

they guess that it is to him they are speaking and they want to report the meeting to the American papers

\* \*

Why this surprise? — Because all this revolves round a giant like Byron. Because his visit, his life here and his learning of the Armenian language have, with reason, been considered extraordinary. Hence the honour the sublime English poet brings to the Mechitarist Congregation.

Is it not worth while for us then, exhorted by that sentiment of Mackay,

to renew his former proposal? "If there is a place in all Europe, where, after "London and Missolonghi, Byron's monument ought to stand, that place is "Venice". But would he not have considered this red island as a suitable spot for the erection of such a monument?

Patriotic Englishmen! Only your generous support will be able to carry out this design; while the Mechitarist Congregation will willingly and with pride receive on the Island this magnificent statue of the sublime Poet, Byron.

FR. LEO DAYAN

ՀԱՄԱՐԱՌՈՑ ԿԵՆՍԱԳՐԱԿԱՆ ԳԻՏՈՒՐ

## ԼՈՐԻՏ ՊԱՅՐԵՆԻ

Լորտ Պայրընի երկրաւոր՝ թէ ոչ համարւին ալ մահուան Ա. Գարաղարձին առթիւ, ինչպէս զրական աշխարհն, նոյնպէս Ս. Ղազարու կղզեակը կը մասնակցի արծարծելու անոր յիշատակը հասարակութեան հանդէպ:

Եթէ օտարազգի բանասիրաց առջեւ՝ Մխիթարայ Մայրավանքն բարեացակամ համբաւ մը կը վայելէ, սա անբաժան է անշուշտ Անգղիայ անցեալ դարու ամենէն նշանաւոր բանաստեղծի զրական կեանքէն:

Այս այս պատճառաւ, բազմաթիւ համալսարանական այցելուք՝ վանքերնու շէմը կը կոխած վարկենին շահագրգոռութեամբ մը կը հարցնեն առաջնորդ վարդապետին. «Իրաւ է թէ Լորտ Պայրըն հոս ասպնջականութիւն է»: — Զարմանալի է սակայն և ուշադրութեան արժանի՝ լսել բացազանջութիւններն ասոնց, երբ կ'առաջնորդուին այն սենեակին, ուր հղանակի մը շրջախին (1816) բանաստեղծն հայերէն լեզուի ուսման հետեւէր է, օգնութեամբ նշանաւոր անգղիացի մեր Ալգերեան Հ.

Յարութիւն վարդապետին, Պայրընի վայելչագեղ և խրճախ կենդանագիրը դիտելով, սապէս կ'արտայայտուին, ըստ իւրաքանչիւր մտայնութեան և համոզման. «Յիւրաքանչեւ հանճար մ'էր սա, ափսոս որ կարճատե կեանք մ'ունեցաւ» կ'ըսէ ոմին: — «Ալգերական ստահակ մ'էր, որ եթէ կանոնաւոր կեանք մ'անցընէր, անշուշտ շատ աւելի կ'ապրէր» կ'ըսէ ուրիշ մը: Երրորդ մը պարզամտաբար կը հարցնէ. «Արդեօք Ձեր Միարանութենէն էր այս անձը»: . . . Եւ, Եւ, Մինք՝ արգահատելով երրորդին տգիտութեան՝ երկու նախորդներուն լիուրի իրաւունք պիտի տանք: Ո՞րքա՞ն, արդեօք մասամբ մը՝ սանձ դնելու համար չէր Վենետիկ անցուցած խառնակեաց կեանքին՝ որ կը դիմէր ստէպի Ս. Ղազար: Սըղեակ խոստովանութիւն մը կրնանք համարիլ այս մասին իւր մէկ թուղթն, յամին 1816, բարեկամներէն մէկուն:

« Զբօսանքի մը պէս ամէն օր Հայերէն « լեզուն սորվելու հետ եմ հոս Հայոց « վանքը: Տեսայ որ միտքս զբաղեցնելու « համար մէկ դժուար աշխատանք մը պէտք « էր ինծի. ասկէ զատ դժուար զբօսանք չէի « կրնար գտնել հոս: Հայերէնը հարուստ « լեզու մըն է, կ'արժէ որ մարդ անիկա « սորվելու համար աշտատի ». Եւ:

Ուրիշ թուղթի մը մէջ. « Հայերէն սոր-  
« վիւր ձեռքէ չեմ ձգած. մեծ յառաջա-  
« դիմութիւն մը չունիմ. բայց օրէ ուր  
« մէյմէկ քիչ առաջ կ'երթամ »:

