

Health to immortal Jeffrey! once, in name,  
England could boast a judge almost the same;  
In soul so like, so merciful, yet just,  
Some think that Satan has resign'd his trust,  
And given the spirit to the world again,  
To sentence letters, as he sentenced men.  
With hand less mighty, but with heart as black,  
With voice as willing to decree the rack:  
Bred in the courts betimes, though all that law  
As yet hath taught him is to find a flaw;  
Since well instructed in the patriot school  
To rail at party, though a party tool,  
Who knows, if chance his patrons should restore  
Back to the sway they forfeited before,  
His scribbling toils some recompense may meet,  
And raise this Daniel to the judgment-seat?<sup>2</sup>  
Let Jeffrey's shade indulge the pious hope,  
And greeting thus, present him with a rope:  
"Heir to my virtues! man of equal mind!  
Skill'd to condemn as to traduce mankind,  
This cord receive, for thee reserved with care,  
To wield in judgment, and at length to wear."

Health to great Jeffrey! Heaven preserve his life  
To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,  
And guard it sacred in its future wars,  
Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars!  
Can none remember that eventful day,<sup>3</sup>  
That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,  
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,  
And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by?<sup>4</sup>  
Oh, day disastrous! On her firm-set rock,  
Dunedin's castle felt a secret shock;  
Dark roll'd the sympathetic waves of Forth,  
Low groan'd the startled whirlwinds of the north;  
Tweed ruffled half his waves to form a tear,  
The other half pursued its calm career;<sup>5</sup>  
Arthur's steep summit nodded to its base,  
The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place.

<sup>1</sup> [Mr. Jeffrey, who, after the first Number or two, succeeded the Rev. Sydney Smith in the editorship of the Edinburgh Review, retired from his critical post some little time before he was appointed Lord Advocate for Scotland: he is now (1836) a Lord of Session. "I have often, since my return to England," says Lord Byron, (*Diary*, 1814), "heard Jeffrey most highly commended by those who knew him, for things independent of his talents. I admire him for *this*—not because he has praised me, but because he is, perhaps, the only man who, under the relations in which he and I stand, or stood, with regard to each other, would have had the liberality to act thus: none but a great soul dared hazard it—a little scribbler would have gone on cavilling to the end of the chapter."]

<sup>2</sup> ["Too ferocious—this is mere insanity."—B. 1816.]

<sup>3</sup> ["All this is bad, because personal."—B. 1816.]

<sup>4</sup> In 1806, Messrs. Jeffrey and Moore met at Chalk-Farm. The duel was prevented by the interference of the magistracy; and, on examination, the balls of the pistols were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much wagery in the daily prints. [The above note was struck out of the fifth edition, and the following, after being submitted to Mr. Moore, substituted in its place:—"I am informed that Mr. Moore published at the time a disavowal of the statements in the newspapers, as far as regarded himself; and, in justice to him, I mention this circumstance. As I never heard of it before, I cannot state the particulars, and was only made acquainted with the fact very lately.—November 4. 1811.]

<sup>5</sup> The Tweed here behaved with proper decorum; it would have been highly reprehensible in the English half of the river to have shown the smallest symptom of apprehension.

<sup>6</sup> This display of sympathy on the part of the Tolbooth (the principal prison in Edinburgh), which truly seems to have been most affected on this occasion, is much to be commended. It was to be apprehended, that the many unhappy

The Tolbooth felt—for marble sometimes can,  
On such occasions, feel as much as man—  
The Tolbooth felt defrauded of his charms,  
If Jeffrey died, except within her arms:<sup>6</sup>  
Nay last, not least, on that portentous morn,  
The sixteenth story, where himself was born,  
His patrimonial garret, fell to ground,  
And pale Edina shudder'd at the sound:  
Strew'd were the streets around with milk-white  
reams,

Flow'd all the Canongate with inky streams;  
This of his candour seem'd the sable dew,  
That of his valour show'd the bloodless hue;  
And all with justice deem'd the two combined  
The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.  
But Caledonia's goddess hover'd o'er  
The field, and saved him from the wrath of Moore;  
From either pistol snatch'd the vengeful lead,  
And straight restored it to her favourite's head;  
That head, with greater than magnetic pow'r,  
Caught it, as Danaë caught the golden show'r,  
And, though the thickening dross will scarce refine,  
Augments its ore, and is itself a mine.  
"My son," she cried, "ne'er thirst for gore again,  
Resign the pistol, and resume the pen;  
O'er politics and poesy preside,  
Boast of thy country, and Britannia's guide!  
For long as Albion's heedless sons submit,  
Or Scottish taste decides on English wit,  
So long shall last thine unmolested reign,  
Nor any dare to take thy name in vain.  
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 travell'd thane, Athenian Aberdeen.<sup>7</sup>  
Herbert shall wield Thor's hammer<sup>8</sup>, and sometimes,  
In gratitude, thou'lt praise his rugged rhymes,  
Smug Sydney<sup>9</sup> too thy bitter page shall seek,  
And classic Hallam<sup>10</sup>, much renown'd for Greek;

criminals executed in the front might have rendered the edifice more callous. She is said to be of the softer sex, because her delicacy of feeling on this day was truly feminine, though, like most feminine impulses, perhaps a little selfish.

<sup>7</sup> His lordship has been much abroad, is a member of the Athenian Society, and reviewer of "Gell's Topography of Troy."—[George Hamilton Gordon, fourth Earl of Aberdeen, K.T., F.R.S., and P.S.A. In 1822, his lordship published an "Inquiry into the Principles of Beauty in Grecian Architecture."]

<sup>8</sup> 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."

[The Hon. William Herbert, brother to the Earl of Carnarvon. He also published, in 1811, "Helga," a poem in seven cantos.]

<sup>9</sup> The Rev. Sydney Smith, the reputed author of Peter Plymley's Letters, and sundry criticisms.—[Now (1836) one of the Canons Residentiary of St. Pauls, &c. "Dyson's Address to his Constituents on the Reform Bill," and many other pieces published anonymously or pseudonomously, are generally ascribed to this eminently witty person, who has put forth nothing, it is believed, in his own name, except a volume of Sermons.]

