

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

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

With little rhyme, less reason, if you please,
The name of poet may be got with ease,
So that not tuns of hellebore juice
Shall ever turn your head to any use;
Write but like Wordsworth, live beside a Lake,¹
And keep your bushy locks a year from Blake;²
Then print your book, once more return to town,
And boys shall hunt your bardship up and down.

Am I not wise, if such some poets' plight,
To purge in spring—like Bayes³—before I write?
If this precaution soften'd not my bile,
I know no scribbler with a madder style;

Quam lingua, Latium, si non offenderet unum-
quemque poetarum lima labor et mora. Vos, ô
Pomilius sanguis, carmen reprehendite, quod non
Multa dies et multa litura coarctuit, atque
Præsectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.
Ingenium misera quia fortunatus arte
Credidit, et excludit sanos Helicone poetas
Democritus; bona pars non unguis ponere curat,
Non barbam; secreta peti loca, balnea vitæ.
Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque poetæ,
Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam
Tonsori Licino commiserit. O ego lævus,
Qui purgor bilem sub verni temporis horam!
Non alius faceret mella poemata: verum
Nil tanti est: ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum

determined to make such head against it as an individual can by prose or verse, and I will at least do it with good will. There is no bearing it any longer; and, if it goes on, it will destroy what little good writing or taste remains amongst us. I hope there are still a few men of taste to second me; but if not, I'll battle it alone, convinced that it is the best cause of English literature." And again, in 1821:—"Neither time, nor distance, nor grief, nor age, can ever diminish my veneration for him who is the great moral poet of all times, of all climes, of all feelings, and of all stages of existence. The delight of my boyhood, the study of my manhood, perhaps (if allowed to me to attain it) he may be the consolation of my age. His poetry is the book of life. Without canting, and yet without neglecting religion, he has assembled all that a good and great man can gather together of moral wisdom clothed in consummate beauty. Sir William Temple observes, 'that of all the members of mankind that live within the compass of a thousand years, for one man that is born capable of making a great poet, there may be a thousand born capable of making as great generals and ministers of state as any in story.' Here is a statesman's opinion of poetry; it is honourable to him and to the art. Such a poet of a thousand years' was Pope. A thousand years will roll away before such another can be hoped for in our literature. But it can want them; he is himself a literature."¹

¹ ["That this is the age of the decline of English poetry, will be doubted by few who have calmly considered the subject. That there are men of genius among the present poets, makes little against the fact; because it has been well said, that, 'next to him who forms the taste of his country, the greatest genius is he who corrupts it.' No one has ever denied genius to Marini, who corrupted, not merely the taste of Italy, but that of all Europe, for nearly a century. The great cause of the present deplorable state of English poetry is to be attributed to that absurd and systematic depreciation of Pope, in which, for the last few years, there has been a kind of epidemic concurrence. The Lakers and their school, and every body else with their school, and even Moore without a school, and dilettanti lecturers, at institutions, and elderly

But since (perhaps my feelings are too nice)
I cannot purchase fame at such a price,
I'll labour gratis as a grinder's wheel,
And, blunt myself, give edge to others' steel,
Nor write at all, unless to teach the art
To those rehearsing for the poet's part;
From Horace show the pleasing paths of song,
And from my own example—what is wrong.

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

He who has learn'd the duty which he owes
To friends and country, and to pardon foes;
Who models his deportment as may best
Accord with brother, sire, or stranger guest;
Who takes our laws and worship as they are,
Nor roars reform for senate, church, and bar;
In practice, rather than loud precept, wise,
Bids not his tongue, but heart, philosophise:
Such is the man the poet should rehearse,
As joint exemplar of his life and verse.

Sometimes a sprightly wit, and tale well told,
Without much grace, or weight, or art, will hold

Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi:
Munus et officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo;
Unde parentur opes; quid alat formæque poetam;
Quid deceat, quid non; quo virtus, quo ferat error.
Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.
Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ:
Verbaque provisos non invitæ sequentur,
Quid didicit patriæ quid debeat, et quid amici;
Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, et hospes;
Quod sit conscripti, quod iudicis officium; quæ
Partes in bellum missi ducis; ille profecto
Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.
Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque iubebo
Doctum imitatore, et vivas hinc ducere voces.
Interdum speciosa locis morataque recte

gentlemen who translate and imitate, and young ladies who listen and repeat, and baronets who draw indifferent frontispieces for bad poets, and noblemen who let them dine with them in the country, the small body of the wits and the great body of the blues, have latterly united in a depreciation, of which their forefathers would have been as much ashamed as their children will be. In the mean time, what have we got instead? The Lake School, which began with an epic poem 'written in six weeks,' (so 'Joan of Arc' proclaimed herself,) and finished with a ballad composed in twenty years, as 'Peter Bell's' creator takes care to inform the few who will inquire. What have we got instead? A deluge of flimsy and unintelligible romances, imitated from Scott and myself, who have both made the best of our bad materials and erroneous system. What have we got instead? Madoc, which is neither an epic nor any thing else; Thalaba, Kehama, Gebir, and such gibberish, written in all metres, and in no language."—*Byron Letters*, 1819.—See also the two pamphlets against Mr. Bowles, written at Ravenna in 1821, in which Lord Byron's enthusiastic reverence for Pope is the principal feature.]

² As famous a tonsor as Licinus himself, and better paid, and may, like him, be one day a senator, having a better qualification than one half of the heads he crops, viz.—independence.

³ ["Bayes. Pray, Sir, how do you do when you write? Smith. Faith, Sir, for the most part I'm in pretty good health. Bayes. I mean, what do you do when you write? Smith. I take pen, ink, and paper, and sit down. Bayes. Now I write standing—that's one thing; and then another thing is, with what do you prepare yourself? Smith. Prepare myself! what the devil does the fool mean? Bayes. Why, I'll tell you what I do. If I am to write familiar things, as sonnets to Armida, and the like, I make use of stewed prunes only; but when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take physic and let blood: for when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part. In fine, you must purge."—*Rehearsal*.]

