My dear

I can resist no longer, how I could have remained so long silent, after reading your poetry astonishes me. Again & again have your exquisite touches of feeling melted a heart ever too enthusiastically attached to the muses.

Had you my dear been a christian, and not surrounded by fortune, my pen would have told you how much I admired your writing: but shining as you do amidst the blaze of science I thought that the admiration of a young enthusiast could add no leaf to the wreath which adorns your brow. your pious heart would have shrunk from pity, or I would have told you the sufferings that shed a mild gleam of

[illegible] over your writings has been regretted and deplored though it has heightened your finest touches. I am told my Lord Bryron is an Infidel but no, it cannot be, I have sought your cause and said, He who can so feelingly describe the powers of darkness must acknowledge a God of love. So you must my Lord I see it to be, that one of the noblest Beings, He has created, should dare despise the Author & Redeemer of his hope. The Same persuaded other things of you and can never believe that when you have finished your earthly race you let to rise no more. "But wherefore do I write?" Your Lordships enquiries are therefore first then in a note at the end of the Bride of Abydos, you say you perhaps never published, & is to entreat you not to check such a creature from the Public press your friends press your admirers. and lastly my Lord I am anxious to possess the handwriting of the great the noble L^d Sam fortunate in having been favored with Love and if you would condescend to acknowledge their receipt with your noble quality Sign my Lord

Your most obedient
Confidential Servt
Eliza

Feb 19 1813

Miss Novello Somerset
Post Office
Oxford
Wiltshire

My Lord /

I have no other Apology to offer for this intrusion, than, that, the accompanying Drama owing its birth to your Lordship's Poem of 'The Giaour', appears to me to possess a claim, though it may be an illegitimate one, to your attention; and may give your Lordship a sample of the pleasures, that wile be thrust upon you, in the new Committee-ship of Drury Lane.

The piece, now protruded on the notice of your Lordship, was written last Winter; during a six weeks residence, on an affair of business, in a distant part of the Country: whither, I went, immediately after a perusal of the glowing Poem from which it takes its name.

The sentiments and imagery of that ~~piece~~ Poem, fastened themselves so strongly upon my fancy, as to dramatize themselves into this 'local habitation,' even against the influence of my better Judgment: The piece would be written. and

I might have employed my time more unprofitably.

In many Scenes, I have availed myself of your Lordships language, as freely as I have adopted your Persona. I was obliged to commit this poetical Sacrilege, to avoid the temerity of giving verbal embellishment, to situations previously occupied by your Lordship; treading, with an uninitiated foot, upon that, which by the unqualified suffrages of all, is stamped as 'holy ground.' In avoiding Scylla, I may have fallen upon Charybdis, but your Lordship will perceive appreciate my situation, and condemn with candour.

My immediate object in troubling you thus, is to satisfy myself as to your wishes upon this Subject, ere I take any steps to get the Piece represented. It is not in its present state, perhaps, fit for Representation. It wants both curtailment and revision, the pressure of my pursuits not having yet allowed me leisure to do either. It is with reluctance, an Author consigns the offspring of his pen to oblivion; however bad it may be: yet, I can honestly assure your Lordship, if my Reluctance mutilation of your work, should prove in the slightest degree unpleasant to your feelings, it shall expiate the offence in flames, which I hope you will consider a sufficient sacrifice.

This intrusion may perhaps excite your anger, perhaps, your contempt; I am fully aware of the faults of the production presented to your notice, many of which, would not have existed, but in compliance to the Taste of the day. The Piece is experimental as you perceive; your contempt for its worthlessness may be lessened, when I state, that it forms considerably less than a twentieth part of the productions, of a writer who has scarcely arrived at years of discretion (as is doubtless too apparent in this communication) in the idle hours of a life condemned to other pursuits.

I have the Honor to be,
My Lord,
With the most profound respect,
Yr. Obed.t. S.t
W.T. Moncrieff.

14 Carey St. Lincolns Inn.
17th June. 1815.

Menzoff

Literary -

Why Lord, tho' I have not the honor of being personally known to you, I yet venture to address you by the, I cannot offer any other excuse for the Liberty I take; if the irresistible desire I feel of thus (unknown) paying my humble tribute at the Shrine of Genius, be not deemed any apology. Why Lord, I have been indebted to your muse; for Soothing & interesting hours of my saddest hours, I have kept over Child Harold's griefs & sympathized in his Sorrows. I would have rejoiced when he rejoiced but there seems no joy for him in this World. often have I wandered in these gardens with your poem for my Companion & "with thee, conversing have forgot all time." I have hung in wrapt attention over every Line of Child Harold, I am not a Critic but an inexperienced young Woman, but the language of genius & of Nature must be felt & never makes its appeal in Vain to my heart. & who can read those lines unmoved, those beautiful lines to Thyrza particularly, who, without feeling the tenderest compassion for their unhappy author & indignation against those wicked people who (as I have heard) have by their treacheries & intrigues, thrown a misanthropic gloom, over so noble & so great a Mind, A mind which I am sure, was formed by Nature to be the delight & comfort of private & Social life, as much as it ever Shines conspicuous in the World of Talent. I have often remarked with pleasure, occasional, (tho, evidently sought to be suppressed) traits of tenderness & warm affection, bursting thro, the gloom which so generally pervades your poem. he must surely feel

affection & kindness who could excite them so strongly in others
who could soften even the rugged Albanian & melt him into
tears. Cherish these kinder feelings, My Lord, & let not the perfidy
& ingratitude of a few, the hard treatment I know I feel, warm your bosom
against your erring Brethren in general. Do not my Lord, if I may
entreat you, suffer your mind to be so affected by these base
spirits, who have been the cause of your sufferings, as to think
of Pitt withdrawing himself from your native Land, from that
Land which once was dear to you, from that Country which
fondly owns you for one of her most favoured Sons, & which
you were formed to be the ornament & the pride. Remember that
your talents were not given you for yourself alone, & that you
must account for them hereafter. I think not it's because I
cannot feel for your wrongs, I know they have been great, or
that I do not sympathize with you, because I am so earnest in this
request. I do most deeply enter into your feelings, peculiarly
so perhaps because, I have seen the same cause, in some respect,
& despair. I know that "Sorrow is a sacred thing";
I know what it is to lose those we love. My Lot I have
found was the task
of watch my drooping flower, to mark the rapid changes of decay
Anxious, to look for each succeeding Morn
Tho, deeper sorrow clo'd the parting day.
And then of every lingering hope bereft
With trembling anguish o'er her Couch I hung
How mine, with smiles, to hide a bursting heart
& force to words of joy a faltering tongue
At length 'twas o'er, the lovely Victim sank
Unconscious sank, beneath the unfelt blow,
Unchang'd by pain her angel face remain'd,
And Death sat smiling on her placid brow.

