

Behold, a chosen band shall aid thy plan,
 And own thee chieftain of the critic clan.
 First in the oat-fed phalanx shall be seen
 The travelled Thane, Athenian Aberdeen.¹
 HERBERT shall wield THOR's hammer,² and
 sometimes,
 In gratitude, thou'lt praise his rugged
 rhymes. 510
 Smug SYDNEY,³ too, thy bitter page shall
 seek,
 And classic HALLAM,⁴ much renowned for
 Greek;

¹ His Lordship has been much abroad, is a member of the Athenian Society, and reviewer of Gell's *Topography of Troy*. [George Gordon, fourth Earl of Aberdeen (1784-1860), published in 1822 *An Inquiry into the Principles of Beauty in Grecian Architecture*.]

² Mr. Herbert is a translator of Icelandic and other poetry. One of the principal pieces is a *Song on the Recovery of Thor's Hammer*: the translation is a pleasant chant in the vulgar tongue, and endeth thus:—

“Instead of money and rings, I wot,
 The hammer's bruises were her lot.
 Thus Odin's son his hammer got.”

[William Herbert (1778-1847), son of the first Earl of Carnarvon, was one of the earliest contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*.]

³ The Rev. SYDNEY SMITH, the reputed Author of *Peter Plymley's Letters*, and sundry criticisms. [Sydney Smith (1771-1845), the “witty Canon of St Paul's,” was one of the founders, and for a short time (1802) the editor, of the *Edinburgh Review*.]

⁴ Mr. HALLAM reviewed PAYNE KNIGHT'S “Taste,” and was exceedingly severe on some Greek verses therein. It was not discovered that the lines were Pindar's till the press rendered it impossible to cancel the critique, which still stands an everlasting monument of Hallam's ingenuity.—The said Hallam is incensed because he is falsely accused, seeing that he never dineth at Holland House. If this be true, I am sorry—not for having said so, but on his account, as I understand his Lordship's feasts are preferable to his compositions. If he did not review Lord HOLLAND'S performance, I am glad; because it must have been painful to read, and irksome to praise it. If Mr. HALLAM will tell me who did review it, the real name shall find a place in the text; provided, nevertheless, the said name be of two orthodox musical syllables, and will come into the verse: till then, HALLAM must stand for want of a better.

[Henry Hallam (1777-1859), author of *Europe during the Middle Ages*, 1818, etc. The article in question was written by Dr. John Allen, Lord Holland's domestic physician, and Byron was misled by the similarity of sound in the two names, or repeated what Hodgson had told him.]

SCOTT may perchance his name and influence
 lend
 And paltry PILLANS¹ shall traduce his
 friend;
 While gay Thalia's luckless votary, LAMB,²
 Damned like the Devil—Devil-like will damn.
 Known be thy name! unbounded be thy
 sway!
 Thy HOLLAND'S banquets shall each toil
 repay!
 While grateful Britain yields the praise she
 owes
 To HOLLAND'S hirelings and to Learning's
 foes. 520
 Yet mark one caution ere thy next Review
 Spread its light wings of Saffron and of
 Blue,
 Beware lest blundering BROUGHAM³ destroy
 the sale,
 Turn Beef to Bannocks, Cauliflowers to
 Kail.”

¹ Pillans is a tutor at Eton. [James Pillans (1778-1864), Rector of the High School, and Professor of Humanity in the University, Edinburgh. Byron probably assumed that the review of Hodgson's *Translation of Juvenal*, in the *Edinburgh Review*, April, 1808, was by him.]

² The Honourable G. Lambe reviewed “BERESFORD'S Miseries,” and is moreover Author of a farce enacted with much applause at the Priory, Stanmore; and damned with great expedition at the late theatre, Covent Garden. It was entitled *Whistle for It*. [See note, ante, on line 56. His review of James Beresford's *Miseries of Human Life; or the Last Groans of Timothy Testy and Samuel Sensitive*, appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for October 1806.]

³ Mr. Brougham, in No. XXV. of the *Edinburgh Review*, throughout the article concerning Don Pedro de Cevallos, has displayed more politics than policy; many of the worthy burgesses of Edinburgh being so incensed at the infamous principles it evinces, as to have withdrawn their subscriptions.—[Here followed, in the First Edition: “The name of this personage is pronounced Broom in the south, but the truly northern and musical pronunciation is BROUGH-AM, in two syllables;” but for this, Byron substituted in the Second Edition: “It seems that Mr. Brougham is not a Pict, as I supposed, but a Borderer, and his name is pronounced Broom, from Trent to Tay:—so be it.”]

[The title of the work was “Exposition of the Practices and Machinations which led to the usurpation of the Crown of Spain,” etc., by Don Pedro Cevallos. The article, which appeared in October, 1808, was the joint composition of Jeffrey and Brougham, and proved a turning-point in the political development of the *Review*.]

Thus having said, the kilted Goddess kissed
Her son, and vanished in a Scottish mist.¹

Then prosper, JEFFREY! pertest of the
train
Whom Scotland pampers with her fiery
grain!
Whatever blessing waits a genuine Scot,
In double portion swells thy glorious lot; 530
For thee Edina culls her evening sweets,
And showers their odours on thy candid
sheets,
Whose Hue and Fragrance to thy work
adhere—
This scents its pages, and that gilds its
rear.²
Lo! blushing Itch, coy nymph, enamoured
gown,
Forsakes the rest, and cleaves to thee alone,
And, too unjust to other Pictish men,
Enjoys thy person, and inspires thy pen!

Illustrious HOLLAND! hard would be his
lot,
His hirelings mentioned, and himself
forgot!³ 540
HOLLAND, with HENRY PETTY⁴ at his
back,
The whipper-in and huntsman of the pack.

¹ I ought to apologise to the worthy Deities for introducing a new Goddess with short petticoats to their notice: but, alas! what was to be done? I could not say Caledonia's Genius, it being well known there is no Genius to be found from Clackmannan to Caithness; yet without supernatural agency, how was Jeffrey to be saved? The national "Kelpies" are too unpoetical, and the "Brownies" and "gude neighbours" (spirits of a good disposition) refused to extricate him. A Goddess, therefore, has been called for the purpose; and great ought to be the gratitude of Jeffrey, seeing it is the only communication he ever held, or is likely to hold, with anything heavenly.

² See the colour of the back binding of the *Edinburgh Review*.

³ "Bad enough, and on mistaken grounds too." —B., 1816. [The comment applies to the whole passage on Lord Holland.

[Henry Richard Vassall, third Lord Holland (1773-1840), to whom Byron dedicated the *Bride of Abydos* (1813).]

⁴ [Henry Petty (1780-1863) succeeded his brother as third Marquis of Lansdowne in 1809. He was a regular attendant at the social and political gatherings of his relative, Lord Holland; and as Holland House was regarded as one of the main rallying-points of the Whig party and of the *Edinburgh Reviewers*, the words, "whipper-in

Blest be the banquets spread at Holland
House,

Where Scotchmen feed, and Critics may
carouse!

Long, long beneath that hospitable roof
Shall Grub-street dine, while duns are kept
aloof.

See honest HALLAM¹ lay aside his fork,
Resume his pen, review his Lordship's work,
And, grateful for the dainties on his plate,
Declare his landlord can at least trans-
late!²

Dunedin! view thy children with delight, 550
They write for food—and feed because they
write:

And lest, when heated with the unusual grape,
Some glowing thoughts should to the press
escape,

And tinge with red the female reader's cheek,
My lady skims the cream of each critique;
Breathes o'er the page her purity of soul,
Reforms each error, and refines the whole.³

Now to the Drama turn—Oh! motley sight!
What precious scenes the wondering eyes
invite: 560

Puns, and a Prince within a barrel pent,⁴
And Dibdin's nonsense yield complete
content.⁵

Though now, thank Heaven! the Roscio-
mania's o'er,⁶

And full-grown actors are endured once more;
Yet what avail their vain attempts to please,
While British critics suffer scenes like these;

and huntsman," probably refer to their exertions
in this respect.]

¹ [See note 4, p. 96.]

² Lord Holland has translated some specimens of Lope de Vega, inserted in his life of the author. Both are bepraised by his *disinterested* guests.

³ Certain it is, her ladyship is suspected of having displayed her matchless wit in the *Edinburgh Review*. However that may be, we know from good authority, that the manuscripts are submitted to her perusal—no doubt, for correction.

⁴ In the melo-drama of *Tekeli*, that heroic prince is clapt into a barrel on the stage—a new asylum for distressed heroes. [Theodore Edward Hook (1788-1841) produced *Tekeli* in 1806.]

⁵ [Vide post, l. 590, note 4.]

⁶ [William Henry West Betty (1791-1874) ("the Young Roscius") made his first appearance on the London stage as Selim, disguised as Achmet, in *Barbarossa*, December 1, 1804, and his last, as a boy actor, as Richard III., April 8, (or,? Hamlet, April 9), 1806, but acted in the provinces till 1808.]

While REYNOLDS vents his "dammes!"
 "poohs!" and "zounds!"¹
 And common-place and common sense
 confounds?
 While KENNEY'S² "World" — ah! where is
 KENNEY'S wit?—
 Tires the sad gallery, lulls the listless Pit; 570
 And BEAUMONT'S pilfered Caratach affords
 A tragedy complete in all but words?³
 Who but must mourn, while these are all the
 rage,
 The degradation of our vaunted stage?
 Heavens! is all sense of shame and talent
 gone?
 Have we no living Bard of merit?—none?
 Awake, GEORGE COLMAN!⁴ CUMBERLAND,
 awake!⁵
 Ring the alarum bell! let folly quake!
 Oh! SHERIDAN! if aught can move thy
 pen,
 Let Comedy assume her throne again; 580
 Abjure the mummery of German schools;
 Leave new Pizarros to translating fools;⁶

¹ All these are favourite expressions of Mr. Reynolds, and prominent in his comedies, living and defunct. [Frederic Reynolds (1764-1841) produced nearly one hundred plays, one of the most successful of which was *The Caravan, or the Driver and his Dog*. The text alludes to his endeavour to introduce the language of ordinary life on the stage.]

² [James Kenney (1780-1849). *The World* was brought out at Drury Lane, March 31, 1808, and had a considerable run.]

³ Mr. T. Sheridan, the new Manager of Drury Lane theatre, stripped the tragedy of *Bonduca* [*Caratach* in the original MS.] of the dialogue, and exhibited the scenes as the spectacle of *Caractacus*. Was this worthy of his sire? or of himself? [Thomas Sheridan (1775-1817), the son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and father of Lady Dufferin, Mrs. Norton, and the Duchess of Somerset, was author of several plays. His *Bonduca* was played at Covent Garden, May 3, 1808.]

⁴ [George Colman, the younger (1762-1836), wrote numerous dramas, several of which, e.g. *The Iron Chest* (1796), *The Heir-at-Law* (1797), *John Bull* (1803), have been popular with more than one generation of playgoers. *John Bull* is referred to in *Hints from Horace*, line 166.]

⁵ [Richard Cumberland (1732-1811), the original of Sir Fretful Plagiary in *The Critic*, a man of varied abilities, wrote poetry, plays, novels, classical translations, and works of religious controversy. He published his *Memoirs* in 1806-7.]

⁶ [Sheridan's translation of *Pizarro*, by Kotzebue, was first played at Drury Lane, May 24, 1799.]

Give, as thy last memorial to the age,
 One classic drama, and reform the stage.
 Gods! o'er those boards shall Folly rear her
 head,
 Where GARRICK trod, and SIDDONS lives to
 tread?
 On those shall Farce display Buffoonery's
 mask,
 And HOOK conceal his heroes in a cask?¹
 Shall sapient managers new scenes pro-
 duce
 From CHERRY,² SKEFFINGTON,³ and Mother
 GOOSE?⁴ 590
 While SHAKESPEARE, OTWAY, MASSINGER,
 forgot,
 On stalls must moulder, or in closets rot?
 Lo! with what pomp the daily prints pro-
 claim
 The rival candidates for Attic fame!
 In grim array though LEWIS' spectres rise,
 Still SKEFFINGTON and GOOSE divide the
 prize.
 And, sure, *great* Skeffington must claim our
 praise,
 For skirtless coats and skeletons of plays
 Renowned alike; whose genius ne'er con-
 fines
 Her flight to garnish Greenwood's gay
 designs;⁵ 600
 Nor sleeps with "Sleeping Beauties," but
 anon
 In five facetious acts comes thundering on;

¹ [See *ante*, line 561.]

² [Andrew Cherry (1762-1812) acted many parts in Ireland and in the provinces, and for a few years appeared at Drury Lane. He was popular in Dublin, where he was known as "Little Cherry." He wrote *The Travellers* (1806), *Peter the Great* (1807), and other plays.]

³ Mr. [now Sir Lumley] Skeffington is the illustrious author of *The Sleeping Beauty*, and some comedies, particularly *Maids and Bachelors: Baccalaurii baculo magis quam lauro digni*.

[Lumley St George (afterwards Sir Lumley) Skeffington (1771-1850). "Great Skeffington" was a great dandy. According to Captain Gronow (*Reminiscences*, i. 63), "he used to paint his face so that he looked like a French toy." His play *The Sleeping Beauty* had a considerable vogue.]

⁴ [Thomas John Dibdin (1771-1841). His pantomime, *Mother Goose*, in which Grimaldi took a part, was played at Covent Garden in 1807, and is said to have brought the management £20,000.]

⁵ Mr. Greenwood is, we believe, scene-painter to Drury Lane theatre—as such, Mr. Skeffington is much indebted to him.

While poor John Bull, bewildered with the
scene,
Stares, wondering what the devil it can
mean;

But as some hands applaud, a venal few!
Rather than sleep, why, John applauds it too.

Such are we now. Ah! wherefore should
we turn

To what our fathers were, unless to mourn?
Degenerate Britons! are ye dead to
shame,

Or, kind to dulness, do you fear to blame? 610
Well may the nobles of our present race
Watch each distortion of a NALDI'S face;
Well may they smile on Italy's buffoons,
And worship CATALANI'S pantaloons,¹
Since their own Drama yields no fairer trace
Of wit than puns, of humour than grimace.²

Then let Ausonia, skilled in every art
To soften manners, but corrupt the heart,
Pour her exotic follies o'er the town, 619
To sanction Vice, and hunt Decorum down:
Let wedded strumpets languish o'er DES-
HAYES,

And bless the promise which his form dis-
plays;

¹ Naldi and Catalani require little notice; for the visage of the one, and the salary of the other, will enable us long to recollect these amusing vagabonds. Besides, we are still black and blue from the squeeze on the first night of the Lady's appearance in trousers. [Giuseppe Naldi (1770-1820) made his *début* on the London stage at the King's Theatre in April, 1806. Angelica Catalani (circ. 1785-1849), a famous soprano, made her *début* at Venice in 1795. Her first appearance in England was at the King's Theatre, in Portogallo's *Semiramide*, in 1806.]

² [Moore says that the following twenty lines were struck off one night after Lord Byron's return from the Opera, and sent the next morning to the printer. The representation which provoked the outburst was probably that of *I Villegiatori Rezzani*, at the King's Theatre, February 21, 1809. The first piece, in which Naldi and Catalani were the principal singers, was followed by d'Egville's musical extravaganza, *Don Quichotte, ou les Nocés de Gamache*. In the *corps de ballet* were Deshayes of Herculean stature, for many years master of the *ballet* at the King's Theatre, Miss Gayton, who had played a Sylph at Drury Lane as early as 1806, and Mademoiselle Angiolini, "elegant of figure, *petite*, but finely formed, with the manner of Vestris." Mademoiselle Presle does not seem to have taken part in *Don Quichotte*; but she was well known as *première danseuse* in *La Belle Laitière*, *La Fête Chinoise*, and other ballets.]

While Gayton bounds before th' enraptured
looks

Of hoary Marquises, and stripling Dukes:
Let high-born lechers eye the lively Presle
Twirl her light limbs, that spurn the needless
veil;

Let Angiolini bare her breast of snow,
Wave the white arm, and point the pliant
toe;

Collini trill her love-inspiring song,
Strain her fair neck, and charm the listening
throng! 630

Whet not your scythe, Suppressors of our
Vice!

Reforming Saints! too delicately nice!
By whose decrees, our sinful souls to save,
No Sunday tankards foam, no barbers
shave;

And beer undrawn, and beards unmown,
display

Your holy reverence for the Sabbath-day.

Or hail at once the patron and the pile
Of vice and folly, Greville and Argyle!¹
Where yon proud palace, Fashion's hallowed
fane, 639

Spreads wide her portals for the motley train,

¹ To prevent any blunder, such as mistaking a street for a man, I beg leave to state, that it is the institution, and not the Duke of that name, which is here alluded to.

A gentleman, with whom I am slightly acquainted, lost in the Argyle Rooms several thousand pounds at Backgammon.* It is but justice to the manager in this instance to say, that some degree of disapprobation was manifested: but why are the implements of gaming allowed in a place devoted to the society of both sexes? A pleasant thing for the wives and daughters of those who are blessed or cursed with such connections, to hear the Billiard-Balls rattling in one room, and the dice in another! That this is the case I myself can testify, as a late unworthy member of an Institution which materially affects the morals of the higher orders, while the lower may not even move to the sound of a tabor and fiddle, without a chance of indictment for riotous behaviour. [The Argyle Institution, founded by Colonel Greville, flourished many years before the Argyll Rooms were built by Nash in 1818. This mention of Greville's name caused him to demand an explanation from Byron, but the matter was amicably settled by Moore and G. F. Leckie, who acted on behalf of the disputants. (See *Life*, pp. 160, 161.)]

* "True. It was Billy Way who lost the money. I knew him, and was a subscriber to the Argyle at the time of this event."—B., 1816.

Behold the new Petronius¹ of the day,
Our arbiter of pleasure and of play!
There the hired eunuch, the Hesperian choir,
The melting lute, the soft lascivious lyre,
The song from Italy, the step from France,
The midnight orgy, and the mazy dance,
The smile of beauty, and the flush of wine,
For fops, fools, gamesters, knaves, and
Lords combine:

Each to his humour—Comus all allows;
Champagne, dice, music—or your neighbour's
spouse. 650

Talk not to us, ye starving sons of trade!
Of piteous ruin, which ourselves have made;
In Plenty's sunshine Fortune's minions bask,
Nor think of Poverty, except "en masque,"²
When for the night some lately titled ass
Appears the beggar which his grandsire was.
The curtain dropped, the gay Burletta o'er,
The audience take their turn upon the floor:
Now round the room the circling dow'gers
sweep,

Now in loose waltz the thin-clad daughters
leap; 660

The first in lengthened line majestic swim,
The last display the free unfettered limb!
Those for Hibernia's lusty sons repair
With art the charms which Nature could not
spare;

These after husbands wing their eager flight,
Nor leave much mystery for the nuptial
night.

Oh! blest retreats of infamy and ease,
Where, all forgotten but the power to please,
Each maid may give a loose to genial
thought,

Each swain may teach new systems, or be
taught: 670

There the blithe youngster, just returned
from Spain,

Cuts the light pack, or calls the rattling
main;

The jovial Caster's set, and seven's the Nick,
Or—done!—a thousand on the coming trick!
If, mad with loss, existence 'gins to tire,
And all your hope or wish is to expire,

¹ Petronius, "Arbiter elegantiarum" to Nero, "and a very pretty fellow in his day," as Mr. Congreve's "Old Bachelor" saith of Hannibal.

² ["We are authorised to state that Mr. Greville, who has a small party at his private assembly rooms at the Argyle, will receive from 10 to 12 [P.M.] masks who have Mrs. Chichester's Institution tickets."—*Morning Post*, June 7, 1809.]

Here's POWELL's¹ pistol ready for your life,
And, kinder still, two PAGETS for your wife:
Fit consummation of an earthly race
Begun in folly, ended in disgrace, 680
While none but menials o'er the bed of death,
Wash thy red wounds, or watch thy waver-
ing breath:

Traded by liars, and forgot by all,
The mangled victim of a drunken brawl,
To live like CLODIUS,² and like FALKLAND
fall.³

Truth! rouse some genuine Bard, and
guide his hand

To drive this pestilence from out the land.
E'en I—least thinking of a thoughtless
throng,

Just skilled to know the right and choose the
wrong,

Freed at that age when Reason's shield is
lost, 690

To fight my course through Passion's count-
less host,⁴

Whom every path of Pleasure's flow'ry way
Has lured in turn, and all have led astray—
E'en I must raise my voice, e'en I must feel
Such scenes, such men, destroy the public
weal:

Altho' some kind, censorious friend will say,
"What art thou better, meddling fool,⁵ than
they?"

And every Brother Rake will smile to see
That miracle, a Moralist in me.

¹ [See note on line 685, *infra*.]

² [The allusion is to the well-known incidents of his intrigue with Pompeia, Cæsar's wife, and his sacrilegious intrusion into the mysteries of the Bona Dea.]

³ I knew the late Lord Falkland well. On Sunday night I beheld him presiding at his own table, in all the honest pride of hospitality; on Wednesday morning, at three o'clock, I saw stretched before me all that remained of courage, feeling, and a host of passions. He was a gallant and successful officer: his faults were the faults of a sailor—as such, Britons will forgive them. He died like a brave man in a better cause; for had he fallen in like manner on the deck of the frigate to which he was just appointed, his last moments would have been held up by his countrymen as an example to succeeding heroes.

[Charles John Carey, ninth Viscount Falkland, died from a wound received in a duel with Mr. A. Powell on February 28, 1809.]

⁴ "Yes: and a precious chase they led me."—B., 1816.

⁵ "Fool enough, certainly, then, and no wiser since."—B., 1816.

No matter—when some Bard in virtue
 strong, 700
 Gifford perchance, shall raise the chastening
 song,
 Then sleep my pen for ever! and my voice
 Be only heard to hail him, and rejoice,
 Rejoice, and yield my feeble praise, though I
 May feel the lash that Virtue must apply.

As for the smaller fry, who swarm in shoals
 From silly HAFIZ up to simple BOWLES,¹
 Why should we call them from their dark
 abode,
 In broad St Giles's or in Tottenham-
 Road?

Or (since some men of fashion nobly dare 710
 To scrawl in verse) from Bond-street or the
 Square?

If things of Ton their harmless lays indite,
 Most wisely doomed to shun the public
 sight,

What harm? in spite of every critic elf,
 Sir T. may read his stanzas to himself;
 MILES ANDREWS² still his strength in
 couplets try,

And live in prologues, though his dramas
 die.

Lords too are Bards: such things at times
 befall,

And 'tis some praise in Peers to write at
 all. 719

Yet, did or Taste or Reason sway the times,
 Ah! who would take their titles with their
 rhymes?³

¹ What would be the sentiments of the Persian Anacreon, HAFIZ, could he rise from his splendid sepulchre at Sheeraz (where he reposes with FERDOUSI and SADI, the Oriental Homer and Catullus), and behold his name assumed by one STOTT of DROMORE, the most impudent and execrable of literary poachers for the Daily Prints?

² [Miles Peter Andrews (d. 1814) was M.P. for Bewdley. He held a good social position, but his intimate friends were actors and playwrights. His *Better Late than Never* was played for the first time at Drury Lane, November 17, 1790.]

³ [In a manuscript fragment, bound in the same volume as *British Bards* (the first draft of *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers* which Byron had set up in type), we find these lines:—

“In these, our times, with daily wonders big,
 A lettered peer is like a lettered pig;
 Both know their Alphabet, but who, from thence,
 Infers that peers or pigs have manly sense?
 Still less that such should woo the graceful nine;
 Parnassus was not made for lords and swine.”]

ROSCOMMON!¹ SHEFFIELD!² with your
 spirits fled,

No future laurels deck a noble head;
 No Muse will cheer, with renovating smile,
 The paralytic puling of CARLISLE.³
 The puny schoolboy and his early lay
 Men pardon, if his follies pass away;
 But who forgives the Senior's ceaseless verse,
 Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow
 worse? 729

What heterogeneous honours deck the Peer!
 Lord, rhymester, petit-maitre, pamphleteer!⁴
 So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age,
 His scenes alone had damned our sinking
 stage;

But Managers for once cried, “Hold,
 enough!”

Nor drugged their audience with the tragic
 stuff.

¹ [Wentworth Dillon, 4th Earl of Roscommon (1634-1685), author of many translations and minor poems, endeavoured (circ. 1663) to found an English literary academy.]

² [John Sheffield (1648-1721), Earl of Mulgrave (1658), Marquis of Normanby (1694), Duke of Buckingham (1703), wrote an *Essay upon Poetry*, and several other works.]

³ [Frederick Howard, 5th Earl of Carlisle, K.G. (1748-1825), Viceroy of Ireland, 1780-1782, and Privy Seal, etc., published *Tragedies and Poems*, 1801. He was Byron's first cousin once removed, and his guardian. *Poems Original and Translated* were dedicated to Lord Carlisle, and, as an erased MS. addition to *British Bards* testifies, he was to have been excepted from the roll of titled poetasters—

“Ah, who would take their titles from their rhymes?
 On *one* alone Apollo deigns to smile,
 And crowns a new Roscommon in Carlisle.”

Before, however, the revised Satire was sent to the press, Carlisle ignored his cousin's request to introduce him on taking his seat in the House of Lords, and, to avenge the slight, eighteen lines of castigation supplanted the flattering couplet. Lord Carlisle suffered from a nervous disorder, and Byron was informed that some readers had scented an allusion in the words “paralytic puling.” “I thank Heaven,” he exclaimed, “I did not know it; and would not, could not, if I had. I must naturally be the last person to be pointed on defects or maladies.”]