<sup>10</sup> 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.—[Note added to second edition.—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

Scott may perchance his name and influence lend,  
And paltry Pillans<sup>1</sup> shall traduce his friend;  
While gay Thalia's luckless votary, Lambe,<sup>2</sup>  
Damn'd 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.  
Yet mark one caution ere thy next Review  
Spread its light wings of saffron and of blue,  
Beware lest blundering Brougham<sup>3</sup> destroy the sale,  
Turn beef to bannocks, cauliflowers to kail."  
Thus having said, the kilted goddess kist  
Her son, and vanish'd in a Scottish mist.<sup>4</sup>

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;  
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.<sup>5</sup>  
Lo! blushing Itch, coy nymph, enamour'd grown,  
Forsakes the rest, and cleaves to thee alone:  
And, too unjust to other Pictish men,  
Enjoys thy person, and inspires thy pen!<sup>6</sup>

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.—[It cannot be necessary to vindicate the great author of the "Middle Ages" and the "Constitutional History of England" from the insinuations of the juvenile poet.]

<sup>1</sup> Pillans is a tutor at Eton.—[Mr. Pillans became afterwards Rector of the High School of Edinburgh, and has now been for some years Professor of Humanity in that University. There was not, it is believed, the slightest foundation for the charge in the text.]

<sup>2</sup> The Hon. George Lambe reviewed "Beresford's Misceries," 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."—[Mr. Lambe was, in 1818, the successful candidate for the representation of Westminster, in opposition to Mr. Hobhouse; who, however, defeated him in the following year. In 1821, Mr. Lambe published a translation of Catullus. In 1832, he was appointed Under Secretary of State for the Home Department, his chief being his brother, Lord Melbourne. He died in 1833.]

<sup>3</sup> 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 burghesses 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 Lord B. 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."]

<sup>4</sup> 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 such genius to be found from Blackmanan 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 any thing heavenly.

<sup>5</sup> See the colour of the back binding of the Edinburgh Review.

Illustrious Holland! hard would be his lot,  
His hirelings mention'd, and himself forgot!<sup>7</sup>  
Holland, with Henry Petty<sup>8</sup> at his back,  
The whipper-in and huntsman of the pack.  
Blest be the banquets spread at Holland House,<sup>9</sup>  
Where Scotchmen feed, and critics may carouse!  
Long, long beneath that hospitable roof  
Shall Grub-street dine, while duns are kept aloof.  
See honest Hallam 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 translate!<sup>10</sup>  
Dunedin! view thy children with delight,  
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.<sup>11</sup>

Now to the Drama turn—Oh! motley sight!  
What precious scenes the wondering eyes invite!  
Puns, and a prince within a barrel pent,<sup>12</sup>  
And Dibdin's nonsense yield complete content.  
Though now, thank Heaven! the Rosciomania's o'er,  
And full-grown actors are endured once more;

<sup>6</sup> [In the tenth canto of Don Juan, Lord Byron pays the following pretty compliment to his quondam antagonist:—

"And all our little feuds—at least all mine—  
Dear Jeffrey, once my most redoubted foe,  
(As far as rhyme and criticism combine  
To make such puppets of us things below.)  
Are over: here's a health to 'Auld Lang Syne';  
I do not know you, and may never know  
Your face—but you have acted on the whole  
Most nobly, and I own it from my soul."

<sup>7</sup> ["Bad enough, and on mistaken grounds too."—B. 1816.]

<sup>8</sup> [Lord Henry Petty;—now (1836) Marquess of Lansdowne.]

<sup>9</sup> [In 1813, Lord Byron dedicated the *Bride of Abydos* to Lord Holland; and we find in his *Journal* (Nov. 17th) this passage:—"I have had a most kind letter from Lord Holland on the *Bride of Abydos*, which he likes, and so does Lady H. This is very good-natured in both, from whom I don't deserve any quarter. Yet I did think at the time, that my cause of emphy proceeded from Holland House, and am glad I was wrong, and wish I had not been in such a hurry with that confounded *Satire*, of which I would suppress even the memory; but people, now they can't get it, make a fuss, I verily believe out of contradiction."]

<sup>10</sup> Lord Holland has translated some specimens of Lope de Vega, inserted in his life of the author. Both are bepraised by his *disinterested* guests.—[We are not aware that Lord Holland has subsequently published any verses, except an universally admired version of the 28th canto of the *Orlando Furioso*, which is given by way of appendix to one of Mr. W. Stewart Rose's volumes.]

<sup>11</sup> 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.

<sup>12</sup> In the melo-drama of *Tekeli*, that heroic prince is clapt into a barrel on the stage; a new asylum for distressed heroes.—[In the original MS. the note stands thus:—"In the melo-drama of *Tekeli*, that heroic prince is clapt into a barrel on the stage, and Count Evrard in the fortress hides himself in a green-house built expressly for the occasion. 'T is a pity that Theodore Hook, who is really a man of talent, should confine his genius to such paltry productions as the 'Fortress,' 'Music Mad,' &c. &c."—This extraordinary humourist, who was a mere boy at the date of Lord Byron's satire, has since distinguished himself by works more worthy of his abilities—nine volumes of highly popular novels, entitled "Sayings and Doings"—"Gilbert Gurney"—a world of political *jeux d'esprit*, &c. &c.]

Yet what avail their vain attempts to please,  
While British critics suffer scenes like these;  
While Reynolds vents his "dammes!" "poohs!" and  
"zounds!"<sup>1</sup>

And common-place and common sense confounds?  
While Kenney's "World"—ah! where is Kenney's  
wit?—

Tires the sad gallery, lulls the listless pit;  
And Beaumont's pilfer'd Caratach affords  
A tragedy complete in all but words?<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>4</sup>! Cumberland<sup>5</sup>, awake!  
Ring the alarum bell! let folly quake!

Oh, Sheridan! if aught can move thy pen,  
Let Comedy assume her throne again;  
Abjure the mummery of the German schools;

Leave new Pizarros to translating fools;  
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 dukes to tread?<sup>6</sup>

On those shall Farce display Buffoonry's mask,  
And Hook conceal his heroes in a cask?  
Shall sapient managers new scenes produce  
From Cherry, Skeffington, and Mother Goose?