A longer empire o'er the public mind
Than sounding trifles, empty, though refined.

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

They whose young souls receive this rust betimes,
'Tis clear, are fit for any thing but rhymes;
And Locke will tell you, that the father's right
Who hides all verses from his children's sight;
For poets (says this sage¹, and many more,)
Make sad mechanics with their lyric lore;
And Delphi now, however rich of old,
Discovers little silver, and less gold,
Because Parnassus, though a mount divine,
Is poor as Iru², or an Irish mine.³

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

Fabula, nullius veneris, sine pondere et arte,
Vulgius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
Quam, versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.
Gravis ingenium, Graius dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui, præter laudem nullius avaris.
Romani pueri longis rationibus assem
Discunt in partes centum diducere: dicat
Filius Albinus, si de quinquante remota est
Unctia, quid superat? poterat dixisse—Triens. Eu!
Rem poterat servare tuam. Redit unctia: quid fit?
Semis. An hæc animos ærugo et cura pecull
Cum semel imbuerit, speramus carmina fingi
Posse linenda cedro, et levi servanda cupresso?
Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ;
Aut simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.
Quidquid præcipies, verso brevis: ut cito dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.
Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.
Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris:

¹ I have not the original by me, but the Italian translation runs as follows:—"È una cosa a mio credere molto stravagante, che un padre desidera, o permetta, che suo figliuolo coltivi e perfezioni questo talento." A little further on: "Si trovano di raro nel Parnaso le miniere d'oro e d'argento."—*Educazione dei fanciulli del Signor Locke*. ["If the child have a poetic vein, it is to me the strangest thing in the world, that the father should desire or suffer it to be cherished or improved."—"It is very seldom seen, that any one discovers mines of gold or silver on Parnassus."]

² "Iro pauperior:" this is the same beggar who boxed with Dolzen for a pound of kid's fry, which he lost, and half a dozen teeth besides. — See *Odyssey*, b. 18.

³ The Irish gold mine of Wicklow, which yields just ore enough to swear by, or gild a bad genius.

⁴ [This couplet is amusingly characteristic of that mixture of fun and bitterness with which their author sometimes spoke in conversation; so much so, that those who knew him might almost fancy they hear him utter the words.—*MOORE*.]

⁵ As Mr. Pope took the liberty of damning Homer, to whom he was under great obligations—"*And Homer (damn him!) calls*"—it may be presumed that any body or any thing may be damned in verse by poetical license; and, in

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

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

But every thing has faults, nor is't unknown
That harps and fiddles often lose their tone,
And wayward voices, at their owner's call,
With all his best endeavours, only squall;
Dogs blink their covey, flints withhold the spark,⁴
And double-barrels (damn them!) miss their mark.⁵

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

Yet if an author, spite of foe or friend,
Despises all advice too much to mend,
But ever twangs the same discordant string,
Give him no quarter, howsoever he sing.
Let Havard's⁶ fate o'ertake him, who, for once,
Produced a play too dashing for a dunce:

Nec, quodcumque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi:
Neu pransæ Lamia vivum puerum extrahat alvo.
Centuria seniorum agitant expertia frugis:
Celsi prætereunt austeræ poemata Rhames.
Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.
Hic meret æra liber Sosis; hic et mare transit,
Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum.
Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus; [mens,
Nam neque chorda sonum reddit quem vult manus et
Poscentique gravem persæpe remittit acutum;
Nec semper feriet quodcumque minabitur arcus.
Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendam maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura. Quid ergo est?
Ut scriptor si peccat idem libraribus usque,
Quamvis est montus, venia caret; et citharedus
Ridetur, chorda qui semper oberrat eadem:
Sic mihi, qui multum cessat, fit Cherilus ille,

case of accident, I beg leave to plead so illustrious a precedent.

⁶ For the story of Billy Havard's tragedy, see "*Davies' Life of Garrick*." I believe it is "*Regulus*," or "*Charles the First*." The moment it was known to be his the theatre thinned, and the bookseller refused to give the customary sum for the copyright.—"Havard," says Davies, "was reduced to great straits, and in order to retrieve his affairs, the story of *Charles the First* was proposed to him as a proper subject to engage the public attention. Havard's desire of ease was known to be superior to his thirst for fame or money; and Giffard, the manager, insisted upon the power of locking him up till the work was finished. To this he consented; and Giffard actually turned the key upon him, and let him out at his pleasure, till the play was completed. It was acted with great emolument to the manager, and some degree of reputation, as well as gain, to the author. It drew large crowds to the theatre; curiosity was excited with respect to the author: that was a secret to be kept from the people; but Havard's love of fame would not suffer it to be concealed longer than the tenth or twelfth night of acting the play. The moment Havard put on the sword and tie-wig, the genteel dress of the times, and professed himself to be the writer of "*Charles the First*," the audiences were thinned, and the bookseller refused to give the usual sum of a hundred pounds for the copyright."]

At first none deem'd it his; but when his name
Announced the fact — what then? — it lost its fame.
Though all deplore when Milton deigns to doze,
In a long work 'tis fair to steal repose.

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

Parnassian pilgrims! ye whom chance, or choice,
Hath led to listen to the Muse's voice,
Receive this counsel, and be timely wise;
Few reach the summit which before you lies.
Our church and state, our courts and camps, concede
Reward to very moderate heads indeed!
In these plain common sense will travel far;
All are not Erskines who mislead the bar;
But poesy between the best and worst
No medium knows; you must be last or first;
For middling poets' miserable volumes
Are damn'd alike by gods, and men, and columns.¹

Quem bis terque bonum cum risu miror; et idem
Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.
Verum operi longo fas est obrepere somnum.
Ut pictura, poesis: erit quæ, si propius stes,
Te capiet magis; et quædam, si longius abstes:
Hæc amat obscurum; volet hæc sub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen:
Hæc placuit semel; hæc decies repetita placebit.

