

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 critics<sup>1</sup>, 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 fly<sup>2</sup> Fitzscribble's<sup>3</sup> 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

<sup>1</sup> "A crust for the critics."—*Bayes, in the "Rehearsal."*

<sup>2</sup> 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!"

<sup>3</sup> ["Fitzscribble," originally "Fitzgerald." See *antié*, p. 421.]

<sup>4</sup> 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."

<sup>5</sup> ["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 Cato<sup>4</sup>," leapt into the Thames!  
And therefore be it lawful through the town  
For any bard to poison, hang, or drown.<sup>5</sup>  
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;  
Dosed<sup>6</sup> 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.<sup>7</sup>

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.]

<sup>6</sup> 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.

<sup>7</sup> [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.<sup>1</sup>

— "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,<sup>2</sup>  
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's<sup>3</sup> 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;<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [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.]

<sup>2</sup> [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.]

<sup>3</sup> 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 Cephisus sheds his scanty tide,  
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,  
The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,<sup>5</sup>  
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.<sup>6</sup>

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;  
Oft 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

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

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

<sup>6</sup> [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.]

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

Yes, 't was Minerva's self; but, ah! how changed  
Since o'er the Dardan field in arms she ranged!  
Not such as erst, by her divine command,  
Her form appear'd from Phidias' plastic hand:  
Gone were the terrors of her awful brow,  
Her idle ægis bore no Gorgon now;  
Her helm was dinted, and the broken lance  
Seem'd weak and shaftless e'en to mortal glance;  
The olive branch, which still she deign'd to clasp,  
Shrunk from her touch, and wither'd in her grasp;  
And, ah! though still the brightest of the sky,  
Celestial tears bedimm'd her large blue eye;  
Round the rent casque her owlet circled slow,  
And mourn'd his mistress with a shriek of woe!

"Mortal!"—'t was thus she spake—"that blush  
of shame  
Proclaims thee Briton, once a noble name;  
First of the mighty, foremost of the free,  
Now honour'd less by all, and least by me:  
Chief of thy foes shall Pallas still be found.  
Seek'st thou the cause of loathing?—look around.  
Lo! here, despite of war and wasting fire,  
I saw successive tyrannies expire.  
'Scaped from the ravage of the Turk and Goth,<sup>1</sup>  
Thy country sends a spoiler worse than both.<sup>2</sup>  
Survey this vacant, violated fane;  
Recount the relics torn that yet remain:  
These Cecrops placed, this Pericles adorn'd,<sup>3</sup>  
That Adrian rear'd when drooping Science mourn'd.  
What more I owe let gratitude attest—  
Know, Alaric and Elgin did the rest.  
That all may learn from whence the plunderer came,  
The insulted wall sustains his hated name:<sup>4</sup>  
For Elgin's fame thus grateful Pallas pleads,  
Below, his name—above, behold his deeds!<sup>5</sup>  
Be ever hail'd with equal honour here  
The Gothic monarch and the Pictish peer:  
Arms gave the first his right, the last had none,  
But basely stole what less barbarians won.  
So when the lion quits his fell repast,  
Next prowls the wolf, the filthy jackal last:  
Flesh, limbs, and blood the former make their own,  
The last poor brute securely gnaws the bone.  
Yet still the gods are just, and crimes are cross'd:  
See here what Elgin won, and what he lost!

<sup>1</sup> [On the plaster wall, on the west side of the chapel, these words have been very deeply cut:—

QUOD NON FECERUNT GOTI,  
HOC FECERUNT SCOTI.

The mortar wall, yet fresh when we saw it, supplying the place of the statue now in Lord Elgin's collection, serves as a comment on this text. This eulogy of the Goths alludes to an unfounded story of a Greek historian, who relates that Alaric, either terrified by two phantoms, one of Minerva herself, the other of Achilles, terrible as when he strode towards the walls of Troy to his friends, or struck with a reverential respect, had spared the treasures, ornaments, and people of the venerable city.—HOBHOUSE.]

<sup>2</sup> [In the original MS.—

"Ah, Athens! scarce escaped from Turk and Goth:  
Hell sends a paltry Scotchman worse than both."]

