THE BYRON SCANDAL.

Lord Byron's Side of the Question-What the Countess sculcibili says on the Subject.

As a part of the history of the scandalous story set afloat by Mrs. Stowe, we give the following comments upon Lady Byron by the Countess Guiccioli. As it was the publication of this lady's reminiscences that gave Mrs. Stowe her cue, the public will of course wish to know what she said on this particular subject:-

Lord Byron's marriage exercised such a deplorable influence over his destiny, that it is impossible to speak of it succinctly, and without entering into details; for this one great misfortune proved the fruitful source of all others. If we were permitted to believe that Providence sometimes abandons men here below to the influence of an evil genius, we might well conceive this baneful intervention in the case of Lord Byron's conjugal union, and all the circumstances that led to it.

It was but a few months after having returned from his travels in the East that Lord Byron published his first cantos of "Childe and obtained triumphs as an orator in the House of Lords. Presenting himself thus for the first time to the public, surrounded by all the prestige belonging to a handsome person, rank and youth—in a word, with such an assemblage of qualities as are seldom, if ever, found united in one personhe immediately became the idol of England. The enemies created by his boyish satire, and augmented by the jealousy his success could not fail to cause, now hid themselves like those vile insects that slink back into their holes on the first appearance of the sun's rays, ready to creep out again when fogs and dark-ness return. Living, then, in the midst of the great world, in the closest intimacy with many of the fair sex, and witnessing the small amount of wedded happiness enjoyed by aristecratic couples within his observation, intending also to wing his flight eventually towards climes more in unison with his tastes, he no longer felt that attraction for marriage which he had experienced in boyhood (like most youths), and he said, quite seriously, that if his cousin, George Byron, would marry, he, on his part, would willingly engage not to enter into wedlock. But his friends saw with regret that his eyes were still seeking through English clouds the blue skies of the East, and that he was kept in perpetual agitation by the fair ones who would east themselves athwart his path, throwing themselves at his head when not at his feet. Vainly did he distort himself, give himself out to the public as a malign himself; his true "Childe Ha art was overflowing friends knew that with tenderness, and they could not thus be duped. If he had wished to cull some flowers idly, for the sake of scattering their leaves to the breeze, as youth so often does, this sort of amusement would have been difficult for him; for the fine ladies of his choice, if once they succeeded in inspiring him with some kind of tender feeling, fastened themselves upon him in such a passionate way that his freedom became greatly shackled, and they generally ended by making the public the confidents of their secret.

Lord Byron had some adventures that brought him annoyance and grief. They made him fall into low spirits—a sort of moral apathy and indifference for everything. His best friends, and the wisestamong them, thought that the surest way of settling him in England and getting him out of the scrapes into which he was being dragged by female enthusiasm would be for him to marry, and they advised him to it pertinacionsly. Lord Byron, ever docile to the voice of affection, did not repel the counsels given; but he made them well understand that he should marry from reason rather than choice.

* * * And so he married Miss Mill-banke. * * * Lady Byron possessed one of those minds clever at reasoning, but weak in judgment; that can reason much without being reasonable, to use the words of a great philosophical moralist of our day; one of those minds that act as if life were a problem in jurisprudence or geometry; who argue, distinguish, and by dint of syllogisms deceive themselves learnedly. She always deceived herself in this way about Lord Byron. When she was enciente, and her confinement drawing near, the storm continued to gather above her husband's head. He was in correspondence with Moore, then absent from London. Moore's apprehensions with regard to the happiness likely to result from a union that had never appeared suitable in his eyes had nevertheless calmed down on receiving letters from Lord Byron that expressed satisfaction. Yet during the first days of what is vulgarly termed the "honeymoon" Lord Byron sent Moore some very melancholy verses, to be set to music, said he, and which began thus:-

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away.

Moore had already felt some vague disquietude, and he asked why he allowed his mind to dwell on such sorrowful ideas? Lord Byron replied that he had written these verses on learning the death of a friend of his childhood, the Duke of Dorset, and as his subsequent letters were full of jests Moore became reassured. Lord Byron said he was happy, and so he was; for Lady Byron, not being jealous then, continued to be gentle and

"But these indications of a contented heart soon ceased. His mention of the partner of his home became more rare and formal, and there was observable, I thought, through some of his letters a feeling of unquiet and weariness that brought back all those gloomy anticipations which I had from the first felt regarding his fate."