⁴ The Earl of Carlisle has lately published an eighteen-penny pamphlet on the state of the Stage, and offers his plan for building a new theatre. It is to be hoped his Lordship will be permitted to bring forward anything for the Stage—except his own tragedies. [This pamphlet was entitled *Thoughts upon the present condition of the stage, and upon the construction of a new Theatre*. Anon. 1808.]

Yet at their judgment let his Lordship laugh,
And case his volumes in congenial calf;
Yes! doff that covering, where Morocco
shines,
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant
lines.¹

With you, ye Druids! rich in native lead,
Who daily scribble for your daily bread: 741
With you I war not: GIFFORD'S heavy hand
Has crushed, without remorse, your
numerous band.

On "All the Talents" vent your venal
spleen;²

Want is your plea, let Pity be your screen.

Let Monodies on Fox regale your crew,
And Melville's Mantle³ prove a Blanket too!
One common Lethe waits each hapless Bard,
And, peace be with you! 'tis your best
reward. 749

Such damning fame as Dunciads only give
Could bid your lines beyond a morning live;
But now at once your fleeting labours close,
With names of greater note in blest repose.

Far be't from me unkindly to upbraid
The lovely ROSA'S prose in masquerade,
Whose strains, the faithful echoes of her
mind,

Leave wondering comprehension far behind.⁴

¹ "Doff that lion's hide,
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs."
—SHAKESPEARE, *King John*.

Lord Carlisle's works, most resplendently bound,
form a conspicuous ornament to his book-shelves:—
"The rest is all but leather and prunella."

"Wrong also—the provocation was not sufficient
to justify such acerbity."—B., 1816.

² *All the Blocks, or an Antidote to "All the Talents,"* by Flagellum (W. H. Ireland), London, 1807; *The Groan of the Talents, or Private Sentiments on Public Occasions*, 1807; "Gr—vile Agonistes, *A Dramatic Poem*, 1807, etc., etc."

³ "MELVILLE'S Mantle," a parody on *Elijah's Mantle*, a poem. [*Elijah's Mantle, being verses occasioned by the death of the Right Hon. W. Pitt* (1807), was written by James Sayer. *Melville's Mantle, being a Parody on the poem entitled "Elijah's Mantle,"* was published by Budd, 1807. *A Monody on the death of the R. H. C. J. Fox*, by Richard Payne Knight, was printed for J. Payne, 1806-7, and there were others.]

⁴ This lovely little Jessica, the daughter of the noted Jew King, seems to be a follower of the Della Crusca school, and has published two volumes of very respectable absurdities in rhyme, as times

Though Crusca's bards no more our journals
fill,

Some stragglers skirmish round the columns
still;

Last of the howling host which once was
Bell's, 760

Matilda snivels yet, and Hafiz yells;
And Merry's metaphors appear anew,
Chained to the signature of O. P. Q.¹

When some brisk youth, the tenant of a
stall,

Employs a pen less pointed than his awl,
Leaves his snug shop, forsakes his store of
shoes,

St. Crispin quits, and cobbles for the
Muse,

Heavens! how the vulgar stare! how crowds
applaud!

How ladies read, and Literati laud!²

go; besides sundry novels in the style of the first
edition of *The Monk*.

"She since married the *Morning Post*—an
exceeding good match; and is now dead—which
is better."—B., 1816. [The novelist "Rosa," the
daughter of "Jew King," the lordly money-lender
who lived in Clarges Street, and drove a yellow
chariot, may possibly be confounded with "Rosa
Matilda," Mrs. Byrne, the wife of the Editor of the
Morning Post.]

¹ These are the signatures of various worthies
who figure in the poetical departments of the
newspapers.

[Lines 756-764 refer to the so-called Della
Cruscan school attacked by Gifford in *The Baviad*,
and *The Mæviad*. "Rosa" or "Rosa Matilda"
(l. 756), born Charlotte Dacre, afterwards Mrs.
Byrne, published poems (*Hours of Solitude*, 1805),
etc.; "Anna" (l. 762) or "Anna Matilda," born
Hannah Parkhouse, afterwards Mrs. Cowley, wrote
The Belle's Stratagem, acted at Covent Garden, in
1782; "Hafiz," Robert Stott, wrote for the
Morning Post; Robert Merry (1755-1798), who
had helped to found the school at Florence, and
written for the *Arno Miscellany*, 1784, etc.,
afterward contributed to *The World*, then edited
by Captain Topham. Of these writers, Merry
was dead; "Rosa Matilda" Byrne, "Anna
Matilda" Cowley, and "Hafiz" Stott were still
living.]

² "This was meant for poor Blackett, who was
then patronised by A. I. B." [Lady Byron]; "but
that I did not know, or this would not have been
written, at least I think not."—B., 1816.

[Joseph Blacket (1786-1810), said by Southey to
possess "force and rapidity," and to be endowed
with "more powers than Robert Bloomfield, and
an intellect of higher pitch," was the son of a
labourer, and by trade a cobbler. He was brought
into notice by S. J. Pratt (who published Blacket's

If, 'chance, some wicked wag should pass his
jest, 770

'Tis sheer ill-nature—don't the world know
best?

Genius must guide when wits admire the
rhyme,

And CAPEL LOFFT¹ declares 'tis quite sublime.
Hear, then, ye happy sons of needless trade!
Swains! quit the plough, resign the useless
spade!

Lo! BURNS and BLOOMFIELD, nay, a greater
far,

GIFFORD was born beneath an adverse star,
Forsook the labours of a servile state,
Stemmed the rude storm, and triumphed
over Fate:

Then why no more? if Phœbus smiled on
you, 780

BLOOMFIELD! why not on brother Nathan
too?

Him too the Mania, not the Muse, has seized;
Not inspiration, but a mind diseased:

And now no Boor can seek his last abode,
No common be inclosed without an ode.²

Oh! since increased refinement deigns to
smile

On Britain's sons, and bless our genial Isle,
Let Poesy go forth, pervade the whole,

Alike the rustic, and mechanic soul!

Ye tuneful cobblers! still your notes
prolong, 790

Compose at once a slipper and a song;
So shall the fair your handywork peruse,
Your sonnets sure shall please—perhaps your
shoes.

Remains in 1811), and was befriended by the
Milbanke family. He died on the Seaham estate
in September, 1810, at the age of twenty-three.]

¹ Capell Lofft, Esq., the Mæcenas of shoemakers,
and Preface-writer General to distressed versemen;
a kind of gratis Accoucheur to those who wish to
be delivered of rhyme, but do not know how to
bring it forth.

[Capell Lofft (1751-1824), jurist, poet, critic, and
horticulturist, honoured himself by his kindly
patronage of Robert Bloomfield (1766-1823), who
was born at Honington, near Lofft's estate of
Throston, Suffolk. Robert Bloomfield was brought
up by his elder brothers—Nathaniel a tailor, and
George a shoemaker. It was in the latter's work-
shop that he composed *The Farmer's Boy*, which
was published (1798) with the help of Lofft.]

² See Nathaniel Bloomfield's ode, elegy, or
whatever he or any one else chooses to call it,
on the enclosures of "Honington Green." [Nath-
aniel Bloomfield, as a matter of fact, called it a
ballad.—*Poems* (1803).]

May Moorland weavers¹ boast Pindaric skill,
And tailors' lays be longer than their bill!
While punctual beaux reward the grateful
notes,

And pay for poems—when they pay for coats.

To the famed throng now paid the tribute
due,

Neglected Genius! let me turn to you.

Come forth, oh CAMPBELL! give thy talents
scope; 800

Who dares aspire if thou must cease to
hope?

And thou, melodious ROGERS! rise at last,

Recall the pleasing memory of the past;²

Arise! let blest remembrance still inspire,

And strike to wonted tones thy hallowed
lyre;

Restore Apollo to his vacant throne,

Assert thy country's honour and thine own.

What! must deserted Poesy still weep

Where her last hopes with pious COWPER
sleep?

Unless, perchance, from his cold bier she
turns, 810

To deck the turf that wraps her minstrel,
BURNS!

¹ Vide *Recollections of a Weaver in the
Moorlands of Staffordshire*. [The exact title is
*The Moorland Bard; or Poetical Recollections of
a Weaver*, etc., 2 vols., 1807. The author was
T. Bakewell, who also wrote *A Domestic Guide
to Insanity*, 1805.]

² It would be superfluous to recall to the mind
of the reader the authors of *The Pleasures of
Memory* and *The Pleasures of Hope*, the most
beautiful didactic poems in our language, if we
except Pope's *Essay on Man*: but so many
poetasters have started up, that even the names of
Campbell and Rogers are become strange.—
[Beneath this note Byron scribbled, in 1816,—

"Pretty Miss Jaqueline
Had a nose aquiline,
And would assert rude
Things of Miss Gertrude,
While Mr Marmion
Led a great army on,
Making Kehama look
Like a fierce Mameluke."

"I have been reading," he says, in 1813, "*Memory*
again, and *Hope* together, and retain all my
preference of the former. His elegance is really
wonderful—there is no such a thing as a vulgar
line in his book." In the annotations of 1816,
Byron remarks, "Rogers has not fulfilled the
promise of his first poems, but has still very great
merit."

No! though Contempt hath marked the
 spurious brood,
 The race who rhyme from folly, or for food,
 Yet still some genuine sons 'tis hers to boast,
 Who, least affecting, still affect the most:
 Feel as they write, and write but as they
 feel—
 Bear witness GIFFORD,¹ SOTHEBY,²
 MACNEIL,³

“Why slumbers GIFFORD?” once was
 asked in vain;
 Why slumbers GIFFORD? let us ask
 again.⁴
 Are there no follies for his pen to purge? 820
 Are there no fools whose backs demand the
 scourge?
 Are there no sins for Satire's Bard to greet?
 Stalks not gigantic Vice in every street?
 Shall Peers or Princes tread Pollution's path,
 And 'scape alike the Law's, and Muse's
 wrath,
 Nor blaze with guilty glare through future
 time,
 Eternal beacons of consummate crime?
 Arouse thee, GIFFORD! be thy promise
 claimed,
 Make bad men better, or at least
 ashamed.

Unhappy WHITE!⁵ while life was in its
 spring, 830
 And thy young Muse just waved her joyous
 wing,

¹ GIFFORD [*vide* line 94, note 2], author of the *Baviad* and *Mæviad*, the first satires of the day, and translator of Juvenal.

² SOTHEBY, translator of WIELAND'S *Oberon* and Virgil's *Georgics*, and author of *Saul*, an epic poem (1807). [William Sotheby (1757-1833) began life as a cavalry officer, but being a man of fortune, sold out of the army and devoted himself to literature, and to the patronage of men of letters. He is “the solemn antique man of rhyme” (*Beppo*, st. lxiii.), and the “Botherby” of *The Blues*.]

³ MACNEIL, whose poems are deservedly popular, particularly *Scotland's Scaith*, and the *Waes o' War*, of which ten thousand copies were sold in one month, [Hector Macneill (1746-1818) wrote in defence of slavery in Jamaica, and was the author of several poems: *Scotland's Scaith; or, the History o' Will and Jean* (1795), etc., etc.]

⁴ Mr. GIFFORD promised publicly that the *Baviad* and *Mæviad* should not be his last original works; let him remember, “Mox in reluctantes dracones.”

⁵ Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge, in October, 1806, in consequence of too much exertion

The Spoiler swept that soaring Lyre away,
 Which else had sounded an immortal lay.
 Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
 When Science' self destroyed her favourite
 son!
 Yes, she too much indulged thy fond
 pursuit,
 She showed the seeds, but Death has reaped
 the fruit.
 'Twas thine own Genius gave the final blow,
 And helped to plant the wound that laid thee
 low:
 So the struck Eagle, stretched upon the
 plain, 840
 No more through rolling clouds to soar
 again,
 Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
 And winged the shaft that quivered in his
 heart;
 Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
 He nursed the pinion which impelled the
 steel;
 While the same plumage that had warmed
 his nest
 Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding
 breast.

There be who say, in these enlightened
 days,
 That splendid lies are all the poet's praise;
 That strained Invention, ever on the
 wing, 850
 Alone impels the modern Bard to sing:
 'Tis true, that all who rhyme—nay, all who
 write,
 Shrink from that fatal word to Genius—
 Trite;
 Yet Truth sometimes will lend her noblest
 fires,
 And decorate the verse herself inspires:

in the pursuit of studies that would have matured
 a mind which disease and poverty could not impair,
 and which Death itself destroyed rather than
 subdued. His poems abound in such beauties as
 must impress the reader with the liveliest regret
 that so short a period was allotted to talents, which
 would have dignified even the sacred functions he
 was destined to assume.

[H. K. White (1785-1806) published *Clifton Grove* and other poems, in 1803. His tendency to epilepsy was increased by over-work at Cambridge. He once remarked to a friend that “were he to paint a picture of Fame, crowning a distinguished undergraduate after the Senate house examination, he would represent her as concealing a Death's head under a mask of Beauty” (*Life of H. K. W.*, by Southey, i. 45).]

This fact in Virtue's name let CRABBE¹ attest :
Though Nature's sternest Painter, yet the
best.

And here let SHEE² and Genius find a
place,
Whose pen and pencil yield an equal
grace ;
To guide whose hand the sister Arts
combine, 860
And trace the Poet's or the Painter's line ;
Whose magic touch can bid the canvas glow,
Or pour the easy rhyme's harmonious flow ;
While honours, doubly merited, attend
The Poet's rival, but the Painter's friend.

Blest is the man who dares approach the
bower
Where dwelt the Muses at their natal hour ;
Whose steps have pressed, whose eye has
marked afar,
The clime that nursed the sons of song and
war,
The scenes which Glory still must hover
o'er, 870
Her place of birth, her own Achaian shore.
But doubly blest is he whose heart expands
With hallowed feelings for those classic
lands ;
Who rends the veil of ages long gone by,
And views their remnants with a poet's eye !
WRIGHT!³ 'twas thy happy lot at once to
view
Those shores of glory, and to sing them too ;
And, sure, no common Muse inspired thy pen
To hail the land of Gods and Godlike
men.

¹ "I consider Crabbe and Coleridge as the first of these times, in point of power and genius."—B., 1816.

² Mr. Shee, author of *Rhymes on Art* and *Elements of Art*. [Sir Martin Archer Shee (1769-1850) was President of the Royal Academy (1830-45). His *Rhymes on Art* (1805) and *Elements of Art* (1809), a poem in six cantos, will hardly be regarded as worthy of Byron's praise, which was probably quite genuine. He also wrote a novel, *Harry Calverley*, and other works.]

³ Mr. Wright, late Consul-General for the Seven Islands, is author of a very beautiful poem, just published: it is entitled *Horæ Ionicae*, and is descriptive of the isles and the adjacent coast of Greece. [Waller Rodwell Wright was afterwards President of the Court of Appeal in Malta, where he died in 1826. *Horæ Ionicae*, a Poem descriptive of the Ionian Islands, and Part of the Adjacent Coast of Greece, was published in 1809.]

And you, associate Bards!¹ who snatched
to light 880
Those gems too long withheld from modern
sight ;
Whose mingling taste combined to cull the
wreath
While Attic flowers Aonian odours breathe,
And all their renovated fragrance flung,
To grace the beauties of your native tongue ;
Now let those minds, that nobly could
transfuse
The glorious Spirit of the Grecian Muse,
Though soft the echo, scorn a borrowed tone :
Resign Achaia's lyre, and strike your own.

Let these, or such as these, with just
applause, 89
Restore the Muse's violated laws ;
But not in flimsy DARWIN'S² pompous chime,
That mighty master of unmeaning rhyme,
Whose gilded cymbals, more adorned than
clear,
The eye delighted, but fatigued the ear,
In show the simple lyre could once surpass,
But now, worn down, appear in native brass ;
While all his train of hovering sylphs around
Evaporate in similes and sound : 899
Him let them shun, with him let tinsel die :
False glare attracts, but more offends the
eye.³

Yet let them not to vulgar WORDSWORTH
stoop,
The meanest object of the lowly group,
Whose verse, of all but childish prattle void,
Seems blessed harmony to LAMB and
LLOYD :⁴

¹ The translators of the Anthology have since published separate poems, which evince genius that only requires opportunity to attain eminence. [The Rev. Robert Bland (1779-1825) published, in 1806, *Translations chiefly from the Greek Anthology*, etc. In these he was assisted by Denman (afterwards Chief Justice), by Hodgson himself, and, above all, by John Herman Merivale (1779-1844), who, in 1813, was joint editor with him of *Collections from the Greek Anthology*, etc.]

² [Erasmus Darwin (1731-1802), the grandfather of Charles Robert Darwin. His chief works are *The Botanic Garden* (1789-92) and *The Temple of Nature* (1803).]

³ The neglect of *The Botanic Garden* is some proof of returning taste. The scenery is its sole recommendation.

⁴ Messrs. Lamb and Lloyd, the most ignoble followers of Southey and Co. [Charles Lloyd (1775-1839). Lamb and Lloyd contributed several

Let them—but hold, my Muse, nor dare to
teach

A strain far, far beyond thy humble reach :
The native genius with their being given
Will point the path, and peal their notes to
heaven.

And thou, too, SCOTT!¹ resign to
minstrels rude 910

The wilder Slogan of a Border feud :
Let others spin their meagre lines for hire ;
Enough for Genius, if itself inspire !
Let SOUTHEY sing, altho' his teeming muse,
Prolific every spring, be too profuse ;
Let simple WORDSWORTH² chime his childish
verse,

And brother COLERIDGE lull the babe at
nurse ;

Let Spectre-mongering LEWIS aim, at most,
To rouse the Galleries, or to raise a ghost ;
Let MOORE still sigh ; let STRANGFORD
steal from MOORE, 920

And swear that CAMOËNS sang such notes
of yore ;

Let HAYLEY hobble on, MONTGOMERY rave,
And godly GRAHAME chant a stupid stave ;
Let sonneteering BOWLES his strains refine,
And whine and whimper to the fourteenth
line ;

Let STOTT, CARLISLE,³ MATILDA, and the
rest

Of Grub Street, and of Grosvenor Place the
best,

pieces to the second edition of Coleridge's Poems, published in 1797 ; and, in 1798, they brought out a joint volume of their own composition, named *Poems in Blank Verse*. But Byron probably had in his mind nothing more than the lines in the *Anti-Jacobin*, where Lamb and Lloyd are classed with Coleridge and Southey as advocates of French socialism :—

“Coleridge and Southey, Lloyd and Lamb and Co.,
Tune all your mystic harps to praise Lepaux.”]

¹ By the bye, I hope that in Mr. Scott's next poem, his hero or heroine will be less addicted to “Gramarye,” and more to Grammar, than the Lady of the *Lay* and her Bravo, William of Deloraine.

² “Unjust.”—B., 1816. [In *Frost at Midnight*, first published in 1798, Coleridge twice mentions his “Cradled infant.”]

³ It may be asked, why I have censured the Earl of CARLISLE, my guardian and relative, to whom I dedicated a volume of puerile poems a few years ago ?—The guardianship was nominal, at least as far as I have been able to discover ; the relationship I cannot help, and am very sorry for

Scrawl on, till Death release us from the
strain,

Or Common Sense assert her rights again ;
But Thou, with powers that mock the aid of
praise, 930

Should'st leave to humbler Bards ignoble
lays :

Thy country's voice, the voice of all the
Nine,

Demand a hallowed harp—that harp is thine.
Say ! will not Caledonia's annals yield
The glorious record of some nobler field,
Than the vile foray of a plundering clan,
Whose proudest deeds disgrace the name of
man ?

Or Marmion's acts of darkness, fitter food
For SHERWOOD'S outlaw tales of ROBIN
HOOD ?

Scotland ! still proudly claim thy native
Bard, 940

And be thy praise his first, his best reward !
Yet not with thee alone his name should live,
But own the vast renown a world can give ;
Be known, perchance, when Albion is no
more,

And tell the tale of what she was before ;

it ; but as his Lordship seemed to forget it on a very essential occasion to me, I shall not burden my memory with the recollection. I do not think that personal differences sanction the unjust condemnation of a brother scribbler ; but I see no reason why they should act as a preventive, when the author, noble or ignoble, has, for a series of years, beguiled a “discerning public” (as the advertisements have it) with divers reams of most orthodox, imperial nonsense. Besides, I do not step aside to vituperate the earl : no—his works come fairly in review with those of other Patrician Literati. If, before I escaped from my teens, I said anything in favour of his Lordship's paper books, it was in the way of dutiful dedication, and more from the advice of others than my own judgment, and I seize the first opportunity of pronouncing my sincere recantation. I have heard that some persons conceive me to be under obligations to Lord CARLISLE : if so, I shall be most particularly happy to learn what they are, and when conferred, that they may be duly appreciated and publicly acknowledged. What I have humbly advanced as an opinion on his printed things, I am prepared to support, if necessary, by quotations from Elegies, Eulogies, Odes, Episodes, and certain facetious and dainty tragedies bearing his name and mark :—

“What can ennoble knaves, or *fools*, or cowards ?
Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards.”

So says Pope. Amen !—“Much too savage, whatever the foundation might be.”—B., 1816.

To future times her faded fame recall,
And save her glory, though his country fall.

Yet what avails the sanguine Poet's hope,
To conquer ages, and with time to cope?
New eras spread their wings, new nations
rise, 950
And other Victors fill th' applauding skies;¹
A few brief generations fleet along,
Whose sons forget the Poet and his song:
E'en now, what once-loved Minstrels scarce
may claim
The transient mention of a dubious name!
When Fame's loud trump hath blown its
noblest blast,
Though long the sound, the echo sleeps at
last;
And Glory, like the Phoenix² midst her fires,
Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires.

Shall hoary Granta call her sable sons, 960
Expert in science, more expert at puns?
Shall these approach the Muse? ah, no! she
flies,
Even from the tempting ore of Seaton's prize;
Though Printers condescend the press to soil
With rhyme by HOARE,³ and epic blank by
HOYLE:⁴—
Not him whose page, if still upheld by whist,
Requires no sacred theme to bid us list.⁵
Ye! who in Granta's honours would surpass,
Must mount her Pegasus, a full-grown
ass;
A foal well worthy of her ancient Dam, 970
Whose Helicon is duller than her Cam.

¹ Line 951. *Note*—

"Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora."
—VIRGIL.

² "The devil take that 'Phoenix'! How came it there?"—B., 1816.

³ [The Rev. Charles James Hoare (1781-1865), Archdeacon of Surrey and Canon of Winchester, a close friend of the leaders of the Evangelical party—gained the Seatonian Prize at Cambridge in 1807 with his poem on the *Shipwreck of St Paul*.]

⁴ [Edmund Hoyle, the father of the modern game of whist, lived from 1672 to 1769. The Rev. Charles Hoyle, his "poetical namesake," was, like Hoare, a Seatonian prizeman, and wrote an epic in thirteen books on the *Exodus*.]

⁵ The *Games of Hoyle*, well-known to the votaries of Whist, Chess, etc., are not to be superseded by the vagaries of his poetical namesake, whose poem comprised, as expressly stated in the advertisement, all the "Plagues of Egypt."

There CLARKE,¹ still striving piteously
"to please,"

Forgetting doggerel leads not to degrees,
A would-be Satirist, a hired Buffoon,
A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon,²

¹ This person, who has lately betrayed the most rabid symptoms of confirmed authorship, is writer of a poem denominated *The Art of Pleasing*, as "Lucus a non lucendo," containing little pleasantries, and less poetry. He also acts as monthly stipendiary and collector of calumnies for the *Satirist*. If this unfortunate young man would exchange the magazines for the mathematics, and endeavour to take a decent degree in his university, it might eventually prove more serviceable than his present salary.

Note.—An unfortunate young person of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, ycleped Hewson Clarke, has lately manifested the most rabid symptoms of confirmed Authorship. His Disorder commenced some years ago, and the *Newcastle Herald* teemed with his precocious essays, to the great edification of the Burgesses of Newcastle, Morpeth, and the parts adjacent even unto Berwick-upon-Tweed. These have since been abundantly scurrilous upon the [town] of Newcastle, his native spot, Mr. Mathias and Anacreon Moore. What these men had done to offend Mr. Hewson Clarke is not known, but surely the town in whose markets he had sold meat, and in whose weekly journal he had written prose deserved better treatment. Mr. H. C. should recollect the proverb "'tis a villainous bird that defiles his own nest." He now writes in the *Satirist*. We recommend the young man to abandon the magazines for mathematics, and to believe that a high degree at Cambridge will be more advantageous, as well as profitable in the end, than his present precarious gleanings.

[Hewson Clarke (1787-circ. 1832) was entered at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, circ. 1806 (see *Postscript*). He migrated to London, where he devoted his not inconsiderable talents to contributions to the *Satirist*, the *Scourge*, etc. He wrote *inter alia*, a continuation of Hume's *History of England*, 2 vols. (1832).

The *Satirist*, a monthly magazine illustrated with coloured cartoons, was issued 1808-1814. "The Diary of a Cantab" (June, 1808, ii. 368) contains some verses of "Lord B——n to his Bear. To the tune of Lachin y gair." The last verse runs thus:—

"But when with the ardour of Love I am burning,
I feel for thy torments, I feel for thy care;
And weep for thy bondage, so truly discerning
What's felt by a *Lord*, may be felt by a *Bear*."

In August, 1808 (iii. 78-86), there is a critique on *Poems Original and Translated*, in which the bear plays many parts. Hence the castigation of "the sizar of Emmanuel College."]

² "Right enough: this was well deserved, and well laid on."—B., 1816.

Condemned to drudge, the meanest of the
mean,
And furbish falsehoods for a magazine,
Devotes to scandal his congenial mind;
Himself a living libel on mankind.