Another name with his pollutes my shrine:  
Behold where Dian's beams disdain to shine!  
Some retribution still might Pallas claim,  
When Venus half avenged Minerva's shame."<sup>6</sup>

She ceased awhile, and thus I dared reply,  
To soothe the vengeance kindling in her eye:  
"Daughter of Jove! in Britain's injured name,  
A true-born Briton may the deed disclaim.  
Frown not on England; England owns him not:  
Athena, no! thy plunderer was a Scot.  
Ask'st thou the difference? From fair Phyle's towers  
Survey Bœotia;—Caledonia's ours.  
And well I know within that bastard land<sup>7</sup>  
Hath Wisdom's goddess never held command;  
A barren soil, where Nature's germs, confined  
To stern sterility, can stint the mind;  
Whose thistle well betrays the niggard earth,  
Emblem of all to whom the land gives birth;  
Each genial influence nurtured to resist;  
A land of meanness, sophistry, and mist.  
Each breeze from foggy mount and marshy plain  
Dilutes with drivel every drizzly brain,  
Till, burst at length, each watery head o'erflows,  
Foul as their soil, and frigid as their snows.  
Then thousand schemes of petulance and pride  
Despatch her scheming children far and wide:  
Some east, some west, some every where but north,  
In quest of lawless gain, they issue forth.  
And thus—accursed be the day and year!<sup>8</sup>  
She sent a Pict to play the felon here.  
Yet Caledonia claims some native worth,  
As dull Bœotia gave a Pindar birth;  
So may her few, the letter'd and the brave,  
Bound to no clime, and victors of the grave,  
Shake off the sordid dust of such a land,  
And shine like children of a happier strand;  
As once, of yore, in some obnoxious place,  
Ten names (if found) had saved a wretched race."

"Mortal!" the blue-eyed maid resumed, "once  
Bear back my mandate to thy native shore. [more  
Though fallen, alas! this vengeance yet is mine,  
To turn my counsels far from lands like thine.  
Hear then in silence Pallas' stern behest;  
Hear and believe, for Time will tell the rest.

"First on the head of him who did this deed  
My curse shall light,—on him and all his seed:  
Without one spark of intellectual fire,  
Be all the sons as senseless as the sire:  
If one with wit the parent brood disgrace,  
Believe him bastard of a brighter race:

<sup>3</sup> This is spoken of the city in general, and not of the Acropolis in particular. The temple of Jupiter Olympius, by some supposed the Pantheon, was finished by Hadrian; sixteen columns are standing, of the most beautiful marble and architecture.

<sup>4</sup> [On the original MS. is written—

"Aspice quos Pallas Scoto concedit honores,  
Infrâ stat nomen—facta supraque vide."]

<sup>5</sup> [For Lord Byron's detailed remarks on Lord Elgin's dealing with the Parthenon, see APPENDIX, note A. to the second canto of Childe Harold.]

<sup>6</sup> His lordship's name, and that of one who no longer bears it, are carved conspicuously on the Parthenon: above, in a part not far distant, are the torn remnants of the basso-reliefs, destroyed in a vain attempt to remove them.

<sup>7</sup> "Irish bastards," according to Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan.

Still with his hireling artists let him prate,  
And Folly's praise repay for Wisdom's hate;  
Long of their patron's gusto let them tell,  
Whose noblest, native gusto is—to sell:  
To sell, and make—may Shame record the day!—  
The state receiver of his pilfer'd prey.<sup>1</sup>  
Meantime, the flattering, feeble dotard, West,  
Europe's worst dauber, and poor Britain's best,  
With palsied hand shall turn each model o'er,  
And own himself an infant of fourscore.<sup>2</sup>  
Be all the bruisers cull'd from all St. Giles'  
That art and nature may compare their styles;  
While brawny brutes in stupid wonder stare,  
And marvel at his lordship's 'stone shop'<sup>3</sup> there.  
Round the through'd gate shall sauntering coxcombs  
creep,

To lounge and lucubrate, to prate and peep;  
While many a languid maid, with longing sigh,  
On giant statues casts the curious eye;  
The room with transient glance appears to skim,  
Yet marks the mighty back and length of limb;  
Mourns o'er the difference of now and then;  
Exclaims, 'These Greeks indeed were proper men!'  
Draws sly comparisons of these with those,  
And envies Laïs all her Attic beaux.  
When shall a modern maid have swains like these!  
Alas! Sir Harry is no Hercules!  
And last of all, amidst the gaping crew,  
Some calm spectator, as he takes his view,  
In silent indignation mix'd with grief,  
Admires the plunder, but abhors the thief.<sup>4</sup>  
Oh, loathed in life, nor pardon'd in the dust,  
May hate pursue his sacrilegious lust!  
Link'd with the fool that fired the Ephesian dome,  
Shall vengeance follow far beyond the tomb,  
And Eratostatus and Elgin shine  
In many a branding page and burning line;  
Alike reserved for aye to stand accursed,  
Perchance the second blacker than the first.

