

thousand other matters of undeniable nobility and greatness, would induce the tongue to grow wanton in praise of our subject. Indiscriminate approval of one, whose life is before the public, is in degree bad, as is indiscriminate censure. The dead should rest in peace—when that may not be, impartial justice should scan the character under consideration. Byron, perhaps, was young, tempted, inexperienced and ardent, when he erred as we mention—still, when the offences are brought forward, reprobation should follow. Nature's moral laws are eternal—conscience matured by education and observation, is the judge of those laws—they may not be infringed on with impunity by any, however exalted in other respects—to drag infringements to the public bar, is not always necessary or proper—to firmly call them infringements, when they are there, is always a duty. We set out in these remarks by saying that Byron's history afforded an impressive moral to the generation in which he lived. In it we see demonstrated, that all the possible advantages which birth, fortune and genius, give to life, without propriety and virtue, tend but little to bestow "happiness, our being's end and aim." Few will dispute, that many a man of humble life, who went forth to his work in the morning, alive to the simple language of nature and religion—and who returned in the evening, as the linnet to its nest, to his garden and hearth, and expecting family—was happier, and even more dignified, than the spoiled child of fortune, and of mental power. Look at the placid evening of life experienced by the one; his burial amid the flowers of the little churchyard, which his own hand had helped to embellish; his quiet repose there, waiting a joyful resurrection, with "his grand children's tears for epitaph"—and behold the wasted energies of the other, before half his days are past; his reckless dying hour; his ominously silent funeral, in the dark crowded charnel house; the controversy over his character; and the nearest relative who points the finger of public contempt at him who lies in cold obstruction. Without taking any more extended view, the moral of the picture strikes at once—it is pregnant with advice and warning—encourages the humble, and deters the proud and unfeeling.

The friends of Byron at the present time demand loudly, an explanation of Lady Byron's letter. A man such as Byron, who devoted his life to literature, whose poetical sentiments are general as the air, and who has lived, like a comet, in the public gaze—becomes identified with the public mind, and, as it were, a species of public property. We hope any future investigation will tend rather to redeem than injure his moral character. In the mean time, morals require, that genius, bravery, or love of general liberty, should not compensate for the more retired virtues—and when the retired walks of a great man's life are canvassed, the mention and support of this truth becomes necessary.