

"There, in apartments small and damp,
The candidate for college prizes
Sits poring by the midnight lamp,
Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

"Who reads false quantities in Sele,
Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle,
Deprived of many a wholesome meal,
In barbarous Latin doom'd to wrangle :

"Renouncing every pleasing page,
From authors of historic use,
Preferring to the letter'd sage,
The square of the hypothenuse.

"Still harmless are these occupations,
That hurt none but the hapless student,
Compared with other recreations,
Which bring together the imprudent."

We are sorry to hear so bad an account of the college psalmody as is contained in the following Attic stanzas :—

"Our choir would scarcely be excused
Even as a band of raw beginners ;
All mercy now must be refused
To such a set of croaking sinners.

"If David, when his toils were ended,
Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
To us his psalms had ne'er descended :
In furious mood he would have tore 'em !"

But, whatever judgment may be passed on the poems of this noble minor, it seems we must take them as we find them, and be content ; for they are the last we shall ever have from him. He is, at best, he says, but an intruder into the groves of Parnassus : he never lived in a garret, like thorough-bred

poets ; and "though he once roved a careless mountaineer in the Highlands of Scotland," he has not of late enjoyed this advantage. Moreover, he expects no profit from his publication ; and, whether it succeeds or not, "it is highly improbable, from his situation and pursuits hereafter," that he should again condescend to become an author. Therefore, let us take what we get, and be thankful. What right have we poor devils to be nice ? We are well off to have got so much from a man of this lord's station, who does not live in a garret, but "has the sway" of Newstead Abbey. Again, we say, let us be thankful ; and, with honest Sancho, bid God bless the giver, nor look the gift horse in the mouth. *

* [The *Monthly Reviewers*, in those days the next in circulation to the *Edinburgh*, gave a much more favourable notice of the "Hours of Idleness." "These compositions, (said they) are generally of a plaintive or an amatory cast, with an occasional mixture of satire ; and they display both ease and strength—both pathos and fire. It will be expected that marks of juvenility and of haste should be discovered in these productions ; and we seriously advise our young bard to fulfil with submissive perseverance the duties of revision and correction. We discern, in Lord Byron, a degree of mental power, and a turn of mental disposition, which render us solicitous that both should be well cultivated and wisely directed, in his career of life. He has received talents, and is accountable for the use of them. We trust that he will render them beneficial to man, and a source of real gratification to himself in declining age. Then may he properly exclaim with the Roman orator, 'non lubet mihi deplorare vitam, quod multi, et ii docti, sæpe fecerunt ; neque me vixisse pœnitet : quoniam ita vixi, ut non frustra me natum existimem'."—Lord Byron repaid the *Edinburgh Critique* with a satire—and became himself a *Monthly Reviewer*.]

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers :

A SATIRE.¹

"I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew !
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Such shameless bards we have ; and yet 't is true,
There are as mad, abandon'd critics too."—POPE.

PREFACE.²

ALL my friends, learned and unlearned, have urged me not to publish this Satire with my name. If I were to be "turned from the career of my humour by quibbles quick, and paper bullets of the brain," I should have complied with their counsel. But I am not to be terrified by abuse, or bullied by reviewers, with or without arms. I can safely say that I have attacked none personally, who did not commence on the offensive. An author's works are public property : he who purchases may judge, and publish his opinion if he pleases ; and the authors I have endeavoured to commemorate may do by me

¹ [The first edition of this satire, which then began with what is now the ninety-seventh line ("Time was, ere yet," &c.), appeared in March, 1809. A second, to which the author prefixed his name, followed in October of that year ; and a third and fourth were called for during his first *pilgrimage*, in 1810 and 1811. On his return to England, a fifth edition was prepared for the press by himself, with considerable care, but suppressed, and, except one copy, destroyed, when on the eve of publication. The text is now printed from the copy that escaped ; on casually meeting with which, in 1816, he re-perused the whole, and wrote on the margin some annotations, which also we shall preserve,—distinguishing them, by the insertion of their date, from those affixed to the prior editions.

as I have done by them. I dare say they will succeed better in condemning my scribbings, than in mending their own. But my object is not to prove that I can write well, but, if possible, to make others write better.

As the poem has met with far more success than I expected, I have endeavoured in this edition to make some additions and alterations, to render it more worthy of public perusal.

In the first edition of this satire, published anonymously, fourteen lines on the subject of Bowles's *Pope* were written by, and inserted at the request of, an ingenious friend of mine³, who has now in the press a volume of poetry. In the present edition

The first of these MS. notes of 1816 appears on the fly-leaf, and runs thus :—"The binding of this volume is considerably too valuable for the contents ; and nothing but the consideration of its being the property of another, prevents me from consigning this miserable record of misplaced anger and indiscriminate acrimony to the flames."

² This preface was written for the second edition, and printed with it. The noble author had left this country previous to the publication of that edition, and is not yet returned.—*Note to the fourth edition*, 1811.—["He is, and gone again."—*Lord B.* 1816.]

³ [Mr. Hobhouse. See *post*, p. 426. note.]

English Bards, etc.

STILL must I hear ?⁴—shall hoarse Fitzgerald⁵
bawl
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,⁶
And I not sing, lest, haply, Scotch reviews
Should dub me scribbler, and denounce my muse ?
Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish, right or wrong :
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

Oh ! nature's noblest gift—my gray goose-quill !
Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,
That mighty instrument of little men !
The pen ! foredoom'd to aid the mental throes
Of brains that labour, big with verse or prose,
Though nymphs forsake, and critics may deride,
The lover's solace, and the author's pride.
What wits ! what poets dost thou daily raise !
How frequent is thy use, how small thy praise !
Condemn'd at length to be forgotten quite,
With all the pages which 't was thine to write.
But thou, at least, mine own especial pen !
Once laid aside, but now assumed again,
Our task complete, like Hamet's⁷ shall be free ;
Though spurn'd by others, yet beloved by me :
Then let us soar to-day ; no common theme,
No eastern vision, no distemper'd dream⁸
Inspires—our path, though full of thorns, is plain ;
Smooth be the verse, and easy be the strain.

