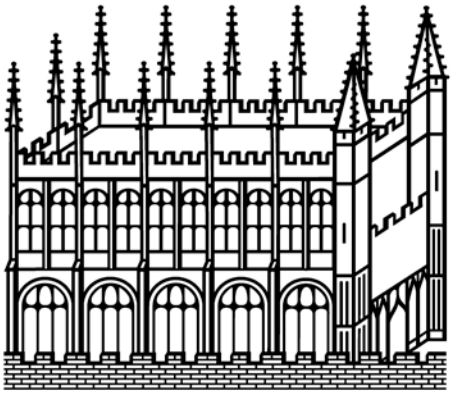

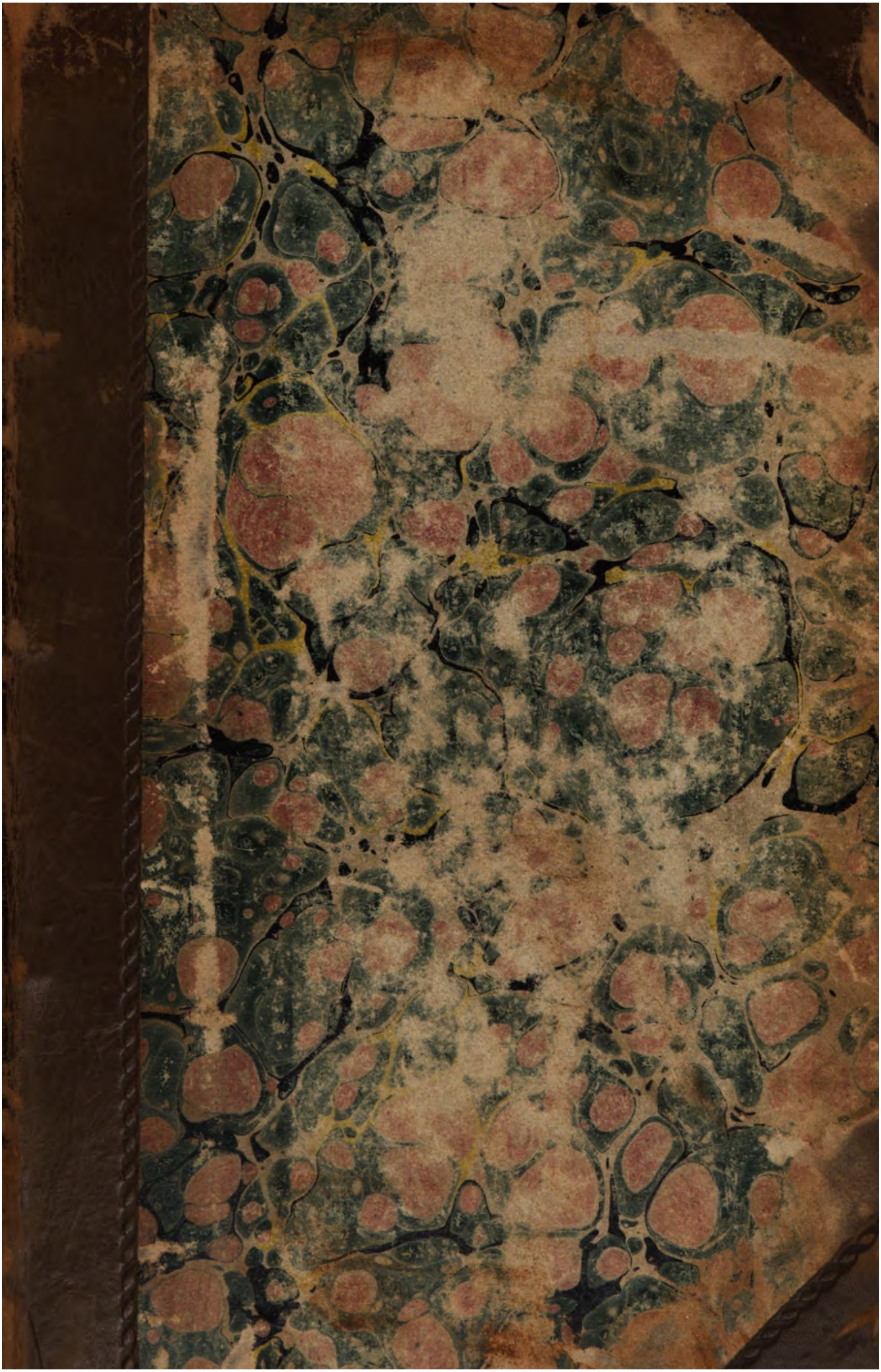

HEBREW MELODIES.

HEBREW MELODIES.

FUGITIVE PIECES

AND

Reminiscences

OF

LORD BYRON:

CONTAINING AN ENTIRE NEW EDITION OF

THE HEBREW MELODIES,

WITH THE ADDITION OF

SEVERAL NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED;

THE WHOLE ILLUSTRATED WITH

CRITICAL, HISTORICAL, THEATRICAL, POLITICAL, AND THEOLOGICAL REMARKS, NOTES, ANECDOTES, INTERESTING CONVERSATIONS, AND OBSERVATIONS, MADE BY THAT ILLUSTRIOUS POET: TOGETHER WITH HIS LORDSHIP'S AUTOGRAPH;

ALSO SOME

ORIGINAL POETRY, LETTERS AND RECOLLECTIONS

OF

LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

BY I. NATHAN,

AUTHOR OF AN ESSAY ON THE HISTORY AND THEORY OF MUSIC, THE HEBREW MELODIES, &c. &c.

"PASCITUR IN VIVIS LIVOR, POST FATA QUIESCIT:"

"TUNE SUUS, EX MERITO, QUEMQUE TUETUR HONOS."—Ovid.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WHITTAKER, TREACHER, AND CO.
AVE MARIA LANE.

1829.

LONDON:
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PREFACE.

In presenting to the public this edition of the Hebrew Melodies, I have introduced into it several original circumstances respecting the celebrated poet to whom I am so deeply indebted; and aspersed as the memory of Lord Byron has been by the most unfounded calumnies, I have felt it an imperative duty to withhold nothing, however trivial, which may tend to place his character in its proper light before the world. In doing this I disclaim any thing like assumption, founded upon the familiar intercourse with which I was honored by his Lordship, nor can I be charged with unworthy adulation, since flattery cannot

"Soothe the dull cold ear of death,"

and the grave has closed on the greatest master of

sublime song that England has since the days of Milton, or may again behold for ages.

The title under which this work appears before the public requires that a few words should be said in explanation of what are the pretensions of the music.

"The Hebrew Melodies are a selection from the favourite airs which are still sung in the religious ceremonies of the Jews. Some of these in common have, with all their sacred compositions, been preserved by memory and tradition only: their age and originality, therefore, must be left to conjecture; but the latitude given to the taste and genius of their performers has been the means of engrafting on the original melodies a certain wildness and pathos, which have at length become the chief characteristics of the sacred songs of the Jews."

The following quotation from my "Essay on the History and Theory of Music" may not be uninteresting, especially as it tends to strengthen the belief that

the Hebrew Melodies have great claims to originality and antiquity.

"Recitative may be traced many centuries before its having been heard of in Greece, for it was known and in general use in the earliest patriarchal times of the Jews; it was then, and still is, materially connected with their religious ceremonies: every word of prayer offered to the Deity, whether in their private or public devotions, is given in a kind of chaunt, which, although it may not come under the exact character of legitimate recitative, still bears the sound of song."

The circumstance of Mr. Braham's name not being connected with the musical arrangement of the present edition, may require some explanation.

I originally, under the patronage of their Royal Highnesses the late Princess Charlotte of Wales, the Duchess of York, the Dukes of Kent, Sussex, and Cambridge, &c. &c. &c. proposed to publish the work

by subscription, when, amongst other subscribers, Mr. Braham did me the favor to put his name down for two copies, but on an interview with that gentleman he proposed his singing the melodies in public, and to assist me in the arrangement of them, on condition of my giving him an equal share in the publication. To this I readily consented, under the impression that I should but be paying a just tribute of respect to the first poet of the age, by having his verses sung by the greatest vocalist of the day, and I accordingly paid Mr. Braham his moiety arising from the sale of the first edition.

Mr. Braham's professional occupations, however, preventing him from fulfilling his engagement to me, I considered our contract cancelled, and I published the present new edition, harmonized, corrected, revised, and entirely arranged by myself; but willing to give Mr. Braham [whose urbanity of manner and gentlemanly conduct I feel pleasure in acknowledging] an opportunity of retaining an interest in the work, if he felt inclined, I previously wrote to him on the subject.

The following are the copies of the letters which passed between us.

April 6th, 1824.

My dear Sir,

I have purchased the copyright of the Hebrew Melodies from S———'s assignees; I think if a new edition were published there would be a sale: are you disposed to join me in the work?

Your's faithfully,

To John Braham, Esq. I. NATHAN.

69, Baker Street, May 20th, 1824.

My dear Sir,

Your letter was sent to another John Braham, in Gloucester Place, instead of the above address. I thank you for your offer, but I am sorry I must decline it.

Your's truly,

To I. Nathan, Esq. JOHN BRAHAM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ONE of these anecdotes which had been published in a late edition of the music of the Hebrew Melodies, gave a mortal offence to an *honourable* gentleman, who peremptorily threatened to write a critique in a weekly paper, which threat was carried into execution, with that scurrillity which has ever identified itself with the writer: my reply, which was by his particular desire withheld, I now beg to lay before my reader.

Sir,

I lately observed in your paper a critique on the new edition of the Hebrew Melodies, interspersed with conversations and original anecdotes of Lord Byron, which I have just had the honor of sub-

mitting to the public. In this critique I had the mortification to see myself rather unceremoniously treated; but feeling as I then did, and as I still must conclude, that every man who lays himself open to public opinion, has a right to expect impartial praise or dispraise from the public press, I was willing to submit to the censure so strongly expressed in this publication, with true fortitude and resignation, but finding that the critique on my humble efforts was not written by those who are professionally employed to review works of this nature, but by one, who to gratify private pique, had made that paper the vehicle for giving vent to his malignant and scurrilous spleen, (occasioned by disappointed vanity and other causes, at a future period to be mentioned) and at whose hands I have unfortunately received favours too dearly purchased, I venture to hope, you will allow me a place in your valuable columns for the following remarks, in the shape of reply to this *self-dubbed critic*, having no inclination "*avaler des couleuvres*," and as little desire to the appellation of "*toad-eater*," at the same time I beg to disclaim any allusion to

the public press; which, as I before said, has a just right to censure or approve the works of every writer.

It seems that this *honorable friend* of mine, not satisfied with the *cacoethes loquendi* and the *cacoethes carpendi*, has at length been infected with the *cacoethes scribendi*, and so exclusive is his monopoly of this new enjoyment, that he would deprive a poor *out-cast* like myself of the privilege of writing on a subject which he has studied from his infancy.

" Cedite romani scriptores, cedite Graii."

The critique of this *long-eared* gentleman, so like that species of animal on which Balaam rode, commences with an attack on me for quoting Hebrew authority: (*a*) it certainly is rather presumptuous in one educated originally for the Jewish church, to venture even an opinion on the Mosaic creed, much

(*a*) See Jephtha's Daughter, pages 12, 13, 14, and 15.

more any description of their historians :—and there most assuredly does appear something like *reason* as well as *liberality* in the request, that "I shave my two Hebrew friends before introducing them into genteel society ;" and I must confess, I care not how soon I commence the operation, so that this pitiful fellow will first lend me his chin to practise upon, since it is said "*a barbe de fol, on apprend à raire ;*" besides, I might in all probability transform these beards of ancient growth, into a substantial whip for *snarling puppies.* (*b*)

"As for the wildness of the melodies," says this very *honorable* critic, "such a plea in their favour might be better received among the Esquimaux Indians, than in a country where that sort of civilization in music, which own obedience to the laws of

(*b*) It may be well to remind the *honorable gentleman* that "barba facit hominem," therefore the hair on the chin of my two *Hebrew friends* can reflect greater honor upon them than the illiberal remarks of a *brainless blockhead,* actuated by the vindictive feelings of the moment, can possibly serve to injure them in private or public estimation.

rhythm, has never yet been esteemed a drawback." This sentence is truly ludicrous: the upper mansion of this *shallow-pated* critic must be in a doubtful state of repair, or it would certainly have occurred to his recollection, that the lines which he did me the honor to quote from my present Preface, are rather unfortunately for him, the same expressions, verbatim, as appeared in the Original Preface, and WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, with the strict injunction that his name did not appear. Here followeth the sentence alluded to, from the pen of this critic, *a tourner casaque!!!*

"The latitude given to the taste and genius of their performers, has been the means of engrafting on the original melodies, a certain *wildness* and *pathos*, which have at length become the chief characteristic of the sacred songs of the Jews!!! (*c*)

(*c*) See Preface to the first number of the music to the Hebrew Melodies for the above passage. An excellent Preface, which was greatly admired by Lord Byron, was written expressly for these Melodies when originally published, by Mr. Nathan's friend,

"Nathan," continueth this all-*wise* and *powerful* critic, "would exhibit himself as the employer or task-master of the noble poet, not as a person engaged professionally to contribute to his amusement." Now, it so happens, that Nathan never did in the whole course of his life, suffer himself to be *engaged* to contribute to the amusement of any private individual, or in any private society whatever. So much for the truth of this remark !!!

This tenacious *critic* next insolently denies the authenticity of an anecdote, in which Lord Byron's sister is said to have received from her affectionate brother, a small tribute of his regard in the shape of a compliment so justly her due : (*d*) this little proof of a brother's attachment for an amiable sister, is envied

R. H. Evans, Esq. of the Times newspaper, but the envy of this *would be critic* (whose vanity induced him to believe that no Preface could possibly equal the one he himself wrote) prevented its insertion. Mr. Evans, however, by the advice of his friends, has since published his Preface separately, dedicated to Messrs. Braham and Nathan.

(*d*) See "She Walks in Beauty," pages 2 and 3.

by this *snarling* critic.—Quere: had he not better have kept any further allusion to Miss K ——— from the public mind? "Bœotum in crasso jurares aëre natum." (*e*)

This *Quixotic* commentator lastly affects to be under serious apprehension for the opinion of the public respecting Lord Byron, in consequence of an anecdote or two, in which his Lordship has paid a gentlemanly compliment to a lady. "Mr. Nathan represents his Patron and friend," saith this *sapient critic*, "as a most silly and flippant personage; and as Lord Byron has been hitherto unknown to the public in this light, *we* hope *our* quotations may not be found tedious: his Lordship subsequently appears a solemn coxcomb; next as theatrical and affected: and lastly as a complete fool." In reference to this seeming alarm for the new character in which Lord Byron may appear, I trust I shall be excused the liberty of

(*e*) I crave pardon for reminding my readers that the people of the Greek province of Bœotia were proverbially remarkable for their stupidity.

applying to the critic, the old saying "Hœredis fletus sub personâ risus est."

Respecting the *one* false accent which this *grovelling critic* has, even with *Ninety-eight* eyes less than Argus, so miraculously discovered in *One Hundred and Twenty-four* pages, it may be necessary to bring to the recollection of this *rusty-brained* gentleman, the pains taken with him to ensure, (by a proper management of breath) a correct reading of the poetry, and how to avoid the imperfect accentuation, at a time when his sole happiness seemed centered in the attempt to sing with his *base*-toned voice, the *bass* of this *then* "*beautiful glee:*" besides which, if he had taken the trouble to look at *page seventeen*, he would most assuredly, without the aid of Diogenes's lantern, have discovered that Mr. Nathan took upon himself the liberty of adding two notes to correct the *one* false accent alluded to, at the risk of injuring the original melody. (*f*)

(*f*) **See the Music of the Hebrew Melodies, No. 1, page 17.**

CONTENTS TO THE POETRY.

Those lines with an *asterisk* attached to them are original pieces of Lord Byron, which have never before appeared in print.

HEBREW MELODIES.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright,
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light,
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more—one ray the less—
Had half impair'd the nameless grace,
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure—how dear their dwelling place.

And on that cheek—and o'er that brow,
So soft—so calm—yet eloquent,
The smiles that win—the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,—
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

LORD BYRON here represents, with much discernment and feeling, the various shades of perfection in female beauty, by comparing with a masterly touch the serene placidity and harmony of features to various objects in nature.

The empty shew so often predominant in the structure and embellishments of female attire, he tacitly, but strongly condemns, by exhibiting the simple and becoming beauty of their contraries.

The countenance, which in the female character is generally the index of the mind, his Lordship here represents with a degree of penetration, which can only be the result of keen observation and experience, drawing a beautiful and striking conclusion, that without innocence, peace and harmony within, we can scarcely find placidity and composure in female expression.

When arranging the first edition of the Hebrew Melodies, it was remarked that his Lordship gene-

rally requested to hear this melody sung, and would not unfrequently join in its execution. There was a melancholy expression hanging over his countenance on these occasions, which would induce a belief that there was somewhat more of reality connected with the feelings which the lines expressed, than the mere imagination of the poet. On finding this air, therefore, placed first in the arrangement, (which was done in compliment to his Lordship) he appeared much pleased. These circumstances, trivial in themselves, but certainly important to the developement of the real character of his Lordship, gave rise to many conjectures relative to the above lines. It is most probable, from the fervent attachment he felt towards his sister, whose countenance was as beautiful, as her disposition was amiable, and the unceasing tenderness with which he seemed on all occasions to view her, that they were directed to that Lady alone. This opinion is much strengthened, by the anxiety he betrayed whenever the composition was executed in her presence.

IF THAT HIGH WORLD.

If that high world—which lies beyond
  Our own, surviving love endears;
If there the cherish'd heart be fond,
  The eye, the same except in tears:
How welcome those untrodden spheres!
  How sweet this very hour to die!
To soar from earth, and find all fears,
  Lost in thy light—Eternity!

It must be so—'tis not for self
  That we so tremble on the brink,
And striving to o'erleap the gulph,
  Yet cling to being's breaking link.
Oh! in that future let us think,
  To hold each heart the heart that shares;
With them th' immortal waters drink,
  And soul in soul grow deathless theirs!

Perhaps no subject has been more frequently canvassed, and more entirely misunderstood, than the religious sentiments of Lord Byron; and it is more than probable, that the philosophic doubts he has sometimes poetically thrown out, may have given rise to the volumes of calumny and abuse which have been heaped on him. The truth is, that under a singularly playful manner, he was wrapped in profound meditation; and it not unfrequently occurred, that he would throw into the conviviality of the moment, the disjointed reflections of his contemplative mind. It must however be added, that these sallies were too often made the subject of grave examination, and sometimes of malicious construction. On the occasion of his presenting me with these verses, I could not refrain from remarking that the monosyllable (if) with which it commenced, would doubtless form the ground of very grave condemnation. He smiled, and observed, that there were two distinct classes of readers, especially of poetry: the one could understand and appreciate the feelings of a writer, without making every imaginative thought the foundation of a judgment on his principles; the other could neither understand nor judge of any thing but matter of fact—line and rule critics—with whom he never had any great ambition to become a favorite. It followed that my suggestion was treated as an assertion—numerous attacks were

made on the noble author's religion, and in some, an inference of atheism was drawn.

In a subsequent conversation, he observed to me, "they accuse me of atheism—an atheist I could never be—no man of reflection, can feel otherwise than doubtful and anxious, when reflecting on futurity. Yet," continued he, rising hastily from his seat, and pacing the room,

> "It must be so—'tis not for self,
> That we so tremble on the brink."

"Alas! Nathan, we either know too little, or feel too much on this subject; and if it be criminal to speculate on it, (as the gentlemen critics say) I fear I must ever remain an awful offender."

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

SINCE our country, our God—oh, my sire!
Demand that thy daughter expire;
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow—
Strike the bosom that's bared to thee now.

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no more:
If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow!

And of this, oh, my father! be sure—
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbent!

I have won the great battle for thee,
And my father and country are free.

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died!

The vows of the ancients, made either in memory of miraculous deliverances, such as the vanquishing of an enemy, or any event of importance, were held as inviolable by the Jewish nation, and those feelings were no less cherished by the Greeks and Romans, even to an unnatural extent.

The filial affection pourtrayed by the daughter of Jephtha is finely expressed in this melody; the submission to that which she considered the imperative duty of a parent, and the soothing, the overwhelming sorrow not only of her father but of the virgin daughters of Salem, are expressed in language well suited to the lamentable tale.

When the last anguish is over, and the stillness of death reigns in the mortal remains of his beloved daughter, she pathetically invokes her father to cherish her memory, and to bear in remembrance that she

was a willing victim, and resigned her life with a smile on her countenance.

It is well known that the tale of Jeptha's sacrifice is involved in much obscurity. The number of instances of fabulous history of a similar mode of appeasing the gods appears to refer its origin to Greece, the fountain head of all that is romantic. (*a*)

(*a*) Some of the literati of the present day, whom I have had occasion to consult on this subject, appear to treat the matter altogether as fictitious. There are, however, many homogeneous narratives, recorded by various writers, which give at least strong colouring to the probability of its authenticity, leaving out of question the indiscreet and barbarous rashness of vows so revolting to common humanity, and to all laws of nature, and the improbability of such monstrous sacrifices proving acceptable to the most high and wonderful Architect of the Universe, whom we are led to believe "all mercy and goodness."

In the History of Telemachus, Idomeneus—the son of Deucalion, and grandson to Minos, who went with the rest of the Grecian kings to the siege of Troy, was, on his return to Crete, surprised by so violent a storm, that the pilot and most experienced mariners in the ship thought they would inevitably be cast away—is made to invoke Neptune in these words:—"O powerful God! who commandest the empire of the sea, vouchsafe to hear the prayers of the distressed. If thou deliverest me from the fury of the winds, and bringest me again safe to Crete, the first head I see shall fall by my own hands, a sacrifice to thy deity!"

In the meantime the son of Idomeneus, impatient to see his father again, made haste to meet and embrace him at his landing.