While Shakspeare, Otway, Massinger, forgot,  
On stalls must moulder, or in closets rot?  
Lo! with what pomp the daily prints proclaim  
The rival candidates for Attic fame!

In grim array though Lewis' spectres rise,  
Still Skeffington and Goose divide the prize.<sup>7</sup>

And sure *great* Skeffington must claim our praise,  
For skirtless coats and skeletons of plays  
Renown'd alike; whose genius ne'er confines  
Her flight to garnish Greenwood's gay designs;<sup>8</sup>

Nor sleeps with "Sleeping Beauties," but anon  
In five facetious acts comes thundering on,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> All these are favourite expressions of Mr. Reynolds, and prominent in his comedies, living and defunct.—[The reader is referred to Mr. Reynolds's Autobiography, published in 1826, for a full account of his voluminous writings for the stage.]

<sup>2</sup> [Mr. Kenney has since written many successful dramas.]

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Thomas Sheridan, the new manager of Drury Lane theatre, stripped the tragedy of Bonduca of the dialogue, and exhibited the scenes as the spectacle of Caractacus. Was this worthy of his sire? or of himself?—[Thomas Sheridan, who united much of the convivial wit of his parent to many amiable qualities, received, after the termination of his theatrical management, the appointment of colonial paymaster at the Cape of Good Hope, where he died in September, 1817, leaving a widow, whose novel of "Carwell" has obtained much approbation, and several children; among others, the accomplished authoress of "Rosalie" and other poems, now the Honourable Mrs. Norton.]

<sup>4</sup> [Lord Byron entertained a high opinion of George Colman's convivial powers.—"If I had," he says, "to choose, and could not have both at a time, I should say, 'Let me begin the evening with Sheridan, and finish it with Colman.' Sheridan for dinner, and Colman for supper; Sheridan for claret or port, but Colman for every thing. Sheridan was a grenadier company of life-guards, but Colman a whole regiment—of *light infantry*, to be sure, but still a regiment. Mr. Colman died in October, 1836."]

<sup>5</sup> [Richard Cumberland, the well-known author of the "West Indian," the "Observer," and one of the most interesting of autobiographies, died in 1811.]

<sup>6</sup> [In all editions previous to the fifth, it was, "Kemble lives to tread." Lord Byron used to say, that, "of actors, Cooke was the most natural, Kemble the most supernatural, Kean the medium between the two; but that Mrs. Siddons was worth them all put together." Such effect, however, had Kean's acting on his mind, that once, on seeing him play Sir

While poor John Bull, bewilder'd 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?  
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,<sup>10</sup>  
Since their own drama yields no fairer trace  
Of wit than puns, of humour than grimace.<sup>11</sup>

Then let Ausonia, skill'd in every art  
To soften manners, but corrupt the heart,  
Pour her exotic follies o'er the town,  
To sanction Vice, and hunt Decorum down:  
Let wedded strumpets languish o'er Deshayes,  
And bless the promise which his form displays;  
While Gayton bounds before th'enraptured looks  
Of hoary marquises and stripling dukes:  
Let high-born lechers eye the lively Prêslé  
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  
through!

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!<sup>12</sup>

Giles Overreach, he was seized with a sort of convulsive fit. John Kemble died in 1823,—his illustrious sister in 1830.]

<sup>7</sup> [Dibdin's pantomime of Mother Goose had a run of nearly a hundred nights, and brought more than twenty thousand pounds to the treasury of Covent Garden theatre.]

<sup>8</sup> Mr. Greenwood is, we believe, scene-painter to Drury-lane theatre—as such, Mr. Skeffington is much indebted to him.

<sup>9</sup> 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.

<sup>10</sup> 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.

<sup>11</sup> [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, with a request to have them placed where they now appear.]

<sup>12</sup> 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 back-gammon.\* 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 blest or cursed with such connections, to hear

\* [True. It was Billy Way who lost the money. I knew him, and was a subscriber to the Argyle at the time of the event.—Byron, 1816.]

Where yon proud palace, Fashion's hallow'd fane,  
Spreads wide her portals for the motley train,  
Behold the new Petronius<sup>1</sup> 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;  
Champaign, dice, music, or your neighbour's spouse.  
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."  
When for the night some lately titled ass  
Appears the beggar which his grandsire was.  
The curtain dropp'd, 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;  
The first in lengthen'd line majestic swim,  
The last display the free unfetter'd 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:  
There the blithe youngster, just return'd 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,  
Here's Powell's pistol ready for your life,  
And, kinder still, two Pagets for your wife;<sup>2</sup>  
Fit consummation of an earthly race,  
Begun in folly, ended in disgrace;  
While none but menials o'er the bed of death,  
Wash thy red wounds, or watch thy wavering breath;

the billiard-tables 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.—[Conceiving the foregoing note, together with the lines in the text, to convey a reflection upon his conduct, as manager of the Argyle institution, Colonel Greville demanded an explanation of Lord Byron. The matter was referred to Mr. Leckie (the author of a work on Sicilian affairs) on the part of Colonel Greville, and to Mr. Moore on the part of Lord Byron; by whom it was amicably settled.]

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

<sup>2</sup> [The original reading was, "a Paget for your wife."]

<sup>3</sup> 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.—[Lord Falkland was killed in a duel by Mr. Powell, in 1809. It was not by words only that Lord

Traded by liars, and forgot by all,  
The mangled victim of a drunken brawl,  
To live like Clodius, and like Falkland fall.<sup>3</sup>

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 skill'd to know the right and choose the wrong,  
Freed at that age when reason's shield is lost,  
To fight my course through passion's countless host,<sup>4</sup>  
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;  
Although some kind, censorious friend will say,  
"What art thou better, meddling fool<sup>5</sup>, than they?"  
And every brother rake will smile to see  
That miracle, a moralist in me.  
No matter—when some bard in virtue strong,  
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 sillv Hafiz up to simple Bowles,<sup>6</sup>  
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  
To scrawl in verse) from Bond-street or the Square?  
If things of ton their harmless lays indite,  
Most wisely doom'd to shun the public sight,  
What harm? In spite of every critic elf,  
Sir T. may read his stanzas to himself;  
Miles Andrews<sup>7</sup> 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.  
Yet, did or taste or reason sway the times,  
Ah! who would take their titles with their rhymes?<sup>8</sup>  
Roscommon! Sheffield! with your spirits fled,  
No future laurels deck a noble head;  
No muse will cheer, with renovating smile,  
The paralytic puling of Carlisle.<sup>9</sup>

Byron gave proof of sympathy on the melancholy occasion. Though his own difficulties pressed on him at the time, he contrived to administer relief to the widow and children of his friend.]