Oh! dark asylum of a Vandal race!¹ 980
At once the boast of learning, and disgrace!
So lost to Phœbus, that nor Hodgson's²
verse
Can make thee better, nor poor Hewson's³
worse.
But where fair Isis rolls her purer wave,
The partial Muse delighted loves to lave;
On her green banks a greener wreath she
wove,
To crown the Bards that haunt her classic
grove;
Where RICHARDS wakes a genuine poet's
fires,
And modern Britons glory in their Sires.⁴

For me, who, thus unmasked, have dared to
tell 990
My country, what her sons should know too
well,
Zeal for her honour bade me here engage
The host of idiots that infest her age;
No just applause her honoured name shall
lose,
As first in freedom, dearest to the Muse.
Oh! would thy bards but emulate thy fame,
And rise more worthy, Albion, of thy name!
What Athens was in science, Rome in power,
What Tyre appeared in her meridian
hour,

¹ "Into Cambridgeshire the Emperor Probus transported a considerable body of Vandals."—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, ii. 83. There is no reason to doubt the truth of this assertion; the breed is still in high perfection.

² This gentleman's name requires no praise: the man who in translation displays unquestionable genius may be well expected to excel in original composition, of which it is to be hoped, we shall soon see a splendid specimen. [Francis Hodgson (1781-1852) was Byron's lifelong friend. His *Juvenal* appeared in 1807; *Lady Jane Grey and other Poems*, in 1809; *Sir Edgar, a Tale*, in 1810. He became Provost of Eton in 1840.]

³ Hewson Clarke, *Esq.*, as it is written.

⁴ *The Aboriginal Britons*, an excellent poem, by Richards. [The Rev. George Richards, D.D. (1767-1835), a Fellow of Oriel, and, afterwards, Rector of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. *The Aboriginal Britons*, a prize poem, was published in 1792.]

'Tis thine at once, fair Albion! to have been—
Earth's chief Dictatress, Ocean's lovely
Queen: 1001
But Rome decayed, and Athens strewed the
plain,
And Tyre's proud piers lie shattered in the
main;
Like these, thy strength may sink in ruin
hurled,
And Britain fall, the bulwark of the world.
But let me cease, and dread Cassandra's
fate,
With warning ever scoffed at, till too late;
To themes less lofty still my lay confine,
And urge thy Bards to gain a name like
thine.

Then, hapless Britain! be thy rulers blest,
The Senate's oracles, the people's jest! 1011
Still hear thy motley orators dispense
The flowers of rhetoric, though not of sense,
While CANNING'S colleagues hate him for
his wit,
And old dame PORTLAND¹ fills the place of
PITT.

Yet once again, adieu! ere this the sail
That wafts me hence is shivering in the
gale;
And Afric's coast and Calpe's adverse height,²
And Stamboul's minarets must greet my
sight:
Thence shall I stray through Beauty's native
clime,³ 1020
Where Kaff⁴ is clad in rocks, and crowned
with snows sublime.
But should I back return, no tempting
press
Shall drag my Journal from the desk's recess;

¹ A friend of mine being asked, why his Grace of Portland was likened to an old woman? replied, "he supposed it was because he was past bearing." His Grace is now gathered to his grandmothers, where he sleeps as sound as ever; but even his sleep was better than his colleagues' waking. 1811. [William Henry Cavendish, third Duke of Portland (1738-1809), was Prime Minister in 1807, till his death in 1809. When Byron meditated a tour to India in 1808, Portland declined to write on his behalf to the Directors of the East India Company, and couched his refusal in terms which Byron fancied to be offensive.]

² "Saw it August, 1809."—B., 1816.

³ Georgia.

⁴ Mount Caucasus.

Let coxcombs, printing as they come from
 far,
 Snatch his own wreath of Ridicule from Carr ;
 Let ABERDEEN and ELGIN¹ still pursue
 The shade of fame through regions of Virtù ;
 Waste useless thousands on their Phidian
 freaks,
 Misshapen monuments and maimed
 antiques ;
 And make their grand saloons a general
 mart 1030
 For all the mutilated blocks of art :
 Of Dardan tours let Dilettanti tell,
 I leave topography to rapid GELL ;²
 And, quite content, no more shall interpose
 To stun the public ear—at least with Prose.

Thus far I've held my undisturbed career,
 Prepared for rancour, steeled 'gainst selfish
 fear ;
 This thing of rhyme I ne'er disdained to
 own—
 Though not obtrusive, yet not quite
 unknown :
 My voice was heard again, though not so
 loud, 1040
 My page, though nameless, never disavowed ;

¹ Lord Elgin would fain persuade us that all the figures, with and without noses, in his stone-shop, are the work of Phidias ! "Credat Judæus !" [R. Payne Knight, in his introduction to *Specimens of Ancient Sculpture*, published 1809, throws a doubt on the Phidian workmanship of the "Elgin" marbles.]

² Mr. Geil's *Topography of Troy and Ithaca* cannot fail to ensure the approbation of every man possessed of classical taste, as well for the information Mr. Gell conveys to the mind of the reader, as for the ability and research the respective works display.

[Sir William Gell (1777-1836) published the *Topography of Troy* (1804), the *Geography and Antiquities of Ithaca* (1807), and the *Itinerary of Greece* (1810). Byron reviewed the two last works in the *Monthly Review* (August, 1811). Fresh from the scenes, he speaks with authority. "With Homer in his pocket and Gell on his sumpter-mule, the Odysseus tourist may now make a very classical and delightful excursion." The epithet in the original MS. was "coxcomb," but becoming acquainted with Gell while the satire was in the press, Byron changed it to "classic." In the fifth edition he altered it to "rapid," and appended this note:—"Rapid," indeed ! He topographised and typographised King Priam's dominions in three days ! I called him 'classic' before I saw the Troad, but since have learned better than to tack to his name what don't belong to it."]

And now at once I tear the veil away :—
 Cheer on the pack ! the Quarry stands at
 bay,
 Unscared by all the din of MELBOURNE
 house,¹
 By LAMB'S resentment, or by HOLLAND'S
 spouse,
 By JEFFREY'S harmless pistol, HALLAM'S
 rage,
 Edina's brawny sons and brimstone page.
 Our men in buckram shall have blows
 enough,
 And feel they too are "penetrable stuff" :
 And though I hope not hence unscathed
 to go, 1050
 Who conquers me shall find a stubborn
 foe.
 The time hath been, when no harsh sound
 would fall
 From lips that now may seem imbued
 with gall ;
 Nor fools nor follies tempt me to despise
 The meanest thing that crawled beneath my
 eyes :
 But now, so callous grown, so changed
 since youth,
 I've learned to think, and sternly speak
 the truth ;
 Learned to deride the critic's starch decree,
 And break him on the wheel he meant for
 me ; 1059
 To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss,
 Nor care if courts and crowds applaud or
 hiss :
 Nay more, though all my rival rhymesters
 frown,
 I too can hunt a Poetaster down ;
 And, armed in proof, the gauntlet cast at
 once
 To Scotch marauder, and to Southern
 dunce.
 Thus much I've dared ; if my incondite lay
 Hath wronged these righteous times, let
 others say :
 This, let the world, which knows not how to
 spare,
 Yet rarely blames unjustly, now declare.² 1069

¹ "Singular enough, and *din* enough, God knows."—B., 1816.

² "The greater part of this satire I most sincerely wish had never been written—not only on account of the injustice of much of the critical, and some of the personal part of it—but the tone and temper are such as I cannot approve."—BYRON. July 14, 1816. *Diodati, Geneva.*

POSTSCRIPT TO THE SECOND
EDITION.

I HAVE been informed, since the present edition went to the press, that my trusty and well-beloved cousins, the Edinburgh Reviewers, are preparing a most vehement critique on my poor, gentle, *unresisting* Muse, whom they have already so be-deviled with their ungodly ribaldry;

“Tantæne animis cœlestibus Iræ!”

I suppose I must say of JEFFREY as Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK saith, “an I had known he was so cunning of fence, I had seen him damned ere I had fought him.” What a pity it is that I shall be beyond the Bosphorus before the next number has passed the Tweed! But I yet hope to light my pipe with it in Persia.¹

My Northern friends have accused me, with justice, of personality towards their great literary Anthropophagus, JEFFREY; but what else was to be done with him and his dirty pack, who feed by “lying and slandering,” and slake their thirst by “evil speaking”? I have adduced facts already well known, and of JEFFREY’S mind I have stated my free opinion, nor has he thence sustained any injury:—what scavenger was ever soiled by being pelted with mud? It may be said that I quit England because I have censured there “persons of honour and wit about town”; but I am coming back again, and their vengeance will keep hot till my return. Those who know me can testify that my motives for leaving England are very different from fears, literary or personal: those who do not, may one day be convinced. Since the publication of this thing, my name has not been concealed; I have been mostly in London, ready to answer for my transgressions, and in daily expectation of sundry

¹ [The article never appeared, and Lord Byron, in the *Hints from Horace*, taunted Jeffrey with a silence which seemed to indicate that the critic was beaten from the field.]

cartels; but, alas! “the age of chivalry is over,” or, in the vulgar tongue, there is no spirit now-a-days.

There is a youth ycleped Hewson Clarke (subaudi *esquire*), a sizer of Emmanuel College, and, I believe, a denizen of Berwick-upon-Tweed, whom I have introduced in these pages to much better company than he has been accustomed to meet; he is, notwithstanding, a very sad dog, and for no reason that I can discover, except a personal quarrel with a bear, kept by me at Cambridge to sit for a fellowship, and whom the jealousy of his Trinity contemporaries prevented from success, has been abusing me, and, what is worse, the defenceless innocent above mentioned, in the *Satirist* for one year and some months. I am utterly unconscious of having given him any provocation; indeed, I am guiltless of having heard his name, till coupled with the *Satirist*. He has therefore no reason to complain, and I dare say that, like Sir Fretful Plagiary, he is rather *pleased* than otherwise. I have now mentioned all who have done me the honour to notice me and mine, that is, my bear and my book, except the editor of the *Satirist*, who, it seems, is a gentleman—God wot! I wish he could impart a little of his gentility to his subordinate scribblers. I hear that Mr. JERNINGHAM¹ is about to take up the cudgels for his Mæcenas, Lord Carlisle. I hope not: he was one of the few, who, in the very short intercourse I had with him, treated me with kindness when a boy; and whatever he may say or do, “pour on, I will endure.” I have nothing further to add, save a general note of thanksgiving to readers, purchasers, and publishers, and in the words of *Scott*, I wish

“To all and each a fair good night,
And rosy dreams and slumbers light.”

¹ [Edward Jerningham (1727-1812), third son of Sir George Jerningham, Bart., was an indefatigable versifier. Between the publication of his first poem, *The Nunnery*, in 1762, and his last, *The Old Bard’s Farewell*, in 1812, he sent to the press no less than thirty separate compositions.]

HINTS FROM HORACE :¹

BEING AN ALLUSION IN ENGLISH VERSE
TO THE EPISTLE "AD PISONES, DE
ARTE POETICÂ," AND INTENDED AS
A SEQUEL TO "ENGLISH BARDS, AND
SCOTCH REVIEWERS."

— "Ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi."
—HOR. *De Arte Poet.*, ll. 304 and 305.

"Rhymes are difficult things—they are stubborn
things, Sir."
—FIELDING'S *Amelia*, vol. iii. bk. A ch. v.

ATHENS: CAPUCHIN CONVENT,
March 12, 1811.

WHO would not laugh, if Lawrence,² hired
to grace

His costly canvas with each flattered face,
Abused his art, till Nature, with a blush,
Saw cits grow Centaurs underneath his
brush?

Or, should some linner join, for show or
sale,

A Maid of Honour to a Mermaid's tail?
Or low Dubost³—as once the world has
seen—

Degrade God's creatures in his graphic
spleen?

Not all that forced politeness, which defends
Fools in their faults, could gag his grinning
friends. 10

¹ [A fragment, 156 lines, of *Hints from Horace*, as first published in *Recollections of the Life of R. C. Dallas*, 1824. The full text of the poem was not published till 1831.]

² [Sir Thomas Lawrence (1769-1830) succeeded West as P.R.A. in 1820. Benjamin West (1738-1820) had been elected P.R.A. in 1792, on the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds.]

³ In an English newspaper, which finds its way abroad wherever there are Englishmen, I read an account of this dirty dauber's caricature of Mr. H— as a "beast," and the consequent action, etc. The circumstance is, probably, too well known to require further comment. [Thomas Hope (1770-1831) was celebrated for his collections of pictures, sculpture, and *bric-à-brac*. He was the author of *Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Greek, etc.*, which was attributed to Byron, and, according to Lady Blessington, excited his envy. "Low Dubost" was a French painter, who, in revenge for some fancied injustice, caricatured Hope and his wife as Beauty and the Beast.]

Believe me, Moschus, like that picture seems
The book which, sillier than a sick man's
dreams,

Displays a crowd of figures incomplete,
Poetic Nightmares, without head or feet.

Poets and painters, as all artists know,
May shoot a little with a lengthened bow ;
We claim this mutual mercy for our task,
And grant in turn the pardon which we ask ;
But make not monsters spring from gentle
dams—

Birds breed not vipers, tigers nurse not
lambs. 20

A laboured, long Exordium, sometimes
tends

(Like patriot speeches) but to paltry ends ;
And nonsense in a lofty note goes down,
As Pertness passes with a legal gown :

Thus many a Bard describes in pompous
strain

The clear brook babbling through the
goodly plain :

The groves of Granta, and her Gothic halls,
King's Coll — Cam's stream — stained
windows, and old walls :

Or, in adventurous numbers, neatly aims
To paint a rainbow, or—the river Thames.¹ 30

You sketch a tree, and so perhaps may
shine—

But daub a shipwreck like an alehouse sign ;
You plan a *vase*—it dwindles to a *pot* ;

Then glide down Grub Street—fasting and
forgot ;

Laughed into Lethe by some quaint Review,
Whose wit is never troublesome till—true.

In fine, to whatsoever you aspire,
Let it at least be simple and entire.

The greater portion of the rhyming tribe
(Give ear, my friend, for thou hast been a
scribe) 40

Are led astray by some peculiar lure.
I labour to be brief—become obscure ;
One falls while following Elegance too fast ;
Another soars, inflated with Bombast ;
Too low a third crawls on—afraid to fly
He spins his subject to Satiety ;
Absurdly varying, he at last engraves
Fish in the woods, and boars beneath the
waves !

¹ "While pure Description held the place of
Sense."—Pope, *Prolog. to the Sat.*, l. 148.

Unless your care's exact, your judgment
 nice,
 The flight from Folly leads but into Vice ; 50
 None are complete, all wanting in some
 part,
 Like certain tailors, limited in art :
 For galligaskins Slowshears is your man,
 But coats must claim another artisan.
 Now this to me, I own, seems much the
 same
 As Vulcan's feet to bear Apollo's frame ;
 Or, with a fair complexion, to expose
 Black eyes, black ringlets, but—a bottle
 nose !

Dear Authors ! suit your topics to your
 strength,
 And ponder well your subject, and its
 length ; 60
 Nor lift your load, before you're quite aware
 What weight your shoulders will, or will not,
 bear.
 But lucid Order, and Wit's siren voice,
 Await the Poet, skilful in his choice ;
 With native Eloquence he soars along,
 Grace in his thoughts, and Music in his
 song.

Let Judgment teach him wisely to combine
 With future parts the now omitted line :
 This shall the author choose, or that reject,
 Precise in style, and cautious to select ; 70
 Nor slight applause will candid pens afford
 To him who furnishes a wanting word.
 Then fear not, if 'tis needful, to produce
 Some term unknown, or obsolete in use,
 (As Pitt has furnished us a word or two,¹
 Which Lexicographers declined to do ;)
 So you, indeed, with care,—(but be content
 To take this license rarely)—may invent.
 New words find credit in these latter days,
 If neatly grafted on a Gallic phrase ; 80
 What Chaucer, Spenser did, we scarce refuse
 To Dryden's or to Pope's maturer Muse.
 If you can add a little, say why not,
 As well as William Pitt, and Walter Scott ?
 Since they, by force of rhyme and force of
 lungs,
 Enriched our Island's ill-united tongues ;
 'Tis then—and shall be—lawful to present
 Reform in writing, as in Parliament.

¹ Mr. Pitt was liberal in his additions to our Parliamentary tongue ; as may be seen in many publications, particularly the *Edinburgh Review*,

As forests shed their foliage by degrees,
 So fade expressions which in season please ; 90
 And we and ours, alas ! are due to Fate,
 And works and words but dwindle to a date.
 Though as a Monarch nods, and Commerce
 calls,
 Impetuous rivers stagnate in canals ;
 Though swamps subdued, and marshes
 drained, sustain
 The heavy ploughshare and the yellow grain,
 And rising ports along the busy shore
 Protect the vessel from old Ocean's roar,
 All, all, must perish ; but, surviving last,
 The love of Letters half preserves the past. 100
 True, some decay, yet not a few revive ;¹
 Though those shall sink, which now appear
 to thrive,
 As Custom arbitrates, whose shifting sway
 Our life and language must alike obey.

The immortal wars which Gods and Angels
 wage,
 Are they not shown in Milton's sacred page ?
 His strain will teach what numbers best
 belong
 To themes celestial told in Epic song.

The slow, sad stanza will correctly paint
 The Lover's anguish, or the Friend's com-
 plaint. 110
 But which deserves the Laurel—Rhyme or
 Blank ?
 Which holds on Helicon the higher rank ?
 Let squabbling critics by themselves dispute
 This point, as puzzling as a Chancery suit.

Satiric rhyme first sprang from selfish
 spleen :
 You doubt—see Dryden, Pope, St Patrick's
 Dean.²

¹ Old ballads, old plays, and old women's stories, are at present in as much request as old wine or new speeches. In fact, this is the millennium of black letter : thanks to our Hebers, Webers, and Scotts ! [Richard Heber (1773-1833), book-collector and man of letters, was half-brother of the Bishop of Calcutta. He edited, *inter alia*, *Specimens of the Early English Poets*, by George Ellis, 3 vols., London, 1811.

W. H. Weber (1783-1818), a German by birth, was employed by Sir Walter Scott as an amanuensis and "searcher." (See Lockhart's *Life of Scott* (1871), p. 251.)

² *Mac Flecknoe*, the *Dunciad*, and all Swift's lampooning ballads. Whatever their other works may be, these originated in personal feelings, and

Blank verse is now, with one consent, allied
To Tragedy, and rarely quits her side.
Though mad Almanzor¹ rhymed in Dryden's
days,

No sing-song Hero rants in modern plays; 120
Whilst modest Comedy her verse foregoes
For jest and *pun*² in very middling prose.
Not that our Bens or Beaumonts show the
worse,
Or lose one point, because they wrote in
verse.

But so Thalia pleases to appear,
Poor Virgin! damned some twenty times a
year!

Whate'er the scene, let this advice have
weight:—

Adapt your language to your Hero's state.
At times Melpomene forgets to groan,
And brisk Thalia takes a serious tone; 130
Nor unregarded will the act pass by
Where angry Townly³ "lifts his voice on
high."

Again, our Shakespeare limits verse to Kings,
When common prose will serve for common
things;

And lively Hal resigns heroic ire,
To "hollaing Hotspur"⁴ and his sceptred
sire.

'Tis not enough, ye Bards, with all your
art,
To polish poems;—they must touch the
heart:

Where'er the scene be laid, whate'er the
song,
Still let it bear the hearer's soul along; 140

angry retort on unworthy rivals; and though the
ability of these satires elevates the poetical, their
poignancy detracts from the personal character of
the writers.

¹ [*Almanzor; or The Conquest of Granada by the Spaniards*, a Tragedy by John Dryden. The bombastic character of the hero was severely criticized in Dryden's own time. (See *An Essay on Heroic Plays. Works of John Dryden* (1821), iv. 23-25.)]

² With all the vulgar applause and critical abhorrence of *puns*, they have Aristotle on their side; who permits them to orators, and gives them consequence by a grave disquisition.

³ [In Vanbrugh and Cibber's comedy of *The Provoked Husband*, first played at Drury Lane, January 10, 1728.]

⁴ "And in his ear I'll holla—'Mortimer'!" [1 *Henry IV.*, act i. sc. 3, l. 222.]

Command your audience or to smile or weep,
Whiche'er may please you—anything but
sleep.

The Poet claims our tears; but, by his leave,
Before I shed them, let me see *him* grieve.

If banished Romeo feigned not sigh nor
tear,

Lulled by his languor, I could sleep or sneer.
Sad words, no doubt, become a serious face,
And men look angry in the proper place.

At double meanings folks seem wondrous
sly,

And Sentiment prescribes a pensive eye; 150
For Nature formed at first the inward man,
And actors copy Nature—when they can.

She bids the beating heart with rapture
bound,

Raised to the Stars, or levelled with the
ground;

And for Expression's aid, 'tis said, or sung,
She gave our mind's interpreter—the tongue,
Who, worn with use, of late would feign
dispense

(At least in theatres) with common sense;
O'erwhelm with sound the boxes, Gallery,
Pit,

And raise a laugh with anything—but Wit. 160

To skilful writers it will much import,
Whence spring their scenes, from common
life or Court;

Whether they seek applause by smile or tear,
To draw a Lying Valet,¹ or a Lear,²

A sage, or rakish youngster wild from school,
A wandering Peregrine, or plain John Bull;
All persons please when Nature's voice
prevails,

Scottish or Irish, born in Wilts or Wales.

Or follow common fame, or forge a plot;
Who cares if mimic heroes lived or not! 170
One precept serves to regulate the scene:
Make it appear as if it *might* have been.

¹ [Garrick's *Lying Valet* was played for the first time at Goodman's Fields, November 30, 1741.]

[“Peregrine” is a character in George Colman's *John Bull, or An Englishman's Fire-Side*, Convent Garden, March 5, 1803.]

² I have Johnson's authority for making Lear a monosyllable—

“Perhaps where Lear rav'd or Hamlet died
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride.”

[“Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd.”
—Prologue to *Irene*. Johnson's *Works*
(1806), i. 168.]

If some Drawcansir¹ you aspire to draw,
 Present him raving, and above all law :
 If female furies in your scheme are planned,
 Macbeth's fierce dame is ready to your
 hand ;
 For tears and treachery, for good and evil,
 Constance, King Richard, Hamlet, and the
 Devil !
 But if a new design you dare essay,
 And freely wander from the beaten way, 180
 True to your characters, till all be past,
 Preserve consistency from first to last.

'Tis hard² to venture where our betters fail,
 Or lend fresh interest to a twice-told tale ;

¹ ["*Johnson*. Pray, Mr. Bayes, who is that Drawcansir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, a great [fierce] hero, that frights his mistress, snubs up kings, baffles armies, and does what he will, without regard to numbers, good sense, or justice [good manners, justice, or numbers]."—*The Rehearsal*, act iv. sc. 1.

The Rehearsal, by George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham (1628-1687), appeared in 1671. Sprat and others are said to have shared the authorship. So popular was the play that "Drawcansir" passed into a synonym for a braggadocio. It is believed that "Bayes" (that is, of course, "laureate") was meant for a caricature of Dryden: "he himself complains bitterly that it was so." (See *Lives of the Poets* (1890), i. 386; and *Boswell's Life of Johnson* (1876), p. 235, and note.)

² "Difficile est proprie communia dicere ; tuque
 Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
 Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus."
 —HORACE, *De Arte Poet.*, ll. 128-130.

Mons. Dacier, Mons. de Sévigné, Boileau, and others, have left their dispute on the meaning of this sentence in a tract considerably longer than the poem of Horace. It is printed at the close of the eleventh volume of Madame de Sévigné's Letters, edited by Grouvelle, Paris, 1806. Presuming that all who *can* construe may venture an opinion on such subjects, particularly as so many who *can't* have taken the same liberty, I should have held "my farthing candle" as awkwardly as another, had not my respect for the wits of Louis XIV.'s Augustan "Siècle" induced me to subjoin these illustrious authorities. I therefore offer firstly Boileau: "Il est difficile de traiter des sujets qui sont à la portée de tout le monde d'une manière qui vous les rende propres, ce qui s'appelle s'approprier un sujet par le tour qu'on y donne." Secondly, Batteux: "Mais il est bien difficile de donner des traits propres et individuels aux êtres purement possibles." Thirdly, Dacier: "Il est difficile de traiter convenablement ces caractères que tout le monde peut inventer." Mr. Sévigné's opinion and translation, consisting of some thirty pages, I

And yet, perchance, 'tis wiser to prefer
 A hackneyed plot, than choose a new, and
 err ;
 Yet copy not too closely, but record,
 More justly, thought for thought than word
 for word ;
 Nor trace your Prototype through narrow
 ways,
 But only follow where he merits praise. 190

For you, young Bard ! whom luckless fate
 may lead¹

To tremble on the nod of all who read,

omit, particularly as Mr. Grouvelle observes, "La chose est bien remarquable, aucune de ces diverses interprétations ne paraît être la véritable." But, by way of comfort, it seems, fifty years afterwards, "Le lumineux Dumarsais" made his appearance, to set Horace on his legs again, "dissiper tous les nuages, et concilier tous les dissentiments;" and I suppose some fifty years hence, somebody, still more luminous, will doubtless start up and demolish Dumarsais and his system on this weighty affair, as if he were no better than Ptolemy or Copernicus and comments of no more consequence than astronomical calculations. I am happy to say, "la longueur de la dissertation" of Mr. D. prevents Mr. G. from saying any more on the matter. A better poet than Boileau, and at least as good a scholar as Mr. de Sévigné, has said,

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

And by the above extract, it appears that a good deal may be rendered as useless to the Proprietors. [Byron chose the words in question, *Difficile*, etc., as a motto for the first five cantos of *Don Juan*.]

