid., p. 267.
148. Moore, Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, II, 591.

William Hazlitt superintended the editorial department in London after the death of Shelley. The first number of "The Liberal" opened with The Vision of Judgment and thus sealed its fate. Moore still refused to contribute and Shelley died before the first number appeared. "The Liberal" was a failure and only four numbers were published.[149]

At noon on August 8, 1822, Shelley left Leghorn in his boat to return to Lerici. A violent storm rose and Shelley was drowned. Eight days later his body was washed ashore. The remains were burned in the presence of Byron, Hunt, and Medwin. Byron and Hunt were unable to watch the spectacle and turned their faces. As soon as the cremation was finished Byron swam to his yacht. This inconsiderate act brought on another attack of fever the following day. When he drove back with Hunt through the pine woods to Pisa, they both broke out into forced and spasmodic merriment; they laughed, sang, and shouted in order to banish the sense of the horrible.[150] Byron has made allusion to this incident in the Corsair:

149. Elze, op. cit., pp. 267-271.
150. Ibid., pp. 273-274.

Strange though it seem,--yet with extremest grief
Is link'd a mirth--it does not bring relief--
That playfulness of sorrow ne'er beguiles,
And smiles in bitterness--but still it smiles;
And sometimes with the wisest and the best,
Till even the scaffold echoes with their jest!
Yet not the joy to which it seems akin--
It may deceive all hearts save that within.[151]

As a result of the affair with the corporal at Pisa and a murderous attack upon Pietro Gamba at Montenero, the Count and Pietro were banished from Tuscany, and Byron and the Countess prepared to follow them. Byron again turned his thoughts to America, particularly South America. At Leghorn he had been received by an American naval squadron at achor. He was greatly pleased with the Americans and said that he would rather get a bow from an American than a snuff-box from an emperor. The answer to his inquiries was so dissuasive that he gave up the idea of going to America. He thought again of Greece, but he did not want to expose the Countess to the privations and danger of that land. He even considered Switzerland, but finally decided upon Genoa, where the Count and Pietro had already

151. II, xiii, 26-33.

established themselves.

In the suburb of Alboro Mrs. Shelley hired for Byron and the Gambas a spacious home, the Villa Saluzzo, lying amid vineyards and olive woods. Mrs. Shelley and the Hunts resided in another house, the Casa Negroto.[152]

The journey to Genoa took place towards the end of September. Though Byron paid the traveling expenses of the Hunts, he refused to travel with them. He met Hunt, however, at Lerici, where Byron was detained for four days by illness. From Lerici Byron and the Countess went in his own boat to Sestri. They traveled from Sestri to Genoa by land, but in separate groups. At Genoa Byron and Hunt saw each other only when necessary.[153] Byron ceased to have any connection with "The Liberal." He had attained his end, the publication of the works, which Murray had been hesitant to publish. He spent his time writing Don Juan, and during the months of January and February, 1823, he wrote The Age of Bronze and The Island.[154]

152. Ibid., p. 275.
153. Ibid., pp. 275-276.
154. Ibid.

Byron formed a pleasant intimacy with the Blessington family, who were residing at Genoa. Byron was successful in persuading them to remain longer at Genoa and was helpful to them in hiring for their use the Villa Paradiso, which was close to his own. He rode with them daily, particularly to Nervi, a small town on the coast. He sent notes and occasional verses to the Countess, but he no longer spent the time with her as had been his wont.[155]

Byron's determination to leave Italy and aid Greece in the war of liberation at last riponed into action. His part in the liberation of Greece was not undertaken because of a lofty impulse of freedom or from a deeply rooted sympathy for the Greek people. His motives were personal rather than ideal. He had become restless and a burden to himself, he believed that his literary career was about ended, and he thought that he must do something better for mankind than write poetry. He also began to feel that he would not live much longer.

