## LORD AND LADY BYRON.

THE STORY OF THEIR MARNIAGE AND SEPARA-TFON-LADY BYRON'S VERSION OF THE AFFAIR, AS RELATED BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The following is the promised account, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, of the real difficulty between Lord and Lady Byron which led to their separation. We give all the essential points from the long narrative prepared by Mrs. Stowe:-

The reading world of America has lately been presented with a book, which is said to sell rapidly, and which appears to meet with universal favor. The subject of the book may be thus briefly stated: - The mistress of Lord Byron comes before the world for the sake of vindicating his fame from slanders and aspersions cast on him by his wife. The story of the mistress against wife may be summed up as follows:-

Lord Byron, the hero of the story, is represented as a human being endowed with every natural charm, gift, and grace, who, by the one false step of an unsuitable marriage, wrecked his whole life. A narrow-minded, cold-hearted precisian, without sufficient intellect to comprehend his genius, or heart to feel for his temptations, formed with him one of those mere wouldly marriages, common in high life, and, finding that she could not reduce him to the mathematical proprieties and conventional rules of her own model of life, suddenly, and without warning, abandoned him in the most cruel and inexplicable manner. It is alleged that she parted from him in apparent affection and good humor, wrote him a playful, confiding letter upon the way; but, after reaching her father's house, suddenly, and without explanation, announced to him that she would never see him again; that this sudden abandonment drew down upon him a perfect storm of scandalous stories, which his wife never contradicted: that she never, in any way or shape, stated what the exact reasons for her departure had been, and thus silently gave scope to all the malice of thousands of encuries. The sensitive victim was actually driven from England, his home broken up, and he doomed to be a lonely wanderer on foreign shores.

In Italy, under bluer skies and among a gentler people, with more tolerant modes of judgment, the authoress intimates that he found peace and consolation. A lovely young Italian Countess fell in love with him, and breaking her family ties for his sake, devotes herself to him, and in blissful retirement with her he finds at last that domestic life for which he was so fitted. Soothed. calmed, and refreshed, he wrote "Don Juan, which the world is at this late hour informed was a poem with a high moral purpose, de-signed to be a practical illustration of the doctrine of total depravity among young gentlemen in high life. Under the elevating influence of love, he rises at last to higher realms of moral excellence, and resolves to devote the rest of his life to some noble and heroic purpose, becomes the savior of Greece, and dies untimely, leaving a nation to mourn his loss. The authoress dwells with a peculiar bitterness on Lady Byron's silence during all these tears, is the most aggravated form of persecution and injury. She informs the world that Lord Byron wrote his autobiography with the purpose of giving a fair statement of the exact truth of the matter, and that Lady Byron bought up the manu-script of the publisher and insisted on its being destroyed unread, thus inflexibly depriving her husband of his last chance before the tribunal of the public. As a result of this | Chaworth, but another guilty and more damasilent, persistent craelty on the part of a cold, ing memory that overshadowed that hour. correct, narrow-minded woman, the character | The moment the carriage doors were shut his name transmissed to which it is the object his name transmitted to after ages with asperof this book to remove, \* sands of unreflecting readers that they are histening merely to the story of Lord Byron's mistress and of Lord Byron, and that even by their own showing their heaviest accusation against Lady Byron is that she hats not spaken of old, her story has never been told. \* \* \* Lady Byron's obdurate cold-heartedness in lead to reconciliation, was the one point conceded on all sides. The stricter moralist defended her, but gentler hearts throughout all the world regarded her as a marble-headed monster of correctness and morality, a personification of the law unmitigated by the Gospel. Literature in its highest walks busied itself with Lady Byron. The true history of Lord and Lady Byron has long been perfectly understood in many servant longed circles in England, but the facts were of a nature that could not be made public. While there was a young daughter living, whose future might be prejudiced by its recital, and while there were other persons on whom the disclosure of the real truth would have been erushing as an avalanche, Lady Byron's only course was the perfect silence in which she took refuge, and those sublime works of charity and mercy to which she conseerated her blighted earthly life. = + No person in England, we think, would as yet take the responsibility of relating the true history which is to clear Lady Byron's memory. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, all the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this