¹ [Here, in the original MS., we find the following couplet and note:—

"Though what ' Gods, men, and columns' interdicit,
The Devil and Jeffrey pardon—in a Pict.

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

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

When I was in the fifth form, I carried to my master the translation of a chorus in Prometheus, wherein was a pestilent expression about 'staining a voice,' which met with no quarter. Little did I think that Mr. Campbell would have adopted my fifth form 'sublime'—at least in so conspicuous a situation. 'Sorrow' has been 'dry' (in proverbs), and 'wet' (in sonnets), this many a day; and now it 'stains,' and stains a sound, of all feasible things! To be sure, death-songs might have been stained with that same grief to very good purpose, if Outalissi had clapped down his stanzas on wholesome paper for the Edinburgh Evening Post, or any other given hyperborean gazette; or if the said Outalissi had been troubled with the slightest second sight of his own notes embodied on the last proof of an overcharged quarto; but as he is supposed to have been an improvisatore on this occasion, and probably to the last tune he ever chanted in this world, it would have done him no discredit to have made his exit with a mouthful of common sense. Talking of 'staining' (as Caleb Quotem says) 'puts me in mind' of a certain

Again, my Jeffrey! — as that sound inspires,
How wakes my bosom to its wonted fires!
Fires, such as gentle Caledonians feel
When Southrons writhe upon their critic wheel,
Or mild Eclectics², when some, worse than Turks,
Would rob poor Faith to decorate "good works."
Such are the genial feelings thou canst claim—
My falcon flies not at ignoble game.
Mightiest of all Dunedin's beasts of chase!
For thee my Pegasus would mend his pace.
Arise, my Jeffrey! or my inkless pen
Shall never blunt its edge on meaner men;
Till thee or thine mine evil eye discerns,
Alas! I cannot "strike at wretched kernes."³
Inhuman Saxon! wilt thou then resign
A muse and heart by choice so wholly thine?
Dear, d—d contemner of my schoolboy songs,
Hast thou no vengeance for my manhood's
wrongs?

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

O major juvenum, quamvis et voce paterna
Fingers ad rectum, et per te sapis, hoc tibi dictum
Tolle memor: certis medium et tolerabile rebus
Recte concedi: consultus juris, et actor
Causarum mediocris, abest virtute disertis
Messalæ, nec scit quantum Cascellius Aulus:
Sed tamen in pretio est: mediocribus esse poetis
Non homines, non Di, non concessere columnæ.

couplet, which Mr. Campbell will find in a writer for whom he, and his school, have no small contempt:—

'E'en copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art—the art to blot!'"]

² To the Eclectic or Christian Reviewers I have to return thanks for the fervour of that charity which, in 1809, induced them to express a hope that a thing then published by me might lead to certain consequences, which, although natural enough, surely came but rashly from reverend lips. I refer them to their own pages, where they congratulated themselves on the prospect of a tilt between Mr. Jeffrey and myself, from which some great good was to accrue, provided one or both were knocked on the head. Having survived two years and a half those "Elegies" which they were kindly preparing to review, I have no peculiar gusto to give them "so joyful a trouble," except, indeed, "upon compulsion, Hal:" but, if, as David says in the "Rivals," it should come to "bloody sword and gun fighting," we "won't run, will we, Sir Lucius?" I do not know what I had done to these Eclectic gentlemen: my works are their lawful quarry, to be hewn in pieces like Agag, if it seem meet unto them: but why they should be in such a hurry to kill off their author, I am ignorant. "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong:" and now, as these Christians have "smote me on one cheek," I hold them up the other; and, in return for their good wishes, give them an opportunity of repeating them. Had any other set of men expressed such sentiments, I should have smiled, and left them to the "recording angel;" but from the paraphrases of Christianity decency might be expected. I can assure these brethren, that, publican and sinner as I am, I would not have treated "mine enemy's dog thus." To show them the superiority of my brotherly love, if ever the Reverend Messrs. Simeon or Ramsden should be engaged in such a conflict as that in which they requested me to fall, I hope they may escape with being "winged" only, and that Heavyside may be at hand to extract the ball.—[The following is the charitable passage in the Eclectic Review of which Lord Byron speaks:—"If the noble lord and the learned advocate have the courage requisite to sustain their mutual insults, we shall probably soon hear the explosions of another kind of paper-war, after the fashion of the ever memorable duel which the latter is said to have fought, or seemed to fight, with 'Little Moore.' We confess there is sufficient provocation, if not in the critique, at least in the satire, to urge a 'man of honour' to defy his assailant to mortal combat. Of this we shall no doubt hear more in due time."]

³ ["Alas! I cannot strike at wretched kernes."—Macbeth.]

Hast thou no wrath, or wish to give it vent?
No wit for nobles, dunces by descent?
No jest on "minors," quibbles on a name,¹
Nor one facetious paragraph of blame?
Is it for this on Ilion I have stood,
And thought of Homer less than Holyrood?
On shore of Euxine or Ægean sea
My hate, untravell'd, fondly turn'd to thee.
Ah! let me cease; in vain my bosom burns,
From Corydon unkind Alexis turns:²
Thy rhymes are vain; thy Jeffrey then forego,
Nor woo that anger which he will not show.
What then? — Edina starves some lanker son,
To write an article thou canst not shun;
Some less fastidious Scotchman shall be found,
As bold in Billingsgate, though less renown'd.

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

Who shoot not flying rarely touch a gun:
Will he who swims not to the river run?

Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors,
Et crassum unguentum, et Sardo cum melle papaver
Offendunt, poterat duci quia cœna sine istis;
Sic animis natum inventumque poema juvenis,
Si paulum a summo decessit, vergit ad imum.
Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis,
Indoctusque pila, discive, trochive, quiescit,
Ne spissæ risum tollant impune coronæ:
Qui nescit, versus tamen audiet fingere! — Quidni?
Liber et ingenuus præsertim census equestrem

¹ [See the memorable critique of the Edinburgh Review on "Hours of Idleness," ante, p. 419.]

² Invenies alium, si te hic fastidit Alexin.

³ [Lord Byron's taste for boxing brought him acquainted, at an early period, with this distinguished, and, it is not too much to say, respected, professor of the art; for whom, throughout life, he continued to entertain a sincere regard. In a note to the eleventh canto of Don Juan, he calls him "his old friend, and corporeal pastor and master."]

⁴ Mr. Southey has lately tied another canister to his tail in the "Curse of Kehama," maugre the neglect of Madoc, &c., and has in one instance had a wonderful effect. A literary friend of mine, walking out one lovely evening last summer, on the eleventh bridge of the Paddington canal, was alarmed by the cry of "one in jeopardy:" he rushed along, collected a body of Irish haymakers (sipping on butter-milk in an adjacent paddock), procured three rakes, one cel-spear, and a landing-net, and at last (horresco referens) pulled out—his own publisher. The unfortunate man was gone for ever, and so was a large quarto wherewith he had taken the leap, which proved, on inquiry, to have been Mr. Southey's last work. Its "alacrity of sinking" was so great, that it has never since been heard of; though some maintain that it is at this moment concealed at Alderman Birch's pastry premises, Cornhill. Be this as it may, the coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of "Felo de bibliopolâ" against a "quarto unknown;" and circumstantial evidence being since strong against the "Curse of Kehama" (of which the above words are an exact description), it will be tried by its peers next session, in Grub-street.— Arthur, Alfred, Davidis, Richard Coeur de Lion, Exodus, Exodia, Epigoniad, Calvary, Fall of Cambria, Siege of Acre, Don Roderick, and Tom Thumb the Great, are the names of the twelve jurors. The judges are Pye, Bowles, and the bellman of St. Sepulchre's. The same advocates, pro and con, will be employed as are now engaged in Sir Francis Burdett's celebrated cause in the Scotch courts. The public anxiously await the result, and all five publishers will be subpoenaed as witnesses.—But Mr. Southey has published the "Curse of Kehama,"—an inviting title to quibblers. By the bye, it is a good deal beneath Scott and Campbell, and not much above Southey, to allow the booby Ballantyne to entitle them, in the Edin-

burgh Annual Register (of which, by the bye, Southey is editor) "the grand poetical triumvirate of the day." But, on second thoughts, it can be no great degree of praise to be the one-eyed leaders of the blind, though they might as well keep to themselves "Scott's thirty thousand copies sold," which must sadly discomfit poor Southey's unsaleables. Poor Southey, it should seem, is the "Lepidus" of this poetical triumvirate. I am only surprised to see him in such good company.

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

The trio are well defined in the sixth proposition of Euclid:—"Because, in the triangles D B C, A C B, D B is equal to A C, and B C common to both; the two sides D B, B C, are equal to the two A C, C B, each to each, and the angle D B C is equal to the angle A C B: therefore, the base D C is equal to the base A B, and the triangle D B C (Mr. Southey) is equal to the triangle A C B, the less to the greater, which is absurd," &c.—The editor of the Edinburgh Register will find the rest of the theorem hard by his stabling; he has only to cross the river; 'tis the first turnpike t'other side "Pons Asinorum."*

Thus think "the mob of gentlemen;" but you,
Besides all this, must have some genius too.
Be this your sober judgment, and a rule,
And print not piping hot from Southey's school,
Who (ere another Thalaba appears),
I trust, will spare us for at least nine years.
And hark 'ye, Southey! pray — but don't be
vex'd—
Burn all your last three works — and half the next.
But why this vain advice? once published, books
Can never be recall'd — from pastry-cooks!
Though "Madoc," with "Pucelle"; instead of punk,
May travel back to Quito — on a trunk!⁶

Summam nummorum, vitioue remotus ab omni.
Tu nihil invita dieces facies Minerva:
Id tibi iudicium est, ea mens; si quid tamen olim
Scripseris, in Metii descendat iudicis aures,
Et patris, et nostras, nonumque prematur in annum,
Membranis intus positus. Delere licebit
Quod non edideris; nescit vox missa reverti.
Sylvestres homines sacer interpresque deorum
Caedibus et victu fodæ deterruit Orpheus:
Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres, rabidosque leones:

⁵ Voltaire's "Pucelle" is not quite so immaculate as Mr. Southey's "Joan of Arc," and yet I am afraid the Frenchman has both more truth and poetry too on his side.—(they rarely go together)—than our patriotic minstrel, whose first essay was in praise of a fanatical French strumpet, whose title of witch would be correct with the change of the first letter.

⁶ Like Sir Bland Burges's "Richard;" the tenth book of which I read at Malta, on a trunk of Eyre's, 19. Cockspur-street. If this be doubted, I shall buy a portmanteau to quote from.

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

Orpheus, we learn from Ovid and Lempriere,
Led all wild beasts but women by the ear;
And had he fiddled at the present hour,
We'd seen the lions waltzing in the Tower;
And old Amphion, such were minstrels then,
Had built St. Paul's without the aid of Wren.
Verse too was justice, and the bards of Greece
Did more than constables to keep the peace;
Abolish'd cuckoldom with much applause,
Call'd county meetings, and enforced the laws,
Cut down crown influence with reforming scythes,
And served the church—without demanding tithes;
And hence, throughout all Hellas and the East,
Each poet was a prophet and a priest,
Whose old-establish'd board of joint controls
Included kingdoms in the cure of souls.