Above all, there were expressions in his letters that seemed of sad augury. For instance, in announcing the birth of his little girl, Lord Byron said he was absorbed in five hundred contradictory contemplations, although he had only one single object in view, which would probably come to nothing, as it mostly happens with all we desire. never mind," he said, "as somebody says, for the blue sky bends over all.' I only could be glad if it bent over me where it is a little bluer, like skyish top of blue Olympus.'

On reading this letter, dated the 5th of January, full of aspirations after a blue sky, Moore was struck with the tone of melancholy pervading it; and knowing that it was Lord Byron's habit when under the pressure of sorrow and uneasiness to seek relief in expressing his yearnings after freedom and after other climes, he wrote to him in these terms

-"Do you know, my dear Byron, there was something in your last letter-a sort of mystery, as well as a want of your usual elasticity of spirits—which has hung upon my mind unpleasantly ever since. I long to be near you, that I might know how you really look and feel, for these letters tell nothing, and one word, a quattr' occhi, is worth whole reams of correspondence. But only do tell me you are happier than that letter has led me to fear, and I shall be satisfied."

"It was," says Moore, "only a few weeks after the exchange of these letters that Lady arms. Let us add, in conclusion, that the

Byron took the resolution of separating from him. She had left London at the end of January on a visit to her parents in Leicestershire, and Lord Byron was to join her there soon after. They had parted with mutual demonstrations of attachment and good understanding. On the journey Lady Byron wrote a letter to her husband, couched in playful, affectionate language. What, then, must have been his astonishment when, directly after her arrival at Kirby Mallory, her father, Sir Ralph, wrote to tell Lord Byron that his daughter was going to remain with them, and would return to him no more?"

This unexpected stroke fell heavily upon him. The pecuniary embarrassments growing up since his marriage (for he had already undergone eight or nine executions in his own house) had then reached their climax. He was then, to use his own energetic expression, "alone at his hearth, his penates trans fixed around;" and then was he also condemned to receive the unaccountable intelli gence that the wife who had just parted from him in the most affectionate manner had abandoned him forever.

His state of mind cannot be told, nor, perhaps, be imagined. Still he describes it in some passages of his letters, showing at the same time the firmness, dignity, and strength of mind that always distinguished him.

If we were to enter into a polemic on this subject, or simply to make conscien-tious researches, there would be many chances of proving in opposition to the axiom that the fault of these great men lay in the bad choice of their helpmates. In truth, if there have been a Germina Donati and a Milbanke, we also find in ancient times a Calpurnia and a Portia among the wives of great men; and, in modern times, wives of poets who have been the honor of their sex, proud of their husbands, and living only for them. Ought not these examples at least to destroy the absolute nature of the theory, making it at best conditional? The larger number of great men, it is true, did not marry. Of this number we find Michael Angelo, Raphael, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, Cervantes, Voltaire, Pope, Alfieri, and Canova, and many others among the poets and philosophers, Bacon, Newton, Galileo, Descartes, Bayle, and Leibnitz.

What does that prove if not that they either would not or could not marry, but certainly not that they were incapable of being good husbands? Besides, a thousand causes—apart from the fear of being unhappy in domestic life, considerations of fortune, prior attachments, etc.—may have prevented them. But as to Lord Byron, at least, it is still more certain with regard to him than to any other that he might have been happy had he made a better choice; if circumstances had only been tolerable, as he himself says. Lord Byron had none of those faults that often disturb harmony, because they put the wife's virtue to too great a trial. If the best disposition, according to a deep moralist, is that which gives much and exacts nothing, then assuredly his deserves to be so characterized. Lord Byron exacted nothing for himself. Moreover, discussion, contradiction, teasing, were insupportable to him; his amiable, jesting way even precluded them. In all the cir-cumstances and all the details of his life he displayed that high generosity, that contempt of petty, selfish, material calculations so well adapted for gaining hearts in general, and especially those of women. Add to that the prestige belonging to his great beauty, his wit, his grace, and it will be easy to understand the love he must have inspired as soon