155. Ibid., pp. 276-277.

Italy began to be distasteful to him. It is also apparent that he had grown weary of the Countess and his relation to her. The recollections of his earlier wanderings in Greece returned to his mind.[156]

When the Greek committee in London made him their flattering offer, he was unable to refuse. In the spring of 1823 he was notified that he had been unanimously chosen as a member of the committee. In May Byron was undecided whether he should go to England or to Greece and had decided only that he would go somewhere. Blaquiére, who had been in the Morea, planned to meet Byron at Zante. They were to discuss further steps necessary to the defence of Greece.[157]

Byron sold his yacht to the Earl of Blessington and hired the English brig "Hercules" of 120 tons. At dawn on July 15, 1823, he embarked on the "Hercules," accompanied by Pietro Gamba; Trelawney; Dr. Bruno, a young Italian physician; Captain Scott; eight servants; and the crew. Byron had put two small

156. Ibid., pp. 278-279.
157. Ibid., pp. 280-281.

guns on the brig and taken on board arms and ammunition and a large supply of medicine and money. The weather became boisterous about midnight, and at the suggestion of Trelawny they turned back to Genoa. Byron remained all night on deck, laughing at the poor seamanship of the Italian sailors. In the morning they reached Genoa and on the evening of the same day set forth again. After a voyage of five days they reached Leghorn, where they remained two days to take on gunpowder and other stores. Byron landed only once on business and spent the rest of his time reading.[158]

At Leghorn on July 24 he received the poem addressed to him by Goethe, and replied by letter the same day.[159] He also received letters of introduction to Mavrocordato and Marco Bozzaris from Ignatio, Archbishop of Arta. He was joined by Mr. Hamilton Browne, an authority on Greece, who persuaded them to change their course from Zante to Cephalonia, where they might expect to get help.[160]

158. Ibid., p. 282.
159. Ibid., p. 283.
160. Ibid.

On the trip they saw the Island of Elba, Piombino in the Maremma, the mouth of the Tiber, Soracte, and other famous landmarks. They also passed by Stromboli, which was sending forth clouds of dark vapor.[161] On seeing Stromboli Byron said to Trelawny: "You will see this scene in a fifth canto of Childe Harold."[162] They sailed between Scylla and Charybdis, saw Messina, and Aetna covered with dense smoke. Byron was in excellent spirits. Every day at noon Byron and Trelawny jumped overboard into the sea. This was his only exercise during the trip. His lameness prevented his walking on the deck. He still, however, engaged in pistol shooting. At length on August 2, 1823, Cephalonia and Zante came into view, and on the following morning the "Hercules" came to anchor in the harbor of Argostoli.[163]

161. Ibid.
162. Trelawny, Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron, p. 187.
163. Elze, op. cit., pp. 283-284.

Chapter IV

Greece

When Byron recognized the outlines of the Morea, he pointed them out to Trelawny and said:

> I don't know why it is, but I feel as if the eleven long years of bitterness I have passed through since I was here, were taken off my shoulders, and I was scudding through the Greek Archipelago with old Bathurst in his frigate.[164]

The secretary of the English Resident came on board to welcome Byron and assure him that every assistance possible would be given the expedition. He told Byron that Captain Blaquiére had already set out for Corfu with the intention of setting out immediately for England. This news threw Byron into a bad humor. The difficulty of obtaining authentic accounts of the condition of the affairs of Greece and of what manner of assistance was necessary was increased by this unfortunate circumstance. Byron immediately dispatched a messenger to find Blaquiére at Corfu and another to Marco Bozzaris at Missolonghi. The

164. Trelawny, op. cit., p. 201.

messenger was unable to locate Blaquière, who had gone without leaving a single memorandum for Byron. Marco Bozzaris sent a reply to Byron, but immediately after he received it he heard of the death of Bozzaris. The state of affairs became more and more confused and Byron, who had been appointed the principal agent of the committee, found it advisable to prolong his stay at Cephalonia. He sent Hamilton Browne and Trelawny with letters to the Greek Government. Browne entered into negotiations with the Greeks at Hydra, and, accompanied by their ambassadors, returned to London. At Athens Trelawny attached himself to the chief, Odysseus, whose youngest sister he soon after married.[165]

Byron spent four weeks aboard the "Hercules," landing only in the evening to go horseback riding. He decided to pay off the vessel, to land his stores, and to take a residence for himself, Count Gamba, and his retinue at Metaxata, a village about four and a half miles from Argostoli, where he remained until December 27.[166]