tion, yet filling him with remorse and anguish, and insane dread of detection. Two years after his refusal by Miss Millbanke, his various friends, seeing that for some cause he was wretched, pressed marriage upon him. Marriage has often been represented as the proper goal and terminus of a wild and dissipated career, and it has been supposed to be the appointed mission of good women to receive wandering prodignls, with all the rags and disgraces of their old life upon them, and put rings on their hands and shoes on their feet, and introduce them, clothed and in their right minds, to an honorable career in society. Marriage was therefore universally recommended to Lord Byron by his numerous friends and well-wishers; and so he determined to marry, and in an hour of reckless desperation, sat down and wrote proposals to two ladies. One was declined. The other, which was accepted, was to Miss Millbanke. The world knows well that he had the gift of expression, and will not be surprised that he wrote a very beautiful letter, and that the woman who had already learned to love him

fell at once into the snare. Her answer was a frank, outspoken avowal of her love for him, giving herself to him heart and hand. The good in Lord Byron was not so utterly obliterated that he could receive such a totter without emotion, or practice such unfairness on a loving, trusting heart without pangs of remorse. He had sent the letter in more recklessness; he had not seriously expected to be accepted, and the discovery of the treasure of affection which he had secured was like a vision of lost heaven to a soul in hell. But, nevertheless, in his letters written about the engagement. there are sufficient evidences that his self love was flatered at the preference ac corded him by so superior a women and one who had been so much sought. He mentions with an air of com-placency that she has employed the last two years in retusing five or six of his acquaint ance: that he had no idea she loved him, admitting that it was an old attachment on his part: he dwells on her virtues with a sort of pride of ownership. There is a sort of child ish levity about the frankness of these letters. very characteristic of the man who skimme over the deepest abysses with the lightest jests. Before the world and to his intimates he was acting the part of the successful *flance*. conscious all the while of the deadly secret that lay cold at the bottom of his heart. When he went to visit Miss Millbanke's parents, as her accepted lover, she was struck with his manner and appearance: she saw him moody and gloomy, evidently wrestling with dark and despe rate thoughts, and suything but what a happy and accepted lover should be. She sought an interview with him alone, and told him that she had observed that he was not happy in the engagement, and magnanimously added that, if on review he found he had been mistaken in the nature of his feelings, she would immediately release him, and they should remain only friends. Overcome with the conflict of his feelings, Lord Byron fainted away. Miss Millbanke was convinced that his heart must really be deeply involved in an attachment with reference to which he showed such strength of emotion, and she spoke no more of the dissolution of the engagement. There is no reason to doubt that Byron was,

