which Byron himself so well expressed in the saying, "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." Chief among the secondary causes was the warm sympathy between the poet and his readers, the direct interest of his theme for the time. In the spring of 1812 England was in the very crisis of a struggle for existence. It was just before Napoleon set out for Moscow. An English army was standing on the defensive in Portugal, with difficulty holding its own; the nation was trembling for its safety. The dreaded Bonaparte's next movement was uncertain: it was feared that it might be against our own shores. Rumour was busy with alarms. All through the country men were arming and drilling for self-defence. The heart of England was beating high with patriotic resolution.

What were our poets doing in the midst of all this? Scott, then at the head of the tuneful brotherhood in popular favour, was celebrating the exploits of William of Deloraine and Marmion. Coleridge's *Christabel* was lying in manuscript. His poetic power was, as he said himself, "in a state of suspended animation." Southey was floundering in the dim sea of Hindu mythology. Rogers was content with his *Pleasures of Memory*. Wordsworth took a certain meditative interest in public affairs, but his poems, "dedicated to liberty," though fine as compositions, have not the fire and sinew, the ardent directness of popular verse. In the earlier stages of the war Campbell had electrified the country with his heart-stirring songs; but by 1812 he had retired from the post of Tyrtæus to become the poet of *Gertrude of Wyoming*. Moore confined himself to political squibs and wanton little lays for the boudoir. It was no wonder that, when at last a poet did appear whose impulses were not merely literary, who felt in what century he was living, whose artistic creations were throbbing with the life of his own age, a crowd at once gathered to hear the new singer. There was not a parish of Great Britain in which there was not some household that had a direct personal interest in the scene of the pilgrim's travels—"some friend, some brother there." The effect was not confined to England; Byron at once had all Europe as his audience, because he spoke to them on a theme in which they were all deeply concerned. He spoke to them, too, in language which was not merely a naked expression of their most intense feelings; the spell by which he held them was all the stronger that he lifted them with the irresistible power of his song above the passing anxieties of the moment. Loose and rambling as *Childe Harold* is, it yet had for the time an unconscious art; it entered the absorbing tumult of a hot and feverish struggle, and opened a way in the dark clouds gathering over the combatants through which they could see the blue vault and the shining stars. If the young poet had only thrown himself forward to ridicule the vanity of their struggles, he would most certainly have been spurned aside in the heat of the fight with anger and contempt; but he was far from being a heartless cynic; his sympathy with the Spanish peasant, his worship of the scenic wonders of the country, his admiration of the heroism of the women, his ardent battle-cry of freedom, burst through his thin pretence of cynicism. The pulse of heroism—heroism conscious of the worst that could happen, and undismayed by the prospect—beat beneath the garb of the cynic. It may have been by unconscious art, but it was not without dramatic propriety, that Byron turned in his second canto from the battlefields of Spain and the tremendous figure of war—

> "With blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,
> And death-shot glowing in his fiery hands—"

to "August Athena," "ancient of days," and the "vanished hero's lofty mound." In that terrible time of change, when every state in Europe was shaken to its foundation, there was a profound meaning in placing before men's eyes the departed greatness of Greece; it rounded off the troubled scene with dramatic propriety. Even the mournful scepticism of *Childe Harold* was not resented at a time when it lay at the root of every heart to ask, Is there a God in heaven to see such desolation, and withhold His hand?

The attention of the public once caught by his sympathy with them, it was rivetted by the theatrical fascination of the character of the pilgrim, whom they persisted in identifying with himself. Young, a man of genius, a lord, and unhappy—unhappy with a sorrow that could not be repressed,—here was a mystery over which speculation could never tire. On Byron himself the first effect of his fame was almost to endanger his poetic gift. He became acquainted with Moore, and went into the fashionable world as a "lion." He had never been in "society" before, and he took to gay life with all the impressionable facility of his character. He was even caught one evening by Mr Dallas in full court dress, and though he repented and did not go, this contemplated breach of his democratic principles, in gratitude for some kind words from the regent, shows how ductile his character was, and how easily he might have been lost to serious poetry if circumstances had not in his youth excluded him from the society of his rank. His docility under new influences was shown in the frank way in which he retracted hard saying after hard saying of his *English Bards*, and in the fact that though he was sufficiently scornful of the gay world to write the *Waltz* (1813), he strenously denied the authorship. Yet he soon began to tire of fashionable gaieties and to long for solitude.