Next rose the martial Homer, Epic's prince,
And fighting's been in fashion ever since,
And old Tyrtæus, when the Spartans warr'd,
(A limping leader, but a lofty bard,)¹
Though wall'd Ithome had resisted long,
Reduced the fortress by the force of song.

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

The Muse, like mortal females, may be woo'd;
In turns she'll seem a Paphian, or a prude;
Fierce as a bride when first she feels affright,
Mild as the same upon the second night;
Wild as the wife of alderman or peer,
Now for his grace, and now a grenadier!
Her eyes bescem, her heart belies, her zone,
Ice in a crowd, and lava when alone.

If verse be studied with some show of art,
Kind Nature always will perform her part;

Dictus et Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis,
Saxa movere sono testudinis, et prece blanda
Duere quo vellet: fuit hæc sapientia quondam,
Publica privati secretare; sacra profanis;
Concubito prohibere vago; dare jura maritis;
Oppida moliri; leges incidere ligno.
Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carmimbus venit. Post hos insignis Homerus
Tyrtæusque mares animos in Martia bella
Versibus exacuit; dictæ per carmina sortes,
Et vitæ monstrata via est: et gratia regum
Pieris tentata modis; ludusque repertus,
Et longorum operum finis: ne forte pudori

¹ [Lord Byron had originally written—

“As lame as I am, but a better bard.”

The reader of Mr. Moore's *Notices* will appreciate the feeling which, no doubt, influenced Lord Byron's alteration of the manuscript line.]

² [The red hand of Ulster, introduced generally in a canton, marks the shield of a baronet of the United Kingdom.]

³ [“*Pollio*.”—In the original MS. “*Rogers*.”]

⁴ “*Tum quoque marmorea caput a cervice revulum,
Gurgile cum medio portans Œagrius Hebrus,
Volveret Eurydicon vox ipsa, et frigida lingua;
Ah, miseram Eurydicon! anima fugiente vocabat;
Eurydicon toto referebant fumine ripæ.*”
Georgic. iv. 523.

⁵ I beg Nathaniel's pardon: he is not a cobbler; it is a tailor, but begged Capel Lofft to sink the profession in his preface to two pair of panta—*psha!*—of cantos, which he wished the public to try on; but the sieve of a patron let it out, and so far saved the expense of an advertisement to his country customers.—Merry's “*Moorfields whine*” was nothing to all this. The “*Della Crucians*” were people of

Though without genius, and a native vein
Of wit, we loathe an artificial strain—
Yet art and nature join'd will win the prize,
Unless they act like us and our allies.

The youth who trains to ride, or run a race,
Must bear privations with unruffled face,
Be call'd to labour when he thinks to dine,
And, harder still, leave wenching and his wine.
Ladies who sing, at least who sing at sight,
Have followed music through her farthest flight;
But rhymers tell you neither more nor less,
“I've got a pretty poem for the press;”
And that's enough; then write and print so fast;—
If Satan take the hindmost, who'd be last?
They storm the types, they publish, one and all,
They leap the counter, and they leave the stall.
Provincial maidens, men of high command,
Yea, baronets have ink'd the bloody hand!²
Cash cannot quell them; *Pollio*³ play'd this prank,
(Then *Phœbus* first found credit in a bank!)
Not all the living only, but the dead,
Fool on, as fluent as an *Orpheus*' head;⁴
Damn'd all their days, they posthumously thrive—
Dug up from dust, though buried when alive!
Reviews record this epidemic crime,
Those Books of Martyrs to the rage for rhyme.
Alas! woe worth the scribbler! often seen
In *Morning Post*, or *Monthly Magazine*.
There lurk his earlier lays; but soon, hot-press'd,
Behold a quarto!—Tarts must tell the rest.
Then leave, ye wise, the lyre's precarious chords
To muse-mad baronets, or madder lords,
Or country Crispins, now grown somewhat stale,
Twin *Doric* minstrels, drunk with *Doric ale!*
Hark to those notes, narcotically soft
The cobbler-laureat's⁵ sing to *Capel Lofft*!⁶
Till, lo! that modern *Midas*, as he hears,
Adds an ell growth to his egregious ears!

Sit tibi Musa lyre solers, et cantor Apollo.
Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæsitum est: ego nec studium sine divite vena,
Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium; alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice.
Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer; sudavit et alsit;
Abstulit Venere et vino: qui *Pythia* cantat
Tibicen, didicit prius, extimuitque magistrum.
Nunc satis est dixisse; Ego mira poemata pango:
Occupet extremum scabies; mihi turpe relinquat,
Et quod non didici, sane nescire fateri.
* * * * *

some education, and no profession; but these *Arcadians* (“*Arcades ambo*”—*bumpkins* both) send out their native nonsense without the smallest alloy, and leave all the shoes and smallclothes in the parish unrepaired, to patch up *Elegies* on *Enclosures* and *Peans* to *Gunpowder*. Sitting on a shopboard, they describe fields of battle, when the only blood they ever saw was shed from the finger; and an “*Essay on War*” is produced by the ninth part of a “*poet*.”

“And own that *nine* such poets made a *Tate*.”

Did Nathan ever read that line of *Pope*? and if he did, why not take it as his motto?—[See *antè*, p. 432. note.]

