

fled to France, where he died in 1791, at the age of thirty-six. The poet's mother went to Scotland, and resided in a humble dwelling in Aberdeen, where she remained several years. One biographer writes: "Never was poet born to so much illustrious, and so much bad blood. The records of his infancy betray the temper, which he possessed through life, passionate, sullen, and defiant of authority, but singularly amenable to kindness. On being scolded by his nurse for having soiled a dress, without uttering a word he tore it from top to seam, as he had seen his mother tear her caps and gowns."

Byron had one physical defect from his birth, one of his feet having a twist, which was a great source of bitterness to him, in regard to which he was specially sensitive. His mother, in some of her violent fits of temper, when annoyed by him, would call him a little dog, as bad as his father, and sting him by calling him a "lame brat."

At the age of seven he was sent to the grammar school in Aberdeen. In 1798, the death of his great uncle without issue gave him the titles and estates of the family, at which time he was removed from the care of his mother and placed under the care of the Earl of Carlisle. The youthful lord was placed at the celebrated school of Harrow, where he distinguished himself more by attending to manly sports than to his studies, and showed a marked disregard of school discipline.

At the age of seventeen he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. He entered with little Latin, less Greek, and mathematics. He had read many books, and in that way picked up considerable information. He received several rebukes from the faculty, which were treated with sarcasm and satire. He kept a



GEORGE GORDON—LORD BYRON.

bear, which he said he was training for a degree. The truth is his mind never was thoroughly disciplined by scholastic study, as his subsequent career plainly showed. He secured his degree by special favour because he was a lord.

Shortly after this he published a collection of his poems, bearing the significant title, "Hours of Idleness." These poems indicated ability, but afforded very little promise of what he was capable of producing. The book was severely criticized in *The Edinburgh Review* of 1808. The criticism was very severe and caustic, and lacked the candour that was in a degree deserved. It was a large expenditure of ammunition on rather small game. This roused the poet's anger, though he claimed to care little about the matter. A while after he wrote a satire in reply, entitled, "English Bards and Scotch