¹ About two years ago a young man named Townsend was announced by Mr. Cumberland, in a review (since deceased) [the *London Review*], as being engaged in an epic poem to be entitled "Armageddon." The plan and specimen promise much ; but I hope neither to offend Mr Townsend, nor his friends, by recommending to his attention the lines of Horace to which these rhymes allude. If Mr. Townsend succeeds in his undertaking, as there is reason to hope, how much will the world be indebted to Mr. Cumberland for bringing him before the public ! But, till that eventful day arrives, it may be doubted whether the premature display of his plan (sublime as the ideas confessedly are) has not,—by raising expectation too high, or diminishing curiosity, by developing his argument,—rather incurred the hazard of injuring Mr. Townsend's future prospects. Mr. Cumberland (whose talents I shall not depreciate by the humble tribute of my praise) and Mr. Townsend must not suppose me actuated by unworthy motives in this suggestion. I wish the author all the success he can wish himself, and shall be truly happy to see epic poetry weighed up from the bathos where it lies sunken with Southey, Cottle, Cowley (Mrs. or Abraham),

Ere your first score of cantos Time unrolls,
Beware—for God's sake, don't begin like
Bowles!

"Awake a louder and a loftier strain,"¹—
And pray, what follows from his boiling
brain?—

He sinks to Southey's level in a trice,
Whose Epic Mountains never fail in mice!
Not so of yore awoke your mighty Sire
The tempered warblings of his master-
lyre; 200

Soft as the gentler breathing of the lute,
"Of Man's first disobedience and the fruit"
He speaks, but, as his subject swells along,
Earth, Heaven, and Hades echo with the
song.

Still to the "midst of things" he hastens on,
As if we witnessed all already done;
Leaves on his path whatever seems too mean
To raise the subject, or adorn the scene;
Gives, as each page improves upon the
sight,

Not smoke from brightness, but from
darkness—light; 210

And truth and fiction with such art com-
pounds,

We know not where to fix their several
bounds.

If you would please the Public, deign to
hear
What soothes the many-headed monster's ear:

Ogilvy, Wilkie, Pye, and all the "dull of past and
present days." Even if he is not a *Milton*, he
may be better than *Blackmore*; if not a *Homer*,
an *Antimachus*. I should deem myself presump-
tuous, as a young man, in offering advice, were it
not addressed to one still younger. Mr Townsend
has the greatest difficulties to encounter; but in
conquering them, he will find employment; in
having conquered them, his reward. I know too
well "the scribbler's scoff, the critic's contumely";
and I am afraid time will teach Mr. Townsend to
know them better. Those who succeed, and those
who do not, must bear this alike, and it is hard to
say which have most of it. I trust that Mr.
Townsend's share will be from *envy*; he will soon
know mankind well enough not to attribute this
expression to malice. [This note was written [at
Athens] before the author was apprised of Mr.
Cumberland's death [in May, 1811].—*MS.* The
Rev. George Townsend (1788-1857) published
Poems in 1810, and eight books of his *Arma-
geddon* in 1815. They met with the fate which
Byron had predicted.]

¹ [The first line of *A Spirit of Discovery by Sea*,
by the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles, first published in
1804.]

If your heart triumph when the hands of
all

Applaud in thunder at the curtain's fall,
Deserve those plaudits—study Nature's page,
And sketch the striking traits of every age;
While varying Man and varying years unfold
Life's little tale, so oft, so vainly told; 220
Observe his simple childhood's dawning days,
His pranks, his prate, his playmates, and
his plays:

Till time at length the mannish tyro weans,
And prurient vice outstrips his tardy teens!

Behold him Freshman! forced no more
to groan

O'er Virgil's¹ devilish verses and his own;
Prayers are too tedious, Lectures too
abstruse,

He flies from Tavell's frown to "Fordham's
Mews;

(Unlucky Tavell!² doomed to daily cares
By pugilistic pupils, and by bears,) 230

Fines, Tutors, tasks, Conventions threat in
vain,

Before hounds, hunters, and Newmarket
Plain.

Rough with his elders, with his equals rash,
Civil to sharpeners, prodigal of cash;

¹ Harvey, the *circulator* of the *circulation* of
the blood, used to fling away Virgil in his ecstasy
of admiration and say, "the book had a devil."
Now such a character as I am copying would
probably fling it away also, but rather wish that
"the devil had the book"; not from dislike to the
poet, but a well-founded horror of hexameters.
Indeed, the public school penance of "Long and
Short" is enough to beget an antipathy to poetry
for the residue of a man's life, and, perhaps, so far
may be an advantage.

² "*Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.*"
I dare say Mr. Tavell (to whom I mean no affront)
will understand me; and it is no matter whether
any one else does or no.—To the above events,
"*quæque ipse miserrima vidi, et quorum pars
magna fui,*" all *times* and *terms* bear testimony.
[The Rev. G. F. Tavell was a fellow and tutor of
Trinity College, Cambridge, during Byron's
residence, and owed this notice to the "zeal with
which he protested against his juvenile vagaries."
Whilst he was at Trinity, Byron kept a tame bear
in his rooms in Neville's Court.

The following copy of a bill (no date) tells its
own story:—

"The Honble. Lord Byron.
To John Clarke.
To Bread & Milk for the Bear } £
delivd to Haladay } 1 9 7
Cambridge Reve. A. Clarke.]"

Constant to nought—save hazard and a
whore,
Yet cursing both—for both have made him
sore :
Unread (unless since books beguile disease,
The P—x becomes his passage to Degrees);
Fooled, pillaged, dunned, he wastes his
terms away,
And unexpelled, perhaps, retires M.A. ; 240
Master of Arts! as *hells* and *clubs*¹ proclaim,
Where scarce a blackleg bears a brighter
name!

Launched into life, extinct his early fire,
He apes the selfish prudence of his Sire ;
Marries for money, chooses friends for rank,
Buys land, and shrewdly trusts not to the
Bank ;
Sits in the Senate ; gets a son and heir ;
Sends him to Harrow—for himself was there.
Mute, though he votes, unless when called to
cheer,
His son's so sharp—he'll see the dog a
Peer! 250

Manhood declines—Age palsies every limb ;
He quits the scene—or else the scene quits
him ;
Scrapes wealth, o'er each departing penny
grieves,
And Avarice seizes all Ambition leaves ;
Counts cent per cent, and smiles, or vainly
frets,
O'er hoards diminished by young Hopeful's
debts ;
Weighs well and wisely what to sell or buy,
Complete in all life's lessons—but to die ;
Peevish and spiteful, doting, hard to please,
Commending every time, save times like
these ; 260
Crazed, querulous, forsaken, half forgot,
Expires unwept—is buried—Let him rot!

But from the Drama let me not digress,
Nor spare my precepts, though they please
you less.
Though Woman weep, and hardest hearts
are stirred,
When what is done is rather seen than heard,
Yet many deeds preserved in History's page
Are better told than acted on the stage ;

¹ "Hell," a gaming-house so called, where you risk little, and are cheated a good deal. "Club," a pleasant purgatory, where you lose more, and are not supposed to be cheated at all.

The ear sustains what shocks the timid eye,
And Horror thus subsides to Sympathy. 270
True Briton all beside, I here am French—
Bloodshed 'tis surely better to retrench :
The gladiatorial gore we teach to flow
In tragic scenes disgusts, though but in
show ;

We hate the carnage while we see the trick,
And find small sympathy in being sick.
Not on the stage the regicide Macbeth
Appals an audience with a Monarch's death ;
To gaze when sable Hubert threatens to sear
Young Arthur's eyes, can *ours* or *Nature*
bear? 280

A haltered heroine¹ Johnson sought to slay—
We saved Irene, but half damned the play,
And (Heaven be praised!) our tolerating
times

Stint Metamorphoses to Pantomimes ;
And Lewis'² self, with all his sprites, would
quake

To change Earl Osmond's negro to a snake!
Because, in scenes exciting joy or grief,
We loathe the action which exceeds belief :
And yet, God knows! what may not authors
do,

Whose Postscripts prate of dyeing "heroines
blue"?³ 290

Above all things, *Dan* Poet, if you can,
Eke out your acts, I pray, with mortal man,
Nor call a ghost, unless some curséd scrape
Must open ten trap-doors for your escape.

¹ "Irene had to speak two lines with the bow-string round her neck; but the audience cried out ['Murder!'] 'Murder!' and she was obliged to go off the stage alive."—*Boswell's Johnson* [1876], p. 60. [Irene (first played February 6, 1749), for the future was put to death behind the scenes. The strangling her, contrary to Horace's rule, *coram populo*, was suggested by Garrick. (See *Davies' Life of Garrick* (1808), i. 157.)]

² [Matthew Gregory Lewis (1775-1818). (Vide *English Bards, etc.*, l. 265, note 3.) The character of Hassan, "my misanthropic negro," as Lewis called him, was said by the critics of the day to have been borrowed from Zanga in Young's *Revenge*. Lewis, in his "Address to the Reader," quoted by Byron, defends the originality of the conception.]

³ In the postscript to *The Castle Spectre*, Mr. Lewis tells us, that though blacks were unknown in England at the period of his action, yet he has made the anachronism to set off the scene: and if he could have produced the effect "by making his heroine blue,"—I quote him—"blue he would have made her!" [*The Castle Spectre*, by M. G. Lewis, Esq., M.P., London (1798), p. 102.]

Of all the monstrous things I'd fain forbid,
I loathe an Opera worse than Dennis did;¹
Where good and evil persons, right or wrong,
Rage, love, and aught but moralise—in song.
Hail, last memorial of our foreign friends,
Which Gaul allows, and still Hesperia
lends! 300

Napoleon's edicts no embargo lay
On Whores—spies—singers—wisely shipped
away.

Our giant Capital, whose squares are spread
Where rustics earned, and now may beg,
their bread,

In all iniquity is grown so nice,
It scorns amusements which are not of price.
Hence the pert shopkeeper, whose throbbing
ear

Aches with orchestras which he pays to hear,
Whom shame, not sympathy, forbids to
snore,

His anguish doubling by his own "encore";
Squeezed in "Fop's Alley,"² jostled by the
beaux, 311

Teased with his hat, and trembling for his
toes;

Scarce wrestles through the night, nor tastes
of ease,

Till the dropped curtain gives a glad release:
Why this, and more, he suffers—can ye
guess?—

Because it costs him dear, and makes him
dress!

So prosper eunuchs from Etruscan schools;
Give us but fiddlers, and they're sure of fools;
Ere scenes were played by many a reverend
clerk,

(What harm—if David danced before the
ark?) 320

In Christmas revels, simple country folks
Were pleased with morrice-mumm'ry and
coarse jokes.

Improving years, with things no longer
known,

Produced blithe Punch and merry Madame
Joan,

¹ [In 1706 John Dennis, the critic (1657-1734), wrote an *Essay on the Operas after the Italian manner, which are about to be established on the English Stage*; to show that they were more immoral than the most licentious play.]

² [One of the gangways in the Opera House, where the young men of fashion used to assemble. (See letter to Murray, November 19, 1820; *Letters*, 1901, v. 126.)]

Who still frisk on with feats so lewdly low,
'Tis strange Benvolio¹ suffers such a show;
Suppressing peer! to whom each vice gives
place,
Oaths, boxing, begging—all, save rout and
race.

Farce followed Comedy, and reached her
prime,
In ever-laughing Foote's fantastic time:² 330
Mad wag! who pardoned none, nor spared
the best,

And turned some very serious things to jest.
Nor Church nor State escaped his public
sneers,

Arms nor the Gown—Priests—Lawyers—
Volunteers:

"Alas, poor Yorick!" now for ever mute!
Whoever loves a laugh must sigh for Foote.

We smile, perforce, when histrionic scenes
Ape the swoln dialogue of Kings and
Queens,

When "Chrononhotonthologos must die,"³
And Arthur struts in mimic majesty. 340

Moschus! with whom once more I hope to
sit,⁴

And smile at folly, if we can't at wit;

¹ *Benvolio* does not bet; but every man who maintains racehorses is a promoter of all the concomitant evils of the turf. Avoiding to bet is a little pharisaical. Is it an exculpation? I think not. I never yet heard a bawd praised for chastity, because *she herself* did not commit fornication.

[Robert, second Earl Grosvenor (1767-1845), was created Marquis of Westminster in 1831. Like his father, Gifford's patron, the first Earl Grosvenor, he was a breeder of racehorses, and a patron of the turf. As Lord Belgrave, he brought forward a motion for the suppression of Sunday newspapers, June 11, 1799, denouncing them in a violent speech. The motion was lost; but many years after, in a speech delivered in the House of Lords, January 2, 1807, he returned to the charge.]

² [Samuel Foote (1720-1777), actor and playwright. His farces and curtain-pieces were often "spiced-up" with more or less malicious character-sketches of living persons. Among his better known pieces are *The Minor* (1760), ridiculing Whitefield and the Methodists, and *The Mayor of Garratt* (1763), in which he played the part of Sturgeon.]

³ [Henry Carey, poet and musician (d. 1743), a natural son of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, was the author of *Chrononhotonthologos*, "the most tragical tragedy ever yet tragedised by any company of tragedians," which was first played at the Haymarket, February 22, 1734.]

⁴ [Moschus stands for Hobhouse.]

Yes, Friend! for thee I'll quit my cynic
cell,
And bear Swift's motto, "Vive la bagatelle!"
Which charmed our days in each Ægean
clime,
As oft at home, with revelry and rhyme.
Then may Euphrosyne, who sped the
past,
Soothe thy Life's scenes, nor leave thee in
the last;
But find in thine — like pagan Plato's
bed,¹
Some merry Manuscript of Mimes, when
dead. 350

Now to the Drama let us bend our eyes,
Where fettered by whig Walpole low she
lies;²
Corruption foiled her, for she feared her
glance;
Decorum left her for an Opera dance!
Yet Chesterfield,³ whose polished pen
inveighs
'Gainst laughter, fought for freedom to our
Plays;
Unchecked by Megrims of patrician brains,
And damning Dulness of Lord Chamberlains.
Repeal that act! again let Humour roam
Wild o'er the stage—we've time for tears at
home; 360

¹ Under Plato's pillow a volume of the *Mimes* of Sophron was found the day he died. — *Vide* Barthélemi, De Pauw, or Diogenes Laërtius, if agreeable. De Pauw calls it a jest-book. Cumberland, in his *Observer*, terms it moral, like the sayings of Publius Syrus.

² [In 1737 the manager of Goodman's Fields Theatre having brought Sir Robert Walpole a farce called *The Golden Rump*, the minister detained the copy. He then made extracts of the most offensive passages, read them to the house, and brought in a bill to limit the number of play-houses and to subject all dramatic writings to the inspection of the Lord Chamberlain. Horace Walpole ascribed *The Golden Rump* to Fielding, and said that he had found an imperfect copy of the play among his father's papers. But this has been questioned.]

³ His speech on the Licensing Act is one of his most eloquent efforts.

[Lord Chesterfield's sentiments with regard to laughter are contained in an apophthegm, repeated more than once in his correspondence: "The vulgar laugh aloud, but never smile; on the contrary, people of fashion often smile, but seldom or never laugh aloud."—Chesterfield's *Letters to his Godson*, Oxford, 1890, p. 27.]

Let Archer¹ plant the horns on Sullen's
brows,
And Estifania gull her "Copper"² spouse;
The moral's scant—but that may be
excused,
Men go not to be lectured, but amused.
He whom our plays dispose to Good or
Ill
Must wear a head in want of Willis' skill;³
Aye, but Macheath's example—pscha!—no
more!
It formed no thieves—the thief was formed
before;
And spite of puritans and Collier's curse,
Plays make mankind no better, and no
worse.⁴ 370
Then spare our stage, ye methodistic
men!
Nor burn damned Drury if it rise again.⁵
But why to brain-scorched bigots thus
appeal?
Can heavenly Mercy dwell with earthly
Zeal?
For times of fire and faggot let them hope!
Times dear alike to puritan or Pope.
As pious Calvin saw Servetus blaze,
So would new sects on newer victims
gaze.
E'en now the songs of Solyma begin;
Faith cants, perplexed apologist of Sin! 380

¹ [Archer and Squire Sullen are characters in Farquhar's (1678-1707) play, *The Beaux' Stratagem*, March 8, 1707.]

² Michael Perez, the "Copper Captain," in [Fletcher's] *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife* [licensed October 19, 1624].

³ [The Rev. Dr. Francis Willis died in 1807, in the 90th year of his age. He attended George III. in his first attack of madness in 1788. His son, John Willis, was entrusted with the entire charge of the king in 1811. (See *Life of George IV.*, by Percy Fitzgerald (1881), ii. 18.)]

⁴ Jerry Collier's controversy with Congreve, etc., on the subject of the drama, is too well known to require further comment.

[Jeremy Collier (1650-1726), non-juring bishop and divine. The occasion of his controversy with Congreve was the publication of his *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage* (1697-8).]

⁵ [A few months after lines 370-381 were added to *The Hints*, in September, 1812, Byron, at the request of Lord Holland, wrote the address delivered on the opening of the theatre, which had been rebuilt after the fire of February 24, 1809. He subsequently joined the Committee of Management.]

While the Lord's servant chastens whom he
loves,
And Simeon kicks,¹ where Baxter only
"shoves."²

Whom Natures guides, so writes, that
every dunce,
Enraptured, thinks to do the same at once;
But after inky thumbs and bitten nails,
And twenty scattered quires, the coxcomb
fails.

Let Pastoral be dumb; for who can hope
To match the youthful eclogues of our Pope?
Yet his and Philips'³ faults, of different kind,
For Art too rude, for Nature too refined, 390
Instruct how hard the medium 'tis to hit
'Twixt too much polish and too coarse a wit.

A vulgar scribbler, certes, stands disgraced
In this nice age, when all aspire to taste;
The dirty language, and the noisome jest,
Which pleased in Swift of yore, we now
detest;
Proscribed not only in the world polite,
But even too nasty for a City Knight!

Peace to Swift's faults! his wit hath made
them pass,
Unmatched by all, save matchless
Hudibras! 400

Whose author is perhaps the first we meet,
Who from our couplet lopped two final feet;
Nor less in merit than the longer line,
This measure moves a favourite of the Nine.

¹ Mr. Simeon is the very bully of beliefs, and castigator of "good works." He is ably supported by John Stickles, a labourer in the same vineyard:—but I say no more, for, according to Johnny in full congregation, "*No hopes for them as laughs.*"—[The Rev. Charles Simeon (1758-1836) was the leader of the evangelical movement in Cambridge. He was naturally irascible, and, in reply to a friend who had mildly reproved him for some display of temper, signed himself, in humorous penitence, "Charles proud and irritable." (See *Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. Mr. Simeon*, by Rev. W. Carus (1847), pp. 195, 282, etc.)]

² *Baxter's shove to heavy-a—d Christians*, the veritable title of a book once in good repute, and likely enough to be so again. ["Baxter" is a slip of the pen. The tract or sermon, *An Effectual Shove to the heavy-arse Christian*, was, according to the title-page, written by William Bunyan, minister of the gospel in South Wales, and "printed for the author," in London, in 1768.]

³ [Ambrose Philips (1675?-1749) published his *Epistle to the Earl of Dorset* and his *Pastorals* in 1709.]

Though at first view eight feet may seem in
vain

Formed, save in Ode, to bear a serious strain,
Yet Scott has shown our wondering isle of
late

This measure shrinks not from a theme of
weight,

And, varied skilfully, surpasses far
Heroic rhyme, but most in Love and
War, 410

Whose fluctuations, tender or sublime,
Are curbed too much by long-recurring
rhyme.

But many a skilful judge abhors to see,
What few admire—irregularity.
This some vouchsafe to pardon; but 'tis
hard
When such a word contents a British Bard.

And must the Bard his glowing thoughts
confine,
Lest Censure hover o'er some faulty line?
Remove whate'er a critic may suspect,
To gain the paltry suffrage of
"Correct"? 420

Or prune the spirit of each daring phrase,
To fly from Error, not to merit Praise?

Ye, who seek finished models, never cease,
By day and night, to read the works of
Greece.

But our good Fathers never bent their brains
To heathen Greek, content with native
strains.

The few who read a page, or used a pen,
Were satisfied with Chaucer and old Ben;
The jokes and numbers suited to their taste
Were quaint and careless, anything but
chaste; 430

Yet, whether right or wrong the ancient
rules,

It will not do to call our Fathers fools!
Though you and I, who eruditely know
To separate the elegant and low,
Can also, when a hobbling line appears,
Detect with fingers—in default of ears.

In sooth I do not know, or greatly care
To learn, who our first English strollers
were;

Or if, till roofs received the vagrant art,
Our Muse, like that of Thespis, kept a
cart; 440

But this is certain, since our Shakespeare's
 days,
 There's pomp enough—if little else—in
 plays;
 Nor will Melpomene ascend her Throne
 Without high heels, white plume, and
 Bristol stone.

Old Comedies still meet with much
 applause,
 Though too licentious for dramatic laws;
 At least, we moderns, wisely, 'tis confest,
 Curtail, or silence, the lascivious jest.

Whate'er their follies, and their faults
 beside,
 Our enterprising Bards pass nought un-
 tried; 450
 Nor do they merit slight applause who
 choose

An English subject for an English Muse,
 And leave to minds, which never dare invent,
 French flippancy and German sentiment.
 Where is that living language which could
 claim

Poetic more, as philosophic, fame,
 If all our Bards, more patient of delay,
 Would stop, like Pope, to polish by the way?

Lords of the quill, whose critical assaults
 O'erthrow whole quartos with their quires of
 faults, 460
 Who soon detect, and mark where'er we fail,
 And prove our marble with too nice a nail!
 Democritus himself was not so bad;
He—only thought—but you would make us—
mad!

But truth to say, most rhymers rarely
 guard
 Against that ridicule they deem so hard;
 In person negligent, they wear, from sloth,
 Beards of a week, and nails of annual
 growth;
 Reside in garrets, fly from those they meet,
 And walk in alleys rather than the street. 470

With little rhyme, less reason, if you
 please,
 The name of Poet may be got with ease,
 So that not tuns of helleboric juice
 Shall ever turn your head to any use;
 Write but like Wordsworth—live beside a
 lake,
 And keep your bushy locks a year from
 Blake;¹

¹ As famous a tonsor as Licinus himself, and better paid, and may, like him, be one day a senator,

Then print your book, once more return to
 town,
 And boys shall hunt your Bardship up and
 down.¹

Am I not wise, if such some poets' plight,
 To purge in spring—like Bayes²—before I
 write? 480

If this precaution softened not my bile,
 I know no scribbler with a madder style;
 But since (perhaps my feelings are too nice)
 I cannot purchase Fame at such a price,
 I'll labour gratis as a grinders' wheel,
 And, blunt myself, give edge to other's steel,
 Nor write at all, unless to teach the art
 To those rehearsing for the Poet's part;
 From Horace show the pleasing paths of
 song,
 And from my own example—what is
 wrong. 490

Though modern practice sometimes differs
 quite,
 'Tis just as well to think before you write;
 Let every book that suits your theme be
 read,
 So shall you trace it to the fountain-head.

He who has learned the duty which he
 owes
 To friends and country, and to pardon foes;
 Who models his deportment as may best
 Accord with Brother, Sire, or Stranger-guest;
 Who takes our Laws and Worship as they are,
 Nor roars reform for Senate, Church, and
 Bar; 500

having a better qualification than one half of the heads he crops, viz.—Independence. [According to the Scholiast, Cæsar made his barber Licinus a senator, "quod odisset Pompeium." Blake (see Letter to Murray, November 9, 1820) was, presumably Benjamin Blake, a perfumer, who lived at 46, Park Street, Grosvenor Square.]

¹ [There was some foundation for this. When Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy called on Daniel Stuart, editor of the *Courier*, at his fine new house in Harley Street, the butler would not admit them further than the hall, and was not a little taken aback when he witnessed the deference shown to these strangely-attired figures, by his master.—Personal Reminiscence of the late Miss Stuart, of 106 Harley Street.]

² [The reference is to the Duke of Buckingham's play, *The Rehearsal*, act ii. sc. 1. This passage is instanced by Johnson as a proof that "Bayes" was a caricature of Dryden. "Bayes, when he is to write, is blooded and purged; this, as Lamotte relates, . . . was the real practice of the poet."—*Lives of the Poets* (1890), i. 388.]

In practice, rather than loud precept, wise,
Bids not his tongue, but heart, philosophize :
Such is the man the Poet should rehearse,
As joint exemplar of his life and verse.

Sometimes a sprightly wit, and tale well
told,
Without much grace, or weight, or art, will
hold
A longer empire o'er the public mind
Than sounding trifles, empty, though refined.

Unhappy Greece ! thy sons of ancient days
The Muse may celebrate with perfect
praise, 510
Whose generous children narrowed not their
hearts
With Commerce, given alone to Arms and
Arts.
Our boys (save those whom public schools
compel
To "Long and Short," before they're taught
to spell)
From frugal fathers soon imbibe by rote,
"A penny saved, my lad, 's a penny got."
Babe of a city birth !¹ from sixpence take
The third, how much will the remainder
make ?—
"A groat."—"Ah, bravo ! Dick hath done
the sum,
He'll swell my fifty thousand to a
Plum."² 520

They whose young souls receive this rust
betimes,
'Tis clear, are fit for anything but rhymes ;
And Locke will tell you, that the father's
right
Who hides all verses from his children's
sight ;
For Poets (says this Sage,³ and many more,)
Make sad mechanics with their lyric lore :

¹ [A MS. reads "*Babe, of old Thellusson,*" etc. ; Peter Isaac Thellusson, banker (died July 21, 1797), by his will directed that his property should accumulate for the benefit of the unborn heir of an unborn grandson. The will was upheld, but, on July 28, 1800, an act was passed limiting such executory devises.]