In his intercourse with the English Resident

165. Elze, op. cit., p. 285.
166. Ibid., p. 286.

Byron showed his most amiable side. Each was agreeably surprised with the other. Byron even accepted an invitation to a dinner in his honor by the officers of the garrison.[167]

While at Cephalonia he made an excursion which lasted eight days to Ithaca. He rejected the offer of the guides to conduct him to the castle of Ulysses and the other legendary localities of Ithaca. He said to Trelawny:

> I detest antiquarian twaddle. Do people think I have no lucid intervals, that I came to Greece to scribble more nonsense? I will show them that I can do something better: I wish I had never written a line to have it cast in my teeth at every turn.[168]

At Vathi, the chief place of the island, the poet was received with the greatest attention and hospitality by the English Resident, Captain Knox. A large number of Greeks, who were for the most part in a pitiable condition and who had been banished from Scio, Patras, and other districts, had sought refuge here. Byron gave four thousand piastres for their relief. The party visited an ancient monastery which stood on the highest peak of the island. The ascent in the heat of the day was

167. Ibid., p. 287.
168. Trelawny, op. cit., p. 240.

fatiguing, and Byron became irritable. They reached the monastery in the evening. The Abbot put on his sacerdotal vestments and lined the approaches with monks holding torches in their hands and singing hymns in Byron's honor. The Abbot greeted Byron as the liberator of his country. Byron, overcome by irritability, interrupted the proceedings with a torrent of Italian execrations, seized a torch and rushed out of the hall. The Abbot was speechless and amazed. The next day Byron deposited a handsome donation in the alms box. The Abbot sent his visitors away with his blessing.[169] Byron was delighted with the natural beauty of the island. He said to Trelawny as they returned: "You will find nothing in Greece or its islands so pleasant as this. If this isle were mine, I would break my staff and bury my book."[170] While on the island he paid a visit to the cave where Ulysses deposited the presents of the Phaeacians. He visited the Arethusian Fountain, the School of Homer, as some ruins beyond Chioni are called, and the Baths of Penelope.[171]

Byron, as Trelawny had foreseen, fell again

169. Elze, op. cit., pp. 289-290.
170. Trelawny, op. cit., p. 209.
171. Moore, Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, II, 675.

into his inactive and irresolute habits. He believed the best policy was to await the favorable moment and in the meantime give aid with his advice and his money. He ignored urgent invitations of the Greek Government and of Count Metara, the Commandant of Missolonghi. He insisted that the Greeks become united and establish order, but he did nothing at all to bring this about. He awaited the relief of Missolonghi by the Greek fleet and advanced four thousand pounds toward the payment of the armament. He also offered a subsidy of one thousand dollars a month for Missolonghi. The Greek Government would not agree to his terms and proposed to apply the money to other purposes. Finally about the middle of November Byron prepared to depart. He decided to leave two days later, but again he delayed his departure.[172]

In a letter to the London Committee Colonel Stanhope says, "All are looking forward to Lord Byron's arrival (Missolonghi) as they would to the coming of a Messiah."[173]

At length the long awaited Greek fleet with

172. Elze, op. cit., p. 291.
173. Moore, Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, II, 697

Mavrocordato on board arrived to relieve Missolonghi. Between Cephalonia and Ithaca it captured a Turkish corvette with considerable money aboard. As a result of this loss the Turkish fleet withdrew to the Gulf of Lepanto, and Mavrocordato was enthusiastically received at Missolonghi. He at once placed the brig "Leonidas" at Byron's disposal, and the Greek Government simultaneously asked him to act with Mavrocordato in the organization of the forces of western Greece. Byron informed the prince that he was prepared to pay the sum of four thousand pounds which he had promised to advance and that he would proceed immediately to Missolonghi to confer with him on measures necessary to be taken. Byron preferred to act with Mavrocordato above all others because of his princely rank. He also realized the importance of Missolonghi, which commanded the entrance to the Gulf of Lepanto and lay nearest the Ionian Isles, which afforded the easiest and safest means of communication with the rest of Europe and England. The possession of Missolonghi would open to them the whole of the Morea.