Byron's poetic power did not advance in strength during the four years of his connection with high life. As he had been led to employ the Spenserian stanza by Campbell's *Gertrude of Wyoming*, which reached his hands just as he was setting out on his travels, he began now to try the metres in which Scott had made his fame. He produced in rapid succession the *Giaour* (May 1813), the *Bride of Abydos* (December 1813), *Corsair* (January 1814), *Lara* (August 1814), *Siege of Corinth* (January 1816), *Parisina* (February 1816). The best of these is the first; but they were received with an enthusiasm which rose higher and higher with each successive publication. It is quite clear that it was against his intention that he had been identified with Childe Harold, but it is equally clear that though the self-restrained, stern, dark-browed heroes are personifications of only one side of his character, one series of moods, and are as unlike as possible to the complete Byron, he was not unwilling that they should be accepted as types of himself. There was another reason for this than a morbid desire to represent himself as worse than he really was. All Byron's friends from his boyhood upwards declare him to have been of a very shy disposition. Never having been in the fashionable world before the spring of 1812, he was far from being at his ease in it; and he masked his shyness under a haughty and reserved manner. How severe a restraint this was on his natural manner may be inferred from the delight with which he escaped from it in the society of his boon companions. It galled his vanity to be thus constrained by people for whom he had no great respect, and it is impossible to help conjecturing that he courted identification with his silent heroes, with their "vital scorn of all," and "chilling mystery of mien," in order to supply a romantic explanation of a reserve which was really due to unconquerable shyness. The influence of personal vanity on Lord Byron's actions, counterbalanced as it was and concealed by an equal warmth of generous feeling, is all but incredible. It was part of that amazing sensitiveness to the impressions of the present which was the secret of much of the weakness of his character and much of the power of his poetry.

In November 1813 Byron proposed for the hand of Miss Milbanke, only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, a wealthy baronet, and granddaughter and heiress of Lord Wentworth, "an eligible party," he owned in a letter to Moore, though he "did not address her with these views." His suit was rejected, but she expressed a desire to correspond with him. In September 1814 he made another proposal, which was accepted, and the marriage took place on January 2, 1815. On 10th December a daughter, named Augusta Ida, was born. On 15th January 1816 Lady Byron left her husband's house in London on a visit to her father at Kirkby Mallory. On the way she wrote an affectionate letter to Byron, beginning "Dear Duck," and signed "Your Pippin." A few days after he heard from her father that she had resolved never to return to him, and this intelligence was soon confirmed by a letter from herself. In the course of next month a formal deed of separation was drawn up and signed. This is Moore's account of the affair. Lady Byron's account, published on the appearance of Moore's *Life*, differs chiefly as regards the part taken by her parents in bringing about the separation. Byron suspected her mother's influence. Lady Byron took the whole responsibility on herself. Before she left town she thought Byron mad, and consulted Dr Baillie. Dr Baillie persuaded her that this was an illusion. She then told her parents that she desired a separation. The grounds on which she desired this were submitted by her mother to Dr Lushington, who wrote that they justified a separation, but advised a reconciliation. Then Lady Byron had an interview with Dr Lushington, and communicated certain facts, after which he declared a reconciliation impossible. A celebrated living authoress, who was slightly acquainted with Lady Byron, has, it is well known, made a definite statement on this subject, implicating a member of Lord Byron's own family. It is enough, however, to say that there is no evidence in support of the statement, and that it is virtually contradicted by Lady Byron's own behaviour, as she remained on intimate terms with the relative referred to after the separation from her husband.

The real causes of the separation between Byron and his wife must always remain more or less matter of debate, no absolute proof being possible, and disputants reasoning on the presumptions according to temperament and prepossession. Byron's own statement that "the causes were too simple ever to be found out," probably comes nearest the truth. That their tempers were incompatible, that without treating her with deliberate cruelty he tried her forbearance in many ways, and behaved as no husband ought to do, that for her own happiness she had every reason to demand a separation, will readily be believed. After his marriage a huge accumulation of debtors began to press their claims; no less than nine executions were put in force in his house during the year; and Byron, under the indignities to which he had daily to submit, acted with an insane violence which might have justified any woman in believing that she was not safe under the same roof with him. It would have required a very peculiar temper to be compatible with his under the circumstances. A placid, good-tempered woman, with strong good sense, and a boundless affection, which could forget and forgive his most unreasonable outbreaks, might have lived with him happily enough, finding in his sunny moods of playfulness and endearment ample compensation for his fits of gloominess and violence. But Lady Byron was very far from being a woman of that mould. A wife who could coldly ask Byron "when he meant to give up his bad habit of making verses," possessed a terrible power of annoying such a man; her perfect self-command and imperturbable outward serenity, her power of never forgetting an injury and taking revenge with angelic sweetness and apparent innocence of vindictive intention, must have been maddening. The serene way in which she clung to and promoted the maid, Mrs Clermont, in the face of Byron's intolerable dislike to the woman, was gall and wormwood to him. An even-tempered man might have lived with such a person comfortably on terms of mutual politeness; but for a haughty-tempered, violent, fitful, moody man it would have been impossible to find a more incompatible partner.