² [Cant term for £100,000.]

³ I have not the original by me, but the Italian translation runs as follows:—"E una cosa a mio credere molto stravagante, che un Padre desideri, o permetta, che suo figliuolo coltivi e perfezioni questo talento." A little further on: "Si trovano

And Delphi now, however, rich of old,
Discovers little silver, and less gold,
Because Parnassus, though a Mount divine,
Is poor as Irus,¹ or an Irish mine.² 530

Two objects always should the Poet move,
Or one or both,—to please or to improve.
Whate'er you teach, be brief, if you design
For our remembrance your didactic line ;
Redundance places Memory on the rack,
For brains may be o'erloaded, like the back.

Fiction does best when taught to look like
Truth,
And fairy fables bubble none but youth :
Expect no credit for too wondrous tales,
Since Jonas only springs alive from
Whales ! 540

Young men with aught but Elegance
dispense ;
Maturer years require a little Sense.
To end at once :—that Bard for all is fit
Who mingles well instruction with his wit ;
For him Reviews shall smile ; for him
o'erflow
The patronage of Paternoster-row ;
His book, with Longman's liberal aid, shall
pass
(Who ne'er despises books that bring him
brass) ;
Through three long weeks the taste of
London lead,
And cross St. George's Channel, and the
Tweed. 550

But every thing has faults, nor is't unknown
That harps and fiddles often lose their tone,
And wayward voices, at their owner's call,
With all his best endeavours, only squall ;

di rado nel Parnaso le miniere d' oro e d' argento,"
—*Educazione dei Fanciulli del Signor Locke*
(Venice, 1782), ii. 87. ["If the child have a
poetic vein, it is to me the strangest thing in the
world, that the father should desire or suffer it to
be cherished or improved."—"It is very seldom
seen, that any one discovers mines of gold or silver
in Parnassus."—*Some Thoughts concerning Educa-
tion*, by John Locke (1880), p. 152.]

¹ "Iro pauperior:" a proverb: this is the same
beggar who boxed with Ulysses for a pound of
kid's fry, which he lost, and half a dozen teeth
besides. (See *Odyssey*, xviii. 98.)

² The Irish gold mine in Wicklow, which yields
just ore enough to swear by, or gild a bad guinea.

Dogs blink their covey, flints withhold the
spark,
And double-barrels (damn them!) miss their
mark.¹

Where frequent beauties strike the reader's
view,
We must not quarrel for a blot or two;
But pardon equally to books or men,
The slips of Human Nature, and the
Pen. 560

Yet if an author, spite of foe or friend,
Despises all advice too much to mend,
But ever twangs the same discordant string,
Give him no quarter, howsoe'er he sing.
Let Havard's² fate o'ertake him, who, for
once,
Produced a play too dashing for a dunce:
At first none deemed it his; but when his
name
Announced the fact—what then?—it lost its
fame.
Though all deplore when Milton deigns to
doze,
In a long work 'tis fair to steal repose. 570

As Pictures, so shall Poems be; some stand
The critic eye, and please when near at
hand;
But others at a distance strike the sight;
This seeks the shade, but that demands the
light,
Nor dreads the connoisseur's fastidious view,
But ten times scrutinised—is ten times new.

Parnassian pilgrims! ye whom chance, or
choice,
Hath led to listen to the Muse's voice,
Receive this counsel, and be timely wise;
Few reach the Summit which before you
lies. 580

¹ As Mr. Pope took the liberty of damning Homer, to whom he was under great obligations—"And Homer (damn him!) calls"—it may be presumed that anybody or anything may be damned in verse by poetical licence; and, in case of accident, I beg leave to plead so illustrious a precedent.

² For the story of Billy Havard's tragedy, see Davies's *Life of Garrick*. I believe it is *Regulus*, or *Charles the First* [1808, ii. 205]. The moment it was known to be his the theatre thinned, and the bookseller refused to give the customary sum for the copyright.

Our Church and State, our Courts and
Camps, concede
Reward to very moderate heads indeed!
In these plain common sense will travel far;
All are not Erskines who mislead the Bar:¹
But Poesy between the best and worst
No medium knows; you must be last or
first;
For middling Poets' miserable volumes
Are damned alike by Gods, and Men, and
Columns.²

¹ [Thomas Erskine, afterwards Lord Erskine (1750-1823). His power over a jury, "his little twelvers," as he would sometimes address them, was practically unlimited.]

² [A MS. reads:—
"Though what 'Gods, men, and columns' interdict,
The Devil and Jeffrey pardon—in a Pict."]
"The Devil and Jeffrey are here placed antithetically to gods and men, such being their usual position, and their due one—according to the facetious saying, 'If God won't take you, the Devil must;' and I am sure no one durst object to his taking the poetry, which, rejected by Horace, is accepted by Jeffrey. That these gentlemen are in some cases kinder,—the one to countrymen, and the other from his odd propensity to prefer evil to good,—than the 'gods, men, and columns' of Horace, may be seen by a reference to the Review of Campbell's *Gertrude of Wyoming*; and in No. 31 of the *Edinburgh Review* (given to me the other day by the captain of an English frigate off Salamis), there is a similar concession to the mediocrity of Jamie Graham's *British Georgics*. It is fortunate for Campbell, that his fame neither depends on his last poem, nor the puff of the *Edinburgh Review*. The catalogues of our English are also less fastidious than the pillars of the Roman librarians. A word more with the author of *Gertrude of Wyoming*. At the end of a poem, and even of a couplet, we have generally 'that unmeaning thing we call a thought'; so Mr. Campbell concludes with a thought in such a manner as to fulfil the whole of Pope's prescription, and be as 'unmeaning' as the best of his brethren:—

"Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief."

"When I was in the fifth form, I carried to my master the translation of a chorus in Prometheus, wherein was a pestilent expression about 'staining a voice,' which met with no quarter. Little did I think that Mr. Campbell would have adopted my fifth form 'sublime'—at least in so conspicuous a situation. 'Sorrow' has been 'dry' (in proverbs), and 'wet' (in sonnets), this many a day; and now it 'stains,' and stains a sound, of all feasible things! To be sure, death-songs might have been stained with that same grief to very good purpose, if Oualissi had clapped down his stanzas on

Again, my Jeffrey—as that sound inspires,
 How wakes my bosom to its wonted
 fires! 590
 Fires, such as gentle Caledonians feel
 When Southrons writhe upon their critic
 wheel,
 Or mild Eclectics,¹ when some, worse than
 Turks,
 Would rob poor Faith to decorate “Good
 Works.”

wholesome paper for the *Edinburgh Evening Post*, or any other given hyperborean gazette; or if the said Outalissi had been troubled with the slightest second sight of his own notes embodied on the last proof of an overcharged quarto; but as he is supposed to have been an improvisatore on this occasion, and probably to the last tune he ever chanted in this world, it would have done him no discredit to have made his exit with a mouthful of common sense. Talking of ‘*staining*’ (as Caleb Quotem says) ‘puts me in mind’ of a certain couplet, which Mr. Campbell will find in a writer for whom he, and his school, have no small contempt:—

“‘E’en copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
 The last and greatest art—the art to blot!”
 —[MS. M.]

¹ To the Eclectic or Christian Reviewers I have to return thanks for the fervour of that charity which, in 1809, induced them to express a hope that a thing then published by me might lead to certain consequences, which, although natural enough, surely came but rashly from reverend lips. I refer them to their own pages [*Eclectic Review*, May, 1809], where they congratulated themselves on the prospect of a tilt between Mr. Jeffrey and myself, from which some great good was to accrue, provided one or both were knocked on the head. Having survived two years and a half those “Elegies” which they were kindly preparing to review, I have no peculiar gusto to give them “so joyful a trouble,” except, indeed, “upon compulsion, Hal”; but if, as David says in *The Rivals*, it should come to “bloody sword and gun fighting,” we “won’t run, will we, Sir Lucius?” [Byron, writing at Athens, away from his books, misquotes *The Rivals*. The words, “Sir Lucius, we—we—we—we won’t run,” are spoken by Acres, not by David.] I do not know what I had done to these Eclectic gentlemen: my works are their lawful perquisite, to be hewn in pieces like Agag, if it seem meet unto them: but why they should be in such a hurry to kill off their author, I am ignorant. “The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong:” and now, as these Christians have “smote me on one cheek,” I hold them up the other; and, in return for their good wishes, give them an opportunity of repeating them. Had any other set of men expressed such sentiments, I should have

Such are the genial feelings thou canst
 claim—

My Falcon flies not at ignoble game.
 Mightiest of all Dunedin’s beasts of chase!
 For thee my Pegasus would mend his pace.
 Arise, my Jeffrey! or my inkless pen
 Shall never blunt its edge on meaner
 men; 600

Till thee or thine mine evil eye discerns,
 “Alas! I cannot strike at wretched kernes.”
 Inhuman Saxon! wilt thou then resign
 A Muse and heart by choice so wholly thine?
 Dear d—d contemner of my schoolboy songs,
 Hast thou no vengeance for my Manhood’s
 wrongs?

If unprovoked thou once could bid me bleed,
 Hast thou no weapon for my daring deed?
 What! not a word!—and am I then so low?
 Wilt thou forbear, who never spared a
 foe? 610

Hast thou no wrath, or wish to give it vent?
 No wit for Nobles, Dunces by descent?
 No jest on “minors,” quibbles on a name,¹
 Nor one facetious paragraph of blame?
 Is it for this on Ilion I have stood,
 And thought of Homer less than Holyrood?
 On shore of Euxine or Ægean sea,
 My hate, untravelled, fondly turned to thee.
 Ah! let me cease! in vain my bosom burns,
 From Corydon unkind Alexis turns:² 620
 Thy rhymes are vain; thy Jeffrey then
 forego,

Nor woo that anger which he will not show.
 What then?—Edina starves some lanker
 son,

To write an article thou canst not shun;

smiled, and left them to the “recording angel”; but from the pharisees of Christianity decency might be expected. I can assure these brethren, that, publican and sinner as I am, I would not have treated “mine enemy’s dog thus.” To show them the superiority of my brotherly love, if ever the Reverend Messrs. Simeon or Ramsden should be engaged in such a conflict as that in which they requested me to fall, I hope they may escape with being “winged” only, and that Heaviside may be at hand to extract the ball.—[Byron pretends to believe that the “Christian” Reviewers, actuated by stern zeal for piety, were making mischief in sober earnest. “Heaviside” (see last line of Byron’s note) was the surgeon in attendance at the duel between Lord Falkland and Mr. A. Powell. (See *English Bards*, l. 685, note 3.)]

¹ [See the critique of the *Edinburgh Review* on *Hours of Idleness*, January, 1808.]

² “Invenies alium, si te hic fastidit, Alexin,”

Some less fastidious Scotchman shall be
found,
As bold in Billingsgate, though less
renowned.

As if at table some discordant dish,
Should shock our optics, such as frogs for
fish;
As oil in lieu of butter men decry,
And poppies please not in a modern pie; 630
If all such mixtures then be half a crime,
We must have Excellence to relish rhyme.
Mere roast and boiled no Epicure invites;
Thus Poetry disgusts, or else delights.

Who shoot not flying rarely touch a gun:
Will he who swims not to the river run?
And men unpractised in exchanging knocks
Must go to Jackson¹ ere they dare to box.
Whate'er the weapon, cudgel, fist, or foil,
None reach expertness without years of
toil; 640

But fifty dunces can, with perfect ease,
Tag twenty thousand couplets, when they
please.

Why not?—shall I, thus qualified to sit
For rotten boroughs, never show my wit?
Shall I, whose fathers with the "Quorum"
sate,

And lived in freedom on a fair estate;
Who left me heir, with stables, kennels,
packs,

To *all* their income, and to—*twice* its tax;
Whose form and pedigree have scarce a
fault,

Shall I, I say, suppress my Attic Salt? 650

Thus think "the Mob of Gentlemen";
but you,
Besides all this, must have some Genius too.
Be this your sober judgment, and a rule,
And print not piping hot from Southey's
school,

Who (ere another Thalaba appears),
I trust, will spare us for at least nine years.

¹ [John Jackson (1769-1845), better known as "Gentleman" Jackson, was champion of England from 1795-1803. Jackson's character stood high. "From the highest to the lowest person in the Sporting World, his *decision* is law." He was Byron's guest at Cambridge, Newstead, and Brighton, and is described by him, in a note to *Don Juan* (XI. xix.), as "my old friend and corporeal pastor and master." A monument, erected by public subscription, marks his resting-place in Brompton Cemetery.]

And hark'ye, Southey!¹ pray—but don't be
vexed—
Burn all your last three works—and half the
next.

¹ Mr. Southey has lately tied another canister to his tail in *The Curse of Kehama*, maugre the neglect of *Madoc*, etc., and has in one instance had a wonderful effect. A literary friend of mine, walking out one lovely evening last summer, on the eleventh bridge of the Paddington canal, was alarmed by the cry of "one in jeopardy": he rushed along, collected a body of Irish haymakers (supping on butter-milk in an adjacent paddock), procured three rakes, one eel-spear and a landing net, and at last (*horresco referens*) pulled out—his own publisher. The unfortunate man was gone for ever, and so was a large quarto where-with he had taken the leap, which proved, on enquiry, to have been Mr. Southey's last work. Its "alacrity of sinking" was so great, that it has never since been heard of; though some maintain that it is at this moment concealed at Alderman Birch's pastry premises, Cornhill. Be this as it may, the coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of "*Felo de bibliopolâ*" against a "quarto unknown"; and circumstantial evidence being since strong against *The Curse of Kehama* (of which the above words are an exact description), it will be tried by its peers next session, in Grub-street—Arthur, Alfred, Davideis, Richard Cœur de Lion, Exodus, Exodiad, Epigoniad, Calvary, Fall of Cambria, Siege of Acre, Don Roderick, and Tom Thumb the Great, are the names of the twelve jurors. The judges are Pye, Bowles, and the bell-man of St Sepulchre's.

The same advocates, pro and con, will be employed as are now engaged in Sir F. Burdett's celebrated cause in the Scotch courts. The public anxiously await the result, and all *live* publishers will be subpoenaed as witnesses.—But Mr. Southey has published *The Curse of Kehama*,—an inviting title to quibblers. By the bye, it is a good deal beneath Scott and Campbell, and not much above Southey, to allow the booby Ballantyne to entitle them, in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* (of which, by the bye, Southey is editor) "the grand poetical triumvirate of the day." But on second thoughts, it can be no great degree of praise to be the one-eyed leaders of the blind, though they might as well keep to themselves "Scott's thirty thousand copies sold," which must sadly discomfort poor Southey's unsaleables. Poor Southey, it should seem, is the "Lepidus" of this poetical triumvirate. I am only surprised to see him in such good company.

"Such things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil *he* came there."

The trio are well defined in the sixth proposition of Euclid:—"Because, in the triangles D B C, A C B; D B is equal to A C; and B C common to both; the two sides D B, B C, are equal to the two A C, C B, each to each, and the angle D B C

But why this vain advice? once published,
 books
 Can never be recalled — from pastry-
 cooks! 660
 Though "Madoc," with "Pucelle,"¹ instead
 of Punk,
 May travel back to Quito—on a trunk!²

is equal to the angle A C B: therefore, the base D C is equal to the base A B, and the triangle D B C (Mr. Southey) is equal to the triangle A C B, the less to the greater, which is absurd," etc.—The editor of the *Edinburgh Register* will find the rest of the theorem hard by his stabling; he has only to cross the river; 'tis the first turnpike t' other side *Pons Asinorum*.*

[*The Curse of Kehama*, by Robert Southey, was published 1810; *Arthur, or The Northern Enchantment*, by the Rev. Richard Hole, in 1789; *Alfred*, by Joseph Cottle, in 1801; *Dauidis*, by Abraham Cowley, in 1636; *Richard the First*, by Sir James Bland Burges, in 1800; *Exodiad*, by Sir J. Bland Burges and R. Cumberland, in 1807; *Exodus*, by Charles Hoyle, in 1807; *Epigoniad*, by W. Wilkie, D.D., in 1757; *Calvary*, by R. Cumberland, in 1792; *Fall of Cambria*, by Joseph Cottle, in 1809; *Siege of Acre*, by Hannah Cowley, in 1801; *The Vision of Don Roderick*, by Sir Walter Scott, in 1811; *Tom Thumb the Great*, by Henry Fielding, in 1730.

(For the case Sir F. Burdett v. William Scott, see a contemporary pamphlet, *Adultery and Patriotism*, London, 1811.)]

¹ Voltaire's *Pucelle* is not quite so immaculate as Mr. Southey's *Joan of Arc*, and yet I am afraid the Frenchman has both more truth and poetry too on his side—(they rarely go together)—than our patriotic minstrel, whose first essay was in praise of a fanatical French strumpet, whose title of witch would be correct with the change of the first letter.

² Like Sir Bland Burges's *Richard*; the tenth book of which I read at Malta, on a trunk of Eyre's, 19, Cockspur-street. If this be doubted, I shall buy a portmanteau to quote from.

[Sir James Bland Burges (1752-1824). In 1787 he was returned M.P. for the borough of Helleston; and from 1789 to 1795 held office as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. In 1795, at the instance of his chief, Lord Grenville, he vacated his post, and by way of compensation was created a baronet with a sinecure post as Knight-Marshal of the Royal Household. Thenceforth he devoted himself to literature. (For *Richard the First* and the *Exodiad*, vide supra.)]

* This Latin has sorely puzzled the University of Edinburgh. Ballantyne said it meant the "Bridge of Berwick," but Southey claimed it as half English; Scott swore it was the "Brig o' Stirling"; he had just passed two King James's and a dozen Douglasses over it. At last it was decided by Jeffrey, that it meant nothing more nor less than the "counter of Archy Constable's shop."

Orpheus, we learn from Ovid and
 Lempriere,
 Led all wild beasts but Women by the ear;
 And had he fiddled at the present hour,
 We'd seen the Lions waltzing in the
 Tower;¹
 And old Amphion, such were minstrels
 then,
 Had built St Paul's without the aid of Wren.
 Verse too was Justice, and the Bards of
 Greece
 Did more than constables to keep the
 peace; 670
 Abolished cuckoldom with much applause,
 Called county meetings, and enforced the
 laws,
 Cut down crown influence with reforming
 scythes,
 And served the Church—without demanding
 tithes;
 And hence, throughout all Hellas and the
 East,
 Each Poet was a Prophet and a Priest,
 Whose old-established Board of Joint
 Controls
 Included kingdoms in the cure of souls.

Next rose the martial Homer, Epic's
 prince,
 And Fighting's been in fashion ever
 since; 680
 And old Tyrtæus, when the Spartans warred
 (A limping leader, but a lofty bard)
 Though walled Ithome had resisted long,
 Reduced the fortress by the force of song.

When Oracles prevailed, in times of old,
 In song alone Apollo's will was told,
 Then if your verse is what all verse should
 be,
 And Gods were not ashamed on't, why
 should we?

The Muse, like mortal females, may be
 wooed;
 In turns she'll seem a Paphian, or a
 prude; 690
 Fierce as a bride when first she feels affright,
 Mild as the same upon the second night;

¹ [Charles Lamb, in "Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago" (*Prose Works*, 1836, ii. 30), records his repeated visits, as a Blue Coat boy, "to the Lions in the Tower—to whose levée, by courtesy immemorial, we had a prescriptive title to admission."]

Wild as the wife of Alderman or Peer,
Now for His Grace, and now a grenadier!
Her eyes beseem, her heart belies, her zone—
Ice in a crowd—and Lava when alone.

If Verse be studied with some show of Art,
Kind Nature always will perform her part;
Though without Genius, and a native vein
Of wit, we loathe an artificial strain, 700
Yet Art and Nature joined will win the prize,
Unless they act like us and our allies.

The youth who trains to ride, or run a
race,
Must bear privations with unruffled face,
Be called to labour when he thinks to dine,
And, harder still, leave wenching and his
wine.

Ladies who sing, at least who sing at sight,
Have followed Music through her farthest
flight;

But rhymers tell you neither more nor less,
"I've got a pretty poem for the Press;" 710
And that's enough; then write and print so
fast;—

If Satan take the hindmost, who'd be last?
They storm the Types, they publish, one and
all,

They leap the counter, and they leave the
stall.

Provincial Maidens, men of high command,
Yea! Baronets have inked the bloody hand!
Cash cannot quell them; Pollio played this
prank,

(Then Phœbus first found credit in a Bank!)
Not all the living only, but the dead,
Fool on, as fluent as an Orpheus'
Head;¹ 720

Damned all their days, they posthumously
thrive

Dug up from dust,—though buried when
alive!

Reviews record this epidemic crime,
Those Books of Martyrs to the rage for
rhyme.

Alas! woe worth the scribbler! often seen
In Morning Post, or Monthly Magazine.

¹ "Tum quoque, marmoreâ caput a cervice
revulsum

Gurgite cum medio portans (Æagrius Hebrus
Volveret, Eurydicen vox ipsa et frigida
lingua,

Ah miseram Eurydicen! animâ fugiente
vocabat;

Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ."

—*Georgic.* iv. ll. 523-527.

There lurk his earlier lays; but soon, hot
pressed,

Behold a Quarto!—Tarts must tell the rest.
Then leave, ye wise, the Lyre's precarious
chords

To muse - mad baronets, or madder
lords, 730

Or country Crispins, now grown somewhat
stale,

Twin Doric minstrels, drunk with Doric ale!
Hark to those notes, narcotically soft!

The Cobbler - Laureats¹ sing to Capel
Lofft!²

¹ I beg Nathaniel's pardon: he is not a cobbler; *it is a tailor*, but begged Capel Lofft to sink the profession in his preface to two pair of panta-psha!—of cantos, which he wished the public to try on; but the sieve of a patron let it out, and so far saved the expense of an advertisement to his country customers—Merry's "Moorfield's whine" was nothing to all this. The "Della Cruscan" were people of some education, and no profession; but these Arcadians ("Arcades ambo"—bumpkins both) send out their native nonsense without the smallest alloy, and leave all the shoes and small-clothes in the parish unrepaired, to patch up Elegies on Enclosures, and Pæans to Gunpowder. Sitting on a shop-board, they describe the fields of battle, when the only blood they ever saw was shed from the finger; and an "Essay on War" is produced by the ninth part of a "poet";

"And own that *nine* such poets made a Tate."

Did Nathan ever read that line of Pope? and if he did, why not take it as his motto? [*An Essay on War; Honington Green, a Ballad, . . . an Elegy and other Poems*, was published in 1803.]

² This well-meaning gentleman has spoiled some excellent shoemakers, and been accessory to the poetical undoing of many of the industrious poor. Nathaniel Bloomfield and his brother Bobby have set all Somersetshire singing; nor has the malady confined itself to one county. Pratt too (who once was wiser) has caught the contagion of patronage, and decoyed a poor fellow named Blackett into poetry; but he died during the operation, leaving one child and two volumes of "Remains" utterly destitute. The girl, if she don't take a poetical twist, and come forth as a shoemaking Sappho, may do well; but the "tragedies" are as rickety as if they had been the offspring of an Earl or a Seatonian prize poet. The patrons of this poor lad are certainly answerable for his end; and it ought to be an indictable offence. But this is the least they have done; for, by a refinement of barbarity, they have made the (late) man posthumously ridiculous, by printing what he would have had sense enough never to print himself. Certes these rakers of "Remains" come under the statute against "resurrection men." What does it signify whether a poor dear dead dunce is to be stuck up

Till, lo! that modern Midas, as he hears,
Adds an ell growth to his egregious ears!

There lives one Druid, who prepares in
time
'Gainst future feuds his poor revenge of
rhyme;

Racks his dull Memory, and his duller Muse,
To publish faults which Friendship should
excuse. 740

If Friendship's nothing, Self-regard might
teach

More polished usage of his parts of speech.
But what is shame, or what is aught to him?
He vents his spleen, or gratifies his whim.
Some fancied slight has roused his lurking
hate,

Some folly crossed, some jest, or some
debate;

Up to his den Sir Scribbler hies, and soon
The gathered gall is voided in Lampoon.
Perhaps at some pert speech you've dared to
frown,

Perhaps your Poem may have pleased the
Town: 750

If so, alas! 'tis nature in the man—
May Heaven forgive you, for he never can!

in Surgeons' or in Stationers' Hall? Is it so bad to
unearth his bones as his blunders? Is it not better
to gibbet his body on a heath, than his soul in an
octavo? "We know what we are, but we know
not what we may be;" and it is to be hoped we
never shall know, if a man who has passed through
life with a sort of *éclat* is to find himself a moun-
tebank on the other side of Styx, and made, like poor
Joe Blackett, the laughing-stock of purgatory.
The plea of publication is to provide for the child;
now, might not some of this *Sutor ultra Crepidam's*
friends and seducers have done a decent action
without inveigling Pratt into biography? And
then his inscription split into so many modicums!
—"To the Duchess of Somuch, the Right Hon.
So-and-So, and Mrs. and Miss Somebody, these
volumes are," etc. etc.—why, this is doling out the
"soft milk of dedication" in gills,—there is but a
quart, and he divides it among a dozen. Why,
Pratt, hadst thou not a puff left? Dost thou think
six families of distinction can share this in quiet?
There is a child, a book, and a dedication: send
the girl to her grace, the volumes to the grocer,
and the dedication to the devil.