⁶ This well meaning gentleman has spoiled some excellent shoemakers, and been accessory to the poetical undoing of many of the industrious poor. *Nathaniel Bloomfield* and his brother *Bobby* have set all *Somersetshire* singing; nor has the malady confined itself to one county. *Pratt* too (who once was wiser) has caught the contagion of patronage, and decoyed a poor fellow named *Blackett* into poetry; but he died during the operation, leaving one child and two volumes of “*Remains*” utterly destitute. The girl, if she don't take a poetical twist, and come forth as a shoe-making *Sappho*, may do well; but the “*tragedies*” are as rickety as if they had been the offspring of an Earl or a *Seatonian*

There lives one druid, who prepares in time,
'Gainst future feuds his poor revenge of rhyme;
Racks his dull memory, and his duller muse,
To publish faults which friendship should excuse.
If friendship's nothing, self-regard might teach
More polish'd usage of his parts of speech.
But what is shame, or what is aught to him?
He vents his spleen, or gratifies his whim.
Some fancied slight has roused his lurking hate,
Some folly cross'd, some jest, or some debate;
Up to his den *Sir Scribbler* hies, and soon
The gather'd gall is voided in lamppoon.
Perhaps at some pert speech you've dared to frown,
Perhaps your poem may have pleased the town:
If so, alas! 'tis nature in the man—
May Heaven forgive you, for he never can!
Then be it so; and may his withering bays
Bloom fresh in satire, though they fade in praise!
While his lost songs no more shall steep and stink,
The dullest, fattest weeds on *Lethe's* brink,
But springing upwards from the sluggish mould,
Be (what they never were before) be—sold!
Should some rich bard (but such a monster now,
In modern physics, we can scarce allow),
Should some pretending scribbler of the court,
Some rhyming peer!—there's plenty of the sort?²
All but one poor dependent priest withdrawn
(Ah! too regardless of his chaplain's yawn!)
Condemn the unlucky curate to recite
Their last dramatic work by candle-light,
How would the preacher turn each rueful leaf,
Dull as his sermons, but not half so brief!

— Si carmina condes,
Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.
Quintilio si quid recitares, Corrige, sodes,
Hoc (aiebat) et hoc: melius te posse negares,
Bis terque expertum frustra, delere jubebat,
Et male tornatos incudi reddere versus.

prize poet. The patrons of this poor lad are certainly answerable for his end; and it ought to be an indictable offence. But this is the least they have done; for, by a refinement of barbarity, they have made the (late) man posthumously ridiculous, by printing what he would have had sense enough never to print himself. Certes these rakers of “*Remains*” come under the statute against “*resurrection men*.” What does it signify whether a poor dear dead dunce is to be stuck up in *Surgeons'* or in *Stationers' Hall*? Is it so bad to unearth his bones as his blunders? Is it not better to gibbet his body on a heath, than his soul in an octavo? “*We know what we are, but we know not what we may be*”; and it is to be hoped we never shall know, if a man who has passed through life with a sort of éclat, is to find himself a mountebank on the other side of *Styx*, and made, like poor *Joe Blackett*, the laughing-stock of purgatory. The plea of publication is to provide for the child; now, might not some of this “*Sutor ultra Crepidam's*” friends and seducers have done a decent action without inveigling *Pratt* into biography? And then his inscription split into so many modicums!—“*To the Duchess of Somuch, the Right Hon. So-and-So, and Mrs. and Miss Somebody, these volumes are, &c. &c.*”—why, this is doling out the “*soft milk of dedication*” in gills,—there is but a quart, and he divides it among a dozen. Why, *Pratt*, hadst thou not a puff left? Dost thou think six families of distinction can share this in quiet? There is a child, a book, and a dedication: send the girl to her grace, the volumes to the grocer, and the dedication to the devil.—[See *antè*, p. 432.]

¹ [In the original MS.—

“Some rhyming peer—*Carlisle* or *Carysfort*.”

To which is subjoined this note:—“*Of John Joshua, Earl of Carysfort* I know nothing at present, but from an advertisement in an old newspaper of certain *Poems* and *Tragedies* by his Lordship, which I saw by accident in the *Morea*. Being a rhymer himself, he will forgive the liberty I take with his name, seeing, as he must, how very commodious it is at the close of that couplet; and as for what follows and goes before, let him please it to the account of the other *Thane*; since I cannot, under these circumstances, augur pro or con

Yet, since 't is promised at the rector's death,
He'll risk no living for a little breath.
Then spouts and foams, and cries at every line,
(The Lord forgive him!) “*Bravo! grand! divine!*”
Hoarse with those praises (which, by flatt'ry fed,
Dependence barter for her bitter bread),
He strides and stamps along with creaking boot,
Till the floor echoes his emphatic foot;
Then sits again, then rolls his pious eye,
As when the dying vicar will not die!
Nor feels, forsooth, emotion at his heart;—
But all dissemblers overact their part.

Ye, who aspire to “*build the lofty rhyme*,”³
Believe not all who laud your false “*sublime*”;
But if some friend shall hear your work, and say,
“*Expunge that stanza, lop that line away*,”
And, after fruitless efforts, you return
Without amendment, and he answers, “*Burn!*”
That instant throw your paper in the fire,
Ask not his thoughts, or follow his desire;
But (if true bard!) you scorn to condescend,
And will not alter what you can't defend,
If you will breed this bastard of your brains⁴,—
We'll have no words—I've only lost my pains.

Yet, if you only prize your favourite thought,
As critics kindly do, and authors ought;
If your cool friend annoy you now and then,
And cross whole pages with his plaguy pen;
No matter, throw your ornaments aside,—
Better let him than all the world deride.

Si defendere delictum quam vertere malles,
Nullum ultra verbum, aut operam insumebat inanem,
Quin sine rivali teque et tua solus amares.
Vir bonus et prudens versus reprehendit inertes:
Culpabit duos; incomptis allinet atrum
Transverso calamo signum; ambitiosa recidet

the contents of his ‘*foolscap crown octavos*.’” — *John Joshua Proby*, first Earl of *Carysfort*, was joint postmaster-general in 1805, envoy to *Berlin* in 1806, and ambassador to *Petersburg* in 1807. Besides his poems, he published two pamphlets, to show the necessity of universal suffrage and short parliaments. He died in 1828.]