Why, at the time of the separation, did not the public look upon Byron and his wife as simply an ill-assorted pair who could not agree, and were better to separate? From the first it was rumoured that Lady Byron refused to tell the cause of their separation, whence the public naturally inferred that it must be too terrible to be revealed, and busied themselves inventing and circulating crimes of suitable magnitude. Retribution fell upon Byron for his identifying himself with crime-stained buccaneers. The publication, by an indiscreet friend, of his *Farewell to Lady Byron*, and the verses entitled *A Sketch*, let loose the flood-gates of popular indignation in the press. On the *Farewell* indeed, there was some difference of opinion. A lady correspondent of the *Courier* declared that "if her husband had bidden her such a farewell she could not have helped running into his arms and being reconciled immediately." If Lady Byron had been such a woman—we have no right to blame her because she was not—the separation, in all probability, would never have taken place. The vast majority in English society resented the publication of the *Farewell* as an unworthy attempt to put his wife in the wrong, by holding up her unforgiving temper for public reprobation. We now know that the *Farewell* was written in all sincerity and bitterness of heart, with the tears falling on the paper as he wrote, and that it was published by the indiscreet zeal of a friend to whom he had sent the verses. The fierce attack upon Mrs Clermont in the *Sketch* was universally condemned as unmanly. The two poems are chiefly interesting now as showing the poet's ungovernable incontinence, his passionate craving for sympathy, and the utter distemper of his mind in the bewilderment of misfortune.

Byron took final leave of England in April 1816. From that date the external events of his life, down to his memorable interference in the cause of Greek independence present comparatively little variety, and excite comparatively little interest. Nothing occurred after this to give a new turn or a new colour to his poetic career; the powerful influences which had conspired to torture music out of him were modified by the lapse of time, but very little, if at all, by the incidents of his life. The bitter feelings with which he left England, the angry sense of injustice and spirit of proud and revengeful defiance, alternating hysterically with humble self-reproach and generous forgiveness, passed into lighter forms, but they never ceased to rankle. Like Manfred, he asked in vain for oblivion.

In the thick of his troubles, before leaving England, Byron conceived that he had never been "in a situation so completely uprooting of present pleasure, or rational life for the future." But his going abroad was really a most fortunate step both for his happiness and for the exercise of his genius. Abroad he consented to the sale of Newstead, and his income enabled him to live without being subject to the constant indignities which were such a torture to him at home. There also he found the solitude which he had always desired. "Society," he wrote in a letter to Moore, "as now constituted, is *fatal* to all great original undertakings of every kind," and in his case certainly this was true. His first place of residence abroad was Diodati,

a villa in the neighbourhood of Geneva. He spent the summer there, making two excursions to Switzerland,—one with Hobhouse, a shorter one with Shelley, who also was living at Geneva at the time. His travels through Flanders past the field of Waterloo appear in the third canto of *Childe Harold* (May to July 1816); the idea of writing *Manfred* on his way to Geneva (begun September 1816, finished February 1817) occurred to him on the Jungfrau, where the scene is laid. In November 1816 he removed to Venice, and lived there, with the exception of short visits to Ferrara and Rome, till December 1819, writing fourth canto of *Childe Harold* (June 1817), *Beppo* (October 1817), *Ode to Venice* (July 1818), first canto of *Don Juan* (September 1818), *Mazeppa* (October 1818), second canto of *Don Juan* (December 1818), third and fourth cantos (finished November 1819). The bare catalogue of his literary work shows that the reports of the debauchery in which he lived at Venice, and from which he is said to have been rescued by the Countess Guiccioli, must be taken with a qualification. His acquaintance with this lady began in April 1819, and a mutual attachment sprang up at once. In December 1819 he removed to Ravenna. In the following month the Countess Guiccioli, having separated from her husband, occupied, under her father Count Gamba's presence and sanction, a suite of rooms in the same house with Byron at Ravenna; and though the families were formally separate, the union was not broken till Byron's departure for Greece. When, two years later, in 1821, the Gambas, in consequence of their connection with revolutionary movements, were ordered to quit Ravenna, Byron removed to Pisa and lived with them under the same roof as before. Leigh Hunt, who also was received into Byron's house with his wife and children, has given us a somewhat ill-natured but sufficiently faithful picture of his life here, which was simply that of a busy domesticated literary man, with a taste for riding, swimming, and marksmanship. During Byron's residence here Shelley was drowned in the Gulf of Spezzia. In September 1822, the Gambas were ordered by the Tuscan Government to quit Pisa, and Byron removed with them to Genoa. His life at Genoa has been described with traces of airy malice, but with much vivacity and abundance of detail, by Lady Blessington.