as he became known. * And now let us hasten to add that although Lord Byron was not in love with Miss Milbanke he had no dislike to her person, for she was rather pretty and pleasing in appearance. Her reputation for moral and intellectual qualities standing on such a high pedestal. Lord Byron naturally conceived that esteem might well suffice to replace tenderness. It is certain that if she had lent herself to it more, and if circumstances had only been endurable, their union might have presented the same character common to most aristocratic couples in England, and that even Lord Byron might have been able to act from virtue in default of feeling; but that little requisite for him was wholly wanting. His celebrated and touching "Farewell" might be brought up as an objection to what we have just advanced. It might be said that the word sincere is a proof of love, and insincere a proof of falsehood. Lastly, that in all cases there was a want of delicacy and refinement in thus confiding his domestic troubles to the public. Well, all that would be illfounded, unjust, and contrary to truth. This is the truth of the matter. Lord Byron had just been informed that Lady Byron, having sent off by post the letter wherein she confirmed all that her father, Sir Ralph, had written, namely, her resolution of not returning to the conjugal roof, had afterwards caused this letter to be sought for, and on its being restored had given way to almost mad demonstrations of joy. Could he see aught else in this account, save a certainty of the evil influences weighing on her, and making her act in contradiction to her real senti ments? He pitied her then as a victim, thought of all the virtues said to crown her, the illusive belief in which he was far then from having lost; he forgot the wrongs she had inflicted on him-the spying she had kept up around him, the calumnies spread against him, the use she had made of the letters abstracted from his desk. Yes, all was forgotten by his generous heart; and according to custom he even went so far as to accuse himself-to see in the victim only his wife, the mother of his little Ada! Under this excitement he was walking about at night in his solitary apartments, and suddenly chanced to perceive in some corner different things that had belonged to Lady Byron—dresses and other articles of attire. It is well known how much the sight of these inanimate mementoes has power to call up recollections even to ordinary imaginations. What, then, must have been the vividness with which they acted on an imagination like Lord Byron's His heart softened toward her, and he recollected that one day, under the influence of sorrows which well nigh robbed him of consciousness, he had answered her harshly Thinking himself in the wrong, and full o the anguish that all these reflections and objects excited in his breast, he allowed his tears to flow, and, snatching a pen, wrote down that touching effusion, which somewhat eased his suffering.

The next day one of his friends found these beautiful verses on his desk, and judging of Lady Byron's heart and that of the public according to his own, he imprudently gave them to the world. Thus we can no more doubt Lord Byron's sincerity in writing them than we can accuse him of publishing them. But what may cause astonishment is that they could possibly have been ill-interpreted, as they were; and, above all, that this touching "Farewell"—which made Madame de Stael say she would gladly have been unhappy, like Lady Byron, to draw it forththat it should not have had power to rescue her heart from its apathy and bring her to the feet of her husband, or at least into his

most atrocious part of this affair, and doubtless the most wounding for him, was precisely Lady Byron's conduct, and in this conduct the worst was her cruel silence!

She has been called, after his words, the moral Clytemnestra of her husband. Such a surname is severe; but the repugnance we feel to condemning a woman cannot prevent our listening to the voice of justice, which tells us that the comparison is still in favor of the guilty one of antiquity. For she, driven to crime by fierce passion overpowering rea-son, at least only deprived her husband of physical life, and in committing the deed exposed herself to all its consequences; while Lady Byron left her husband at the very moment that she saw him struggling amid a thousand shoals in the stormy sea of embarrassments created by his marriage, and precisely when he more than ever required a friendly, tender, and indulgent hand to save him from the tempests of life. Besides, she shut herself up in silence a thousand times more cruel than Clytemnestra's poniard, that only killed the body; whereas Lady Byron's silence was destined to kill the soul, and such a soul, leaving the door open to calumny and making it to be supposed that her silence was magnanimity destined to cover over frightful wrongs, perhaps even depravity. In vain did he, feeling his conscience at ease, implore some inquiry and examination. She refused, and the only favor she granted him was to send him, one fine day, two persons to see whether he were not mad. Happily Lord Byron only discovered at a later period the purport of this strange visit.

