

of his ancestors—the day warm, the roads suffocating from dust; the peasantry crowded to see the funeral of the last of their feudal Lords; but the posterity of the Byron's vassals shewed no sign of gratitude or attachment. Byron expended his income far from his chateau, and had sold his domains to a stranger. No voice, accordingly, saluted him; “*no one cried God bless him.*” One of the greatest geniuses of modern times passed to his grave almost without one friend, or a single tear.

“The vault was opened; the coffin was lowered into it. There was no place left unoccupied in the last narrow resting-place of the Byrons; he himself had remarked that this circumstance was prophetic, and presaged the extinction of his race. They were accordingly obliged to place the remains of the Poet above the coffin which contained those of his mother; but this last had become rotten from time, and was unable to support the heavy leaden coffin which was laid above it. A crash was heard; one coffin had sunk into the other, and the remains of Byron were united to those of his mother.”

This neglect of Byron's remains seems almost unaccountable—the common meed of genius is, to have intense respect paid the ashes of its possessor, no matter how neglected the living frame might have been. Sheridan's hearse had its train of Princes—Burns, the ploughman and exciseman of Dumfries was followed to his hillock by a thronged procession of noble and wealthy mourners. Why then was Byron, the child of birth, title and genius, the all-eclipsing bard, the fearless philosopher, the volunteer in a foreign death strife for liberty—why was he scorned of prince and peer—rejected by the multitude—and earthed up as if some groveller had crept from obscurity to the tomb? It could not be because his scepticism hurt the faith, or his licentiousness offended the morals of his compeers—a thousand facts deny this. Perhaps it was partly owing to the independent and isolated stand which he had taken in life—his scorn of mere rank, and his misanthropic contempt for the great world. Whatever was its cause, it presented a humiliating final scene to the romantic drama of his distinguished life.

If there was something prophetic in the want of room in the family vault, whereby, the most renowned, the most noble of the Byrons, was denied space for refuge from an unhappy life—the sinking of that unhonoured corse into the dust of a mother's coffin, was a fit climax to the catastrophe. It seemed the triumph of simple nature, in contradiction to the fiery and supernatural flights which the ethereal occupier of that frame was wont to take; in mockery of the misanthropy, stoicism, and immortal breathings which lately excited that now unexisting dust. Here was the mortal part of her, whose wayward and fierce temper disgusted her own offspring—of her who early made him