² Here will Mr. *Gifford* allow me to introduce once more to his notice the sole survivor, the “*ultimus Romanorum*,” the last of the *Cruscanti*!—“*Edwin*” the “*profound*,” by our Lady of Punishment! here he is, as lively as in the days of “*well said Baviad the Correct*.” I thought *Fitzgerald* had been the tail of poetry; but, alas! he is only the penultimate.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

“WHAT reams of paper, floods of ink,”
Do some men spoil, who never think!
And so perhaps you'll say of me,
In which your readers may agree.
Still I write on, and tell you why;
Nothing's so bad, you can't deny,
But may instruct or entertain
Without the risk of giving pain, &c. &c.

ON SOME MODERN QUACKS AND REFORMISTS.

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

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

³ [See *Milton's Lycidas*.]

⁴ “*Bastard of your brains*.”—*Minerva* being the first by *Jupiter's* headpiece, and a variety of equally unaccountable parturitions upon earth, such as *Madoc*, &c. &c. &c.

Give light to passages too much in shade,
Nor let a doubt obscure one verse you've made;
Your friend's "a Johnson," not to leave one word,
However trifling, which may seem absurd;
Such erring trifles lead to serious ills,
And furnish food for critics¹, or their quills.

As the Scotch fiddle, with its touching tune,
Or the sad influence of the angry moon,
All men avoid bad writers' ready tongues,
As yawning waiters fly² Fitzscribble's³ lungs;
Yet on he mouths—ten minutes—tedious each
As prelate's homily, or placeman's speech;
Long as the last years of a lingering lease,
When riot pauses until rents increase.
While such a minstrel, muttering fustian, strays
O'er hedge and ditch, through unfrequented ways,
If by some chance he walks into a well,
And shouts for succour with stentorian yell,
"A rope! help, Christians, as ye hope for grace!"
Nor woman, man, nor child will stir a pace;
For there his carcass he might freely fling,
From frenzy, or the humour of the thing.
Though this has happen'd to more bards than one;
I'll tell you Budgell's story,—and have done.

Ornamenta; parum claris lucem dare coget;
Arguet ambigue dictum; mutanda notabit;
Fiet Aristarchus: nec dicet, Cur ego amicum
Offendam in nugis? hæc nugæ seria ducent
In mala derisum semel exceptumque sinistre.
Ut mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urguet,
Aut fanaticus error et iracunda Diana,
Vesanum tetigisse timent fugiuntque poemam,
Qui sapiunt: agitant pueri, incautique sequuntur.
Hic dum sublimes versus ructatur, et errat,
Si veluti merulis intentus decedit aiceps
In puteum; foveamve; licet. Succurrite, longum
Clamet, lo cives! non sit qui tollere curet.
Si quis curet opem ferre, et demittere funem,
Qui scis an prudens huc se defecerit, atque

¹ "A crust for the critics."—*Bayes, in the "Rehearsal."*

² And the "waiters" are the only fortunate people who can "fly" from them; all the rest, viz. the sad subscribers to the "Literary Fund," being compelled, by courtesy, to sit out the recitation without a hope of exclaiming, "Sic" (that is, by choking Fitz with bad wine, or worse poetry) "me servavit Apollo!"

³ ["Fitzscribble," originally "Fitzgerald." See *antié*, p. 421.]

⁴ On his table were found these words: "What Cato did, and Addison approved, cannot be wrong." But Addison did not "approve"; and if he had, it would not have mended the matter. He had invited his daughter on the same water-party; but Miss Budgell, by some accident, escaped this last paternal attention. Thus fell the sycophant of "Atticus," and the enemy of Pope!—[Eustace Budgell, a friend and relative of Addison's, "leapt into the Thames" to escape a prosecution, on account of forging the will of Dr. Tindal; in which Eustace had provided himself with a legacy of two thousand pounds. To this Pope alludes—

"Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on my quill,
And write whate'er he please—except my will."

⁵ ["We talked (says Boswell) of a man's drowning himself.—JOHNSON. 'I should never think it time to make away with myself.' I put the case of Eustace Budgell, who was accused of forging a will, and sunk himself in the Thames, before the trial of its authenticity came on.—'Suppose, Sir,' said I, 'that a man is absolutely sure that, if he lives a few days longer, he shall be detected in a fraud, the consequence of which will be utter disgrace, and expulsion from society.'

Budgell, a rogue and rhymester, for no good,
(Unless his case be much misunderstood)
When teased with creditors' continual claims,
"To die like Cato⁴," leapt into the Thames!
And therefore be it lawful through the town
For any bard to poison, hang, or drown.⁵
Who saves the intended suicide receives
Small thanks from him who loathes the life he
leaves;

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

Nor is it certain that some sorts of verse
Prick not the poet's conscience as a curse;
Dosed⁶ with vile drams on Sunday he was found,
Or got a child on consecrated ground!
And hence is haunted with a rhyming rage—
Fear'd like a bear just bursting from his cage.
If free, all fly his versifying fit,
Fatal at once to simpleton or wit,
But *him*, unhappy! whom he seizes,—*him*
He flays with recitation limb by limb;
Probes to the quick where'er he makes his breach,
And gorges like a lawyer—or a leech.⁷

Servari nolit? Dicam: Siculique poetae
Narrabo interitum. Deus immortalis haberi
Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam
Insiluit; sit jus, liceatque perire poetis:
Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidendi.
Nec semel hoc fecit; nec, si retractus erit, jam
Fiet homo, et ponet famosæ mortis amorem.
Nec satis apparet cur versus factitet: utrum
Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidental
Moverit incestus: certe furit, ac velut ursus,
Objectos caveæ valciti si frangere clathros,
Indoctum doctumque rugat recitator acerbus.
Quem vero arripit, tenet, occiditque legendo,
Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris, hirudo.