The heartfelt pangs of life's last scene drew mine,
Her gentle soul, no parting anguish pierced,
And with one sigh it mortal bonds dispelled,
Back to its native heaven unfettered flew.

But tho ascended like the ethereal flame
To light, blest source, the Bosom of her God,
Still like an angel may she bless my team,
With tender pity, from her blest abode.

Then round our hearth, we weep her vacant place
Her gentle Spirit, still may near us dwell
Still, tho unseen, beside us may she watch
Now guarding those, whom here she lov'd so well

These lines, are part of some composed at a time,
after, when suffering under the severe affliction
relate & of which the deep & sad remembrance still
never my frame, & has clouded the morning of my life.
had I spirit to say, that at a time when so much wanted
consolation, I experienced the most cruel indifference to
my grief from one who, & had a right to expect, should
have kiss'd away my tears or kept with me
"before" the Chastiser humbly cast me low."
"our hearts divided & our hopes destroy." enough & have
now fulfilled the principal object of my letter which
was since I ventured to suggest, to entreat you'd not to leave
your Native Country & banish your precious days, in sad
retirement & perhaps despondency. Tho, I may be thought enthu-
siastic & visionary, still I feel gratified, that I have done
my part, all I could do, & tho, I have lost the vain presumption
to think, that what I can say, has any weight with you my
Lord, still I was never easy till I had performed this task
till I had poured forth my heart before you. I only entreat

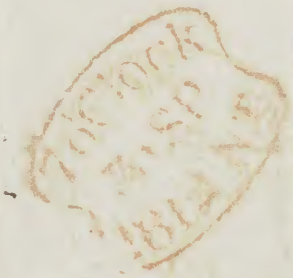
that you will not shew a letter to any one) Spare me & let it sink in oblivion, perhaps this, I sometimes think, which was written in the fullness of my heart may be an object of contempt & ridicule to you, however I shall not hitherto what I shall be, to me, a much mortifications,

L'amore dun infelice e degno di pietà!

May God ever bless & protect you, Lord Byron

Anna.

Lord Byron
Colston Bassett.



P.Q.

May 7th 1812.

Turn not from this address because the writer is anonymous. I am only deterred from declaring myself by the fear of being ridiculed should you receive it with feelings uncongenial to those which actuate me.

You are unhappy – a being feared and mistrusted, even by those whom the fashion of the hour leads to flatter you – you are "alone on earth" – There needs no more to excite a deep interest for you – but, the interest I feel – the eager wish for power to contribute (tho' but a mite) to your happiness – arises from sympathy adding strength to compassion – For I have known what it is to have my youth blighted by unkindness, to be feared, hated, neglected – The heart which mildness and affection might have sub=dued, revolted at unmerited harshness, & despair almost drove me to justify in reality, as well as ap=pearance, the ill opinion entertained of me. But, I was arrested on the brink of destruction, & I turned for comfort to that unfailing source Him who saith to the mourner, "Come unto me, and I will give "you rest – take my yoke upon you, & learn of me, for I am meek & lowly in heart, and you shall find "rest unto your souls". The Gospel became my consolation, and now tho' sorrow has shattered my mortal frame, and the grave opens to receive me while yet I am young – for "sorrow wastes the mournful, and "their days are few" – Still am I happy in the bright hope of another & a better world –

Most earnestly do I entreat you to read this book with serious attention – to investigate with unpre=judiced mind the precepts it contains – and, surely you will be convinced that they are calculated to give happiness to all such as follow them – by inspiring Gratitude to God, and Charity to man.

Tho' a stranger to you, the strong desire I felt to learn how far the judgement I had formed of you was correct having impelled me to enquire of every one likely to afford me any information I have perhaps obtained as much knowledge of your character as any of your acquaintance – You profess to be disgus=ed rather than gratified by the adulation you meet with – if you speak sincerely, (as might be supposed from the scornful curl of your lip) you will in great measure escape the mortification preparing for you by the next novelty which shall eclipse you in the sphere of fashion. But still your mind is diverted from itself, more than perhaps you would like to own even to yourself, by the attention you now attract – and when this fever of novelty cools, you will find the void in your heart more dreary, more insupportable than ever – Seek then more substantial comforts – make to yourself friends, by

being deserving of them — Imitate the example of our Blessed Saviour who "went about doing good" — Every hour of our lives affords some opportunities of conferring satisfaction, to those on the watch to seize them — It is impossible to be employed for the happiness of others, without most effectually promoting our own. — "Pure religion before God is this — to visit "the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world" — Make this religion yours, and you will not then "unmourn'd quit this mortal scene, where none "regard you — but when the last awful hour arrives those whose hearts you have caused to smile, will of their prayers make one sweet sacrifice, and lift your soul to Heaven." ——

To Lord Byron

Who talks of loving in a voice so sweet?
Yet says his heart can never love again.
Who bids the heart with wildest throbbings beat?
Yet gives no balsam to assuage its pain.

Is it for thee blooming in youthful prime
The sweets of love for ever to forego?
And wand'ring thus alone from clime to clime,
Abjure all joy but the joy of woe?

Oh, true! "The keenest pangs the wretched find
"Are rapture to the dreary void
"The leafless desart of the mind,
"The waste of feelings unemploy'd"

But, ah! why are those feelings unemployd?
Exists there not on earth a kindred mind?
Lives there not one, whose bosom would have joy'd
To calm that soul too tenderly refin'd?

Is there not one who like thee too may hate
May loath the languor of a life of rest?
Who now may pine, in sad unvarying state
That wand'ring with thee had been truly blest?

And if thy wounded heart she could not cure,
Thy mind, at least might have had power to calm,
Have taught thee life unloathing to endure,
And pour'd into thy soul sweet friendship's balm.

Oh, Byron! thou hast known enough of pain,
But like the tender bird that sweetly sings,
Pierc'd by the thorn, more lovely is thy strain,
Writhing from agony's deep piercing stings.