<sup>4</sup> ["Yes: and a precious chase they led me."—B. 1816.]

<sup>5</sup> ["Fool enough, certainly, then, and no wiser since."—B. 1816.]

<sup>6</sup> 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?

<sup>7</sup> [Miles Peter Andrews, many years M.P. for Bewdley, Colonel of the Prince of Wales's Volunteers, proprietor of a gunpowder manufactory at Dartford, author of numerous prologues, epilogues, and farces, and one of the heroes of the Baviad. He died in 1814.]

<sup>8</sup> [In the original manuscript we find these lines:—

"In these, our times, with daily wonders big,  
A letter'd 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."]

<sup>9</sup> [On being told that it was believed he alluded to Lord Carlisle's nervous disorder in this line, Lord Byron exclaimed,—"I thank heaven I did not know it; and would not, could

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?  
What heterogeneous honours deck the peer!  
Lord, rhymester, petit-maitre, pamphleteer!<sup>1</sup>  
So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age,  
His scenes alone had damn'd our sinking stage;  
But managers for once cried, "Hold, enough!"  
Nor drugg'd their audience with the tragic stuff.  
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<sup>2</sup> on those recreant lines.<sup>3</sup>

With you, ye Druids! rich in native lead,  
Who daily scribble for your daily bread;  
With you I war not: Gifford's heavy hand  
Has crush'd, without remorse, your numerous band.  
On "all the talents" vent your venal spleen;  
Want is your plea, let pity be your screen.  
Let monodies on Fox regale your crew,  
And Melville's Mantle<sup>4</sup> prove a blanket too!  
One common Lethe waits each hapless bard,  
And, peace be with you! 'tis your best reward.  
Such damning fame as Dunciads only give  
Could bid your lines beyond a morning live;

not, if I had. I must naturally be the last person to be pointed on defects or maladies."]

<sup>1</sup> 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 any thing for the stage—except his own tragedies.

<sup>2</sup> "Doff that lion's hide,  
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs."  
*Shak. 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."

<sup>3</sup> ["Wrong also—the provocation was not sufficient to justify the acerbité."—B. 1816.]—[Lord Byron greatly regretted the sarcasms he had published against his noble relation, under the mistaken impression that Lord Carlisle had intentionally slighted him. In a letter to Mr. Rogers, written in 1814, he asks,—"Is there any chance or possibility of making it up with Lord Carlisle, as I feel disposed to do any thing reasonable or unreasonable to effect it." And in the third canto of *Childe Harold*, he thus adverts to the fate of the Hon. Frederick Howard, Lord Carlisle's youngest son, one of those who fell gloriously at Waterloo:—

"Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine;  
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,  
Partly because they blend me with his line,  
And partly that I did his *Sire* some wrong,  
And partly that bright names will hallow song;  
And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd  
The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files along,  
Even where the thickest of war's tempest lower'd,  
They reach'd no nobler breast than thine, young, gallant  
Howard!"

In the following extracts from two unpublished letters, written when Lord B. was at Harrow, may possibly be traced the origin of his conduct towards his guardian:—"Nov. 11, 1804. You mistake me if you think I dislike Lord Carlisle. I respect him, and might like him did I know him better. For him *my mother* has an antipathy—why, I know not. I am afraid he could be but of little use to me; but I dare say he would assist me if he could; so I take the will for the deed, and am obliged to him, exactly in the same manner as if he succeeded in his efforts."—"Nov. 21, 1804. To Lord Carlisle make my warmest acknowledgments. I feel more gratitude than I can well express. I am truly obliged to him for his endeavours, and am perfectly satisfied with your explanation of his reserve, though I was hitherto afraid it might proceed from personal dislike. For the future, I shall consider him as more my friend than I have hitherto been taught to think."]

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.<sup>5</sup>  
Though Cruseca's bards no more our journals fill,  
Some stragglers skirmish round the columns still;  
Last of the howling host which once was Bell's,  
Matilda snivels yet, and Hafiz yells;  
And Merry's metaphors appear anew,  
Chain'd to the signature of O. P. Q.<sup>6</sup>

When some brisk youth, the tenant of a stall,<sup>7</sup>  
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!<sup>8</sup>  
If chance some wicked wag should pass his jest,  
Tis sheer ill-nature—don't the world know best?  
Genius must guide when wits admire the rhyme,  
And Capel Lofft<sup>9</sup> declares 'tis quite sublime.  
Hear, then, ye happy sons of needless trade!  
Swains! quit the plough, resign the useless spade!  
Lo! Burns<sup>10</sup> and Bloomfield, nay, a greater far,  
Gifford was born beneath an adverse star,

<sup>4</sup> "Melville's Mantle," a parody on "Elijah's Mantle," a poem.

<sup>5</sup> This lovely little Jessica, the daughter of the noted Jew King, seems to be a follower of the Della Cruseca school, and has published two volumes of very respectable absurdities in rhyme, as times 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.]

<sup>6</sup> These are the signatures of various worthies who figure in the poetical departments of the newspapers.

<sup>7</sup> [Joseph Blackett, the shoemaker. He died at Seaham, in 1810. His poems were afterwards collected by Pratt; and, oddly enough, his principal patroness was Miss Milbank, then a perfect stranger to Lord Byron. In a letter written to Dallas, on board the *Volage* frigate, at sea, in June, 1811, he says,—"I see that yours and Pratt's protégé, Blackett the cobbler, is dead, in spite of his rhymes, and is probably one of the instances where death has saved a man from damnation. You were the ruin of that poor fellow amongst you: had it not been for his patrons, he might now have been in very good plight, shoe (not verse-) making; but you have made him immortal with a vengeance: who would think that any body would be such a blockhead as to sin against an express proverb,—'Ne sutor ultra crepidam!'"