Յանդուգն և կամքի տէր տարեբաց իսկ  
կը յաղթէր, երբեմն՝ խոռվեալ ծովով  
իսկ, ի լող վերադառնալով վիենտիկ՝ Ս.  
Ղազարէն և ի Լիտույէ (Մովսիսիւնց Ա-  
ղբիականի), իբր 2 քիլոմետր: Եւ ինչ  
զարմանք անոր մարմնատուր կոռովին՝ երբ  
Հէլլէսպոնտուր կըցաւ կտրել անցնիլ լու-  
ղալով, հանդերձ. . . մէկ ոտքի կաղու-  
թեամբ, ինչ որ շատ անգամ զայն կը  
մահացնէր բարոյապէս:

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Լոնտրա եղաւ Լորտ Պայըրնի (Գէորգ  
կորտոն) խանձարուրքը 1788 թուին: Ազ-  
նուական ցեղէ էին ծնողքն. (հայրն Նոր-  
ման աշխարհակալաց սերունդ. իսկ Մայրն  
Սիդաբորդեանց): Սակայն հօրը ցոփ և զեղիս  
կեանքն՝ բնականաբար որդւոյն վրայ բա-  
րեբար ազդեցութիւն մը չէր կրնար գոր-  
ծել. որով մինչև 10 տարեկան հասակը  
ծոյլ և կոռուսէր մանկութիւն մ'անցուց:  
Նոյն տարին Պայըրն կը ժառանգէ հօ-  
ւեգորմէն Լորտի տիտղոսը, և որ կա-  
րէորագոյնն է, յարակից հարստութիւնը:  
Հարոյի վարժարանը, ուր յաճախեց 4  
տարիներ, չկըցաւ զինքը դաստիարակել  
ոչ ուսմամբ և ոչ կրթութեամբ: Վերջա-  
պէս Քէյմպրիճի Համալսարանն է՝ ուր կը  
զարթնու անոր բանաստեղծական խանդը,  
առանց սակայն յաղթել կարենալու ան-  
սանձ կրքերուն:

Տասնևութ տարեկան էր երբ հրատա-  
րակեց իւր առաջին հաւաքածոն՝ Ժամք  
ցարապոյն անուամբ. ուր արդէն վեր կը  
ցայտէ անոր հպարտ մարդաստեղծութիւնը:  
Սաստիկ քննադատուելով այդ պատճառաւ  
Սկոթլոյի Հանդեսէն՝ փոխադարձ պատաս-  
խանեց՝ վիրաւորեալ արժանապատուու-  
թեան մը դառնութեամբ՝ Երզիմարաւոնոյիս  
Անգղ. Բանաստեղծներու և Սկոթլանտեան  
Քննադատներու անուամբ:

Քսան և մէկ տարեկան հասակին Լոր-

տերու խորհրդարանը մտաւ, յարեւով ընդ-  
դիմադիր կուսակցութեան, Սակայն անոր  
արհամարհոտ վարմունքը շատերը իրեն  
դէմ գրգռելով՝ ժամանակ մը թողուց զԱնգ-  
ղիա: Երջեցեալ Բորդուգալ, Սպանիա, Ալ-  
պանիա, Յունաստան և Թուրքիա: Այս  
ճամբորդութիւնը մեծապէս զարգացուց ա-  
նոր բանաստեղծական տաղանդը: Վերա-  
դարձին՝ հետը բերաւ Չայլոս Հարլոտի ա-  
ռաջին երկու երգերը. քերթուած մը որ  
յաճախ պիտակ անուան ներքե իր գլխէն  
անցածները կը յիշեցնէ: Անոր ժողովրդ-  
դականութիւնն ասեցան 1812-14 տարի-  
ներուն կիսուսը և Լարա գրուածներով.  
սրտաշարժ դրուագներ՝ որք նոյնպէս նկա-  
րագիրներ են հեղինակին. Խօսեցեալն Ա-  
պստոսի, Հէկը, որոնց մէջ կատարեալ յու-  
նական նոր բանաստեղծութիւնը կը բուրէ:

Ամուսնական կեանքով կը կարծուէր  
թէ վերջ պիտի գտնէր անոր աստանդա-  
կան վարքը. բայց, աւանդ շատ կարճ  
տևեց ատոր երջանկութիւնը: Աղջնեկի մը  
հայր ըլլալէ յետոյ լքաւ. գամուսինը: Այս  
բաժանումը այնպիսի զայրոյթ մը յառաջ  
բերաւ ժողովրդեան վրայ, որ ան 1816ի  
սկիզբը անդառնալի կերպով հեռացաւ Անգ-  
ղիայէ:

Պանդստութեան միջոցին՝ Պեւնիքայի  
մէջ՝ Վադերլոս իրեն գեղեցկագոյն երգե-  
րէն մին կը ներշնչէ: Ի Զուիցերի անհա-  
ւատ Շէլլէյի հետ կենակցութեամբ աւելի  
կը հաստատուի սկեպտականութեան մէջ:  
Չայլոս Հարլոտի ողբականը կը վերսկսի  
Գլարէնսի (Զուիցերի) մեխամագձիկ շրջա-  
կայքը: Օպերլանտի սառնարաններու հան-  
դէպ գրեց Մանֆրէտ տիւուր Թատերգու-  
թիւնը: Վենետիկ՝ Մարիո Ֆրաիերով իրեն  
գեղեցիկ ենթակայ մը կ'ընծայէ ճնաբեր-  
զական և նկարագրական ողբերգութեան:  
Ժամանակակիցը կը պատմեն թէ Լորտ  
Պայըրն գրելով գրեիլ առաջ՝ ուզած է 24  
ժամ փակուիլ նոյն այն հնաւոր բանտին  
մէջ, Դրասական պալատին ներքե (Pozzi  
di Venezia) յորում Տոմն Մարին Ֆա-  
լիէրօ բանտուեցաւ զխատուելէ առաջ,  
ըստ պարագային ազդուելու համար:

Դարձեալ Վենետիկ, ուր գեղարուեստը և գեղեցկութիւնը ձեռք ձեռքի կու տան Պայրընի հեշտութիւնը փայտայելու, միջավայրին յարմար երկ մը կը դրդէ անոր. և սակայն ան իր գլուխ գործոցն է, Տոն Ժոսան դիւցազններգութիւն. անձնաւորութիւն լուրջ և խեղկատակ միանգամայն, հիասթափեց և լիտի, դիւցազն և ծաղրածու, վառ, յանդուգն և փոփոխական՝ հեղինակին նման:

Ի Վենետիկ և ի Բիզա՝ անհաճոյ դէպքերու տեղի տալէ վերջը, Պայրըն, կարծես բռնի ցնցման մը կարօտով, վեհանձն ուղոյ մը բնագոյմար շարժեալ և կամ թէ կեանքին ձանձրացած՝ մղուեցաւ դէպ ի քաղաքականութիւն: Եւսի Գարպոնարիներու յարեցաւ Ռոմանիա գաւառին մէջ. սակայն երբ այս կուսակցութիւնն յաղթուեցաւ 1819ին, իտալիոյ ազատութենէն յոյսը կտրեց, հելլենական ազատութեան նուիրելու համար մնացորդները իւր իսթաւեալ կեանքին և հարստութեան: Յունաստան ելաւ 1824ի սկիզբը. բայց զորախտարար հոն ուրիշ բան չտեսաւ բայց եթէ անկարգութիւն, խեղճութիւն և անբխականութիւն... Զօրավար մ'էր առանց բանակի, դիւցազն առանց ականալութեանց, զոհ գնաց անհաւանական յաջողութեան դատի մը, որուն նահատակն եղաւ մեռնելով ժանտատենդէ Ի Միսոլոնգիի Ապրիլ 19ին, յամին 1824.....

Պայրըն մեծ հանճար մ'եղաւ, այլ անկանոն երևակայութիւն: Իւր տողերը սեղմ, կտրուկ և վառվռուն՝ յաճախ յուսահատական երկրայութիւն մը կը յայտնեն. փոխանցական մաղձոտութիւն մը և հիացումն ոճիրներու: — Անձնեայ և գեղեցկադէմ, կաղութիւնն միայն իրեն կը յիշեցնէր թէ չէր կատարեալ: Բանաստեղծութիւնքն ալ անոր համապատկերողն են. հիւանդութիւն մ'ունին որ պակասատրի երևոյթ կու տան: — Ատոնց գեղեցկութիւնը՝ կատարեալ ըլլալու համար՝ բարոյական հաւասարակշռութեան կը կարօտի:

Հ. Գ. Ս.

## ANNIVERSARY.

19th April A. D. 1924!

... The beauty and sadness of his last days, expiate many faults.  
(M. de Rémusat).