Then, oh! if thou hast suffer'd, learn to feel!
And glory not in giving hopeless pain,
To tenderness thy breast no conquer'd steel,
Soften thy heart, or harsher be thy strain!

Echo

Should curiosity prompt you, and should you not be afraid of gratifying it, by trusting yourself alone in the Green Park at seven o'clock this evening, you will see Echo. If this evening prove inconvenient, the same chance shall still await you tomorrow evening at the same hour. Be on that side of the Green Park that has the gate opening into Piccadilly, and leave the rest to

Echo

Should apathy or indifference prevent your coming, adieu for ever!

Bernard Barton - minor poet

Woodbridge. May 24th 1812

To the Rt. Hon. Lord Byron

I hope your Lordship will forgive an obscure and nameless stranger for thus presuming to return you his sincerest; his warmest thanks for the pleasure derived from the perusal of your "Childe Harold": I have just closed the volume; which I have read, with the exception of the Notes, from beginning to end without stopping: and, without allowing myself to reflect on our respective situations in Society, which might deter me from any attempt to express my admiration and gratitude, I hasten to return my acknowledgments for the delight you have afforded me —

To those, who like Childe Harold, bask in the Meridian Sun of prosperity, and uninterrupted enjoyment; the tone of your Lordship's Poetry may be repulsive; to me the stern misanthrope, of your imaginary Hero, and the touching gloom occasionally communicated to your own sentiments, have an inexpressible charm: it

is long, very long since I have read any poetry in which I have found myself so deeply interested. The smaller pieces, particularly those to Thyrza, are beautifully pathetic, and will be read by those who have known the unutterable anguish of irreparable privation with powerful emotion—

It is not, my Lord, without great hesitation, that I venture to entreat your acceptance of the accompanying Volume: I hope your Lordship will regard it, (as it is intended) as a very trivial return; but the only one in my power to offer, for the exquisite treat you have afforded me; I am well aware that to the Authour of "Childe Harold" my young "Metrical Effusions" can afford but little interest; nor shall I affect to plead the disadvantages of my situation in Life, or the defects of my education as any apology for their faults: the fact is that I lay no claim to the proud title of a Poet; but, during the few leisure hours allotted me from the service of my employers, I have amused myself in the composition of some Pieces, expressive of the feelings of the moment; which are now published solely at the request of a few friends, and for their perusal; nearly all that were printed are sold, and therefore my interest cannot be affected either by praise or censure; still the approbation of your Lordship, could I flatter myself with deserving it, would be a most flattering and enviable distinction to an individual like myself, who though he

"would shrink to hear the obstreperous trump of fame,"

is trembling alive to the praise of a Critic like Lord Byron. I may confess to you, my Lord, there are, or have been moments, when an unaccountable desire "to see one's name in print", aided by the suggestions of vanity, has excited a wish on my part to court, or at any rate an inclination to risque, a greater degree of publicity; at such times I have fancied that if any London Bookseller would venture to print a second Edition of the "Metrical Effusions" in a cheaper form, the thing might sell, along with other productions by the namelss scribblers of the day. but, "there's the rub"! would it not be better to be forgotten, or never known than to be remembered only for derision?— I did once venture [redacted] to send my newly printed Volume to an eminent Bookseller in London, accompanied by an indirect appeal to him respecting the publication of a 2nd. Edition: but the thing would'nt go down! I rec.d a most polite Letter which dissipated all my fairy dreams of fame almost before I had form'd them "the verses were very pretty", to be sure; why yes: that I had been told before; but "I dare not recommend the risque of publication"— Oh! what a falling off was there! After all, I dare say Mr. Murray was very right; he says the Public are disinclined to approve any Poetry which does not come to them from powerful

recommendation", am known not very kindly, Heaven knows, to the fair mine
To be sure I might take my walking stick, beg a days release from the
desk, and trudge over to Troston Hall, (the Seat of Mr Capel Lofft) but, an
please your Lordship, I do not want an "Accoucheur", because my Darling
is already brought forth; a good Wet Nurse were indeed a consum-
=mation most devoutly to be wished for; but then again comes the Killing
Doubt whether the Brat be worth rearing: Send your Lordships opinion, if
you would condescend to give it, would be esteemed a favour: may I beg of
you, at your leisure to look over the accompanying volumes; and honor me
with a candid declaration of your sentiments respecting it—

I have now only to beg your Lordships pardon for the freedom of
this address; be assured, my Lord nothing can be further from my wishes
than to intrude myself on the notice of any one, in the present case I took
up my pen from the immediate impulse of gratitude to you for your Poem,
without the most remote idea of doing more than attempting to express that
gratitude. Unluckily however for your Lordship, Mr. Murray's Letter
came post whon me, like Abadriah on poor Dr. Slop, just as I had reached
the bottom of the first page, and by giving a new turn to my thoughts
produced this tremendous letter which I am afraid will exhaust your
Lordships patience. lest I should aggravate the offence I will conclude by
appealing to your Generosity & candour for my excuse; your Lordships Motto
"Oelde Byron" will not allow me to doubt your justice, and the benevolence
of heart exemplified in some of the smaller pieces of the Volume before me,
encourage me to hope for your indulgence. I am with the greatest respect
Your Lordships most obt. humble Servt.

The Authoress of Mist. Effusions.

P.S. a single line, just to inform me that this
reaches you, would be esteemed a particular favour.
my address is B. B.
Post Office
Woodbridge, Suffolk.