While he lived with the Countess Guiccioli Byron's literary industry was prodigious. The following is the list:—Translation of the first canto of *Morgante Maggiore*, February 1820; the *Prophecy of Dante*, March 1820; translation of *Francesca de Rimini*, March 1820; *Marino Faliero*, April to July, 1820; fifth canto of *Don Juan*, October to November 1820; *The Blues*, November 1820; *Sardanapalus*, January to May 1821; *Letters on Bowles*, February and March 1821; *The Two Foscari*, June to July 1821; *Cain*, July to September 1821; *Vision of Judgment*, September 1821; *Heaven and Earth*, October 1821; *Werner*, November 1821 to January 1822; *Deformed Transformed*, begun November 1821, finished August 1822; *Don Juan*, sixth, seventh, and eighth cantos, February 1822; ninth, tenth, and eleventh cantos, August 1822; *The Age of Bronze*, January 1823; *The Island*, February 1823; *Don Juan*, twelfth and thirteenth cantos, February 1823.

This quiet industrious life, however, did not cure him of his constitutional melancholy and restlessness. The curse of his nature was that he exhausted his pleasures too quickly. He too soon became dissatisfied with past triumphs. Much as he enjoyed the success of the works which poured with such rapidity from his pen, he began to harp on what he might have done; began to think that the tide was turning against him in England, and to hunger for new distinction. In this spirit, towards the end of 1821 he commenced those negotiations for the publication of a journal in England in conjunction with Shelley and Leigh Hunt, which ended in the abortive *Liberal*. The *Vision of Judgment*, the greatest of modern satires, appeared in the first number of the *Liberal*, in the summer of 1822; only three more numbers were published. According to Moore, the sign of an intention to take an active part in alliance with English Radicalism did more to make Byron unpopular in England than the most shocking of his poems. It was fortunate for his popularity that a more glorious enterprise offered itself to him in the Greek struggle for independence. He was brought into connection with this through the London Greek committee, of which he was appointed a member in May 1823. He at once decided to take action, raised 50,000 crowns, bought an English brig of 120 tons, and sailed from Genoa with arms and ammunition in July. The high hopes with which he set out were soon broken down; the Greeks had no plans, and he was compelled to spend five months of inglorious delay at Cephalonia. Reaching Missolonghi in December, after a chase by Turkish cruisers, he found dissension among the Greek chiefs and insubordination among their followers. He was appointed commander-in-chief of an expedition against Lepanto; but before anything could be done he was seized with fever, and died on the 19th April 1824.

It is yet, perhaps, too soon to hazard a speculation as to the permanence of Byron's fame. That he holds a lower place in the opinion of the present generation than of his own, so far at least as concerns his own country, is undeniable, and is probably due to the fact that poets now are tried by more strictly artistic standards; verses are judged, proportions measured, rare and precious excellences appreciated with the jealous scrutiny and skilled recognition of professional workmen. Tried by such standards, Coleridge, Keats, and Shelley must be pronounced Byron's superiors. The greatest modern authority on verse, Mr Swinburne, comments justly on Byron's imperfect mastery of his materials:—"One native and incurable defect grew up and strengthened side by side with his noblest qualities—a feeble and faulty sense of metre. No poet of equal or inferior rank ever had so bad an ear. His smoother cadences are often vulgar and facile; his fresher notes are often incomplete and inharmonious. His verse stumbles and jingles, stammers and halts, where is most need for a swift and even pace of musical sound. The rough sonorous changes of the songs in *The Deformed Transformed* rise far higher in harmony, and strike far deeper into the memory than the lax, easy lines in which he at first indulged; but they slip too readily into notes as rude and weak as the rhymeless, tuneless verse in which they are so loosely set, as in a cheap and casual frame. The magnificent lyric measures of *Heaven and Earth* are defaced by the coarse obtrusion of short lines with jagged edges—no small offence in a writer of verse." In point of metre, too, Byron showed none of the originality which we should expect in a poet who delighted in his materials for their own sake. The god of his idolatry was Pope, towards whom his sympathies were drawn chiefly by the elder poet's modern and practical point of view, and quick interest in passing affairs, and he began by imitating with very indifferent success Pope's satiric couplet. But his successes were achieved in more popular measures. He was the least possible of an antiquarian poet, whether in matter or in form. His way was to take up any measure that struck him as effective, and try his hand on it. Campbell's example suggested the Spenserian stanza; Scott and Coleridge the rapid octosyllables of his *Eastern Tales*; and he would never have thought of the *ottava rima* of *Beppo* and *Don Juan* but for Frere's *Whistlecraft*. *Whistlecraft* appeared in 1817, and the moment it fell into his hands Byron recognized the value of the instrument, and lost no time in making it his own.