"So let him stand, through ages yet unborn,  
Fix'd statue on the pedestal of Scorn;  
Though not for him alone revenge shall wait,  
But fits thy country for her coming fate:  
Hers were the deeds that taught her lawless son  
To do what oft Britannia's self had done.  
Look to the Baltic—blazing from afar,  
Your old ally yet mourns perfidious war.<sup>5</sup>  
Not to such deeds did Pallas lend her aid,  
Or break the compact which herself had made;  
Far from such councils, from the faithless field  
She fled—but left behind her Gorgon shield:  
A fatal gift, that turn'd your friends to stone,  
And left lost Albion hated and alone.

"Look to the East, where Ganges' swarthy race  
Shall shake your tyrant empire to its base;

<sup>1</sup> [In 1816, thirty-five thousand pounds were voted by Parliament for the purchase of the Elgin marbles.]

<sup>2</sup> Mr. West, on seeing the "Elgin Collection" (I suppose we shall hear of the "Abershaw" and "Jack Shephard" collection), declares himself "a mere tyro" in art.

<sup>3</sup> Poor Cribb was sadly puzzled when the marbles were first exhibited at Elgin House: he asked if it was not "a stone shop?"—He was right; it is a shop.

<sup>4</sup> [That the Elgin marbles will contribute to the improvement of art in England, cannot be doubted. They must certainly open the eyes of the British artists, and prove that the true and only road to simplicity and beauty is the study of nature. But, had we a right to diminish the interest of Athens

Lo! there Rebellion rears her ghastly head,  
And glares the Nemesis of native dead;  
Till Indus rolls a deep purple flood,  
And claims his long arrear of northern blood.  
So may ye perish!—Pallas, when she gave  
Your free-born rights, forbade ye to enslave.

"Look on your Spain!—she clasps the hand she  
hates,  
But boldly clasps, and thrusts you from her gates.  
Bear witness, bright Barossa! thou canst tell  
Whose were the sons that bravely fought and fell.  
But Lusitania, kind and dear ally,  
Can spare a few to fight, and sometimes fly.  
Oh glorious field! by Famine fiercely won,  
The Gaul retires for once, and all is done!  
But when did Pallas teach, that one retreat  
Retrieved three long olympiads of defeat?"

"Look last at home—ye love not to look there;  
On the grim smile of comfortless despair:  
Your city saddens: loud though Revel howls,  
Here Famine faints, and yonder Rapine prowls.  
See all alike of more or less bereft;  
No misers tremble when there's nothing left.  
'Blest paper credit'<sup>6</sup>; who shall dare to sing?  
It clogs like lead Corruption's weary wing.  
Yet Pallas pluck'd each premier by the ear,  
Who gods and men alike disdain'd to hear;  
But one, repentant o'er a bankrupt state,  
On Pallas calls,—but calls, alas! too late:  
Then raves for \*\*; to that Mentor bends,  
Though he and Pallas never yet were friends.  
Him senates hear, whom never yet they heard,  
Contemptuous once, and now no less absurd.  
So, once of yore, each reasonable frog  
Swore faith and fealty to his sovereign 'log.'  
Thus hail'd your rulers their patrician clod,  
As Egypt chose an onion for a god.

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

Gone is that gold, the marvel of mankind,  
And pirates barter all that's left behind.<sup>7</sup>  
No more the hirelings, purchased near and far,  
Crowd to the ranks of mercenary war.  
The idle merchant on the useless quay  
Droops o'er the bales no bark may bear away;  
Or, back returning, sees rejected stores  
Rot piecemeal on his own encumber'd shores:  
The starved mechanic breaks his rusting loom,  
And desperate mans him 'gainst the coming doom.  
Then in the senate of your sinking state  
Show me the man whose counsels may have weight.

for selfish motives, and prevent successive generations of other nations from seeing those admirable sculptures? The Temple of Minerva was spared as a beacon to the world, to direct it to the knowledge of purity of taste. What can we say to the disappointed traveller, who is now deprived of the rich gratification which would have compensated his travel and his toil? It will be little consolation to him to say, he may find the sculpture of the Parthenon in England.—H. W. WILLIAMS.]

<sup>5</sup> [The affair of Copenhagen.]

<sup>6</sup> "Blest paper credit! last and best supply,  
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!"—POPE.