When these beautiful lines were composed by Lord Byron, I was anxious to ascertain his real sentiments

The father, who had escaped the storm, arrived safe at the wished-for haven; but a black presage of his misfortune now made him bitterly repent his rash vow: he dreaded his coming among his own people; he turned his eyes to the ground, and trembled for fear of seeing whatever was dearest to him in the world. He sees his son—he starts back with horror—his eyes in vain look about for some other head, less dear to him, to serve for his intended sacrifice. Grown mad, and pushed on by the infernal furies, he thrust his sword into the heart of the youth, and drew it out again, all reeking and drenched in blood, to plunge it into his own bowels; but he was prevented by those that were present.

This account of Idomeneus is not exactly fabulous, for we find it narrated by several authors. Servius, in his Commentary on Virgil, relates it as follows:—

"Idomeneus, quum post eversam Trojam reverteretur, in tempestate devovit diis sacrificaturum se dare, quæ ei primo occurrisset. Contigit autem, ut filius ejus primus occurreret; quem quùm, ut alii dicunt, immolasset; ut alii, immolare voluisset, à civibus pulsus regno, Salentinum Calabræ promontorium tenuit, juxta quod condidit civitatem."

"Idomeneus, when he was returning from Crete, after the destruction of Troy, was caught in a storm; and in that extremity he vowed that he would sacrifice to the gods the first being that should meet him on his landing. It happened that his son was the first person that presented himself to his view. And when he had sacrificed him, as some say, or attempted it, as others report, he was driven from his kingdom by his subjects; and

on the subject, hinting my own belief that it might not necessarily mean a positive sacrifice of the daughter's life, but perhaps referred to a sentence of perpetual seclusion, a state held by the Jews as dead indeed to society, and the most severe infliction that could be imposed. With his usual frankness, he observed, "Whatever may be the absolute state of the case, I am innocent of her blood; she has been killed to my hands: besides, you know *such an infliction*, as the world goes, would not be a subject for sentiment or pathos—therefore do not seek to exumate the lady."

having taken possession of the Promontory of Salentinum, in Calabria, he built a city in that neighbourhood."—SERV. Æ. III. 121. XI. 264.

The following story of Iphigenia is also strikingly similar to that of Jephtha:—"When the Greeks, going to the Trojan war, were detained by contrary winds at Aulis, they were informed by one of the soothsayers, that to appease the gods, they must sacrifice Iphigenia (the daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra) to Diana.

"The father, who had provoked the goddess by killing her favorite stag, heard this with the greatest horror and indignation; and rather than shed the blood of his daughter, he commanded one of his heralds, a chief of the Grecian forces, to order all the assembly to depart each to his respective home. Ulysses and the generals interfered, and Agamemnon consented to immolate his daughter for the common cause of Greece."

On another occasion when Jephtha was the subject of conversation, his lordship with much good humour suddenly put an end to the argument, by exclaiming, "Well, my hands are not imbrued in her blood! I shall not by killing her incur censure from the world, for an attempt to deprive them of the pleasure of thinking a little more on the subject."

Nearly all the ancient commentators agree in opinion that Jephtha did actually sacrifice the life of his daughter. Jonathan, son of Huziel, who lived in the time of the second temple, and who gave the explanation of the bible in Chaldaic, on verses 39 and 40 of the eleventh chapter of Judges, says, "and it became a law in Israel, that no man should ever offer up his son or daughter for a sacrifice, as Jephtha had done: and" continues the commentator, "Jephtha did not refer to, or enquire of Phinehas the priest; (*b*) for had he done so, Phinehas would have informed

(*b*) This is the same Phinehas who is mentioned in Numbers, chap. 25, verse 11:—"Phinehas, the son of Eleazer, the son of Aaron the priest, hath turned my wrath away from the children of Israel. He was living in the time of Jephtha, as we find in Judges, chap. 20, verse 28. "And Phinehas the son of Eleazer, the son of Aaron, stood before it in those days." And this was many years after Jephtha. The same Phinehas existed more than 300 years, as it appears in the book called שלשלת הקבלה, "Chain of Tradition."

him that his daughter could be redeemed with money. There is a law in Israel, that when a man offereth an animal that is unfit for sacrifice it must be redeemed with money, with which another animal that is fit for sacrifice shall be purchased." (*c*) *See Talmud.*

Notwithstanding that the Medrish, (*d*) and nearly all the Hebrew commentators, are decided in their opinion as to the positive sacrifice of life in this instance, more than a sentence of perpetual seclusion cannot be concluded from sacred history. (*e*)

The errors that have arisen from literal translation of figurative expressions in use among a particular people, have frequently occasioned an entire mis-

(*c*) The redeeming of a person is mentioned in Leviticus, chap. 27, verses 3, 4, 5.

(*d*) Thus says the Medrish—"Phinehas, being then the priest of the age, said unto himself, 'Jephtha is in want of me. It is proper that he should come to me.' And Jephtha said, 'I am head governor of Israel; should I go to him?' So between them both the damsel perished; and therefore they were both punished for the sake of her blood, as follows: The Holy Spirit departed from Phinehas, as it is mentioned in Chron. chap. 9, verse 20.—'And Phineas, the son of Eleazer, was the ruler over them in time past (before and until this event), and the Lord was with him.' And Jephtha was afflicted with leprosy, so that his limbs fell off of him in every place where he went, as it is said, 'and he was buried in the *cities* of Gilead מדרש רבה'"

(*e*) Judges, chap. 11, verse 39.

conception of their tendency. It is not always sufficiently remembered that the eastern nations, especially the Jews, are peculiarly given to the use of figures, which indeed seem to have originated from the early use of hieroglyphics.

The passage in Judges, chapter 11, verse 37, וירדתי על ההרים, "And I will go down by the mountains"(*f*)—In Medrish Tanhuma, Rabi Tanhuma saith, that the expression "*Mountain*" is used for the sanhedrim, for mighty men are so called.—Thus the daughter of Jephtha said, "I will go down by the *mountains*, peradventure they will annul the vow."

To prove that the expression "*mountain*" is used for mighty men, in Micah, chap. 6, verses 1 and 2, it says, "Hear ye now what the Lord saith: arise, contend thou before the *mountains*, and the *hills* hear my voice; and hear ye, *O mountains!* the Lord's controversy, and ye strong foundations of the earth; for the Lord hath a controversy with his people, and he will plead with Israel."

(*f*) וירדתי And I will go down
על by
ההרים the mountains;
which is in the English Bible thus incorrectly given, "that I may go *up* and down upon the mountains."

The authors Rashi (*g*) and Rabi David Kimshi say, the "*mountains*" are the Patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; and the "*hills*" are the mothers Sarah, Rebecca, Leah and Rachel.

King David also calls himself a "*Mount*," as in Psalm 30, ברצונך העמדת להררי עוז, "Thou hast caused my mount to stand strong;" Rashi explains it thus—"Thou hast caused my grandeur to be strong:" Aben Ezzra has it thus, "Thou hast made me a strong mount." Don Aben Jechiah, one of the nobles of Judah, says, "David called himself a mount."

From this view of the subject we can easily understand how it occurred, that persons in imminent peril went *down* to the *mountains*, who were doubtless a race of persons similar to the Persian magi.

(*g*) **Rabi Schelemoth Jarchi, an eminent and learned writer on the Bible, who according to the Hebrew licence of taking the initials of succeeding words, and joining them together, is commonly called Rashi.**

THE WILD GAZELLE.

THE wild Gazelle on Judah's hills
  Exulting yet may bound,
And drink from all the living rills
  That gush on holy ground—
Its airy step and glorious eye
May glance in tameless transport by—

A step as fleet—an eye more bright
  Hath Judah witness'd there—
And o'er her scenes of lost delight
  Inhabitants more fair—
The cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone.

More blest each palm that shades those plains
  Than Israel's scattered race;
For taking root it there remains
  In solitary grace.

It cannot quit its place of birth,
It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly
In other lands to die—
And where our fathers' ashes be
Our own may never lie.
Our temple hath not left a stone
And mockery sits on Salem's throne.

Lord Byron has at all times been successful in his metaphorical allusions; the stately steps of the Gazelle, bounding upon the mountains with a more exalted opinion of its own powers, than all other animals, drinking independently from the rills as if one of the lords of the creation, presents a picture combining at once elegance of form, with an apparent consciousness of its own structure.

The cedars of Lebanon are beautifully brought in as a testimony of what Israel once was, and the palms of the plains are scattered and dispersed to take root successfully, in no other soil: like to the latter, the sons of Judah are bereft of their paternal possessions, they wither and die in exile, and the ashes of their

fathers, cease to mingle with posterity, having no certain sepulchre.

The wild Gazelle is an animal of peculiar grace and beauty; it is the same that bears the name of antelope: it is celebrated for its timidity and swiftness. In reference to these qualities, the expression "tameless transport," has been considered singularly appropriate.

Lord Byron's fondness for animals, generally was conspicuous: he was in possession of some beautiful parrots, with which, during the intervals of his writing, he used commonly to amuse himself. He had rendered one of these so attached to him, that though entirely at war with strangers, it evinced the greatest anxiety to be always with him. If his Lordship seemed to notice any person particularly, this bird would express its indignation and jealousy in the most amusing manner, and would immediately attack his Lordship, until he bestowed his caresses on it.

This little exhibition used to please him; and on one occasion he remarked, "this creature would exhibit no diminution of affection in a cottage, nor more if I were on the throne." This remark was casual; but at the moment he made it, his feelings were strongly aroused, from circumstances too well known to the public.

My attention was one morning particularly attracted

in witnessing the patience of Lord Byron, when assailed by one of his favorite birds. I was leaving the room, accompanied to the door by his Lordship, when one of them lighted upon his foot, which it lacerated till the blood flowed copiously; instead of being excited by the pain produced, his Lordship was only lost in admiration at the strong attachment of the bird, which he instantly caressed, and in the words of Macheath, exclaimed, "was this well done, Jenny?"

It must here be remarked, that the bird took its name from that of the donor, given in compliment by his Lordship.

I waited upon Lord Byron the next morning to enquire after his foot, his Lordship treated the matter with indifference, and said "I am confident, Nathan, that the wound was intended for you, but Jenny in her jealous fit mistook her aim." He then imprisoned the parrot in its cage, and observed, "Jenny, like other ladies, can play a deceitful part; she will coax your attention, and when you least expect it, will revenge herself for yesterday's disappointment."

IT IS THE HOUR.

It is the hour when from the boughs
  The nightingale's high note is heard—
It is the hour—when lovers' vows
  Seem sweet in every whisper'd word—
And gentle winds and waters near
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met:
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue—
And in the Heaven, that clear obscure
So softly dark—and darkly pure,
That follows the decline of day
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

The beauties of solitude are finely expressed in the foregoing melody; the stillness of night with all its natural attendants. The nightingale raising its melo-

dious notes, the gentle breezes, the murmuring of a distant rill, all harmonize to add pleasure to the happy lovers in their lonely retreat.

The starry heavens, the waves of the ocean, the azure sky, the falling dew, and the autumnal leaves are beautifully arranged to the imagination, so as to excite the finest feelings of admiration.

This composition brings to my recollection, a conversation with the noble author, relative to the pronunciation of his name. His Lordship's family have differed; some calling it Bŷron, others Byr̂on. On his entering the room, while this was the subject of conversation, his own pronunciation was asked. He replied, somewhat indifferently, "both were right:" but catching the eye of a very beautiful young lady near him, he said, "pray, Madam, may I be allowed to ask which you prefer?" "Oh, Bŷron, certainly." "Then, henceforward," exclaimed his Lordship, "Bŷron it shall be."

If the foregoing anecdote is illustrative of his Lordship's attention to the fair sex, the following one is perhaps not less characteristic of the poetical feeling which usually accompanied his complimentary effusions of gallantry. At a party where his Lordship was present, a reference to those elegant lines, commencing with "If that High World," had given rise to a speculative argument on the probable nature of

happiness in a future state, and occasioned a desire in one of the Ladies, to ascertain his Lordship's opinion on the subject; requesting therefore to know what might constitute, in his idea, the happiness of the next world, he quickly replied, "the pleasure, Madam, of seeing you there."

OH! WEEP FOR THOSE.

OH weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell—
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt—the Godless dwell!

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast!
How shall ye flee away and be at rest?
The wild-dove hath her nest—the fox his cave—
Mankind their Country—Israel but the grave.

The desolate state of the Jewish nation, is here mournfully depicted as exiles in a foreign land, but still remembering Zion. They are here placed in a

mournful group by the streams of Babel, lamenting the land they had lost, now possessed by the profligate and ungodly: the song once heard in that land, now sunk to sad silence, and the hearts which were wont to rejoice, expressed the bitterness of anguish.

Every thing in nature, is here considered superior to and more happy than Israel: the birds have nests, the foxes have holes, mankind in general possessed their country, and concludes that there is no rest for the children of Judah but in the silent grave.

"Israel but the grave." Throughout the composition of these melodies, it will be observed by the attentive reader, that Lord Byron has exhibited a peculiar feeling of commisseration towards the Jews. He was entirely free from the prevalent prejudices against that unhappy and oppressed race of men. On this subject, he has frequently remarked, that he deemed the existence of the Jews, as a distinct race of men, the most wonderful instance of the ill effects of persecution. Had they been kindly, or even honestly dealt by in the early ages of their dispersion, they might, in his Lordship's opinion, have amalgamated with society, in the same manner as all other sects and parties have done.

That a period of about 1800 years should have elapsed, and that these people should still preserve their religion, their laws, and their customs, in de-

fiance of ecclesiastical and civil oppression, does indeed seem astonishing; but less so, when the effect of his Lordship's observation is sufficiently understood. On one occasion he remarked, "unfortunate men, surrounded by enemies among whom they are compelled to live; oppressed, scorned, and outcast: condemned as criminal, because they cannot succumb to their oppressors, nor see the justice of that religion which is perverted to their injury." The last line of these stanzas he sometimes repeated with a feeling of melancholy sincerity.

This liberality of sentiment of Lord Byron, was not confined to the Jews alone, but his Lordship often regretted the truly distressed state of Ireland: "two thirds of that unhappy country," he observed, "had laboured for ages to obtain that liberty which was only extended to one third part of its population, and he hoped a time would arrive, when religious distinctions in political matters, would not prove a barrier to preferment in that country: till which period, Ireland would never cordially coalesce with Great Britain, but continue as it had been the scene of bloodshed, anarchy and confusion."

ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

On Jordan's banks the Arabs' camels stray,
On Sion's hill the false one's votaries pray,
The Baal adorer bows on Sinai's steep,
Yet there—even there—Oh God! thy thunders sleep.

There—where thy finger scorch'd the tablet stone!
There—where thy shadow to thy people shone!
Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire:—
Thyself—none living see and not expire!

Oh! in the lightning let thy glance appear!
Sweep from his shiver'd hand the oppressor's spear!
How long by tyrants shall thy land be trod!
How long thy temple worshipless, oh God!

The banks of Jordan, and the passage of that river, made a forcible and lasting impression on the children

of Israel on their leaving Egypt for the promised land, and to find that devoted spot in the hands of infidels excites all the pangs of remorse at its recollection, and it is here a source of sorrow and lamentation that the camels of the Arab should stray near the banks of that river. The worshippers of Baal are also looked upon with abhorrence, as if polluters of the holy mount.

The thunder of God, and the sublime manner in which the commandments were delivered to Moses, is no less appreciated; the garb of fire, symbolical of the supreme grandeur, is presented to the eye of the understanding, arrayed in all the dignity of supernatural worth, impossible to be seen by frail, transient and dependent beings.

The conclusion is truly sublime, invoking the divine vengeance on the intruders upon those sacred places, and trusting to the justice of God in driving the tyrannical infidel from the temples and sacred places of the Jews.

"Yet there—even there." Lord Byron here observed, that he had only followed the style of all the orthodox, in supplicating the Supreme Power to the guardianship of the Holy Land: he frequently expressed his desire of seeing the spot which was the theatre of the most important acts that ever influenced the interests of mankind. "A prophet has no honor

in his own country," said he, "for '*there—even there*' can be found no trace of times gone by—even there exists the wildness of superstition."

"How long by tyrants," &c. On these lines he remarked that it seemed as though an irrevocable malediction had been passed on the enslaved regions of Judah; yet had the crusades been now projected, he knew not that he would be able to refrain from joining in an effort which, though perverted, was in itself calculated to enlighten the wretched slaves of the east. His Lordship's subsequent conduct, in joining the standard of independence in Greece, has sufficiently evinced the ardent love of liberty which influenced all his actions.

OH SNATCH'D AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

Oh snatch'd away in beauty's bloom!
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb,
  But on thy turf shall roses rear
  Their leaves, the earliest of the year—
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom—

And oft by yon blue gushing stream,
  Shall sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
  And lingering pause, and lightly tread,—
  Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd the dead.

Away—we know that tears are vain,
  That death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
  Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou—who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan—thine eyes are wet.

Any critical remarks on the exquisite beauty of these lines would be superfluous: it is not known to whom they refer. In submitting the melody to his Lordship's judgment, I once enquired in what manner they might refer to any scriptural subject: he appeared for a moment affected—at last replied, "Every mind must make its own reference: there is scarcely one of us who could not imagine that the affliction belongs to himself, to me it certainly belongs." His Lordship here, with agitation, exclaimed, "She is no more, and perhaps the only vestige of her existence is the feeling I sometimes fondly indulge.'

THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEPT.

THE harp the monarch minstrel swept,
The king of men, the loved of Heav'n,
Which music hallow'd while she wept
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given,
Redoubled be her tears—its chords are riven!
It soften'd men of iron mould,
It gave them virtues not their own;
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
That felt not fired not to the tone,
'Till David's lyre grew mightier than his throne!

It told the triumphs of our king,
It wafted glory to our God:
It made our gladdened vallies ring,
The cedars bow, the mountains nod;
Its sound aspired to Heaven and there abode!

Since then—though heard on earth no more—
Devotion and her daughter Love
Still bid the bursting spirit soar
To sounds that seem as from above,
In dreams that day's broad light cannot remove.

The harp is an instrument of great antiquity, and was not considered derogatory to the kings and princes of Old Testament times.

This was the favourite instrument of King David, and resorted to on all great and joyous occasions. The harp also was an instrument used in sacred matters, to rouse the mind to devotional gladness, and raise the soul from sublunary things to the throne of God himself.

David, in speaking of the powers of music, makes the cedars to bow, and the mountains figuratively moved by its influence, as being irresistible.

This is not only a favourite theme of King David, but the powers of music and its general influence have been duly appreciated by every age and nation.

The rapidity with which Lord Byron wrote must be sufficiently obvious from the number of his works, the best of which were generally the most hastily composed. The words of this melody have been

greatly and deservedly admired; yet the circumstances that attended the composition of the latter lines may be interesting. When his Lordship put the copy into my hand, it terminated thus—

"Its sound aspired to Heaven, and there abode."

This, however, did not complete the verse, and I wished him to help out the melody. He replied, "Why I have sent you to Heaven—it would be difficult to go further." My attention for a few moments was called to some other person, and his Lordship, whom I had hardly missed, exclaimed—"Here, Nathan, I have brought you down again," and immediately presented me the beautiful and sublime lines which conclude the melody.

I SAW THEE WEEP.

I SAW thee weep—the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue;
And then methought it did appear
A violet dropping dew;
I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze
Beside thee ceased to shine;
It could not match the living rays
That fill'd each glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
A deep and mellow dye,
Which scarce the shade of coming eve
Can banish from the sky;
Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
Their own pure joy impart;
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
That lightens o'er the heart.

In this amatory effusion there is a fine distinction between opposite feelings, the tear of female beauty beclouding the serene bliss of happy repose, whilst on the other hand the smile blazes through the encumbered atmosphere, and buries in oblivion all the traces of former sorrow, imparting reciprocally the joys of a terrestrial paradise.

Lord Byron often made a dissertation on the organ of sight, always eulogizing the characteristic expressions of the eye: in that organ, his Lordship frequently observed, are developed the inward feelings of the heart, and I put more faith in the language thus tacitly expressed, than all the fallacious rules of Lavater, Gall, or Spurzheim."

MY SOUL IS DARK.

My soul is dark—Oh! quickly string
The harp I yet can brook to hear;
And let thy gentle fingers fling
Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.—
If in this heart a hope be dear,
That sound shall charm it forth again—
If in these eyes there lurk a tear
'Twill flow—and cease to burn my brain—

But bid the strain be wild and deep,
Nor let thy notes of joy be first—
I tell thee—Minstrel! I must weep,
Or else this heavy heart will burst—
For it hath been by sorrow nurst,
And ached in sleepless silence long—
And now 'tis doom'd to know the worst
And break at once—or yield to song.

The darkness of the soul is a phrase not thoroughly explained, but it was no doubt a transient melancholy which absorbed the rational faculties, and rendered

the individual over whom it had influence, exceedingly wretched.

When the evil spirit of the Lord came upon Saul, he had recourse to the charms of music for the removal of the malady, and Lord Byron in this melody paints the effects of music as producing a species of joy emerging from melancholy.

The mind is led to contemplate the utmost pangs of grief gradually accumulating till the mortal frame can sustain its load no longer, when it bursts forth in a torrent of tears which relieves the unhappy sufferer.

It was generally conceived, that Lord Byron's reported singularities, approached on some occasions to derangement, and at one period indeed, it was very currently asserted, that his intellects were actually impaired. The report only served to amuse his Lordship. He referred to the circumstance, and declared, that he would try how a *Madman* could write; seizing the pen with eagerness, he for a moment fixed his eyes in majestic wildness on vacancy; when like a flash of inspiration, without erasing a single word, the above verses were the result, which he put into my possession with this remark: "if I am mad who write, be certain that you are so who compose!" There were occasions, nevertheless, on which his Lordship seemed grieved at the misrepresentations that were made of him: they were however transitory, and became afterwards the subject of his jocularity and wit.

THY DAYS ARE DONE.

THY days are done—thy fame begun;
Thy country's strains record,
The triumphs of her chosen Son,
The slaughters of his sword!
The deeds he did, the fields he won,
The freedom he restored!

Though thou art fall'n, while we are free,
Thou shalt not taste of death!
The generous blood that flow'd from thee,
Disdain'd to sink beneath:
Within our veins its currents be,
Thy spirit on our breath!