Aughnacloy July 21st 1819

My Lord,

The Intrusion of a Stranger upon your Lordship's private feelings, and the apparent extravagance of his sentiments and request, might by the many be termed impertinence or imposition but he who writes this, thinks too meanly of the world, and too proudly of Lord Byron; to be deterred by the opinions of any, from making an application, in the success of which he is so deeply and so warmly interested —

I am at present eighteen years of age — Being early destined for a civil profession I entered College at thirteen. Here I first learned to mingle with society, which I naturally disliked. Like Godwin's Mandeville, I never was a "boy" — At a period little removed from infancy, I felt even to profusion, the power and witchery of nature — In her lone and solitary grandeur I sought food for early wonder — I gazed on Creation, with the transport that a mother feels in beholding her favourite child — I formed strange and instantaneous, but lasting and powerful Conceptions of the world, in its wholeness, and its individuality — in a word — I felt all the pleasures and all the pains, connected with an imagination strong even to "Weakness" ——

I saw no human being that felt like me — In the village where I have occasionally resided, I was reserved and melancholy — Shunning Society I became absorbed in myself — It was a pleasure to wrap myself in the shroud of my own thoughts — Devotedly attached to Poetry I mingled with the fantasies of the Poet my own boyish imaginings — And often in the warm portraiture of a burning fancy, have I pictured a world of my own, of whose greatness and of whose glory, my spirit alone formed the power and the principle. ——

I recount these things with a strange delight — but why need I dwell upon the visions of a Boy — As I said before, I entered College at thirteen years of age — There in

the haunts of gaiety and dissipation, where the impressions were to me new and vivid, falsely seemed to recognize the scenes that formed the day-dreams of my boy-hood — At first I loved science for itself — I read rapidly and Conceived well — but a second glance at my most favourite pursuits always brought disgust. I gained no Academical honours — I despised them, And my pride owned no superior. I wildly followed the bent of my passions, which though premature, were strong. Three years fled away, and at sixteen I was old in the world — It may seem strange — but it is too true! — Alas! the zest for pleasure soon fails — at Seventeen years of age I was without a taste for any one enjoyment — I was the slave of passion without feeling its pleasures — I was ruined before I was a man! ———————...

I could tell much more, but I have already been too tedious — I shall come to the point — It is now my Lord, about fourteen Months since I first read the poems of Lara, and the Corsair — I shall never forget that period! they renewed a sensation which to me had long been a stranger — I again felt pleasure — a gloomy joy like the emotion we experience in visiting the tombs of our friends. I perused the other productions of Lord Byron's pen successively — 'twere vain for me to praise them — I shall not speak of them more, but I have felt them and the step I now take, will declare my opinion of their merits. ———————

I must again recur to self — some might perhaps say not unwillingly; if they do, I care not. With abilities vigorous and feelings still powerful, I am torn and friendless upon earth — I have no reciprocity of sentiment with Man — Though I mingle with the Crowd, yet with them, I hold little Communion, and with them I have no Common aim. Riches, and glory, and power, are to me neither objects of envy, nor dislike — they appear as the amusements of Childhood, which lose their importance with the period of enjoyment ——— I thought I was alone upon earth, but I was deceived — In Harold, in the Giaour, in Conrad and in Lara, have I, — And proudly too! recognized the workings of a kindred Spirit. The moulding of the forms is gigantic, but in features and in figure, they are the same — By some mysterious agency they have clouded my mind, — they unceasingly work upon my fancy — they eat into the very Core of thought, and sleeping or waking they are before me! It is the Star of a superior genius — I own its influence, for in its power is a joy — But I request, I demand by the feeling that is within me, a liberty to catch the aspirations of the Spirit that lives and exhales — a liberty to mark its progress through the orbit of its power — to exult in the sphere of its glory — In a word, to live with and for Lord Byron — I may be his Kaled, though I cannot be Gulnare! ———

The world may term this the raving of enthusiasm — perhaps it is so — but they are my sentiments, Cool, firm, And unalterable — I have no feeling that could sanctify home or kindred — The world itself to spirits like ours is but a narrow dwelling — the sepulchre of the soul — Be my wanderings over land or over Sea, I should never repine as the Companion of a Byron — even in the humblest situation, I could feel the might of his genius, and Catch the reflection of his greatness — the sun that lights Creation, gilds a rose! ———

If my Lord, you receive me in any suitable capacity I shall seek you in Italy — any where — I have expressed the simple feelings of my heart — I could not, if I would flatter — & if that you deem can accede me — Should my request be denied — I can love silently on — but let my denial from your own hand, that I may at least possess a relic of Lord Byron ———

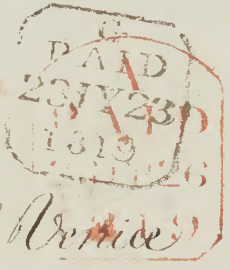
I am your Lordships &c —
William Edmund Kennedy

My address is W. E. Kennedy Esq —
Aughnacloy County Tyrone
Ireland

To the Right Honourable Lord Byron —

2 1. 04
70
174

The Right Honble Lord Byron,
City of Venice
Italy



My Lord

A disfigured and mutilated copy of the enclosed having appeared in the Morning Chronicle, I feel tempted to offer it to your Lordship in its original state — tho conscious how imperfectly it expresses my sense of the powers, of the finest Poet of the Age.

You cannot retire to any part of the civilized globe, where you will not be followed by the echoes of the worlds applause. You must be satiated with the sound of public praise — but you may yet endure it in the still, small voice of a retired and nameless

individual who has admired your splendid abilities from their very dawn. One who so far looked into the seeds of time, as to form a true estimate even then, of the coming day: but who will not feel satisfied, ~~until~~ till you have raised the character of Modern Literature by producing a Tragedy worthy of your pen.

Your general knowledge of the human heart, and your peculiar developement of one mysterious lay — of that which feels the deepest, and interests the most — a developement you have carried farther than any writer, ancient ~~or~~ and modern: together with the freshness — vigor — spirit — and pathos of Wordsworth, give the highest hope of your obtaining this additional title to our Gratitude.

Accept an earnest wish that this may find you — Healthy, and giving Happiness" — and the best thanks of one deeply indebted for a constant source of intellectual pleasure —

Accept this in the name of thousands, to whom your ~~works~~ exist — as a Power a Wonder — an agent of Pleasure or Pain — whose hearts you melt, and whose minds you unify, while each of them can only be designated to your Lordship as,

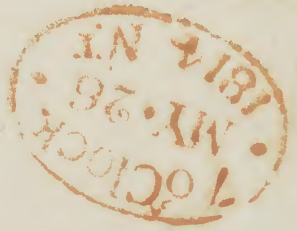
A Stranger.