It was not on the artistic side that Byron's strength lay. Words were far from niggardly in their supplies to him; they flowed in upon him with sufficient readiness for free and direct expression; his thoughts were not blunted, his conceptions were not turned awry by hopeless struggling with stubborn material, but language was not pliant in his hands for the finer achievements of art. The truth is, he felt too deeply to be a poet of the very highest rank; the feeling of the moment took too large and embarrassing a hold of him to leave his hand free for triumphs of execution. This interfered both with the perfecting of details, and with the severe ordering of parts into an artistic whole. In Byron we are always struck more with the matter than with the form. It is his theme that absorbs attention, and the impetuous vehemence and stormy play of passion with which he hurries it on. This is, doubtless, an insecure foundation for lasting fame. The work of a man so keenly alive to the impressions of the hour, so closely bound up with his generation as Byron, runs a risk of perishing when the things that most deeply stir that generation have ceased to stir mankind. The secret of his tremendous power was his passionate sympathy with his own time. By the accidents of birth and circumstances, he was placed in opposition to the existing order of things, and his daring temper made him the exponent of the spirit of revolution. He is the greatest modern preacher of "liberty, equality, and fraternity." His little aristocratic assumptions were as superficial as his professions of antiquarian poetic loyalty. Nothing irritated him more than to deny him any of the privileges of his rank, but he never used the advantage of his social superiority in any of the contests in which he was involved, and in his loves and his friendships he showed regard only for the individual. He was a warm champion of the established fame of Pope against innovators, but he practised the innovations himself with such effect that he has been called—a foolish enough phrase, certainly, but intelligible—"the interpreter of Wordsworth to the multitude." Abroad, Byron's influence was, from the appearance of *Childe Harold*, no less conspicuous than at home. It has even been said that he was the first Englishman who made English literature known throughout Europe. Even such men as Lamartine, who deplored Byron as an incarnation of Satan, acknowledged his power; Lamartine says that Byron was "a second Ossian to him," and tells us that he was afraid to read him in his youth lest he should be perverted to his beliefs. Heine invited the compliment of being called "the German Byron." He is believed to have largely influenced the revolutionary movement in Germany, and he gave a direct stimulus to the liberators of Italy. Byron is the favourite poet of our English speaking fellow-subjects in India; the educated Bengalee knows him by heart. On the Continent his influence has rather increased than diminished. Only the other year a glowing eulogy of his genius was written by Castelar, the literary leader of republicanism in Spain. At home of late we have been accused of neglecting Byron, and the fact is significant. Such stormful and melancholy poetry as his must always be at the height of its popularity in times of conflict. The disturbed state of the Continent is more favourable to its spirit than the piping times of peace which have prevailed for a generation in England. Men who are content with the old things, and men who renounce old things with a light heart, can have little affinity with his deep-rooted sadness, his pride of defiant struggle, his flashes of defiant merriment; all this seems hysterical, affected, and unreal,—and unreal it no doubt is, in the sense that the feelings of men under the tension of conflict must appear full of false notes to men who look on out of a normal condition of settled tranquillity.

The most hopeful circumstance for the permanence of Byron's name is that he stands at the opening of a new era as its largest literary figure. Sooner or later, as new phases of thought and sentiment supervene upon the old, his writings must pass out of the catalogue of popular literature, but his personality will always fascinate. He is like Hamlet in this respect. It may safely be predicted that Byron will not cease to be read till Hamlet has ceased to be studied. There is not a little in common between the characters, in spite of superficial difference. In the desolation of his youth, in his moodiness, in his distempered mobility between the extremes of laughter and tears, in his yearning for sympathy, his intensity of friendship, his dark fits of misanthropy, his habit of brooding over the mysteries of life, Byron unconsciously played the character of Hamlet with the world for his stage, and left a kindred problem for the wonder of mankind,—a problem which no analysis can make clear, and which every one may pray that it be not given them to understand.