Thy name, our charging hosts along,
Shall be the battle word!
Thy fall, the theme of choral song,
From virgin voices pour'd!
To weep would do thy glory wrong,
Thou shalt not be deplor'd.

Lord Byron, in this melody has some reference to a fallen warrior, whose deeds remain a monument to his memory, and though dead to the world, he still leaves a lasting impression on the minds of the living.

This brings forcibly to my recollection, a conversation with Lord Byron, to which the above verses gave rise.

His Lordship touched upon the merits of the different warriors of Greece and Rome with much warmth, Hannibal, Cæsar, Alexander the Great, and even those of the Old Testament times: but at last dilated on the comparative merits of Buonaparte. "Had Napoleon," said his Lordship, "been less ambitious, he was no doubt firmly seated on the throne, and would have been one of the greatest men of the age." I remarked that there were various opinions as to his conduct in Waterloo: some stigmatizing

him as a coward in leaving the field, others hailing it as a clear specimen of cool intrepidity: the former, my Lord, seems from your late poem, to have been your Lordship's opinion.

Lord Byron remarked, "that had Napoleon died in the field at Waterloo, his end would have been more in unison with his former intrepid career." I submitted that in taking into consideration the ambition of Napoleon, his future views in preserving life, may have been the possibility of being one day restored to the throne of France, and of securing to his son, a lineal succession.

"Nathan," returned his Lordship, "you seem anxious to support the credit of a great man, but I must repeat, that Napoleon would have ranked higher in future history, had he even like your venerable ancestor Saul, on mount Gilboa, or like a second Cato, fallen on his sword, and finished his mortal career at Waterloo."

His Lordship here gave me a significant look as if reading my abhorrence of any thing like self destruction, and said, "bear in mind, Nathan, that I do not by this remark, wish by any means to become the patron of suicide."

WARRIORS AND CHIEFS.

SAUL *before his last Battle.*

WARRIORS and Chiefs! should the shaft or the sword,
Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path:
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

Farewell to others, but never we part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day!

The circumstances which attended the accumulated miseries of Saul, seemed even to affect Lord Byron. Although the result of it was hailed by the Jewish governors, as most happy to the nation, and entirely consonant with the will of the Almighty, there could not, in a justly reflecting mind such as his Lordship's, but appear reason for respect even in condemnation.

It is indeed remarkable, that in whatever has fallen from his pen upon the subject of this unhappy monarch's fall, he appears to delight in giving him at least the honor which the portraiture of his character might claim. The foregoing stanzas cannot be passed unnoticed, as they gave rise to a remark of his Lordship, which is worthy of record: it was in substance as follows:

"That man is not to be utterly despised as a coward whom supernatural evils have worn down; nor is it difficult to account for the subsequent weakness of Saul, who was once gloriously surrounded by strength, power, and the approbation of his God, when we perceive that he had sunk from this, to a reliance on his own exertions even for safety. The confidences he possesses; the power he beholds, were all blighted ere he sunk to pusillanimity; in spite of which, I cannot but uphold him originally a brave and estimable man. That he cherished the man

fated to destroy him, was more his misfortune than his fault."

In concordance with this opinion, it is necessary to observe, that the foregoing verses were written, and the line " heed not the corse, though a king's in your path," speaks more than volumes could, from the pen of a puny eulogist of the day.

WE SATE DOWN AND WEPT BY THE WATERS OF BABEL.

"*By the Rivers of Babylon we sate down and wept.*"

We sate down and wept by the waters
Of Babel, and thought of the day
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
Made Salem's high places his prey;
And ye, oh her desolate daughters!
Were scattered all weeping away.

While sadly we gazed on the river
Which roll'd on in freedom below,
They demanded the song; but, oh never
That triumph the stranger shall know!
May this right hand be withered for ever,
Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

On the willow that harp is suspended,
Oh Salem ! its sound should be free ;
And the hour when thy glories were ended
But left me that token of thee :
And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
With the voice of the spoiler by me !

"They demanded the song."—The ancient celebrity of the Jews with regard to their musical powers, is strikingly set forth in this stanza ; the words though different, have a close affinity to the original. The Jews, when carried captives to Babylon, and mourning the loss of their country and their holy mountain, were solicited by the Babylonians, who were well acquainted with their powers, to sing one of their songs of Zion, to which the captives replied, " How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land," and with firmness reverted to the land they had left, saying, " If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her *cunning*."

Lord Byron observed, on my singing this melody, " Why, Nathan, you enter spiritedly into the oriental feeling ; recollect, however, that although you *captivate*, you are no *captive;* and with all due submission to the Babylonians, I think their levity was ill-timed in trying to extort mirth from sorrow."

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

THE king was on his throne,
The Satraps throng'd the hall;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deem'd divine—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless Heathen's wine!
In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand:
The fingers of a man;—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;

All bloodless wax'd his look,
And tremulous his voice.
"Let the men of lore appear,
"The wisest of the earth,
"And expound the words of fear,
"Which mar our royal mirth."
Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth.
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true.

" Belshazzar's grave is made,
" His kingdom pass'd away,
" He in the balance weighed,
" Is light and worthless clay.
" The shroud, his robe of state,
" His canopy, the stone;
" The Mede is at his gate!
" The Persian on his throne!"

Lord Byron in this melody draws forth the whole rational faculties, and fixes them upon a supernatural phantom. A spacious hall decorated with all the splendour of eastern pomp, illuminated with a thousand lamps, the tables with massy cups of gold, and every luxury which King Belshazzar could procure for his guests: when lo, in the midst of festivity, the vision of a hand writing upon the wall excites terror in every breast, the monarch trembling with fear, conscious that it portended some great calamity; and his Lordship closes with a train of miseries; Belshazzar divested of the robe of state, stripped of his possessions, slain, and the Medes and Persians in possession of his kingdom.

HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE.

Oh, Mariamne! now for thee
The heart for which thou bled'st is bleeding;
Revenge is lost in agony,
And wild remorse to rage succeeding.
Oh, Mariamne! where art thou?
Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading:
Ah, could'st thou—thou would'st pardon now,
Tho' Heaven were to my prayer unheeding.

And is she dead?—and did they dare
Obey my phrenzy's jealous raving?
My wrath but doom'd my own despair:
The sword that smote her's o'er me waving.—
But thou art cold, my murdered love!
And this dark heart is vainly craving
For her who soars alone above,
And leaves my soul unworthy saving.

She's gone, who shared my diadem;
She sunk, with her my joys entombing:
I swept that flower from Judah's stem
Whose leaves for me alone were blooming.
And mine's the guilt, and mine the hell,
This bosom's desolation dooming;
And I have earn'd those tortures well,
Which unconsumed are still consuming!

The agonies of grief are expressed in this melody with the full force of imagery so natural in Lord Byron's writings.

Herod is deeply touched with the pangs of remorse for the rash act he had committed; the sense of Mariamne's innocence stands arrayed before him in vivid colours, and calls forth those ravings of phrenzy which rendered his existence truly miserable: the pleasures of the past recoil upon his recollection, he curses his existence, and from this period all happiness is for ever banished from his breast.

Although the following anecdote may tell rather to my disadvantage, I cannot resist the impulse of committing to paper any point that may assist me in establishing the amiable qualities which Lord Byron really possessed, and more especially as this tends to shew his gentlemanly compliance, and readiness to

make proper and just allowances for unconscious and unintentional offences.

At the time his Lordship was writing for me the poetry to these melodies, he felt anxious to facilitate my views in preserving as much as possible the original airs, for which purpose he would frequently consult me regarding the style and metre of his stanzas. I accordingly desired to be favored with so many lines pathetic, some playful, others martial, &c. One evening, when his Lordship was obligingly submitting to my wishes in that respect, I unfortunately (while absorbed for a moment in worldly affairs) requested so many *dull* lines—meaning *plaintive.* His Lordship, observing that I was wrapt up in deep meditation, and understanding my real meaning, instantly caught at the expression, which so much tickled his fancy, that he was convulsed with laughter, and exclaimed, "Well, Nathan! you have at length set me an easy task." This afforded him amusement for the rest of the evening, and observing my confusion whenever his eye met mine, he would occasionally make some witty allusion to the *dull lines*, until I enjoyed the joke equally with himself. The result, however, proved very fortunate for me, for before we parted he presented me these beautifully pathetic lines, saying, "Here, Nathan, I think you will find them *dull* enough."

THOU WHOSE SPELL CAN RAISE THE DEAD.

SAUL.

THOU whose spell can raise the dead,
Bid the prophet's form appear.
" Samuel, raise thy buried head!
" King, behold the phantom seer!"
Earth yawn'd; he stood the centre of a cloud:
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud.
Death stood all glassy in the fixed eye:
His hand was withered, and his veins were dry;
His foot, in bony whiteness, glittered there,
Shrunken, and sinewless, and ghastly bare:
From lips that mov'd not, and unbreathing frame,
Like cavern'd winds the hollow accents came.
Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,
At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

" Why is my sleep disquieted?
" Who is he that calls the dead?
" Is it thou, Oh King? Behold
" Bloodless are these limbs, and cold:
" Such are mine; and such shall be
" Thine, to-morrow, when with me:
" Ere the coming day is done,
" Such shalt thou be, such thy son.
" Fare thee well, but for a day;
" Then we mix our mouldering clay.
" Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,
" Pierced by shafts of many a bow;
" And the falchion by thy side,
" To thy heart, thy hand shall guide:
" Crownless, breathless, headless fall,
" Son and sire, the house of Saul!"

Whatever subject may occupy the attention of a great mind is worthy of record. In the composition of the sublime lines which form the foregoing melody I had frequent opportunities of conversation with Lord Byron, in which, without any intention of recalling the exploded crime of witchcraft to the reader's re-

membrance, it must be observed that his Lordship felt some reluctance to add any thing—even his imagination, to the establishment of a belief so fatal to old women in Judge Hale's time. On delivering the lines he reverted to that subject even with a feeling of indignation, (not very usual with him) and told me it was somewhat difficult to touch on such a history without in some degree encountering the contempt of the moderns, who deservedly execrated the cruel judges who thought proper to execute a law on witches. My reply was, that whatever he had written on that subject must preserve him from contempt. How far he has succeeded in rendering the situation one of sublime effect is not necessary for me to observe. I felt a difficulty in the composition, because I saw the height of beauty his lines had reached, and I trembled least he had soared too high for my imagination's *accompaniment:* it was therefore with some apprehension I rehearsed the composition to him, and I scarcely need add what delight I felt in discovering his Lordship's enthusiasm in the repetition of his own writing "Why is my sleep disquieted, &c." continued after its performance, and he declared that the passage would haunt him. With perfect good humour he assured me the next morning, that he had greeted some early intruder with what he could recollect of that passage. It is hoped I shall be pardoned when

I confess that my *vanity* was highly gratified at this declaration, but my *curiosity*, to know who the unwelcome visitor was, predominated: his Lordship, however, anticipating my desire on that subject, exclaimed "Come, Nathan, do not imagine that I have been honored by an interview with Lady Endor, or with Samuel's vision—the intruder that greeted me was no hobgoblin I assure you, it was only Douglas Kinnaird."

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY.

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?
It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darken'd dust behind.
Then, unembodied, doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth, or skies display'd,
Shall it survey, shall it recall:
Each fainter trace that memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all that was, at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,
  Its eyes shall roll through chaos back;
And where the furthest heaven had birth,
  The spirit trace its rising track.
And where the future mars or makes,
  Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quench'd or system breaks,
  Fix'd in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,
  It lives all passionless and pure:
An age shall fleet like earthly year;
  Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away, without a wing,
  O'er all, through all, its thoughts shall fly;
A nameless and eternal thing,
  Forgetting what it was to die.

Atheism is held in such general abhorrence by every class of civilized society, that scarcely any man dares to avow himself an infidel; and when Lord Byron is taxed with such a creed, it must be by those who delight to deal in calumny without the shadow

of foundation. What can more clearly prove his belief in the existence of a Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul, than the first verse of this poem, which brings every thing in heaven, earth, and immensity of space to prove that there must be a grand first cause.

It has been insinuated, in contradiction to Lord Byron's writings, that he wrote mechanically, without any belief in what he advanced; but the soul of the poet is so deeply impressed with the importance of the subject, that he must have given religious matters a more minute research than the illiberal world wish to give him credit for.

FROM THE LAST HILL THAT LOOKS ON THY ONCE HOLY DOME.

On the Day of the Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus.

FROM the last hill that looks on thy once holy dome
I beheld thee, Oh SION ! when rendered to Rome :
'Twas thy last sun went down, and the flames of thy fall
Flash'd back on the last glance I gave to thy wall.

I look'd for thy temple, I look'd for my home,
And forgot for a moment my bondage to come;
I beheld but the death-fire that fed on thy fane,
And the fast-fetter'd hands that made vengeance in vain.

On many an eve, the high spot whence I gazed
Had reflected the last beam of day as it blazed;
While I stood on the height, and beheld the decline
Of the rays from the mountain that shone on thy shrine.

And now on that mountain I stood on that day,
But I marked not the twilight beam melting away;
Oh! would that the lightning had glared in its stead,
And the thunderbolt burst on the conqueror's head!

But the Gods of the Pagan shall never profane
The shrine where Jehovah disdain'd not to reign;
And scattered and scorn'd as thy people may be,
Our worship, oh Father! is only for thee.

Connected as the subject of this melody is with the fulfilment of the most completely verified prophecy, it cannot but be supposed that it greatly interested the mind of the writer. The destruction of that venerable city, which was peculiarly the object of divine guardianship, involved in all the horrors that parallel miseries can furnish to our imaginations, and the conviction that one stone no longer lay on the other, strike the reflective and considerate mind with awe; nor are the circumstances attendant on the destruction of Jerusalem more remarkable for the extent of the misery concomitant with its fall, than for the decisive proof they afford of the verity of those prophecies, which in that event were realised.

Whatever the world may feel disposed to think or say of the religious principles of Lord Byron, it would not be just in me to allow any opportunity of elucidating his sentiments on that subject, to escape me; and to his calumniators it is but proper to say, that he never entertained that latitude of principle they so *liberally* ascribe to him.

In the composition of the foregoing stanzas, he professed to me, that he had always considered the fall of Jerusalem, as the most remarkable event of all history; "for," (in his own words) "who can behold the entire destruction of that mighty pile; the desolate wanderings of its inhabitants, and compare these positive occurrences with the distant prophecies which foreran them, and be an infidel?"

I was struck at the moment with this remark, the more especially, perhaps, as at that very period, the press seemed to make common cause in admiration of his genius, and vituperation of his principles; and I feel pleasure in being enabled to do him this posthumous justice, by contradicting for him, that which I believe he was too proud and too confident in the noble integrity of his own heart to notice.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue waves roll nightly on deep Galilee.
Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd,
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heav'd, and for ever grew still!
And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.
And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

Lord Byron places before the imagination a powerful army arrayed in a warlike manner, with that pomp so prevalent in Eastern countries: the ferocious appearance of the cohorts is well defined; flushed with ardour and impetuosity in the conflict, till at last consigned to destruction, they lie lifeless on the field, and the horse and his rider are doomed to the same inevitable destruction.

At last, the stillness of death pervades the whole scene; the trumpet is no longer heard; the ostentatious banners are lowered, and the idols of Baal are broken to pieces. The whole forms a fine picture of human life; we are ushered into this world; we experience the trials aud vicissitudes incident to human enjoyments, till death, that grim tyrant, puts a period to the whole.

I SPEAK NOT—I TRACE NOT.

I SPEAK not—I trace not—I breathe not thy name,
There is grief in the sound—there were guilt in the fame,
But the tear which now burns on my cheek may impart
The deep thought that dwells in that silence of heart.

Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace,
Where those hours can their joy or their bitterness cease,
We repent—we abjure—we will break from our chain,
We must part—we must fly to—unite it again.

Oh! thine be the gladness and mine be the guilt,
Forgive me adored one—forsake if thou wilt,
But the heart which I bear shall expire undebased,
And man shall not break it—whatever thou mayest.

And stern to the haughty—but humble to thee,
My soul in its bitterest blackness shall be;

And our days seem as swift—and our moments more sweet
With thee by my side—than the world at our feet.

One sigh of thy sorrow—one look of thy love
Shall turn me or fix, shall reward or reprove;
And the heartless may wonder at all we resign,
Thy lip shall reply not to them—but to mine.

Many of the best poetical pieces of Lord Byron, having the least amatory feeling, have been strangely distorted by his calumniators, as if applicable to the lamented circumstances of his latter life.

The foregoing verses were written more than two years previously to his marriage; and to shew how averse his Lordship was from touching in the most distant manner upon the *theme* which might be deemed to have a personal allusion, he requested me the morning before he last left London, either to suppress the verses entirely or to be careful in putting the date when they were originally written.

At the close of his Lordship's injunction, Mr. Leigh Hunt was announced, to whom I was for the first time introduced, and at his request I sang "O Mariamne," and this melody, both of which he was pleased to eulogize: but his Lordship again observed, "Notwith-

standing my own partiality to the air, and the encomiums of an excellent judge, yet I must adhere to my former injunction."

Observing his Lordship's anxiety, and fully appreciating the noble feeling by which that anxiety was augmented, I acquiesced, in signifying my willingness to withhold the melody altogether from the public rather than submit him to any uneasiness. "No, Nathan," ejaculated his Lordship, "I am too great an admirer of your music to suffer a single *phrase* (*h*) of it to be lost; I insist that you publish the melody, but by attaching to it the date it will answer every purpose, and it will prevent my lying under greater obligations than are absolutely necessary for the *liberal encomiums* of my *friends*.

(*h*) A *phrase* is a short melody that expresses a musical sentence, a member of a strain, or portion of an air. A *phrase* is in composition what a *foot* is in poetry, or like the effect of a comma in punctuation.—See Nathan's Essay on the History and Theory of Music, Chap. 3, page 43.

IN THE VALLEY OF WATERS.

In the valley of waters we wept o'er the day
When the host of the stranger made Salem his prey,
And our heads on our bosoms all droopingly lay,
And our hearts were so full of the land far away.

The song they demanded in vain—it lay still
In our souls as the wind that hath died on the hill;
They call'd for the harp—but our blood they shall spill
Ere our right hand shall teach them one tone of their skill.

All stringlessly hung on the willow's sad tree,
As dead as her dead leaf those mute harps must be,
Our hands may be fettered—our tears still are free,
For our God and our glory—and Sion!—Oh thee.

The stranger in any country must be impressed with fresh ideas arising from the survey of fresh

objects; when those are of a pleasing nature the result must accord in the sequel.

The high places of Salem are here laid waste by the devastating hand of the barbarian, and the legetimate professors of the country are driven to a foreign land, but far from being elevated by the change, their joy is turned into mourning: they looked with sorrow on the rivers of Babylon, and gave vent to their feelings in a torrent of tears. The harp is suspended on the willow tree as useless in this new sphere of existence, and considering the very use of the instrument a profanation in the land of strangers, still remembering Sion.

The antiquity of music is beautifully depicted by David in many passages, but in the foregoing lines Lord Byron seems thoroughly to appreciate their force of feeling; as a proof how much he valued this passage of scripture, it will be observed that two melodies were written by his Lordship on the same subject, very different in words, but equally beautiful, and will serve as a sufficient apology for harmonizing both. (*i*)

That it was a theme on which his Lordship pondered with great pathos, is also finely illustrated in the following lines:

(*i*) See page 43.

" So Juan wept as wept the captive Jews
" By Babel's waters—still remembering Sion."

When I submitted the MS. composition of this melody to Lord Byron, he seemed surprized, and observed that the subject had already been published. I pointed out the difference of style in my arrangement of them, and likewise how his Lordship had varied the present version. He remarked that in writing two he only wished me to make a selection, " but," added he, " I must confess I give a preference to the latter, and since your music differs so widely from the former I see no reason why it should not also make its public appearance."

THEY SAY THAT HOPE IS HAPPINESS.

"*Felix qui potuit ferum cognoscere causas.*"

VIRGIL.

THEY say that Hope is happiness;
  But genuine Love must prize the past,
And mem'ry wakes the thoughts that bless:
  They rose the first—they set the last;
And all that mem'ry loves the most
  Was once our only hope to be,
And all that hope ador'd and lost
  Hath melted into memory.

Alas! it is delusion all:
  The future cheats us from afar,
Nor can we be what we recall,
  Nor dare we think on what we are.

The modesty of genius always appears in the possessor when real merit is taken in the aggregate, and never was more conspicuous than personally in Lord Byron.

The foregoing lines were officiously taken up by a person who arrogated to himself some self-importance in criticism, and who made an observation upon their demerits, on which his Lordship quaintly observed, "they were written in haste and they shall perish in the same manner," and immediately consigned them to the flames; as my music adapted to them, however, did not share the same fate, and having a contrary opinion of anything that might fall from the pen of Lord Byron, I treasured them up, and on a subsequent interview with his Lordship I accused him of having committed suicide in making so valuable a *burnt offering;* to which his Lordship smilingly replied, "the act seems to *inflame* you: come, Nathan, since you are displeased with the *sacrifice*, I give them to you as a *peace offering*, use them as you may deem proper."

A SPIRIT PASSED BEFORE ME.

From Job.

A SPIRIT passed before me—I beheld
The face of immortality unveiled;
Deep sleep came down on every eye, save mine,
And there it stood—all formless—but divine.
Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake,
And as my damp hair stiffen'd, thus it spake.

"Is man more just than God?—Is man more pure
Than he who deems even seraphs insecure?
Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the dust—
The moth survives you—and are ye more just?
Things of a day, you wither ere the night,
Heedless and blind to wisdom's wasted light."

The force of sublimity shewn by Lord Byron, when touching upon striking passages of holy writ, is particularly fine. The wisdom of Solomon, and the severe trial of Jephtha, are treated by his Lordship with feeling and effect not to be equalled by any other poet; and his admiration of the patient submission of Job is no less forcible in expression and tone.