When Vice triumphant holds her sov'reign sway,
Obey'd by all who nought beside obey ;

the long period of thirty-two years, this harmless poetaster was an attendant at the anniversary dinners of the Literary Fund, and constantly honoured the occasion with an ode, which he himself recited with most comical dignity of emphasis. He was fortunate in having for his patron Viscount Dudley and Ward, on whose death, without a will, his benevolent intentions towards the bard were fulfilled by his son, the late Earl Dudley, who generously sent him a draft for 5000*l.* Fitzgerald died in 1829. Of his numerous loyal effusions *only a single line* has survived its author ; but the characteristics of his style have been so happily hit off in the "REJECTED ADDRESSES"—(a work which Lord Byron has pronounced to be "by far the best thing of the kind since the *Rolliad*,")—that we cannot resist the temptation of an extract :—

"Who burnt (confound his soul !) the houses twain,
Of Covent Garden and of Drury Lane ?
Who, while the British squadron lay off Cork,
(God bless the Regent and the Duke of York !)
With a foul earthquake ravaged the Caraccas,
And raised the price of dry goods and tobaccos ?
Who makes the quarter loaf and Luddites rise ?
Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies ?
Who thought in flames St. James's court to pinch ?
Who burnt the wardrobe of poor Lady Finch ?—
Why he, who forging for this isle a yoke,
Reminds me of a line I lately spoke—
'The tree of freedom is the British Oak.'
Bless every man possess'd of ought to give !
Long may Long Tilney Wellesley Long Pole live !
God bless the army, bless their coats of scarlet !
God bless the navy, bless the Princess Charlotte !
God bless the Guards, though worsted Gallia scoff !
God bless their pig-tails, though they're now cut off !
And oh ! in Downing Street should Old Nick revel,
England's prime minister, then bless the Devil !"

⁷ Cid Hamet Benengeli promises repose to his pen, in the last chapter of *Don Quixote*. Oh ! that our voluminous gentry would follow the example of Cid Hamet Benengeli.

⁸ ["This must have been written in the spirit of prophecy."—*B.* 1816.]

they are erased, and some of my own substituted in their stead ; my only reason for this being that which I conceive would operate with any other person in the same manner,—a determination not to publish with my name any production, which was not entirely and exclusively my own composition.

With¹ regard to the real talents of many of the poetical persons whose performances are mentioned or alluded to in the following pages, it is presumed by the author that there can be little difference of opinion in the public at large ; though, like other sectaries, each has his separate tabernacle of prose-lytes, by whom his abilities are over-rated, his faults overlooked, and his metrical canons received without scruple and without consideration. But the unquestionable possession of considerable genius by several of the writers here censured renders their mental prostitution more to be regretted. Imbecility may be pitied, or, at worst, laughed at and forgotten ; perverted powers demand the most decided reprehension. No one can wish more than the author that some known and able writer had undertaken their exposure ; but Mr. Gifford has devoted himself to Massinger, and, in the absence of the regular physician, a country practitioner may, in cases of absolute necessity, be allowed to prescribe his nostrum to prevent the extension of so deplorable an epidemic, provided there be no quackery in his treatment of the malady. A caustic is here offered ; as it is to be feared nothing short of actual cautery can recover the numerous patients afflicted with the present prevalent and distressing *rabies* for rhyming.—As to the *Edinburgh Reviewers*², it would indeed require an Hercules to crush the Hydra ; but if the author succeeds in merely "bruising one of the heads of the serpent," though his own hand should suffer in the encounter, he will be amply satisfied.³

[Here the preface to the first edition commenced.]

² ["I well recollect," said Lord Byron, in 1821, "the effect which the critique of the *Edinburgh Reviewers* on my first poem, had upon me—it was rage and resistance, and redress ; but not despondency nor despair. A savage review is hemlock to a sucking author, and the one on me (which produced the *English Bards*, &c.) knocked me down—but I got up again. That critique was a master-piece of low wit, a tissue of scurrilous abuse. I remember there was a great deal of vulgar trash, about people being 'thankful for what they could get,'—'not looking a gift horse in the mouth,' and such stable expressions. But so far from their bullying me, or deterring me from writing, I was bent on falsifying their raven predictions, and determined to show them, croak as they would, that it was not the last time they should hear from me."]

³ ["The severity of the criticism," as Sir Egerton Brydges has well observed, "touched Lord Byron in the point where his original strength lay : it wounded his pride, and roused his bitter indignation. He published '*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*,' and bowed down those who had hitherto held a despotic victory over the public mind. There was, after all, more in the boldness of the enterprise, in the fearlessness of the attack, than in its intrinsic force. But the moral effect of the gallantry of the assault, and of the justice of the cause, made it victorious and triumphant. This was one of those lucky developments which cannot often occur ; and which fixed Lord Byron's fame. From that day he engaged the public notice as a writer of undoubted talent and energy both of intellect and temper."]

⁴ LIMIT.—

"Semper ego auditor tantum ? nunquamne reponam,
Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri ?"—*Juv. Sat. I.*

⁵ ["Hoarse Fitzgerald."—"Right enough ; but why notice such a mountebank."—*Byron*, 1816.]

⁶ Mr. Fitzgerald, facetiously termed by Colbett the "Small Beer Poet," inflicts his annual tribute of verse on the Literary Fund : not content with writing, he spouts in person, after the company have imbibed a reasonable quantity of bad port, to enable them to sustain the operation.—[For

When Folly, frequent harbinger of crime,
Bedecks her cap with bells of every clime;
When knaves and fools combined o'er all prevail,
And weigh their justice in a golden scale;
E'en then the boldest start from public sneers,
Afraid of shame, unknown to other fears,
More darkly sin, by satire kept in awe,
And shrink from ridicule, though not from law.

Such is the force of wit! but not belong
To me the arrows of satiric song;
The royal vices of our age demand
A keener weapon, and a mightier hand.
Still there are follies, e'en for me to chase,
And yield at least amusement in the race:
Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame;
The cry is up, and scribblers are my game.
Speed, Pegasus! — ye strains of great and small,
Ode, epic, elegy, have at you all!
I too can scrawl, and once upon a time
I pour'd along the town a flood of rhyme,
A schoolboy freak, unworthy praise or blame;
I printed — older children do the same.
'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't,
Not that a title's sounding charm can save
Or scrawl or scribbler from an equal grave:
This Lambe must own, since his patrician name
Fail'd to preserve the spurious farce from shame.¹
No matter, George continues still to write,²
Though now the name is veil'd from public sight.
Moved by the great example, I pursue
The self-same road, but make my own review:
Not seek great Jeffrey's, yet like him, will be
Self-constituted judge of poesy.

A man must serve his time to ev'ry trade
Save censure — critics all are ready made.
Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote;
A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault;
A turn for punning, call it Attic salt;
To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet:

¹ This ingenuous youth is mentioned more particularly, with his production, in another place.