Byron declined the use of the "Leonidas," and preferred to hire one of his own and sail under

the neutral Ionian flag rather than that of the Greeks.

Colonel Stanhope, who was then at Zante, hastened to Missolonghi,[174] and about noon on December 28, 1823, Byron set out for the same town in a fast sailing vessel called a mistico. Count Gamba and his servants, horses and baggage embarked on a larger vessel. During the night the vessels lost sight of each other, and the heavier vessel anchored for some hours afraid to sail in the dark on account of the shallows. Gamba's ship when near Missolonghi was boarded by the Turks and taken to Patras. The ship was released soon because the Captain of Gamba's vessel had once saved the life of the Turkish captain. On January 4 they got under way again and came to anchor at Missolonghi.[175]

In the meantime Count Gamba was unable to ascertain anything about Byron's vessel and he became much disturbed at not finding Byron at Missolonghi. On the next morning, however, Byron arrived there safely. Byron's vessel had fallen in with a Turkish frigate which took the Mistico to be a fire ship. His vessel

174. Elze, op. cit., pp. 291-292.
175. Ibid., p. 293.

took shelter under the rocks of the Scrofes, whither the frigate could not follow, and thence escaped to the harbor of Dragomestri on the Acharian coast. He wished to proceed to Missolonghi by land, but the mountain roads were impassable. Mavrocordato, to whom he announced his situation, sent five gun-boats to his assistance and in their company he set sail for Missolonghi on January 4, 1824. They ran into a heavy storm in which the Greek sailors showed their lack of skill and courage while Byron exhibited the greatest coolness. Dressed in a scarlet uniform, Byron landed at Missolonghi and was received with great honors. Salvos of Artillery and the sounds of music welcomed him. The entire population flocked to greet him. Mavrocordato, accompanied by a staff of Greek and foreign officers, awaited in front of the house which had been prepared for him and Colonel Stanhope.[176]

The next morning the chiefs and their retinues paid homage to him. All the chieftains of western Greece from Arta to Salona now gathered at Missolonghi in order to complete the military organization.

176. Ibid., p. 294.

Mavrocordato was elected governor-general and placed at the head of five thousand armed men. Byron formed a brigade of his own. He took five hundred of the Suliotes, who had been leaderless since the death of Bozzaris, into his own pay. The remainder were paid by the government but placed under his command. The Suliotes had always been his favorites of all the Greek tribes. Their wives also formed themselves into a corps to accompany the brigade and nurse the sick and wounded. They would take no pay, being satisfied with quarters and rations.[177]

The military situation was at this time favorable to the Greeks. Nearly all of the Peloponnesus was in their hands and another Turkish attack was not expected during the winter. The Greeks themselves, however, were unable to agree among themselves and were on the verge of civil war. Byron believed that the situation could not be remedied unless it were possible to animate and unite the Greeks by one common military undertaking. He fixed his eye on

177. Ibid., p. 295.

Lepanto, the Turkish base of operations. The garrison was weak and the Albanians would without much ado pass over to the Greeks as soon as they appeared. They even promised to deliver to Byron the fortresses of the Morea and Patras. There was a great need for artillery, if such an attack were to be successful, but the Greek armament and powder supply were decidedly insufficient. Byron, fascinated by the romantic side of the conflict, longed to select the most dangerous posts for himself and gave the impression to those around him that he sought death. He insisted upon undertaking the chief command of an expedition against Lepanto. He hoped by a show of courage to inspire his men to great deeds. His skill as a marksman impressed them greatly.[178]

On the morning of January 22, 1824, Byron came from his bedroom into the apartment where Colonel Stanhope and some others were gathered, and said with a smile: "You were complaining the other day that I never write any poetry now. This is my birthday, and I have just finished something which I think is better than what I usually write."[179] He then showed them the verses entitled "On This Day I Complete My Thirty Sixth Year." The beautiful poem presents

178. Ibid., p. 297.
179. Moore, Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, II,

a true picture of Byron's feelings at this time. His lines show the bitterness in his heart, his resignation to an early death, his hope for a glorious death in battle, and his desire to do something worthwhile for humanity. The first two stanzas are prophetic as well as revealing:

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it has ceased to move:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

On February 1 Byron made an excursion to Antilico, where he was shown a large house at which the Turks had shot two hundred times while besieging the town without hitting it at all.