as he relates in his Dream, profoundly agonized and agitated, when he stood before God's altar, with the trusting young creature whom he was leading to a fate so awfully tragic; yet it was not the memory of Mary of Lord Byron has been misunderstood, and upon the bridegroom and the bride, the paroxysm of remove and despair—unrepentant remove and enjoy despair—broke forth upon her gentle head. "You might have saved me It does not appear to occur to the thous from this, madam! you had all in your own power when I offered myself to you first Then you might have made me what you pleased: but now you will find that you have married a devil! In Miss Martineau's sketches, recently published, is an account of the termination of this wedding journey, which brought them to one of Lady Byron's refusing even to listen to his prayers or to ancestral country-seats, where they were to have any intercourse with him which might spend the honeymoon. Miss Martineau says -"At the altar she did not know that she was a sacrifice; but before sourced of that winter day she know it, if a judgment may be formed from her face and attitude of despit; when she alighted from the carriage on the atternoon of her marriage day. It lears which won the sympath was not the trai to stood at the open door. The out of the carriage and walkes eighted and came up the step the old butter way. Collect and came up the steps include and frame agonized and horror and despair. The old is horror and despair. The old is hor his arm to the young, lonely unnee of sympathy and protec-shock she certainly rai-the pectulary difficulties where exactly what hers was fitted to encounter. estimony, after the catastrophe, and a more sympathic and the statest optime. alone, with a con listless with creature, as in and her a devoted set Her husban restinions, after the catastrophe, ellog, a more sympathizing and its, never blessed any man's all twards called her cold and deverplous, and so forth, it was iten had gone against him, and served that her fidelity and mercy, againstinuty, might be relied on, so that a brighte ngreeable ne. When when public er silence am that he was at 10 merty to make his part good far as she was concerned. Silent she was, even to her own parents, whose feelings she magnutationsly spared. She did not and rashly la leaving him, though the had been most rash in marrying him." Not at once did the full knowledge of the dreadful reality into which she had entered come upon the young wife. She knew vaguely, from the wild avowals of the first hours of their marriage, that there was a dreadful secret of guilt, that Byron's soul was torn with agonies of remorse, and that he had no love to give to her in return for a love which was ready to do and dare all for him. Yet bravely she addressed herself to the task of soothing and pleasing and calming the man whom she had taken "for better or worse. Young and gifted, with a peculiar air of refined and sparitual beauty; graceful in every movement, pessessed of exquisite taste; a perfect companion to his mind in all the higher walks of literary culture, and with that infinite plia bility to all his varying, capricious moods which true love alone can give; bearing in her hand a princely fortune, which, with a woman's uncalculating generosity, was thrown at his feet-there is no wonder that she might feel for awhile as if she could enter the lists with the very devil himself, and light with a woman's weapons for the heart of her husband. There are indications scattered through the letters of Lord Byron, which, though brief indeed, showed that his young wife was making every effort to accommodate herself to him, and to give him a cheerful home. One of the poems that he sends to his publisher about this time, he speaks of as being copied by her. He had always the highest regard for her literary judgments and opinions, and this little incident shows that e was already associating herself in a wifely fashion with his aims as an author. \*

nocence." There were lucid intervals in which Lord Byron felt the charm of his wife's mind and the strength of her powers. "Bell, you could be a poet, too, if you only thought so," he would say. There were summer hours in her stormy life, the memory of which never left her, when Byron was as gentle and tender as he was beautiful; when he seemed to be possessed by a good angel, and then for a little time all the ideal possibilities of his nature stood revealed. The most dreadful men to live with are those who thus alternate between angel and devil. The buds of hope and love called out by a day or two of sunshine are frozen again and again till the tree is killed.

But there came an hour of revelation-an hour when, in a manner which left no kind of room for doubt, Lady Byron saw the full depth of the abyss of infamy which her mar-riage was expected to cover, and understood that she was expected to be the cloak and the accomplice of this infamy. Many women would have been utterly crushed by such a disclosure; some would have fled from him immediately, and exposed and denounced the crime, Lady Byron did neither, When all the hope of womanhood died out of her heart, there arose within her, stronger, purer, and brighter, that immortal kind of love such as God feels for the sinner-the love of which Jesus spoke, and which holds the one wanderer of more account than the ninety and nine that went not astray.

She would neither leave her husband, nor betray him, nor would she for one moment justify his sin; and hence came two years of convulsive struggle, in which sometimes, for a while, the good angel seemed to gain ground, and then the evil one returned with sevenfold vehemence.

Lord Byron argued his case with himself and with her, with all the sophistries of his powerful mind. He repudiated Christianity as authority, asserted the right of every human being to follow out what he called "the impulses of nature." Subsequently he introduced into one of his dramas the reason by which he justified himself in incest.

In the drama of "Cain," Adah, the sister and the wife of Cain, thus addresses him:-

Cain! walk not with this spirit. Bear with what we have borne, and love me-1

Love thee, Love for, More than thy mother and thy size? Lucifer. More than thy motors and a data in the second sec

Adah. What I Must not my daughter love her brother Enoch? Lucifer, Not as thou lovest Cain. O my God!