² In the Edinburgh Review. — ["He's a very good fellow; and, except his mother and sister, the best of the set, to my mind." — B. 1816.]

³ Messrs. Jeffrey and Lambe are the alpha and omega, the first and the last of the Edinburgh Review; the others are mentioned hereafter. — ["This was not just. Neither the heart nor the head of these gentlemen are at all what they are here represented. At the time this was written, I was personally unacquainted with either." — B. 1816.]

⁴ IMIT. "Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique occurras perituræ parcere chartæ." — *Juv. Sat. I.*

⁵ IMIT. "Cur tamen hoc libeat potius decurrere campo Per quem magnus equos Aurunca flexit alumnus: Si vacet, et placidi rationem admittitis, edam." — *Juv. Sat. I.*

⁶ [The first edition of the Satire opened with this line; and Lord Byron's original intention was to prefix the following —

"ARGUMENT.

"The poet considereth times past, and their poesy — makes a sudden transition to times present — is incensed against book-makers — revileth Walter Scott for cupidity and ballad-mongering, with notable remarks on Master Southey — complaineth that Master Southey hath inflicted three poems, epic

Fear not to lie, 't will seem a sharper hit;
Shrink not from blasphemy, 't will pass for wit;
Care not for feeling — pass your proper jest,
And stand a critic, hated yet caress'd.

And shall we own such judgment? no — as soon
Seek roses in December — ice in June;
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
Believe a woman or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics, who themselves are sore;
Or yield one single thought to be misled
By Jeffrey's heart, or Lambe's Bœotian head.³
To these young tyrants⁴, by themselves misplaced,
Combined usurpers on the throne of taste;
To these, when authors bend in humble awe,
And hail their voice as truth, their word as law —
While these are censors, 't would be sin to spare;
While such are critics, why should I forbear?
But yet, so near all modern worthies run,
'Tis doubtful whom to seek, or whom to shun;
Nor know we when to spare, or where to strike,
Our bards and censors are so much alike.

Then should you ask me⁵, why I venture o'er
The path which Pope and Gifford trod before;
If not yet sicken'd, you can still proceed:
Go on; my rhyme will tell you as you read.
"But hold!" exclaims a friend, — "here's some neglect:

This — that — and t' other line seem incorrect."
What then? the self-same blunder Pope has got,
And careless Dryden — "Ay, but Pye has not:" —
Indeed! — 'tis granted, faith! — but what care I?
Better to err with Pope, than shine with Pye.

Time was, ere yet in these degenerate days⁶
Ignoble themes obtain'd mistaken praise,
When sense and wit with poesy allied,
No fabled graces, flourish'd side by side;
From the same fount their inspiration drew,
And rear'd by taste, bloom'd fairer as they grew.
Then, in this happy isle, a Pope's⁷ pure strain
Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought in vain;

and otherwise, on the public — inveigheth against William Wordsworth, but laudeth Mister Coleridge and his elegy on a young ass — is disposed to vituperate Mr. Lewis — and greatly rebuketh Thomas Little (the late) and the Lord Strangford — recommendeth Mr. Hayley to turn his attention to prose — and exhorteth the Moravians to glorify Mr. Grahame — sympathiseth with the Rev. William Bowles — and deploraeth the melancholy fate of James Montgomery — breaketh out into invective against the Edinburgh Reviewers — calleth them hard names, harpies and the like — apostrophiseth Jeffrey, and prophesieth. — Episode of Jeffrey and Moore, their jeopardy and deliverance; portraits on the morn of the combat; the Tweed, Tolbooth, Frith of Forth, severally shocked; descent of a goddess to save Jeffrey; incorporation of the bullets with his sinciput and occiput. — Edinburgh Reviews *en masse*. — Lord Aberdeen, Herbert, Scott, Hallam, Pillans, Lambe, Sydney Smith, Brougham, &c. — The Lord Holland applauded for dinners and translations. — The Drama; Skeffington, Hook, Reynolds, Kenney, Cherry, &c. — Sheridan, Colman, and Cumberland called upon to write. — Return to poesy — scribblers of all sorts — lords sometimes rhyme; much better not. — Hafiz, Rosa Matilda, and X. Y. Z. — Rogers, Campbell, Gifford, &c. true poets — Translators of the Greek Anthology — Crabbe — Darwin's style — Cambridge — Seatonian Prize — Smythe — Hodgson — Oxford — Richards — Poeta loquitur — Conclusion."

⁷ [When Lord Byron, in the autumn of 1808, was occupied upon this Satire, he devoted a considerable portion of his time to a deep study of the writings of Pope; and from that period may be dated his enthusiastic admiration of this great poet.]

A polish'd nation's praise aspired to claim,
And raised the people's, as the poet's fame.
Like him great Dryden pour'd the tide of song,
In stream less smooth, indeed, yet doubly strong.
Then Congreve's scenes could cheer, or Otway's melt —
For nature then an English audience felt.
But why these names, or greater still, retrace,
When all to feeble bards resign their place?
Yet to such times our lingering looks are cast,
When taste and reason with those times are past.
Now look around, and turn each trifling page,
Survey the precious works that please the age;
This truth at least let satire's self allow,
No death of bards can be complain'd of now.¹
The loaded press beneath her labour groans,
And printer's devils shake their weary bones;
While Southey's epics cram the creaking shelves,
And Little's lyrics shine in hot-press'd twelves.
Thus saith the preacher: "Nought beneath the sun
Is new;" yet still from change to change we run:
What varied wonders tempt us as they pass!
The cow-pox, tractors, galvanism, and gas,
In turns appear, to make the vulgar stare,
Till the swoln bubble bursts — and all is air!
Nor less new schools of Poetry arise,
Where dull pretenders grapple for the prize:
O'er taste awhile these pseudo-bards prevail;
Each country book-club bows the knee to Baal,
And, hurling lawful genius from the throne,
Erects a shrine and idol of its own;²
Some leaden calf — but whom it matters not,
From soaring Southey down to grovelling Stott.³

Behold! in various throngs the scribbling crew,
For notice eager, pass in long review:
Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,
And rhyme and blank maintain an equal race;

¹ ["One of my notions is, that the present is not a high age of English poetry. There are more poets (soi-disant) than ever there were, and proportionably less poetry. This thesis I have maintained for some years; but, strange to say, it meeteth not with favour from my brethren of the shell." — *B. Diary*, 1821.]