[For Robert Bloomfield, see *English Bards*,
ll. 773-785, and *note*. For Joseph Blacket, see
English Bards, ll. 764-769, and *note*. For Capel
Lofft, see *English Bards*, l. 773, and *note*. Blacket's
Remains, with Life by Pratt, appeared in 1811.
The work was dedicated "To Her Grace the
Duchess of Leeds, Lady Milbanke and Family,
Benevolent Patrons of the Author," etc.]

Then be it so; and may his withering Bays
Bloom fresh in satire, though they fade in
praise,

While his lost songs no more shall steep and
stink,

The dullest, fattest weeds on Lethe's brink,
But springing upwards from the sluggish
mould,

Be (what they never were before) be—sold!
Should some rich Bard (but such a monster
now,

In modern Physics, we can scarce allow), 760
Should some pretending scribbler of the
Court,

Some rhyming Peer—there's plenty of the
sort—¹

All but one poor dependent priest withdrawn,
(Ah! too regardless of his Chaplain's yawn!)
Condemn the unlucky Curate to recite
Their last dramatic work by candle-light,
How would the preacher turn each rueful
leaf,

Dull as his sermons, but not half so brief!

¹ Here will Mr. Gifford allow me to introduce
once more to his notice the sole survivor, the
"ultimus Romanorum," the last of the Cruscanti—
"Edwin" the "profound," by our Lady of Punish-
ment! here he is, as lively as in the days of
"well said Baviad the correct." I thought
Fitzgerald had been the tail of poesy; but, alas!
he is only the penultimate.

"A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR OF THE
'MORNING CHRONICLE.'

"What reams of paper, floods of ink,
Do some men spoil, who never think!
And so perhaps you'll say of me,
In which your readers may agree.

"Still I write on, and tell you why;
Nothing's so bad, you can't deny,
But may instruct or entertain
Without the risk of giving pain," etc., etc.

"ON SOME MODERN QUACKS AND REFORMISTS.

"In tracing of the human mind
Through all its various courses,
Though strange, 'tis true, we often find
It knows not its resources:

"And men through life assume a part
For which no talents they possess,
Yet wonder that, with all their art,
They meet no better with success," etc., etc.

[*A Familiar Epistle, etc.*, by T. Vaughan, Esq.,
was published in the *Morning Chronicle*, October
7, 1811. Gifford, in the *Baviad* (l. 350), speaks of
"Edwin's mewlings," and, in a note, names
"Edwin" as the "profound Mr T. Vaughan."]

Yet, since 'tis promised at the Rector's
death,
He'll risk no living for a little breath. 770

Then spouts and foams, and cries at every
line,

(The Lord forgive him!) "Bravo! Grand!
Divine!"

Hoarse with those praises (which, by
Flatt'ry fed,

Dependence barter for her bitter bread),
He strides and stamps along with creaking
boot;

Till the floor echoes his emphatic foot,
Then sits again, then rolls his pious eye,
As when the dying vicar will not die!
Nor feels, foresooth, emotion at his heart;—
But all Dissemblers overact their part. 780

Ye, who *aspire* to "build the lofty rhyme,"¹
Believe not all who laud your false
"sublime";

But if some friend shall hear your work,
and say,

"Expunge that stanza, lop that line away,"
And, after fruitless efforts, you return
Without amendment, and he answers,
"Burn!"

That instant throw your paper in the fire,
Ask not his thoughts, or follow his desire;
But (if true Bard!) you scorn to condescend,
And will not alter what you can't defend, 790
If you will breed this Bastard of your Brains,²
We'll have no words—I've only lost my
pains.

Yet, if you only prize your favourite
thought,

As critics kindly do, and authors ought;
If your cool friend annoy you now and then,
And cross whole pages with his plaguy pen;
No matter, throw your ornaments aside,—
Better let him than all the world deride.
Give light to passages too much in shade,
Nor let a doubt obscure one verse you've
made; 800

Your friend's a "Johnson," not to leave one
word,

However trifling, which may seem absurd;
Such erring trifles lead to serious ills,
And furnish food for critics, or their quills.³

¹ [See Milton's *Lycidas*.]

² Minerva being the first by Jupiter's head-piece,
and a variety of equally unaccountable parturitions
upon earth, such as Madoc, etc., etc.

³ "A crust for the critics."—Bayes, in *The
Rehearsal* [act ii. sc. 2].

As the Scotch fiddle, with its touching
tune,

Or the sad influence of the angry Moon,
All men avoid bad writers' ready tongues
As yawning waiters fly¹ Fitzscribble's lungs;
Yet on he mouths—ten minutes—tedious
each

As Prelate's homily, or placeman's
speech; 810

Long as the last year of a lingering lease,
When Riot pauses until Rents increase.

While such a minstrel, muttering fustian,
strays

O'er hedge and ditch, through unfrequented
ways,

If by some chance he walks into a well,
And shouts for succour with stentorian yell,
"A rope! help, Christians, as ye hope for
grace!"

Nor woman, man, nor child will stir a pace;
For there his carcass he might freely fling,
From frenzy, or the humour of the thing. 820
Though this has happened to more Bards
than one;

I'll tell you Budgell's story,—and have done.

Budgell, a rogue and rhymester, for no
good,

(Unless his case be much misunderstood)
When teased with creditors' continual claims,
"To die like Cato,"² leapt into the Thames!
And, therefore, be it lawful through the town
For any Bard to poison, hang, or drown.
Who saves the intended Suicide receives
Small thanks from him who loathes the life
he leaves; 830

¹ And the "waiters" are the only fortunate people
who can "fly" from them; all the rest, viz. the
sad subscribers to the "Literary Fund," being
compelled, by courtesy, to sit out the recitation
without a hope of exclaiming, "Sic" (that is, by
choking Fitz with bad wine, or worse poetry) "me
servavit Apollo!"

² On his table were found these words:—"What
Cato did, and Addison approved, cannot be wrong."
But Addison did not "approve"; and if he had,
it would not have mended the matter. He had
invited his daughter on the same water-party; but
Miss Budgell, by some accident, escaped this last
paternal attention. Thus fell the sycophant of
"Atticus," and the enemy of Pope! [Eustace
Budgell (1686-1737), a friend and relative of
Addison's, "leapt into the Thames" to escape
the dishonour which attached to him in connection
with the immediate pressure of money difficulties.
He was, more or less, insane. *Boswell's Life of
Johnson* (1886), p. 281.]

And, sooth to say, mad poets must not
lose
The Glory of that death they freely choose.

Nor is it certain that some sorts of verse
Prick not the Poet's conscience as a curse;
Dosed¹ with vile drams on Sunday he was
found,

Or got a child on consecrated ground!
And hence is haunted with a rhyming rage—
Feared like a bear just bursting from his
cage.

If free, all fly his versifying fit,
Fatal at once to Simpleton or Wit: 840
But *him*, unhappy! whom he seizes,—*him*
He flays with Recitation limb by limb;
Probes to the quick where'er he makes his
breach,
And gorges like a Lawyer—or a Leech.

THE CURSE OF MINERVA.²

—“Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
Immolat, et poenam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.”
—*Æneid*, lib. xii. ll. 948, 949.

ATHENS: CAPUCHIN CONVENT,
March 17, 1811.

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,³
Along Morea's hills the setting Sun;
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light;

¹ If “dosed with,” etc. be censured as low, I beg leave to refer to the original for something still lower; and if any reader will translate “Minxerit in patrios cineres,” etc. into a decent couplet, I will insert said couplet in lieu of the present.

² [A fragment (111 lines) of *The Curse of Minerva*, was first published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, for April, 1815. It was entitled *The Malediction of Minerva; or The Athenian Marble Market*. The full text was published, in 1815, nominally in Philadelphia, but, probably, in London.]

³ [The lines (1-54) with which the Satire begins, down to “As thus, within the walls of Pallas' fane,” first appeared (1814) as the opening stanza of the Third Canto of *The Corsair*. At that time the publication of *The Curse of Minerva* had been abandoned. (See Byron's note to *The Corsair*, Canto III. st. i. l. 1.)]

O'er the hushed deep the yellow beam he
throws,
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it
glows;
On old Ægina's rock and Hydra's isle
The God of gladness sheds his parting
smile;
O'er his own regions lingering loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more
divine. 10
Descending fast, the mountain-shadows kiss
Thy glorious Gulf, unconquered Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse,
More deeply purpled, meet his mellowing
glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits
driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of
Heaven;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian rock he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve his palest beam he cast
When, Athens! here thy Wisest looked his
last. 20
How watched thy better sons his farewell
ray,
That closed their murdered Sage's¹ latest
day!
Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill,
The precious hour of parting lingers still;
But sad his light to agonizing eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful
dyes;
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seemed to
pour,
The land where Phoebus never frowned
before;
But ere he sunk below Cithæron's head,
The cup of Woe was quaffed—the Spirit
fled; 30
The soul of Him that scorned to fear or fly,
Who lived and died as none can live or die.

But lo! from high Hymettus to the plain
The Queen of Night asserts her silent
reign;²

¹ Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.

² The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our own country; the days in winter are longer, but in summer of less duration.

No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, or girds her glowing
form ;
With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams
play,
There the white column greets her grateful
ray,
And bright around, with quivering beams
beset,
Her emblem sparkles o'er the Minaret : 40
The groves of olive scattered dark and wide,
Where meek Cephisus sheds his scanty tide,
The cypress saddening by the sacred
mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,¹
And sad and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus' fane, yon solitary palm ;
All, tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye ;
And dull were his that passed them heedless
by.

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental
war : 50
Again his waves in milder tints unfold
Their long expanse of sapphire and of gold,
Mixed with the shades of many a distant isle
That frown, where gentler Ocean deigns to
smile.

As thus, within the walls of Pallas' fane,
I marked the beauties of the land and main,
Alone, and friendless, on the magic shore,
Whose arts and arms but live in poets' lore ;
Oft as the matchless dome I turned to scan,
Sacred to Gods, but not secure from Man, 60
The Past returned, the Present seemed to
cease,
And Glory knew no clime beyond her
Greece !

Hour rolled along, and Dian's orb on
high
Had gained the centre of her softest sky ;
And yet unwearied still my footsteps trod
O'er the vain shrine of many a vanished
God :
But chiefly, Pallas ! thine, when Hecate's
glare
Checked by thy columns, fell more sadly
fair

¹ The kiosk is a Turkish summer-house ; the palm is without the present walls of Athens, not far from the temple of Theseus, between which and the tree the wall intervenes. Cephisus' stream is indeed scanty, and Ilissus has no stream at all.

O'er the chill marble, where the startling
tread
Thrills the lone heart like echoes from the
dead. 70
Long had I mused, and treasured every
trace
The wreck of Greece recorded of her race,
When, lo ! a giant-form before me strode,
And Pallas hailed me in her own Abode !

Yes, 'twas Minerva's self ; but, ah ! how
changed,
Since o'er the Dardan field in arms she
ranged !
Not such as erst, by her divine command,
Her form appeared from Phidias' plastic
hand :
Gone were the terrors of her awful brow,
Her idle Ægis bore no Gorgon now ; 80
Her helm was dented, and the broken lance
Seemed weak and shaftless e'en to mortal
glance ;
The Olive Branch, which still she deigned to
clasp,
Shrunk from her touch, and withered in her
grasp ;
And, ah ! though still the brightest of the
sky,
Celestial tears bedimmed her large blue
eye ;
Round the rent casque her owlet circled slow,
And mourned his mistress with a shriek of
woe !

“Mortal !”—'twas thus she spake—“that
blush of shame
Proclaims thee Briton, once a noble
name ; 90
First of the mighty, foremost of the free,
Now honoured *less* by all, and *least* by me :
Chief of thy foes shall Pallas still be found.
Seek'st thou the cause of loathing?—look
around.
Lo ! here, despite of war and wasting fire,
I saw successive Tyrannies expire ;
'Scaped from the ravage of the Turk and
Goth,
Thy country sends a spoiler worse than both.
Survey this vacant, violated fane ;
Recount the relics torn that yet remain : 100
These Cecrops placed, *this* Pericles adorned,¹
That Adrian reared when drooping Science
mourned.

¹ This is spoken of the city in general, and not of the Acropolis in particular. The temple of Jupiter Olympius, by some supposed the Pantheon,

What more I owe let Gratitude attest—
 Know, Alaric and Elgin did the rest.
 That all may learn from whence the plunderer
 came,

The insulted wall sustains his hated name :
 For Elgin's fame thus grateful Pallas pleads,
 Below, his name—above, behold his deeds !
 Be ever hailed with equal honour here
 The Gothic monarch and the Pictish
 peer :

Arms gave the first his right, the last had
 none, 110

But basely stole what less barbarians won.
 So when the Lion quits his fell repast,
 Next prowls the Wolf, the filthy Jackal last :
 Flesh, limbs, and blood the former make
 their own,

The last poor brute securely gnaws the bone.
 Yet still the Gods are just, and crimes are
 crossed :

See here what Elgin won, and what he lost !
 Another name with *his* pollutes my shrine :
 Behold where Dian's beams disdain to
 shine ! 120

Some retribution still might Pallas claim,
 When Venus half avenged Minerva's shame."¹

She ceased awhile, and thus I dared reply,
 To soothe the vengeance kindling in her eye :
 "Daughter of Jove! in Britain's injured
 name,

A true-born Briton may the deed disclaim.
 Frown not on England; England owns him
 not :

Athena, no! thy plunderer was a Scot.
 Ask'st thou the difference? From fair
 Phyle's towers

Survey Bœotia;—Caledonia's ours. 130
 And, well I know, within that bastard land²
 Hath Wisdom's goddess never held com-
 mand ;

was finished by Hadrian; sixteen columns are
 standing, of the most beautiful marble and
 architecture.

¹ His lordship's name, and that of one who no
 longer bears it, are carved conspicuously on the
 Parthenon; above, in a part not far distant, are
 the torn remnants of the basso-relievos, destroyed
 in a vain attempt to remove them. [On the
 Erechtheum there was deeply cut in a plaster wall
 the words—

"QUOD NON FECERUNT GOTI
 HOC FECERUNT SCOTI."]

² "Irish bastards," according to Sir Callaghan
 O'Brallaghan. ["A wild Irish soldier in the
 Prussian Army," in Macklin's *Love-à-la-Mode*
 (first played December 12, 1759).]

A barren soil, where Nature's germs, con-
 fined

To stern sterility, can stint the mind ;
 Whose thistle well betrays the niggard earth,
 Emblem of all to whom the Land gives
 birth ;

Each genial influence nurtured to resist ;
 A land of meanness, sophistry, and mist.
 Each breeze from foggy mount and marshy
 plain

Dilutes with drivel every drizzly brain, 140
 Till, burst at length, each wat'ry head o'er-
 flows,

Foul as their soil, and frigid as their snows :
 Then thousand schemes of petulance and
 pride

Despatch her scheming children far and
 wide ;

Some East, some West, some—everywhere
 but North !

In quest of lawless gain, they issue forth.
 And thus—accurséd be the day and year !—
 She sent a Pict to play the felon here.

Yet Caledonia claims some native worth,
 As dull Bœotia gave a Pindar birth ; 150
 So may her few, the lettered and the brave,
 Bound to no clime and victors of the grave,
 Shake off the sordid dust of such a land,
 And shine like children of a happier strand ;
 As once, of yore, in some obnoxious place,
 Ten names (if found) had saved a wretched
 race."

"Mortal!" the blue-eyed maid resumed,
 "once more

Bear back my mandate to thy native shore.
 Though fallen, alas! this vengeance yet is
 mine,

To turn my counsels far from lands like
 thine. 160

Hear then in silence Pallas' stern behest ;
 Hear and believe, for Time will tell the rest.

"First on the head of him who did this
 deed

My curse shall light,—on him and all his
 seed :

Without one spark of intellectual fire,
 Be all the sons as senseless as the sire ;
 If one with wit the parent brood disgrace,
 Believe him bastard of a brighter race :
 Still with his hireling artists let him prate,
 And Folly's praise repay for Wisdom's
 hate ; 170

Long of their Patron's gusto let them tell,
 Whose noblest, *native* gusto is—to sell:
 To sell, and make—may Shame record the
 day!—
 The State—receiver of his pilfered prey.
 Meantime, the flattering, feeble dotard,
 West,
 Europe's worst dauber, and poor Britain's
 best,
 With palsied hand shall turn each model
 o'er,
 And own himself an infant of fourscore.¹
 Be all the Bruisers culled from all St Giles',
 That Art and Nature may compare their
 styles; 180
 While brawny brutes in stupid wonder stare,
 And marvel at his Lordship's 'stone shop'
 there.²
 Round the thronged gate shall sauntering
 coxcombs creep
 To lounge and lucubrate, to prate and peep;
 While many a languid maid, with longing
 sigh,
 On giant statues casts the curious eye;
 The room with transient glance appears to
 skim,
 Yet marks the mighty back and length of
 limb;
 Mourns o'er the difference of *now* and *then*;
 Exclaims, 'These Greeks indeed were proper
 men!' 190
 Draws slight comparisons of *these* with *those*,
 And envies Laïs all her Attic beaux.
 When shall a modern maid have swains like
 these?
 Alas! Sir Harry is no Hercules!
 And last of all, amidst the gaping crew,
 Some calm spectator, as he takes his view,
 In silent indignation mixed with grief,
 Admires the plunder, but abhors the thief.
 Oh, loathed in life, nor pardoned in the
 dust,
 May Hate pursue his sacrilegious lust! 200
 Linked with the fool that fired the Ephesian
 dome,
 Shall vengeance follow far beyond the tomb,³

¹ Mr. West, on seeing the "Elgin Collection," (I suppose we shall hear of the "Abershaw" and "Jack Shephard" collection) declared himself a "mere tyro" in art.

² Poor Crib was sadly puzzled when the marbles were first exhibited at Elgin House; he asked if it was not "a stone shop"?—He was right; it *is* a shop.

³ [Lines 202-265 are not in the MS.]

And Eratostratus¹ and Elgin shine
 In many a branding page and burning line;
 Alike reserved for aye to stand accursed,
 Perchance the second blacker than the first.

"So let him stand, through ages yet
 unborn,
 Fixed statue on the pedestal of Scorn;
 Though not for him alone revenge shall wait,
 But fits thy country for her coming fate: 210
 Hers were the deeds that taught her lawless
 son

To do what oft Britannia's self had done.
 Look to the Baltic—blazing from afar,
 Your old ally yet mourns perfidious war.²
 Not to such deeds did Pallas lend her aid,
 Or break the compact which herself had
 made;
 Far from such counsels, from the faithless
 field

She fled—but left behind her Gorgon shield,
 A fatal gift that turned your friends to stone,
 And left lost Albion hated and alone. 220

"Look to the East, where Ganges' swarthy
 race
 Shall shake your tyrant empire to its base;
 Lo! there Rebellion rears her ghastly head,
 And glares the Nemesis of native dead;
 Till Indus rolls a deep purpereal flood,
 And claims his long arrear of northern
 blood.

So may ye perish!—Pallas, when she gave
 Your free-born rights, forbade ye to enslave.

"Look on your Spain!—she clasps the
 hand she hates,
 But boldly clasps, and thrusts you from her
 gates. 230
 Bear witness, bright Barossa!³ thou canst
 tell
 Whose were the sons that bravely fought and
 fell.

¹ [Herostratus or Eratostratus fired the temple of Artemis on the same night that Alexander the Great was born.]

² [Copenhagen was bombarded by sea by Admiral Lord Gambier, and, by land, by General Lord Cathcart, September, 2-8, 1807. The citadel was given up to the English, and the Danes surrendered their fleet, with all the naval stores, and their arsenals and dockyards. The expedition was promptly and secretly equipped by the British Government, with a view to anticipate the seizure and appropriation of the Danish fleet by Napoleon and Alexander.]

³ [The victory of "bright Barossa," March 5, 1811, was achieved by the sudden determination—

But Lusitania, kind and dear ally,
Can spare a few to fight, and sometimes fly.
Oh glorious field! by Famine fiercely won,
The Gaul retires for once, and all is done!
But when did Pallas teach, that one retreat
Retrieved three long Olympiads of defeat?

“Look last at home—ye love not to look
there

On the grim smile of comfortless despair: 240
Your city saddens: loud though Revel howls,
Here Famine faints, and yonder Rapine
prowls.

See all alike of more or less bereft;
No misers tremble when there's nothing left.
'Blest paper credit'¹— who shall dare to
sing?

It clogs like lead Corruption's weary wing.
Yet Pallas plucked each Premier by the ear,
Who Gods and men alike disdained to hear;
But one, repentant o'er a bankrupt state,
On Pallas calls,—but calls, alas! too
late: 250

Then raves for * * ;² to that Mentor bends,
Though he and Pallas never yet were friends.

“an inspiration rather than a resolution,”—of the British commander, General Graham (Thomas, Lord Lynedoch), to counter-march his troops, and force the eminence known as the Cerro de Puerco, or hill of Barosa, which had fallen into the hands of the French under Ruffin. Napier affirms that the Spanish Captain-General La Peña “looked idly on, neither sending his cavalry nor his horse artillery to the assistance of his ally”; and testifies “that no stroke in aid of the British was struck by a Spanish sabre that day.”

Two companies of the 20th Portuguese formed part of the British contingent, and took part in the engagement; but at Gebora (February 19, 1811) “Madden's Portuguese, regardless of his example and reproaches, shamefully turned their backs” (Napier's *History of the Peninsular War* (1890), iii. 26, 98, 102-107.)]

¹ “Blest paper credit! last and best supply,
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly.”

—POPE.

[In February, 1811, a select committee of the House of Commons “on commercial credit” recommended an advance of £6,000,000 to manufacturers who were suffering from over-speculation. “Did they not know,” asked Lord Grenville, in the House of Lords, March 21, “that they were adding to the mass of paper at this moment in existence a sum of £6,000,000, as if there was not paper enough already in the country, in order to protect their commerce and manufacturers from destruction?” Nevertheless, the measure passed.]

² [It is possible that the asterisks stand for “Horner.”]

Him Senates hear, whom never yet they heard,
Contemptuous once, and now no less absurd.
So, once of yore, each reasonable frog,
Swore faith and fealty to his sovereign ‘log.’
Thus hailed your rulers their patrician clod,
As Egypt chose an onion for a God.

“Now fare ye well! enjoy your little hour;
Go, grasp the shadow of your vanished
power; 260
Gloss o'er the failure of each fondest scheme;
Your strength a name, your bloated wealth a
dream.

Gone is that Gold, the marvel of mankind,
And Pirates barter all that's left behind.¹
No more the hirelings, purchased near and
far,

Crowd to the ranks of mercenary war.
The idle merchant on the useless quay
Droops o'er the bales no bark may bear
away;

Or, back returning, sees rejected stores
Rot piecemeal on his own encumbered
shores: 270

The starved mechanic breaks his rusting
loom,
And desperate mans him 'gainst the coming
doom.

Then in the Senates of your sinking state
Show me the man whose counsels may have
weight.

Vain is each voice where tones could once
command;

E'en factions cease to charm a factious land:
Yet jarring sects convulse a sister Isle,
And light with maddening hands the mutual
pile.

“'Tis done, 'tis past—since Pallas warns
in vain;

The Furies seize her abdicated reign: 280
Wide o'er the realm they wave their kindling
brands,

And wring her vitals with their fiery hands.
But one convulsive struggle still remains,
And Gaul shall weep ere Albion wear her
chains,

The bannered pomp of war, the glittering
files,
O'er whose gay trappings stern Bellona
smiles;

The brazen trump, the spirit-stirring drum,
That bid the foe defiance ere they come;

¹ The Deal and Dover traffickers in specie.

The hero bounding at his country's call,
 The glorious death that consecrates his
 fall, 290
 Swell the young heart with visionary charms,
 And bid it antedate the joys of arms.
 But know, a lesson you may yet be taught,
 With death alone are laurels cheaply bought ;
 Not in the conflict Havoc seeks delight,
 His day of mercy is the day of fight.
 But when the field is fought, the battle won,
 Though drenched with gore, his woes are
 but begun :
 His deeper deeds as yet ye know by name ;
 The slaughtered peasant and the ravished
 dame, 300
 The rifled mansion and the foe-reaped field,
 Ill suit with souls at home, untaught to yield.
 Say with what eye along the distant down
 Would flying burghers mark the blazing
 town ?
 How view the column of ascending flames
 Shake his red shadow o'er the startled
 Thames ?
 Nay, frown not, Albion ! for the torch was
 thine
 That lit such pyres from Tagus to the
 Rhine :
 Now should they burst on thy devoted coast,
 Go, ask thy bosom who deserves them
 most ? 310
 The law of Heaven and Earth is life for life,
 And she who raised, in vain regrets, the
 strife."

THE WALTZ¹ :

AN APOSTROPHIC HYMN.

BY HORACE HORNEM, ESQ.

"Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi,
 Exercet DIANA choros."

—VIRGIL. *Æneid.* i. 498, 499.

"Such on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' height,
 Diana seems : and so she charms the sight,
 When in the dance the graceful goddess leads
 The quire of nymphs, and overtops their heads."

—DRYDEN'S *Virgil.*

TO THE PUBLISHER.

SIR,—I am a country Gentleman of a
 midland county. I might have been a
 Parliament-man for a certain borough ;
 having had the offer of as many votes as

¹ [*The Waltz* was written at Cheltenham, in the
 autumn of 1812, and published, anonymously,
 February 18, 1813.]

