

Books Do Furnish A Mind, Part III

by Ibn Warraq (June 2014)

I do not know that I am happiest alone; but this I am sure of, that I am never long even in the society of her I love without a yearning for the company of my lamp and my utterly confused and tumbled-over library.

– Byron, *Journal*, April, 10th, 1814.

My father was struggling to pay the fees of Bryanston School which he did through an English family with whom I stayed during the school holidays. There was very little pocket money for me, so I had to devise other ways to acquire enough money to indulge my burgeoning bibliophilia. The English family lived near Norwich, Norfolk. Every school holiday I had to pass through London, arriving at Waterloo Station from Blandford Forum, Dorset, and then transfer to Liverpool Station to take my train to Norwich. [more>>>](#)