Being consulted as to his opinion of the authenticity of the book of Job, he made several evasive replies. I however pressed the subject, when he exclaimed, "Nathan, I plainly perceive you are desirous of putting *my* patience to the test:" he at length quaintly observed, "the book contains an excellent moral lesson, we will therefore not attempt to sap its credit, or shake its authenticity;" and to confirm that his ideas were not grounded upon a superficial view of the subject, sat down, and wrote the foregoing sublime lines.

FRANCISCA.

FRANCISCA walks in the shadow of night,
But it is not to gaze on the heavenly light—
But if she sits in her garden bower,
'Tis not for the sake of its blowing flower.
She listens—but not for the nightingale,
Though her ear expects as soft a tale.
There winds a step through the foliage thick,
And her cheek grows pale—and her heart beats quick.
There whispers a voice thro' the rustling leaves,
And her blush returns—and her bosom heaves:
A moment more—and they shall meet—
'Tis past—her Lover's at her feet.

The feelings of suspense are here well pourtrayed. Francisca waiting in solitary anxiety the arrival of her lover: the beautiful notes of the nightingale are lost upon her ear; the mind dwells upon one theme, until the expected footsteps are heard, when the pain of the past is lost in the Elysium of present feeling.

WERE MY BOSOM AS FALSE AS THOU DEEM'ST IT TO BE.

WERE my bosom as false as thou deem'st it to be,
I need not have wandered from far Galilee;
It was but abjuring my creed to efface
The curse which, thou say'st, is the crime of my race.

If the bad never triumph, then God is with thee!
If the slave only sin, thou art spotless and free!
If the Exile on earth is an Outcast on high,
Live on in thy faith, but in mine I will die.

I have lost for that faith more than thou canst bestow,
As the God who permits thee to prosper doth know;
In his hand is my heart and my hope—and in thine
The land and the life which for him I resign.

The firmness of faith set forth in this melody does credit to the general feelings of Lord Byron, in conse-

quence of the realtered state of the Jews; a feeling which on many occasions he warmly evinced with many liberal remarks.

His Lordship often observed, that notwithstanding the oppressed state of the Jewish nation, though dispersed in every clime, without a fixed country, yet they remain uncontaminated by the creed of any other nation, and retain their original forms of worship with their primitive laws and bonds of union.

"A fabric," observed his Lordship, "on which the lapse of ages has had no power, and although many sects have risen to their zenith, and gone to decay, yet the primitive faith of this people, retains every original feature."

The last lines have a forcible allusion to the losses and inconveniences sustained by that people; and at the same time concentrates all hope of alleviation in the power of that God, who at first gave them a place in the scale of human existence.

FAME, WISDOM, LOVE, AND POWER WERE MINE.

" All is Vanity saith the Preacher."

FAME, wisdom, love, and power were mine,
And health and youth possess'd me;
My goblets blush'd from every vine,
And lovely forms caress'd me;
I sunn'd my heart in beauty's eyes,
And felt my soul grow tender;
All earth can give, or mortal prize,
Was mine of regal splendour.

I strive to number o'er what days
Remembrance can discover,
Which all that life or earth displays
Would lure me to live over.

There rose no day, there roll'd no hour
Of pleasure unembittered;
And not a trapping deck'd my power
That gall'd not while it glittered.

The serpent of the field, by art
And spells, is won from harming;
But that which coils around the heart,
Oh! who hath power of charming?
It will not list to wisdom's lore,
Nor music's voice can lure it;
But there it stings for evermore
The soul that must endure it.

Lord Byron in these beautiful verses treats in a masterly manner, the varieties and transient uncertainty of human enjoyments: he commences with the young man launching into life, with all that wealth and splendour can bestow.

The second is no less striking, when the middle stage of life commences; we are still addicted to the pleasure of the past, and when the shadows of old age assail us at a distance, the noble poet recoils to the past, and wishes rather to recede than advance.

The last verse has a fine allusion to the charming of the serpent, figuratively expressed in the scriptures, in which his Lordship does not wish to infringe upon the credulity of the expression as it really stands, and concludes in a strain which clearly paints the miseries attendant on human happiness: that they begin—rise to a certain perfection—then moulder and decay.

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS!

SUN of the sleepless! melancholy star!
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,
That show'st the darkness thou canst not dispel,
How like art thou to joy remembered well!
So gleams the past, the light of other days,
Which shines, but warms not with his powerless rays;
A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to behold,
Distinct, but distant—clear—but, oh how cold!

As a moralist, Lord Byron often calls in the works of nature, and the more sublime parts of the universe, as a proof of the Supreme Being: the harmony of the solar system, the sun, moon, and stars are duly appreciated, as secondary to their original cause: who can read those sublime lines, and for a moment conceive that his Lordship was the least atheistical in his opinions of things? but on the contrary, entertained the most exalted feelings, and the most sublime ideas in all matters of theology.

In a conversation with Lord Byron, I mentioned to him that several admirers of his writings were sceptical in their judgment as to what his Lordship addressed in this melody—whether the *moon* or the *evening star*, both receiving their light from the *sun*; to which his Lordship replied, "I see, Nathan, you have been *star* gazing, and are now in the *clouds;* I shall therefore leave the *Astronomer Royal* to direct you in that matter"

SELF-CONFIDENCE, when used with judgment, is often of peculiar importance in our intercourse with the world; some men of small acquirements, with this ingredient, are elevated above their level, whilst humble merit will keep at a distance and sink in the estimation of his own powers: the former, by appearing what the latter really is, has often exalted himself in society and in the pursuits of life, whilst the latter is left to languish in obscurity.

This is by no means advanced to deteriorate the intrinsic worth and high character of Lord Byron, neither being applicable. His Lordship's dignified and expressive countenance, his penetrating look, his elegant and imposing manner, would in any age or country elevate him to the esteem of all around him.

Yet with all his great acquirements, Lord Byron was remarkable for a diffidence in conversation,

that would sometimes obstruct the full display of his talents. He was devotedly attached to music, and possessed much judgment in that science, but his natural timidity never allowed him to persevere in any practical attempt he made.

He appeared to regret his ignorance of the science, and would frequently join in the execution of one of his own glees, (On Jordan's banks, in particular); but discovering his inability he always ceased before its completion, and not unfrequently betrayed symptoms of the most unsophisticated modesty.

On many occasions he made appointments to take instructions in singing; but whenever the time arrived he endeavoured to postpone the task, by the ingenuity of his observations, or by frankly acknowledging his want of courage.

His voice was harmonious and pleasing, yet he never exerted it musically without appearing greatly confused at the unsuccessful commencement of the

essay. To fastidious critics these remarks may seem trivial, but to the public at large they will not be uninteresting, as they tend to shew that those who have represented Lord Byron as a morose misanthrope, knew little of the qualities of his heart, while they sought to give a perverse character to a disposition which, by nature, was kind, social, and amiable.

Literary men of true talent, mixing with refined society, are naturally divested of all that littleness of mind so often manifested towards those of similar pursuits: how often do we observe a meanness of jealousy in depreciating the productions of others, and throwing an odium on the most meritorious effusions of the human mind.

A more exalted notion of justice pervades the understanding of the man of refined feelings; he is always ready to weigh merit in the scale of justice, and is ever guarded against an illiberal act.

A striking instance of what I have here stated fell forcibly within the sphere of my own observation.

When the Hebrew Melodies were first published, Sir Walter, then Mr. Scott, honored me with a visit at my late residence in Poland Street: I sang several of the melodies to him—he repeated his visit, and requested I would allow him to introduce his lady and his daughter: they came together, when I had the pleasure of singing to them Jephtha's Daughter and one or two more of the most favorite airs; they entered into the spirit of the music with all the true taste and feeling so peculiar to the Scotch.

Mr. Scott again called upon me to take leave before his return to Scotland; we entered into conversation respecting the sublimity and beauty of Lord Byron's poetry, and he spoke of his Lordship with admiration, exclaiming "He is a man of wonderful genius—he is a great man."

I called on Lord Byron the same day, and men-

tioned to him that Walter Scott had been with me that morning. His Lordship observed, "Then, Nathan, you have been visited by the greatest man of the age, and," continued his Lordship, "I suppose you have read *Waverly*." I replied in the negative. "Then," returned his Lordship, "you have a pleasure to come, let me recommend it to you; it is decidedly the best novel I ever read: you are of course aware that it was written by Walter Scott." It had at this period scarcely been rumoured that such was actually the case, but Lord Byron was more than usually positive in identifying the author with his writings.

In speaking of Moore, as a poet, Lord Byron acknowledged his powers, and spoke highly of his effusions generally. "The Irish Melodies," said his Lordship, "will outlive all his other productions, and will be hailed by the Irish nation as long as music and poetry exist in that country."

Many coincidences in life may seem to border on superstition, without any existing reality; and, although never personally taxed with the sin of superstition, yet the following circumstance brings strongly to my remembrance what passed relative to my friend and patron.

I was with Lord Byron, at his house in Piccadilly, the best part of the three last days before he left London, to quit England; I expressed my regret at his departure, and desired to know if it was really his intention not to return, (little anticipating what eventually took place); he fixed his eyes upon me with an eager look of enquiry, exclaiming at the same time, "Good God! I never had it in contemplation to remain in exile—why do you ask that question?" I stated that such a report had been rumoured. "I certainly intend returning," continued his Lordship, "unless the *grim tyrant* should be playing his pranks on me."

He appeared very anxious for the voyage, and

walked about the room in great agitation, waiting the return of a messenger who had been sent respecting some delay which was likely to take place; the messenger however soon entered, and presented him a letter, which his Lordship opened with great eagerness. In reading the letter his countenance, like the earth illumined by the re-appearance of the moon, after having been obscured by dark clouds, brightened up, and at the close he exultingly exclaimed "this is kind—very kind—Nathan! to-morrow I quit." I soon after left him; he shook me heartily by the hand, and left with his impression a fifty pound note, saying, "Do not be offended with me at this mode of expressing the delight you have afforded me,—until we meet again, farewell!—I shall not forget my promise." His Lordship here alluded to some promised verses.

Having left the room he called me back, and reverting once more to my first allusion of the rumour about his not returning, laughingly said, "Remember, Nathan, you shall certainly see me again in body or in spirit."

After leaving his Lordship it occurred to me that as he was particularly fond of biscuits, some Passover Cakes would be acceptable on his voyage; I accordingly sent some to him with the following letter.

7, POLAND STREET, Tuesday Morning.

My Lord,

I cannot deny myself the pleasure of sending your Lordship some holy biscuits, commonly called unleavened bread, denominated by the Nazarenes *Motsas*, better known in this enlightened age by the epithet passover cakes; and as a certain angel at a certain hour, by his presence, ensured the safety of a whole nation, may the same guardian spirit pass with your Lordship to that land where the fates may have decreed you to sojourn for a while.

My Lord,

I have the honor to remain,

Your Lordship's

Very obliged and devoted Servant,

I. NATHAN.

(*Lord Byron's reply.*)

PICCADILLY, Tuesday Evening.

My dear Nathan,

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your very seasonable bequest, which I duly appreciate; the unleavened bread shall certainly accompany me in my pilgrimage; and, with a full reliance on their efficacy, the *Motsas* shall be to me a charm against the destroying Angel wherever I may sojourn; his serene highness however will, I hope, be polite enough to keep at a desirable distance from my person, without the necessity of besmearing my *door posts or upper lintels* with the blood of any animal. With many thanks for your kind attention, believe me,

My dear Nathan,

Your's very truly,

To I. Nathan, Esq. BYRON.

An officious, meddling, half-witted, coxcomical personage, whose incontrovertible good opinion of his own

ability, (as a critic in particular) joined to no trifling share of self possession, with more than common stock of impudence, encouraged him to believe that his *exquisite* society would be agreeable to Lord Byron. He certainly had more *money* than *wit*, and more *assurance* than either: his anxious desire of the noble poet's countenance was gratified: Lord Byron did him the honor to be amused at his *folly*, and occasionally borrow his *money*; but in justice to his Lordship, I must here assure my reader, that the gentleman's coffers did not suffer by any momentary loan of which his Lordship availed himself. This man of lucre, arriving at the summit of his ambition by the distinguished honor of Lord Byron's acquaintance, took every opportunity of publishing to the world his intimacy and *influence* with his Lordship, and succeeded in establishing the rumour, that he was the channel through which I became introduced to the notice of Lord Byron. I suffered the public, (by particular desire) to be deceived, since it could be but a matter of indifference to them how that introduction took place; and more especially, as such a report could

not possibly do me any very important injury, and afforded an additional plume in the cap of my then avowed (though not exactly disinterested) *friend* and *Patron.*

I shall now commence with the object of this preface, since it tends to prove that Lord Byron was a finished gentleman in every sense of the word, and capable of entering into the most refined sense of feeling towards those who had the good fortune to owe him obligation.

I accepted an invitation to dine with the above mentioned officious personage; when, to do him justice, he did the honors of his table respectably: after dinner we adjourned to the drawing-room: in the course of the evening, Lord Byron, as usual, made his appearance. We talked a little, ate a little, sang a little, and drank a little more: the beautiful hostess took part in a trio of one of my Hebrew Melodies, and her Lothario took the *bass* part; who, encouraged by the approbation of Lord Byron for his best endeavors

in the performance of the trio, exhilarated by the sweet singing of his fair companion, and gratified by the honor of having in his house the first poet of the day to entertain, appeared to fancy himself *greater* than the *greatest* of the *great*, and forgetting all gentlemanly feeling and propriety of hospitality, he turned towards me with an air of consequence peculiarly his own, and vociferated with all the stentorian power of his lungs, " Mr. Nathan, I expect a—a—that—a—you bring out these Melodies in good style—a—a—— and bear in mind, that—a—a—his Lordship's name does not suffer from scantiness—a—a—in their publication."

I felt very indignant at this untimely, and certainly unexpected remark, and I could scarcely refrain from expressing myself to his no small confusion, when Lord Byron observing my distress at the unfeeling attack, seized the opportunity of shaking me most cordially by the hand, at the moment the *mighty Don* left the room, and in a low voice said, " Do not mind him, he's a fool!" His Lordship on leaving the

house, again greeted me, and requested that I would call upon him early the next morning. I did so; and I never shall forget his kindness on that occasion: he reverted to the officious observations of the preceding evening, and said, " Nathan, do not suffer that capricious fool to lead you into more expence than is absolutely necessary; bring out the work to your own taste: I have no ambition to gratify, beyond that of proving useful to you." He generously offered me pecuniary aid, which I of course declined: he at the same time gave me some friendly hints, not at all to the credit of the gentleman in question, which was afterwards verified.

It is well known, that Lord Byron abstained from eating animal food, partaking but sparingly of every other dish which came to table. He was particularly fond of eating the crusty part of a loaf, which he always cut himself: this peculiarity excited the risible muscles of a certain *honorable* gentleman, at whose

house he frequently spent his evenings: the gentleman facetiously remarked, that his servants complained that his Lordship left them nothing but crumbs to eat. Lord Byron felt the force of this irony, but instantly retorted, " Nathan, your progenitors would have been more grateful for such indulgencies in luxury, when traversing the wilderness with a baker's oven on their backs; with no other fuel than the heat of the sun to prepare their pastry:—a scanty portion of crust, Nathan."

On another occasion, the same gentleman made a remark, that his Brandy, No. 64. was fast disappearing, to which his Lordship replied, " it shall be like the widow's oil, that did not diminish by using;" and the next day sent a few gallons to replenish stock. This certainly enriched his cellar; but who with the common feelings of hospitality would have levied such a tax!!!

Lord Byron was a man of the greatest discernment and could penetrate the secret recesses of a mercenary

character; could meet him in his own way, without appearing to do so in the eyes of the individual.

The same *honorable* gentleman had a mistress, whom either from his zest, perchance, or from convenience in mercenary matters, he wished to entail as a personal property upon a more favorite swain: but his Lordship had too much commerce with the world to be made the dupe of his northern neighbour, though many attempts were made to effect that purpose. Finding every other effort vain, he adopted the expedient of resigning her to sing at his Lordship's rooms in the Albany, which were well adapted to the compass of her voice. Lord Byron had too much gallantry to refuse the proposal, when a Lady was in the case, but at the same time concealed his feelings, while remarking, "Nathan, I presume I have to acknowledge this favor to your choice; since from experience, you can scan the vocal powers, which is more your province than mine."

It may here excite the astonishment of the discerning

part of the community, how Lord Byron, possessed of keen discernment, could at all identify himself with a person of no decided character: but we must take into consideration, that the most contemptible animals serve to swell the numbers in a menagerie, without which, the selection would not be complete; and it is not a very distant period in history, when the kings and nobility of this country, considered their establishments incomplete, without an established jester, ready on all occasions to afford amusement to their visitors: and as Lord Byron dwelt much on the romantic, this individual may have supplied that desideratum in modern English domestic arrangements.

The jesters of the Kings and Barons of England, however, were men of talent and erudition; but as changes of times produce changes in sentiment, his Lordship probably wished to try the effect of contrast in that capacity, as he by no means selected a philosopher in the person of this nondescript.

This opinion is borne out, by a circumstance which

fell within the sphere of my own observation. I was on one occasion desirous of witnessing the performance of a new Pantomime at Covent Garden Theatre, but his Lordship interposed, by observing, "Nathan, don't go; I promise you better amusement over a bottle of Sanco's *Sixty-Four*. I am certain his manœuvrings will afford you greater entertainment, than the antics of any clown you can possibly witness at Covent Garden Theatre." (*k*)

(*k*) Although Lord Byron had a most thorough contempt for this insignificant coxcomb, yet being of mechanical utility to his Lordship, he was used merely as a convenience in pecuniary transactions, being quite an adept at pounds, shillings, and pence; and I sincerely believe perfectly ***honorable*** in those matters. Lord Byron, on the contrary, was by no means mercenary, indeed he was perfectly indifferent to worldly affairs, and held the individual in question in character of a steward, to keep a regular debtor and creditor account, without making the least infringement upon his pocket, and in this character Lord Byron sometimes facetiously called him his *pecuniary friend.*

Lord Byron at all times evinced, in the strongest manner, the highest respect for real merit, and valued mankind accordingly. Instead of giving a preference to empty titles and honors, these he only valued in proportion to the merits of the possessor; the poor, the rich, and all classes of the community were duly weighed in this scale, and with that exactness by which none but a man of clear intellect and shrewd discernment could decide.

The following anecdote, though apparently trivial, shews in what thorough contempt he held titles when the intellect of the party did not keep in the same high ground as his rank.

Lord Byron greatly admired Mr. Dowton the comedian, and paid him the most marked attention, shewing at once the respect he had for him as an open honest character, and his admiration of his transcendent merits as a performer. His Lordship

often held familiar conversations with Dowton, and would frequently consult his taste and judgment on theatrical matters.

When on the Committee of Drury Lane Theatre, his Lordship was one evening in particular highly amused with the wild gesticulations of a certain tall meagre unmeaning looking personage, one indeed whom neither Lavater would have credited for an ounce of intrinsic merit, nor would Spurzheim have spent one hour in taking his external visage. The said personage was pacing the stage with Quixotic strides, uplifted with all the feelings of self-satisfaction, astounding the then audience with stentorian lungs, and greatly admiring his own abilities as a tragedian. Lord Byron was for some time a tacit observer of this burlesque, and being no longer able to contain himself, called Dowton aside, and enquired the name of the character which this extraordinary hero was sustaining. "Lord ————," replied Dowton. Lord Byron, in stifled extasy, repeated the name, and archly exclaimed, "Dowton, he looks very like a Lord."

That men of genius are sometimes pleased with the most trivial occurrences was also verified by Lord Byron, and I recollect once in a peculiar manner, in the presence of Kean, on the evening of his first introduction to his Lordship.

Lord Byron has often been represented as being of a morose temper, pedantry has often been lavishly laid to his charge, both of which are equally unfounded in truth, for in many instances his Lordship was playful in the extreme, and pleased to excess with things which in themselves presented little to the eye of the common observer.

When Kean was first introduced to Lord Byron, his previous intercourse with refined society had been only limited, and meeting the first poet of the age he appeared rather abashed in his presence, till the pleasing urbanity of his Lordship's manner gave courage to the tragedian, and rendered him in a short

time quite at his ease, and the moments passed in the most social manner.

Kean after relating many anecdotes with which Lord Byron was highly delighted, performed a simple but truly ludicrous exhibition, at which his Lordship was convulsed with laughter, and threw himself back upon the sofa quite in extasy.

Kean with a burnt cork painted the face and body of an opera dancer upon the back part of his hand, and making his two middle fingers represent the extremities, the upper part the thighs, the lower part the legs, and having painted the nails black to represent shoes, he wrapped his handkerchief round his wrist as a turban: the dancer thus completed, commenced an opera with great agility and effect; the ludicrous attitudes and nimbleness of the fingers gave such zest to the increased laughter, that his Lordship encored the performance with the same enthusiastic rapture as if Kean had been actually engaged in Richard the Third.

To keep excited feelings in suspense is to any one most unpleasant, but that unpleasantness is increased in proportion to the sensibility of the person on whom it is exercised.

It is well known that Dowton was much esteemed by Lord Byron, who passed many strong encomiums on the originality of his talent; indeed his Lordship often observed that he would pay more deference to the judgment of Dowton than to that of any comedian of the present day. The following anecdote will serve to prove his Lordship's knowledge of mankind in general, and his opinion of Dowton in particular.

Lord Byron one evening called upon Dowton, and in a very mysterious manner, and with an unusual gravity on his countenance, hastily greeted him, saying, "Dowton, I have a desperate thing to ask!—I want you to confer on me a great favor!—It's tremendous! —a dreadful undertaking." Dowton, whose curiosity was in no small degree excited by these ejaculations,

assured his Lordship with serious aspect that he would be most happy to do whatever lay in his power.

Lord Byron, delighted at the feelings he had awakended, without appearing to notice Dowton's remark and extreme anxiety, continued, "You are one of those enterprising characters who would not easily flinch from a hazardous undertaking!—one that would not stick at a trifle! I know you ride—sing—drink—shoot—play—walk—hunt—and all without inconvenience or fatigue! You go about every thing with such peculiar ease and good humour." Dowton, who by this time was completely placed upon the tenter-hooks of expectation, could no longer suffer himself to be kept in suspense. Rubbing his hands, distorting his countenance, and shifting from place to place, in the paroxysms of anxious curiosity, so ludicrously genuine in Dowton's best style, impatiently exclaimed, "Yes, my Lord, bu—bu—bu—but what dreadful thing is this I—I—I—am to have the honor of undertaking for your Lordship."