On one occasion he asked his servant Tita if he had thought of returning to Italy. Tita replied that he would go there if Byron did. Byron prophetically answered him: "No, Tita, I shall never go back from Greece--either the Turks, or the Greeks, or the climate will prevent that."[180]

180. Ibid., p. 720.

On February 5 William Parry arrived with the military stores sent by the London committee. As welcome as these stores were, they were inadequate. An artillery laboratory was set up in the "Old Seraglio," but the best English artificers, after a few days, asked leave to return home. They had been attacked at work by the Suliotes and considered Missolonghi unsafe. The Suliotes finally had to be removed from town. Because of dissensions and a lack of money and supplies, the undertaking against Lepanto became for a while impossible.[181]

Byron was accustomed to disappointments and he endured them with great composure, but they began to have a bad influence upon him. The damp and unhealthy climate and his own irrational mode of living acted still more injuriously on his health. His house stood close by a shallow muddy creek, and Missolonghi itself was surrounded by stagnant marshy waters. It was a dirty place and a hot bed of fever. The rainy weather made outdoor exercise impossible. On February 15 he was seized with violent convulsions.

181. Elze, op. cit., pp. 297-299.

It lasted but a few minutes, but the pain was terrific. He was better the next day, and the physicians drew blood to relieve the oppression in his head. He believed he had had an epileptic attack.[182]

His friends urged him to leave Missolonghi and seek a more healthful spot. Count Gamba urged him to go to Athens, and he himself thought of returning to Cephalonia. He could not, however, come to a decision. Danger held a great fascination for him, and he believed that he should remain as a matter of honor.[183]

Although Byron was still not well, he resumed his usual activity. It now appeared that affairs would take a more favorable turn in Greece. More help was arriving daily, and the prospects of securing a British loan became brighter. Internal friction had virtually ceased. Odysseus and Trelawny invited Mavrocordato and Byron to a conference at Salona. They planned to meet around the middle of March.[184]

Byron's house continued to be headquarters for the Greek forces. Many sought his counsel and followed his advice, and he did his job in a becoming and

182. Ibid., pp. 299-300.
183. Ibid., p. 300.
184. Ibid., p. 301.

dignified manner. He was asked by the government if he would be willing to assume the duties of Governor-General over all enfranchised Greece except the Morea and the Islands.[185] He declared that he was ready to do what they desired, but intimated that he believed the result of the congress at Salona should be awaited.[186] This was but a courteous refusal, for he did not wish to be placed under the control of the Greek Government.

Byron found neither time nor pleasure in literature or poetry during this phase of his life. The Countess Guiccioli, however, would have us believe that he had composed at Cephalonia and Missolonghi five new cantos of Don Juan, the scenes of which were laid in England and Greece, and that he also kept a journal from the time of his departure from Genoa up to his fatal illness.[187] She contends that the continuation of Don Juan was destroyed by some distinguished Englishmen who were represented in it

185. Moore, Life, VI, 184.
186. Ibid., note.
187. Elze, Life of Lord Byron, p. 303; English Edition, Vol. I, Introduction, pp. 29-40.

in a not too flattering light.[188] She also claimed that Mavrocordato destroyed Byron's journal because in it he was represented in his true light.[189] There is nothing that has come to light from this period except the beautiful poem which he wrote on his thirty-sixth birthday.