Acah. O my God! Shall they not love and bring forth things that love Out of their love? Have they not drawn their milk Out of this bosom? Was not be, their father, Bern of the same sole womb, in the same hour Forth of the same sole womo, in the same hour With me? did we not love each other? and In multiplying our being multiply Trang which will love each other as we love. Them?—And as I love thee, my Cain? go not Forth with this spirit, he is not of ours. Like/fer. The sin I speak of is not of my making, And cannot be a sin in you—whate'rr. It seems in those who will replace ve in

Mortality. Auch. What is the sin which is not Acah. What is the sin which is not Sin in itself? can circumstances make sin Of virtue? if it doth, we are the slaves

Lady Byron, though slight and almost infantine in her bodily presence, had the soul, not only of an angelic woman, but of a strong, reasoning man. It was the writer's lot to know her when she formed the personal acquaitance of many of the very first minds of England; but, among all with whom this experience brought her in connection, there was none who impressed her so strongly as Lady Byron. There was an almost supernatural power of moral divination, a grasp of the very highest and most comprehensive things, that made her lightest opinions singularly impressive. No doubt that result was wrought out in a great degree from the anguish and conflict of these two years, when, with no one to help or counsel her but Almighty God, she wrestled and struggled with fiends of darkness for the redemption of her husband's soul. She followed him through all his sophistical reasonings with a keener reason. She besought and implored, in the name of his better nature, and by all the glorious things that he was capable of being and doing: and she had just power enough to convulse, and shake, and agonize, but not power enough to subdue. These two years, in which Lady Byron was with all her soul struggling to bring her husband back to his better self, were a series of passionate convulsions. During this time, such was the disordered and desperate state of his worldly affairs, that there were ten executions for debt levied on their family establishment, and it was Lady Byron's fortune each time which settled the account. Towards the last she and her husband saw less and less of each other, and he came more and more decidedly under evil influences, and seemed to acquire a sort of hatred of her. Lady Byron once said significantly to a friend who spoke of some causeless dislike in another:- "My dear, I have known people to be hated for no other reason than because they impersonated conscience." The biographers of Lord Byron and all his apologists are careful to narrate how sweet, and amiable, and obliging he was to everybody who approached him; and the saying of Fletcher, his man-servant, that 'anybody could do anything with my Lord, except my Lady," has often been quoted. The reason of all this will now be evident. "My Lady" was the only one fully understanding the deep and dreadful secrets of his life who had the courage resolutely, and persistently, and inflexibly to plant herself in his way, and insist upon it that, if he went to destruction, it should be in spite of her best efforts. He had tried his strength with her fully. The first attempt had been to make her an accomplice by sophistry, by destroying her faith in Christianity, and confusing her sense of right and wrong, to bring her into the ranks of those convenient women who regard the marriage tie only as a friendly alliance to cover license on both sides. When her husband described to her the continental latitude-the good-humored marriage, in which complaisant couples mutually agreed to form the cloak for each other's infidelities-and gave her to understand that in this way alone she could have a peaceful and friendly life with him, she answered him simply:—"I am too truly your friend to do this." When Lord Byron found that he had to do with one who would not yield, who knew him fully, who could not be blinded and could not be deceived, he determined to rid himself of her altogether. It was when the state of affairs between herself and her husband seemed darkest and most hopeless that the only child of this union was born Lord Byron's treatment of his wife during the sensitive period that preceded the birth of this child, and during her confinement, was marked by paroxysms of unmanly brutality, for which the only possible charity on her part was the supposition of insanity. Moore sheds a significant light on this period by telling us that about this time Byron was often drunk day after day with Sheridan. There had been insanity in the

him as, if not insane, at least so nearly approaching the boundaries of insanity as to be a subject of forbearance and tender pity, and she loved him with that love resembling a mother's, which good wives often feel when they have lost all faith in their husbands principles, and all hopes of their affec-tions. Still she was in heart and soul his best friend, true to him with a truth which he himself could not shake. In the verses addressed to his daughter, Lord Byron speaks of her as

"The child of love, though born in bitterness, And nurtured in convulsion."

