

flee his paternal hall—and the memory of whose barbed stings years could not obliterate—according to Byron's own account her negligence occasioned a deformity which often gave him intense mortification, and her unfeeling temper upbraided him in after years with those very defects. Yet—her arms were his only final resting place on earth. He had travelled over many lands, impressing each with imperishable records of his powers—but he returned to that breast which nursed him in infancy, and which he loved not—returned, and sank into its embrace, to be no more separated until the great day of the resurrection.

In the crash which denoted the breaking down of the *narrow house*, the matron's dust seemed to say, "Come my son—wild, wayward, and fiery as myself—rejected by the world, forgotten by thy fellows, deserted by the wife of thy bosom—tired of melancholy, of scorn, and of hate—come and rest for ever on thy first pillow. It tortured, but forsook thee not—and as a charmed bird, thy vain flights are now over, and thou quietly nestlest, on what thou didst consider thy bane, and made many efforts to escape. Giaour, Manfred, or Childe Harold—the spirits which thou didst conjure around have forsaken thee!—gone is their agony and their ethereal beauty—and thy mother's mouldering dust is thine unromantic but unpolled bourn."

So lay what was mortal of Byron, in the crowded charnel house. A tedious year rolled over the reposing dust, and no inscription or monument of any kind marked where it lay. It lay alone with its glory, and only marked from the common dust by the imperishable halo of its former name. In 1825 a tablet was erected to his memory by his sister. The public might forget its usual decreeing of monuments to its favourites—Lady Byron might neglect the memorial which common bosoms delight to raise in perpetuation of names which they honour—not so the sister of the deceased. The play of childhood was not so easily forgotten—Errors, and crimes, and glory of after years, could not efface the delicate ties which nature delights to weave for youth. Mature years brought many other ties and propensities and wanderings, still a *brother's* fame, a *brother's* happiness was seen in each—and when he returned to his own vault, and to his mother's breast, a *sister* was the tender reposer of the monument over his ashes. There is a pure living—ing of love—fraught with nature all sparkling, disinterested, and spontaneous, in the fraternal bond; which is, when unwarped by unhappy circumstances, perhaps the greatest glory and delight of our humanity.

The tablet erected to his memory bears the following short but comprehensive inscription:—