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WITH A LARGE CARICATURE

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OF

A NEW MAGAZINE,

ENTITLED

THE SATIRIST;

OR,

MONTHLY METEOR.

“ Omne in præcipiti vitium stetit: utere velis,

“ Totos pande sinus.”

Juv. Sat. i. v. 149.

Follies and vices uncontroul'd prevail:

To sea, bold SATIRIST! spread wide your sail.

THE pedantry and dullness of modern Periodical Publications have been very justly condemned, and a Miscellany of more general interest and amusement seems to be a grand desideratum in the world of Literature.

The Proprietors of the SATIRIST, a society of private gentlemen, whose literary connections are peculiarly extensive, appeal therefore with confidence to a liberal and discerning Public, and will briefly state upon what grounds they venture to solicit patronage.

will have at least a faithful translator ! Farewel thou little book of folly !

Eheu jum satis.

Hours of Idleness; a Series of Poems, original and translated, by George Gordon Lord Byron, a Minor, 12mo. 6s. Ridge, Newark.

There certainly must be a wonderful charm in the name of *author*, and a prodigious desire in men to see their own works in *print*, or what could have induced *George Gordon Lord Byron, a minor*, to have favoured the world with this collection of poems. No person is exposed to ridicule till he has deserved it ; and if the noble lord had not published his "*Hours of Idleness*," no human being would have guessed the quantity of time he had spent in *doing nothing*.

As to have two strings to one's bow is accounted wise, so some men choose to have two mottos to their books ; but here we have a *coup de main* to outdo them, all, namely, three, and, only observe them, how short, and how artless !

Μητ' ἄρ' ἴα μὲν μάχ' αἰετὸς μῆντε τί τιναί.—HOMER. Iliad x.

Virginibus puerisque canto.—HORACE.

He whistled as he went for want of thought.—DRYDEN.

Homer, Horace, and Dryden, all in three lines. Isn't he a classical lord ? and so applicable all of them ! only we wish to observe on the Latin one, that if the noble lord expects to amuse boys and girls by his poetry, they must be *very little* boys and girls indeed.

His preface, like his book, is stupid ; but it is dull stupidity ; therefore, as we propose only to criticise laugh-

able absurdities, we shall turn to his *poetical performances*.

The first piece is a sort of letter to *Newstead Abbey*, and it begins so familiarly and so affectionately, that we suspect it is only an answer to some kind epistle that the abbot had before sent to the lord, or that they have been in the habit of corresponding for some length of time: the rhymes *thistle* and *whistle* are correct, but not elegant, and *Cressy*, and *redress you*, are rather too facetious for a serious poem, else indeed they are very ingenious; for had they not been tagged to the ends of two parallel lines, we should never even have surmised that they were intended to jingle.

His next bit of idleness is written to *Harrow on the Hill*, which is much in the same style as the last. He tells us he fancied, when he was at school, that he spoke better than *Mossop*; and acted better than *Garrick*; either his lordship is confoundedly mistaken, or he is a young man of very *singular* opinions.

Next comes *the Tear*, which being meant to be pathetic, is written to a jig tune measure, in short lines, and seems intended to be sung after dinner in convivial companies, by sentimental young gentlemen who are *troubled with voices*.

It is, nevertheless, a pretty bit of versification, and the subject is so novel too. The noble lord determined in this poem to shew the world what a vast number of rhymes there existed to the word "*Tear*," and, consequently, he has exhibited them all, and breaks off his subject, not because he has come to a climax, but because his stock of poetry would hold out no longer.

Mr. *Anacreon Moore*, a gentleman of great mind and small dimensions, has certainly a peculiar knack of writing little sonnets and epistles, that is to say, though his

compositions are all gross nonsense, yet they are pleasant in their way ; and if a man likes to be tickled with straws, he may find some amusement in reading them ; but here *George Gordon Lord Byron, a minor*, presents us with a frightful ghost, an apparition of Moore, all his "soul-breathing glances," "blest inspirations, and "dearest remembrances," are breathed out of an inanimate, spiritless string of stanzas, which all the brilliancy of the one is not able to enliven, nor all the *hard labour* of the other's *idleness* capable of making common sense.