In vain did Lord Byron's friend, the companion of all his travels, throw himself at Lady Byron's feet, imploring her to give over this fatal silence. The only reply she deigned was, that she had thought him mad. And why, then, had she believed him mad? Because she, a methodical, inflexible woman, with that unbendingness which a profound meralist calls the worship rendered to pride by a feelingless soul; because she could not understand the possibility of tastes and habits different to those of ordinary routine, or of her own starched life! Not to be hungry when she was; not to sleep at night, but to write while she was sleeping, and to sleep when she was up; in short, to gratify the requirements of material and intellectual life at hours different to hers-all that was not merely annoying for her, but it must be maddess; or, if not, it betokened depravity that she could neither submit to nor tolerate without imperilling her own morality!

Such was the grand secret of the cruel silence which exposed Lord Byron to the most maligeant interpretations-to all the calumny and revenge of his enemies. She was perhaps the only woman in the world so strangely organized—the only one, perhaps, capable of not feeling happy and proud at belonging to a man superior to the rest of hu-manity; and fatally was it decreed that this woman alone of her species should be Lord Byron's wife!

Before closing this chapter it remains for us to examine if it be true, as several of his biographers have pretended, that he wished to be reunited to his wife. We must here declare that Lord Byron's intention, in the last years of his life, was, on the contrary, not to see Lady Byron again.

* * * Lord Byron has remained unappreciated as a man and unfairly judged as a poet. One calls him the poet of evil; another the bard of sorrow. But no! Lord Byron was not exclusively either the one or the other. He was the poet of the soul, just as Shakespeare was before him. Lord Byron in writing never had in view virtue rather than vice. To take his stand as a teacher of humanity, at his age, would have seemed ridiculous to him. After having chosen subjects in harmony with his genius and a point of view favorable to his poetic temperament, which especially required to throw off the yoke of artificial passions and of weak, frivolous sentiments, what he really endeavored was to be powerfully and energetically true. He thought that truth ought always to have precedence over everything else—that it was the source of the beautiful in art, as well as of all good in souls. To him lies were evil and vice; truth was good and virtue. As a poet, then, he was the bard of the soul and of truth; and, as a man, all those who knew him and all those who read his works must proclaim him the poet who has come nearest to the ideal of truth and sincerity.

And now, after having studied this great soul under every aspect, if there were in happy England men who should esteem themselves higher in the scale of virtue than Lord Byron, because having never been troubled in their belief, either through circumstances or the nature of their own mind, they never admitted or expressed any doubt: because they are the happy husbands of those charming, indulgent, admirable women to be found in England, who love and forgive so much; because, being rich, they have not refused some trifle out of their superfluity to the poor; because, proud and happy in privileges bestowed by their constitution, they have never blamed those in power. If these prosperous ones deemed themselves superior to their great fellow-citizen, would it be illiberal in them to express now a different opinion? Might we not, without rashness, affirm that they should rather hold themselves honored in the virtue and glory of their illustrious countryman, humbly acknowledging that their own greater happiness is not the work of their own hands?

In addition to the statements of the Countess Guiccioli, we give the following particulars with regard to the difficulty between Byron and his wife. Lady Byron's own statement of the facts of the case are interesting, whether as corroborating Mrs. Stowe's story

THE SEPARATION.

The circumstances of the separation between Lord Byron and his wife are tolerably well known. He never loved her, and at the time of the birth of their daughter, Augusta Ada, he treated her, as he himself testifies, with neglect and cruelty. The child was born on the 10th of December, 1815. On the 6th of the next month Lady Byron received a written request from her husband that she should leave London immediately. Moore gives the following account of what followed:

"It was a few weeks after the latter communica-tion between us that Lady Byron adopted the resolu-tion of parting from him. She had left London at the latter end of January, on a visit to her father's house in Leicestershire, and Lord Byron was in a short time to follow her. They had parted in the utmost kindness. She wrote him a letter full of playfulness and affection on the road; and immedi-ately on her arrival at Kirby Mailory, her father wrote to acquaint Lord Byron that she would return to him no more."

A fuller explanation of the affair is given in the statement of Lady Byron, published in 1830, and quoted by Mrs. Stowe. She mentions that her departure was in accordance with her husband's commands. She thought him insane—her impressions being derived, in a great measure, from the communications made to her by his nearest relatives and personal attendant, she herself having for some time seen little of him, She consulted Dr.