But spare him, ye Critics, his follies are past,  
For the Cobbler is come, as he ought, to his last."

Which two lines, with a *scrub* under *last* to show where the joke lies, I beg that you will prevail on Miss Milbank to have inserted on the tomb of her departed Blackett."]

<sup>8</sup> ["This was meant for poor Blackett, who was then patronized by A. J. B." (Lady Byron); "but that I did not know, or this would not have been written, at least I think not."—B. 1816.]

<sup>9</sup> Capel 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 forth.—[The poet Bloomfield owed his first celebrity to the notice of Capel Lofft and Thomas Hill, Esquires, who read his "Farmer's Boy," in manuscript, recommended it to a publisher, and by their influence in society and literature, soon drew general attention to its merits. It is distressing to remember that, after all that had been done by the zeal of a few friends, the public sympathy did not rest permanently on the amiable Bloomfield, who died in extreme poverty in 1823.]

<sup>10</sup> ["Read Burns to-day. What would he have been if a patrician? We should have had more polish—less force—just as much verse, but no immortality—a divorce and a duel or two, the which had he survived, as his potations must have been less spirituous, he might have lived as long as Sheridan, and outlived as much as poor Brinsley."—*Byron Journal*, 1813.]

Forsook the labours of a servile state,  
Stemm'd the rude storm, and triumph'd over fate:  
Then why no more? if Phœbus smiled on you,  
Bloomfield! why not on brother Nathan too?<sup>1</sup>  
Him too the mania, not the muse, has seized;  
Not inspiration, but a mind diseas'd:  
And now no boor can seek his last abode,  
No common be enclosed without an ode.  
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,  
Compose at once a slipper and a song;  
So shall the fair your handywork peruse,  
Your sonnets sure shall please—perhaps your shoes.  
May Moorland weavers<sup>2</sup> 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!<sup>3</sup> give thy talents scope;  
Who dares aspire is thou must cease to hope?  
And thou, melodious Rogers<sup>4</sup>! rise at last,  
Recall the pleasing memory of the past;  
Arise! let blest remembrance still inspire,  
And strike to wonted tones thy hallow'd lyre;

<sup>1</sup> See Nathaniel Bloomfield's ode, elegy, or whatever he or any one else chooses to call it, on the enclosure of "Honing-ton Green."

<sup>2</sup> Vide "Recollections of a Weaver in the Moorlands of Staffordshire."

<sup>3</sup> 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 postasters have started up, that even the names of Campbell and Rogers are become strange.—[Beneath this note Lord Byron scribbled, in 1816,—

"Pretty Miss Jacqueline  
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."]

<sup>4</sup> ["I have been reading," says Lord Byron, 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."]

<sup>5</sup> "Rogers has not fulfilled the promise of his first poems, but has still very great merit."—B. 1816.]

<sup>6</sup> Gifford, author of the *Baviad* and *Mæviad*, the first satires of the day, and translator of Juvenal.—[The opinion of Mr. Gifford had always great weight with Lord Byron. "Any suggestion of yours," he says in a letter written in 1813, "even were it conveyed in the less tender shape of the text of the *Baviad*, or a *Monk* Mason note in *Massinger*, would be obeyed." A few weeks before his death, on hearing from England of a report that he had written a satire on Mr. Gifford, he wrote instantly to Mr. Murray:—"Whoever asserts that I am the author or abettor of any thing of the kind, lies in his throat. It is not true that I ever *did, will, would, could, or should* write a satire against Gifford, or a hair of his head. I always considered him as my literary father, and myself as his 'prodigal' son; and if I have allowed his 'fatted calf' to grow to an ox before he kills it on my return, it is only because I prefer beef to veal."]

<sup>7</sup> Sotheby, translator of *Wieland's Oberon* and *Virgil's Georgics*, and author of "Saul," an epic poem.—[Mr. Sotheby afterwards essentially raised his reputation by various original poems, and a translation of the *Iliad*. He died in 1834.]

<sup>8</sup> Macneil, whose poems are deservedly popular, particularly "Scotland's Scath," and the "Waes of War," of which

Restore Apollo to his vacant throne,  
Assert thy country's honour and thine own.<sup>5</sup>  
What! must deserted Poesy still weep  
Where her last hopes with pious Cowper sleep?  
Unless, perchance, from his cold bier she turns,  
To deck the turf that wraps her minstrel, Burns!  
No! though contempt hath mark'd 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<sup>6</sup>, Sotheby<sup>7</sup>, Macneil.<sup>8</sup>

"Why slumbers Gifford?" once was ask'd in vain;<sup>9</sup>  
Why slumbers Gifford? let us ask again.  
Are there no follies for his pen to purge?<sup>10</sup>  
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 claim'd,  
Make bad men better, or at least ashamed.

Unhappy White<sup>11</sup>! while life was in its spring,  
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,

ten thousand copies were sold in one month.—[Hector Macneil died in 1818.]

<sup>9</sup> [Lord Byron here alludes to the masterly poem of "New Morality" (the joint production of Mr. Canning and Mr. Frere), in the *Antijacobin*, in which Gifford is thus apostrophised:—

"Bethink thee, Gifford, when some future age  
Shall trace the promise of thy playful page;  
'The hand which brush'd a swarm of fools away,  
Should rouse to grasp a more reluctant prey!  
Think, then, will pleaded indolence excuse  
The tame secession of thy languid muse  
Ah! where is now that promise? why so long  
Sleep the keen shafts of satire and of song?  
Oh! come, with taste and virtue at thy side,  
With ardent zeal inflamed, and patriot pride;  
With keen poetic glance direct the blow,  
And empty all thy quiver on the foe—  
No pause—no rest—till weltering on the ground  
The poisonous hydra lies, and pierced with many a  
wound."]

<sup>10</sup> Mr. Gifford promised publicly that the *Baviad* and *Mæviad* should not be his last original works: let him remember, "Mox in reluctantes dracones."—[Mr. Gifford became the editor of the *Quarterly Review*,—which thenceforth occupied most of his time,—a few months after the first appearance of this satire in 1809.]