<sup>7</sup> The Deal and Dover traffickers in specie.  
G g 4

Vain is each voice where tones could once command;

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

" 'Tis done, 'tis past, since Pallas warns in vain ;  
The Furies seize her abdicated reign :  
Wide o'er the realm they wave their kindling brands,  
And wring her vitals with their fiery hands.  
But one convulsive struggle still remains,  
And Gaul shall weep ere Albion wear her chains.  
The banner'd pomp of war, the glittering files,  
O'er whose gay trappings stern Bellona smiles ;  
The brazen trump, the spirit-stirring drum,  
That bid the foe defiance ere they come ;  
The hero bounding at his country's call,  
The glorious death that consecrates his fall,  
Swell the young heart with visionary charms,  
And bid it antedate the joys of arms.

But know, a lesson you may yet be taught,  
With death alone are laurels cheaply bought :  
Not in the conflict Havoc seeks delight,  
His day of mercy is the day of fight.  
But when the field is fought, the battle won,  
Though drench'd with gore, his woes are but begun :  
His deeper deeds as yet ye know by name ;  
The slaughter'd peasant and the ravish'd dame,  
The rifled mansion and the foe-reap'd field,  
Ill suit with souls at home, untaught to yield.  
Say with what eye along the distant down  
Would flying burghers mark the blazing town ?  
How view the column of ascending flames  
Shake his red shadow o'er the startled Thames ?  
Nay, frown not, Albion ! for the torch was thine  
That lit such pyres from Tagus to the Rhine :  
Now should they burst on thy devoted coast,  
Go, ask thy bosom who deserves them most.  
The law of heaven and earth is life for life,  
And she who raised, in vain regrets, the strife." 1

## The Waltz :

### AN APOSTROPHIC HYMN. 2

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

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

#### TO THE PUBLISHER.

SIR,

I AM a country gentleman of a midland county. I might have been a parliament-man for a certain borough ; having had the offer of as many votes as General T. at the general election in 1812. 3 But I was all for domestic happiness ; as, fifteen years ago, on a visit to London, I married a middle-aged maid of honour. We lived happily at Hornem Hall till last season, when my wife and I were invited by the Countess of Waltzaway (a distant relation of my spouse) to pass the winter in town. Thinking no harm, and our girls being come to a marriageable (or, as they call it, *marketable*) age, and having

1 ["The beautiful but barren Hymettus, the whole coast of Attica, her hills and mountains, Pentelicus, Anchesmus, Philopappus, &c. &c. are in themselves poetical ; and would be so if the name of Athens, of Athenians, and her very ruins, were swept from the earth. But, am I to be told that the "nature" of Attica would be *more* poetical without the "art" of the Acropolis ? of the Temple of Theseus ? and of the still all Greek and glorious monuments of her exquisitely artificial genius ? Ask the traveller what strikes him as most poetical, the Parthenon, or the rock on which it stands ? The columns of Cape Colonna, or the Cape itself ? The rocks at the foot of it, or the recollection that Falconer's ship was bulged upon them ? There are a thousand rocks and capes far more picturesque than those of the Acropolis and Cape Sunium in themselves. But it is the "art," the columns, the temples, the wrecked vessel, which give them their antique and their modern poetry, and not the spots themselves. I op-

besides a Chancery suit inveterately entailed upon the family estate, we came up in our old chariot,—of which, by the bye, my wife grew so much ashamed in less than a week, that I was obliged to buy a second-hand barouche, of which I might mount the box, Mrs. H. says, if I could drive, but never see the inside—that place being reserved for the Honourable Augustus Tiptoe, her partner-general and opera-knight. Hearing great praises of Mrs. H.'s dancing (she was famous for birthnight minuets in the latter end of the last century), I unbooted, and went to a ball at the Countess's, expecting to see a country dance, or, at most, cotillions, reels, and all the old paces to the newest tunes. But, judge of my surprise, on arriving, to see poor dear Mrs. Hornem with her

posed, and will ever oppose, the robbery of ruins from Athens, to instruct the English in sculpture ; but why did I do so ? The ruins are as poetical in Piccadilly as they were in the Parthenon ; but the Parthenon and its rock are less so without them. Such is the poetry of art."—*Byron Letters*, 1821.]

