

*Credo Byron.*

In the vault beneath,  
 Where many of his Ancestors and his mother are buried  
 Lie the remains of  
 George Gordon Noel Byron,  
 Lord Byron, of Rochdale,  
 In the County of Lancaster  
 The Author of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."  
 He was born in London,  
 Twenty-second of January, 1788 ;  
 He died at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, on the  
 Nineteenth of April, 1824,  
 Engaged in the glorious attempt to restore that  
 Country to her ancient freedom and independence.  
 His sister, the Honourable Augusta Mary Leigh,  
 Placed this tablet to his memory."

N. B.—In the vault is an urn, thus inscribed:—"Within this urn are deposited the heart and the brains of the deceased Lord Noel Byron."

Such is the landmark over one of the brightest beacons of human history. He "fires not, wins not, weeps not, now," except in his deathless pages—the clay-cold urn can well dissipate the fever of heart and brain. What a host of rushing thoughts must come over the spectator, who gazes on that vase which encloses the once throbbing vehicles of Byron's life and thought! If he could also "remove the skull from out the scattered heaps" how incomparably eloquent would the words appear, which were once moulded in that "distracted globe!"

"Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,  
 Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:  
 Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall,  
 The dome of thought, the palace of the soul;  
 Behold through each lack lustre, eyeless hole,  
 The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,  
 And passion's host that never brook'd controul;  
 Can all, saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,  
 People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?"

What an increase of value does this sublime soliloquy receive, in connection with the once proud brow in which it was formed. The question of "saint, sage, or sophist," gets tenfold interest by such connection; for the supposition of Byron's annihilation, or of his future resurrection, alike involves deep and dark cogitation. The last couplet of this celebrated stanza are perhaps more innocent of scepticism, and more unworthy the foregoing "words which burn," than are generally imagined—for the writings of saint, sage, or sophist are as impotent to tell how that "tower" and "tenement" were built and furnished, as to tell how they may be renovated. Yet, we know that they did exist; and to reproduce, must be as easy to the Supreme Architect, as to originally form; divest this harped-on couplet of its poetry, and it is "a blank my Lord;" but its poetry gives a sad dubious termination, that beautifully suits the thoughts which precede it.