Lord Byron having thus succeeded to the ne plus ultra of his object, and enjoying the ludicrous and eager enquiry so strongly depicted in Dowton's countenance and manner, put into his hands the tragedy of Bertram. Dowton took the paper, but his imagination was still in the clouds; his countenance did not resume its usual composure till Lord Byron commenced his narrative. "The favor I require," exclaimed his Lordship, "is, that you read this manuscript to-night, and give me your opinion of its merits by twelve o'clock to-morrow morning."

Upon seeing the length of the tragedy,—the lateness of the hour,—the short period allowed him to read and digest a five act tragedy, and wishing at the same time not to injure his reputation in this new character of tragic critic to his Lordship, and although relieved from the dilemma, his feelings were again excited with the Herculean task.

Dowton looked with all his eyes; he did not exactly "*sigh*," but "*he looked, and looked, and looked again*,"

first at the manuscript and then at Lord Byron, and at length with becoming respect, and that modesty which always accompanies real talent, he exclaimed, "My Lord, you will, I am sure, pardon me if I decline giving an opinion on a point where your Lordship's judgment must ever rank pre-eminently above all others! This is a tragedy, had it been a comedy I should have felt less scruple." Lord Byron however would take no denial, and assured him that he entertained the highest opinion of his discernment and good taste on all theatrical subjects, and that he would take his judgment in preference to his own, or that of any other man on the stage.

Dowton took Bertram under his protection and walked off, and waited upon Lord Byron the next morning at the appointed time, and remarked that the language was truly beautiful, and that the opening was perfectly dramatic, but it closed rather heavily, and not with the same dramatic effect with which it commenced, nevertheless from the elegance and sublimity of the language he strongly recommended its

public trial on the boards. "I am glad you like it," exclaimed his Lordship, with emphatic delight, "for it is the production of a poor clergyman. I feel interested in his behalf! Would you believe, Dowton," continued his Lordship, "that he has offered this piece to the Committee for the trifling sum of £50." His Lordship immediately wrote to him, and enclosed him a check for that amount, and without loss of time began to study how he might serve the poor author beyond the willing sacrifice of £50. He got him a publisher and the best patronage—raised the intended piece—the publication succeeded far beyond his expectations: he became possessed of a considerable sum, and wished to return the fifty pounds to his patron, but Lord Byron with his usual generosity refused to accept it.

Lord Byron had a particular *penchant* to see Dowton intoxicated, a circumstance which it is said had never taken place. One cold frosty night, finding the

comedian about to leave the theatre, his Lordship invited him into his private room, and observed that he was sorry he could not ask him to take wine, but seemed in Dowton's opinion to wish it on his own account. Dowton observed that he could obtain what was necessary from Raymond, who was plentifully supplied by Mrs. Coutts; they consequently went together, but Raymond had nothing but whiskey. Lord Byron then expressed his skill in making toddy from that liquor in a superior style; the toddy was prepared in his Lordship's private room, when the pleasing conversation and the strength of the liquor produced the desired effect.

Dowton finding the effects of the potion, attempted to make an honorable retreat, but his legs refusing to perform their natural functions, he staggered, and reeling left the theatre. Lord Byron, delighted at his success, followed him, and ordered his carriage to convey Dowton to his house in safety; but Dowton persisted in going in his usual pedestrian-like manner. His Lordship finding that he could not prevail,

desired his servant to protect him, and not to leave him until he reached home. This was highly relished the next morning by the whole corps-dramatique, many attempts having been previously made upon the sobriety of Dowton without producing the desired effect.

This *ruse* was often told against Dowton, embellished with his tumbling in the snow; his natural independence in spouting Falstaff to the winds: the servant of Lord Byron keeping from his view, lest he should rouse his indignation to suppose for a moment that he was incapable of pursuing a well-known journey: his knocking down a good humoured watchman, because he had no spirits to drink the health of Mrs. Coutts, for providing Raymond with such excellent whisky: his exclamations of praise for Raymond's generosity and good sense, in hoarding up the delicious beverage for such excellent fellows as himself and his Lordship: the whole embellished with the shrewd remarks of Lord Byron, was the amusement of the theatrical circle for some time.

When malice goes abroad to blacken the character and wound the feelings, the truth or falsehood of the statement is little regarded by the slanderer: indeed, the latter generally gains a preference, excepting when certain facts are necessary to give a currency to the whole.

At the time Lord Byron was one of the managing committee of Drury Lane Theatre, Mrs. Mardyn, an actress of that establishment, had leave of absence for a fortnight: Lord Byron on some occasion, had a necessity of quitting London about the same period. This circumstance gave rise to an immediate report through most of the newspapers, that the said Lady and his Lordship, had eloped together, and were absolutely living at Bath: "that there was no secret in the matter, as they were seen in the streets and elsewhere daily." Now these reports, though false and malicious, gave him little or no uneasiness: in proof of which, I shall relate an event that offered him the

most certain opportunities of contradicting them, had he thought it worth his while.

I had the honor to be with Lord Byron one morning at his residence in Piccadilly, when Mr. Dowton's name was announced: he entered the drawing-room, and was received with great kindness; he however, proposed to retire, observing that his visit at that moment was on business, but finding his Lordship engaged, he would take another opportunity. "Oh no!" replied Lord Byron, "you shall not go: never mind Nathan: he has been composing—you love music and poetry, and you must listen to what he has done." "I should be much gratified," answered Dowton, "but I must, with your Lordship's permission relate a little anecdote, and read you a letter, in which I am, as well as your Lordship, a little concerned, and which I am proud to say, will enable me most clearly to demonstrate to the world, the falsity of those reports in circulation, respecting your Lordship and Mrs. Mardyn; for, by heavens! my son Harry has been the gallant, and not your Lordship: and he

is at this moment on a living speculation with her round the Kentish coast." Dowton here seemed in breathless anxiety to open a letter which he pulled from his pocket in a most animated manner, but could not restrain his feelings, and thus continued. "His Grandmother writes me here, that my Son Harry sends her word from Dover, that he is going to Folkstone, Hastings, and so on, to visit his Father in London, in company with a friend: but that she had discovered that friend to be Mrs. Mardyn, who had been acting at Canterbury on the previous week." Here Dowton made a full stop for a moment, and gave Lord Byron one of his peculiar good-humoured looks, exclaiming with great archness: "there my Lord! what think you of my Harry? There's a young dog—his father's son—a chip of the old block." He then almost in the same breath thus continued. "But what added to the horror his Grandmother felt at the consequences was, that he had obtained from her (his Grandmother) fifty pounds, under some specious pretence, which doubtless, was to defray the cost of this hopeful adventure; adding, that she hoped I would fetch him

back, and lecture him severely: not forgetting her fifty pounds"

"Well, Dowton," remarked his Lordship, highly amused at the honest narration of his naughty son's doings: "what would you have me do in this affair?" "Why, my Lord," returned Dowton, "use this adventure in any way you please, as a contradiction of the d——d calumnies heaped on yourself." Poor Dowton in the concluding sentence, appeared very indignant: he paced the room, drew his hand across his forehead, by way of cooling his rage, and warmly exclaimed against his Lordship's calumniators.

"Though my boy," continued Dowton, "is only eighteen, and has began his vagaries rather early, I confess; yet if your Lordship chooses to use this matter as I have before said, in any way you think proper, pray do so, for it is after all, only a boyish folly, and cannot injure my son: therefore, my Lord, pray stand upon no ceremony! As to his Grandmother, she may lecture him herself: I'll be bound

she'll not forget her fifty pounds—for my part I shall not notice it: he has only done what I have done before him. It's my way—it's all our ways—it runs in the blood of the Absolutes!"

Lord Byron, who had been listening attentively to Dowton's animated frankness, and highly entertained as well as delighted at the zeal he evinced in his cause, and the earnest manner in which he expressed himself, exclaimed with much cheerfulness, "Dowton, I thank you: I take your offer kindly, but let them say on, it is alike to me indifferent. I would not stir a step out of my way to prevent them from indulging in their *favourite* theme—slander will find its level." His Lordship then turned to me, and said, "Come, Nathan, now for some music: do let Dowton hear the composition you had just finished, as he entered the room." It was "Bright be the place of thy soul:" a song his Lordship had only that morning written for me, impromptu: which I sang, to the following words.

" Bright be the place of thy soul!
No lovelier spirit than thine,
E'er burst from its mortal controul,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine:
On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be,
And our sorrow may cease to repine,
When we know that thy God is with thee.

Light be the turf on thy tomb!
May its verdure like emeralds be;
There should not be the shadow of gloom,
In ought that reminds us of thee.
Young flowers and an evergreen tree,
May grow o'er the spot of thy rest,
But nor cypress nor yew let us see,
For why should we mourn for the blest?

We then entered upon the general topics of the day. Dowton was exceedingly humorous, and the time passed in a reciprocal exchange of wit between his Lordship and the comedian. The noble poet pleased

with the *characteristic* honesty of Dowton's remarks; and Dowton unloading his conscience, by giving the true story of the Mardynic excursion.

Lord Byron's manner was free, graceful, and natural; his expression of countenance truly beautiful, which commanded attention and respect from all around him: the man who advanced towards him with an untruth in his mouth could not give utterance to his words, and would sink into fear and conviction of his own littleness on beholding his Lordship's penetrating glance. The following remarkable coincident will, in a great degree, give the reader no small proof of the reality of this assertion.

When Lord Byron was on the Committee of Drury Lane Theatre, it was hinted to him by the ladies in the green room that the presence of a certain ex-manager was disagreeable to them. "Then he has no business here," replied his Lordship. Shortly

after this remark the unfortunate manager entered, who, observing Lord Byron standing by the fire-side, advanced with confidence towards him, but such was the dignified demeanour and unwelcome encouragement depicted in his Lordship's countenance, that the poor fellow made a full stop, as if panic struck, and at length crouched into one corner of the room, where he sat, (decidedly unlike a sophist,) not daring to speak or even to look at any person, except now and then fearfully and most ludicrously venturing to uplift an eye from his downcast head to observe the countenance of Lord Byron, whose fixed look of contempt so terrified the poor fellow, that the moment he could muster sufficient courage to rise from his uncomfortable seat, he sidled out of the room, certainly not with that boldness with which he had entered, and he took particular care to avoid every possible chance of a second recontre in the green room. And it is singular to relate, that so powerfully was he affected by that forbidden look which Lord Byron cast upon him, that whenever his Lordship's name was mentioned in his presence he appeared very uneasy and greatly dis-

concerted. On one occasion, when Lord Byron was the subject of conversation, the ex-manager started from his seat and darted out of the room, exclaiming "that man will be the death of me." On another occasion, at the mentioning of Lord Byron's name, he emphatically exclaimed, "'tis very strange—'tis unaccountable—I cannot stand his gaze—that man's look will destroy me."

This was a coincidence of so singular a nature that it became a subject of conversation with Lord Byron, to whom I remarked, that if this magical effect of his glance upon the poor fellow had happened in some parts of Scotland, where it is a disgrace for a woman of good understanding to live to a great age, (*l*) it would have brought down upon his Lordship the odium of having an *evil eye;* and would have excluded him

(*l*) It is a well-known fact that when the wrinkles appear on the forehead of an old woman, all the calamities of the neighbourhood are laid to her charge. Some excite pity, others benefit by levying a tax on every commodity, for if *Elspae* did not share in the bounties of her neighbours, the baneful effects were anticipated.

from every dairy in that part of the country, as the effects upon the milk would have been to turn it sour, as also the butter, cheese, and every other food the *evil eye* might have unluckily glanced at: "nay," said his Lordship, "they would have gone further, by making an incision in the form of a cross on my forehead to prevent direful effects, but really I do not at all think myself entitled to this *mark* of distinction, never having had the least ambition to gain supernatural notoriety."

I then detailed a few leading charms of the Scotch, which have a strong oriental affinity, and serve to prove that in almost every nation, there have been certain shades of superstition; for instance, the mountain ash was once highly valued by the Scotch in the annals of superstition, as an antidote against the most baneful effects of witchcraft; one sprig of that efficacious tree would be deemed sufficient to shield the possessor from the calamitous effects of a piercing survey, with so powerful a weapon as the *evil eye*. (*m*)

(*m*) The man who was so fortunate as to invest himself with a sprig of the mountain ash, through his hat band or button hole,

The effect of the *evil eye* upon the brute creation, was truly terrific; on whatever animal the eye was cast, some great and instant change took place; sometimes an instantaneous metamorphose of colour; sudden death, or some other great calamity. It is singular that similar superstitions still exist in Italy, Spain, and Portugal, where cameos are worn by many, as an antidote against certain charms of the eye, &c.

There are also a number of curious anecdotes recorded in Hebrew relative to the עין רע, (evil eye) how a particular race of men skilled in Cabala by a single gaze levelled an enemy to the earth, and occasioned instantaneous death; and even at this period of time it is not uncommon for parents who have handsome children to hang cameos round their necks to protect them against the ill consequences appre-

was sure to escape all the peculiar snares of witchcraft, and a passport of safety was insured to that cow which had a branch of this invaluable tree folded up in her tail.

hended from an evil look or thought of an ill disposed person. (*n*)

The following is part of a camyo, supposed to have been handed down from father to son, since the building of the first temple.

מאברית
אברית
ברית
רית
ית
ת

"These extraordinary camyos," observed Lord Byron, "are not altogether confined to the Jews, for I remember reading somewhere that Serenus Samonicus, perceptor to the younger Gordian, recommended the Abracadabra,* or Abrasadabra, as a charm or amulet

(*n*) It is a well known fact that the natives of India, to counteract the direful consequences of an *evil eye*, place cameos about the necks of their children, particularly if they are good looking, and ejaculate with all possible fervor some unintelligible sentence by way of charm, and perform at the same time the ceremony of forming a circle and running three times round the child to complete the spell.

* Abracadabra, the name of a God worshipped by the Syrians.

in curing agues, and preventing other diseases, particularly the fever called *hemitritaes.*"

To have this effect the word must be written on paper, and repeated, omitting each time the last letter, so that the whole may form a kind of inverted cone. (*o*)

Abracadabra
Abracadabr
Abracadab
Abracada
Abracad
Abraca
Abrac
Abra
Abr
Ab
A

This paper must be suspended about the neck by a linen thread, according to Julius Africanus. The pronouncing will do as well. (*p*)

(*o*) Like the Hebrew it has this property, which way soever the letters may be taken, beginning from the apex, and ascending from the left to the right, they make the same word.

(*p*) Seren. Samon. De Medio. No. 53, p. 1598, Sol Mattaire.

Lord Byron was particularly attached to Scotland; in which country he spent his early years. The romantic scenery and habits of the people, were strongly impressed on his mind, and to those his Lordship has often attributed the source of all his poetical effusions.

In that country, he imbibed, in early life, his ideas of superstition, which were never suppressed to the latest period of his life. His belief in *presentiment* was very strong, as also visionary warnings of imminent danger or impending calamities. This weakness in a mind like that of his Lordship, can scarcely be accounted for, excepting as the result of habit, and his own natural susceptibility.

One circumstance for a while tended to cool his ardour for Scotland: this was a severe attack upon his writings by the literati of Edinburgh. His Lordship did not tamely submit to criticism, the rancour of

which was so truly unpalatable; but in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," levelled a blow in return, which for a time served to silence his northern opponents.

Lord Byron often regretted his scanty knowledge of the Scottish dialect, as many excellent poems were lost to his Lordship. Those of Ramsay, so generally admired by the Scotch, were so completely obscured, that their force and peculiar import, were tangible only to such as could thoroughly enter into the true feeling.

It was less so with the poems of Burns: many of which Lord Byron eulogized enthusiastically. "Their natural import and plain detail," he observed, "must ever be admired, and the force of imagery in descriptive pieces, will be read with delight to the latest period of time."

In speaking of the National Airs of Scotland, his Lordship observed, that "if David Rizzio was really the author, as was generally supposed, he certainly

deserved a better fate." I remarked, that the affinity between the Scotch and Italian airs, was so remote, that it left no doubt on my mind as to their origin.

Rizzio in all probability, gave great effect to the Scotch Melodies, by the introduction of rich harmony in the arrangement of them; but it is well known, that many of the best airs existed long before the reign of Mary, Queen of Scots. "For the honor of the country," exclaimed his Lordship, "I am happy to find that the Scotch are not so much indebted for their music to the Italians as has been generally credited."

In speaking of the warriors of Scotland, Wallace and Bruce stood high in his Lordship's estimation; the former, he observed, "was a true patriot, enthusiastically inflamed with a sense of his country's wrongs, and made every sacrifice to rid the Scotch of a yoke, which at that period of history was truly grievous. They were treated as a conquered nation; their strong holds in the possession of the English;

their nobility held in contempt by the haughty rulers of the times; and whilst the land groaned under oppression, their enfeebled forces could no longer rally, until Wallace led them to the field."

"The treachery of Monteith, in betraying Wallace into the hands of the English," said his Lordship, "has never been forgotten by the Scotch; for even at this distant period, the deeds of the father are visited upon the descendents, who are often reproached with the barter of their country, in the part taken by their ancestors; and to be called a Monteith, is a term of reproach more opprobrious than any other epithet.

"Bruce certainly possessed true courage, indeed that was inherent in his family; the deeds he achieved with the means he possessed, are astonishing: firm in his country's cause, he set an example, which, if followed up by posterity, Scotland would have most likely for ever maintained her ancient independence as a kingdom."

Lord Byron on another occasion, entered with great warmth on the Massacre of Glenco. "That deed," said his Lordship, "stamps the Conqueror with more infamy than any atrocity of savage barbarity. Only think for a moment, an ancient clan exterminated in a few hours: a family enjoying every comfort, and kindly entertaining a supposed friend with all that hospitality so peculiar to the Scotch: the soldiers quartered upon their tenants, and in the midst of festivity, the troops are ordered to fall upon the unsuspecting family, and in cold blood put every living thing to the sword. The carnage did not cease, when the stillness of death reigned at the mansion, but the whole valley of Glenco was laid waste, by the merciless hand of a traitor, armed with unrestricted power from a merciless monarch."

Lord Byron's feelings were here strongly excited—he clenched his fist—knitted his brow, and grinding his teeth, appeared in great agitation: several moments passed before he recovered his usual composure.

I then turned the subject, and cited the unprecedented fidelity of the Scotch to the Pretender, for whose head a reward of thirty thousand pounds was once offered; and although often compelled by dire necessity to ask food of the Royal party, yet there was not one found in all Scotland base enough to betray him. "Yes, Nathan," replied his Lordship, "that draws forth the highest encomiums on the national character, and is one fine specimen of the retreat of avarice at the approach of integrity."

John Knox, the Reformer, was eulogised by Lord Byron, as a religious patriot: "although," said he, "I cannot subscribe to any thing like gloomy restraint in religious matters, but in a country like Scotland, where gravity is more predominant than in England, Knox was compelled to conform to existing circumstances, and did not desert his post, till he had so far established the reformed religion."

The equality of the Scotch clergy, in point of rank and emoluments, was once a topic of conversation, when Lord Byron remarked, "in Scotland, all the clergy are on the same level, each having a competency every way calculated to render them happy, without any gradations in rank. In England, the poor curate performs all the drudgery, and is entirely at the mercy of the superior clergy; his stipend generally very inadequate to support the dignity of his sacred functions: whilst in Scotland, every clergyman is quite independent in the performance of his duties, and his stipend is secured by Act of Parliament."

"The system of education is not a matter of choice, but an imperative duty on the part of the parent," continued his Lordship: "who binds himself by a sacred obligation, to see his child educated, and the clergy see that this part of his duty is not neglected: and should his poverty be pleaded as a barrier, the parish school-master is bound to educate the child gratis."

" It is not in Scotland, as in England, where any individual may open an establishment for instruction, however unqualified: but in that country, there is a school established in every parish; the master of which must be qualified to give instructions in the classics, and some branches of mathematics; besides which, he is strictly examined by the presbytery as to his religious and political principles: for the honor of England," said his Lordship emphatically, " I hope the day will shortly arrive, when the same system will be adopted in this country."

Lord Byron, in speaking of ancient and modern architecture, entered upon a comparative view of the subject, and observed, " the latter, when compared with the former, sinks materially in the estimation of all the lovers of art: only compare the stately buildings of the once renowned Rome with modern mixtures

of orders, and it will be found that architecture has certainly degenerated: those monuments of antiquity serve as a history of former greatness. In tracing ancient ruins, particularly those of Rome, the mind is led back to former days; the first origin of the city; the rude commencement on seven distinct hills; its rising to the highest pitch of importance; and then its decay. How fine a picture is this of mortal existence; mankind are ushered into the world, with many contingencies of fortune; they arrive at a certain age, when death puts a period to the whole; and how few comparatively leave any lasting memento to posterity. The painter, sculptor, and men of distinguished merit in science and literature, may live in the memory of the admirers of art, but those compared with the great bulk of the human race, are a very small proportion."

"It is the same with Rome," continued his Lordship; "the ancient Capitol and temples have outlived the lapse of ages, whilst the buildings of lesser note, have dwindled to decay."

In visiting Carthage, Thebes, and the Grecian States, his mind was fixed upon the ancient scenes of that country: "desolation had taken place," he observed, "of those once populous districts, leaving scarcely a trace. The warriors—the vast armies—the spirit of faction—the ancient contests of that country, which live in history, are now no more; and although Greece is at this moment struggling for emancipation, their efforts are feeble of themselves, without the aid of foreign powers. The Greeks may struggle for liberty from the merciless yoke of their oppressors, till the whole country is laid waste, and devastation thus accomplished, will be the only means of uniting Greece to the Turkish empire."