² ["With regard to poetry in general, I am convinced that we are all upon a wrong revolutionary poetical system, not worth a damn in itself, and from which none but Rogers and Crabbe are free. I am the more confirmed in this by having lately gone over some of our classics, particularly Pope, whom I tried in this way: — I took Moore's poems, and my own, and some others, and went over them side by side with Pope's, and I was really astonished and mortified at the ineffable distance, in point of sense, learning, effect, and even imagination, passion, and invention, between the little Queen Anne's man, and us of the Lower Empire. Depend upon it, it is all Horace then, and Claudian now, among us; and if I had to begin again, I would mould myself accordingly." — *B. Diary*, 1817.]

³ Stott, better known in the "Morning Post" by the name of Hafiz. This personage is at present the most profound explorer of the bathos. I remember, when the reigning family left Portugal, a special Ode of Master Stott's, beginning thus: — (*Stoti loquitur quoad Hibernia*). —

"Princely offspring of Braganza,
Erin greets thee with a stanza," &c.

Also a Sonnet to Rats, well worthy of the subject, and a most thundering Ode, commencing as follows: —

"Oh! for a Lay, loud as the surge
That lashes Lapland's sounding shore."

Lord have mercy on us! the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was nothing to this.

⁴ See the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," *passim*. Never was any plan so incongruous and absurd as the groundwork of this production. The entrance of Thunder and Lightning, prologuising to Bayes' tragedy, unfortunately takes away the merit of originality from the dialogue between Messieurs the Spirits of Flood and Fell in the first canto. Then we have the amiable William of Deloraine, "a stark moss-trooper,"

Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on ode;
And tales of terror jostle on the road;
Immeasurable measures move along;
For simpering folly loves a varied song,
To strange mysterious dulness still the friend,
Admires the strain she cannot comprehend.
Thus Lays of Minstrels⁴ — may they be the last! —
On half-strung harps whine mournful to the blast.

While mountain spirits prate to river sprites,
That dames may listen to the sound at nights;
And goblin brats, of Gilpin Horner's brood,
Decoy young border-nobles through the wood,
And skip at every step, Lord knows how high,
And frighten foolish babes, the Lord knows why;
While high-born ladies in their magic cell,
Forbidding knights to read who cannot spell,
Despatch a courier to a wizard's grave,
And fight with honest men to shield a knave.

Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
The golden-crested haughty Marmion,
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace;
A mighty mixture of the great and base.
And think'st thou, Scott!⁵ by vain conceit per-
chance,

On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
Though Murray with his Miller may combine
To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line?
No! when the sons of song descend to trade,
Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade.
Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre⁶, not for fame:
Still for stern Mammon may they toil in vain!
And sadly gaze on gold they cannot gain!

videlicet, a happy compound of poacher, sheep-stealer, and highwayman. The propriety of his magical lady's injunction not to read can only be equalled by his candid acknowledgment of his independence of the trammels of spelling, although, to use his own elegant phrase, "t was his neck-verse at Harri-bee," i. e. the gallows. — The biography of Gilpin Horner, and the marvellous pedestrian page, who travelled twice as fast as his master's horse, without the aid of seven-leagued boots, are *chefs-d'œuvre* in the improvement of taste. For incident we have the invisible, but by no means sparing box on the ear bestowed on the page, and the entrance of a knight and charger into the castle, under the very natural disguise of a wain of hay. Marmion, the hero of the latter romance, is exactly what William of Deloraine would have been, had he been able to read and write. The poem was manufactured for Messrs. Constable, Murray, and Miller, worshipful booksellers, in consideration of the receipt of a sum of money; and truly, considering the inspiration, it is a very creditable production. If Mr. Scott will write for hire, let him do his best for his pay-masters, but not disgrace his genius, which is undoubtedly great, by a repetition of black-letter ballad imitations.

⁵ ["When Lord Byron wrote his famous satire, I had my share of flagellation among my betters. My crime was having written a poem for a thousand pounds; which was no other-wise true, than that I sold the copyright for that sum. Now, not to mention that an author can hardly be censured for accepting such a sum as the booksellers are willing to give him, especially as the gentlemen of the trade made no complaints of their bargain, I thought the interference with my private affairs was rather beyond the limits of literary satire. I was, however, so far from having any thing to do with the offensive criticism in the Edinburgh, that I remonstrated against it with the editor, because I thought the "Hours of Idleness" treated with undue severity. They were written, like all juvenile poetry, rather from the recollection of what had pleased the author in others, than what had been suggested by his own imagination; but, nevertheless, I thought they contained passages of noble promise." — SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

⁶ [Lord Byron, as is well known, set out with the determination never to receive money for his writings. For the liberty to republish this satire, he refused four hundred guineas; and

Such be their meed, such still the just reward
Of prostituted muse and hireling bard!
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
And bid a long "good night to Marmion."¹

These are the themes that claim our plaudits now;
These are the bards to whom the muse must bow;
While Milton, Dryden, Pope, alike forgot,
Resign their hallow'd bays to Walter Scott.

The time has been, when yet the muse was young,
When Homer swept the lyre, and Maro sung,
An epic scarce ten centuries could claim,
While awe-struck nations hail'd the magic name;
The work of each immortal bard appears
The single wonder of a thousand years.²
Empires have moulder'd from the face of earth,
Tongues have expired with those who gave them birth,
Without the glory such a strain can give,
As even in ruin bids the language live.
Not so with us, though minor bards content,
On one great work a life of labour spent:
With eagle pinion soaring to the skies,
Behold the ballad-monger Southey rise!
To him let Camoens, Milton, Tasso yield,
Whose annual strains, like armies, take the field.
First in the ranks see Joan of Arc advance,
The scourge of England and the boast of France!

the money paid for the copyright of the first and second cantos of *Childe Harold*, and of the *Corsair*, he presented to Mr. Dallas. In 1816, to a letter enclosing a draft of 1000 guineas, offered by Mr. Murray for the *Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina*, the noble poet sent this answer:—"Your offer is liberal in the extreme, and much more than the two poems can possibly be worth—but I cannot accept it, nor will not. You are most welcome to them, as additions to the collected volumes, without any demand or expectation on my part whatever. I have enclosed your draft torn, for fear of accidents by the way. I wish you would not throw temptation in mine; it is not from a disdain of the universal idol—nor from a present superfluity of his treasures—I can assure you, that I refuse to worship him; but what is right is right, and must not yield to circumstances." The poet was afterwards induced, at Mr. Murray's earnest persuasion, to accept the thousand guineas. The subjoined statement of the sums paid by him at various times to Lord Byron for copyright may be considered a bibliopic curiosity:—