Baillie, who, without seeing his lordship, ad- | written soon after the separation, and Byron's vised her, as an experiment, to treat him with all possible mildness and complaisance. That was the reason why she wrote to him in a playful and tender strain. Afterwards she requested Dr. Baillie and Dr. Lushington to have an interview with the poet, for the pur-pose of determining his state of mind. Byron's account of their visit was as follows:-

"I had been suut up in a dark street in London, writing "The Siege of Corinth," and had refused myself to every one till it was mished. I was surprised one day by a doctor and a lawyer almost forcing themselves at the same time into my room; I did not know this afterwards the real object of their visit. I thought their questions singular, frivolous, and somewhat importunate, if not impertinent; but what should I have thought if I had known that they were sent to provide proofs of my insanity? I have what should I have thought if I had known that they were sent to provide proofs of my insanity? I have no doubt that my answers to these emissaries' interrogations were not very rational or consistent, for my imagination was heated by other things; but Dr. Baillie could not conscientiously make me out a certificate for Bedlam, and perhaps the lawyer gave a more favorable report to his employers. The doctor said afterwards he had been told that I always cooked down when Lady Byron bent her eyes on me, and exhibited other appropriate equally infallible. ne, and exhibited other symptoms equally infallible, articularly those that marked the late king's case

In "Don Juan," canto i., stanza 27, he describes the affair again:-

For Inex called some druggists and physicians, And tried to prove her loving lord was mail, But as he had some lucid intermissions, She next decided he was only bad;
She next decided he was only bad;
Yet when they ask'd her for her depositions,
No sort of explanation could be had,
Save that her duty both to man and God
Required this conduct—which seem'd very odd,"

Lady Byron continues the story in the fol-

owing words, not quoted by Mrs. Stowe:-"It has been argued that I parted from Lord Byron in perfect harmony; that feelings incompatible with any deep sense of injury had dictated the letter which I addressed to him; and that my sentiments cust have been changed by persuasion and interfer nee when I was under the roof of my parents These assertions and inferences are wholly destitute of foundation. The accounts given me after I left Lord Byron by the persons in constant intercourse with him added to those doubts which had before with him added to those doubts which had before transiently occurred to my mind, as to the reality of the alleged disease, and the reports of his medical attendant were far from establishing the existence of anything like lunacy. Under this uncertainty, I deemed it right to communicate to my parents that if I were to consider Lord Byron's past conduct as that of a person-of sound mind, nothing could induce me to return to him. It therefore appeared expedient ooth to them and myself to consult the asiest advisers. For that object, and a so to obtain still further infor-For that object, and also to obtain still further infor-mation respecting appearances which seemed to in-dicate mental derangement, my mother determined o go to London. She was empowered by me to take egal opinions on a written statement of mine, though had then reasons for reserving a part of the case from the knowledge even of my father and mother. Being convinced by the result of these inquiries, and by the tenor of Lord Byron's proceedings, that the notion of insanity was an illusion, I no longer healtated to authorize such measures as were necessary in order to secure me from being ever again placed in his power. Conformably with this resolu tion, my father wrote to him on the 2d of February to propose an amicable separation. Lord Byron at first rejected this proposal; but when it was distinctly sign a deed of separation. Upon applying to Dr. Lashington, who was intimately acquainted with all the circumstances, to state in writing what he recollected upon this subject, I received from him the following letter, by which it will be manifest that my mother cannot have been actuated by any hostile or ungenerous motives toward Lord Byron:—

"My Dear Lady Byron:—I can rely upon the accuracy of my memory for the following statement:—I was originally consulted by Lady Noel on your behalf while you were in the country. The circumstances detailed by her were such as justified a separation, but they were not of that aggravated description as to render such a measure indispensable. ign a deed of separation. Upon applying to D

scription as to render such a measure indispensable, On Lady Noel's representation, I deemed a recon-ciliation with Lord Byron practicable, and felt, most ciliation with Lord Byron practicable, and felt, most sincerely, a wish to aid in effecting it. There was not, on Lady Noel's part, any exaggeration of the facts, nor so far as I could perceive, any determination to prevent a return to Lord Byron; certainly none was expressed when I spoke of a reconclustion. When you came to town—in about a fortnight, or perhaps more, after my first interview with Lady Noel—I was for the first time informed by you of facts utterly unknown, as I have no doubt, to Sir Ralph and Lady Noel. On receiving this additional information my opinion was entirely changed: I considered a reconopinion was entirely changed; I considered a recon-ciliation impossible. I declared my opinion, and added that, if such an idea should be entertained. I could not, either professionally or otherwise, take any part towards effecting it. Believe me, very faith STEPHEN LUSHING "Great George street, Jan. 31, 1830."