"Turkey," said his Lordship, "is a fine country, degraded by blind bigotry and the rites of superstition; many attempts have been made to curtail her extent of territory without success, and if less tyrannical in her government, I do not know a country to which I would give a preference as a permanent residence: but instructed as the Turks are to persecute every

sect that differs from their own, they will always, it is to be feared, maintain their character for despotism and persecution."

Lord Byron was an admirer of the heroic boldness of Catherine of Russia: "Catherine," said he, "possessed more real intrepidity than any woman of modern times: her struggles both in a mental and political nature were such as to astonish all Europe. Time had no power to diminish her ardour, till she rescued her country from those who had nearly made an entire monopoly of it."

"Catherine," continued his Lordship, "though possessed of masculine understanding, was by no means without her faults; she was great in the cabinet, and great in the field; her treatment, however, of the Poles, was very inconsistent with her intrepidity, discernment, and judgment."

"The atrocities practised in the French Revolution," said Lord Byron, "remain as a lasting memento of disgrace, and is a stain upon the character of that country, not to be obliterated by time. The common feelings of humanity were openly violated; murder, rapine, and every species of atrocity were every where practised; even the bonds of consanguinity were broken asunder, so that often in the same family, the father and son, with a fiend-like fury, sought each others life."

"Robespiere," observed his Lordship, "of all monsters, was the *ne plus ultra*: not contented with the common mode of execution, he tortured his victims like a Demon." Lord Byron here dwelt with indignation upon the extent of his guilt and cruelties: how he had sunk many vessels loaded with prisoners; and how often in one night consigned thousands to be barbarously massacred without the common forms of

trial: and how he ordered trenches to be dug round prisons, into which he consigned the whole inmates, who had no means of escaping his merciless fury.

"Josephine," said Lord Byron, "had a higher sense of imperial dignity than any one of her sex; seeing no probability of a succession to the throne, she made a voluntary sacrifice to what she blindly considered the necessity of the state, and resigned her husband Napoleon, to the free choice of a new empress; and as a papal mandate was necessary to confirm a divorce, Josephine complied with every form, and retired into obscurity. This, Nathan, was a great sacrifice for a woman to make, and ought to have been weighed more magnanimously by Napoleon. His acquiescing in this matter reflects more disgrace on his memory, than his flight from the field of Waterloo."

Lord Byron, in speaking of the Spanish monarch, observed, "Ferdinand is one of those imbecile beings acting under delusion: let him confess—count his

beads—sanction mass, and a few external formalities, Spain may remain in fetters—Ferdinand is indifferent. How lamentable it is for the fate of a nation, when her rulers are governed by bigotry and superstition—religion is one thing, Nathan, and bigotry another. Those feelings in catholic countries, have in some measure deterred many of our most able statesmen from advocating the cause of the poor oppressed catholics of Ireland; but it is very different in that country. Surrounded by men politically attached to the Constitution, there is nothing to fear; whereas, in Spain the whole mass of population are sunk in bigotry to the lowest ebb of religious degradation."

In speaking of Portugal, Lord Byron made a general remark, that Portugal lies embosomed in the arms of France and Spain, with no dependence on either; halting as it were between two opinions, with which to coalesce; the House of Braganza has acted with general consistence, and while possessed of Brazil,

there is nothing to fear from either country. Brazil alone will furnish supplies to answer any emergency; and whilst allied to this country, all the machinations of other powers will be of no avail.

Touching upon the Americans and the policy of their government, Lord Byron remarked that "the Colonial separation from England was a circumstance ever to be lamented. America is a rising country, unshackled in her government, and armed with great internal resources; the rich ores of precious metals found in the American mines, besides the vast quantities of gold washed from the alluvial soil, form of themselves powerful weapons in contending with an enemy: and it is to be observed with regret that the manly prowess and marine nerve of this kingdom is very rapidly taking wing to America. Whilst the states remain separate, contending for different interests, there is little to fear, but should a general coalition ever take place, the Americans will rank high in the scale of political importance."

"The Pope is an animal," said Lord Byron, "of no common power, the head of the whole catholic church, to whom there is no equal on earth. But recollect how Napoleon treated his holiness: quarrelled with him *in a friendly way:* gave him his freedom by making him prisoner: raised his own son to the temporal monarchy, and yet received his benediction. What a noble-minded creature the Pope! The fangs of that dignitary, Nathan, have been much shortened of late years."

The Bishops on one occasion became a subject of conversation, and Lord Byron observed that "Bishops may be a necessary appendage to the church and state, but their revenues are at complete variance with the primitive apostles; those were humble individuals, travelling from place to place, riding upon asses, and

other animals of the brute creation, and I am not quite certain that the major part of those gentlemen were not pedestrians: at all events, Nathan, the stately edifices of modern bishops, and the pomp, *necessary* or *unnecessary*, brings to my mind a *strong* coincidence of a *little* contradiction."

"Those poor preaching fellows," continued his Lordship, "wandered about without a penny in their pockets, or a change of raiment—shirts, shoes, and stockings I believe, Nathan, were quite out of the question; and as for tithes, they were appropriated to support the dignities of state, to maintain the poor, and other laudable purposes, whilst the humble apostles were kept in a state of actual starvation. Even in this country, the mendicant friars kept up a close affinity to their predecessors: the poor monks of La Trappe diverged a little: they had a convent, and I apprehend, shared a little of the good things of life. Then comes the age of luxury, in the train of abbots, priors, monks, friars, and other church dignitaries, who engrossed to themselves the whole tithes of the country, since which

period they have held them so firm, that they have never escaped from their grasp."

Had Mc. Adam, or any of the Mc. Adamites lived in the time of the primitive apostles, instead of turnpike gates, and other means to keep the roads in repair, they would have been paid from the tithes; and had that good old fashion continued, the coffers of the public Treasury would have been amply supplied from that source alone, to meet all emergencies, and the national debt in this country would never have existed.

Lord Byron once made a strong but feeling remark on the destiny of the House of Stuart: "that ill-fated family," said he, "lost their just rights through obstinacy and bigotry; some have given it the softer term of a rigid adherence to the religion of their ancestors, which they wished to preserve to posterity: there is no doubt as to their lineal right to the throne of these

realms, had the rightful heir only temporised his religious ardour, and complied with the *sine qua non*.—A kingdom's a kingdom, Nathan !"

I called upon Lord Byron one morning in the Albany, when Jackson the pugilist was about to leave, this brought up a conversation on the merits of pugilism. Lord Byron observed, " that he was fond of keeping up that which was truly national, and took lessons by way of exercise, without anticipating its being of practical utility: but however, Nathan," said he, " should I at any time be compelled to diverge from the strict punctillio of gentlemanly conduct, and be obliged to *set-to*, the art of self-defence is essential; that is to say, if necessity obliges a man to be a blackguard, he may as well be scientific."

It is well known, that Lord Byron held attorneys, of whatever class, in the utmost horror and detestation.

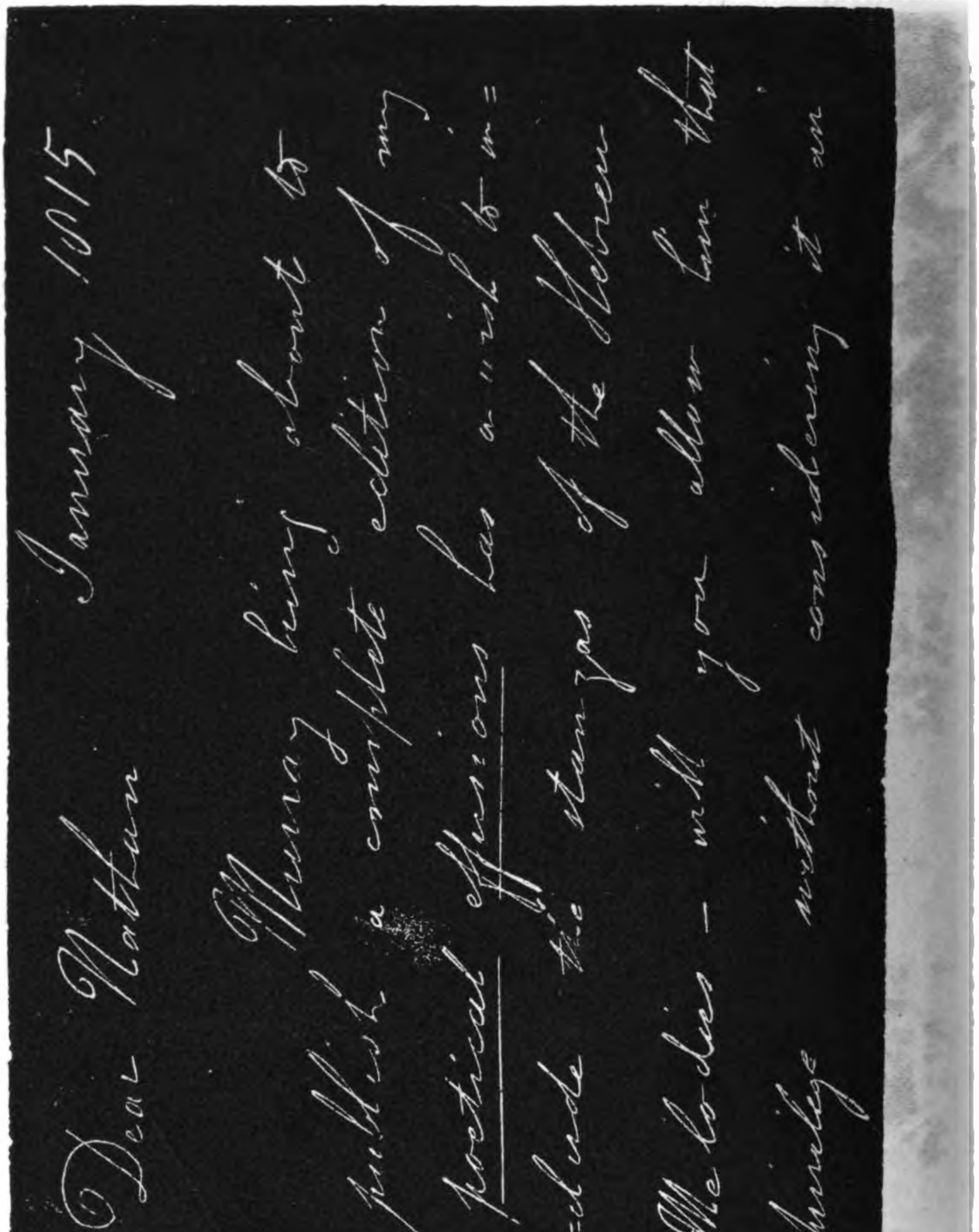
Being one evening at his Lordship's house in Piccadilly, when an attorney entered with a subpœna, who by way of doing the noble Lord more than common honor, served this formidable document personally, instead of deputing one of his clerks. Lord Byron could scarcely conceal his indignation, at the *nonchalance* of the *would-be gentleman*, armed with petty authority, and gave him one of his particular looks of contempt. The attorney finding himself in the enemy's camp, and being no mean judge of physiognomy, made an honourable, but precipitate retreat, upon which Lord Byron made the following remarks.

"Those harpies are the bane of all civilized society, they of all the human race are devoid of feeling: the common bonds which cement every other class, are by those demons entirely disregarded. Only place yourself within their iron grasp, and the merciless fiends will never quit you till you have just cause to repent having rushed upon danger in open day, and placed yourself in the fangs of such monsters."

The manner in which Lord Byron assigned his copyright was by a kind of hieroglyphic, uniformly made up of four indescribable dots; to what they had a reference is not known, but they served as a signature to each page to which they were appended.

Fac simile of the dots 

The following pages contain a fac simile of Lord Byron's hand-writing.



January 1815

Dear Nathan

Murray being about to publish a complete edition of my poetical effusions has a wish to in=clude the stanzas of the Hebrew Melodies — will you allow him that privilege without considering it an

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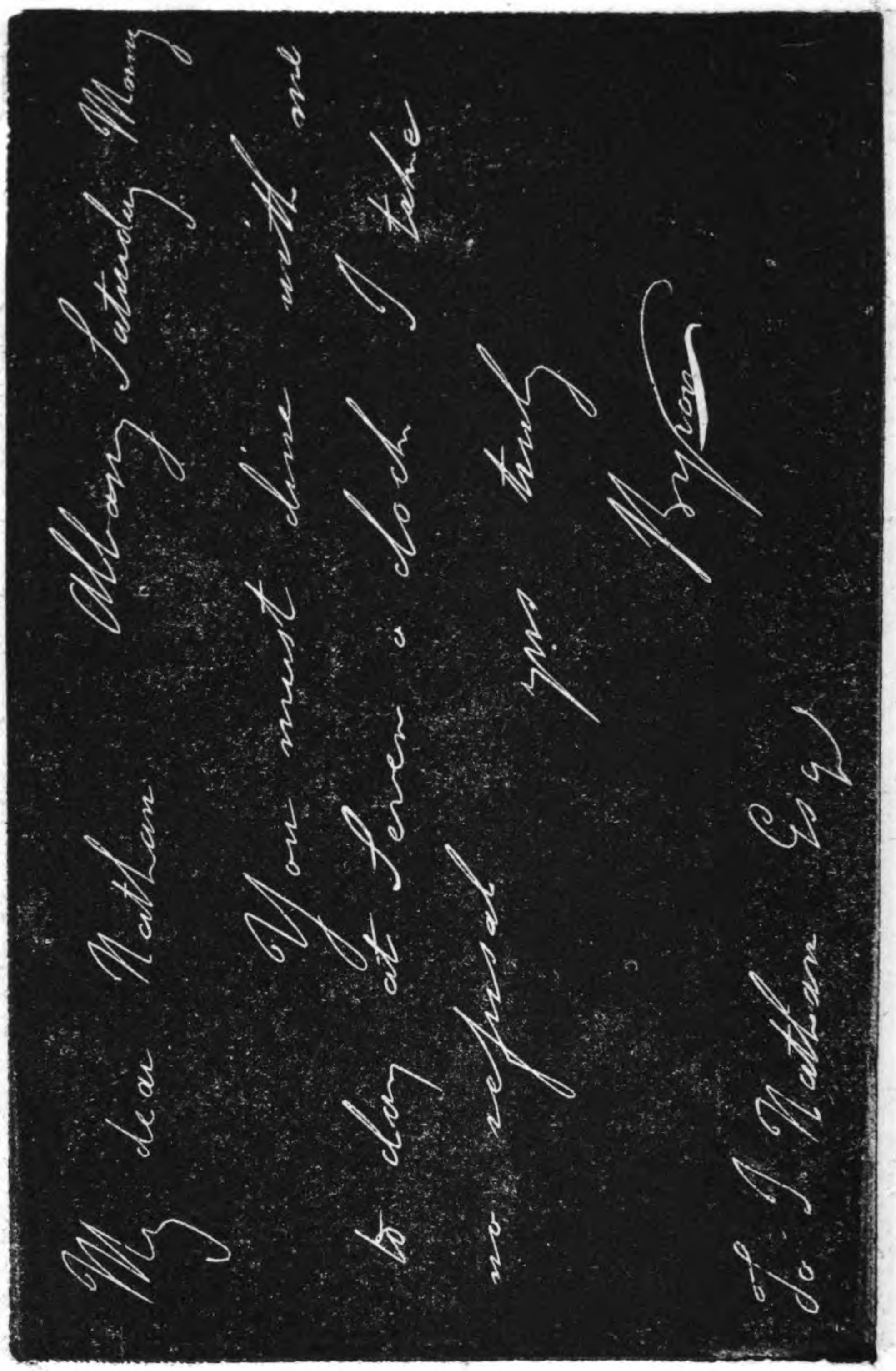


My dear Nathan Albany Saturday Morny
You must dine with me
to day at seven o'clock I take
no refusal yrs truly
Byron

To I. Nathan Esq

Poetical Effusions,

LETTERS, ANECDOTES & RECOLLECTIONS

OF

LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

OPENNESS of manner in the female character, often tends to a misconstruction of motive, and is frequently mistaken for levity, whilst a cautious grave demeanour frequently cloaks the real character, by substituting an appearance which is not radically correct.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB possessed an open frankness, which endeared her to all her high circle of acquaintance, who were always delighted with her cheerful and fascinating manner; whilst the invidious, who never fail to construe things to their own measure, endeavoured to calumniate her Ladyship, by

placing levity to her account. The following letters, amongst many others, afford a convincing proof of the truth of this assertion.

" Nathan,

I am, and have been very ill; it would perhaps cure me if you could come and sing to me, ' Oh Mariamne'—now will you? I entreat you, the moment you have this letter, come and see me, and I promise you that if I get well I will come to your Theatre—but I use no bribe, I merely ask—come and soothe one who ought to be happy, but is not. I enclose this to Miss Richardson."

Yours, with much truth,

CAROLINE LAMB.

To I. Nathan, Esq.

Lady Caroline Lamb was generous and kind-hearted in the extreme, and would forget all personal danger, or what might be termed the mere etiquette of appearances, in guarding against the illiberal and censorious, to forward the views of any distressed per-

son, and in her own words, "the knowledge that a human being was unhappy, at once erased from her mind, the recollection either of enmity or of error;" (*a*) The following anecdote will fully illustrate the true benevolence of her heart.

A few years previously to her death, Lady Caroline Lamb requested my interest in procuring the assistance of some professional singers to perform at a concert about to take place at her house in Conduit Street, for the benefit of a Lady in distressed circumstances. I proposed the powerful aid of Miss Love's rich voice. Lady Caroline instantly exclaimed, "Oh! do ask her to come—will my writing to her assist you? and immediately seated herself as if to pen the necessary epistle, when instead of a letter to Miss Love, as expected, I received the following hieroglyphical card, neatly executed.

(*a*) Graham Hamilton speaking of Lady Orville.

Love implores Love to come

To

From the Conservatory at Brockett Hall,
In the beautiful Month of May.

My Dear Sir,

I think your book delightful, and am much flattered by your sending it to me. I have not yet sent it to Lady John, as I wished to write with it. I shall send to purchase a copy immediately, and shall take every opportunity of recommending it. I think I must ask you to come here one day next week, when every thing is in bloom: thank you for my song. I gave one copy to Lady Cork, who is here, and she has nieces who play and sing very well. This weather is too delightful. Believe me, when I tell you, if I can serve you at any time, or in any way, I shall be most happy. I mean to send Mrs. Nathan Ada Reis, in return for her remembering me. Tell my God-daughter to love me.

And believe me,

Yours, with truth,

CAROLINE LAMB.

To I. Nathan, Esq.

I wrote these lines in Hebrew on a melancholy occasion, and sent them with the literal translation to Lady Caroline Lamb, entreating her Ladyship's goodness to turn them into verse, that they might be engraven in the hearts and minds of my six very young children, as a memento of their highly talented, virtuous, amiable, and inestimable mother.

מול כציץ! ותברח כצל רוחה.
בהקשותיה
בלדתה יצאה נפשה בפרח
נערותיה:

היא תישנה! וער נפשת:
שער שמים פתח לה.
לקבל נשמתה

אתה תרום למרום קרניה:
להתעדן! בגן עדן נשמתה;
לאכול פרי מעשיה:

Her soul in the bitterness of her travail
Departed like unto a flower cut down in its bud,
Her spirit fled as a shadow
In the blossom of her youth.

She sleepeth—but her soul awaketh;
The gate of Heaven is open to receive her spirit.

Thou wilt exalt on high her virtues
To give her delight in the garden of Eden,
Where her soul shall for ever enjoy the fruits of her actions.

The following very feeling Letter and pathetic verses were the result, which I received by return of post.

My dear Sir,

I only received your note yesterday evening, and until you tell me in what metre I cannot do what you desire; I was however so struck with the simplicity and melancholy of what you sent me, that I

just wrote these very imperfect lines. Will you write and explain to me how you wish them done, and I will make another attempt.

Your's, with much truth,

CAROLINE LAMB.

As the flower early gathered, whilst fresh in its bloom,
So was she whom I mourn for sent young to the tomb;
In the pains of her travail, the prime of her youth,
Whilst the memory survives of her sweetness and truth.

Why bursts from this breaking heart one human sigh,
She but sleeps—whilst her spirit is borne up on high;
Her course upon earth was so fair and so even,
That I know her pure soul has ascended to Heav'n.

Ah! cease then poor orphans to mourn round her bier,
'Tis for you—'tis for you that I shed the sad tear;
I will toil for you, dear ones, though she is no more,
And we must not lament that her sufferings are o'er.

MY HEART'S FIT TO BREAK.

My heart's fit to break, yet no tear fills my eye,
As I gaze on the moon, and the clouds that flit by;
The moon shines so fair, it reminds me of thee,
But the clouds that obscure it are emblems of me.

They will pass like the dreams of our pleasures and youth,
They will pass like the promise of honor and truth,
And bright thou shalt shine when these shadows are gone,
All radiant, serene, unobscur'd—but alone.

WILLIAM LAMB'S RETURN FROM PARIS, ASKING ME MY WISH.

You ask my wish—the boon I crave,
O grant it—leave me what I have :
Leave me to rest upon my bed,
With broken heart, and weary head.

No stormy passions now arise,
Nor tears relieve these suffering eyes ;
No age—no love disturbs me now,
To God's avenging power I bow.

You've yielded to a wicked crew,
Who ruin me, and laugh at you ;
Sweep out the gore, and while you can,
Think for yourself, and be a man.

THOU WOULDST NOT DO WHAT I HAVE DONE.