Childe Harold, I. II.	£ 600
III.	1575
IV.	2100
Giaour	525
Bride of Abydos	525
Corsair	525
Lara	700
Siege of Corinth	525
Parisina	525
Lament of Tasso	315
Manfred	525
Beppo	525
Don Juan, I. II.	1525
III. IV. V.	1525
Doge of Venice	1050
Sardanapalus, Cain, and Foscari	1100
Mazeppa	525
Prisoner of Chillon	525
Sundries	450
Hours of Idleness, English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, Hints from Horace, Werner, De- formed Transformed, Heaven and Earth, &c.)	3,885
Life by Thomas Moore	4,200
	£23,540

¹ "Good night to Marmion"—the pathetic and also prophetic exclamation of Henry Blount, Esquire, on the death of honest Marmion.

² As the *Odyssey* is so closely connected with the story of the *Iliad*, they may almost be classed as one grand historical poem. In alluding to Milton and Tasso, we consider the "*Paradise Lost*," and "*Gierusalemme Liberata*," as their

Though burnt by wicked Bedford for a witch,
Behold her statue placed in glory's niche;
Her fetters burst, and just released from prison,
A virgin phoenix from her ashes risen.
Next see tremendous Thalaba come on,³
Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wond'rous son;⁴
Domdaniel's dread destroyer, who o'erthrew
More mad magicians than the world e'er knew.
Immortal hero! all thy foes o'ercome,
For ever reign—the rival of Tom Thumb!
Since startled metre fled before thy face,
Well wert thou doom'd the last of all thy race!
Well might triumphant genii bear thee hence,
Illustrious conqueror of common sense!
Now, last and greatest, Madoc spreads his sails,
Cacique in Mexico, and prince in Wales;
Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do,
More old than Mandeville's, and not so true.
Oh, Southey! Southey! cease thy varied song!
A bard may chant too often and too long:
As thou art strong in verse, in mercy, spare!
A fourth, alas! were more than we could bear.
But if, in spite of all the world can say,
Thou still wilt verseward plod thy weary way;
If still in Berkley ballads most uncivil,
Thou wilt devote old women to the devil,⁶
The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue:
"God help thee," Southey⁷, and thy readers too.⁸

standard efforts; since neither the "*Jerusalem Conquered*" of the Italian, nor the "*Paradise Regained*" of the English bard, obtained a proportionate celebrity to their former poems. Query: Which of Mr. Southey's will survive?

³ "*Thalaba*," Mr. Southey's second poem, is written in open defiance of precedent and poetry. Mr. S. wished to produce something novel, and succeeded to a miracle. "*Joan of Arc*," was marvellous enough, but "*Thalaba*," was one of those poems "which," in the words of Porson, "will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, but—not till then."

⁴ ["Of Thalaba, the wild and wondrous song."—*Madoc*.]

⁵ We beg Mr. Southey's pardon: "Madoc disdains the degrading title of epic." See his preface. Why is epic degraded? and by whom? Certainly the late romancers of Masters Cottle, Laureat Pye, Ogilvy, Hole, and gentle Mistress Cowley, have not exalted the epic muse; but as Mr. Southey's poem "disdains the appellation," allow us to ask—has he substituted any thing better in its stead? or must he be content to rival Sir Richard Blackmore in the quantity as well as quality of his verse?

⁶ See "*The Old Woman of Berkley*," a ballad, by Mr. Southey, wherein an aged gentlewoman is carried away by Beelzebub, on a "high-trotting horse."

⁷ The last line, "God help thee," is an evident plagiarism from the Anti-jacobin to Mr. Southey, in his *Dactyls*.—[Lord Byron here alludes to Mr. Gifford's parody on Mr. Southey's *Dactyls*, which ends thus:—

"Ne'er talk of ears again! look at thy spelling-book;
Dilworth and Dyce are both mad at thy quantities—
Dactyls, call'st thou 'em?—'God help thee, silly one!'"

⁸ [Lord Byron, on being introduced to Mr. Southey in 1813, at Holland House, describes him "as the best-looking bard he had seen for a long time."—"To have that poet's head and shoulders, I would," he says, "almost have written his *Sapphics*. He is certainly a prepossessing person to look on, and a man of talent, and all that, and there is his eulogy." In his *Journal*, of the same year, he says—"Southey I have not seen much of. His appearance is *epic*, and he is the only existing entire man of letters. All the others have some pursuit annexed to their authorship. His manners are mild, but not those of a man of the world, and his talents of the first order. His prose is perfect. Of his poetry there are various opinions: there is, perhaps, too much of it for the present generation—posterity will probably select. He has passages equal to any thing. At present, he has a *party*, but no public—except for his prose writings. His *Life of Nelson* is beautiful." Elsewhere, and later, Lord Byron pronounces Southey's *Don Roderick*, "the first poem of our time."]

Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,
That mild apostate from poetic rule,
The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay
As soft as evening in his favourite May,¹
Who warns his friend "to shake off toil and trouble,
And quit his books, for fear of growing double;"²
Who, both by precept and example, shows
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose;
Convincing all, by demonstration plain,
Poetic souls delight in prose insane;
And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme
Contain the essence of the true sublime.
Thus, when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,
The idiot mother of "an idiot boy;"
A moon-struck, silly lad, who lost his way,
And, like his bard, confounded night with day;³
So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
And each adventure so sublimely tells,
That all who view the "idiot in his glory,"
Conceive the bard the hero of the story.

Shall gentle Coleridge pass unnoticed here,
To turgid ode and tumid stanza dear?
Though themes of innocence amuse him best,
Yet still obscurity's a welcome guest.
If Inspiration should her aid refuse
To him who takes a pixy for a muse,⁴
Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
The bard who soars to elegiac an ass.
So well the subject suits his noble mind,
He brays⁵, the laureat of the long-ear'd kind.⁶

Oh! wonder-working Lewis⁷! monk, or bard,
Who fain wouldst make Parnassus a church-yard!
Lo! wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow,
Thy muse a sprite, Apollo's sexton thou!

¹ ["*Unjust*."—B. 1816.]

² *Lyrical Ballads*, p. 4.—"The Tables Turned." Stanza 1.
"Up, up, my friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?
Up, up, my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double."