A day or two after the birth of this child. Lord Byron came suddenly into Lady Byron's room, and told her that her mother was dead. It was an utter falsehood, but it was only one of the many nameless injuries and cruelties by which he expressed his hatred of her. A short time after her confinement, she was informed by him, in a note, that as soon as she was able to travel she must go-that he could not and would not longer have her about him; and, when her child was only five weeks old, he caried this threat of expulsion into effect. Here we will insert briefly Lady Byron's own account-the only one she ever gave to the public-of this separation. The circumstances under which this brief story was written are affecting. Lord Byron was dead. The whole account between him and her was closed forever in this world. Moore's "Life" had been prepared, containing simply and solely Lord Byron's own version of their story. Moore sent this version to Lady Byron, and requested to know if she had any remarks to make upon it. In reply, she sent a brief statement to him-the first and only one that had ever come from her during all the years of the separation, and which appears to have mainly for its object the exculpation of her father and mother from the charge made by the poet of being the instigators of the separation. In this letter she says, with regard to their separation :----

"The facts are :-- I left London for Kirby Mallory <sup>19</sup>The facts are:--I left London for Kirby Mallory, the residence of my father and mother, on the 15th of January, 18th. Lond Byron had signified to me in writing, January 6, his absolute desire that I should leave London on the earliest day that I could conve-niently fix. It was not safe for me to undertake the fatigue of a journey sconer than the 15th. Previously to my departure it had been strongly impressed upon my mind that Lord Byron was under the influence of insanity. This opinion was derived, in a great measure, from the communications made me by his nearest relatives and, personal attendant, who had more opportunity than myself for observing him during the latter part of my stay in fown. It was even represented to me that he was in danger of destroy-ing himself. With the concurrace of his family, 1 had represented to me that he was in danger of destroy-ing himself. With the concurrence of his family, 1 had consulted Dr. Baillie as a friend, January 8, respect-ing the supposed initially. On acquainting him with the case, and with Lord Byron's desire that I should leave London, Dr. Baillie thought that my absence might be advisable as an experiment, assuming the fact of mential decangement; for Dr. Baillie, not having had access to Lord Eyron, could not pro-nounce a positive opinion on the point. He explained that, in correspondence with Lord Byron. I should avoid all but light and southing toples. Under these impressions 1 left London, determined to follow the advice given by Dr. Baillie. Whatever might have been the conduct of Lord Byron toward use from the time of my marriage, yet, supposing him to be the a time of my marriage, yet, supposing him to be in a state of mental algorithm, it was not for me, nor for any person of common humanity, to manifest at that moment a sense of injury."

Nothing more than this letter from Lady Byron is necessary to substantiate the fact that she did not leave her husband, but was fricen from him that he might give himself up to the guilty infatuation that was conuming him, without being tortured by her imploring face and by the silent power of her presence and her prayers. For a long time before this she had seen little of him. On the day of her departure she passed by the door of his room and stopped to earess his favorite spaniel, which was lying there: and she confessed to a friend the weakness of feeling a willingness even to be something as humble as that poor little creature, might she only be allowed to remain and watch over him. She went into his room, where he and the partner of his sins were sitting together, and said, "Byron, I come to say good-by," offering at the same time her hand. Lord Byron put his hands behind him, retreated to the mantel-piece, and, looking around on the two that stood there with a sarcastic smile, said: "When shall we three meet again?" Lady Byron answored, "In heaven, I trust;" and these were her last words to him on earth. Now, if the reader wishes to understand the real talents of Lord Byron for deception and dissimulation, let him read, with this story in his mind, the "Fare Thee Well" which he addressed to Lady Byron through the printer:-"Fare thee well, and if forever, Still forever fare thes well, Even though unforgiving, never 'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel. "Would that breast were bared before thee, Where thy head so oft hath lain, While that placid sleep came o'er thee Thou can'st never know again.

damning guilty secret became the ruling force | trust to that, for my copyist would write out in his life, holding him with a morbid fascina- anything I desired, in all the ignorance of in- Byron's love-put in for him. She regarded that it required more self-command that he of Lady Byron's friends had propos possessed to carry out so honorable a purpose. Lady Byron made but one condition with him. She had him in her power, and she exacted that the unhappy partner of his sins should | influence over the popular mind, by not follow him out of England, and that the ruinous intrigue should be given up. Her inflexibility on this point kept up that enmity which was constantly expressing itself in . some publication or other, and which drew her and her private relations with him before the public.

