

accuse us of neglecting, or of suppressing, his amazing discoveries. Whatever may be his *solitary* opinion of our honest strictures, we care not; our loyal readers, we persuade ourselves, will approve our plain dealing, and only blame us for the good kind of character we assign to this Advocate for Peace with the BUTCHER of Bayonne. We address our labours to the intelligent and truly liberal minded: as for the herd of Oppositionists, hungering and thirsting after BUONAPARTE'S righteous judgments, we content ourselves with observing, in the blunt language of ÆLIAN, vii. 11.

Τὸς δὲ ἄλλους ἕω. Τί γὰρ μοι κωρὸς καὶ ἄνοητοῖς συμβουλευεῖν τὰ λυσιτελεῖα :

“ We let the others alone; for why need we sing to a dead horse ?”

Poems, original and translated. By George Gordon, Lord Byron. Newark, 1808. Duodecimo, pages 171; second edition.

This pretty little collection of namby pamby verses, [although the author *modestly* professes it to be the SECOND edition of “Hours of Idleness, a series of Poems, by George Gordon, Lord Byron, a minor; Newark, 1807.” Octavo, pages 187. See our Review, SATIRIST, No. I. pages 77, 78, 79, 80, 81] is, in reality, almost an original work: so many have been the additions, and—*erubescit, salva res est!*—so remarkable have been the OMISSIONS. As this is the FACT, our readers will pardon us for again introducing to them this eccentric *minor* poet;—but stay, ladies, stay, ’tis a truly harmless Lord, now—he is without his BEAR,* and is himself muzzled.

In these Poems, newly vamped and varnished, we are presented with a frontispiece view of *IDA, alias HAR-*

* SATIRIST, No. IX. page 368; No. X. page 489. *Sævis convenit ursis.* “Bear lives in social fellowship with bear.”

ROW ON THE HILL, and a brief Dedication to our noble author's right honourable guardian, the Earl of C**, in lieu of the six pages of stupid Preface, which we justly reprobated in the Hours of Idleness. Now this manoeuvre shews his lordship's art of finesse to be improved, since his intimacy with honest Bruin; for surely the following two passages would have had a very awkward and ambiguous appearance in a *second* publication within twelve calendar months: "My wreath, scanty as it must be, is all I shall derive from these productions; and I shall never attempt to replace its fading leaves, or pluck a single additional sprig from groves, where I am, at best, an intruder." *Preface*, viii.—"It is highly probable, from my situation," [as *Bear-leader*, we presume] "and pursuits hereafter," [there are other PURSUITS at Cambridge, we know, besides those OF LITERATURE] "that I should ever obtrude myself a second time on the public; nor even, in the very doubtful event of present indulgence, shall I be tempted to commit a future trespass of the same nature." *Ibid.* ix. His lordship's table of Contents, prefixed to the Hours of Idleness, contained forty articles; that prefixed to the Poems before us contains thirty-nine, six infamous and faded nettles being cautiously flung into the jakes of oblivion, and five insipid weeds hastily stuck into the gaps; of the Hours of Idleness thirty-seven pages are thus rejected, and in the Poems twenty-five pages are stitched, all fresh, and fine, and new. If Wits have short memories, Minors and — are liable to similar and more disingenuous failings.

The two wretched publications lie on our table. Let us examine them both together: let us inquire why thirty-seven pages *only* were torn out of the Hours of Idleness, and ascertain what may be the merit of the twenty-five pages foisted into the Poems.

The first piece rejected was written "On a distant view

of the village and school of Harrow on the Hill." He then fancied that he spoke better than Mossop, and acted better than Garrick.* His lordship is *somewhat wiser* now. The second effusion in the Hours of Idleness condemned by Bruin and Co. was called, "The first kiss of love;" and we honestly confess our extreme surprise, to find that any attachment between the major and the *minor* luminary [Arctophylax] should have induced his lordship to adopt so rigorous a procedure: the lines are flowing; the language is luxuriant; the sentiments are warm. Ideas far more impure; however, conveyed in diction infinitely more offensive, are sedulously preserved in the Poems. Let the reader judge for himself.

" THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE. †

I.

" Away with your fictions of flimsy romance,
 Those tissues of falsehood which Folly has *wove* ;
 Give me the mild beam of the soul-breathing glance,
 Or the rapture which dwells on *the first kiss of love.*

II.

" Ye rhymers, whose bosoms with fantasy glow,
 Whose pastoral passions are made for the grove ;
 From what blest inspiration your sonnets would flow,
 Could you ever have tasted *the first kiss of love.*

III.

" If Apollo should e'er his assistance refuse,
 Or the Nine be dispos'd from your service to rove,
 Invoke them no more, bid adieu to the muse,
 And try the effect of *the first kiss of love.*

* Hours of Idleness, pages 5, 6.