The epistle to *M. S. G.* is beautiful ; the first line of the second stanza,

"Then Morpheus envelope my faculties fast,"

is the quintessence of poetry ; only the noble lord has either mistaken the word envelope, which signifies to cover over, and fancied it meant to hold, in which he is wrong, or he intends Morpheus to seal up his faculties fast, in a two-penny post letter, and thus, in an *envelope*, send him a pleasant dream for his next night's amusement.

Love's last Adieu is sweet : there he gives us a view of old *Mr. Time* cutting a bundle of roses, with a *large last adieu* ; and if the last adieu he had didn't possess more point and sharpness than the one here, *Mr. Time* must have had a very troublesome job of it.

Yet, though we are severe in censuring where there is any thing to censure, we are not blind to the purposes of this useful work ; and we must highly praise the anxiety every where so laudably betrayed by *George Gordon, Lord Byron, a minor*, to improve the knowledge of his fellow-creatures. He tells us in a note, "that by law every person is an infant who has not attained the age of 21!!! Now for that information the world are truly indebted ; nobody could guess that, till the magnanimous

George Gordon Lord Byron, a minor, came from Harrow school to declare it to the world.

His line in *Marion*,

“From all the flow of flattery free,”

is more like the farce of Foote, or the doggrel of Dibdin, than a peer's performance. These, however, are specimens of his *artless* songs, which, with regard to the *art* of poetry, are *artless* enough, heaven knows.

Oscar of Alva is by far the best; some of the stanzas rise almost to mediocrity. His imitations and translations, as school exercises, are not fair subjects for criticism; for unless his master corrected them, they are, no doubt, beneath our notice; and if he did correct them, they are not *George Gordon Lord Byron, a minor's*.

Granta is meant to be satirical, but is not; and a something, called *Romance*, is meant to be sublime, but owing to some mistake in the writing, this is as far from sublimity as the other is from satire; yet it is very instructive, for it informs us that Damon and Pythias were very great friends, and that Orestes and Pylades were equally amicable to each other.

His *Childish Recollections* are very childish recollections indeed. His praise of the late master of Harrow is just; but his censure of the present, mean and illiberal. We know nothing of either of these gentlemen but by report; and we are apt to believe that the attempted abuse of the head of that seminary is more the effect of an angry school-boy's spite, than the result of the reasonings of a sound mind; and we are sorry to see a young nobleman, who, however deficient in the rhyming art, possesses a high character for honour and good sense, degrading himself by the abuse of a man to whom general report yields so much praise, and whose private worth, we understand, is only equalled by his public talent.

The different gentlemen, Messrs. Davus, Lycas, and Co., are, no doubt, fellow mischief-makers, and are therefore praised by the lord; the rest of the verses are of the same stamp as the earlier ones, and completely prove, that although *George Gordon Lord Byron*, a minor, may be a gentleman, an orator, or a statesman, unless he improves wonderfully, he never can be a poet.

A Refutation of the Calumnies of John Horne Tooke, including a complete Exposure of the recent Occurrences between Sir F. Burdett and Mr. Paull, in a Letter to the Electors of Westminster. By James Paull, Esq. C. Chapple, 66, Pall Mall, 3s. 6d. pp. 219.

The above pamphlet has recently come under our notice, and we have perused it, not only with a considerable degree of attention, but, we are free to confess, with much interest; and are, upon the whole, inclined to think, that it satisfactorily exculpates Mr. Paull from the foul charges adduced against him by John Horne Tooke. Though we never esteemed either the former gentleman, or sir Francis Burdett, a proper or desirable representative for the city of Westminster; and felt, for reasons which neither time nor inclination at present prompts us to lay before our readers, sensations of pain, mortification, and regret, when informed on whom the electors, alike indifferent to their immunities, dignity, and interests, had fixed their choice; yet, since the ill usage Mr. Paull sustained at his memorable dinner, held at the Crown and Anchor, on the 1st of May last, we have regarded him as an oppressed, insulted, and much-injured individual. Immersed in a dangerous and all-devouring whirlpool, at once the victim of error, and of confidence unworthily reposed, he is left to lament that fatal day on which he