<sup>11</sup> Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge, in October, 1806, in consequence of too much exertion 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.—[In a letter to Mr. Dallas, in 1811, Lord Byron says,—"I am sorry you don't like Harry White; with a great deal of cant, which in him was sincere (indeed it killed him, as you killed Joe Blackett), certes there is poesy and genius. I don't say this on account of my simile and rhymes; but surely he was beyond all the Bloomfields and Blacketts, and their collateral cobblers, whom Lofft and Pratt have or may kidnap from their calling into the service of the trade. Setting aside bigotry, he surely ranks next to Chatterton. It is astonishing how little he was known; and at Cambridge no one thought or heard of such a man till his death rendered all notices useless. For my part, I should have been most proud of such an acquaintance: his very prejudices were respectable."]

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 destroy'd her favourite son!  
Yes, she too much indulg'd thy fond pursuit,  
She sow'd the seeds, but death has reap'd the fruit.  
'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,  
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low:  
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,  
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,  
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,  
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart;  
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,  
He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel;  
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest  
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.<sup>1</sup>

There be, who say, in these enlighten'd days,  
That splendid lies are all the poet's praise;  
That strain'd invention, ever on the wing,  
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:  
This fact in Virtue's name let Crabbe<sup>2</sup> attest;  
Though nature's sternest painter, yet the best.<sup>3</sup>

And here let Shee<sup>4</sup> and Genius find a place,  
Whose pen and pencil yield an equal grace;  
To guide whose hand the sister arts combine,  
And trace the poet's or the painter's line;  
Whose magic touch can bid the canvass 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 press'd, whose eye has mark'd afar,  
The clime that nursed the sons of song and war,  
The scenes which glory still must hover o'er,  
Her place of birth, her own Achaian shore.  
But doubly blest is he whose heart expands  
With hallow'd feelings for those classic lands;  
Who rends the veil of ages long gone by,  
And views their remnants with a poet's eye!  
Wright<sup>5</sup>! 'twas thy happy lot at once to view  
Those shores of glory, and to sing them too;

<sup>1</sup> [Mr. Southey's delightful Life of Kirke White is in every one's hands.]

<sup>2</sup> ["I consider Crabbe and Coleridge as the first of these times, in point of power and genius."—B. 1816.]

<sup>3</sup> [This eminent poet and excellent man died at his rectory of Trowbridge, in February 1832, aged seventy-eight. With the exception of the late Lord Stowell, he was the last surviving celebrated man mentioned by Boswell in connection with Johnson, who revised his poem of the "Village." His other works are the "Library," the "Newspaper," the "Borough," a collection of "Poems," which Charles Fox read in manuscript on his death-bed; "Tales," and also "Tales of the Hall." He left various poetical pieces in MS., and a collective edition of his works was published in 1834, preceded by an interesting Memoir, written by his Son.]

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Shee, author of "Rhymes on Art," and "Elements of Art."—[Now (1836) Sir Martin Shee, and President of the Royal Academy.]

<sup>5</sup> Waller Rodney Wright, late consul-general for the Seven Islands, is author of a very beautiful poem, just published: it is entitled "Horæ Ionice," and is descriptive of the isles and the adjacent coast of Greece.—[To the third edition, which came out in 1816, was added an excellent translation of the "Oreste" of Alfieri. After his return to England, Mr. Wright was chosen Recorder of Bury St. Edmunds.]

And sure no common muse inspired thy pen  
To hail the land of gods and godlike men.

And you, associate bards<sup>6</sup>! who snatch'd to light  
Those gems too long withheld from modern sight;  
Whose mingling taste combined to cull the wreath  
Where 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 borrow'd tone:  
Resign Achaia's lyre, and strike your own.

Let these, or such as these, with just applause,  
Restore the muse's violated laws;  
But not in flimsy Darwin's pompous chime,  
That mighty master of unmeaning rhyme,  
Whose gilded cymbals, more adorn'd 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:  
Him let them shun, with him let tinsel die:  
False glare attracts, but more offends the eye.<sup>7</sup>

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 Lambe and Lloyd:<sup>8</sup>  
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<sup>9</sup>! resign to minstrels rude  
The wilder slogan of a border feud:  
Let others spin their meagre lines for hire;  
Enough for genius, if itself inspire!  
Let Southey sing, although his teeming muse,  
Prolific every spring, be too profuse;  
Let simple Wordsworth<sup>10</sup> 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,  
And swear that Camoëns sang such notes of yore;

<sup>6</sup> The translators of the Anthology, Bland and Merivale, have since published separate poems, which evince genius that only requires opportunity to attain eminence.—[The late Rev. Robert Bland published, in conjunction with Mr. Merivale, "Collections from the Greek Anthology." He also wrote "Edwy and Elgiva," the "Four Slaves of Cythera," &c. In 1814, Mr. Merivale published "Orlando in Roncevalles;" and in the following year, "An Ode on the Delivery of Europe." He is now one of the Commissioners of the new Bankruptcy Court.]

<sup>7</sup> The neglect of the "Botanic Garden" is some proof of returning taste. The scenery is its sole recommendation.

<sup>8</sup> Messrs. Lamb and Lloyd, the most ignoble followers of Southey and Co.—[In 1798, Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd published in conjunction a volume, entitled, "Poems in Blank Verse." Mr. Lamb was also the author of "John Woodville," "Tales from Shakspeare," the "Essays of Elia," &c. He died in 1835. Mr. Lloyd has since published "Edward Oliver," a novel, "Nugæ Canoræ," and a translation of Alfieri's Tragedies.]

<sup>9</sup> 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.

<sup>10</sup> ["Unjust."—Byron, 1816.]

Let Hayley hobble on, Montgomery rave,  
And godly Grahame chant a stupid stave;  
Let sonnetteering Bowles his strains refine,  
And whine and whimper to the fourteenth line;  
Let Stott, Carlisle<sup>1</sup>, Matilda, and the rest  
Of Grub-street, and of Grosvenor-place the best,  
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,  
Shouldst leave to humbler bards ignoble lays:  
Thy country's voice, the voice of all the nine,  
Demand a hallow'd harp—that harp is thine.  
Say! will not Caledonia's annals yield  
The glorious record of some nobler field,  
Than the wild 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,  
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;  
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,  
And other victors fill the applauding skies;  
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 phoenix<sup>2</sup> 'midst her fires,  
Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires.