London April 17. 1819 —

To, Lord Byron —

If an acknowledgment of the highest degree of admiration for your Genius which the mind can form, is deemed by your Lordship worth receiving, it is offered to you by an unknown individual as a testimony of the extreme gratification with which your exquisite writings have been perused. — I have read with attention and much interest the works of that Poet upon whom you bestow such an exalted encomium; but assuredly the Muse of Walter Scott, can never raise those transports of mournful delight, which Lord Byron has the powerful (and I believe exclusive) ability of exciting whenever he pleases; and much rather would I possess one page traced by his energetic and elegant pen, than I would

own the several volumes which Walter Scott has published. In confirmation of the truth of what I assert if any is wanting, I must be allowed to observe that your Lordship is not addressed by one of those frivolous Beings, who conclude that it is very sentimental and captivating to sigh away an hour over Lord Byron's poetry, merely because it is what is termed the fashionable reading of the day; but it is one, whose deeply wounded Spirit has occasioned in early youth, for several years past to shun all society as an intolerable annoyance - who has no information of what is passing in the World except such as is gathered from books and news-papers - and who is alternately commiserated or condemned by the very few epistolary correspondents who are still retained, for wasting the fairest part of Life, in what they designate as an unnatural solitude - but pity and reproach are alike unmeaning sounds to those who support existence as a thankless boon, which must be endured although it is not desired. - That gentleness of nature which I conceive your Lordship possesses, will incline you to forgive what you may probably consider as a presumptuous freedom; and you are also requested to destroy these lines as soon as you have thrown a glance [redacted] them. —



Two Py Post
Unpaid
3

To

The Right Hon^ble Lord Byron

At the Albany

Piccadilly.

25^th May.

Dublin March 20th
1814—

My Lord

The person who addresses you is a
Stranger to yourself, and to your family.— From
Report has made, and probably never will have any
the honor of an acquaintance.— She is therefore
impelled by no motive of interest in this Address=
=ing the Friends of Erskine, and addressing one
who is Unknown, except by his writings.— Those
writings must be her excuse, for it is the strong
interest they have excited that induces her to
take this liberty.— It might seem presumptu=
=ous to expect the determination, the Enthusiasm
they produced, and would be Ludicrous to am=
=ing to dwell upon the Report. Writers Sym=
=pathise with those feelings, and seem Each
Talents Misconstrued, where the Writings

of the gift promises the same," and as we know Christ
might have been a sleeping, Regenerates into
the Cause.— So Christ, but Jesus especially
teach us one as yours can be satisfied by
the low enjoyments of Earth; granting for
happiness, it attempts into pleasure, seeking
for rest but finding pain.— disappointed and
contaminated it still pursues its object
which continues to restless, through its tedious
the grasp.— the unsatisfying perishable dust still
aspires, and by its aspiring proves its im=
=mortality.— Christ. Not your faith in the
mere assertion of a woman, but read, and
with attention read the best writers on
Christianity, study "Butlers Analogy" that
Book, which those who perhaps the most
powerful genius have studied, and by which
they have been convinced.— Do not be deterred
from this, by the fear of difficulties, let that
spirit which burns above its contemptuous

prove its superiority in this instance, let
it totally strike into the depths of Divine
Omniscient of the Mysteries which fly below.—
Though a female I have studied your work
with attention and think I observed the
progress of your mind.— in the first process
disappointment and despondency prevailed, in
the last some few bright rays illuminated
the cheerless gloom.— your employment appears
to have been "to pause on thine own heart
and meditate, irrevocable fiats, and carving
fate", and as I cannot help believing
the truth of the following lines as ap=
=plied to yourself— "your heart was formed
for softness, warped to wrong, betrayed too
early and banished too long"— I am anxious that
it should return to its natural bias
before it is too late, that while you have
time you should repent, and remember "there
is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repent=
=eth".— you have already experienced the fallacy

of earthly pursuits, even of the most exalted kind that unassisted man is capable of enjoying. — Make one trial more, and seek for peace where alone it is to be found, for you might as well without breathing hope for life, as without piety for peace. — That you may attain "that blessing which passeth all understanding" is the wish and earnest prayer of your unknown Friend.

Sept^ber 12^th 1814

A young lady of deservedly unsullied fame who to use
L^d Byron's descriptive lines is
"The withered frame, the ruined mind,
"The wreck by" misery (not passion or guilt) left behind
"A shrivelled scroll, a scattered leaf,
"Sear'd by the autumn blast of grief."
Has been led not from any motive but an irresistible inclination
to address a man whose character as far as she has learnt from public
report (and she knows L^d Byron from no other) she does not
admire, and whom she never saw but she cannot read his works
with the attention she has done, without believing his mind would
sympathize with her own, and feeling herself strongly interested for
his sorrows and early disappointments.

She suggests the following questions to be answered with truth from
his own heart only to himself.

Does he regret an error of his youth? Has his lines any the most
distant allusion to himself,

"His heart was form'd for softness — warp'd to wrong —
"Betray'd too early, and beguil'd too long."

Has he a mind that possesses the power of friendship, and that feels
the ingratitude, and malice of an unfeeling, prejudiced, and misjudging,
world? Has he been "belied" Does he seek a virtuous,

innocent and faithful friend)

If after having read thus far Ld Byron finds the being that addresses him is mistaken in her idear of his character, she hopes he will have honour and generousity enough to comply with her first request which is to burn this without perusing its contents further.

If not— But she can only add she has not the presumption, or any indineation to attract the notice of Ld Byron, although her rank in life, and fortune, would entitle her to move in the same circle. She has been bred in "disappointments school," secluded from a world that youthful wishes led her to believe containd many charmes, for those engaged in its busy scene, but the waking dreams of youth are vanished, never to be realized. To Ld Byron she must ever remain conceald, yet that some notice was taken of this address, and it did not meet with the silent contempt it may appear to deserve may cast a gleam of sunshine over the almost broken heart of

Rosalie

The sundays observer she can overlook with attention, and will seek with anxious solicitude for the very few lines that can meet her eye through such a medium, bearing the signature of Antonio. to whom she may perhaps, some time more fully explain her situation

Bryanston Square July

Miss Pepper presents her compliments to Lord Byron, begs he will excuse the liberty she takes in troubling him, particularly as she comes as a petitioner — She is painting a collection of flowers & wishes to have a verse of four or eight lines to every flower — if Lord Byron would oblige her, and send her one, she would consider herself & collection highly honoured: She takes the liberty of writing a few names of flowers — that his Lordship may select which he pleases. — Her family join in compliments & best wishes —

Sweet Pea	Iris
Hyacinth	Scarlet ayalia
Geranium	Convolvulus
Heliotrope	Amaryllis
Mary gold	Pink
Dwarf Almond	Heath
	Jonquil

The birth is the only apology I will presume to offer for the liberty of addressing your Lordships — to save troubling you, Sir, with a narrative of misfortunes, uninteresting to a stranger, and an a stronger proof of the respectability of my connections than my mere word can convey, it was my intention to have enclosed the Dedication of a small work to H.R.H. the late Princess Charlotte, called "Maria a domestic Tale" published in 1814 — but finding it would make a letter very expensive I have requested the favor of Mr Murray, your Lordship's Publisher, to forward that in his parcel which he says will be sent in a day or two.