Whatever the secret charge brought forward at this interview may have been, it is evident that Dr. Lushington was persuaded of its truth and its gravity. Lord Byron always professed to be ignorant of the motives of his wife's conduct, and complained that neither she nor her friends would make any specific charge which would give him an opportunity of self-vindication or atonement. He blamed himself severely for his general behavior, praised his wife in the warmest terms, and declared that for a year he cherished the hope of reconciliation. But later in life, when this hope had left him, manifested an extremely feeling towards his wife, and satirized her with great coarseness in several of his poems. If we are to suppose that he was sincere in the expression of these various feelings-in his hope of reconciliation and in his subsequent bitterness-it will be very hard to beieve that he had really been guilty of the awful crime of which he is accused. Still more difficult will it be to reconcile with the consciousness of such guilt the following lines, written a few months after the separation, "On hearing that Lady Byron was ill:"-I have had many foes, but none like thee; For 'gainst the rest myself I could defend, And be avenged, or turn them into friend;

But thou in safe implacability Hast naught to dread—in thy own weakness shielded. And in my love which hath but too much yielded, And spared for thy sake some I should not spare— And thus upon the world—trust in thy truth, And the wild fame of my ungovern'd youth— On things that were not, and on things that are— Even upon such a basis hast thou built A monument, whose cement hath been guilt!

The moral Clytemnestra of thy Lord,
And hew'd down with an unsuspected sword,
Fame, peace, and hope—and all the better life
Which, but for this cold treason of thy heart.
Might still have risen from out the grave of strife,
And found a nobler duty than to part.

MRS. LEIGH. Mrs. Leigh, whose name is coupled with

the poet's in this horrible story, was his halfsister, and some five or six years his senior. His father had run off to the continent with the wife of Lord Carmarthen, and married the lady after the Marquis had obtained a divorce from her. Augusta was the only fruit of this union. The poet was the offspring of second marriage. Brother and sister did not know each other-indeed they rarely met -until after Augusta's marriage to Colonel Leigh. Then there sprang up between them a very tender affection, and Byron spoke of her as the person whom he loved best of all the world. We find a passage in his diary, under date of March 22, 1814, in which speaking of a lady whom he had admired at a party, he says:—"After all there may be something of association in this. She is a friend of Augusta's, and whatever she loves I can't help liking." And again:- "Augusta wants me to make it up with Carlisle. I have refused every body else, but I can't deny her anything; so I must e'en do it, though I had as lief 'drink up Eisel—eat a crocodile.' Let me see—Ward, the Hollands, the Lambs, Rogers, etc.-every body, more or less, have been trying for the past two years to accommodate this couplet quarrel, to no purpose. I shall laugh if Augusta succeeds." Yet, if Mrs. Stowe's story is true, it must have been about this time that the "adulterous intrigue" began. Such expressions in the diary do not savor of it, still less does the poem "To Augusta,"

consequent departure from England:-My sister! my sweet sister! if a name My sister; my sweet sister; if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.
Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
No tears, but tenderness to unswer mine,
Go where I will, to me thou art the same—
A loved regret which I would not resign.
There yet are two things in my destiny,—
A world to roam through, and a home with thee. The first was nothing—had I still the last It were the haven of my happiness; But other claims and other nes thou hast, And mine is not the wish to make them less.

I can reduce all feelings but this one:
And that I would not:—for at length I see
Such scenes as those wherein my life begun,
The earliest—even the only paths for me—
Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,
I had been better than I now can be;
The passions which have torn me would have slept;
I had not suffer'd, and then hadst not wept.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart I know myself secure, as thou in mine; We were and are—I am, even as thou art— Beings who he'er each other can resign; It is the same, together or apart. It is the same, together or apart, From life's commencement to its slow decline We are entwined—let death come slow or fast. The tie which bound the first endures the last?