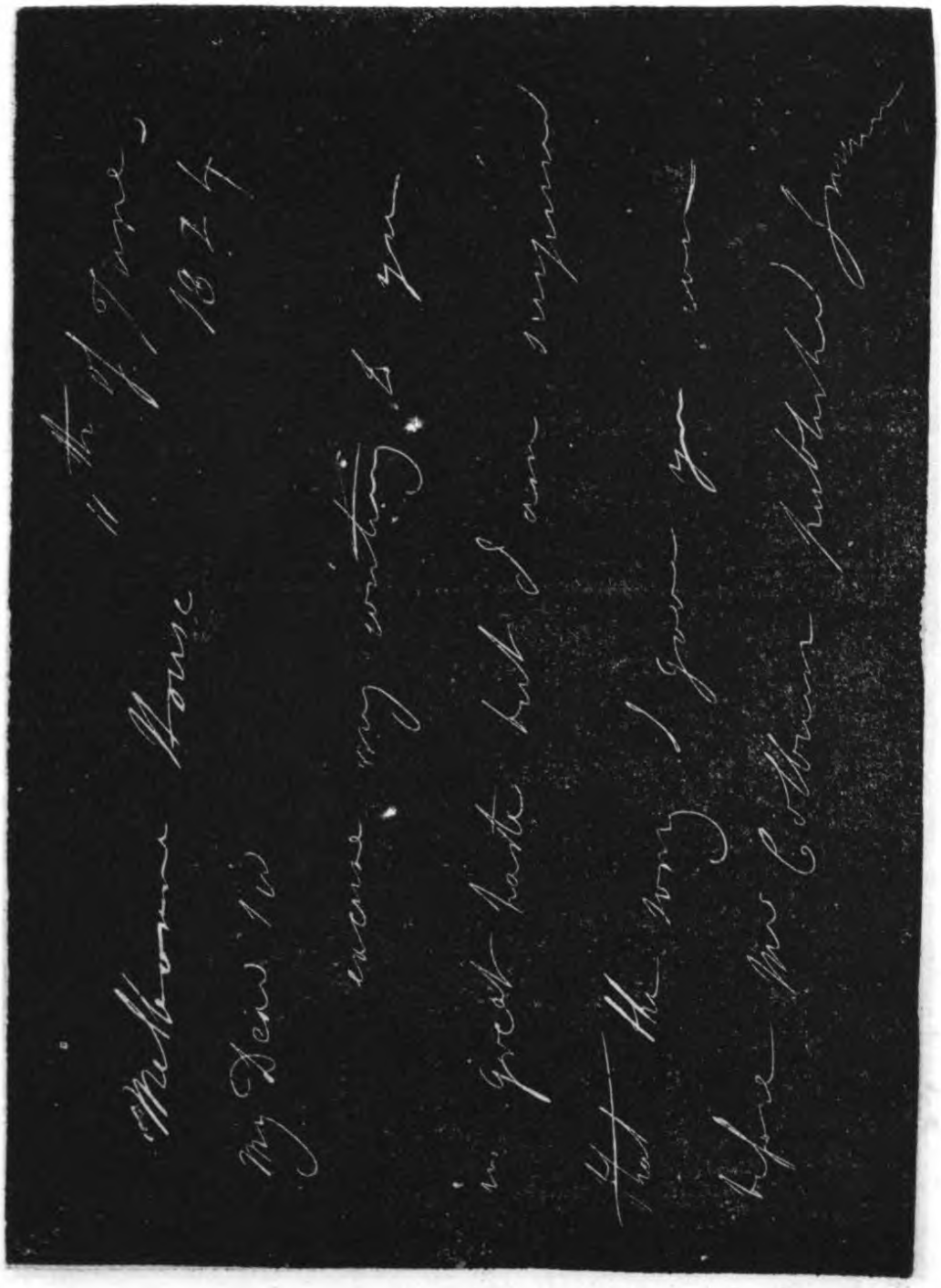
If thou couldst know what 'tis to weep,
To weep unpitied and alone,
The live-long night, whilst others sleep,
Silent and mournful watch to keep,
Thou wouldst not do what I have done.

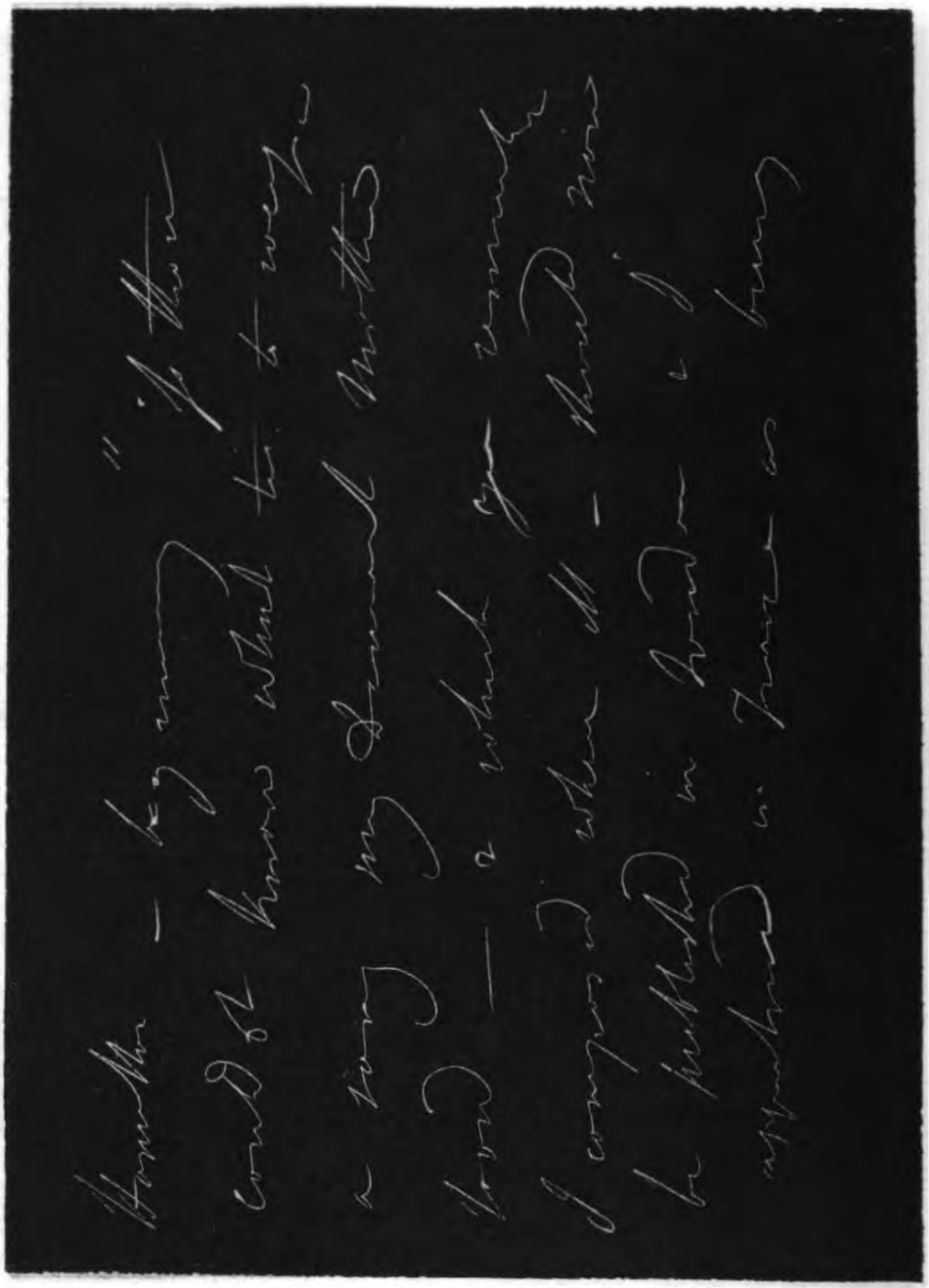
If thou couldst know what 'tis to smile,
To smile whilst scorn'd by every one,
To hide by many an artful wile,
A heart that knows more grief than guile,
Thou wouldst not do what I have done.

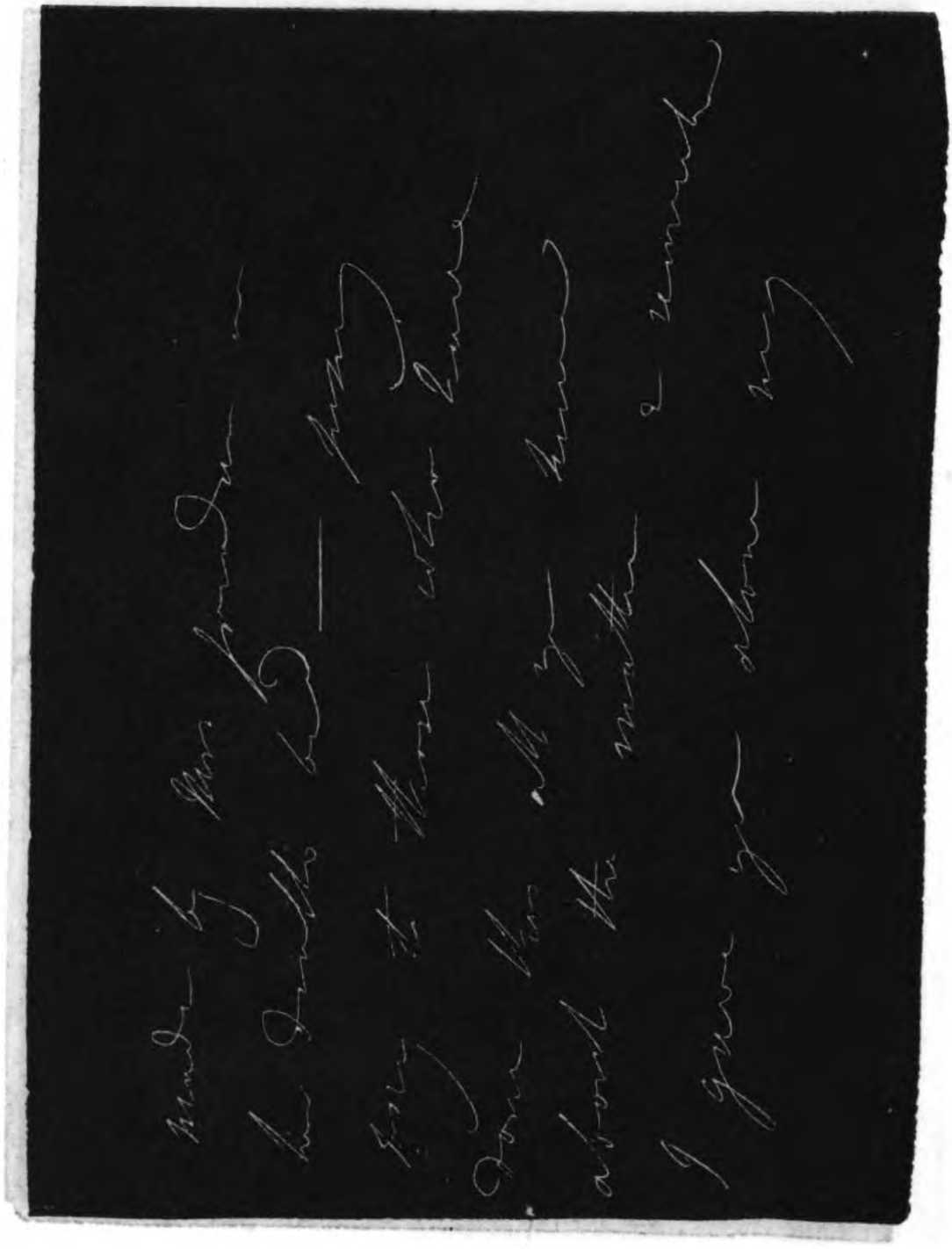
And, oh! if thou couldst think how drear,
When friends are changed, and health is gone,
The world would to thine eyes appear,
If thou, like me, to none wert dear,
Thou wouldst not do what I have done.

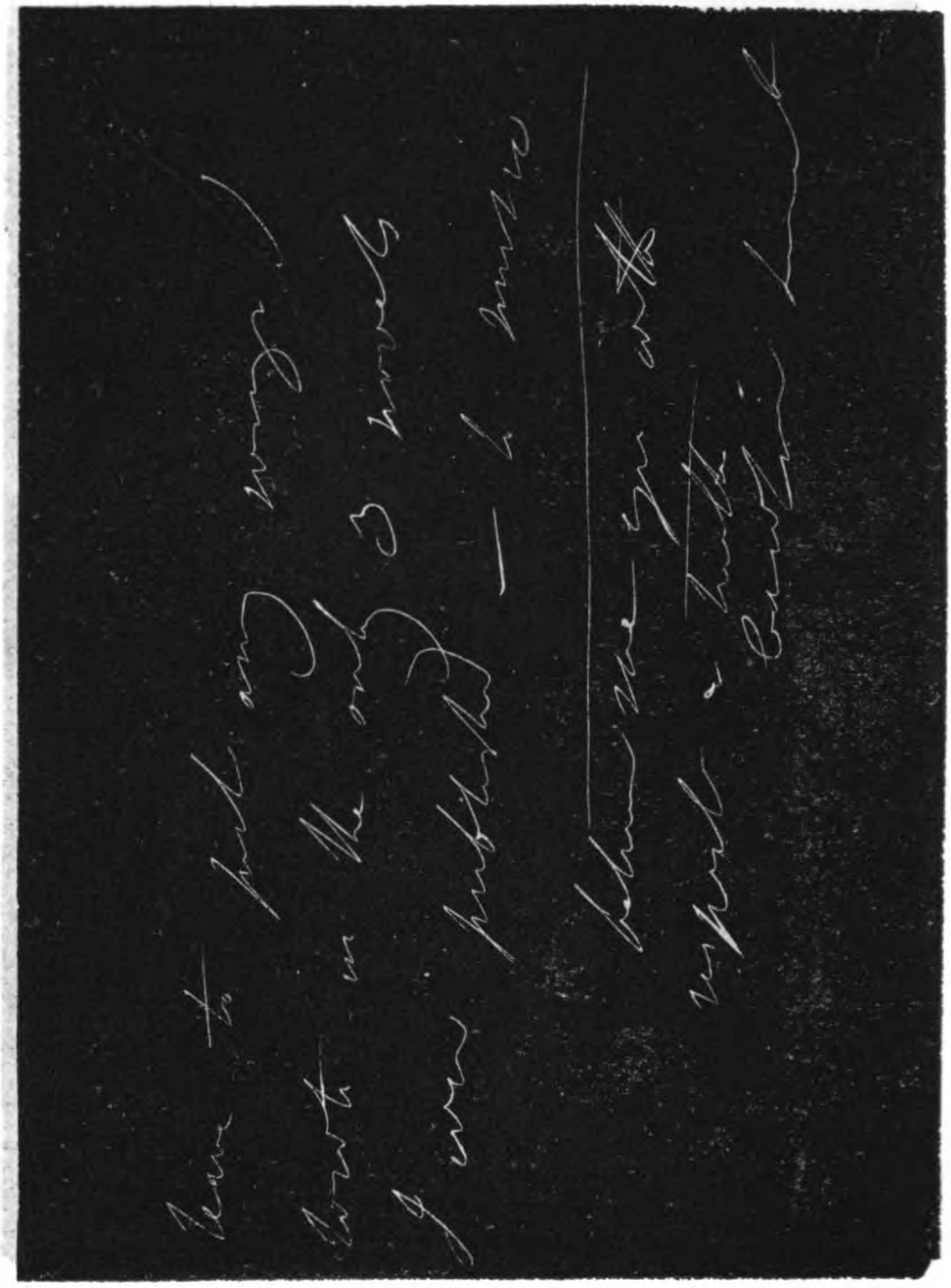
These verses were written for me by Lady Caroline Lamb, many years before Graham Hamilton was published: they have since appeared in France, and are erroneously attributed to Mrs. Jordan. Lady Caroline Lamb expressed much anxiety on hearing it, more perhaps, on my account than her own; as will be perceived in the following letter from her Ladyship on the subject.

Pages 161 to 164, contain a fac-simile of Lady Caroline Lamb's hand-writing.









WEEP FOR WHAT THOU'ST LOST, LOVE.

WEEP for what thou'st lost, love—
Weep for what thou'st done—
Weep for what thou did'st not do,
And more for what thou'st done.
Time that's gone returneth never,
Keen repining lasteth ever;
Heart that's pierc'd refuseth gladness,
Melancholy causeth madness.

Yet if tears avail not,
Tears of fond regret;
Arm thy mind, and proudly girl,
Endeavour to forget.
Shouldst thou spend thy days in grieving,
What is past, there's no retrieving,
Once the hour of passion over,
Tear nor frown recalls a lover.

Lady Caroline Lamb was particularly partial to the music which I composed for these verses, and requested I would allow my arrangement of it, to be published in the Novel of "Ada Reis," which I of course did not refuse: this, however, with most of her Ladyship's verses, which were expressly written for me, may be had separately, of Cramer, Addison, and Beale, Music Publishers, corner of Conduit Street, Regent Street.

SING NOT FOR OTHERS BUT FOR ME.

These Verses have been effectively introduced in "Ada Reis."

SING not for others but for me,
In ev'ry thought, in ev'ry strain,
Though I perchance am far from thee,
And we may never meet again:
Though I may only weep for thee,
Sing not for others but for me.

In starry night, or soft moon-beam,
In mossy bank, or rippling stream,
In balmy breeze or fragrant flower,
Though dearer hands may deck the bower,
In all that's sweet or fair to thee,
Sing not for others but for me.

If e'er thou sing'st thy native lay,
As thou wert wont in happier day,
That lay which breath'd of love and truth,
And all the joys of early youth:
Though all those joys are past for thee,
Sing not for others, but for me.

SIR HENRY DE VAUX.

Sir Henry De Vaux came across the sea,
To visit his native clime;
A face like an angel of light had he,
But his heart was sear'd by crime.
He stood on his castle tow'r to gaze
O'er the scenes which he long had left,
And a thought came o'er him of happier days,
Ere his heart was of hope bereft.
The stream flow'd through that peaceful vale,
The birds sang to a cloudless sky,
And the calm around, and the soft fresh gale,
But encreased his agony.
A tear then fell from his dark proud eye,
A tear of remorse and regret;
"My will is a law," he cried, "then why
Cannot I learn to forget?"

" I have fought when the desperate fight ran high,
And the plain was dyed with blood;
I have sail'd when danger and death were nigh,"
But unmov'd, unappall'd, I stood.
I have drank of pleasure the fatal draught,
I have given to passion the rein;
With the scoffer I've scoff'd, with the infidel laugh'd,
And reason has warn'd me in vain.
Oh, the pain that I feel hath such deadly force,
That it strikes thro' my burning brain;
'Tis the pain of the soul—despair—remorse—
There is none can endure such pain.
'Tis the voice of an angry God that cries,
Till it harrows the mind within;
'Tis the worm of the heart that never dies,
'Tis the memory of sin."

THE KISS THAT'S ON THY LIP IMPRESSED.

DUET.

Gentleman.

THE kiss that's on thy lip impress'd,
Was cold as parting kiss should be;
And he who clasp'd thee to his breast,
Again can never feel for thee:
The chain he gave—a true love token,
Thou see'st in every link is broken.

Both.

Then since 'tis so, 'tis best to part,
I here renounce the oaths I swore;
Forget the past, amend thy heart,
And let us meet no more.

Lady.

I go—yet e'er I go from thee,
Give back what thou hast ta'en from me ;
A heart that knew no care nor guile,
A mother's love—a father's smile ;
The thoughts that dar'd aspire to heaven,
Give these, and thou shalt be forgiven.

Both.

Take back the ring—take back the chain,
Thy gifts—thy love—I here resign ;
Take back thy heart, since pledg'd in vain,
But oh ! restore what once was mine.

This duet was expressly written for me, by Lady Caroline Lamb, about the year 1814, which was sung at the only concert I ever gave in London.

AFTER MANY A WELL-FOUGHT DAY.

AFTER many a well-fought day,
When with gen'rous ardour burning,
Soldiers to their home returning,
Chide the long and tardy way.
Home advancing near and nearer,
Wives and friends to greet them run;
Dear before, but now far dearer,
From the gallant deeds they've done.

Some distracted wild with pleasure,
Hands and hats and ribbons wave;
Others sad, the long line measure,
For the friends no prayer could save.

Is he gone? they ask with sorrow,
Is he lost? they ask with dread:
Will he not return to-morrow?
Is our gallant soldier dead?

Yes! he's dead—but fell with glory,
Fell, his country's rights to save:
Yes! he's dead—but lives in story,
Honour decks the soldier's grave.
Then with hearts too nearly broken,
To their lonely homes they turn,
Pressing to their lips some token,
From the friend for whom they mourn.

AMIDST THE FLOWERS RICH AND GAY.

AMIDST the flowers rich and gay,
That deck the fairy paths of pleasure,
I mark'd one violet in my way,
And seiz'd the little purple treasure.

It seem'd to weep, the glitt'ring dew
Fell from it as I press'd it nearer,
And thought that nothing fair or new,
Could ever to my heart be dearer.

Alas! I left it like the rest,
And left it when it lov'd me best.

And now in youth and vigour gay,
I wander forth each hour enchanted;
Taste every joy that meets my way,
Nor ask one boon that is not granted.

Yet some times with an aching heart,
I think of vows so fondly plighted,
Of early love for ever blighted,
And those who fell beneath its dart.

In this cold selfish world, there's none
Can love me now, as thou had'st done.

These verses were written one morning at Melbourne House, by Lady Caroline Lamb, as I composed the music *impromptu*, in the presence of her Ladyship's Mother, the Countess of Besborough, to whom the composition was afterwards dedicated.

TO WILLIAM LAMB.

YES, I adore thee, William Lamb,
But hate to hear thee say God d——:
Frenchmen, say English cry d—— d——
But why swear'st thou?—thou art a *Lamb!*

The following lines were written by Wilmington Fleming, on a sheep's head dinner given to Lady Caroline Lamb, by one of her domestics.

Still condescending Caroline,
Her presence deigns to lend,
Nor will refuse the boon to dine,
And grace her humble friend.

But to a strange reverse it led,
Tho' meant the guest to cram,
And thus you see a bak'd sheep's head,
Is offered to a *Lamb.*

WOULD I HAD SEEN THEE DEAD AND COLD.

WOULD I had seen thee dead and cold,
In thy lone grave asleep,
Than live, thy falsehood to behold,
And penitent to weep:
For better, I thy grave could see,
Than know that thou art false to me!

Or rather, would that I had died,
When happy on thy breast—
My love had then been satisfied,
And life's last moments blest,
For they taste bliss without alloy,
Who die in the sweet dream of joy!