When Lord Byron set out for Greece, he seemed to have recognized that the opportunity so much sought for, an activity altogether useful and poetical had, at last, come to him. From his departure, he had the presentiment that he would not return. The desire to expiate the errors of his life by a noble end, had some part in his resolution. Abuses of all kinds, abuse of work and abuse of pleasure had consumed, at an early age, that frail and burning organism. It was there, at Misolonghi, that he was seen to cast a sorrowful look at a past full of misfortunes, a look more sorrowful yet at the gloomy depth of another future.

The hopeless warrior of a willing doom,  
In bleak Thermopyloe's sepulchral strait.

(Childe Harold, II, 73)

It was within the walls of Misolonghi that he also greeted his 36th birthday, with melancholy and sadness. He wept over it in admirable verses, his last verses, when bidding farewell to youth and life, he wished for nothing but a soldier's grave.

If thou regret'st thy youth — why live? —

The land of honourable death  
Is here — up to the field, and give  
Away thy breath!

Seek out — less often sought than found —  
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;  
Then look around, and choose thy ground,  
And take thy rest.

(See P. 119)

... Having been for three or four days prevented by the rains from taking exercise, he resolved, though the weather still looked threatening, to venture out on horseback. Overtaken by a heavy shower, he returned to the town walls wet through and in a state of violent perspiration. At the walls, he dismounted and got into a boat to

reach his house. About two hours after his return, he was seized with a fit of shivering and complained of fever pains. The following day, he was able to take his ride again, in the olive woods accompanied, as usual, by his long train of Suliotes. He returned home very ill and struggled for two days against his physicians who finding the sudorifics which they had hitherto employed to be unavailing, began to urge upon him the necessity of being bled, and he ended by yielding to their instances.

The bleeding did not allay the fever and did not prevent delirium. Byron, comforted by one or two faithful friends and by the tears of his old servants, was lying almost without help in a poor and noisy abode, of which the ground-floor was occupied by his body-guard of fifty Suliotes... It was Easter Sunday, so joyfully celebrated by the Greeks, who according to an ancient custom, meet in the streets and salute each other, crying aloud: "*Christos anasti!* Christ is risen!," That day the town was less noisy. Artillery and muskets were fired off at some distance from the walls, while the town-guard patrolled the streets, and informing the people of the danger of their benefactor, entreated them to preserve all possible quiet. In the evening, the countenance of Lord Byron was changed, he grew every hour weaker and weaker and first began to dread that his fate was inevitable. He was induced to swallow a few mouthfuls of an anti-spasmodic potion, uttered the exclamation of "*Ah Christi!*," and sunk into a slumber. In about half an hour he awoke, when a second dose of the infusion was administered to him. Mr. Millingen, the kind-hearted Fletcher and his servant Tita had been standing round his bed; but the two first, unable to restrain their tears, left the room. Tita also wept, but as Byron held his hand, could not retire. He however turned away his face; while Byron, looking at him steadily, said half smiling, "*Oh questa è una bella scena!*," Almost immediately afterwards, a fit of delirium ensued, and he began to talk wildly. On coming again to himself, "Poor Greece!," he

said, "I have given her my time, my means, my health, and now I give her my life! What could I do more?.. At another time, he said, "My hour is come! *Io lascio qualche cosa di caro al mondo...* for the rest, I am content to die., Here his voice faltered and became gradually indistinct. Only a few words could be distinguished: "Hobhouse — Kinnaird — my dear sister Augusta — my poor dear daughter — Ada —, *the child I love though born in bitterness and nurtured in convulsions...* that daughter who would not know him, nor love him and who had inherited from her mother uprightness of conduct and sternness of principles...

It was about six o'clock on the evening of this day, when he said, "And now I shall go to sleep!," touching confidence in the heavenly glimpse which comes from eternity and makes one think of the dying new Heloisa's beautiful words: "He who sleeps in the bosom of a father, has no care for his awaking., For the next twenty-four hours he continued in a state of lethargy, and at a quarter past six o'clock, on the following day<sup>(1)</sup>, he was seen to open his eyes and immediately shut them again. The doctors felt his pulse—he was no more! "Fortunate, says Pindar, those who die in their youth while the world is still resounding with the noise of their name.,

The death of Lord Byron was felt by all Greece as a national misfortune. To the people of Misolonghi, the event seemed almost incredible. A proclamation issued at day-break by Prince Maurocordato, chief of the Provisional Government of Western Greece, decreed a general mourning for twenty-one days; prayers and funeral services in all the churches; the suspension of the Easter festivities and the closing for three days of all public offices and shops; the firing of thirty-seven minute guns from the Grand Battery, being the number which corresponded to the age of the illustrious deceased. At Salona, where the Congress had assembled, his soul was prayed for in the

(1) The 19th of April 1824.