The profit arising from the above little work enabled me to remove my family from the Isle of Man to London, where I looked forward to the protection of the Princess as my only hope — I lost that hope before I had an opportunity of presenting my children to our kind Benefactress! I had five daughters, and four sons, without any means of support but what our united exertions could procure — Mrs Watts of Soho Square fixed on my eldest Girl for a governess to her Niece, who come

from India to be educated here, she was so fortunate as to please, and still retains her situation — my second professes to teach the Indian style of Japan painting, but not having money to make any show of the work she has had very few scholars — three other girls are employed in needlework — and the Boys, who are younger, are educated at the expense of different friends — I endeavoured to make something by writing, but was so disappointed in disposing of ~~them~~ my works, that I became convinced I had not talent to attract public attention — Having lived several years in Paris I applied as a translator of the French language — no one tried me — thinking it would serve as a specimen, I put into english Regault-Lebrun's "Enfant du Carnival" — our Booksellers object to the subject & I have it by me — in short, it has been with the greatest difficulty that we have contrived to live — When perusing your Lordship's Works I have often wished to address you, from a conviction that your knowledge of human nature would render you more disposed than others to assist a parent who wishes only for the means to obtain employment — a dread of intruding myself on your notice has hitherto deterred me — but now, that my daughters are nearly grown up, and are well disposed and industrious, I am most anxiously desirous to establish them in something permanent — I have thought of stationary & several things that would require only a small sum, but find nothing can be done without a little money to begin with — My Relations are dead, there is no one from whom I have any expectation, or I would not trouble a stranger — I have made several unsuccessful applications; those to whom I addressed myself had nearer claimants to their charity — I humbly beg leave to state, that if your Lordship would condescend to consider our situation, and to grant anything towards relieving us, we should feel more grateful than I can express — I earnestly request that your Lordship will pardon this intrusion on your time & patience & to believe it has been with very painful feelings that I have taken this liberty — I should be exceedingly thankful for the smallest assistance, and hope you will forgive my aspiring to so great a favor when I say, that I shall wait with great anxiety for the honor of a reply. I beg to assure your Lordship of the Respect with which I remain

your Lordship's
Obedient & very Humble Servant
Catherine A George

10 Charlotte Street.
Pimlico.

19th March 1822.

To
The Right Honble
Lord Byron
Pisa
Italie.

FRANCO

REGIA AMMINISTRAZIONE GENERALE DELLE POSTE CORRISPONDENZA DA GENOVA

3 APRILE

1823

Bandon — Ireland
January 7th 1814

My dear Sir

I have used the freedom of enclosing for your
perusal & "Approval" for publishing a New Work
I have just completed, and the most [illegible]
Poetical in both Literatures ever [illegible]
composed by an Irishman. For this I would
respectfully solicit the honour of your
friendship & support and esteem. Be pleased
then to add your Signature to the many
valuable Gifts among the hundreds of favours of
our Life. The celebrity of your Name, must [illegible]
procure a distinction more unperishable than
mere wealth or Titles could confer; — I mean,
as it is identified with acquired Taste, classical
solidity and critical knowledge.

1814

John Stewart from Ireland

requesting Patronage

I have the honour to be, and with the
sentiments of the most profound respect,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble & obed. Servt

John Stewart

Medical Staff.

His Excy. Lord Wyatt
&c &c &c

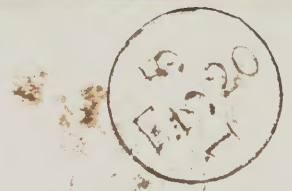
Kew near London
9 Feb 1820.

My Lord

I am a perfect Stranger to your Lordship, but I trust this circumstance will not intervene between You & the essential good I aim at — Apologies are very often very clumsy things: I shall therefore proceed to state the object of my application, & at the same time crave your Lordships pardon for the intrusion.

John Clare, a Northamptonshire Peasant & Labourer, is found to possess a strong natural Genius for Poetry — a small volume has been collected of his sonnets, & other trifles, & laid before the public eye — Some of them are alive with a spirit of feeling, & a simplicity of thought, which an uneducated man rarely engenders — His parents are aged & infirm, while he toils

to support them themself — I know this man's welfare much at heart — but I know no claim on your Lordship — I merely apply in behalf of John Clare — What I would venture to propose to your Lordship would be this — to patronise his infant production — By encouragement & commendation, his mind may be exercised to future improved works — & ~~if~~ a few kind words from your Lordship, whom we all acknowledge as preeminent, would certainly advance the poor labourers wellbeing — approbation expressed by you, my Lord, would be to invite the world to a perusal of Clares works. — I know nothing on Earth to do with the publication of his little volume, but I know a charitable & anxious solicitude that he may be brought to light, & should he in future days, rise to be an excellent writer, your Lordship will feel a delightful gratification in having assisted to develope a rising though now obscure genius — I shall feel highly honord by any commands of your Lordship towards him — I am, like the whole world, on the tiptoe of expectation that Your Lordships pen is actively engaged — I am my Lord, Your very obedient humble Servt. Markham Sherwill. jun:



A T F

ANGLETERRE

The Right Honble

The Lord Byron

Poste restante,

Ravenna,

H. Constitution off Gibraltar 25 July 1828

My Lord

I have taken the liberty of addressing you thereby and the honour and pleasure of knowing you for some years when your Lordship was in Aberdeen, your good Mother also permitted me the honour of frequently visiting her when I lived opposite to your House; my Sons spent some of their earliest days with your Lordship at Grammar School, I have often heard them express a wish to wait on you if they had known when you were in Town, my Son Curtis has been a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy six years past; may I presume to solicit your Lordships goodness to move your interest with Lord Melville on my Friend to get him made a Commander, I have no object at this time to put him forward in his profession, - it is expected a General Promotion will take place on the 12 of August, this Ship may it is thought be the last Ship will take one; I shall interest my Sons of you to shew him some kind consideration and endeavour to promote my wishes; my Heart will ever be grateful to you

and my sons obligation could never be repaid; I beg my Lord for
pardon for my presumption in troubling you and leave a
Mothers anxiety to obtain - the most anxious wish of her
heart, will plead for me with your Lordship; with the
greatest respect remain your Lordships Most Obedient &
very Humble Servant
Eliza Reid

Aigle near Ouchy

Switzerland 5th August

1809.