2 [This trifle was written at Cheltenham in the autumn of 1812, and published anonymously in the spring of the following year. It was not very well received at the time by the public ; and the author was by no means anxious that it should be considered as his handiwork. "I hear," he says, in a letter to a friend, "that a certain malicious publication on waltzing is attributed to me. This report, I suppose, you will take care to contradict ; as the author, I am sure, will not like that I should wear his cap and bells."]

3 State of the poll (last day), 5.

arms half round the loins of a huge hussar-looking gentleman I never set eyes on before ; and his, to say truth, rather more than half round her waist, turning round, and round, and round, to a d—d see-saw up-and-down sort of tune, that reminded me of the "Black joke," only more "affetuous," till it made me quite giddy with wondering they were not so. By-and-by they stopped a bit, and I thought they would sit or fall down :—but no ; with Mrs. H.'s hand on his shoulder, "*quam familiariter*" 1 (as Terence said, when I was at school), they walked about a minute, and then at it again, like two cock-chafers spitted on the same bodkin. I asked what all this meant, when, with a loud laugh, a child no older than our Wilhelmina (a name I never heard but in the Vicar of Wakefield, though her mother would call her after the Princess of Swappenbach,) said, "Lord ! Mr. Hornem, can't you see they are waltzing ?" or waltzing (I forget which) ; and then up she got, and her mother and sister, and away they went, and round-abouted it till supper time. Now, that I know what it is, I like it of all things, and so does Mrs. H. (though I have broken my shins, and four times overturned Mrs. Hornem's maid, in practising the preliminary steps in a morning). Indeed, so much do I like it, that having a turn for rhyme, tastily displayed in some election ballads, and songs in honour of all the victories (but till lately I have had little practice in that way), I sat down, and with the aid of William Fitzgerald, Esq. 2, and a few hints from Dr. Busby 3, (whose recitations I attend, and am monstrous fond of Master Busby's manner of delivering his father's late successful "Drury Lane Address,") I composed the following hymn, wherewithal to make my sentiments known to the public ; whom, nevertheless, I heartily despise, as well as the critics.

I am, Sir, yours, &c. &c.  
HORACE HORNEM.

## The Waltz.

Muse of the many-twinkling feet 4 ! whose charms  
Are now extended up from legs to arms ;

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

2 [See *anté*, p. 421.]

3 [See "Rejected Addresses."]

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

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

"To tame the genius of the stubborn plain,  
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain !"  
The Lord Peterborough conquered continents in a summer ; we do more—we contrive both to conquer and lose them in a shorter season. If the "great Lord's" *Cincinnati* progress

Terpsichore !—too long misdeem'd a maid—  
Reproachful term—bestow'd but to upbraid—  
Henceforth in all the bronze of brightness shine,  
The least a vestal of the virgin Nine.  
Far be from thee and thine the name of prude ;  
Mock'd, yet triumphant ; sneer'd at, unsubdued ;  
Thy legs must move to conquer as they fly,  
If but thy coats are reasonably high ;  
Thy breast—if bare enough—requires no shield ;  
Dance forth—*sans armour* thou shalt take the field,  
And own—impregnable to most assaults,  
Thy not too lawfully begotten "Waltz."

Hail, nimble nymph ! to whom the young hussar,  
The whisker'd votary of waltz and war,  
His night devotes, despite of spur and boots ;  
A sight unmatched since Orpheus and his brutes :  
Hail, spirit-stirring Waltz !—beneath whose banners  
A modern hero fought for modish manners ;  
On Hounslow's heath to rival Wellesley's 5 fame,  
Cock'd—fired—and miss'd his man—but gain'd his  
aim ;  
Hail, moving Muse ! to whom the fair one's breast  
Gives all it can, and bids us take the rest.  
Oh ! for the flow of Busby, or of Fitz,  
The latter's loyalty, the former's wits,  
To "energise the object I pursue," 6  
And give both Belial and his dance their due !

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

Oh, Germany ! how much to thee we owe,  
As heaven-born Pitt can testify below,  
Ere cursed confederation made thee France's,  
And only left us thy d—d debts and dances !  
Of subsidies and Hanover bereft,  
We bless thee still—for George the Third is left !  
Of kings the best—and last, not least in worth,  
For graciously begetting George the Fourth.

in agriculture be no speedier than the proportional average of time in Pope's couplet, it will, according to the farmers' proverb, be "ploughing with dogs."