³ Mr. W. in his preface labours hard to prove, that prose and verse are much the same; and certainly his precepts and practice are strictly conformable:—

"And thus to Betty's questions he
Made answer, like a traveller bold,
The cock did crow, to-whoo, to-whoo,
And the sun did shine so cold," &c. &c., p. 129.

⁴ Coleridge's *Poems*, p. 11., *Songs of the Pixies*, i. e. *Devonshire fairies*; p. 42. We have, "Lines to a young Lady;" and, p. 52., "Lines to a young Ass."

⁵ [Thus altered by Lord Byron, in his last revision of the satire. In all former editions the line stood,
"A fellow-feeling makes us wond'rous kind."]

⁶ ["*Unjust*." B. 1816.—In a letter to Mr. Coleridge, written in 1815, Lord Byron says,—"You mention my '*Satire*,' lampoon, or whatever you or others please to call it. I can only say, that it was written when I was very young and very angry, and has been a thorn in my side ever since: more particularly as almost all the persons animated upon became subsequently my acquaintances, and some of them my friends; which is 'heaping fire upon an enemy's head,' and forgiving me too readily to permit me to forgive myself. The part applied to you is pert, and petulant, and shallow enough; but, although I have long done every thing in my power to suppress the circulation of the whole thing, I shall always regret the wantonness or generality of many of its attempted attacks."]

⁷ [Matthew Gregory Lewis, M. P. for Hindon, never distinguished himself in Parliament, but, mainly in consequence of the clever use he made of his knowledge of the German language, then a rare accomplishment, attracted much notice in the literary world, at a very early period of his life. His *Tales of Terror*; the drama of the *Castle Spectre*; and the romance called the *Bravo of Venice* (which is, however, little more than a version from the Swiss *Zschocke*); but above all, the libidinous and impious novel of *The Monk*, invested the

Whether on ancient tombs thou tak'st thy stand,
By gibb'ring spectres hail'd, thy kindred band;
Or tracest chaste descriptions on thy page,
To please the females of our modest age;
All hail, M. P. ⁸! from whose infernal brain
Thin sheeted phantoms glide, a grisly train;
At whose command "grim women" throng in crowds,
And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds,
With "small gray men," "wild yagers," and what not,
To crown with honour thee and Walter Scott;
Again all hail! if tales like thine may please,
St. Luke alone can vanquish the disease:
Even Satan's self with thee might dread to dwell,
And in thy skull discern a deeper hell.

Who in soft guise, surrounded by a choir
Of virgins melting, not to Vesta's fire,
With sparkling eyes, and cheek by passion flush'd,
Strikes his wild lyre, whilst listening dames are hush'd?
'Tis Little! young Catullus of his day,
As sweet, but as immoral, in his lay!
Grieved to condemn⁹, the muse must still be just,
Nor spare melodious advocates of lust.
Pure is the flame which o'er her altar burns;
From grosser incense with disgust she turns:
Yet kind to youth, this expiation o'er,
She bids thee "mend thy line, and sin no more."¹⁰

For thee, translator of the tinsel song,
To whom such glittering ornaments belong,
Hibernian Strangford! with thine eyes of blue,¹¹
And boasted locks of red or auburn hue,
Whose plaintive strain each love-sick miss admires,
And o'er harmonious fustian half expires,
Learn, if thou canst, to yield thine author's sense,
Nor vend thy sonnets on a false pretence.

name of Lewis with an extraordinary degree of celebrity, during the poor period which intervened between the obscuration of Cowper, and the full display of Sir Walter Scott's talents in the "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*,"—a period which is sufficiently characterised by the fact, that Hayley then passed for a poet. Next to that solemn coxcomb, Lewis was for several years the fashionable versifier of his time; but his plagiarisms, perhaps more audacious than had ever before been resorted to by a man of real talents, were by degrees unveiled, and writers of greater original genius, as well as of purer taste and morals, successively emerging, *Monk Lewis*, dying young, had already outlived his reputation. In society he was to the last a favourite; and Lord Byron, who had become well acquainted with him during his experience of London life, thus notices his death, which occurred at sea in 1818:—"Lewis was a good man, a clever man, but a bore. My only revenge or consolation used to be setting him by the ears with some vivacious person who hated bores especially,—Madame de Staël or Hobhouse, for example. But I liked Lewis; he was the jewel of a man, had he been better set;—I don't mean *personally*, but less *tiresome*, for he was tedious, as well as contradictory to every thing and every body. Poor fellow! he died a martyr to his new riches—of a second visit to Jamaica:—

"I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
Dark Musgrave were alive again!"

That is,—
"I would give many a sugar cane,
Mat Lewis were alive again!"

⁸ "For every one knows little Matt's an M. P."—See a poem to Mr. Lewis, in "*The Statesman*," supposed to be written by Mr. Jekyll.

⁹ [In very early life, "*Little's Poems*" were Lord Byron's favourite study. "Heigho!" he exclaims, in 1820, in a letter to Moore, "I believe all the mischief I have ever done, or sung, has been owing to that confounded book of yours."]

¹⁰ [Originally, "mend thy life, and sin no more."]

¹¹ The reader, who may wish for an explanation of this, may refer to "*Strangford's Camoëns*," p. 127. note to p. 56., or to the last page of the Edinburgh Review of *Strangford's Camoëns*.

Think'st thou to gain thy verse a higher place,
By dressing Camoëns¹ in a suit of lace?
Mend, Strangford! mend thy morals and thy taste;
Be warm, but pure; be amorous, but be chaste:
Cease to deceive; thy pilfer'd harp restore,
Nor teach the Lusian bard to copy Moore.

Behold!—ye tarts! one moment spare the text—
Hayley's last work, and worst—until his next;
Whether he spin poor couplets into plays,
Or damn the dead with purgatorial praise,
His style in youth or age is still the same,
For ever feeble and for ever tame.
Triumph first see "Temper's Triumphs" shine!
At least I'm sure they triumph'd over mine.
Of "Music's Triumphs," all who read may swear,
That luckless music never triumph'd there.²

Moravians, rise! bestow some meet reward
On dull devotion—Lo! the Sabbath bard,
Sepulchral Grahame³, pours his notes sublime
In mangled prose, nor e'en aspires to rhyme;
Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke,
And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch;
And, undisturb'd by conscientious qualms,
Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the Psalms.