My Lord

I trust your lordship will excuse the liberty I take in troubling you. My country and the dilemma I am in at present must plead an excuse for me. My native land is Caledonia a name which I presume sounds sweet in your lordship's ears as it does to every true Scot. The circumstances I am at present suffering under are these: After having finished my studies at the university of Edinburgh in the ardour of my youth I joined the resolution of

to visit Italy and to enjoy in reality the ancient beauty and splendour of that fair land, where I has so often feasted and intoxicated my imagination before = Several months ago I put my resolution into effect. My Parents who are far from being rich gave all they could spoke and with their blessing confided me to the care of heaven. I passed some time at Paris and several other towns in France and it is now two months since I arrived in Switzerland. I am still determined to see Rome but I must endeavour to turn my education to some advantage in Italy for perceive my purse begins to lessen and I may say with the ancient philosopher "omnia

porto mecum". Does your lordship think I could employ my time at Venice or any other principal town in Italy in giving lessons in the English French Greek or Latin languages - the Mathematics &c - I flatter I understand & speak Italian tolerably = Could your lordship render me the favour to procure some pupils for me = I should be invaluable = In London I had the good fortune to be introduced to Mr. John Hobhouse who kindly gave me a letter of your lordship which has induced me to take this liberty with your lordship = May I take the liberty to entreat you to send me an answer immediately to the address which is above. I have the honour to be

Your lordship's most obed.t Servt. J. Fraser =

11

Addition

à

My Lord L. Byron

à Venise

Italie

N. B. Le maître des postes de Venise est prié d'avoir la bonté d'envoyer ces à Mylord 6 ans le cas de non présence de Venise

My Lord, London.

Nothing but my extreme veneration for your splendid genius and generosity could have compelled me to undertake the step I am at this moment pursuing. It will undoubtedly be necessary that I should give your lordship as full an account of myself and plan as I am able, the doing of which will, I conceive, be my imperative duty, for intruding a moment on your lordship's time—

My lord, I am the eldest son of a clergyman, formerly in good circumstances; I have had every reason to expect a continuance of that comfort which I was certainly taught was my inheritance; but my lord, how uncertain is fortune! how changeful posesions!— A large family

-and hard losses have stripped him of the means of providing for me, money is the sine quâ non for starting a young man in any profession, and to money I am a stranger! — Feeling every pleasant prospect fast receding from my eyes, Knowing I can never live in my native land with any kind of independence, seeing my former asociates raised far above my head, and too surely finding myself fated to crawl in obscurity and in=digence on the earth, what have I to look to? —

If I could posess the distinguished honour of your patronage, you to whom I have looked up with enthusiasm ever since I came to ma=ture years, the proudest wish of my (perhaps too sanguine) heart would be gratified to it's

fullest extent! —

And here, let me ask of you the question which, if it's purport be in your power to grant, surely will never be a=gainst your inclination: — would your lordship allow me to come to you? Would you appoint me in a situation, which with others I should despise as menial, but which will in your presence be an honour to me —— I mean, might I be your valet? — This is not a sudden thought, and the design (with your sanc=tion) is unalterable. Nothing should be beneath my executing in your service; I would not refuse the most lowly task for an honourable livelihood when unseen by those who have known me in brighter days! I would be as useful as my talents admit, I would act as amanuensis if you

wished it, I would serve you for my board, lodging, and clothing — Do not disregard this fervent application! Reflect, with all those strong powers of reflection with which your lordship is blest, on my case! I do not deceive you when I say I will be eternally faithful to you! —

I know I am addres=
=ing a man whose liberality is not con=
=fined to his publications; one who will attend unprejudiced to my plain story; who can rightly conceive the agony of dwelling with persons who, never compre=
=hending a peculiar turn of mind in ano=
=ther, nor appreciating the sensibility of his heart, can behave to him with piercing uncharitableness, while all their prostrations

-are prudently reserved for, -and unspar=
=ingly applied to, those, on whom luck
not learning has -alighted, -and -carefully
"marked for her own!" —

Pardon my pre=
=sumption, but I have been the -author
of many little pieces for a periodical
work; literature I have ever found a balm
to the wounded spirit — why -did I mention
this? — your lordship must forgive a
love of fame even in me, -and poetry
has ever been the idol of my worship! —
I think I take in some measure ~~it~~ -after
Henry Kirke White -and John Keats, in
my love of the melancholy, though in pro=
=pitious moments no breast is more careless
than mine! —

Think not I shall feel

humiliated in becoming your servant; no —— I am much more debased here, a burden to my friends who are unable to afsist me in anything reputable. The delight of hourly contemplating and attending you, would be adequate to my ambition.— These lines,

"My days, though few, have paſsed below
"In much of joy, but more of woe!"

are applicable indeed to me, who, though twenty years I have not beheld, have experienced the sharpest viciſsitudes and disappointments!— Oh! my lord, give heed to my request, bold and eccentric as it may seem!——

That you may not

rely entirely ~~exclusively~~ on my own statements, if your lordship would condescend to cause application to be made to my intimate friend Mr Archer, Solicitor, 15 Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury Square, or to my father's relation Mr Joseph Skinner, Newnham Street, Edgeware Road, satisfactory information of my integrity would directly be given. Mr Leigh Hunt may remember Mr Willimott of Stamford, Lincolnshire, who is well acquainted with me.— Of my disposition, I call Heaven to witneſs your lordship should never have the slightest cause of regret for having honoured me with your support— In the humble yet earnest hope that my petition may be favourably received by you,

I have the real honour

(8)

-of remaining,

My Lord,

your most obedient and devoted

servant,

Wake—

Begging
&
compliments to Lds

To the Right Honorable Lord Byron, &c. &c.