The story of what Lady Byron did with the portion of her fortune which was reserved to ner is a record of noble and skilfully administered charities. Pitiful, and wise, and strong, there was no form of human suffering on sorrow that did not find with her refuge and help. She gave not only systematically but also impulsively. Miss Martineau claims for her the honor of having first invented practical schools, in which the children of the poor were turned into agriculturists, artians, seamstresses, and good wives for poor men. While she managed with admirable skill and economy permanent institutions of this sort, she was always ready to relieve suifering in any form. The fugitive slaves, William and Ellen Crafts, escaping to England, were fostered by her protecting care. In many cases, where there was distress or anxiety from poverty among those too self-respecting to make their sufferings known, the delicate hand of Lady Byron ministered to the want with a consideration which spared the most

refined feelings. As a mother, her course was emborraused by peculiar trials. The daughter inherited from the father not only brilliant talents, but a restlessness and morbid sensibility which might be too surely traced to the storms and agitations of the period in which she was born. It was necessary to bring her up in ignorance of the true history of her mother's life, and the consequence was that she could not fully understand that mother. During her early girlhood her career was a source of more anxiety than of comfort. She married a man of fashion, ran a brilliant course as a gay woman of fashion, and died early of a lingering and painful disease. In the silence and shaded retirement of the sick room the daughter came wholly back to her mother's arms and heart; and it was on that mother's bosom that she leaned as she went down into the dark valley. It was that mother who placed her weak and dying hand in that of her Almighty Saviour. To the children left by her daugh ter she ministered with the faithfulness of a guardian angel; and it is owing to her influence that those who yet remain are among the noblest and best of mankind. The per-son whose relation with Byron had been so disastrous, also, in the latter years of her life, felt Lady Byron's loving and ennobling influences, and in her last sickness and dying hours looked to her for consolation and help. There was an unfortunate child of sin, born

with the curse upon her, over whose wayward nature Lady Byron watched with a mother's tenderness. She was the one who could have patience when the patience of every one else failed; and, though her task was a difficult one, from the strange, abnormal propensities to evil in the object of her cares, yet Lady Byron never faltered and never gave over, until death took the responsibility from her hands.

During all this trial, strange to say, her belief that the good in Lord Byron would finally conquer was unshaken. To a friend who said to her, "Oh, how could you love him ?" she answered briefly, "My dear, there was the angel in him." It is in as all. It was in this angel that she had faith. It was for the deliverance of this angel from de-gradation and shame and sin that she unceasingly prayed. She read every work that Byron wrote-read it with a deeper knowledge than any human being but herself could pos-The ribaldry and the obscenity, and sess. the insults with which he strove to make her ridiculous in the world, fell at her pitying feet unheeded. When he broke away from all this unworthy life to devote himself to a manly enterprise for the redemption of Greece, she thought that she saw the begin ning of an answer to her prayers. Even although one of his latest acts concerning her was to repeat to Lady Blessington the false accusation which made Lady Byron the author of all his errors, she still had hopes, from the one step taken in the right direction. In the midst of these hopes came the news of his sudden death. On his death-bed it is well known that he called his confidential English servant to him, "Go to my sister-tell her-go to Lady Byron -you will see her, and say-" Here followed twenty minutes of indistinct mutterings, in which the names of his wife, daughter, and sister frequently occurred. He then said: "Now I have told you all." "My Lord," replied Fletcher, "Thave not understood a word your lordship has been saying. "Not under-stand me!" exclaimed Lord Byron, with a look of the utmost distress; "what a pity ! then it is too late-all is over!" He afterwards, says Moore, tried to utter a few words, of which none were intelligible except "my sis-ter-my child." When Fletcher returned to London, Lady Byron sent for him, and walked the room in convulsive struggles to repress her tears and sobs, while she over and over again strove to elicit something from him which should enlighten her upon what that last message had been; but in vain-the gates of eternity were shut in her face, and not a