Byron's primary aim was to make the Greeks capable of fighting, to unite them, and to supply them with means to carry on the war. Stanhope's attempt to Christianize both Greeks and Turks by means of Wesleyanism irritated Byron and Mavrocordato greatly. Although Byron disagreed greatly with Stanhope, he had a hearty respect for him. The situation at Missolonghi was, however, much relieved when Stanhope went to Athens.[190]

Byron had now become a practical politician. He realized that independence must be achieved by the Greek people themselves, and he bent all his efforts toward securing aid from the great powers of Europe. He preferred for Greece a federation

188. Ibid.
189. Ibid., p. 41.
190. Elze, op. cit., pp. 304-307.

with a president and a constitution like that of the United States. His great ambition was to be sent as Greek Ambassador to America, where he hoped to succeed in obtaining the recognition of Greece as an independent country. He still cherished the hope of an attack upon Lepanto which would, he thought, lead to the capture of Patras, eventually destroy the Turkish Empire, and secure for Greece much of Asia.[191]

Byron's health remained bad. He complained of weakness and dizziness and frequent spasms in the chest. His departure for Salona, fixed for March 27, was postponed partly on this account and partly because of the state of the roads due to incessant rain. On March 30 the freedom of the city of Missolonghi was conferred upon him in recognition of his distinguished services. On April 9 he received a letter from his sister with favorable accounts of her own and of Ada's health. Pleased with the news, he rode out with Gamba and his body-guard of Suliotes.

191. Ibid., pp. 307-312.

They were overtaken by a shower of rain and returned to the walls thoroughly wet and in a state of heavy perspiration. Byron insisted in getting into his boat in order to avoid the ride through the dirty streets. Two hours after his return home he was seized with shivering and rheumatic pains, and at eight o'clock the same evening he said to Gamba, "I suffer a great deal of pain; I don't care for death, but these agonies I cannot bear."[192] On the following day he rose as usual, transacted his business, and even took a ride in the olive woods. He complained, however, of ceaseless shudderings and of a lack of appetite. This was the last time he ever crossed the threshold alive.[193] On the evening of the eleventh his fever increased; on the twelfth he never left his bed; and on the two following days he became weaker and suffered much from pains in his head. The physician believed that it was necessary to take blood from him. Byron

192. Moore, Life, VI, 201.
193. Ibid., VI, 202.

refused to allow it for some time but finally yielded and said in an angry tone as he held his arm to them: "There--you are, I see a d---d set of butchers--take away as much blood as you like but have done with it."[194] They took twenty ounces. This did not have the desired results, and they believed it necessary to make blisters on the soles of his feet. Byron asked if both could be put on the same foot. The doctor calmed him by telling him he would place them above the knees.[195] The following day was Easter. Byron rose about three o'clock in the afternoon, and was led into the next room, where he sat down, and even attempted to read. After a few minutes he was forced to return to his bed. Several other physicians were called for consultation.[196] Byron consented but said, "Let them look at me but say nothing."[197]

The feeling of his approaching death now came over the dying man. Gamba and his servant Fletcher burst into tears. He became delirious and a strong decoction of bark with opium was given him. Sleep overcame him, and death was perhaps accelerated.

194. Ibid., p. 206.
195. Ibid., p. 207.
196. Elze, op. cit., pp. 313-314.
197. Ibid.

He awoke after a sleep of half an hour. He continued talking almost unintelligibly. Towards evening he said, "Now I will go to sleep." He fell asleep and lay for twenty-four hours without motion. He continued until six o'clock in the evening of April 19, when during a terrible thunderstorm he opened his eyes, immediately closed them, and thus died.[198]

All Greece was stunned by the sudden blow. Mavrocordato wept and ordered the firing of thirty-seven funeral shots from the grand battery. He also closed all public offices and shops, except those where provisions and medicines were sold, for three days, and he ordered a general mourning for twenty-one days. Funeral services were held in the church of St. Nicholas. The body was placed aboard the "Florida," which set sail for England on May 25 and arrived there on July 1. Hobhouse and Hannon received the corpse and took it to the house of Sir Edward Knatchbull in Westminster, where on the ninth and tenth it lay in state. On the twelfth the funeral procession left Westminster and on July 16 [Friday] the body was laid to rest in the family vault in the village church of Huckmall-Torkard.[199]

198. Ibid., pp. 314-316.
199. Ibid., pp. 316-324.

APPENDIX

Discrepancies in dates of arrivals and departures in Lord Byron's Pilgrimage 1809-1811*

1. Arrival at Lisbon:
   July 6, Coleridge, Byron's Works, II Introducton, xxi.
   July 7, Elze, Life of Lord Byron, p. 89.
   July 8, Broughton, Recollections of a Long Life, I, 6.