General T. at the general election in 1812.¹
 But I was all for domestic happiness ; as,
 fifteen years ago, on a visit to London,
 I married a middle-aged Maid of Honour.
 We lived happily at Hornem Hall till last
 Season, when my wife and I were invited by
 the Countess of Waltzaway (a distant relation
 of my Spouse) to pass the winter in town.
 Thinking no harm, and our Girls being
 come to a marriageable (or, as they call it,
marketable) age, and having besides a
 Chancery suit inveterately entailed upon
 the family estate, we came up in our old
 chariot,—of which, by the bye, my wife
 grew so ashamed in less than a week, that
 I was obliged to buy a second-hand
 barouche, of which I might mount the box,
 Mrs. H. says, if I could drive, but never see
 the inside—that place being reserved for the
 Honourable Augustus Tiptoe, her partner-
 general and Opera-knight. Hearing great
 praises of Mrs. H.'s dancing (she was
 famous for birthnight minuets in the
 latter end of the last century), I unbooted,
 and went to a ball at the Countess's, expect-
 ing to see a country dance, or, at most,
 Cotillons, reels, and all the old paces to the
 newest tunes. But, judge of my surprise, on
 arriving, to see poor dear Mrs. Hornem with
 her arms half round the loins of a huge
 hussar-looking gentleman I never set eyes
 on before ; and his, to say truth, rather
 more than half round her waist, turning
 round, and round, to a d——d see-saw
 up-and-down sort of tune, that reminded me
 of the "Black Joke," only more "*affettuoso*,"²
 till it made me quite giddy with wondering
 they were not so. By and by they stopped
 a bit, and I thought they would sit or fall
 down :—but no ; with Mrs. H.'s hand on his
 shoulder, "*Quam familiariter*"³ (as Terence

¹ State of the poll (last day) 5. [General Tarleton
 (1754-1833) contested Liverpool in October, 1812.
 For three days the poll stood at five, and on the
 last day, eleven. Canning and Gascoigne were the
 successful candidates.]

² More expressive.—[MS.]

³ My Latin is all forgotten, if a man can be said
 to have forgotten what he never remembered ; but
 I bought my title-page motto of a Catholic priest
 for a three-shilling bank token, after much haggling
 for the *even* sixpence. I grudged the money to a
 papist, being all for the memory of Perceval and
 "No popery," and quite regretting the downfall of
 the pope, because we can't burn him any more.—
 [Revise No. 2.]

said, when I was at school,) they walked about a minute, and then at it again, like two cock-chafers spitted on the same bodkin. I asked what all this meant, when, with a loud laugh, a child no older than our Wilhelmina (a name I never heard but in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, though her mother would call her after the Princes of Swappenbach,) said, "L—d! Mr. Hornem, can't you see they're valtzing?" or waltzing (I forget which); and then up she got, and her mother and sister, and away they went, and round-abouted it till supper-time. Now that I know what it is, I like it of all things, and so does Mrs. H. (though I have broken my shins, and four times overturned Mrs. Hornem's maid, in practising the preliminary steps in a morning). Indeed, so much do I like it, that having a turn for rhyme, tastily displayed in some election ballads, and songs in honour of all the victories (but till lately I have had little practice in that way), I sat down, and with the aid of William Fitzgerald, Esq., and a few hints from Dr. Busby, (whose recitations I attend, and am monstrous fond of Master Busby's manner of delivering his father's late successful "Drury Lane Address,") I composed the following hymn, wherewithal to make my sentiments known to the Public; whom, nevertheless, I heartily despise, as well as the critics. I am, Sir, yours, etc., etc.

HORACE HORNEM.

MUSE of the many-twinkling feet!¹ whose charms
 Are now extended up from legs to arms;
 Terpsichore!—too long misdeemed a maid—
 Reproachful term—bestowed but to up-
 braid—
 Henceforth in all the bronze of brightness
 shine,
 The least a Vestal of the Virgin Nine.
 Far be from thee and thine the name of
 Prude:
 Mocked yet triumphant; sneered at, unsub-
 dued;
 Thy legs must move to conquer as they fly,
 If but thy coats are reasonably high! IO

¹ "Glance their many-twinkling feet."—GRAY.

Thy breast—if bare enough—requires no
 shield;
 Dance forth—*sans armour* thou shalt take
 the field
 And own—impregnable to *most* assaults,
 Thy not too lawfully begotten "Waltz."

Hail, nimble Nymph! to whom the young
 hussar,
 The whiskered votary of Waltz and War,
 His night devotes, despite of spur and boots;
 A sight unmatched since Orpheus and his
 brutes:
 Hail, spirit-stirring Waltz!—beneath whose
 banners
 A modern hero fought for modish manners; 20
 On Hounslow's heath to rival Wellesley's¹
 fame,
 Cocked, fired, and missed his man—but
 gained his aim;

¹ To rival Lord Wellesley's, or his nephew's, as the reader pleases:—the one gained a pretty woman, whom he deserved, by fighting for; and the other has been fighting in the Peninsula many a long day, "by Shrewsbury clock," without gaining anything in *that* country but the title of "the Great Lord," and "the Lord"; which savours of profanation, having been hitherto applied only to that Being to whom "*Te Deums*" for carnage are the rankest blasphemy.—It is to be presumed the general will one day return to his Sabine farm: there

"To tame the genius of the stubborn plain,
 Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain!"

The Lord Peterborough conquered continents in a summer; we do more—we contrive both to conquer and lose them in a shorter season. If the "great Lord's" *Cincinnati* progress in agriculture be no speedier than the proportional average of time in Pope's couplet, it will, according to the farmer's proverb, be "ploughing with dogs."

By the bye—one of this illustrious person's new titles is forgotten—it is, however, worth remembering—"Salvador del mundo!" *credite, posteri!* If this be the appellation annexed by the inhabitants of the Peninsula to the name of a *man* who has not yet saved them—query—are they worth saving, even in this world? for, according to the mildest modifications of any Christian Creed, those three words make the odds much against them in the next—"Saviour of the world," quotha!—it were to be wished that he, or any one else, could save a corner of it—his country. Yet this stupid misnomer, although it shows the near connection between superstition and impiety, so far has its use, that it proves there can be little to dread from those Catholics (inquisitorial Catholics too) who can confer such an appellation on a *Protestant*. I suppose next year he will be

Hail, moving Muse! to whom the fair one's
breast
Gives all it can, and bids us take the rest.
Oh! for the flow of Busby,¹ or of Fitz,
The latter's loyalty, the former's wits,
To "energise the object I pursue,"
And give both Belial and his Dance their
due!

Imperial Waltz! imported from the Rhine
(Famed for the growth of pedigrees and
wine),³⁰
Long be thine import from all duty free,
And Hock itself be less esteemed than thee;
In some few qualities alike—for Hock
Improves our cellar—*thou* our living stock.
The head to Hock belongs—thy subtler art
Intoxicates alone the heedless heart:
Through the full veins thy gentler poison
swims,
And wakes to Wantonness the willing limbs.

Oh, Germany! how much to thee we owe,
As heaven-born Pitt can testify below,⁴⁰

entitled the "Virgin Mary"; if so, Lord George Gordon himself would have nothing to object to such liberal bastards of our Lady of Babylon.

[William Pole Wellesley-Pole (1785?-1857), afterwards fourth Lord Mornington, a nephew of the great Duke of Wellington, married, in March, 1812, Catharine, daughter and heiress of Sir Tylney Long, Bart. On his marriage he added his wife's double surname to his own, and, thereby, gave the wits their chance. In *Rejected Addresses* Fitzgerald is made to exclaim—

"Bless every man possess'd of aught to give,
Long may Long-Tilney-Wellesley-Long-Pole
live."

The principals in the duel to which Byron alludes were Wellesley-Pole and Lord Kilworth. The occasion of the quarrel was a misconception of some expression of Wellesley-Pole's at an assembly at Lady Hawarden's (August 6, 1811). Two meetings took place, the first (August 9), the second, August 15, 1811. On both occasions the seconds intervened, and matters were "amicably adjusted."]

¹ [Thomas Busby, Mus. Doc. (1755-1838) musical composer, and author of *A New and Complete Musical Dictionary*, 1801, etc. His "rejected address" on the reopening of Drury Lane Theatre, would have been recited by his son (October 15), but the gallery refused to hear it out. On the next night (October 16) "Master" Busby was more successful. Byron's parody of Busby's address, which began with the line, "When energising objects men pursue," is headed, "Parenthetical Address. By Dr. Plagiary."]

Ere cursed Confederation¹ made thee France's,
And only left us thy d—d debts and dances!
Of subsidies and Hanover bereft,
We bless thee still—for George the Third
is left!
Of kings the best—and last, not least in
worth,
For graciously begetting George—the Fourth.
To Germany, and Highnesses serene,
Who owe us millions—don't we owe the
Queen?
To Germany, what owe we not besides?
So oft bestowing Brunswickers and brides; ⁵⁰
Who paid for vulgar, with her royal blood,
Drawn from the stem of each Teutonic
stud:
Who sent us—so be pardoned all her
faults—
A dozen dukes, some kings, a Queen—and
Waltz.

But peace to her—her Emperor and Diet,
Though now transferred to Buonapartè's
"fiat"!

Back to my theme—O muse of Motion!
say,
How first to Albion found thy Waltz her
way?

Borne on the breath of Hyperborean gales,
From Hamburg's port (while Hamburg yet
had *mails*),⁶⁰
Ere yet unlucky Fame—compelled to creep
To snowy Gottenburg—was chilled to sleep;
Or, starting from her slumbers, deigned
arise,
Heligoland! to stock thy mart with lies;
While unburnt Moscow² yet had news to
send,
Nor owed her fiery Exit to a friend,

¹ [The Confederation of the Rhine (1803-1813), by which the courts of Würtemberg and Bavaria, together with some lesser principalities, detached themselves from the Germanic Body, and accepted the immediate protection of France.]

² The patriotic arson of our amiable allies cannot be sufficiently commended—nor subscribed for. Amongst other details omitted in the various despatches of our eloquent ambassador, he did not state (being too much occupied with the exploits of Colonel C—, in swimming rivers frozen, and galloping over roads impassable,) that one entire province perished by famine in the most melancholy manner, as follows:—In General Rostopchin's consummate conflagration, the consumption of tallow and train oil was so great, that the market

She came—Waltz came—and with her
 certain sets
 Of true despatches, and as true Gazettes ;
 Then flamed of Austerlitz the blest despatch,¹
 Which *Moniteur* nor *Morning Post* can
 match ; 70
 And—almost crushed beneath the glorious
 news—
 Ten plays, and forty tales of Kotzebue's ;²
 One envoy's letters, six composers' airs,
 And loads from Frankfort and from Leipsic
 fairs ;
 Meiners' four volumes upon Womankind,³
 Like Lapland witches to ensure a wind ;

was inadequate to the demand: and thus one hundred and thirty-three thousand persons were starved to death, by being reduced to wholesome diet! the lamplighters of London have since subscribed a pint (of oil) a piece, and the tallow-chandlers have unanimously voted a quantity of best moulds (four to the pound), to the relief of the surviving Scythians;—the scarcity will soon, by such exertions, and a proper attention to the *quality* rather than the quantity of provision, be totally alleviated. It is said, in return, that the untouched Ukraine has subscribed sixty thousand beeves for a day's meal to our suffering manufacturers.

[Hamburg fell to Napoleon's forces in 1810, and thenceforward the mails from the north of Europe were despatched from Anholt, or Gothenberg, or Heligoland. In 1811 an attempt to enforce the conscription resulted in the emigration of numbers of young men of suitable age for military service. The unfortunate city was deprived of mails and males at the same time. Mails from Heligoland detailed rumours of what was taking place at the centres of war; but the newspapers occasionally threw doubts on the information obtained from this source. Lord Cathcart's despatch, dated November 23, appeared in the *Gazette*, December 16, 1812. The paragraph which appealed to Byron's sense of humour is as follows: "The expedition of Colonel Chernichef (*sic*) [the Czar's aide-de-camp] was a continued and extraordinary exertion, he having marched seven hundred wersts (*sic*) in five days, and swam several rivers."]

¹ [Austerlitz was fought on December 2, 1805.]

² [August Frederick Ferdinand von Kotzebue (1761-1819), whom Coleridge appraised as "the German Beaumont and Fletcher without their poetic powers," and Carlyle as "a bundle of dyed rags," wrote over a hundred plays, publishing twenty within a few years.]

³ [A translation of Christopher Meiners' *History of the Female Sex*, in four volumes, was published in London, in 1808. Lapland wizards, not witches, were said to raise storms by knotting pieces of string, which they exposed to the wind.]

Brunck's heaviest tome for ballast,¹ and, to
 back it,
 Of Heynè,² such as should not sink the
 packet.

Fraught with this cargo—and her fairest
 freight,
 Delightful Waltz, on tiptoe for a Mate, 80
 The welcome vessel reached the genial
 strand,
 And round her flocked the daughters of the
 land.
 Not decent David, when, before the ark,
 His grand *Pas-seul* excited some remark ;
 Not love-lorn Quixote, when his Sancho
 thought
 The knight's *Fandango* friskier than it
 ought ;
 Not soft Herodias, when, with winning
 tread,
 Her nimble feet danced off another's head ;
 Not Cleopatra on her Galley's Deck,
 Displayed so much of *leg* or more of
neck, 90
 Than Thou, ambrosial Waltz, when first the
 Moon
 Beheld thee twirling to a Saxon tune !

To You, ye husbands of ten years ! whose
 brows
 Ache with the annual tributes of a spouse ;
 To you of nine years less, who only bear
 The budding sprouts of those that you *shall*
 wear,
 With added ornaments around them rolled
 Of native brass, or law-awarded gold ;
 To You, ye Matrons, ever on the watch
 To mar a son's, or make a daughter's
 match ; 100
 To You, ye children of—whom chance
 accords—
Always the Ladies, and *sometimes* their
 Lords ;
 To You, ye single gentlemen, who seek
 Torments for life, or pleasures for a week ;

¹ [Richard Franz Philippe Brunck (1729-1803). His editions of the *Anthologia Græca*, and of the Greek dramatists are among his best known works. Compare Sheridan's doggerel—

"Huge leaves of that great commentator, old
 Brunck,

Perhaps is the paper that lined my poor *Trunk*."]]

² [Christian Gottlob Heyne (1729-1812) published editions of *Virgil* (1767-1775), and *Pindar* (1773).]

As Love or Hymen your endeavours guide,
To gain your own, or snatch another's
bride;—

To one and all the lovely Stranger came,
And every ball-room echoes with her name.

Endearing Waltz!—to thy more melting
tune

Bow Irish Jig, and ancient Rigadoon.¹ 110
Scotch reels, avaunt! and Country-dance
forego

Your future claims to each fantastic toe!
Waltz—Waltz alone—both legs and arms
demands,

Liberal of feet, and lavish of her hands;
Hands which may freely range in public
sight

Where ne'er before—but—pray “put out the
light”:

Methinks the glare of yonder chandelier
Shines much too far—or I am much too
near;

And true, though strange—Waltz whispers
this remark,

“My slippery steps are safest in the
dark!” 120

But here the Muse with due decorum halts,
And lends her longest petticoat to “Waltz.”

Observant Travellers of every time!

Ye Quartos published upon every clime!

O say, shall dull *Romaika's* heavy round,

Fandango's wriggle, or *Bolero's* bound;

Can Egypt's *Almas*²—tantalising group—

Columbia's caperers to the warlike Whoop—

Can aught, from cold Kamschatka to Cape
Horn,

With Waltz compare, or after Waltz be
born? 130

Ah, no! from Morier's pages down to Galt's,³
Each tourist pens a paragraph for “Waltz.”

¹ [A lively dance for one couple, characterized by a peculiar jumping step. It probably originated in Provence.]

² Dancing girls—who do for hire what Waltz doth gratis. [The *Romaika* is a modern Greek dance, characterized by serpentining figures and handkerchief-throwing among the dancers. The *Fandango* (Spaniards use the word “seguidilla”) was of Moorish origin. The *Bolero* was brought from Provence, circ. 1780. “The *Bolero* intoxicates, the *Fandango* inflames” (*Hist. of Dancing*, by G. Vuillier, Heinemann, 1898, ii. 239).]

³ [For Morier, see note to line 211. Galt has a paragraph descriptive of the waltzing Dervishes (*Voyages and Travels* (1812), p. 190).]

Shades of those Belles whose reign began
of yore,

With George the Third's—and ended long
before!—

Though in your daughters' daughters yet
you thrive,

Burst from your lead, and be yourselves
alive!

Back to the Ball-room speed your spectred
host,

Fool's Paradise is dull to that you lost.

No treacherous powder bids Conjecture
quake:

No stiff-starched stays make meddling fingers
ache;

(Transferred to those ambiguous things that
ape 140

Goats in their visage,¹ women in their
shape;)

No damsel faints when rather closely
pressed,

But more caressing seems when most
caressed;

Superfluous Hartshorn, and reviving Salts,

Both banished by the sovereign cordial
“Waltz.”

¹ It cannot be complained now, as in the Lady Baussière's time, of the “*Sieur de la Croix*,” that there be “no whiskers”; but how far these are indications of valour in the field, or elsewhere, may still be questionable. Much may be, and hath been, avouched on both sides. In the olden time philosophers had whiskers, and soldiers none—Scipio himself was shaven—Hannibal thought his one eye handsome enough without a beard; but Adrian, the emperor, wore a beard (having warts on his chin, which neither the Empress Sabina nor even the courtiers could abide)—Turenne had whiskers, Marlborough none—Buonaparte is unwhiskered, the Regent whiskered; “*argal*” greatness of mind and whiskers may or may not go together; but certainly the different occurrences, since the growth of the last mentioned, go further in behalf of whiskers than the anathema of Anselm did against long hair in the reign of Henry I.—Formerly, *red* was a favourite colour. See Lodowick Barrey's comedy of *Ram Alley*, 1661; Act I. Scene 1.

“*Taffeta*. Now for a wager—What coloured beard comes next by the window?”

“*Adriana*. A black man's, I think.

“*Taffeta*. I think not so: I think a *red*, for that is most in fashion.”

There is “nothing new under the sun”: but *red*, then a favourite, has now subsided into a favourite's colour. [This is, doubtless, an allusion to Lord Yarmouth, whose fiery whiskers gained him the nickname of “Red Herrings.”]

Seductive Waltz!—though on thy native shore
 Even Werter's self proclaimed thee half a whore;
 Werter—to decent vice though much inclined,
 Yet warm, not wanton; dazzled, but not blind—
 150
 Though gentle Genlis,¹ in her strife with Staël,
 Would even proscribe thee from a Paris ball;
 The fashion hails, from Countesses to Queens—
 And maids and valets waltz behind the scenes;
 Wide and more wide thy witching circle spreads,
 And turns—if nothing else—at least our heads;
 With thee even clumsy cits attempt to bounce,
 And cockneys practise what they can't pronounce.
 Gods! how the glorious theme my strain exalts,
 And Rhyme finds partner Rhyme in praise of "Waltz"!
 160

Blest was the time Waltz chose for her debut!
 The Court, the Regent, like herself were new;²
 New face for friends, for foes some new rewards;
 New ornaments for black—and royal Guards;
 New laws to hang the rogues that roared for bread;
 New coins (most new)³ to follow those that fled;

¹ [Madame Genlis maintains that the waltz "appears intolerable to German writers of superior merit, who are not accused of severity of manners," and instances Werther (*Sorrows of Werther*, Letter ix.), who swears that, "were he to perish for it, never should a girl for whom he entertained any affection, and on whom he had honourable views, dance the waltz with any other man besides himself."—*Selections from the Works of Madame de Genlis* (1806), p. 64.]

² An anachronism—Waltz and the battle of Austerlitz are before said to have opened the ball together; the bard means (if he means anything), Waltz was not so much in vogue till the Regent attained the acmé of his popularity. Waltz, the comet, whiskers, and the new government, illuminated heaven and earth, in all their glory, much about the same time: of these the comet only has disappeared; the other three continue to astonish us still.—*Printer's Devil*.

³ Amongst others a new ninepence—a creditable

New victories—nor can we prize them less,
 Though Jenky¹ wonders at his own success;
 New wars, because the old succeed so well,
 That most survivors envy those who fell; 170
 New mistresses—no, old—and yet 'tis true,
 Though they be *old*, the *thing* is something new;
 Each new, quite new—(except some ancient tricks),²
 New white-sticks—gold-sticks—broom-sticks
 —*all new sticks!*
 With vests or ribands—decked alike in hue,
 New troopers strut, new turncoats blush in blue:
 So saith the Muse: my ———,³ what say you?
 Such was the time when Waltz might best maintain
 Her new preferments in this novel reign:
 Such was the time, nor ever yet was such; 180
 Hoops are *no more*, and petticoats *not much*;
 Morals and Minuets, Virtue and her stays,
 And tell-tale powder—all have had their days.
 The Ball begins—the honours of the house
 First duly done by daughter or by spouse,

coin now forthcoming, worth a pound, in paper, at the fairest calculation. [The "new ninepences" never passed into circulation at all. A single pattern coin is preserved in the British Museum.]

¹ [Robert Banks Jenkinson, second Earl of Liverpool, was Secretary at War and for the Colonies from 1809 to 1812, in Spencer Perceval's administration, and, on the assassination of the premier, undertook the government. Both as Secretary at War and as Prime Minister his chief efforts were devoted to the support of Wellington in the Peninsula.]

² "Oh that *right* should thus overcome *might!*" Who does not remember the "delicate investigation" in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*?—

"*Ford*. Pray you, come near; if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it. How now? whither bear you this?

"*Mrs. Ford*. What have you to do whither they bear it?—You were best meddle with buck-washing." [Act iii. sc. 3.]

³ The gentle, or ferocious, reader may fill up the blank as he pleases—there are several dissyllabic names at *his* service (being already in the Regent's): it would not be fair to back any peculiar initial against the alphabet, as every month will add to the list now entered for the sweep-stakes;—a distinguished consonant is said to be the favourite, much against the wishes of the *knowing ones*.—[*Revise*.] [In the *Revise* the line, which is not in the MS., ran, "So saith the Muse; my M— what say you?" The name intended to be supplied is "Moira."]

Some Potentate—or royal or serene—
 With Kent's gay grace, or sapient Gloster's
 mien,
 Leads forth the ready dame, whose rising
 flush
 Might once have been mistaken for a blush.
 From where the garb just leaves the bosom
 free, 190
 That spot where hearts¹ were once supposed
 to be;
 Round all the confines of the yielded waist,
 The strangest hand may wander undisplaced:
 The lady's in return may grasp as much
 As princely paunches offer to her touch.
 Pleased round the chalky floor how well they
 trip,
 One hand reposing on the royal hip!²
 The other to the shoulder no less royal
 Ascending with affection truly loyal!
 Thus front to front the partners move or
 stand, 200
 The foot may rest, but none withdraw the
 hand;

¹ "We have changed all that," says the Mock Doctor—'tis all gone—Asmodeus knows where. After all, it is of no great importance how women's hearts are disposed of; they have nature's privilege to distribute them as absurdly as possible. But there are also some men with hearts so thoroughly bad, as to remind us of those phenomena often mentioned in natural history; viz. a mass of solid stone—only to be opened by force—and when divided, you discover a *toad* in the centre, lively, and with the reputation of being venomous.

[In the MS. the last sentence stood: "In this country there is *one man* with a heart so thoroughly bad that it reminds us of those unaccountable petrifications often mentioned in natural history," etc. The couplet—

"Such things we know are neither rich nor rare,
 But wonder how the Devil they got there,"

which was affixed to the note, was subsequently erased. The *one man* was, of course, the Prince Regent.]

² [Compare Sheridan's lines on waltzing, which Moore heard him "repeat in a drawing-room"—

"With tranquil step, and timid downcast glance,
 Behold the well-pair'd couple now advance.
 In such sweet posture our first parents moved,
 While, hand in hand, through Eden's bower they
 roved;
 Ere yet the devil, with promise fine and false,
 Turned their poor heads, and taught them how
 to waltz.

One hand grasps hers, the other holds her hip,

 For so the law's laid down by Baron Trip.]"

And all in turn may follow in their rank,
 The Earl of—Asterisk—and Lady—Blank;
 Sir—Such-a-one—with those of Fashion's
 host,
 For whose blest surnames—vide "Morning
 Post":
 (Or if for that impartial print too late,
 Search Doctors' Commons six months from
 my date)—
 Thus all and each, in movement swift or
 slow,
 The genial contact gently undergo;
 Till some might marvel, with the modest
 Turk, 210
 If "nothing follows all this palming work"?¹
 True, honest Mirza!—you may trust my
 rhyme—
 Something does follow at a fitter time;
 The breast thus publicly resigned to man,
 In private may resist him—if it can.

O ye who loved our Grandmothers of yore,
 Fitzpatrick,² Sheridan, and many more!
 And thou, my Prince! whose sovereign taste
 and will
 It is to love the lovely beldames still!
 Thou Ghost of Queensberry!³ whose judg-
 ing Sprite 220
 Satan may spare to peep a single night,

¹ In Turkey a pertinent—here an impertinent and superfluous question—literally put, as in the text, by a Persian to Morier, on seeing a Waltz in Pera. [See *A Journey through Persia*, etc. By James Morier, London (1812), p. 365.]

² [Richard Fitzpatrick (1747-1813), second son of John, first Earl of Ossory. He was noted for his social gifts, and in recognition, it is said, of his "fine manners and polite address," inherited a handsome annuity from the Duke of Queensberry. Byron associates him with Sheridan as *un homme galant* and leader of *ton* of the past generation.]

³ [William Douglas, third Earl of March and fourth Duke of Queensberry (1724-1810), otherwise "old Q.," was conspicuous as a "blood," and evil liver from youth to extreme old age. He was a patron of the turf, a connoisseur of Italian Opera, and, *surtout*, an inveterate libertine. As a Whig he held office in the Household during North's Coalition Ministry, but throughout George the Third's first illness in 1788, displayed such indecent partisanship with the Prince of Wales, that, when the king recovered, he lost his post. His dukedom died with him, and his immense fortune was divided between the heirs to his other titles and his friends. Lord Yarmouth, whose wife, Maria Fagniani, he believed to be his natural daughter was one of the principal legatees.]