question to her whether she had I sponsibility to society for the trath; she did right to allow these writings silent consent to what she knew utter falsehoods. Lady Byron's life had been passed in the heroic self-abnegation and self-sacrifi she had now to consider whether one n of self-denial was not required of her leaving this world-namely, to deck absolute truth, no matter at what exp her own feelings. For this reason it desire to recount the whole history to a of another country, and entirely out sphere of personal and local feeling might be supposed to influence those country and station in life where the really happened, in order that she m helped by such a person's views in mak an opinion as to her own duty. The int had almost the solemnity of a dea avowal. Lady Byron stated the facts have been embodied in this article, an to the writer a paper containing brief randa of the whole with the dates affixe

She went over, with a clear andys history of his whole life as she had thor out during the lonely musings of her y hood. She dwelt on the ancestral which gave him a nature of exceptions dangerous susceptibility. She went it the mismatagements of his childhoor history of his school-days, the influer history of his school course of classical re on such a mind as his. She sketched 1 and clearly the internal life of the young of the time, as she with her purer eye looked through it, and showed how which with less susceptible fibre and strength of nature were tolerable for his panions, were deadly to him, unhingin nervous system, and intensifying the da of ancestral proclivities. Lady Byro pressed the feeling, too, that the Calvi theology, as heard in Scotland, had prov his case, as it often does in certain mi subtle poison. He never could either lieve or become reconciled to it, and the problems it proposes embittered his against Christianity. "The worst of it do believe," he would often say with vio when he had been employing all his pe of reason, wit, and ridicule upon these jects.

Through all this sorrowful history was scen, not the care of a slandered wom make her story good, but the pathetic an of a mother who treasures every partic hope, every intimation of good, in the whom she cannot cease to love, Wth describable resignation she dwelt last hours, those words addressed to I to be understood until repeated in

The writer was so impressed and excite the whole scene and recital that she be for two or three days to deliberate b forming any opinion. She took the m randa with her, returned to London, and a day or two to the consideration of the ject. The decision which she made chiefly influenced by her reverence and a tion for Lady Byron. She seemed so I and had suffered so much, she stood at su height above the comprehension of the co and common world, that the author h feeling that it would almost be like viola a shrine to ask her to come forth from sanctuary of a silence where she had so abode and plead her cause. She wrot Lady Byron that while this act of justice seem to be called for, and to be in some spects most desirable, yet, as it would inve so much that was painful to her, the wi after her death, and recommended that ; facts necessary should be put in the hand some person, to be so published. Years passed on. Lady Byron linge four years after this interview, to the wor of her physicians and all her friends. Indy Byron's death the writer looked iously, hoping to see a memoir of the pe whom she considered the most remark woman that England had produced in century. No such memoir has appeare the part of her friends; and the mistre Lord Byron has the car of the public, is sowing far and wide unworthy slan which are eagerly gathered up and read by undiscriminating community. There may family reasons in England which pre-Lady Byron's friends from speaking; but I Byron has an American existence, and re ence for a pure womanhood is, we thin national characteristic of the American; so far as this country is concerned, we that the public should have this refutatio the slanders of the Countess Guiccioli's be

melancholy history been allowed to sleep, no public use would have been made of them; but the appearance of a popular attack on the character of Lady Byron calls for a vindication, and the true story of her married life will, therefore, now be related.

Lord Byron has described in one of his letters the impression left upon his mind by a young person whom he met one evening in society, and who attracted his attention by the simplicity of her dress and a certain air of singular purity and calmness with which she surveyed the scene around her. On inquiry he was told that this young person was Miss Milbanke, an only child and one of the largest heiresses in England.