Church; after which the whole garrison and the citizens went out into the plain, where another religious ceremony took place, under the shade of the olive trees.

This being concluded, the troops fired, and orations full of the warmest praise and gratitude were pronounced. Similar honours were paid to his memory at many other places throughout the country.

On the 22nd of April, in the midst of his own brigade, of the troops of the Government and of the whole popula-

moving, more truly affecting, than perhaps was ever before witnessed round the grave of a great man.

When the funeral service was over, the bier was exposed in the middle of the church, where it remained until the evening of the next day. The church was crowded continuously by those who came to honour and to mourn for the benefactor of their country. In the evening of the 23rd, the bier was privately carried back by his officers to his own house. The Greeks requested that



Հագնու եկեղեցին, ուր կը գտնուի Քերթողին մարմինը

Hucknall Church, Notts.

Byron's last resting-place.

tion; on the shoulders of his turbulent Suliotes, pale and tearful, the remains of the poet were carried to the church of St. Nicholas, at Misolonghi, where lie the bodies of Marco Bozzari and of General Norman. The funeral service was read. But no funeral pomp could have left the impression, nor spoken the feelings, of the simple ceremony. The wretchedness and desolation of the place itself; the wild and half-civilised warriors around the coffin; their deep-felt, unaffected grief; the fond recollections; the disappointed hopes; the anxieties and sad presentiments which might be read on every countenance;—all contributed to form a scene more

as a tribute to the land he celebrated and died for, his ashes should be deposited at Athens, in the Temple of Theseus. His heart only was left to them!

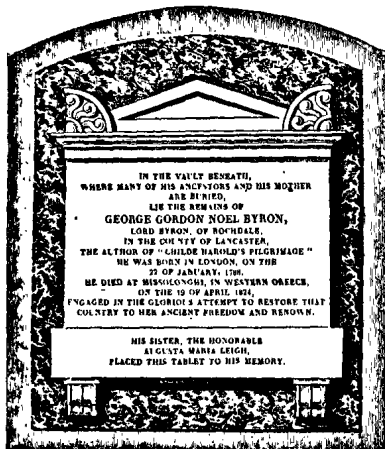
On the morning of the 2nd of May, to the accompaniment of a mournful salute from the guns of the fortress and amidst the blessings of the clergy and the population of Misolonghi, the corpse of Lord Byron was embarked for Zante, and on the 25th of the same month, Colonel Stanhope to whom was intrusted the charge of his illustrious colleague's remains, re-embarked with them on board the Florida for England.

A month and a half afterwards, on

Friday the 16th of July, the small village church of Hucknall, near Newstead Abbey, in Nottinghamshire, was receiving the remains of its prodigal son, that highly talented and sparkling wit, that great hard whom social cant had compelled to expatriate himself, and, who after an existence full of dazzling charms, impetuous passions, generosity, delights, wounds and sorrows, had returned to ask what he had once written of himself to one of his friends: *Implora pace*. There the coffin was deposited, in conformity to a wish early expressed by the poet, that his dust might be mingled with his mother's, in the family vault...

So ends Child Harold his last Pilgrimage.

On a tablet of white marble in the chancel of the Church of Hucknall, is the following inscription:



ՊԱՂՐՐԾԻ ՏԱՊԱՓԱՐԱՊ  
Lord Byron's Epitaph

Greece dedicated to his memory the following verses, as being a happy initiation of those laudatory inscriptions with which in old times, she honoured the tombs of her heroes:

Եւ  
 Τὸν ἐν τῇ Ἑλλάδι τηλευτήσαντα  
 Ποιητῇ.  
 —  
 Οὐδ' τὸ ζῆν ταναόν βίον εὐκλαῆς, οὐδ' ἀναριθμεῖν  
 Ἀρχαίας προγόνων εὐγενέων ἀρετάς  
 Τὸν δ' εὐδαιμονίας μοῖρ' ἀμφέπει, ὅσπερ ἀπάντων  
 Αἰὲν ἀριστεύων γίγνεται ἀθάνατος. —  
 Εὐδεις οὖν σὺ, τέκνον, χαρίτων ἔαρ; οὐκ ἔτι θάλλει  
 Ἀκμαῖος μελέων ἡδυπνῶν στέφανος; —  
 Ἀλλὰ τεόν, τριπόθητε, μόρον πενθοῦσιν Ἀθῆνῃ,  
 Μόδοι, πατρί, Ἀργεῖ, Ἑλλάς, ἐλευθερία.

TRANSLATION BY JOHN WILLIAMS, ESQ.