By the bye—one of this illustrious person's new titles is forgotten—it is, however, worth remembering—"Salvador del mundo !" *credite, posteri* ! If this be the appellation annexed by the inhabitants of the Peninsula to the name of a man who has not yet saved them—query—are they worth saving, even in this world ? for, according to the mildest modifications of any Christian creed, those three words make the odds much against them in the next.—"Saviour of the world," quotha !—it were to be wished that he, or any one else, could save a corner of it—his country. Yet this stupid misnomer, although it shows the near connection between superstition and impiety, so far has its use, that it proves there can be little to dread from those Catholics (inquisitorial Catholics too) who can confer such an appellation on a *Protestant*. I suppose next year he will be entitled the "Virgin Mary : " if so, Lord George Gordon himself would have nothing to object to such liberal bastards of our Lady of Babylon.

6 [Among the addresses sent in to the Drury Lane Committee was one by Dr. Busby, which began by asking—

"When energising objects men pursue,  
What are the prodigies they cannot do ?"]

To Germany, and highnesses serene,  
Who owe us millions—don't we owe the queen?  
To Germany, what owe we not besides?  
So oft bestowing Brunswickers and brides;  
Who paid for vulgar, with her royal blood,  
Drawn from the stem of each Teutonic stud:  
Who sent us—so be pardon'd all her faults—  
A dozen dukes, some kings, a queen—and Waltz.

But peace to her—her emperor and diet,  
Though now transferr'd to Buonaparte's "flat!"  
Back to my theme—O Muse of motion! say,  
How first to Albion found thy Waltz her way?

Borne on the breath of hyperborean gales,  
From Hamburg's port (while Hamburg yet had mails),  
Ere yet unlucky Fame—compell'd to creep  
To snowy Gottenburg—was chill'd to sleep;  
Or, starting from her slumbers, deign'd arise,  
Heligoland! to stock thy mart with lies;  
While unburnt Moscow<sup>1</sup> yet had news to send,  
Nor owed her fiery exit to a friend,  
She came—Waltz came—and with her certain sets  
Of true despatches, and as true gazettes:  
Then flamed of Austerlitz the blest despatch,  
Which Moniteur nor Morning Post can match;  
And—almost crush'd beneath the glorious news—  
Ten plays, and forty tales of Kotzebue's;  
One envoy's letters, six composers' airs,  
And loads from Frankfort and from Leipzig fairs;  
Meiner's four volumes upon womankind,  
Like Lapland witches to ensure a wind;  
Brunck's heaviest tome for ballast, and, to back it,  
Of Heyné, such as should not sink the packet.

Fraught with this cargo—and her fairest freight,  
Delightful Waltz, on tiptoe for a mate,  
The welcome vessel reach'd the genial strand,  
And round her flock'd the daughters of the land.  
Not decent David, when, before the ark,  
His grand pas-seul excited some remark;  
Not love-lorn Quixote, when his Sancho thought  
The knight's fandango friskier than it ought:  
Not soft Herodias, when, with winning tread,  
Her nimble feet danced off another's head;  
Not Cleopatra on her galley's deck,  
Display'd so much of leg, or more of neck,  
Than thou, ambrosial Waltz, when first the moon  
Beheld thee twirling to a Saxon tune!

To you, ye husbands of ten years! whose brows  
Ache with the annual tributes of a spouse;

<sup>1</sup> The patriotic arson of our amiable allies cannot be sufficiently commended—nor subscribed for. Amongst other details omitted in the various despatches of our eloquent ambassador, he did not state (being too much occupied with the exploits of Colonel C—, in swimming rivers frozen, and galloping over roads impassable,) that one entire province perished by famine in the most melancholy manner, as follows:—In General Rostopchin's consummate conflagration, the consumption of tallow and train oil was so great, that the market was inadequate to the demand: and thus one hundred and thirty-three thousand persons were starved to death, by being reduced to wholesome diet! The lamplighters of London have since subscribed a pint (of oil) a piece, and the tallow-chandlers have unanimously voted a quantity of best moulds (four to the pound), to the relief of the surviving Scythians:—the scarcity will soon, by such exertions, and a proper attention to the quality rather than the quantity of provision, be totally alleviated. It is said, in return, that the untouched Ukraine has subscribed sixty thousand beehives for a day's meal to our suffering manufacturers.

<sup>2</sup> Dancing girls—who do for hire what Waltz doth gratis.

