

# THE SPECTATOR.

Parva Magni Nomnis Umbra.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE SESSION.

VOL. III.

ST. LAURENT COLLEGE, MONTREAL, MARCH 20, 1882.

No. IX

## THE ANGEL OF PEACE.

R. W.

The Father, from His throne beyond the sky,  
Looked down in pity on this world below,  
In which He saw contention, strife and woe,  
And hatred, fruitful of the tear and sigh ;  
Then, with a sweet command He summoned nigh  
The angel, white-robed peace, and bade her go,  
To all his erring children, high and low,  
And quell this angry tumult rising high.  
With olive branch in hand she downward flies,  
Amidst the troubled throng from east to west,  
And sooths the angry passions on the rise,  
And even to the birds within their nest  
She carries peace. And then, with placid eyes  
She views the world, and goes amongst the blest.

## LORD BYRON.

W. J. K.

Ruins have a charm which lure us on to the painful retrospect of crumpled greatness; and the dying embers of an expiring fire charm us with a melancholy intensity not less sad than the weird whispers of the moaning wind. Ghosts of Time slumber in every nook of nature, and phantoms of things that were, but are not, fill the void made by the fleet passage of evanescent glory. Tales of ancient splendor excite a listless sorrow for the decay of grandeur; and the legends of storied fame arouse the latent storms of feeling until the wearied mind sinks beneath the pressing strain of fancy, and is lulled to rest by the thought of something nobler, holier than the mere dream of human elevation and the surviving memory of exalted deeds. In a word, all that is forms a mute reminder of all that was; and the departing signs of beauty bespeak the prelude of a new yet unborn grace, destined to replace the decaying ruins which now stand out in bold relief against the fresh-budded bloom of life. Perhaps but one crumbling column supports the aged structure; and the obbing tide of waste will bear it away upon its bosom, until it sinks at last beneath the calm and placid waters of dissolution. Thus it was when the genius of Byron first gained the meridian of its passage; but his light paled and waned away, until, like others, he gave place to the fickle choice of the votaries of literary art: yet the works of his young and pliant enthusiasm still retain their pristine sweetness; for poetry and music, unlike the handwork of human genius, lose not their charms, but are enshrined in the hearts and minds of men, where they will live so

long as the muse of numbers casts over the souls of men the spell of fancy.

Lord Byron was born in Holles St., London, on the 22nd of January, 1788. He was the only son of Captain John Byron of the Guards, and Catharine Gordon of Gight, an Aberdeenshire heiress; but, though affluence smiled upon the marriage nuptials, and life looked bright and fair to the young couple, a brief time spent by the husband in the bowers of squandering pleasure soon reduced the lady to the necessity of retiring to Aberdeen, where she was obliged to rear her son on an income which was far beneath their social standing. It seems strange to surround the early life of Byron with aught but the luxury of riches; yet it is not wealth that gilds the mind with the golden leaf of genius, and many a noble thought has sprung from the oblivion of poverty. In his eleventh year, he succeeded his grand uncle, William Lord Byron, and went to live at Newstead Abbey, the seat of the Byrons. This new home seems to have been well calculated to arouse in the young Lord the poetic fire, till then unawakened. It was redolent of gloom and melancholy, whilst its very age served to bring him into communion with the past, and formed a span which united ancient memories with the stern and living present. On succeeding to the title, Byron was sent to a private school at Dulwich, and later he continued his studies at Harrow. During this time, his amorous nature led him to conceive a passion for a young lady, Mary Chaworth: and this boyish love fostered the spirit of poetry in Byron's soul, whilst his mind outpoured the throbbings of his fancy on the shrine of affection. In October, 1805, he removed to Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he pursued the same unmethodical course of study which had characterized his previous training, storing away a vast amount of knowledge gained from his extensive and promiscuous reading.

In 1807 his first volume of poems was published under the title, *Hours of Idleness*. These received a sharp criticism in the *Edinburgh Review*, which induced the young poet to write a satire, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. In the spring of 1812 appeared the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, the fruit of his wanderings upon the continent. Then followed the *Giaour*, the *Bride of Abydos*, the *Corsair* and *Lara*, tales of the sunny East. In 1814 Byron married a daughter