"Not length of life—not an illustrious birth,  
 Rich with the noblest blood of all the earth; —  
 Nought can avail, save deeds of high emprise,  
 Our mortal being to immortalise.

Sweet child of song, thou sleepest! — ne'er again  
 Shall swell the notes of thy melodious strain:  
 Yet, with thy country wailing o'er thy urn,  
 Pallas, the Muse, Mars, Greece, and Freedom  
 [mourn,,

\*

"For ten years, says M. Aug. Filon, Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge had been struggling against the hostilities of critics and the indifference of the public. Slowly these humble fames were growing, when on the poetic firmament there appeared a meteor whose dazzling light made invisible, for a time, all secondary stars. A youth of twenty, had published *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. He was called Byron. He was noble, but he was poor. He was handsome, but was lame. Women were admiring his forehead of marble on which waved brown and curled locks of hair; idle fellows liked to jest at his club-foot. His name was illustrious; stains tarnished that name. In the local history, the Byrons were known for their profligacy and unbridled passions. Drunkenness had killed Byron's father. His mother, of an unbending and haughty temper, was trying to crush by violence the violence of the child. Never did the mother yield; never was the child bent. Diamond, at least, wears out diamond. The Byrons were of a harder nature....

At Harrow, the strange humour of the little boy, the fury of his aversions and the passion of his friendships, his love of solitude and his taste for physical training of which Englishmen are as fond as the Greeks, were much remarked. In 1805, Byron was received at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he remained for two years. Some verses he published in 1807 under the title of *Hours of Idleness*, having brought upon him the sharp criticism of an Edinburgh review, he was stung to the quick, and answered with a virulent poem called *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* by which he showed that the pen in his hands could be turned into a dangerous and effective weapon.

Byron travelled. He successively visited Spain and Portugal, went to Greece, Albania, Constantinople. The two first cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* appeared in 1812, and raised an extraordinary enthusiasm. One fine day, the author awakened "*to find himself famous*.., He had succeeded in making the

English soul vibrate. He became the idol of young people and society. Everything was after his fashion. His voice which sounded like a bugle in those solemn hours when England was entangled in a deathly struggle against the genius of Napoleon, knew also, when expressing beauty, how to breathe the soft and veiled accents of a lute. Byron took possession of his seat in the House of Lords, on the opposition benches. He only addressed the House three times, the second (April 1812) in favour of the Roman Catholics' religious claims. He again kindled the public spirit in England on behalf of modern Greece, its Klephtes and Armatoli. The *Giaour* and *The Bride of Abydos* were published in 1813; the *Cor-sair* and *Lara* in 1814.

Two years elapsed. Things were now changed. Those who formerly had worshipped Byron, now drew back with horror, from him. The general opinion had turned against him. What had happened in that short space of time, which made him descend from his pedestal? The poet had married!.

He wedded Miss Milbanke in 1815, on the 2nd of January. Lady Byron was a person deeply imbued with the sense of her dignity and duties. Rightly correct, unable to fail or to pardon, she was one of those women who make virtue intolerable. She belonged to a family expert in the management of business, but in which no criminals nor poets had, till then, been counted. In a short lapse of time, a strong incompatibility arose between husband and wife and they separated. She went to her parents and tried to have her husband declared *insane*. A kind of obscurity about the wrongs he could have had, favoured immediately against him the creation of an awful legend, magnified by the gossip of drowing-rooms, and which the American novelist, Harriet Beecher Stowe greatly contributed to accredit and spread.

We would like to be unacquainted with many particulars of Byron's life. But his personality and genius are so well mingled together that it is not possible for the critic to disjoin them.

The author cannot help being reflected in his work, nor becoming incarnate in his heroes.

"Let good minds," continues the French scholar, "have the consolation of imagining a Byron punctual in his seat in Parliament, happy at home, regular at his club, presiding at country meetings, attending on Sundays divine service from his manorial pew, saying prayers in the presence of his attendants assembled, and the evenings, in the chimney-corner, composing literary master-pieces of an irreproachable decency. If such a Byron had ever existed, we should have had neither *Childe Harold*, nor *Don Juan* nor *Manfred*."

Like Byron's heroes, his heroines are various proofs from a similar type. All his men are what Byron would have desired to be; his women, what was not Lady Byron. No poet has ever been gifted as Byron was, in the feeling and expression of beauty. And had anyone to make him a reproach, it is that he had lavished Beauty on, and clothed in her, crime itself. The Satan of Milton keeps, in the lowest depths, the features of an archangel, and like him, the proud and sinister heroes of Byron, resemble fallen gods. Byron's genius, wide and stormy as the Ocean itself, struggles in greatness with what is the highest under the sky, and reaches sometimes the utmost limits of human sentiment. That is why he deserves to sit in the sacred group formed apart from other men, by Æschylus, Dante and Shakespeare.

