THEESIS
ON
BYRON

Minnie A. Parker
"80"
1880

had to hand some

rude jack building some

He was not attracted to the

depths of life or nature. By only

the villagers to an author of

more gaudier feats by the church,

or榛子 than Hogarth.

But, sir, what is the
classic angel of my work of

receiving this thought and feeling

which are outside of the contents

of the manuscript when needed or eluded

and usually characterized by a

measured force of the departing

moment." The incantation had

the plaguie on the wall

that is the source of this show,

which growing gather all to

meets gets at the root all of

remaining all things in it

musical melody. The sound

Osling in a shroud, the sound
The poetry of later times has robbed it deeper. To understand the language of the heart is to understand the depth of the soul. Even when his heart is empty, the poet still finds a way to express his emotions. The power of poetry is its ability to touch our souls and open our hearts to new feelings and experiences. Each word, each phrase, is carefully chosen to convey the poet's thoughts and feelings to the reader. Poetry is a bridge between the mind and the heart, allowing us to explore the depths of our own souls and connect with the souls of others. It is a form of expression that transcends time and culture, uniting us in the shared experience of language and emotion.
and under all the influence
and academic studies, there seems to
be perhaps but little connection
yet both affected it a great deal
the author of the essay, and
Wordsworth he might that
it was Wordsworth is distinguished
between them. The Wordsworth
but philosophy was a greater
away from old forking of
philosophy for something the

old did not know. The least
a new reader, I embrace some
opinions which I never fully
held.

As a philosophy instead of
is an imposing report. Nature the
time of the understanding and
postulated unison upon Nature's
laws of the imagination. And
are alike in coordinating real
larity to mind. In fact all deli
in to some degree transcendental for it transcends the ordinary. It

serves and indulge its peculiar
tone of nature with new attri-
butes. And so to a large extent

transcendental Philip the exot-
ics and influenced Paul.

All political creed work
changed in literature, and the

Revolution was especially
calculated to his benefit to its
advantage. Everything was known
and every form of politics elig-
ous and thoughtful questioned.
At book of hee founds Bynon

travelp long and dully

Much has been said of
Flame and much of God.

Concerning Bynow some say
nothing is concrete and other

which is commanded. To his

friends and advocates he is a god
and to his enemies a fiend.

Both are true and yet but

false, for there is much of
good and much of evil in

the book.

Can anyone have at a

volume of this world and see

those others without comparing

that he who wrote kind wiser

generous? The lines of Bynon

old, Haikara, Rob hare, only

shorter rules, roll out as from

a fountain filled to the brim.

These words bust forth
lacked by the valorous youth of
some baseness. Byron was
bravely called to the
becoming of his birth and
to that which for the moment
occupied him.

He had said that no
man's worth was ever more
influenced by the character
and habits than by and what
this character was put to test
to some degree from his life
and worth. Only I was formed
what excuse did most to preclude
I was not known to be much
so due to nature, how much
to his mother's influence, or
to the unhappy
events of his life were those
even if either of the last two
was strong enough to have
withstanding hurt. What nature
would have made him of

I had long talked to explain
under the present conditions of a
mother's love or a teacher's
watchful care we cannot tell.
But we may suppose from the
piece we have we have known in
some place not the deep that
nature of man but that was
not all evil but he was good
full of life and extensible
full of passion and strength.
And this in a home where the
mother's love was twined to
gall and nonprofound could
develop into the perfect man
our century requires Byron
to be. Her kalamath nature
seemed to locate his own revenge
full feelings, and her better
taste and unfailing timer, not
his sensitive nature to the quick.
The young was dead, best
tempted which her envy
caused as she called him for 

her last tramp, or talked to her

whenever that came to her hand

but with a pleasant doggedness

he drew the covering over the

quivering crotchet peak of

his kettle and looked for through

hall her teller of stories, Righty

on Aug. 2, 1888, shows that he

mourned her death instantly

at the same time he would

called on to merge the death

of one of his only friends, a

among them. The thought of his

loss toward her his effec-
tive, one of the deepest tre-

ned. What was there to help

that on her death, although

Oaths, his valued and cherished

but tender, weak, she the was,

he believed to tell her name.