It has often been said that Byron could draw but one character, and that his own. This is not more than a half truth. It is true that Byron's genius was more lyrical than dramatic. "Many people," he said himself, "think my talent *essentially undramatic*, and I am not clear that they are not in the right." But he also said that while he, "like all imaginative men, embodied himself with the character while he drew it," he did so "not a moment after the pen was from off the paper." The difference between saying that Byron loved to picture himself in various circumstances, and that he could not set himself to the artistic portraiture of any character in which he was not interested, may not be great, but it is the difference between a true view and a false view of his artistic method. He was undramatic in this sense, that his imagination did not enter freely and self-delightedly into various forms of life. When Moore thought he had found a beautiful subject for Byron's genius, and wrote the details to him, Byron could not enter into the situation. His *Monody on Sheridan* is weak, because it was not spontaneous. But when he found a situation or a character which naturally attracted him, and which he was able to understand, his method was not, as is implied by the language in which his want of dramatic faculty is often expressed, to bring the situation or the character nearer to his own experience, but he tried to identify himself with the life of his subject, and laboured at details with almost pre-Raphaelitic minuteness. We do right to call him undramatic still, because a dramatic genius is doing constantly and by the law of his nature what Byron could only do rarely and with a limited range. But it is wrong to say that he was always drawing himself. There are considerable intervals between Sardanapalus, Marino Faliero, Alp, Lara, and Manfred, although in those and in all his leading characters we are more struck with what they have in common with their author, the affinity that led him to deal with their fortunes, than we are with their separate individualities. The Countess Guiccioli has given in the case of Marino Faliero a good example of the way in which he prepared himself for his work. He was struck with the tradition of Faliero's conspiracy in his old age against the state which he had served so well in youth and middle age, immediately after his arrival in Venice, but at first he was unable to satisfy himself as to the motive. The ordinary histories, which he searched through with care, ascribed it to an old man's jealousy of a young wife, but this Byron's instinct rejected. He passed hours in the hall of the great council, stared at the record of Faliero's decapitation, lingered about the tomb, and called up and realized every recorded circumstance of his life, keenly

studied the characters of living Venice. It was not till four years afterwards that he satisfied himself as to the motive, and the discovery of an old document afterwards proved that his reading of history was correct. In other cases he showed the same studious care for accuracy, the very opposite of rash and dashing identification of characters with himself. In most of his tales and dramas there is an historical basis, and the basis is scrupulously ascertained. He particularly prided himself upon the truth of his local colouring.

The most interesting and complete portrait of Byron is perhaps that drawn by Lady Blessington, who saw him at Genoa a few months before his departure for Greece. It is not so favourable as some, but it is peculiarly valuable because taken from a definite point of view, that of a clever woman of the world and practised critic of appearance and manner. "I had fancied him," she says, "taller, with a more dignified and commanding air, and I looked in vain for the hero-looking sort of person with whom I had so long identified him in imagination. His appearance is, however, highly prepossessing, his head is finely shaped, and the forehead open, high, and noble, his eyes are grey and full of expression, but one is visibly larger than the other, his mouth is the most remarkable feature in his face, the upper lip of Grecian shortness, and the corners descending, the lips full and finely-cut. In speaking he shows his teeth very much, and they are white and even, but I observed that even in his smile—and he smiles frequently—there is something of a scornful expression in his mouth that is evidently natural, and not, as many suppose, affected. . . . His countenance is full of expression, and changes with the subject of conversation; it gains on the beholder the more it is seen, and leaves an agreeable impression. . . . He is very slightly lame, and the deformity of his foot is so little remarkable that I am not now aware which foot it is. His voice and accent are peculiarly agreeable, but effeminate—clear, harmonious, and so distinct that, though his general tone in speaking is rather low than high, not a word is lost. . . . I had expected to find him a dignified, cold, reserved, and haughty person, resembling those mysterious personages he so loves to paint in his works, and with whom he has been so often identified by the good-natured world, but nothing can be more different; for were I to point out the prominent defect of Lord Byron, I should say it was flippancy, and a total want of that natural self-possession and dignity which ought to characterize a man of birth and education." Such, judged by the social standard of his own country, was the look and personal manner of the greatest literary power of this century.

The best edition of Byron's works is that published by Murray, with illustrative extracts from his letters and diaries, and from the criticisms of his contemporaries. A selection from his works, edited and prefaced by Mr A. C. Swinburne, is published by Moxon. The facts of his life may be studied in Moore's *Life, Letters, and Journal of Lord Byron*, supplemented by Leigh Hunt's *Lord Byron and his Contemporaries*, Lady Blessington's *Conversations with Lord Byron*, Trelawney's *Recollections of Shelley and Byron*, and the Countess Guiccioli's *Lord Byron jugé par les témoins de sa vie* (translated under the title of *Recollections of Lord Byron*). Numerous allusions to Byron occur in the published memoirs of his contemporaries, such as the *Shelley Memorials* and Crabb Robinson's *Diary*. Karl Elze's biography (translated), although often mistaken in its conception of his character, is valuable as a collection of facts. (W. M.)

BYRON, Hon. John (1723–1786), admiral and circumnavigator, second son of the fourth Lord Byron, and grandfather of the poet, was born November 8, 1723. While still very young accompanied Anson in his voyage of discovery round the world. During many successive years he saw a great deal of hard service, and so constantly had he to contend, on his various expeditions, with adverse gales and dangerous storms, that he was aptly nicknamed by the sailors, "Foul-weather Jack." It is to this that Lord Byron alludes in his famous *Epistle to Augusta*:—

> "A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
> Recalling as it lies beyond redress,
> Reversed for him our grandsire's fate of yore,
> He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

In 1769 he was appointed governor of Newfoundland. In 1775 he attained his flag rank, and in the following year became a vice-admiral. In 1778 he was despatched with a fleet to watch the movements of the Count d'Estaing, and in July 1779 fought an indecisive engagement with him off Grenada. He soon after returned to England, retiring into private life, and died April 10, 1786.