From Lord Byron's unhappy marriage, was born in December 1815, an only daughter, the Honorable Augusta Ada Byron, afterwards Countess of Lovelace.

"If you turn over the earlier pages of the Huntingdon peerage story," said Lord Byron "you will see how common a name Ada was in the early Plantagenet days. I found it in my own pedigree in the reign of John and Henry, and gave it to my daughter. It was also the name of Charlemagne's sister. It is in an early chapter of Genesis, as the name of the wife of Lamech, and I suppose Ada is the feminine of Adam...,"

The *Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina* were published during the last months of his stay in London, when he was assaulted in the streets and abused in the newspapers. Disgusted and unhappy, he left, in April 1816, his relatives and country, without no intention of returning. It was at Newstead Abbey, that Lord Byron said a last farewell to his sister and to England. Near the shore of the lake, he walked for a time, under the shadow of a little wood, with that sister, so tenderly loved, by his side, and inscribed their two names "*Byron, 20 Sept. 1814, Augusta*," on the bark of one of the trees which bound the pathway. It was an elm of a peculiar shape, having two stems, sprung from the same root, and whose branches entwined in proportion as they grew, the one near the other. Lord Byron had chosen that tree as the emblem of their attachment, which increased with years. By a remarkable singularity, one of the trees had dried up. It is the younger, and the other supports its weight. It is known that Byron was much younger than his sister. "You bent down on me, said he to her, in prophetic verses, as a tree over a grave."

"Thou stood'st, as stands a lovely tree,  
That still unbroke, though gently bent,  
Still waves with fond fidelity  
Its boughs above a monument."

The tree had fallen off, and seven years afterwards, his sister was bringing the coffin of the poet down to the family vault at Newstead, and was inscribing the epitaph on his tomb!..

\*

Nature shines for the poet in the light of his affections. Souls naturally religious feel in the contemplation of nature the peculiar sweetness of finding themselves in perfect agreement with the Author of things, in admiration and love. There is between man's thought and the world which surrounds him a mysterious tie. The creations of genius animate and idealize nature. Take the stanzas of *Childe Harold's* 3rd canto, where the magic colours of hills and



heaven are reflected. Sweet light, faint sound of waters! In this poesy transparent as the wave, and soft as the tints of the rainbow, one breathes the inexpressible beauty of those summer nights "where all the earth seems to say in silence, that soul is immortal.."

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod...

Lord Byron seems to have wavered between doubt and faith. Throughout the darkness of his soul, he has flashes of faith, and the sublime sadness which the mysteries of our existence spread over him is united to an ardent desire of immortality, and expressed in a language which is itself divine. He, the most instinctively religious of all poets urged on by the nature of that religious feeling to a wild sincerity, gave way to all the anarchical impulses of his conscience. "I believe him also to be a broken-hearted prophet, a poet more rent than Job, more inspired than Jeremiah," according to Mme Sand's eloquent expression.

..... and thou

Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,  
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now  
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow.  
(*Child Harold*, IV. 155)

"Lord Byron.. wrote Shelley, "could never have set his mind free from the illusions of Christianity..," "If God was ever incarnated..," said Byron, "he could not but be in the form of Christ... He was the creature *who breathes more of the divine..*" He was heaping objections upon objections against Christianity and always finished by saying: "*And however I believe ..,*"

Truth's fountains may be clear — her streams  
are muddy,  
And cut through such canals of contradiction  
That she must often navigate over fiction.  
(*Don Juan* XV. 88)

Religious instinct was very strong in Lord Byron, and the religious instinct draws nearer to the person of Christ than to the abstract God of rationalism. After all, souls wounded by life, feel more than others the need of Him who, according to Mme. de Staël's beautiful words "descended on earth, not for glory, not for genius,

but for suffering and death.. Lord Byron's soul was made for understanding all the degrees of human feeling.

In a confidential letter, sent from Pisa to Mr. Th. Moore, he even said, that he inclines *towards the Catholic faith*, and he adds, speaking of Mr. Shelley, whom he held in great esteem: "With regard to his philosophical theories, I have and wish to have nothing in common with them.."