They never met afterward.

THE MISTAKE OF A YEAR, It is objected that either Mrs. Stowe or Lady Byron has made a misstatement grave enough to cast discredit upon the whole story, in representing that the adulterous intrigue was carried on for two years after the marringe, whereas their wedded life lasted only one year, and immediately after the separation Byron left England and never saw his sister again. A more careful reading of the passage in question will show, we think that Mrs. Stowe's statement amounts merely to this, that the intrigue lasted two years in all. Elsewhere she says that it began before marriage. The following is the doubtful pas-

"Many women would have been utterly crushed by such a disclosure; some would have fied 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 who went not astray. She would neither leave her husband nor betray him, nor would she for one mo-ment 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 vehe-

By a singular mistake the critics almost universally have understood this to be a two years' "convulsive struggle" in Lady Byron's own breast, or between Lady Byron and her husband. It will be seen, however, that Mrs. Stowe only represents the poet himself as struggling two years with his sin. It is clumsily expressed, but the writer-or, at any rate, her informant—probably did not mean to say that the struggle lasted for two years after Lady Byron discovered the intrigue.

LADY BYRON'S CHARACTER,

As to Lady Byron's character there are hardly two opinions. Mrs. Stowe, we dare say, does not rate her too high. The lately published "Diary and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson" contains frequent mention of her as she was during the period of Mrs. Stowe's intimacy, in the latter part of her life. "I consider her," says this acute observer, "one of the best women of the day. Her means and her good-will are both great. 'She lives to do good,' says Dr. King, and I believe this to be true." . . . "I was much pleased with Lady Byron. She is a very remarkable woman, and is most generous and high-minded.

HER MENTAL CONDITION. Dr. King writes to Robinson in February, 1854:— 'Lady Byron is now quite recovered. She is always feeble, and obliged to husband her strength and calculate her powers; but her mind is ever intact, pure, and lofty. It seems to pour forth its streams of bene lence and judgment even from the sick-bed; a perennial fountain. Her state of mind has always given me confidence in her severest illnesses. Yet her power of bearing fatigue occasionally, as during the illness and death of her daughter, is as wonderful.'

As ate as the year 1856 (the date of the Stowe disclosures) we find letters from Lady Byron to Robinson which are far from indicating any decay of her mental faculties, Here is one in which she speaks of her husband:—

LADY EYRON ON HER HUSBAND'S CHARACTER.

BRIGHTON, March 5, 1855 .- I recollect only those passages of Dr. Kennedy's book which bear upon the opinions of Lord Byron. Strange as it may seem, Dr. Kennedy is most faithful where you don't his being so. Not merely from casual expressions, but from the whole tenor of Lord Byron's feelings, I could not but conclude he was a believer in the in-surrections of the Rible and had the gloomlest Calpirations of the Bible, and had the gloomiest Calvinistic tenets. To that unhappy view of the rela-tion of the creature to the Creator I have ascribed the misery of his life.
It is enough for me to remember that he who thinks his transgressions beyond forgio-ness (and such was his own deepest feeling), has righteousness beyond that of the seif-satisfied sinner; or, perhaps, of the fialf-awakened. It was impossible for me to doubt that, could be have been at once assured of pardon, his bigging faith in a reason days and love of virtue. he misery of his life, his living faith in a moral duty and love of virtue ("I love the virtues which I cannot claim") would have conquered every temptation. Judge, then, how I must hate the Creed which made him see God as an Avenger, not a Father. My made him see God as an Avenger, not a Father. My own impressions were just the reverse, but could have little weight, and it was in vain to seek to turn his thoughts for long from that tide hix with which he connected his physical peculiarity as a stamp. Instead of being made happier by any apparent good, he felt convinced that every blessing would be "turned into a curse" to him. Who, possessed by such ideas, could lead a life of love and service to God or man? They must in a measure realize themselves. "The worst of it is, I do believe," he said. I like all connected with him, was broken against the rock of Predestination. I may be pardoned for referring to his frequent expression of the sentiment that I was only sent to show him the happiness he was forbidden to enjey. You will now better understand why "The Deformed Transformed" is too painful to me for discussion. is too painful to me for discussion.

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