BYSTRÖM, Johann Nicolaus (1783–1848), Swedish sculptor, was born December 18, 1783, at Philipstad. At the age of twenty he proceeded to Stockholm and studied for three years under Sergell. In 1809 he gained the academy prize, and in the following year visited Rome. He sent home a beautiful work, The Reclining Bacchante, in half life size, which raised him at once to the first rank among Swedish sculptors. On his return to Stockholm in 1816 he presented the crown prince with a colossal statue of himself, and was entrusted with several important works. Although he was appointed professor of sculpture at the academy, he soon returned to Italy, and with the exception of the years from 1838 to 1844 continued to reside there. He died at Rome in 1848. Among Byström's numerous productions the best are his representations of the female form, such as Hebe, Pandora, Juno suckling Hercules, and the Girl entering the Bath. His colossal statues of the Swedish kings are also much admired.

BYZANTINE EMPIRE. See Greek Empire.

BYZANTINE HISTORIANS. The historians who have related the transactions under the Eastern, Greek, or Byzantine empire, for the millennium intervening between the death of Theodosius and the Turkish conquest of Constantinople, are collectively classed together under the above designation. Until, however, the middle of the 6th century, they are, with one conspicuous exception, too merely fragmentary to deserve special notice. This exception is Procopius, the Polybius of his age, whose histories are of such importance as to demand a separate article. We shall arrange his successors in chronological order, distinguishing between the historians properly so called and the chronologers.

Historians.—I. Agathias of Myrina in Ætolia, was born under Justinian, about 536 A.D., and is believed to have died under Tiberius the Second, about 580. His character as an epigrammatist and an editor of poetry has been already considered under the head Anthology. We are indebted to him in his historical capacity for an extremely valuable narrative of six of the most eventful years of the Greek empire, 553–558. The first book details the conquest of Italy from the Goths by Justinian's general Narses; the remainder describe, along with other incidents, the Persian war of 554–556, the two great earthquakes of 554 and 557, the great plague, the rebuilding of St Sophia, and Belisarius's last exploits against the Bulgarians. The history terminates abruptly, and was probably left unfinished. As a narrator, Agathias is sensible and impartial, but deficient in general knowledge, and far below the standard of a philosophic historian. His style is rhetorical, but not unpleasing. II. Menander Protector, the far inferior imitator of Agathias, lived under Mauricius, whose reign began in 581, and continued the history of Agathias to the date of the accession of that emperor. His work was comprised in eight books, which are entirely lost, with the exception of numerous extracts relating to embassies preserved in the collection Περὶ πρεσβειῶν—the 27th and only existing book of the extensive compilation of historical excerpts made by the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus.