"In the year 1817..," reports Wm. Fletcher, "I have seen my lord repeatedly, on meeting or passing any religious ceremonies which the Roman Catholics have in their frequent processions, while at Nivia, near Venice, dismount his horse and fall on his knees, and remain in that posture till the procession had passed; and one of his Lordship's grooms, who was backward in following the example of his Lordship, my lord gave a violent reproof to.."

It was in the month of October 1816, that Lord Byron journeyed towards Italy. At Verona, Ravenna, Pisa, Venice and Rome, he certainly had sweet impressions and happy days. There is something peaceful and melancholy in the loneliness of little towns in Italy; one feels that one could live there under the charming influence of the climate, the sky and the fine arts.

It was in that country where sang the muse of Paesiello, Ariosto and Cimarosa that he created his poem of *Don Juan*, finished at Pisa in 1822, in which the fresh and bright impressions of youth are united to the disenchantment and bitter irony of another age. Like the *Corsair*, this poem contains very moving scenes. *Manfred* had been written in Switzerland in 1817. *Beppo* is a sketch of Venetian life. Byron has left a voluminous correspondence, in which letters of exquisite delicacy, and many occasional pieces, stanzas and melodies of a rare elevation of mind are to be found. He translated in sparkling verses the famous national song of Rigas: Δεύτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων... The variety of his literary productions presents a prodigious display of intellectual power.

To Lady Byron, he addressed the well known verses, he composed one evening, in his library, when, after giving himself up to a reverie, he was moved to tears:

*Fare thee well! and if for ever,  
Still for ever, fare thee well...*

Mme. de Staël was reputed to have said: "I should have liked to have been as unhappy as Lady Byron, and have inspired my husband with the verses he made for her."

"Byron's feelings, said Macaulay, had been early exposed to sharp trials; he had been crossed in his boyish love; he had been mortified by the failure of his first literary efforts; he was straitened in pecuniary circumstances; he was unfortunate in his domestic relations; the public treated him with cruel injustice; his health and spirits suffered from his dissipated habits of life; he was, on the whole, an unhappy man... He came into the world; and the world treated him as his mother had treated him, sometimes with fondness, sometimes with cruelty, never with justice. It indulged him without discrimination and punished him without discrimination. He was truly a spoiled child, not merely the spoiled child of his parent, but the spoiled child of nature, the spoiled child of fortune, the spoiled child of fame, the spoiled child of society... Then came the reaction. Society, capricious in its indignation as it had been capricious in its fondness, flew into a rage with its froward and petted darling. He had been worshipped with an irrational idolatry. He was persecuted with an irrational fury...."

It has been said of Lord Byron that he was prouder of being a descendant of those *Burons* of Normandy... than of having been the author of *Childe Harold* and *Manfred*. This remark is not altogether unfounded in truth. In the character of the noble poet, the pride of ancestry was undoubtedly one of the most decided features; and as far as antiquity alone gives lustre to descent, he had every reason to boast of the claims of his race. (*Thomas Moore, Esq.*)

The English branch of the family of *Byron* came in with William the Conqueror, and from that era, they have continued to be reckoned among the eminent families of the kingdom, under the names of *Burnn*, *Buron* and *Biron*. It was not until the reign of Henry II. that they began to call themselves *Byron* or *De Byron*.

As to the Scottish *Gordons*, they take their name from the lands of Gordon in Berwickshire. At the end of the 12th century, Gordons begin to appear as witnesses to charters by the Earls of March, or donors of patches of land & right of pasturage to the monks of Kelso. Mrs. Byron, the only child of George Gordon, 12th Laird of Gight (drowned 1779) by Katherine Innes, was a lineal descendant of Sir William Gordon, 1st Laird, who fell at Flodden, and was the 3rd son of George, 2nd Earl of Huntly, by the Princess Annabella Stuart, daughter of James I. king of Scotland. Through this royal lady, the poet can trace an ancestry which is the highest of Europe.

The family was strongly Catholic, writes Mr. J. Bullock, the author of the "*House of Gordon*," but the Church had very little restraining influence, and the history of the family consists of a long series of violent deaths inflicted on, and by the members of the family of the *Gordons of Gight*, who were a perfect terror to the whole neighbourhood, for three centuries. It ended with them killing all the male members, so that the line ended twice in a woman, but so powerful was the Gordon strain, that the issue of these ladies was as Gordonesque as the male Gordon line itself. No one can understand Byron without understanding this powerful strain in his origin...

Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses. (St. Matt.)

(*From Th. Moore, Parry, A. Filon, Collier, Burke, J. Galt, Laroche, Emmet, Villemain*).

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