† Hours of Idleness, pages 22, 23, 24. See Satirist, No. I. p. 79.

IV.

" I hate you, ye cold compositions of art,
Though prudes may condemn me, and bigots reprove;
I court the effusions that spring from the heart,
Which throbs with delight to *the first kiss of love.*

V.

" Your shepherds, your flocks, those fantastical themes,
Perhaps may amuse, yet they never can move;
Arcadia displays but a region of dreams,
What are visions like these to *the first kiss of love?*

VI.

" Oh! cease to affirm, that man, since his birth,
From Adam till now, has with wretchedness strove;
Some portion of Paradise still is on earth,
And Eden revives in *the first kiss of love.*

VII.

" When age chills the blood, when our pleasures are past,
For years fleet away with the wings of the dove;
The dearest remembrance will still be the last,
Our sweetest memorial, *the first kiss of love.*"

What a confounded pity it is, that a man, who could once pen such pretty thoughts, should, in the course of one little twelvemonth, condescend to carry guts to a bear!!! But such, it seems, is the strange character of George Gordon, Lord Byron, a minor.

——— " Sæpè notatus

Cum tribus annellis, modò lævâ Priscus inani,
Vixit inæqualis, clavum ut mutaret in horas:
Ædibus ex magnis subitò se conderet, unde
Mundior exiret vix libertinus honestè:
Jàm mæchus Romæ, jàm mallet doctus Athenis
Vivere; Vertumnis, quotquot sunt, natus iniquis."

HOR. Sat. lib. ii. 7.

The third slighted composition in the Hours of Idle-

ness is addressed "To a beautiful Quaker." It is a very ridiculous bit of idleness, no doubt; but what then? Its more favourite *quondam* companions are not much more important. Now we do almost wish his lordship's spirit [or his bear] had moved him to retain the trifle: it places him in so novel, so mild, so lovely a point of view; it represents him, gentle reader, *at his prayers!* *Hist.*

"Then* let me breathe this parting prayer,
The dictate of my bosom's care."

PRAYER OF GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, A MINOR.

"May Heaven so guard my lovely Quaker,
That anguish never can o'ertake her;
That peace and virtue ne'er forsake her,
But bliss be, ay, her heart's partaker.
Oh! may the happy mortal, fated
To be, by dearest ties, related,
For her, each hour, new joy discover,
And lose the husband in the lover.
May that fair bosom never know
What 'tis to feel the restless woe,
Which stings the soul, with vain regret,
Of him, who never can forget."

The fourth performance discarded from the Hours of Idleness, or, in other words, the Poems, is that sweet, that exquisite "Love's last adieu,"† where his lordship gave us "a view of old Mr. Time cutting a bundle of roses, with a *large last adieu.*" The loss of this poem may, in the quaintly-intelligent phraseology of our sister kingdom, be denominated a gain.

The fifth rhapsody of the Hours of Idleness, that appears not in the pure pages of the Poems, is entitled by his

* Hours of Idleness, page 33.

† Hours of Idleness, pages 39, 40, 41, 42.

lordship, "Answer to some elegant verses, sent by a friend [B—H—R—!] to the author, complaining that one of his descriptions was rather too warmly drawn."*

The sixth and last most execrable libel, torn out of the Hours of Idleness with compunction and remorse, "if Fame speaks truth from Ida's sounding hill,"† is the base attack on his unoffending and much-offended superior, whose honour is as paramount over that of Lord Byron, as his lordship's talents at growling are confessedly inferior to those of his *fidus Achates*—Bruin.

"Say whence, my Lord, this LATE repentance came?
Your crime was public,—public is your shame."

And now, if it so please George Gordon, Lord Byron, farewell to his vile *Hours of Idleness* for ever!—

Turn we our eyes and attention exclusively to the five new compositions in the Poems of 1808.

The first piece is a light song, in pages 26, 27, 28, 29, addressed to *Mary*. Stanza I. says, that his feeling was centered in her; stanza II. that his wishes were blest, his soul was with her; stanza III. that he arose very early, had a *four-footed* guide (not a bear), hopped from mountain to mountain, prayed for *Mary*, and had dreams spread out at eve on the heath, instead of a pair of sheets; stanza IV. that a terrible change happened when he awoke! he left his *bleak* lodging, his visions (or sheets) were gone, perhaps stolen, the mountains were vanished, he must wither, and delight in witnessed days, splendour has raised but embittered his lot, and his heart is cold and lingers: "his lordship apprehends a world of figures here!" Stanza V. that when he sees a *hill* he thinks of rocks [See Locke's system of the association of our ideas];

* Hours of Idleness, page 118.