2. Departure from Lisbon:
   July 17, Coleridge, Byron's Works, II Introduction xxi.
   July 21, Broughton, Recollections of a Long Life, I, 10.

3. Arrival at Seville:
   July 21, Coleridge, Byron's Works, II, Introduction, xxi.
   July 25, Broughton, Recollections of a Long Life, I, 10.

4. Arrival at Gibraltar:
   August 4, Broughton, Recollections of a Long Life, I, 12.
   August 6, Coleridge, Byron's Works, II, Introduction, xxi.

5. Departure from Malta:
   September 19, Coleridge, Byron's Works, II, Introduction, xxi.
   September 19, Broughton, Recollections of a Long Life, I, 14.
   September 21, Elze, Life of Lord Byron, p. 94.

6. Arrival at Prevesa:
   September 28, Coleridge, Byron's Works, II, Introduction, xxi.
   September 28, Broughton, Recollections of a Long Life, I, 15.
   September 29, Elze, Life of Lord Byron, p. 94.

7. Reception by Ali Pacha at Tepeleni:
   October 12, Elze, Life of Lord Byron, p. 99.
   October 20, Coleridge, Byron's Works, II, Introduction, xxii.
   October 21, Broughton, Recollections of a Long Life, I, 18.

8. Arrival at Utraikey [Lutraki]:
November 14, Coleridge, Byron's Works, II, Introduction, xxii.
November 15, Broughton, Recollections of a Long Life, I. 20.

9. Arrival at Missolonghi:
November 20, Coleridge, Byron's Works, II Introduction, xxii.
November 21, Broughton, Recollections of a Long Life, I, 21.

10. Arrival at Thebes:
December 20, Broughton, Recollections of a Long Life, I, 24-25.
December 22, Coleridge, Byron's Works, II, Introduction, xxiii.

11. Departure from Constantinople:
July 14, Coleridge, Byron's Works, II, Introduction, xxiv.
July 14, Broughton, Recollections of a Long Life, I, 31.
July 24, Elzo, Life of Lord Byron, p. 107.

*Wherever these discrepancies occur the author uses the date given by Broughton [Hobhouse], who was with Byron on this journey.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Broughton, John Cam Hobhouse, Lord. Recollections of a Long Life. London: John Murray, 1909.

Coleridge, Ernest Hartley (editor). The Works of Lord Byron. London: John Murray, 1922.

Drinkwater, John. The Pilgrim of Eternity, Byron a Conflict. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1925.

Elze, Karl. The Life of Lord Byron. London: John Murray, 1872.

Galt, John. The Life of Lord Byron. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1835.

Gray, Austin. Teresa or Her Demon Lover. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1945.

Harrison, James A. A Group of Poets and their Haunts. New York: Hurd and Houghton, 1875.

Hunt, Leigh. Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries. London: Henry Colburn, 1828.

Moore, Thomas (editor). The Letters and Journals of Lord Byron. London: John Murray, 1830.

Moore, Thomas (editor). The Works of Lord Byron with Life. London: John Murray, 1833.

More, Paul Elmer (editor). Complete Poetical Works of Lord Byron. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1933.

Murray, John (editor). Lord Byron's Correspondence. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1922.

Nichol, John. Byron. London: Macmillan and Company, 1919.

Trelawny, Edward John. Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron. Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1858.

Autobiography

The author was born of Virginian parents in Turbotville, Pennsylvania, on July 21, 1914. At the age of four he moved to Farnham, Virginia. He was educated in the Emmerton Elementary School and the Farnham High School, where he was graduated in June 1931. He entered the University of Richmond in September of the same year and was graduated from that institution in June 1935.

He began teaching English and coaching basketball and baseball at the Midlothian High School in September 1935. He married Elizabeth Thomas Cheatham on July 17, 1939. He remained as teacher and coach at Midlothian until he was appointed Principal in 1942. He held this position until June 1944, when he entered the United States Navy. After serving two years in the Navy, he returned to the position of Principal at Midlothian in September 1946.

He began work on his Master's Degree in English in the summer of 1947. He attended summer school in 1948 and again in 1949.