

**ENGLISH LITERATURE FOR 1890, FOR  
UNIVERSITY AND DEPARTMENTAL  
EXAMINATIONS: BYRON'S PRISONER  
OF CHILLON, AND CHILDE HAROLD'S  
PILGRIMAGE, II. 73 TO III. 51**

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BYRON'S

PRISONER OF CHILLON,

AND

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE,

II. 73 TO III. 51;

AND

TWENTY OF ADDISON'S ESSAYS,

(SELECTED FROM "THE SPECTATOR.")

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES OF THE WRITERS.

NOTES, &c.

BY

H. I. STRANG, B.A., AND A. J. MOORE, B.A.,

GODERICH HIGH SCHOOL.

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## PREFACE.

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As this is the third time that the editors have undertaken to provide a school edition of the English Literature for University and Departmental examinations, it is hardly necessary to do more than to say that this edition has been prepared on the same plan and the work divided between the editors in the same way as in the two previous ones.

The object of the introduction in each case is to enable students to understand clearly what manner of man the writer was, under what circumstances he wrote the work to be studied, and by what influences he was likely to be affected, and also to call attention to some of the leading characteristics of his style: that of the notes to lighten the labor of both teachers and students, and to lead the latter to observe and to judge for themselves. If the notes err on the side of fulness it is because the editors have kept in mind the case of candidates studying by themselves and of others who may not have ready access to good works of reference.

The text of the poetry has been, with, perhaps, two or three variations, made to conform to that of Murray's edition of *Byron's Poetical Works*.

In the case of the prose the text followed was that of Morley's edition of *The Spectator*. While, however, the first of the essays selected has been printed just as it stands in his edition, that students may see how English looked as it was spelled and printed in Addison's day, it has been thought best to modernize the orthography of the rest, the editors being, with Arnold, "unable to see that anything is gained by sub-

“stituting for the anomalies of our present spelling, which are  
“sufficiently deplorable, a set of anomalies which were in use  
“among our forefathers a hundred and sixty years ago, besides  
“reproducing typographical absurdities and solecisms in punctua-  
“tion, from which we have in a great measure delivered  
“ourselves.”

In preparing both the introductions and the notes free use has been made of the Clarendon Press edition of *Cleibie Harold*, and of Morley's and Arnold's editions of *The Spectator*.

The editors hope that they have profited by experience, but at the same time they regret that owing to circumstances (for which the publisher, however, is in no way responsible) the work has been more hurriedly done and the book later in being issued than is desirable.

GODERICH, June, 1889.



## LIFE OF BYRON.

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Byron's ancestry was undoubtedly ancient, if not illustrious. A Ralph Byron is down in Doomsday Book as holding lands in Derby. They can be traced through every reign. One ancestor, "Little Sir John with the great beard," was made by Henry VIII Lieutenant of Sherwood Forest, and got as his part of the spoiling of the monasteries the Priory of Newstead. At Edgehill there were seven Byrons for the King, and just after the first battle of Newbury, the first peer was created as Baron of Rochdale. The fifth Lord, in the year 1765, murdered his neighbour and kinsman, Mr. Chaworth, in a room in Pall Mall. His brother peers, after a two days' trial, found him guilty of manslaughter, but Byron pleaded his privilege as a peer and was set at liberty. But the shadow of this crime never left him. He roamed about under strange names, spurned by high and low, sometimes mewing himself in the Abbey for months, making his appearance only to become the subject of some wild story. That he shot two coachmen, that he tried to drown his wife, that he was attended by devils, were current beliefs, and he very naturally got the distinctive title of "the wicked lord Byron." He hated his heirs, sold the Rochdale estates, and cut down the trees at Newstead to disappoint them, but survived them all, leaving the impoverished title to the subject of our sketch in 1798.

The poet's grandfather, the brother of the "wicked lord," entered the navy and led an especially adventurous and dangerous life. In 1750, in one of Anson's ships, he was wrecked in the straits of Magellan, was a prisoner with the Patagonians and Chilians, and only got back to England in 1746.

His own account of his adventures, published in 1768 is "remarkable for freshness of scenery, like that of our first traveller, Sir John Mandeville, and a force of description that rivals Defoe." His grandson, the poet, refers to it and makes use of it in his account of the shipwreck in *Don Juan*. "Mad Jack," the poet's father, was his eldest son, was educated at Westminster, and became a Captain in the Guards. He turned out a licentious and heartless rake, gamester and spendthrift. He seduced the wife of the Marquis of Caermarthen, and openly boasted of his conquest, but afterwards married her for her money. He squandered her fortune and led her such a wretched life, that her death in 1784 must have been a happy release. She left a daughter Augusta, afterwards Mrs. Leigh, the half-sister of the poet, and his good angel and friend through every trial and calumny.

Captain Byron very soon retrieved his fortunes by marrying Catherine Gordon, an Aberdeen heiress, also of undoubted descent from James I. The lady is described to us as violently passionate, wilful and fretful, and with more than the usual Highland pride of ancestry. They went abroad and in little more than a year, her fortune of £20,000 was gone. In the last days of 1787, the family, consisting of the Captain, his wife, Augusta and a servant or two, returned from France, and took up their residence in London, in Cavendish Square. Here on the 22nd January 1788, George Gordon Byron was born, and unfortunately with a club or twisted foot.

The worthless father abandoned wife and child soon after, and died in France in 1791, and the mother withdrew to Aberdeen with a mere pittance saved from the wreck of her fortune.

The boy was sent to various schools and masters, but seems to have been backward at his books and to have had no ambition to stand high in his class. His mental training seems to have been indifferent, while his moral training was positively bad.

The poor boy had no doubt inherited a passionate and wayward nature, but every fault was aggravated by the alternate indulgence and severity, petting and abuse of his foolish mother. He was morbidly sensitive as to his deformity, in fact it was largely the foundation of that after misanthropy which colors and mars his poetry. In her fits of passion his mother would call him "a lame brat" and "every inch a Byron wicked as his father."

In 1798, Byron having succeeded to the title and estates of the "wicked lord," they moved south to England, and lived successively at Newstead, Nottingham and London. In time he went to Harrow, then under the mastership of Dr. Drury. The master he loved, but the school he hated. He never liked its studies and was never an accurate scholar in his classics. French he read well, but spoke clumsily, of German he had the merest smattering, of Italian alone had he afterwards any real mastery. But the extent and the variety of his English reading were something wonderful for a boy. "His list of books, drawn up in 1807, includes more history and biography than most men read in a life time:"—Philosophy, the poets *en masse*, divinity largely, including Blair, Tillotson, Hooker, with the English Essayists and all the standard English and French fiction. He says of himself that he read eating, read in bed, read when no one else read. He was a favorite with his classmates, and when there was a change of masters, the leader in various acts of mutiny and rebellion. His most eminent school-fellow was Sir Robert Peel, born indeed in the same year.

It was during the Harrow period that an event happened which gave another tinge of dark color to his life. On a visit to the Abbey, he saw Mary Chaworth, a daughter of the Chaworth whom his great uncle, the "mad lord," had murdered. His love for her was the grand passion of Byron's life. She encouraged his stolen visits, but she was two years his senior, laughed at his ardent letters, and looked upon him as a mere boy. Even