<sup>3</sup> It cannot be complained now, as in the Lady Baussière's time, of the "Sieur de la Croix," that there be "no whiskers;"

To you of nine years less, who only bear  
The budding sprouts of those that you shall wear,  
With added ornaments around them roll'd  
Of native brass, or law-awarded gold;  
To you, ye matrons, ever on the watch  
To mar a son's, or make a daughter's, match;  
To you, ye children of—whom chance accords—  
Always the ladies, and sometimes their lords;  
To you, ye single gentlemen, who seek  
Torments for life, or pleasures for a week;  
As Love or Hymen your endeavours guide,  
To gain your own, or snatch another's bride;—  
To one and all the lovely stranger came,  
And every ball-room echoes with her name.

Endearing Waltz!—to thy more melting tune  
Bow Irish jig, and ancient rigadoun.  
Scotch reels, avaunt! and country-dance, forego  
Your future claims to each fantastic toe!  
Waltz—Waltz alone—both legs and arms demands,  
Liberal of feet, and lavish of her hands;  
Hands which may freely range in public sight  
Where ne'er before—but—pray—"put out the light."  
Methinks the glare of yonder chandelier  
Shines much too far—or I am much too near;  
And true, though strange—Waltz whispers this re-  
"My slippery steps are safest in the dark!" [mark,  
But here the Muse with due decorum halts,  
And lends her longest petticoat to Waltz.

Observant travellers of every time!  
Ye quartos publish'd upon every clime!  
Oh say, shall dull Romaika's heavy round,  
Fandango's wriggle, or Bolero's bound;  
Can Egypt's Almas<sup>2</sup>—tantalising group—  
Columbia's caperers to the warlike whoop—  
Can aught from cold Kamschatka to Cape Horn  
With Waltz compare, or after Waltz be borne?  
Ah, no! from Morier's pages down to Galt's,  
Each tourist pens a paragraph for "Waltz."

Shades of those belles whose reign began of yore,  
With George the Third's—and ended long before!  
Though in your daughters' daughters yet you thrive,  
Burst from your lead, and be yourselves alive!  
Back to the ball-room speed your spectred host:  
Fool's Paradise is dull to that you lost.  
No treacherous powder bids conjecture quake;  
No stiff-starch'd stays make meddling fingers ache;  
(Transferr'd to those ambiguous things that ape  
Goats in their visage<sup>3</sup>, women in their shape;)

but how far these are indications of valour in the field, or elsewhere, may still be questionable. Much may be, and hath been, avouched on both sides. In the olden time philosophers had whiskers, and soldiers none—Scipio himself was shaven—Hannibal thought his one eye handsome enough without a beard; but Adrian, the emperor, wore a beard (having warts on his chin, which neither the empress Sabina nor even the courtiers could abide)—Turenne had whiskers, Marlborough none—Buonaparte is unwhiskered, the Regent whiskered; "argal" greatness of mind and whiskers may or may not go together: but certainly the different occurrences, since the growth of the last mentioned, go further in behalf of whiskers than the anathema of Anselm did against long hair in the reign of Henry I.—Formerly, red was a favourite colour. See Lodowick Barrey's comedy of Ram Alley, 1661: Act I. Scene 1.

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

"Adriana. A black man's, I think.

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

There is "nothing new under the sun;" but red, then a favourite, has now subsided into a favourite's colour.

No damsel faints when rather closely press'd,  
But more caressing seems when most caress'd;  
Superfluous hartshorn, and reviving salts,  
Both banish'd by the sovereign cordial "Waltz."

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

Blest was the time Waltz chose for her *début*;  
The court, the Regent, like herself were new;<sup>1</sup>  
New face for friends, for foes some new rewards;  
New ornaments for black and royal guards;  
New laws to hang the rogues that roar'd for bread;  
New coins (most new)<sup>2</sup> to follow those that fled;  
New victories—nor can we prize them less,  
Though Jenky wonders at his own success;  
New wars, because the old succeed so well,  
That most survivors envy those who fell;  
New mistresses—no, old—and yet 'tis true,  
Though they be old, the thing is something new;  
Each new, quite new—(except some ancient tricks),<sup>3</sup>  
New white-sticks, gold-sticks, broom-sticks, all new sticks!

With vests or ribands—deck'd alike in hue,  
New troopers strut, new turncoats blush in blue;  
So saith the muse: my—<sup>4</sup>, what say you?  
Such was the time when Waltz might best maintain  
Her new preferences in this novel reign;  
Such was the time, nor ever yet was such;  
Hoops are no more, and petticoats not much;  
Morals and minuets, virtue and her stays,  
And tell-tale powder—all have had their days.  
The ball begins—the honours of the house  
First duly done by daughter or by spouse,

<sup>1</sup> An anachronism—Waltz and the battle of Austerlitz are before said to have opened the ball together: the bard means (if he means any thing), Waltz was not so much in vogue till the Regent attained the acmé of his popularity. Waltz, the comet, whiskers, and the new government, illuminated heaven and earth, in all their glory, much about the same time; of these the comet only has disappeared; the other three continue to astonish us still.—Printer's Devil.