Hail, Sympathy! thy soft idea brings⁴
A thousand visions of a thousand things,
And shows, still whimpering through threescore of
years,
The maudlin prince of mournful sonneteers.

¹ It is also to be remarked, that the things given to the public as poems of Camoëns are no more to be found in the original Portuguese, than in the Song of Solomon.

² Hayley's two most notorious verse productions are "Triumphs of Temper," and "The Triumph of Music." He has also written much comedy in rhyme, epistles, &c. &c. As he is rather an elegant writer of notes and biography, let us recommend Pope's advice to Wycherley to Mr. H.'s consideration, viz. "to convert his poetry into prose," which may be easily done by taking away the final syllable of each couplet.—[The only performance for which Hayley is now remembered is his Life of Cowper. His personal history has been sketched by Mr. Southey in the Quarterly Review, vol. xxxi. p. 263.]

³ Mr. Grahame has poured forth two volumes of cant, under the name of "Sabbath Walks," and "Biblical Pictures."—[This very amiable man, and pleasing poet, published subsequently "The Birds of Scotland," and other pieces; but his reputation rests on his "Sabbath." He began life as an advocate at the Edinburgh bar; but he had little success there, and being of a melancholy and very devout temperament, entered into holy orders, and retired to a curacy near Durham, where he died in 1811.]

⁴ [Immediately before this line, we find in the original manuscript, the following, which Lord Byron good-naturedly consented to omit, at the request of Mr. Dallas, who was, no doubt, a friend of the scribbler they refer to:—

"In verse most stale, unprofitable, flat—
Come, let us change the scene, and 'glean' with Pratt;
In him an author's luckless lot behold,
Condemn'd to make the books which once he sold:
Degraded man! again resume thy trade—
The votaries of the Muse are ill repaid,
Though daily puffs once more invite to buy
A new edition of thy 'Sympathy.'"

To which this note was appended:—"Mr. Pratt, once a Bath bookseller, now a London author, has written as much, to as little purpose, as any of his scribbling contemporaries. Mr. P.'s "Sympathy" is in rhyme; but his prose productions are the most voluminous." The more popular of these last were entitled "Gleanings."]

⁵ See Bowles's "Sonnet to Oxford," and "Stanzas on hearing the Bells of Ostend."

⁶ "Awake a louder," &c. is the first line in Bowles's

And art thou not their prince, harmonious Bowles!
Thou first, great oracle of tender souls?
Whether thou sing'st with equal ease, and grief,
The fall of empires, or a yellow leaf;
Whether thy muse most lamentably tells
What merry sounds proceed from Oxford bells,⁵
Or, still in bells delighting, finds a friend
In every chime that jingled from Ostend;
Ah! how much juster were thy muse's hap,
If to thy bells thou wouldst but add a cap!
Delightful Bowles! still blessing and still blest,
All love thy strain, but children like it best.
'Tis thine, with gentle Little's moral song,
To soothe the mania of the amorous throng!
With thee our nursery damsels shed their tears,
Ere miss as yet completes her infant years:
But in her teens thy whining powers are vain;
She quits poor Bowles for Little's purer strain.⁶
Now to soft themes thou scornest to confine
The lofty numbers of a harp like thine;
"Awake a louder and a loftier strain,"
Such as none heard before, or will again!
Where all Discoveries jumbled from the flood,
Since first the leaky ark reposed in mud,
By more or less, are sung in every book,
From Captain Noah down to Captain Cook.
Nor this alone; but, pausing on the road,
The bard sighs forth a gentle episode;⁷
And gravely tells—attend, each beautiful miss!
When first Madeira trembled to a kiss.
Bowles! in thy memory let this precept dwell.
Stick to thy sonnets, man!—at least they sell.⁸

"Spirit of Discovery;" a very spirited and pretty dwarf-epic. Among other exquisite lines we have the following:—

"A kiss
Stole on the list'ning silence, never yet
Here heard; they trembled even as if the power," &c. &c.

That is, the woods of Madeira trembled to a kiss; very much astonished, as well they might be, at such a phenomenon.—[Misquoted and misunderstood by me; but not intentionally. It was not the 'woods,' but the people in them who trembled—why, Heaven only knows—unless they were overheard making the prodigious smack."—Byron, 1816.]

⁷ The episode above alluded to is the story of "Robert a Machin" and "Anna d'Arfet," a pair of constant lovers, who performed the kiss above mentioned, that startled the woods of Madeira.

⁸ ["Although," says Lord Byron, in 1821, "I regret having published 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' the part which I regret the least is that which regards Mr. Bowles, with reference to Pope. Whilst I was writing that publication, in 1807 and 1808, Mr. Hobhouse was desirous that I should express our mutual opinion of Pope, and of Mr. Bowles's edition of his works. As I had completed my outline, and felt lazy, I requested that he would do so. He did it. His fourteen lines on Bowles's Pope are in the first edition of 'English Bards,' and are quite as severe, and much more poetical, than my own in the second. On reprinting the work, as I put my name to it, I omitted Mr. Hobhouse's lines, by which the work gained less than Mr. Bowles."—The following are the lines written by Mr. Hobhouse:—

"Stick to thy sonnets, man!—at least they sell.
Or take the only path that open lies
For modern worthies who would hope to rise:
Fix on some well-known name, and, bit by bit,
Pare off the merits of his worth and wit;
On each alike employ the critic's knife,
And when a comment fails, prefix a life;
Hint certain failings, faults before unknown,
Review forgotten lies, and add your own;
Let no disease, let no misfortune 'scape,
And print, if luckily deform'd, his shape:
Thus shall the world, quite undeceived at last,
Cleave to their present wits, and quit their past;
Bards once revered no more with favour view,
But give their modern sonneteers their due;
Thus with the dead may living merit cope,
Thus Bowles may triumph o'er the shade of Pope."]