Pronounce—if ever in your days of bliss
 Asmodeus struck so bright a stroke as this ;
 To teach the young ideas how to rise,
 Flush in the cheek, and languish in the eyes ;
 Rush to the heart, and lighten through the
 frame,

With half-told wish, and ill-dissembled flame,
 For prurient Nature still will storm the
 breast—

Who, tempted thus, can answer for the rest ?

But ye—who never felt a single thought 230
 For what our Morals are to be, or ought ;
 Who wisely wish the charms you view to
 reap,

Say—would you make those beauties quite
 so cheap ?

Hot from the hands promiscuously applied,
 Round the slight waist, or down the glowing
 side,

Where were the rapture then to clasp the
 form

From this lewd grasp and lawless contact
 warm ?

At once Love's most endearing thought
 resign,

To press the hand so pressed by none but
 thine ;

To gaze upon that eye which never met 240
 Another's ardent look without regret ;

Approach the lip which all, without restraint,
 Come near enough—if not to touch—to taint ;

If such thou lovest—love her then no more,
 Or give—like her—caresses to a score ;

Her Mind with these is gone, and with it go
 The little left behind it to bestow.

Voluptuous Waltz! and dare I thus
 blaspheme ?

Thy bard forgot thy praises were his theme.
 Terpsichore forgive!—at every Ball 250

My wife *now* waltzes—and my daughters
shall ;

My son—(or stop—'tis needless to inquire—
 These little accidents should ne'er transpire ;

Some ages hence our genealogic tree
 Will wear as green a bough for him as me)—

Waltzing shall rear, to make our name
 amends,

Grandsons for me—in heirs to all his friends.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

ITINERARY OF LORD BYRON AND J. C. HOBHOUSE.

1809. CANTO I.
- July 2. Sail from Falmouth in Lisbon
 packet. (Stanza xii. Letter 125.)
- July 6. Arrive Lisbon. (Stanzas xvi., xvii.
 Letter 126.)
 Visit Cintra. (Stanzas xviii-xxvi.
 Letter 128.)
 Visit Mafra. (Stanza xxix.)
- July 17. Leave Lisbon. (Stanza xxviii.
 Letter 127.)
 Ride through Portugal and Spain
 to Seville. (Stanzas xxviii-xlii.
 Letter 127.)
 Visit Albuera. (Stanza xliii.)
- July 21. Arrive Seville. (Stanzas xlv., xlvi.
 Letters 127, 128.)
- July 25. Leave Seville.
 Ride to Cadiz, across the Sierra
 Morena. (Stanza li.)
 Cadiz. (Stanzas lxxv-lxxxiv. Letters
 127, 128.)

- CANTO II.
- Aug. 6. Arrive Gibraltar. (Letters 127,
 128.)
- Aug. 16. Sail from Gibraltar in Malta packet.
 (Stanzas xvii-xxviii.)
 Malta. (Stanzas xxix-xxxv. Letter
 130.)
- Sept. 19. Sail from Malta in brig-of-war
Spider. (Letter 131.)
- Sept. 23. Between Cephalonia and Zante.
- Sept. 26. Anchor off Patras.
- Sept. 27. In the channel between Ithaca and
 the mainland. (Stanzas xxxix-
 xlii.)
- Sept. 28. Anchor off Prevesa (7 p.m.).
 (Stanza xlv.)
- Oct. 1. Leave Prevesa, arrive Salakhora
 (Salagoura).
- Oct. 3. Leave Salakhora, arrive Arta.
- Oct. 4. Leave Arta, arrive, han St. Demetre
 (H. Dhimitrios).

- 1809.
- Oct. 5. Arrive Janina. (Stanza xlvii. Letter 131.)
- Oct. 8. Ride into the country. First day of Ramazan.
- Oct. 11. Leave Janina, arrive Zitza ("Lines written during a Thunderstorm"). (Stanzas xlvi-li. Letter 131.)
- Oct. 13. Leave Zitza, arrive Mossiani (Móseri).
- Oct. 14. Leave Mossiani, arrive Delvinaki (Dhelvinaki). (Stanza liv.)
- Oct. 15. Leave Delvinaki, arrive Libokhovo
- Oct. 17. Leave Libokhovo, arrive Cesarades (Kestourataes).
- Oct. 18. Leave Cesarades, arrive Ereeneed (Irindi).
- Oct. 19. Leave Ereeneed, arrive Tepeleni. (Stanzas lv-lxi.)
- Oct. 20. Reception by Ali Pacha. (Stanzas lxii-lxiv.)
- Oct. 23. Leave Tepeleni, arrive Locavo (Lacovon).
- Oct. 24. Leave Locavo, arrive Delvinaki.
- Oct. 25. Leave Delvinaki, arrive Zitza.
- Oct. 26. Leave Zitza, arrive Janina.
- Oct. 31. Byron begins the First Canto of *Childe Harold*.
- Nov. 3. Leave Janina, arrive han St. Demetre.
- Nov. 4. Leave han St. Demetre, arrive Arta.
- Nov. 5. Leave Arta, arrive Salakhora.
- Nov. 7. Leave Salakhora, arrive Prevesa.
- Nov. 8. Sail from Prevesa, anchor off mainland near Parga. (Stanzas lxvii., lxviii.)
- Nov. 9. Leave Parga, and, returning by land, arrive Volondorako (Valanidórakhon). (Stanza lxix.)
- Nov. 10. Leave Volondorako, arrive Castrosikia (Kastrozykia).
- Nov. 11. Leave Castrosikia, arrive Prevesa.
- Nov. 13. Sail from Prevesa, anchor off Vonitsa.
- Nov. 14. Sail from Vonitsa, arrive Lutraki (Loutráki). (Stanzas lxx., lxxii., Song "Tambourgi, Tambourgi"; Stanza written in passing the Ambracian Gulph. Letter 131.)
- Nov. 15. Leave Lutraki, arrive Katúna.
- Nov. 16. Leave Katúna, arrive Makala (? Machalas).
- 1809.
- Nov. 18. Leave Makalá, arrive Guriá.
- Nov. 19. Leave Guriá, arrive Ætolikon.
- Nov. 20. Leave Ætolikon, arrive Mesolonghi.
- Nov. 23. Sail from Mesolonghi, arrive Patras.
- Dec. 4. Leave Patras, sleep at *Han* on shore.
- Dec. 5. Leave *Han*, arrive Vostitsa (Ægion).
- Dec. 14. Sail from Vostitsa, arrive Larnáki (? Itea).
- Dec. 15. Leave Larnáki (? Itea), arrive Chrysó.
- Dec. 16. Visit Delphi, the Pythian Cave, and stream of Castaly. (Canto I. stanza i.)
- Dec. 17. Leave Chryso, arrive Arakhova (Rhakova).
- Dec. 18. Leave Arakhova, arrive Livadia (Livadhia).
- Dec. 21. Leave Livadia, arrive Mazee (Mazi).
- Dec. 22. Leave Mazee, arrive Thebes.
- Dec. 24. Leave Thebes, arrive Skurta.
- Dec. 25. Leave Skurta, pass Phyle, arrive Athens. (Stanzas i-xv.; stanza lxxiv.)
- Dec. 30. Byron finishes the First Canto of *Childe Harold*.
- 1810.
- Jan. 13. Visit Eleusis.
- Jan. 16. Visit Mendeli (Pentelicus). (Stanza lxxxvii.)
- Jan. 18. Walk round the peninsula of Munychia.
- Jan. 19. Leave Athens, arrive Vari.
- Jan. 20. Leave Vari, arrive Keratáa.
- Jan. 23. Visit temple of Athene at Sunium. (Stanza lxxxvi.)
- Jan. 24. Leave Keratáa, arrive plain of Marathon.
- Jan. 25. Visit plain of Marathon. (Stanzas lxxxix., xc.)
- Jan. 26. Leave Marathon, arrive Athens.
- Mar. 5. Leave Athens, embark on board the *Pylades*. (Letter 136.)
- Mar. 7. Arrive Smyrna. (Letters 132, 133.)
- Mar. 13. Leave Smyrna, sleep at *Han*, near the river Halesus.
- Mar. 14. Leave *Han*, arrive Aiasaluk (near Ephesus).
- Mar. 15. Visit site of temple of Artemis at Ephesus. (Letter 132.)
- Mar. 16. Leave Ephesus, return to Smyrna (Letter 132.)

1810.
 Mar. 28. Byron finishes the Second Canto of *Childe Harold*.
 April 11. Sail from Smyrna in the *Salsette* frigate. (Letter 134.)
 April 12. Anchor off Tenedos.
 April 13. Visit ruins of Alexandria Troas.
 April 14. Anchor off Cape Janissary.
 April 16. Byron attempts to swim across the Hellespont, explores the Troad. (Letters 135, 136.)
 April 30. Visit the springs of Bunarbashi (Bunarbási).
 May 1. Weigh anchor from off Cape Janissary, anchor eight miles from Dardanelles.
 May 2. Anchor off Castle Chanak Kalessia (Kale i Sultaniye).
 May 3. Byron and Mr. Ekenhead swim across the Hellespont (lines "Written after swimming," etc.).
 May 13. Anchor off Venaglio Point, arrive Constantinople. (Stanzas lxxvii-lxxxii. Letters 138-145.)
 July 14. Sail from Constantinople in *Salsette* frigate.
 July 18. Byron returns to Athens.

NOTE TO "ITINERARY."

[For dates and names of towns and villages, see *Travels in Albania, and other Provinces of Turkey, in 1809 and 1810*, by the Right Hon. Lord Broughton, G.C.B. [John Cam Hobhouse], two volumes, 1858. The orthography is based on that of Longman's *Gazetteer of the World*, edited by G. G. Chisholm, 1895. The alternative forms are taken from Heinrich Kiepert's *Carte de l'Épire et de la Thessalie*, Berlin, 1897, and from Dr. Karl Peucker's *Griechenland*, Wien, 1897.]

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.
A ROMAUNT.

"L'univers est une espèce de livre, dont on n'a lu que la première page quand on n'a vu que son pays. J'en ai feuilleté un assez grand nombre, que j'ai trouvé également mauvaises. Cet examen ne m'a point été

infructueux. Je haïssais ma patrie. Toutes les impertinences des peuples divers, parmi lesquels j'ai vécu, m'ont réconcilié avec elle. Quand je n'aurais tiré d'autre bénéfice de mes voyages que celui-là, je n'en regretterais ni les frais ni les fatigues."—*Le Cosmopolite, ou, le Citoyen du Monde*, par Fougeret de Monbron. Londres, 1753.

PREFACE.

[TO THE FIRST AND SECOND CANTOS.]

THE following poem was written, for the most part, amidst the scenes which it attempts to describe. It was begun in Albania; and the parts relative to Spain and Portugal were composed from the author's observations in those countries. Thus much it may be necessary to state for the correctness of the descriptions. The scenes attempted to be sketched are in Spain, Portugal, Epirus, Acarnania and Greece. There, for the present, the poem stops: its reception will determine whether the author may venture to conduct his readers to the capital of the East, through Ionia and Phrygia: these two cantos are merely experimental.

A fictitious character is introduced for the sake of giving some connection to the piece; which, however, makes no pretension to regularity. It has been suggested to me by friends, on whose opinions I set a high value, that in this fictitious character, "Childe Harold," I may incur the suspicion of having intended some real personage: this I beg leave, once for all, to disclaim—Harold is the child of imagination, for the purpose I have stated.

In some very trivial particulars, and those merely local, there might be grounds for such a notion; but in the main points, I should hope, none whatever.

It is almost superfluous to mention that the appellation "Childe," as "Childe Waters," "Childe Childers," etc., is used as more consonant with the old structure of versification which I have adopted. The "Good Night" in the beginning of the first Canto, was suggested by Lord Maxwell's "Good Night" in the *Border Minstrelsy*, edited by Mr. Scott.

With the different poems¹ which have been published on Spanish subjects, there may be found some slight coincidence in the first part, which treats of the Peninsula, but it can only be casual; as, with the exception of a few concluding stanzas, the whole of the poem was written in the Levant.

The stanza of Spenser, according to one of our most successful poets, admits of every variety. Dr. Beattie makes the following observation:—

“Not long ago I began a poem in the style and stanza of Spenser, in which I propose to give full scope to my inclination, and be either droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humour strikes me; for, if I mistake not, the measure which I have adopted admits equally of all these kinds of composition.”² Strengthened in my opinion by such authority, and by the example of some in the highest order of Italian poets, I shall make no apology for attempts at similar variations in the following composition; satisfied that, if they are unsuccessful, their failure must be in the execution, rather than in the design sanctioned by the practice of Ariosto, Thomson, and Beattie.

London, February, 1812.

ADDITION TO THE PREFACE.

I have now waited till almost all our periodical journals have distributed their usual portion of criticism. To the justice of the generality of their criticisms I have nothing to object; it would ill become me to quarrel with their very slight degree of censure, when, perhaps, if they had been less kind they had been more candid. Returning, therefore, to all and each my best thanks for their liberality, on one point alone I shall venture an observation. Amongst the many objections justly urged

¹ [Amongst others, *The Battle of Talavera*, by John Wilson Croker, appeared in 1809; *The Vision of Don Roderick*, by Walter Scott, in 1811; and *Portugal, a Poem*, by Lord George Grenville, in 1812.]

² Beattie's Letters. [See letter to Dr. Blacklock, September 22, 1766 (*Life of Beattie*, by Sir W. Forbes, 1806, i. 89).]

to the very indifferent character of the “vagrant Childe” (whom, notwithstanding many hints to the contrary, I still maintain to be a fictitious personage), it has been stated, that, besides the anachronism, he is very *unknightly*, as the times of the Knights were times of Love, Honour, and so forth. Now it so happens that the good old times, when “l'amour du bon vieux tems, l'amour antique,” flourished, were the most profligate of all possible centuries. Those who have any doubts on this subject may consult Sainte-Palaye, *passim*, and more particularly vol. ii. p. 69. The vows of chivalry were no better kept than any other vows whatsoever; and the songs of the Troubadours were not more decent, and certainly were much less refined, than those of Ovid. The “Cours d'Amour, parlemens d'amour, ou de courtoisie et de gentillesse” had much more of love than of courtesy or gentleness. See Rolland on the same subject with Sainte-Palaye.

Whatever other objection may be urged to that most unamiable personage Childe Harold, he was so far perfectly knightly in his attributes—“No waiter, but a knight templar.”¹ By the by, I fear that Sir Tristrem and Sir Lancelot were no better than they should be, although very poetical personages and true knights, “sans peur,” though not “sans reproche.” If the story of the institution of the “Garter” be not a fable, the knights of that order have for several centuries borne the badge of a Countess of Salisbury, of indifferent memory. So much for chivalry. Burke need not have regretted that its days are over, though Marie-Antoinette was quite as chaste as most of those in whose honour lances were shivered, and knights unhorsed.²

Before the days of Bayard, and down to those of Sir Joseph Banks (the most chaste and celebrated of ancient and modern times)

¹ [The phrase occurs in *The Rovers, or the Double Arrangement (Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, 1854, p. 199), by J. Hookham Frere, etc.; a skit on the “moral inculcated by the German dramas—the reciprocal duties of one or more husbands to one or more wives.”]

² [“But the age of chivalry is gone—the unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations,” etc. (*Reflections on the Revolution in France*, by the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, M.P., 1868, p. 89).]

few exceptions will be found to this statement; and I fear a little investigation will teach us not to regret these monstrous mummeries of the middle ages.

I now leave "Childe Harold" to live his day such as he is; it had been more agreeable, and certainly more easy, to have drawn an amiable character. It had been easy to varnish over his faults, to make him do more and express less, but he never was intended as an example, further than to show, that early perversion of mind and morals leads to satiety of past pleasures and disappointment in new ones, and that even the beauties of nature and the stimulus of travel (except ambition, the most powerful of all excitements) are lost on a soul so constituted, or rather misdirected. Had I proceeded with the Poem, this character would have deepened as he drew to the close; for the outline which I once meant to fill up for him was, with some exceptions, the sketch of a modern Timon,¹ perhaps a poetical Zeluco.

TO IANTHE.²

NOT in those climes where I have late been
straying,
Though Beauty long hath there been matchless
deemed,
Not in those visions to the heart displaying
Forms which it sighs but to have only dreamed,

¹ [John Moore (1729-1802), the father of the celebrated Sir John Moore, published *Zeluco. Various views of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners, Foreign and Domestic*, in 1789. Zeluco was an unmitigated scoundrel, who led an adventurous life; but the prolix narrative of his villanies does not recall *Childe Harold*. There is, perhaps, some resemblance between Zeluco's unbridled childhood and youth, due to the indulgence of a doting mother, and Byron's early emancipation from discipline and control.]

² [The Lady Charlotte Mary Harley, second daughter of Edward, fifth Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, was born 1801. She married, in 1823, Captain Anthony Bacon (died July 2, 1864), who had followed "young, gallant Howard" (see *Childe Harold*, III. xxix.) in his last fatal charge at Waterloo, and who, subsequently, held command as a general officer in the Portuguese Army. Lady Charlotte Bacon died May 9, 1880. Byron's acquaintance with her probably dated from his visit to Lord and Lady Oxford, at Eywood House, in Herefordshire, in October-November, 1812.]

Hath aught like thee in Truth or Fancy
seemed:

Nor, having seen thee, shall I vainly seek
To paint those charms which varied as they
beamed—

To such as see thee not my words were weak;
To those who gaze on thee what language
could they speak?

Ah! may'st thou ever be what now thou art,
Nor unbeseem the promise of thy Spring—
As fair in form, as warm yet pure in heart,
Love's image upon earth without his wing,
And guileless beyond Hope's imagining!
And surely she who now so fondly rears
Thy youth, in thee, thus hourly brightening,
Beholds the Rainbow of her future years,
Before whose heavenly hues all Sorrow dis-
appears.

Young Peri of the West!—'tis well for me
My years already doubly number thine;¹
My loveless eye unmoved may gaze on thee,
And safely view thy ripening beauties shine;
Happy, I ne'er shall see them in decline;
Happier, that, while all younger hearts shall
bleed,

Mine shall escape the doom thine eyes assign
To those whose admiration shall succeed,
But mixed with pangs to Love's even loveliest
hours decreed.

Oh! let that eye, which, wild as the Gazelle's,
Now brightly bold or beautifully shy,
Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells,
Glance o'er this page, nor to my verse deny
That smile for which my breast might vainly
sigh

Could I to thee be ever more than friend:
This much, dear Maid, accord; nor question
why

To one so young my strain I would commend,
But bid me with my wreath one matchless
Lily blend.

Such is thy name with this my verse entwined;
And long as kinder eyes a look shall cast
On Harold's page, Ianthe's here enshrined
Shall thus be *first* beheld, forgotten *last*:
My days once numbered—should this homage
past

Attract thy fairy fingers near the Lyre
Of him who hailed thee loveliest, as thou wast—
Such is the most my Memory may desire;
Though more than Hope can claim, could
Friendship less require?

¹ [In 1814, when the dedication was published, Byron completed his twenty-sixth year, Ianthe her thirteenth.]

CANTO THE FIRST

I.¹

OH, thou! in Hellas deemed of heavenly birth,
 Muse! formed or fabled at the Minstrel's will!
 Since shamed full oft by later lyres on earth,
 Mine dares not call thee from thy sacred Hill:
 Yet there I've wandered by thy vaunted rill;
 Yes! sighed o'er Delphi's long deserted shrine,
 Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still;
 Nor mote my shell awake the weary Nine
 To grace so plain a tale—this lowly lay of mine.

II.

Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth,
 Who ne in Virtue's ways did take delight;
 But spent his days in riot most uncouth,
 And vexed with mirth the drowsy ear of Night.
 Ah me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,
 Sore given to revel, and ungodly glee;
 Few earthly things found favour in his sight
 Save concubines and carnal companie,
 And flaunting wassailers of high and low
 degree.

III.

Childe Harold² was he hight:—but whence
 his name
 And lineage long, it suits me not to say;
 Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame,
 And had been glorious in another day:
 But one sad losel soils a name for ay,³
 However mighty in the olden time;
 Nor all that heralds rake from confined clay,
 Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
 Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

¹ [The First Canto of *Childe Harold* was begun at Janina, in Albania, October 31, 1809, and the Second Canto was finished at Smyrna, March 28, 1810. The two first Cantos were published by John Murray, Albemarle Street, (Quarto)—Tuesday, March 10, 1812.]

² [In the MS. the name was first written "Childe Burun."]

³ [William, fifth Lord Byron (the poet's grand-uncle), mortally wounded his kinsman, Mr Chaworth, in a duel which was fought, without seconds or witnesses, at the Star and Garter Tavern, Pall Mall, January 29, 1765. He was convicted of wilful murder by the coroner's jury, and of manslaughter by the House of Lords; but, pleading his privilege as a peer, he was set at liberty. He was known to the country-side as the "wicked Lord," and many tales, true and apocryphal, were told to his discredit (*Life of Lord Byron*, by Karl Elze, 1872, pp. 5, 6).]

IV.

Childe Harold basked him in the Noontide
 sun,
 Disporting there like any other fly;
 Nor deemed before his little day was done
 One blast might chill him into misery.
 But long ere scarce a third of his passed by,
 Worse than Adversity the Childe befell;
 He felt the fulness of Satiety:
 Then loathed he in his native land to dwell,
 Which seemed to him more lone than
 Eremite's sad cell.

V.

For he through Sin's long labyrinth had run,
 Nor made atonement when he did amiss,
 Had sighed to many though he loved but one,¹
 And that loved one, alas! could ne'er be his.
 Ah, happy she! to 'scape from him whose kiss
 Had been pollution unto aught so chaste;
 Who soon had left her charms for vulgar bliss,
 And spoiled her goodly lands to gild his waste,
 Nor calm domestic peace had ever deigned
 to taste.

VI.

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,
 And from his fellow Bacchanals would flee;
 'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,
 But Pride congealed the drop within his ee:
 Apart he stalked in joyless reverie,
 And from his native land resolved to go,
 And visit scorching climes beyond the sea;
 With pleasure drugged, he almost longed
 for woe,
 And e'en for change of scene would seek
 the shades below.

VII.

The Childe departed from his father's hall:
 It was a vast and venerable pile;
 So old, it seeméd only not to fall,
 Yet strength was pillared in each massy aisle.
 Monastic dome! condemned to uses vile!
 Where Superstition once had made her den
 Now Paphian girls were known to sing and
 smile;
 And monks might deem their time was come
 agen,
 If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these
 holy men.

¹ [Mary Chaworth.]

VIII.

Yet oft-times in his maddest mirthful mood
 Strange pangs would flash along Childe
 Harold's brow,
 As if the Memory of some deadly feud
 Or disappointed passion lurked below :
 But this none knew, nor haply cared to know ;
 For his was not that open, artless soul
 That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow,
 Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole,
 Whate'er this grief mote be, which he could
 not control.

IX.

And none did love him !—though to hall and
 bower
 He gathered revellers from far and near,
 He knew them flatterers of the festal hour,
 The heartless Parasites of present cheer.
 Yea! none did love him—not his lemans dear—
 But pomp and power alone are Woman's care,
 And where these are light Eros finds a feere ;¹
 Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
 And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs
 might despair.

X.

Childe Harold had a mother—not forgot,
 Though parting from that mother he did shun ;
 A sister whom he loved, but saw her not
 Before his weary pilgrimage begun :
 If friends he had, he bade adieu to none.
 Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of
 steel :
 Ye, who have known what 'tis to dote upon
 A few dear objects, will in sadness feel
 Such partings break the heart they fondly
 hope to heal.

XI.

His house, his home, his heritage, his lands,
 The laughing dames in whom he did delight,
 Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy
 hands,
 Might shake the Saintship of an Anchorite,
 And long had fed his youthful appetite ;
 His goblets brimmed with every costly wine,
 And all that mote to luxury invite,
 Without a sigh he left, to cross the brine,
 And traverse Paynim shores, and pass
 Earth's central line.

¹ "Feere," a consort or mate.

XII.

The sails were filled, and fair the light winds
 blew,
 As glad to waft him from his native home ;
 And fast the white rocks faded from his view,
 And soon were lost in circumambient foam :
 And then, it may be, of his wish to roam
 Repented he, but in his bosom slept
 The silent thought, nor from his lips did come
 One word of wail, whilst others sate and wept,
 And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning
 kept.

XIII.

But when the Sun was sinking in the sea
 He seized his harp, which he at times could
 string,
 And strike, albeit with untaught melody,
 When deemed he no strange ear was listening :
 And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,
 And tuned his farewell in the dim twilight ;
 While flew the vessel on her snowy wing,
 And fleeting shores receded from his sight,
 Thus to the elements he poured his last
 "Good Night."

CHILDE HAROLD'S GOOD
NIGHT.

I.

"ADIEU, adieu! my native shore
 Fades o'er the waters blue ;
 The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
 And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
 Yon Sun that sets upon the sea
 We follow in his flight ;
 Farewell awhile to him and thee,
 My native Land—Good Night !

2.

"A few short hours and He will rise
 To give the Morrow birth ;
 And I shall hail the main and skies,
 But not my mother Earth.
 Deserted is my own good Hall,
 Its hearth is desolate ;
 Wild weeds are gathering on the wall ;
 My Dog howls at the gate.

3.

"Come hither, hither, my little page!¹
 Why dost thou weep and wail?
 Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
 Or tremble at the gale?

¹ [Robert Rushton, the son of one of the Newstead tenants.]