She was one of the strongest

passions in the world and

those who say that Aaron never

loved a woman, surely would

cite to the following extract of

the second part of the letter

Harold wrote to his sister of Hip-

ga in the lines beginning

"Those for art gone, those loved

will be loyal you-

as his lines to Heggia commen-
ting:

without a stone to mark the spot

or say what truth might well

have said.

Could such sentiments pure,

holy, and sacred, have been

known by a soul, the fountain

of whose life was all a clouded

by the field of war?

The first that after these

timely Beaconsented his words

are filled with bosh and

but her thoughts, fate had not

resolved them kindly had
clouds of falsehood and
hesitancy. God was at war
with humanity. The world is
out of joint.' But if the one
was the rent for his passions in
the deep, settled life of the
average, while on the other
side the fury turned to bitterness
in his own soul, and then
itself in lashing the clouds
against which I fought.

I was not till his soul
was bruised and bleeding
and the dearer to me.

The hope that the heart of his genius
should be elevated and
richest chords. The first piece
from his pen went for a pre-
print to his later efforts. He
Brockle it was not till he had
been duly sung by the hard
criticisms in The Edinburgh
Review on his Town of Blences.
That he became fully aware of his talent并向他耸立Steeled his heart in the face of injustice, and had produced his English Dacts and Sketches. One of the most dignified virtues ever known. This was the beginning of his great work.

Of the first his can be said. The spirit is poor, a common fault of Byron, and one is bound to observe there is nothing in the arrangement to commend them. There is too a somewhat false and assumed air in them. The third is a more natural, and the fourth is for the best yet all through the work his the fault that the words and the milieu do not correspond, and the rhyme

so somewhat strained.

Byron in his highest efforts was a poet of future. In projecting her in the ocean, or in some of her other vagaries, shows he is here at his best. He is strong of her. In the last, with there a description of a child of nature that suggested his Cirene. In his love and mastery of life, he recaptured Shelley to there was the age of the elements, and as familiar as dew upon the grass. They comprehended and loved nature with a love and true affection. Of this, natural, poetry Shelley is an example in his Ode to the Westmoreland, but they are scattered all through Byron. It is to the ocean that the latter turns when driven from England, and the scene of
and beautiful are the scenery and sea.

But when we reach her

leave we find the highest, loftest

and best of the poet's works, one cannot

be appreciated inections for its strength and beau-
ty fit in the frame as a whole,

here verse and sentiment com-
pletely harmonize. Here we

find the pulsations of the poet's

sanguine active beating heart. It is

the living thought of an in-
tense soul.

In the scene are,

changing and varied, scenes

of the pleasure and

possession of Augustus by the English

family. The shipwreck by the

sedge. So life is as fresh and

eutering as the breath

from the ocean; and many

and beautiful are the sentiment

expressed, quick steps of feet on

the green land Hom. These

are too. A people call a

memorable. Few, in some places

it a memorable. But do those

who criticize it on this ground

forget that it is not English?

That it was written as tally?

written at a time when driven

from England by the

denunciation and exiles of his countrymen

he had to find refuge in that

penny items, what adopted

the manners and customs here.

There are too well known to

require explanation here. But

the poet be thrown away into

by because of a flaw upon

IT.

If his shorter poems little

need be said here. They are of

all grades of excellence. Simply
There is no more pathetic and beautiful farewell anywhere. These lines are addressed to his sister on leaving his native land forever.

"Though the sky of my detrain'd eyes
And the earth my fate has taken,
My soft heart with failed to
The fault that so many
Could find."

And this farewell to his wife is very pathetic.

"Take the well and of forever,
Still forever, fare thee well,
Even though uninformed over
Gainst the will with heart and will.
And who has not heard the "Old
To Washington, the "Witch," the Board
And not enjoyed them?"

Letter has been accursed

Of making all his heroic
Provisions in his own words in
A letter to Mr. Shaler under date
Of Oct. 13, 1814, in which he says:
"I by no means intend to identi
Myself with Harlow, but
To duty all connection with
here... I would not be
Such a fellow as I have
Made my hero for the world
Though there is no such but
That the "Harlan" is a picture of
His own life.

As this concludes

Woodwork is by all except mine
I believe, fastened above upon
The latter is scarcely able for the
Sensibility of his genius the range
And book of his power. He loved
A short time and acknowledged
They, "He was a great man, good to my
Things, and knew he had some b-
This also — to be put next.