But if some new-born whim, or larger bribe,
Prompt thy crude brain, and claim thee for a scribe;
If chance some bard, though once by dunces fear'd,
Now, prone in dust, can only be revered;
If Pope, whose fame and genius, from the first,
Have foil'd the best of critics, needs the worst,
Do thou essay: each fault, each falling scan;
The first of poets was, alas! but man.
Rake from each ancient dunghill ev'ry pearl,
Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in Curl;¹
Let all the scandals of a former age
Perch on thy pen, and flutter o'er thy page;
Affect a candour which thou canst not feel,
Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal;
Write, as if St. John's soul could still inspire,
And do from hate what Mallet² did for hire.
Oh! hadst thou lived in that congenial time,
To rave with Dennis, and with Ralph to rhyme;³
Throng'd with the rest around his living head,
Not raised thy hoof against the lion dead;⁴
A meet reward had crown'd thy glorious gains,
And link'd thee to the Dunciad for thy pains.⁵

Another epic! Who inflicts again
More books of blank upon the sons of men?
Bœotian Cottle, rich Bristowa's boast,
Imports old stories from the Cambrian coast,
And sends his goods to market—all alive!
Lines forty thousand, cantos twenty-five!
Fresh fish from Helicon⁶! who'll buy? who'll buy?
The precious bargain's cheap—in faith, not I.
Your turtle-feeder's verse must needs be flat,
Though Bristol bloat him with the verdant fat;
If Commerce fills the purse, she clogs the brain,
And Amos Cottle strikes the lyre in vain.
In him an author's luckless lot behold,
Condemn'd to make the books which once he sold.
Oh, Amos Cottle!—Phœbus! what a name,
To fill the speaking trump of future fame!—

¹ Curl is one of the heroes of the Dunciad, and was a book-seller. Lord Fanny is the poetical name of Lord Hervey, author of "Lines to the Imitator of Horace."

² Lord Bolingbroke hired Mallet to traduce Pope after his decease, because the poet had retained some copies of a work by Lord Bolingbroke—"the Patriot King,"—which that splendid but malignant genius had ordered to be destroyed.—[Bolingbroke's thirst of vengeance," says Dr. Johnson, "incited him to blast the memory of the man over whom he had wept in his last struggles; and he employed Mallet, another friend of Pope, to tell the tale to the public, with all its aggravations."]

³ Dennis the critic, and Ralph the rhymester.—

"Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
Making night hideous: answer him, ye owls!"—

Dunciad.

⁴ See Bowles's late edition of Pope's Works, for which he received three hundred pounds. Thus Mr. B. has experienced how much easier it is to profit by the reputation of another than to elevate his own.

⁵ [Lord Byron's MS. note of 1816 on this passage is,— "Too savage all this on Bowles: and well might he say so. That venerable person is still living; and in spite of all the criticisms to which his injudicious edition of Pope exposed him afterwards, there can be no doubt that Lord B., in his calmer moments, did justice to that exquisite poetical genius which, by their own confession, originally inspired both Wordsworth and Coleridge.]

⁶ "Fresh fish from Helicon!"—"Helicon" is a mountain, and not a fish-pond. It should have been "Hippocrene."—Byron, 1816.]

⁷ Mr. Cottle, Amos, Joseph, I don't know which, but one or both, once sellers of books they did not write, and now writers of books they do not sell, have published a pair of epics. "Alfred,"—(poor Alfred! Pye has been at him too!)—"Alfred," and the "Fall of Cambria:"

⁸ [Here Lord B. notes in 1816:—"All right. I saw some

Oh, Amos Cottle! for a moment think
What meagre profits spring from pen and ink!
When thus devoted to poetic dreams,
Who will peruse thy prostituted reams?
Oh pen perverted! paper misapplied!
Had Cottle⁷ still adorn'd the counter's side,
Bent o'er the desk, or, born to useful toils,
Been taught to make the paper which he soils,
Plough'd, delved, or plied the oar with lusty limb,
He had not sung of Wales, nor I of him.⁸

As Sisyphus against the infernal steep
Rolls the huge rock whose motions ne'er may sleep,
So up thy hill, ambrosial Richmond, heaves
Dull Maurice⁹ all his granite weight of leaves:
Smooth, solid monuments of mental pain!
The petrifications of a plodding brain,
That ere they reach the top, fall lumbering back

With broken lyre, and cheek serenely pale,
Lo! sad Alcaeus wanders down the vale;
Though fair they rose, and might have bloom'd at last,
His hopes have perish'd by the northern blast:
Nipp'd in the bud by Caledonian gales,
His blossoms wither as the blast prevails!
O'er his lost works let classic Sheffield weep;
May no rude hand disturb their early sleep!¹⁰

Yet say! why should the bard at once resign
His claim to favour from the sacred Nine?
For ever startled by the mingled howl
Of northern wolves, that still in darkness prow!;
A coward brood, which mangle as they prey,
By hellish instinct, all that cross their way;
Aged or young, the living or the dead,
No mercy find—these harpies¹¹ must be fed.
Why do the injured unresisting yield
The calm possession of their native field?
Why tamely thus before their fangs retreat,
Nor hunt the bloodhounds back to Arthur's Seat?¹²

letters of this fellow (Joseph Cottle) to an unfortunate poetess, whose productions, which the poor woman by no means thought vainly of, he attacked so roughly and bitterly, that I could hardly resist assailing him, even were it unjust, which it is not—for verily he is an ass."—B. 1816.—The same person has had the honour to be recorded in the Antijacobin, probably by Canning:—

"And Cottle, not he who that Alfred made famous,
But Joseph, of Bristol, the brother of Amos."]

⁹ Mr. Maurice hath manufactured the component parts of a ponderous quarto, upon the beauties of "Richmond Hill," and the like:—it also takes in a charming view of Turnham Green, Hammersmith, Brentford, Old and New, and the parts adjacent.—[The Rev. Thomas Maurice also wrote "Westminster Abbey," and other poems, the "History of Ancient and Modern Hindostan," &c., and his own "Memoirs; comprehending Anecdotes of Literary Characters, during a period of thirty years."—a very amusing piece of autobiography. He died in 1824, at his apartments in the British Museum; where he had been for some years assistant keeper of MSS.]

¹⁰ Poor Montgomery, though praised by every English Reviewer, has been bitterly reviled by the Edinburgh. After all, the bard of Sheffield is a man of considerable genius. His "Wanderer of Switzerland" is worth a thousand "Lyrical Ballads," and at least fifty "degraded epics."

¹¹ [In a MS. critique on this satire, by the late Reverend William Crowe, public orator at Oxford, the incongruity of these metaphors is thus noticed:—"Within the space of three or four couplets he transforms a man into as many different animals: allow him but the compass of three lines, and he will metamorphose him from a wolf into a harpy, and in three more he will make him a blood-hound." On seeing Mr. Crowe's remarks, Lord Byron desired Mr. Murray to substitute, in the copy in his possession, for "hellish instinct," "brutal instinct," for "harpies" "fjclons," and for "blood-hounds," "hell-hounds."]

¹² Arthur's Seat; the hill which overhangs Edinburgh.