<sup>1</sup> 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 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 any thing 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.]

<sup>2</sup> ["The devil take that phoenix! How came it there?"—B. 1816.]

<sup>3</sup> [The Rev. Charles James Hoare published, in 1808, the "Shipwreck of St. Paul," a Seatonian prize poem.]

<sup>4</sup> [The Rev. Charles Hoyle, author of "Exodus," an epic in thirteen books, and several other Seatonian prize poems.]

Shall hoary Granta call her sable sons,  
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<sup>3</sup>, and epic blank by Hoyle:<sup>4</sup>  
Not him whose page, if still upheld by whist,  
Requires no sacred theme to bid us list.<sup>5</sup>  
Ye! who in Granta's honours would surpass,  
Must mount her Pegasus, a full-grown ass;  
A foal well worthy of her ancient dam,  
Whose Helicon is duller than her Cam.

There Clarke, still striving piteously "to please,"  
Forgetting doggrel leads not to degrees,  
A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,  
A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon,<sup>6</sup>  
Condemn'd 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.<sup>7</sup>

Oh! dark asylum of a Vandal race!<sup>8</sup>  
At once the boast of learning, and disgrace!  
So lost to Phœbus, that nor Hodgson's<sup>9</sup> verse  
Can make thee better, nor poor Hewson's<sup>10</sup> worse.<sup>11</sup>  
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.<sup>12</sup>

For me, who, thus unask'd, have dared to tell  
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 honour'd name shall lose,  
As first in freedom, dearest to the muse.

<sup>5</sup> The "Games of Hoyle," well known to the votaries of whist, chess, &c., 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."

<sup>6</sup> ["Right enough: this was well deserved, and well laid on."—B. 1816.]

<sup>7</sup> 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 pleasantry 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.—[Mr. Hewson Clarke was also the author of "The Saunterer," and a "History of the Campaign in Russia."]

<sup>8</sup> "Into Cambridgeshire the Emperor Probus transported a considerable body of Vandals."—Gibbon's Decline and Fall, vol. ii. p. 83. There is no reason to doubt the truth of this assertion; the breed is still in high perfection.

<sup>9</sup> 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.—[Besides a translation of Juvenal, Mr. Hodgson has published "Lady Jane Grey," "Sir Edgar," and "The Friends," a poem in four books. He also translated, in conjunction with Dr. Butler, Lucien Bonaparte's unreadable epic of "Charlemagne."]

<sup>10</sup> Hewson Clarke, *esq.*, as it is written.

<sup>11</sup> [Originally,—  
"So sunk in dulness, and so lost in shame,  
That Smythe and Hodgson scarce redeem thy name."]

<sup>12</sup> The "Aboriginal Britons," an excellent poem by Richards. [The Rev. George Richards, D.D. has also sent from the press "Songs of the Aboriginal Bards of Britain," "Modern France," two volumes of Miscellaneous Poems, and Bampton Lectures "On the Divine Origin of Prophecy."]

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 appear'd in her meridian hour,  
'Tis thine at once, fair Albion! to have been—  
Earth's chief dictatress, ocean's lovely queen:  
But Rome decay'd, and Athens strew'd the plain,  
And Tyre's proud piers lie shatter'd in the main;  
Like these, thy strength may sink, in ruin hurl'd,  
And Britain fall, the bulwark of the world.  
But let me cease, and dread Cassandra's fate,  
With warning ever scoff'd at, till too late;  
To themes less lofty still my lay confine,  
And urge thy bards to gain a name like thine.<sup>1</sup>

Then, hapless Britain! be thy rulers blest,  
The senate's oracles, the people's jest!  
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 Portland<sup>2</sup> 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,  
And Stamboul's minarets must greet my sight:  
Thence shall I stray through beauty's native clime,<sup>3</sup>  
Where Kaff<sup>4</sup> is clad in rocks, and crown'd with snows  
sublime.

But should I back return, no tempting press<sup>5</sup>  
Shall drag my journal from the desk's recess:  
Let coxcombs, printing as they come from far,  
Snatch his own wreath of ridicule from Carr;<sup>6</sup>  
Let Aberdeen and Elgin<sup>7</sup> still pursue  
The shade of fame through regions of virtù;

<sup>1</sup> With this verse the satire originally ended.

<sup>2</sup> 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.

<sup>3</sup> Georgia. <sup>4</sup> Mount Caucasus.

<sup>5</sup> These four lines originally stood,—  
"But should I back return, no letter'd sage  
Shall drag my common-place book on the stage;  
Let vain Valentia\* rival luckless Carr,<sup>†</sup>  
And equal him whose work he sought to mar."

<sup>6</sup> [In a letter written from Gibraltar to his friend Hodgson, Lord Byron says,— "I have seen Sir John Carr at Seville and Cadiz, and, like Swift's barber, have been down on my knees to beg he would not put me into black and white."]

<sup>7</sup> Lord Elgin would fain persuade us that all the figures, with and without noses, in his stoneshop, are the work of Phidias! "Credat Judæus!"

<sup>8</sup> [The original epithet was "classic." Lord Byron altered it in the fifth edition, and added this note:—"Rapid," indeed! He typographed and typographed King Priam's dominions in three days! I called him 'classic' before I saw the Troad,

\* Lord Valentia (whose tremendous travels are forthcoming, with due decorations, graphical, topographical, typographical) deposed, on Sir John Carr's unlucky suit, that Mr. Dubois's satire prevented his purchase of the "Stranger in Ireland."— "Oh, fie, my lord! has your lordship no more feeling for a fellow-tourist?—but "two of a trade," they say, &c.