III. Theophylactus of Simocatta, a sophist and civilian of Egyptian extraction, wrote the history of the Emperor Mauricius (582–602) in eight books, all of which are preserved. The work seems to have been completed under Heraclius. Theophylactus lived until 628 or 629. He is an accurate and not inelegant writer, but frequently trivial and frigid. IV. Joannes of Epiphaneia, a contemporary of Theophylactus, wrote the history of the wars of the Greeks and Persians from the latter part of Justinian's reign until the restoration of Chosroes II. by Mauricius (591). His history has never been printed, but is said to exist in MS. at Heidelberg. V. The Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus (reigned 911–959). Among the many services rendered to literature by this learned sovereign is to be enumerated his history of his grandfather Basil the Macedonian, emperor from 867 to 886. VI. Genesius, who lived in the time of Constantine Porphyrogenitus, wrote by his order the history of Basil II. and of his four immediate predecessors (813–886). The work is brief and meagre, but is almost the only authority we possess for a portion of the period described. VII. Joannes Cameniata, a native of Thessalonica, and cross-bearer to the archbishop, wrote an account, which has been preserved, of the sack of that wealthy city by the Saracens in 904. Cameniata himself was one of the captives, and his narrative is very lively and valuable. VIII. Leo Diaconus, an ecclesiastic in the latter half of the 10th century, is the author of an indifferently written, but honest and instructive, narrative of the remarkable period of national recovery under the emperors Romanus II., Nicephorus Phocas, and John Zimisces, when Crete was reconquered, Syria invaded, and the Russians driven out of Bulgaria (959–975). Leo wrote at least as late as 993. IX. Nicephorus Bryennius, the son-in-law of the Emperor Alexius Comnenus, and one of the first statesmen and generals of his time, wrote in four books the history of the empire under the Comneni from 1057 to 1081. X. His still more celebrated wife, Anna Comnena, daughter of the Emperor Alexius, and the marvel of her sex at that extremely low period of female education, wrote (1148) the history of her father in fifteen books. The period of Alexius is peculiarly interesting as that in which the barrier of Byzantine isolation was broken down, and the East and West brought into contact by the encroachments of the Normans on the Eastern empire and by the Crusades. We cannot be too grateful to the Princess Anna for her vivid sketch of the arrival of the Crusaders at Constantinople, and the relations between them and the Byzantine court. Her work, however, must be used with great caution. Gibbon's employment of it is an example of his usual discernment. XI. Her history was continued by Joannes Cinnamus, one of the most eminent of all the Byzantine historians. He was one of the imperial notaries under the reign of Manuel Comnenus (1143–1180), an office nearly corresponding to that of a modern secretary of state. He had, consequently, great administrative experience, and a thorough knowledge of the relations of the empire with foreign states, and of the internal affairs of the latter. He is thus in an excellent position for writing history, besides which his own judgment and sagacity are of a very superior order, and his style is commonly terse and clear. Like most writers who have themselves participated in the transactions they describe, he is not altogether exempt from partiality. His history comprehends the period from the death of Alexius Comnenus in 1118 to the siege of Iconium by Manuel Comnenus in 1176, four years before the death of that emperor. There is little doubt that Cinnamus brought his work down to the close of Manuel's reign, and that the conclusion is lost. XII. Nicetas Acominatus, or Choniates, a patrician and holder of many important public offices under the emperor Isaac Angelus at the beginning of the 13th century, described the same period as Cinnamus, but continued his narrative to 1206. The latter books of Nicetas's history possess especial importance, inasmuch as they contain the Byzantine account of the taking of Constantinople by the Latins in the fourth crusade (1204). Nicetas's own palace was burned and plundered, and he escaped with difficulty to Nicæa, where he composed his history under the protection of the emperor Theodore Lascaris. His narrative, though too rhetorical, is striking and pathetic; it necessarily requires careful comparison with the Latin accounts. The remainder of his history is also valuable. He is also said to be the author of an account of the statues destroyed by the Latins, which, however, is thought to have been interpolated by a later writer. It has been published by Wilken (Leipsic, 1830). XIII. Georgius Acropolita, an eminent scholar and diplomatist, who lived from 1220–1282, wrote the history of the Eastern empire during its subjugation by the Latins (1204–1261). The work is so brief that it has been regarded as merely an epitome of Acropolita's original history. XIV. Georgius Pachymeres, a priest and ecclesiastical jurist under Michael and Andronicus Palæologus, wrote the history of these emperors (1258–1308) in thirteen books. Pachymeres is one of the best of the Byzantine historians; his style is singularly good for his age, and his tone dignified and impartial. XV. Nicephorus Gregoras, a man of great learning, but passionate and untrustworthy as an historian, wrote the history of his country from 1204–1358, in thirty-eight books, the last fourteen of which remained unpublished until 1855, when they were edited at Bonn by Immanuel Bekker. After the recovery of Constantinople by the Greeks in 1261, Byzantine politics entered into a new phase; the feeble and distracted empire, unable to make head against the Turks, was compelled to lean for support upon the European powers, which it sought to obtain by patching up the long-standing religious schism. Greeks and Latins, however, were equally resolved to concede nothing save in appearance, and the history of the time is to a great extent that of hollow negotiations, meant only to deceive. In these Gregoras had a considerable share; he also took an active part in the internal religious controversies of his church, and his personal knowledge of affairs imparts considerable value to his history. He was at one time a favourite of the Emperor Cantacuzenus, but was subsequently persecuted by him. He possessed extensive attainments, and is especially celebrated for having anticipated the astronomers of Pope Gregory XIII. in the correction of the Julian Calendar. XVI. The Emperor John Cantacuzenus, after his abdication, wrote the history of his times from 1320–1357, including the fifteen years of his own eventful reign. This "is written," as Dr Plate observes, "with elegance and dignity, and shows that the author was a man of superior intelligence, fully able to understand and judge of the great events of history;" but Gibbon's remark is no less just that Cantacuzenus "presents, not a confession, but an apology of the life of an ambitious statesman. Instead of unfolding the true counsels and characters of men, he displays the smooth and specious surface of events, highly varnished with his own praises and those of his friends." The truth is arrived at by a comparison of Cantacuzenus with the rival and inimical narrative of Nicephorus Gregoras, so far as they cover the same ground. XVII. Joannes Cananus wrote an account of the siege of Constantinople by Amurath II. in 1422; and XVIII. Joannes Anagnostes described the capture of Thessalonica by the same Sultan in 1430. XIX. Michael Ducas, the chief historian of the fall of the Greek empire, escaped from the sack of Constantinople