But no! I feel the fault was mine,
To think affection's chain
Could thy proud wayward heart confine,
When *honor's* claim was vain:
Who *robs* the shrine where virtue lies,
Will not the *stolen relic* prize!

LET THE HARP BE MUTE FOR EVER.

LET the harp be mute for ever,
Rosa wakes no more the strain,
All its strings asunder sever,
Rosa will not sing again:
Let those blooming chaplets perish,
That crown'd it in its hour of joy,
Nor ought remain the thought to cherish,
Of her, that could my peace destroy.

O! may no wand'ring breeze awaken,
The echo of its slumb'ring strings,
When by the zephyrs pinion shaken,
It seems as if a spirit sings!
Why should I feel a thrill of pleasure?
Condemn'd from every hope to part:
Why doat on melody's soft measure?
With desolation in my heart.

IF A DARK WRETCH E'ER STRAY'D.

If a dark wretch e'er stray'd,
Worse than the first fell slayer,
'Tis he that wooes a maid,
To rifle and betray her!
For wealth may be retriev'd,
And friends long doom'd to sever,
But the fond heart deceiv'd,
Hath lost its peace for ever!

On leaving the scenes to which we have been accustomed, there are certain feelings which present themselves: custom even reconciles local incongruities: but taking a last look at a splendid mansion, surrounded by every luxury of life, must excite in the common observer, feelings of regret: how much the greater in one possessing the high refinement of Lady Caroline Lamb. Taking leave of her husband, her son, and the domestics to whom she had been accustomed, and to live in a state of retirement from all that was dear to her, must have been heart-rending in the extreme. (*b*)

(*b*) It may be in the recollection of my reader, that a separation took place between this Lady and her husband, (the Honorable William Lamb, now Lord Melbourne,) owing to some domestic misunderstanding.

The following Poem was written by Lady Caroline Lamb, on the day fixed for her departure from Brocket Hall, where she had spent the best part of her days, and they bear strong testimony, that whatever the world may have laid to her charge, yet she possessed that refinement of feeling, which in few of her sex has been equalled, and in none surpassed.

Her Ladyship pathetically invokes the groves, the birds, and all around her to witness the sincerity of her sorrow, seated beneath her favourite tree, (*c*) and ruminating upon the past, the present, and the future.

Little birds in yonder grove,
Making nests, and making love,
Come sing upon your favorite tree,
Once more your sweetest songs to me :
An exile from these scenes I go,
Whither, I neither care nor know :

(*c*) This tree was venerated on account of a traditionary assertion that Queen Elizabeth once enjoyed its shade, on her visiting that part of her domains.

Perhaps to some far distant shore,
Never again to hear you more.
The river Lea (*d*) glides smoothly by,
Unconscious of my agony.
This bursting sigh—this last sad tear,
On quitting all I hold so dear,
Are felt—are heard—are seen by none,
Left as I am by every one.
Farewell to Brocket's gladsome hall,
Farewell to Dawson's (*e*) fruitful wall,
Farewell to Hassard's (*f*) cheering smile,
His hearty laugh, which cares no guile:
Ever supported, 'till a sad tear,
Dimm'd his bright eye for me this year.
Farewell the faithful Welwyn band, (*g*)
The poor—the kind—my own dear land.

(*d*) The river Lea runs through the Park of Brocket Hall.

(*e*) The name of her Ladyship's gardener.

(*f*) A good humoured domestic, whose sorrow was so prominently poignant at her Ladyship's leaving Brocket Hall.

(*g*) The Welwyn band were stationed at Brocket. Lady

Where'er I go, God bless you all;
And thus I leave thee, Brocket Hall:
Time was, a youthful happy child,
Thoughtless, undaunted—{ wanton— / gay, and } wild,
I came from home and parents dear,
To find a home and husband here,
My joyous days with youth are fled,
My friends are either chang'd or dead:
My faults—my follies—leave these alone,
They live in the mouth of every one,
And still remain when all is gone.
This is my twentieth marriage year,
They celebrate with Hassard's beer;
They dance—they sing—they bless the day,
I weep the while—and well I may:

Caroline took particular delight in adding to the pleasures of rusticity, in her Ladyship's immediate neighbourhood, and this band was kept up to enliven the dull hours, and to add cheerfulness to that part of society little noticed by the great.

Husband, nor child, to greet me come,
Without a friend—without a home:
I sit beneath my favorite tree,
Sing then, my little birds, to me,
In music, love, and liberty.

THE BROCKET FESTIVAL.

JUNE 3rd, 1825.

THE following stanzas were written by a rising poet, patronized by Lady Caroline Lamb; they are of a descriptive nature, and contain a true picture of the scenes of Brocket Hall. The wedding day of her Ladyship was particularly set apart for mirth and jollity; the amusements commenced in the morning, and were kept up until a late hour; the villagers, peasantry and tenantry joined in the scene, and all in the immediate neighbourhood were made participators in the commemoration of this annual festival.

AWAY to proud Brocket, gay maidens of May,
For the hall will be open for pastime to-day,
And Tolman (*h*) has furnish'd provision in store,
That none discontented may pass from the door.

(*h*) Tolman, the housekeeper, who contributed in a prominent manner to the festival on days appointed to regale the peasantry.

Then hasten to Brocket, the Lady to cheer,
To the poor and the humble, so friendly and dear:
This day of her wedding, like others be past,
And smile, yet to cheer her—tho' this be the *last!*
Remember her virtues—her gay fetes of yore,
And smile on *the last* of your pleasures gay store.

And see how they come—in their brightest array,
While a musical urchin (*i*) is leading the way,
With gauze and with ribbon bedizen'd all o'er,
Which haply their mothers had oftentimes wore.
They dance on the green, with great vigor at least,
'Till the fume of the viands gives scent of the feast;
Now in bands to the kitchen how eager they run,
While Tolman is wishing the meal to be done;
So sadly they plague her, that patience ne'er stood
Such a clamour of wants—and entreaties for food.

(*i*) A child of one of the musicians in the Welwyn band, who on these occasions displayed his musical talent for the amusement of about sixty children, dressed up in their best attire, dancing and playing their gambols on the green in true delight and rustic simplicity.

The rain now descends—with its mantle of gloom,
And see the poor devils are coop'd in each room,
While the company throng at the *steward's* blyth call,
With comfort and plenty to feast in the hall;
Where good cheer and mirth was ne'er reckoned to fail,
While pleasure could *Hazzard* (*j*) a bumper of ale.

O Hazzard! the prince of good fellows is he,
The genius of humour—of comfort and glee;
And long may he live to distribute the cheer,
And his heart be still warm, and his friendship sincere,
Till after life's journey—more honour'd in years,
He is wept to his grave—by a neighbourhood's tears.

Now the dance is resumed in the rooms and the green,
There the youths are at sport—here the topers are seen,
While with gratitude ardent, as Britons should be,
They toast Lady Caroline—three times with three!
And the Welwyn band hasten the sports to prolong,
While *Tolman* takes care they should suffer no wrong;

(*j*) Hazzard, the good natured steward, and a general favourite of all the guests at Brocket Hall.

So free and good-humoured the visitors call her,
'Tis a pity indeed—not in wedlock to *Waller*. (*k*)

'Tis evening, and now gracious Caroline stands,
And gay from the window imparts her commands;
The May girls dance, and the sixpences fall, (*l*)
Some get two or three, others nothing at all;
As oft in life's struggle we still aim to rise,
While a dozen *get blanks* for one fortunate prize!

Now the ball room is open, (*m*) how splendid the scene!
Where Caroline sits, of the revels the Queen,
The band wake the strain, the gay mirth to prolong,
While at intervals *Walter* (*n*) beguiles with a song,

(*k*) The name of one of the musicians enamoured with Tolman.

(*l*) A scramble for the children was made a part of the amusement, and silver was thrown out for that purpose, which gave a pleasant zest to the zealous contest it occasioned.

(*m*) After the rustic dance on the green the party adjourned to the ball room, which was decorated with flowers, where the dance and festivity are continued.

(*n*) Walter, the name of her Ladyship's confidential page, who was a great favourite, and made the companion of her son, with whom he was brought up and educated.

That stealing so sweetly on sympathy's ear,
Awakes the emotion that starts in a tear!

'Tis night—now the dancers their pastime resume,
And ale and good humour is seen in each room,
And Caroline too a spectator is there,
Of a scene that dispels for the moment her care!
O! that ever a throb of disquiet should rend
That heart which can own every wretch as a friend. (*o*)

Now see her with Hazzard preside at the board,
While Tolman right freely exhibits the hoard,
And the song and the laughter of merriment pass,
While honest enjoyment sips gay from each glass;
And Hazzard consigns each stern feeling to rove
By singing "The wealth of a cottage is love!"

(*o*) Lady Caroline always presided at this festival in person, and enjoyed the mirthful scene with that condescension so peculiar to her Ladyship, and at this last entertainment filled the minds of the rustic party with sorrow that their patroness was on the eve of departure, and their festive amusement was now about to close for ever.

But who is yon being that now doth appear,
That roves all alone, or sits pensive and drear,
As if some stray being from some distant clime,
An outcast from hope—in his ruin sublime!
To whom not the song nor the dance can impart
One throb of that pleasure that glows in each heart.
Behold how he strays—as if no one he knew,
And lonely and friendless amid the gay crew,
Where each has a friend and a welcome to find,
While his is the solitude gloom'd by the mind.
That's he!—'tis the poet!—Ah, pity his care,
His heart can be grateful, though dark its despair;
Tho' eccentric—yet spare him—nor rashly condemning,
Yet plant a fresh sting in the bosom of Fleming.

Human rectitude when once placed upon a sure basis, can seldom be shaken by future events, and the impressions made in early life, are generally lasting.

There are many circumstances in life which may bring us in contact with those who egregiously direlect from the line of true rectitude, without in any way participating in their crimes.

The following lines were written by Lady Caroline Lamb to Harriet Wilson, on observing some personal scurrility in a *certain publication*. The lines of themselves are couched in rather a familiar style, but they convey ironically a strong lesson; and although the tongue of calumny has been raised against her Ladyship through various channels, yet accusation is no proof of guilt, especially emanating from one, who by degradation, had fallen so low, as to preclude any thing like personal intercourse.

The vile and treacherous conduct of Harriet Wilson, in giving publicity to her own infamy, is not overlooked, the lines reproach her with infidelity to her lovers, and urge integrity as a strong bond even to the wretched and degraded female; and here in powerful language triumphs over her enemies, by firmly stating that none could *buy* or *gain* the favours stated by her Ladyship's calumniators; and towards the last ironically observes, that if bought, honor and integrity ought still to be revered; and in allusion to family matters, remarks, that kindness and gratitude enjoin indissoluble ties.

Her Ladyship shews by the conclusion, that she forgives the base attack, and makes a sacrifice of *the book* to the *black emperor* of the brimstone regions.

LINES TO HARRIET WILSON.

HARRIET Wilson, shall I tell thee where,
Beside my being *cleverer*,
We differ?—thou wert hired to hold thy tongue,
Thou hast no right to do thy lovers wrong:
But I, whom none could buy or gain,
Who am as proud, girl, as thyself art vain,
And like thyself, or sooner like the wind,
Blow raging ever free and unconfin'd.
What should withhold my tongue with pen of steel,
The faults of those who have wrong'd me to reveal?
Why should I hide men's follies, whilst my own
Blaze like the gas along this talking town?
Is it being bitter to be too sincere?
Must we adulterate truth as they do beer?
I'll tell thee why then! as each has his price,
I have been bought at last—I am not ice:

Kindness and gratitude have chained my tongue,
From henceforth I will do no mortal wrong.
Prate those who please—laugh—censure who that will,
My mouth is sealed—my thoughts—my pen—are still.
In the meantime—we Lambs are seldom civil,
I wish thy book—*not thee*—at the Devil.

THE END.

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DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO

His most gracious Majesty George the Fourth,

AN ESSAY

ON THE

HISTORY & THEORY OF MUSIC,

AND ON THE

Qualities, Capabilities, and Management of the Human Voice,

BY I. NATHAN.

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"It is incompatible with the limits of our paper, to dwell much on subjects of this nature, but for the advantage of the public, and in justice to the Author, we feel it a gratifying duty to trespass on our usual rules, in giving our warm meed of approbation to a work, which has been so long wanting in the musical world, to aid the endeavours of the student, and confirm the taste of the amateur. Mr. Nathan, the elegant composer of Lord Byron's Poetry, is the Author of this "Essay on the History and Theory of Music, &c." which, under so concise and unassuming a title, embraces a very pleasing history of the science, and an enquiry into the influence it possessed in former times compared with the present; interspersed with original and entertaining anecdote, rendering the work extremely interesting to those, who even take it up as a source of amusement; but to the musical, its contents are highly important, uniting as it does, the various branches requisite to form and complete the education of the musical student, by a variety of rules and examples, so ably and clearly illustrated, that reason and conviction prove the solidity of Mr. Nathan's system. Excellent and well written as all the chapters are,

yet we cannot refrain from particularly pointing the attention of the reader to that on expression; so indispensible to the singer of taste: did our limits permit, we would with much pleasure insert the whole of this *bonne-bouche,* for the gratification of the sensible lovers of the science; but as that is impossible, we subjoin the following brief extract, to give our readers some idea of Mr. Nathan's style of writing and judicious argument.

"If monotonous rules," says Mr. Nathan, "are to be laid down for the expression of *words,* and not *ideas,* the singer of taste and judgement must remain fettered by custom, without exerting the power to delight by the combination of sense and sound. Words of joy or sorrow may be expressed by violence or delicacy of sound; but the latter can only proceed (or prove effective) from those who possess that innate sensibility of feeling which art cannot teach.

"From vulgar bounds, with brave disorder part,
"And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art."

The word "despair," in "*The Flock shall leave the Mountains,*" where Polypheme is supposed to be almost maddened by jealousy at hearing the exchange of mutual testimonies of affection, between Acis and Galatea, must be very differently expressed from the sorrowful and truly melancholy manner of singing the same expression in those beautiful lines of Lord Byron's, beginning with "Well, thou art happy," where the lover, with all the refinement of real but blighted passion, describes his anguish of heart, at beholding the mistress of his affections, the wife of another; but how unlike are the feelings that dictate the use of the same word in the former, from the latter instance. The despair of Polypheme, is that of a savage, whose malignant heart is a slave to all the baser passions, which, like impetuous torrents, bear down every thing before them, and carry desolation and wretchedness in their train. He is tortured like a demon at seeing the happiness of others; the expression, therefore, of the word "despair," conveys the idea of brutal ferocity to the imagination; the other, on the contrary, carries the conviction of its misery to the heart. It is the sorrowing of virtue, the expression of a mind inspired by that purer essence of the passion, bestowed by heaven, to cheer our pilgrimage through a world of care; and though he (the lover) mourns the deprivation of his hopes, yet the felicity of the object of his love, is the primary wish of his soul. There is a pathos to be given to the word "despair," in this instance, which conveys a sensation not to be described a sense of sorrow that "passeth show."—*Monthly Review, June,* 1823.

"Mr. Nathan has introduced some facts respecting the Hebrew chanting, and the melodies of the Jewish nation, which may be thought curious by those who are unacquainted with their customs.

"Chapter IV. 'Of the human voice and its attributes' appear to us to contain some very valuable matter.

"Mr. Nathan treats more fully on the art of managing the breath in

singing, than writers on vocal art in general, and a most important part it is. * * * * *

"There seems to be an air of truth about the following sentences, (alluding to the cultivation of youthful voices) which are of so much importance in the science of teaching, that it is to be wished some experiments could be made to verify Mr. Nathan's theory. * * * *

"In his section concerning the 'swelling and dying of the voice,' there is an application of an expedient, which Mr. Nathan has much enlarged, and which deserves to be ranked among the most useful discoveries of modern art. This is how to demonstrate visually, by variations of the common signs for *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, with some new modifications, the precise mode of singing any given passage---Handel's song, 'Holy, holy, Lord,' is printed with the directions placed over nearly all the notes of the song; and a more perfect direction and illustration, cannot, we venture to presume, be given *viva voce*, as to *quantity*, and therefore, in some sort, *quality* of sound. By this expedient, Mr. Nathan has gone far to remove one of the greatest impediments hitherto experienced in conveying precise notions of expression; and he has done more than any one in forming a philosophical language, as it were, in which such ideas may be imparted.

"The directions as to the mouth are sensible, and particularly as Mr. Nathan adheres to moderation. All extravagances are, he says, absurd. The same remark applies to his section on articulation.

"Mr. Nathan commences his examples, by an ascending and descending scale conjoined, in all the clefs, and in thirteen major and thirteen minor keys. The exercises are elaborate and well contrived; they convey the rudiments of every possible combination of time, intervals, and divisions. The student, who will sedulously practise them, will never be embarrassed by any passage he may meet."---*Quarterly Musical Review*, No. XIX.

"To his very excellent instructions in music, Mr. Nathan has added an equally amusing and well-written essay on that delightful science. Of the practical part, we shall only say, few lessons will be more beneficial to the young scholar; but from the theoretical part we take the liberty to select a few quotations, which we trust will be entertaining as a *cento* of musical anecdote. The commencement is given to statements of the love and influence of music among the ancients, which is followed by like instances of its effect on the moderns. Music is now but an elegant science, an accomplishment for young ladies, inseparably connected, in the higher and middling classes, with rival and singing misses, frowning mammas (if a squalling shake is interrupted by a whisper) of affected taste, *ennui*, and guinea tickets of solemn Germans and cringing Italians, who grow fat on the spoils of folly, and laugh at their feeders. It is not among the most skilled that we are to look for the intense feeling of music; it is among those with whom it is remembered with the dreams of their youth, whose song of their childhood is cherished in their heart of hearts, that we shall find its most potent effects. Mr. Nathan is, however, at once a master and an enthusiast in his art; he records every

instance of its power, believing 'each strange tale devoutly true;' he is the very man to have exclaimed, on hearing a Handel or a Mozart, 'And I too am a musician."---*Literary Gazette, Sept.* 6, 1823.

"We will take the liberty of adding, that we have been much gratified with many of Mr. Nathan's compositions, and that his recent Work on Music is one of the most skilful we have seen."---*Literary Gazette, July* 26.

"It is to be regretted that Mr. Nathan should have published his work as an Essay, that title not being calculated to give the musical world an adequate idea of its importance: for, however just its application to those parts of the work relating to the history and theory of music, it does not convey to the public mind that it contains (as is the case) a complete course of study, instructions, and lessons, sufficiently comprehensive to enable the student to bring his voice to the most finished state of cultivation.

"Possessing a just conception of the legitimate object of music, Mr. Nathan has written freely on the agreement of accent and emphasis, which should subsist in the adaptation of music to poetry. In treating on this part of the subject, one of our first composers furnishes him with sufficient proof that his remarks are as necessary as judicious; while at the same time the justice of them is so self-evident, that the composer alluded to, must himself read them with every conviction of their propriety.

"Some of the remarks contained in the Essay are severe; and we at first felt disposed to condemn the apparent harshness exhibited towards those whom Mr. Nathan calls the 'lacqueys of music;' but we fear his remarks are too well supported by fact, to justify our censure; at any rate, they can only apply to those who, conscious of the deficiency of their pretensions, identify themselves with the picture he has drawn.

"Mr. Nathan professes, that he has endeavoured to divest his language of all superfluous technicality: and so far has he succeeded, that while he has rendered his Essay an invaluable assistant to the professor, the general interspersion of anecdote is so judicious, that it is no less calculated for the perusal of juvenile students, and must be read, even by those unacquainted with the science, with interest and delight."—*La Belle Assemble.*

"Mr. Nathan has just published a work highly creditable to his taste and talents. It is 'An Essay on the History and Theory of Music, and on the Qualities, Capabilities, and Management of the Human Voice.' It is a most erudite and instructive production, well deserving the patronage which we understand it experiences from His Majesty, and, we will add, the general attention of the public, which it will not fail to receive."---*Morning Post, June* 7, 1823.

"Many able expositions of the origin and progress of music have been submitted to the public by men universally allowed to possess the greatest talents in the peculiar branch of literature which they have discussed;

but a work, comprehending a general history of the science, and a dissertation on the individual accomplishment of singing, has long been a desideratum in the musical world. Mr. Nathan, the Author of the Work before us, has long been a successful aspirant to public notice as a Composer, and his merit (as admitted even by that fearful tribunal, the members of his own profession) is too well known to require any eulogium from us. An attentive consideration of the work has confirmed us in the favourable impression which the copious Table of Contents, and the modest and unassuming Preface, had left upon our minds; and the judicious remarks on the effect produced by an impressive delivery of the words, appear to us highly deserving of attention. Mr Nathan has the peculiar advantage of communicating his instructions under an agreeable form; his book, while it improves, amuses, and induces us to subscribe to the opinion of Horace, that it is often allowable 'ridentem dicere verum.' The amusing anecdotes and historical relations with which it abounds, give an agreeable character to the work, and render it highly interesting, even to those who are unacquainted with music; while the important instructions and excellent observations contained in its pages, make it doubly valuable to the youthful professional student, or the amateur."---*The Sun, May* 24, 1823.

"On the 10th of September, we extracted several musical anecdotes, from Mr. Nathan's entertaining and ingenious 'Essay on the History and Theory of Music.' * * * * * * from the same source, will, we doubt not, be acceptable to our readers."--*New Times, October* 28, 1823.

"MUSIC.---The well-known author of the 'Hebrew Melodies,' Mr. I. Nathan, has just published a very scientific, and, in our opinion, highly-valuable work, entitled 'An Essay on the History and Theory of Music, and on the Qualities, Capabilities, and Management of the Human Voice.' The Volume abounds with interesting matter, in exemplification of the various subjects on which it treats; but as we wish rather to call the attention of the musical world to the work itself, than to injure it by giving a solitary extract or two, we shall merely observe, that his observations are often novel, always judicious, and frequently as entertaining as they are instructive. In short, Mr. Nathan appears to be completely master of the task he has undertaken, and there are few amateurs, or even professors, we venture to affirm, but what may glean from his Essay some valuable hints."---*Bells Life in London, May* 18, 1823.

See also *Revue Encyclopedique*, 156, *October* 1823.

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