† Hours of Idleness, pages 148 to 169. A long, a laboured, task.

when he sees the blue of a *talking eye*, he thinks of eyes that endeared the scene; when he sees *light hair*, he thinks on *carrotty curls*. [How fine a thing Mary must think it to study Locke!] Stanza VI. that the mountains may once more rise (*i. e.* in plain prose, Mary's bosom may heave) in their mantle of snow; but, ah! will she receive him there? No. Adieu, then, ye hills and waters!!!! Sublime!

The second effusion is a letter in verse to the present Duke of Dorset, pages 62, &c. The following passage gives a dreadful portrait of its author, George Gordon, Lord Byron, the *minor*.

“ Ah! though myself by nature haughty, wild,
Whom INDISCRETION hail'd her favourite child;
Though ev'ry error stamps me for her own,
And dooms my fall, I fain would fall alone;
Though my proud heart no precept now can tame,
I love the virtues which I cannot claim.”

The third piece of jingling rhyme, “ To the Earl of —,” is truly insipid.

The fourth *lusus poeticus* depicts, in more pathetic language than we expected to see written by his lordship's pen, the *tedium vitæ* that ever haunts the libertine once acquainted with the charms of virtue.

The fifth and last novelty, entitled “ Lines written beneath an elm, in the church-yard of Harrow on the Hill, September 2, 1807,” has little merit; but then (and in his lordship's idea of merit, even negative virtue may be of great worth) it has no glaring defect: the conclusion is, surely; pretty, although somewhat of ambiguity lurks beneath it; as in Cora's song in Pizarro.

“ Here might I sleep, where all my hopes arose,
Scene of my youth, and couch of my repose;

For ever stretch'd beneath this mantling shade,
 Prest by the turf, where once my childhood play'd;
 Wrapt by the soil that veils the spot I lov'd,
 Mix'd with the earth o'er which my footsteps mov'd;
 Blest by the tongues that charm'd my youthful ear,
 Mourn'd by the few my soul acknowledg'd here;
 Deplored by those in early days allied,
 And unremember'd by the world beside."

We really entertain, personally, no animosity against this noble author and minor poet; but conceiving most conscientiously that the GRANDEUR of an independent British press is subservient solely to the interests of sound literature, of rigid honour, of genuine virtue, and of pure religion; conceiving this, we rise above all ideas of compromise, vacillation, and reserve, whenever, as in the present instance, a turbulent youth, or, as in that of *Charles Sedley*, a low-bred and abandoned miscreant, *monstrum nullâ virtute redemptum*, stalks insolently in all the pride and pomp of authorship before us, callous to past wholesome chastisements, and rudely braving future merited animadversions. Of Sedley's amelioration we utterly despair; for who expects figs from thistles? The man is a downright knave, a notorious literary swindler, a professed libeller, and a most incorrigible blockhead. Far other, we hope, will henceforth be the world's unanimous opinion of GEORGE GORDON, Lord BYRON, when no longer a *minor poet*. The advice of parents, the admonitions of tutors, the adjurations of disgusted school-fellows and collegiate companions, the awards of men of learning and known talent, may all, hitherto, have been sadly disregarded; but, in the paltry volume before us, we think we observe some proofs that the still small voice of conscience will be heard in the cool of the day. Even now the gay, the gallant, the accomplished bear-leader, is not happy; even now the moitory pang is felt; and

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conscience, cruel, inexorable conscience, extorts this fearful avowal :

“ Though Pleasure stirs the maddening soul,
The heart—the heart is lonely still—
Without a sigh would I resign
This busy scene of splendid woe,
To make that calm contentment mine,
Which VIRTUE knows, or seems to know !”

Of the youth, the noble youth, who thus feels, and thus expresses his sensations, the SATIRIST will not yet despair ; *lateat scintillula forsan*. We now take our leave of him and his two works. Henceforth we expect to see the sun of his glory blaze unclouded in meridian splendour : it arose, indeed, amidst darkness ; its disk but just peeps above the blackened horizon. There is still one beloved and intimate friend left to his lordship besides his bear ; one, whose counsels, wild, dangerous, plunging as they have hitherto been, Lord BYRON has never slighted. To that guide of his youth, that inseparable bosom-counsellor, we conjure his lordship to attend.

An immediate and effectual Mode of raising the Rental of the Landed Property of England, &c. By a Scotch Farmer, now farming in Middlesex. Longman, Hurst, &c. 1803. pp. 157.

On reading this title, from the general character of the author's countrymen, though we might expect to find some national prejudices, we did also expect to find some good sense, delivered in plain and temperate language ; but a more disgusting effusion of arrogance and folly we have seldom met than in this work.

One of Mr. Loudon's* first discoveries is, “ that the

* This is the avowed name of the author.—REV.