JOHNSON. "Then, Sir, let him go abroad to a distant country; let him go to some place where he is not known. Don't let him go to the devil, where he is known."—See Boswell, vol. iv. p. 50. ed. 1835.]

⁶ If "dosed with," &c. be censured as low, I beg leave to refer to the original for something still lower; and if any reader will translate "Minxerit in patrios cineres," &c. into a decent couplet, I will insert said couplet in lieu of the present.

⁷ [In tracing the fortunes of men, it is not a little curious to observe, how often the course of a whole life has depended on one single step. Had Lord Byron persisted in his original purpose of giving this poem to the press, instead of Child Harold, it is more than probable that he would have been lost, as a great poet, to the world. Inferior as this Paraphrase is, in every respect, to his former Satire, and, in some places, even descending below the level of under-graduate versifiers, its failure, there can be little doubt, would have been certain and signal;—his former assailants would have resumed their advantage over him, and either, in the bitterness of his mortification, he would have flung Child Harold into the fire; or, had he summoned up sufficient confidence to publish that poem, its reception, even if sufficient to retrieve him in the eyes of the public and his own, could never have, at all, resembled that explosion of success,—that instantaneous and universal acclaim of admiration, into which, coming, as it were, fresh from the land of song, he surprised the world, and in the midst of which he was borne, buoyant and self-assured, along, through a succession of new triumphs, each more splendid than the last. Happily, the better judgment of his friends averted such a risk.—MOORE.]

The Curse of Minerva.¹

— "Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
Immolat, et pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit."
Æneid. lib. xii.

Athens, Capuchin Convent, March 17. 1811.

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,²
Along Morea's hills the setting sun;
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light;
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows;
On old Ægina's rock and Hydra's isle
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;
O'er his own regions lingering loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast, the mountain-shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse,
More deeply purpled, meet his mellowing glance,
And dearest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian rock he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve his palest beam he cast
When, Athens! here thy wisest look'd his last.
How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murder'd sage's³ latest day!
Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill,
The precious hour of parting lingers still;
But sad his light to agonising eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes;
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,
The land where Phœbus never frown'd before;
But ere he sunk below Cithæron's head,
The soul of woe was quaff'd—the spirit fled;
The cup of him that scorn'd to fear or fly,
Who lived and died as none can live or die.

But, lo! from high Hymettus to the plain
The queen of night asserts her silent reign;⁴

¹ [This fierce philippic on Lord Elgin, whose collection of Athenian marbles was ultimately purchased for the nation, in 1816, at the cost of thirty-five thousand pounds, was written at Athens, in March, 1811, and prepared for publication along with the "Hints from Horace;" but, like that satire, suppressed by Lord Byron, from motives which the reader will easily understand. It was first given to the world in 1828. Few can wonder that Lord Byron's feelings should have been powerfully excited by the spectacle of the despoiled Parthenon; but it is only due to Lord Elgin to keep in mind, that, had those precious marbles remained, they must, in all likelihood, have perished for ever amidst the miserable scenes of violence which Athens has since witnessed; and that their presence in England has already, by universal admission, been of the most essential advantage to the fine arts of our own country. The political allusions in this poem are not such as require much explanation. It contains many lines, which, it is hoped, the author, on mature reflection, disapproved of—but is too vigorous a specimen of his iambs to be omitted in any collective edition of his works.]

² [The splendid lines with which this satire opens, down to "As thus, within the walls of Pallas' fane," first appeared at the commencement of the third canto of the *Corsair*, the author having, at that time, abandoned all notion of publishing the piece of which they originally made part.]

³ Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.

No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, or girds her glowing form.
With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams play,
There the white column greets her grateful ray,
And bright around, with quivering beams beset,
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:
The groves of olive scatter'd dark and wide,
Where meek Cephissus sheds his scanty tide,
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,⁵
And sad and sombre mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus' fane, yon solitary palm;
All, tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye;
And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by.⁶

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

As thus, within the walls of Pallas' fane,
I mark'd the beauties of the land and main,
Alone, and friendless, on the magic shore,
Whose arts and arms but live in poets' lore;
Of as the matchless dome I turn'd to scan,
Sacred to gods, but not secure from man,
The past return'd, the present seem'd to cease,
And Glory knew no clime beyond her Greece!

Hours roll'd along, and Dian's orb on high
Had gain'd the centre of her softest sky;
And yet unwearied still my footsteps trod
O'er the vain shrine of many a vanish'd god:
But chiefly, Pallas! thine; when Hecate's glare,
Check'd by thy columns, fell more sadly fair

⁴ The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our own country; the days in winter are longer, but in summer of less duration.

⁵ The kiosk is a Turkish summer-house; the palm is without the present walls of Athens, not far from the temple of Theseus, between which and the tree the wall intervenes. Cephissus' stream is indeed scanty, and Ilissus has no stream at all.

⁶ [During our residence of ten weeks at Athens, there was not, I believe, a day of which we did not devote a part to the contemplation of the noble monuments of Grecian genius, that have outlived the ravages of time, and the outrage of barbarous and antiquarian despoilers. The Temple of Theseus, which was within five minutes' walk of our lodgings, is the most perfect ancient edifice in the world. In this fabric, the most enduring stability, and a simplicity of design peculiarly striking, are united with the highest elegance and accuracy of workmanship; the characteristic of the Doric style, whose chaste beauty is not, in the opinion of the first artists, to be equalled by the graces of any of the other orders. A gentleman of Athens, of great taste and skill, assured us that, after a continued contemplation of this temple, and the remains of the Parthenon, he could never again look with his accustomed satisfaction upon the Ionic and Corinthian ruins of Athens, much less upon the specimens of the more modern species of architecture to be seen in Italy.—HOBHOUSE.]