Any letter your lordship may think fit to send me, I shall immediately have, if directed at no. 22, Old Bond Street where I shall ask the favour of them to keep any that may arrive from your lordship to me——

Dublin December 15 1818

My Lord

At a time when Letters from every quarter of the world where literature is known or respected, are crying for the honor of wearing the proudest crown for your Lordship, it must appear strange and is doubtless presumptuous but an obscure and illiterate individual should at the same moment not only address, but sue for a request of so highly distinguished a personage

Yet, my Lord such is the fact, and therefore convinced of the truths contained in my first sentence, better is it that in my second, I should at once throw myself on your Lordship's clemency as one whose case is unprecedented and can hope nought but condemnation from the laws of society

(You provided my Lord and interdicted from the common resource of intruders apology) permit me to say a concise and, I hope, inoffensive narrative before your Lordship — (The person who thus presumes with your Lordship is native of Ireland and resident

d its capital — Born to little inheritance save that of unreined passions he has read little, travelled little and learned perhaps nothing at all, but my Lord he has felt a good deal and, through this unpractised medium, rhymed away much of time and by a sort of impatient anticipation offered up at the shrine of fancy many crude fragments which should have been the consequence not the forerunners of more solid acquirements — Such was my Lord he had the response of learning your Lordship's actual works, and, warmed with an enthusiasm not unworthy the occasion, compounded the author with his writings and at length mistook the admirer for the body of the one & the person of the other — Thus my Lord have I wandered with the illusions "child" sympathised with the mockery "flavour" had with the unhappy "elves" and, by a sort of intuitive allegiance attached to your Lordship, condoled even with poor "Peterkin" for the loss of so noble a master —

It was in this frame my Lord I must confess even to myself that the wish was formed of thus throwing myself on your Lordship's hospitality and claiming the right of patronage, I hope my lowly petition for even the humblest place in your Lordship's Hall, or in the words, for the privilege of your Lordship's name in the dedication of a small volume of inoffensive juvenile verses which it is the authors intention to publish at his own expence and chiefly for his own amusement

In conclusion I humbly beg leave to add this last request — nearer by far to him than the rest of his first — it is this — that your Lordship will do him the honor to believe that no unnecessary motive has led any the slightest influence in this his humble address, carefully his various trades and his soul fleeing from superior to so wretched an alternative / but on the contrary would beg leave to assure your Lordship that it is admiration not interest pride not humility which monopolizes him thus. Lastly to bow to a gentleman whose title and not he are the chief source from whence the merit of his reputation is derived — in this address the vainest person it would be in vain to conceal from your Lordship that in so doing I am not unconscious of the reproaches — not for myself my Lord — but of your Lordship should conceive from the appearances I did not exist — They are such as must arise in every rational

heart on approaching or contemplating true greatness
whether inclined in the person of the peasant or the peer
such as, in their operation like the quality of mercy
"blesseth him that gives and him that takes" and such as,
in effect, renders the naughty deed of tenants in mass meeting
as they enforce deference to talent and thereby imparts
dignity to submission — In this spirit my Lord
wishing your Lordship every happiness the writer of this
not the least ardent of your Lordship's admirers begs
leave to subscribe himself

Most humbly and
most respectfully
Your Lordship's
Obedient faithful Servt
Wm C Granville

34 Mary Street

Thursday, Oct^r 21^st 1813

"Non d'e Senior, dove non è delitto"

Should it not rather be said that fear ought not to find place in a bosom which is not conscious of any crime? otherwise why do I tremble at this moment? therefore shrink at revealing to Man, those sentiments and emotions which without shame or hesitation I have so frequently confessed to God? — Oh! the latter can read my heart but you do not hope to that power — you my Lord must trust to the mere assertion of one whom you know not, and who too probably will never become known to you: yet unless it be criminal to avow our admiration of the superior genius which excites it, I am ignorant of any real impropriety in these addressing your lordship although well aware that such a proceeding is not in unison with general and often barbarous, customs. — I am, my Lord, a woman — certainly a

young, and I trust not a disagreeable one—
Perfectly aware, from many parts of those de-
lightful Poems which form the chief pleasures
& anxieties of my life, that your affections are
engaged I commence by revealing this
condition, because as I have not the happiness
of your Lordships acquaintance you cannot
judge of my
character from my usual conduct and may
suspect me of harbouring designs with which
I can confidently upbraid my bitterest Enemies
would not dare to charge me. Deemed cold &
insensible by every one, I began to be myself
convinced that I was never to experience any
Emotions more tender than the warmest
attachment toward my own family & amily
imagined that the heart that had never been
agitated was always to remain serene. That
upon perusing "Childe Harold" & its accompanying
poems I became as it were animated by a new
soul, alive to wholly novel sensations and
actuated by feelings till then unknown, I am
willing to admit, but if the opinions which
from reading & observation I have formed of
what is called Love be just and accurate, the
sentiments resulting from those impressions,
although as steady as they are enthusiastic, have
little in common with that passion & are no
ways related to it — Love at first sight may
not be quite impossible but love without sight
I apprehend to be entirely so — Inspired, nevertheless
by an insurmountable desire to make some
effort for the purpose of obtaining an occasional
place in your Lordships thoughts I have
resisted this impulse or indulged it only
in idea for many, many months; but
Life is surely too short to be spent in
dreaming when the good desired is as immediate
as the wish which urges its attainment; and
resting upon your candor & discrimination
I at length venture upon the only course
I can perceive likely to terminate in success.
If in this solitary hope it is my fate to be
disappointed — if, misjudging my character
and motives you contemn & despise me, or
are too exclusively occupied by gaiety and
the devotion of others to bestow a moment
on a distant and unknown individual — let
me conjure you, my Lord by all you hold
most dear & sacred not to expose this letter

to the ridicule of your companions, but instantly destroy what was intended for your Eye only, and what nothing but the firmest Reliance upon your honor & delicacy, could have ever induced its writer to pen.

Perhaps you will be generous & considerate enough not to leave me in suspence — Perhaps if you are not disposed to admit me to share in that "Space between love & friendship" which is the summit of my ambition, you will plainly and candidly tell me so. The ~~Evening~~ Star" is the only medium through which I can in the first instance learn your sentiments — Give me at least an assurance of inviolable secrecy and adhere to it as you value the peace of one who would sacrifice her existence to obtain your esteem — At this moment I know not whether I shall have courage to send this letter — I anticipate disappointment but if you will only condescend to acknowledge its receipt I will endeavor to bear patiently the destruction of my cherished day dreams — the rectitude of my intentions & the idea that I have occupied your thoughts tho' but for an instant may perhaps afford me some consoling reflections. — M. H. —