<sup>2</sup> Amongst others a new ninepence—a creditable coin now forthcoming, worth a pound, in paper, at the fairest calculation.

<sup>3</sup> "Oh that right should thus overcome might!" Who does not remember the "delicate investigation" in the "Merry Wives of Windsor?"

<sup>4</sup> Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me: then let me be your jest; I deserve it. How now? whither bear you this?

"Mrs. Ford. What have you to do whither they bear it?—you were best meddle with buck-washing."

<sup>5</sup> The gentle, or ferocious, reader may fill up the blank as he pleases—there are several dissyllabic names at his service (being already in the Regent's): it would not be fair to back any peculiar initial against the alphabet, as every month will add to the list now entered for the sweepstakes:—a distinguished consonant is said to be the favourite, much against the wishes of the knowing ones.

<sup>6</sup> "We have changed all that," says the Mock Doctor—

Some potentate—or royal or serene—  
With Kent's gay grace, or sapient Gloster's mien,  
Leads forth the ready dame, whose rising flush  
Might once have been mistaken for a blush.  
From where the garb just leaves the bosom free,  
That spot where hearts<sup>5</sup> were once supposed to be;  
Round all the confines of the yielded waist,  
The strangest hand may wander undisplaced;  
The lady's in return may grasp as much  
As princely paunches offer to her touch.  
Pleased round the chalky floor how well they trip,  
One hand reposing on the royal hip;  
The other to the shoulder no less royal  
Ascending with affection truly loyal!  
Thus front to front the partners move or stand,  
The foot may rest, but none withdraw the hand;  
And all in turn may follow in their rank,  
The Earl of—Asterisk—and Lady—Blank;  
Sir—Such-a-one—with those of fashion's host,  
For whose blest surnames—vide "Morning Post"  
(Or if for that impartial print too late,  
Search Doctors' Commons six months from my date)—  
Thus all and each, in movement swift or slow,  
The genial contact gently undergo;  
Till some might marvel, with the modest Turk,  
If "nothing follows all this palming work?"<sup>6</sup>  
True, honest Mirza!—you may trust my rhyme—  
Something does follow at a fitter time;  
The breast thus publicly resign'd to man,  
In private may resist him—if it can.

O ye who loved our grandmothers of yore,  
Fitzpatrick, Sheridan 7, and many more!  
And thou, my Prince! whose sovereign taste and will

It is to love the lovely beldames still!  
Thou ghost of Queensbury! whose judging sprite  
Satan may spare to peep a single night,  
Pronounce—if ever in your days of bliss  
Asmodeus struck so bright a stroke as this?  
To teach the young ideas how to rise,  
Flush in the cheek, and languish in the eyes;  
Rush to the heart, and lighten through the frame,  
With half-told wish and ill-dissembled flame:  
For prurient nature still will storm the breast—  
Who, tempted thus, can answer for the rest?

<sup>5</sup> 'tis all gone—Asmodeus knows where. After all, it is of no great importance how women's hearts are disposed of; they have nature's privilege to distribute them as absurdly as possible. But there are also some men with hearts so thoroughly bad, as to remind us of those phenomena often mentioned in natural history; viz. a mass of solid stone—only to be opened by force—and when divided, you discover a toad in the centre, lively, and with the reputation of being venomous.

<sup>6</sup> In Turkey a pertinent, here an impertinent and superfluous, question—literally put, as in the text, by a Persian to Morier, on seeing a waltz in Pera—Vide Morier's Travels.

<sup>7</sup> [I once heard Sheridan repeat, in a ball-room, some verses, which he had lately written on waltzing; and of which I remember the following—

"With tranquil step, and timid, downcast glance,  
Behold the well-pair'd couple now advance.  
In such sweet posture our first parents moved,  
While, hand in hand, through Eden's bowers they roved,  
Ere yet the Devil, with promise fine and false,  
Turn'd their poor heads, and taught them how to waltz.  
One hand grasps hers, the other holds her hip:

\* \* \* \* \*

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

This gentleman, whose name suits so aptly as a legal authority on the subject of waltzing, was, at the time these verses were written, well known in the dancing circles.—Moore.]