† [From the many tours he made, Sir John was called "The Jaunting Car." A wicked wit having severely lashed him in a publication, called "My Pocket Book; or Hints for a Ryght Merrie and Conceited Tour," he brought an action of damages against the publisher; but as the work contained only what the court deemed legitimate criticism, the knight was nonsuited. Edward Dubois, Esq., the author of this pleasant satire, has also published "The Wreath," consisting of translations from Sappho, Bion, and Moschus, "Old Nick," a satirical story, and an edition of the Decameron of Boccaccio.]

Waste useless thousands on their Phidian freaks,  
Misshapen monuments and maim'd antiques;  
And make their grand saloons a general mart  
For all the mutilated blocks of art.  
Of Dardan tours let dilettanti tell,  
I leave topography to rapid<sup>8</sup> Gell;<sup>9</sup>  
And, quite content, no more shall interpose  
To stun the public year—at least with prose.<sup>10</sup>

Thus far I've held my undisturb'd career,  
Prepared for rancour, steel'd 'gainst selfish fear:  
This thing of rhyme I ne'er disdain'd to own—  
Though not obtrusive, yet not quite unknown:  
My voice was heard again, though not so loud,  
My page, though nameless, never disavow'd;  
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,<sup>11</sup>  
By Lambe'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,  
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;<sup>12</sup>  
Nor fools nor follies tempt me to despise  
The meanest thing that crawl'd beneath my eyes:  
But now, so callous grown, so changed since youth,  
I've learn'd to think, and sternly speak the truth;  
Learn'd to deride the critic's starch decree,  
And break him on the wheel he meant for me;  
To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss,  
Nor care if courts and crowds applaud or hiss:

but since have learned better than to tack to his name what don't belong to it."]

<sup>9</sup> Mr. Gell'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.— ["Since seeing the plain of Troy, my opinions are somewhat changed as to the above note. Gell's survey was hasty and superficial."— B. 1816.]

[Shortly after his return from Greece, in 1811, Lord Byron wrote a review of Mr. (now Sir William) Gell's works for the Monthly Review. In his Diary of 1821, there is this passage:—"In reading, I have just chanced upon an expression of Tom Campbell's;— speaking of Collins, he says that 'no reader cares any more about the characteristic manners of his eclogues than about the authenticity of the tale of Troy.' 'Tis false—we do care about 'the authenticity of the tale of Troy.' I have stood upon that plain, daily, for more than a month, in 1810; and if any thing diminished my pleasure, it was that the blackguard Bryant had impugned its veracity. It is true I read 'Homer Travestied,' because Hobhouse and others bored me with their learned localities, and I love quizzing. But I still venerated the grand original as the truth of history (in the material facts) and of place. Otherwise it would have given me no delight. Who will persuade me, when I reclined upon a mighty tomb, that it did not contain a hero?—its very magnitude proved this. Men do not labour over the ignoble and petty dead:—and why should not the dead be Homer's dead?"]

<sup>10</sup> [Lord Byron set out on his travels with the determination to keep no journal. In a letter to his friend Henry Drury, when on the point of sailing, he pleasantly says,— "Hobhouse has made wondrous preparations for a book on his return:— one hundred pens, two gallons of Japan ink, and several volumes of best blank, is no bad provision for a discerning public. I have laid down my pen, but have promised to contribute a chapter on the state of morals, &c. &c."]

<sup>11</sup> ["Singular enough, and din enough, God knows."— B. 1816.]

<sup>12</sup> [In this passage, hastily thrown off as it is, "we find," says Moore, "the strongest trace of that wounded feeling, which bleeds, as it were, through all his subsequent writings."]

Nay more, though all my rival rhymesters frown,  
I too can hunt a poetaster down;  
And, arm'd in proof, the gauntlet cast at once  
To Scotch marauder, and to southern dunce.  
Thus much I've dared; and my incondite lay  
Hath wrong'd these righteous times, let others say:  
This, let the world, which knows not how to spare,  
Yet rarely blames unjustly, now declare.<sup>1</sup>

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 celestibus 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.

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 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 Emanuel 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 Prettful 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. Jeringham is about to take up the cudgels for his Mæcenæ, 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."

## Hints from Horace:

BEING AN ALLUSION IN ENGLISH VERSE TO THE EPISTLE "AD PISONES, DE ARTE POETICA," AND INTENDED AS A SEQUEL TO "ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS."<sup>2</sup>

— "Ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum  
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi."  
Hor. *De Arte Poet.*

"Rhymes are difficult things—they are stubborn things, sir."  
FIELDING'S *Amelia*.

Athens. Capuchin Convent, March 12. 1811.

Who would not laugh, if Lawrence, hired to grace  
His costly canvass with each flatter'd face,  
Abused his art, till Nature, with a blush,  
Saw cits grow centaurs underneath his brush?

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam  
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas,

<sup>1</sup> ["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.]

<sup>2</sup> [Authors are apt, it is said, to estimate their performances more according to the trouble they have cost themselves, than the pleasure they afford to the public; and it is only in this way that we can pretend to account for the extraordinary value which Lord Byron attached, even many long years after they were written, to these "Hints from Horace." The business of translating Horace has hitherto been a hopeless one;—and notwithstanding the brilliant cleverness of some passages, in both Pope's and Swift's *Imitations* of him, there had been, on the whole, very little to encourage any one to meddle seriously even with that less difficult department. It is, comparatively, an easy affair to transfer the effect, or some-

Or, should some limner join, for show or sale,  
A maid of honour to a mermaid's tail?  
Or low Dubost—as once the world has seen—  
Degrade God's creatures in his graphic spleen?

Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum  
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne;

thing like the effect, of the majestic declamations of Juvenal; but the Horatian satire is cast in a mould of such exquisite delicacy—uniting perfect ease with perfect elegance throughout—as has hitherto defied all the skill of the moderns. Lord Byron, however, having composed this piece at Athens, in 1811, and brought it home in the same desk with the two first cantos of "Childe Harold," appears to have, on his arrival in London, contemplated its publication as far more likely to increase his reputation than that of his original poem. Perhaps Milton's preference of the "Paradise Regained" over the "Paradise Lost" is not a more decisive example of the extent to which a great author may mistake the source of his greatness.

Lord Byron was prevented from publishing these lines, by a feeling, which, considering his high notion of their merit, does him honour. By accident, or nearly so, the "Harold" came out before the "Hints;"—and the reception of the