The result of Byron's intimacy with Miss Milbanke and the enkindling of his nobler feelings was an offer of marriage, which she, though at the time deeply interested in him, declined with many expressions of friendship and interest. In fact, she already loved him, but had that doubt of her power to be to him all that a wife should be which would be likely to arise in a mind so sensitively constituted and so unworldly. They, however, continued a correspondence as friends; on her part the interest continually increased, on his the transient rise of better feelings was choked and overgrown by the thorns of base and unworthy passions. From the height at which he might have been happy as the husband of a noble woman, he fell into the depths of a secret adulterous intrigue with a blood relation, so near in consanguinity that discovery must have been utter ruin and expulsion from civilized society. From henceforth this

Only a few days before she left him forever, Lord Byron sent Murray manuscripts, in Lady Byron's handwriting, of the Siege of Corinth and Parisina, and wrote:-"I am very glad that the handwriting was a favorable omen of the morale of the piece, but you must not

"Though my many faults defaced me, Could no other arm be found Than the one which once embraced me

To inflict a cureless wound?

The reaction of society against him at the ime of the separation from his wife was something which he had not expected, and for which, it appears, he was entirely unprepared. It broke up the guilty intrigue and drove him from England. He had not the courage to meet or endure it. The world, to be sure, was very far from suspecting what the truth was, out the tide was setting against him with such vehemence as to make him tremble every hour lest the whole should be known; and henceforth it became a warfare of desperation to make his story good, no matter at whose expense.

He had tact enough to perceive at first that the assumption of the pathetic and the magnanimous, and general confession of faults accompanied with admissions of his wife's goodness, would be the best policy in his case. In this mood he thus writes to Moore: "The fault was not in my choice (unless in choosing at all), for I do not believe, and I must say it in the very dregs of all this bitter business, that there was ever a better, or even a brighter, a kinder, or more amiable, agreeable being than Lady Byron. I never had, nor can have, any reproach to make her while with me. Where there is blame, it belongs to myself."

As there must be somewhere a scapegoat to bear the sins of the affair, Lord Byron wrote a poem called "A Sketch," in which he lays the blame of stirring up strife on a friend and former governess of Lady Byron's: but in this sketch he introduces just eulogy on Lady Byron.

In leaving England, Lord Byron first went to Switzerland, where he conceived and in part wrote out the tragedy of Manfred. Moore speaks of his domestic misfortunes. and the sufferings which he underwent at this time, as having an influence in stimulating his genius, so that he was enabled to write with a greater power. Anybody who reads the tragedy of *Manfred* with this story in his mind will see that it is true. \* \* The world can easily see, in Moore's biography, what, after this, was the course of Lord Byron's life-how he went from shame to shame, and dishonor to dishonor, and used the fortune which his wife brought him in the manner described in those private letters which his biographer was left to print. Moore, indeed, says Byron had made the reso-

word had passed to tell her if he had repented. For all that, Lady Byron never doubted his selvation. Ever before her, during the few remaining years of her widowhood, was the image of her husband, purified and ennobled, with the shadows of earth forever dissipated the stains of sin forever removed--"the angel in him," as she expressed it, "made perfect, according to its divine ideal." It has been thought by some friends who

have read the proof-sheets of the foregoing, that the author should state more specifically her authority for these statements. The circumstances which led the writer to England at a certain time originated a friendship and correspondence with Lady Byron, which was always regarded as one of the greatest acquisitions of that visit. On the occasion of a second visit to England, in 1856, the writer received a note from Lady Byron, indicating that she wished to have some private, confi dential conversation upon important subjects. and inviting her for that purpose to spend a day with her at her country seat near London. The writer went and spent a day with Lady Byron alone, and the object of the invitation was explained to her. Lady Byron was in such a state of health that her physicians had warned her that she had very little time to live. She was engaged in those duties and retrospections which every thoughtful person finds necessary, when coming deliberately and with open eyes to the boundaries of this mortal life. At that time there was a cheap edition of Byron's works in contemplation. intended to bring his writings into circula tion among the masses, and the pathos arising from the story of his domestic misfortunes was one great means relied on for giving it

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