

**GEORGE  
GORDON  
BYRON**

THE WORKS OF LORD  
BYRON, VOL. 7. POETRY

Джордж Байрон

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Byron, Vol. 7. Poetry**

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# The Works of Lord Byron, Vol. 7. Poetry

## PREFACE TO THE SEVENTH VOLUME

Of the seventy-three "Epigrams and Jeux d'Esprit," which are printed at the commencement of this volume, forty-five were included in Murray's one-volume edition of 1837, eighteen have been collected from various publications, and ten are printed and published for the first time.

The "Devil's Drive," which appears in Moore's *Letters and Journals*, and in the sixth volume of the Collected Edition of 1831 as an "Unfinished Fragment" of ninety-seven lines, is now printed and published for the first time in its entirety (248 lines), from a MS. in the possession of the Earl of Ilchester. "A Farewell Petition to J. C. H. Esq.;" "My Boy Hobbie O;" "[Love and Death];" and "Last Words on Greece," are reprinted from the first volume of *Murray's Magazine* (1887).

A few imperfect and worthless poems remain in MS.; but with these and one or two other unimportant exceptions, the present edition of the Poetical Works may be regarded as complete.

In compiling a "Bibliography of the successive Editions and Translations of Lord Byron's Poetical Works," I have endeavoured, in the first instance, to give a full and particular account of the collected editions and separate issues of the poems and dramas which were open to my inspection; and, secondly, to extract from general bibliographies, catalogues of public and private libraries, and other sources bibliographical records of editions which I have been unable to examine, and were known to me only at second-hand. It will be observed that the *title-pages* of editions which have passed through my hands are aligned; the *titles* of all other editions are italicized.

I cannot pretend that this assortment of bibliographical entries is even approximately exhaustive; but as "a sample" of a bibliography it will, I trust, with all its imperfections, be of service to the student of literature, if not to the amateur or bibliophile. With regard to nomenclature and other technicalities, my aim has been to put the necessary information as clearly and as concisely as possible, rather than to comply with the requirements of this or that formula. But the path of the bibliographer is beset with difficulties. "Al Sirat's arch" – "the bridge of breadth narrower than the thread of a famished spider, and sharper than the edge of a sword" (see *The Giaour*, line 483, note 1) – affords an easier and a safer foothold.

To the general reader a bibliography says little or nothing; but, in one respect, a bibliography of Byron is of popular import. It affords scientific proof of an almost unexampled fame, of a far-reaching and still potent influence. Teuton and Latin and Slav have taken Byron to themselves, and have made him their own. No other English poet except Shakespeare has been so widely read and so frequently translated. Of *Manfred* I reckon one Bohemian translation, two Danish, two Dutch, three French, nine German, three Hungarian, three Italian, two Polish, one Romaic, one Roumanian, four Russian, and three Spanish translations, and, in all probability, there are others which have escaped my net. The question, the inevitable question, arises – What was, what is, the secret of Byron's Continental vogue? and why has his fame gone out into all lands? Why did Goethe enshrine him, in the second part of *Faust*, "as the representative of the modern era ... undoubtedly to be regarded as the greatest genius of our century?" (*Conversations of Goethe*, 1874, p. 265).

It is said, and with truth, that Byron's revolutionary politics commended him to oppressed nationalities and their sympathizers; that he was against "the trampers" – Castlereagh, and the Duke of Wellington, and the Holy Alliance; that he stood for liberty. Another point in his favour was his freedom from cant, his indifference to the pieties and proprieties of the Britannic Muse; that he had the courage of his opinions. Doubtless in a time of trouble he was welcomed as the champion of revolt, but deeper reasons must be sought for an almost exclusive preference for the works of one poet

and a comparative indifference to the works of his rivals and contemporaries. He fulfilled another, perhaps a greater ideal. An Englishman turns to poetry for the expression in beautiful words of his happier and better feelings, and he is not contented unless poetry tends to make him happier or better – happier because better than he would be otherwise. His favourite poems are psalms, or at least metrical paraphrases, of life. Men of other nations are less concerned about their feelings and their souls. They regard the poet as the creator, the inventor, the maker *par excellence*, and he who can imagine or make the greatest *eidolon* is the greatest poet. *Childe Harold* and *The Corsair*, *Mazeppa* and *Manfred*, *Cain* and *Sardanapalus* were new creations, new types, forms more real than living man, which appealed to their artistic sense, and led their imaginations captive. "It is a mark," says Goethe (*Aus meinem Leben: Dichtung und Wahrheit*, 1876, iii. 125), "of true poetry, that, as a secular gospel, it knows how to free us from the earthly burdens which press upon us, by inward serenity, by outward charm... The most lively, as well as the gravest works have the same end – to moderate both pleasure and pain through a happy mental representation." It is passion translated into action, the pageantry of history, the transfiguration into visible lineaments of living moods and breathing thoughts which are the notes of this "secular gospel," and for one class of minds work out a secular redemption.

It was not only the questionable belief that he was on the side of the people, or his ethical and theological audacities, or his prolonged Continental exile, which won for Byron a greater name abroad than he has retained at home; but the character of his poetry. "The English may think of Byron as they please" (*Conversations of Goethe*, 1874, p. 171), "but this is certain, that they can show no poet who is to be compared to him. He is different from all the others, and, for the most part, greater." The English may think of him as they please! and for them, or some of them, there is "a better oenomele," a *vinum Dæmonum*, which Byron has not in his gift. The evidence of a world-wide fame will not endear a poet to a people and a generation who care less for the matter than the manner of verse, or who *believe* in poetry as the symbol or "*credo*" of the imagination or the spirit; but it should arrest attention and invite inquiry. A bibliography is a dull epilogue to a poet's works, but it speaks with authority, and it speaks last. *Finis coronat opus!*

I must be permitted to renew my thanks to Mr. G. F. Barwick, *Superintendent of the Reading Room*, Mr. Cyril Davenport, and other officials of the British Museum, of all grades and classes, for their generous and courteous assistance in the preparation and completion of the Bibliography. The consultation of many hundreds of volumes of one author, and the permission to retain a vast number in daily use, have entailed exceptional labour on a section of the staff. I have every reason to be grateful.

I am indebted to Mr. A. W. Pollard, of the British Museum, for advice and direction with regard to bibliographical formulas; to Mr. G. L. Calderon, late of the staff, for the collection and transcription of the title-pages of Polish, Russian, and Servian translations; and to Mr. R. Nisbet Bain for the supervision and correction of the proofs of Slavonic titles.

To Mr. W. P. Courtney, the author of *Bibliotheca Cornubiensis*, I owe many valuable hints and suggestions, and the opportunity of consulting some important works of reference.

I have elsewhere acknowledged the valuable information with regard to certain rare editions and pamphlets which I have received from Mr. H. Buxton Forman, C.B.

My especial thanks for laborious researches undertaken on my behalf, and for information not otherwise attainable, are due to M. J. E. Aynard, of Lyons; Signor F. Bianco; Professor Max von Förster, of Wurtzburg; Professor Lajos Gurnesovitz, of Buda Pest; Dr. Holzhausen, of Bonn; Mr. Leonard Mackall, of Berlin; Miss Peacock; Miss K. Schlesinger; M. Voynich, of Soho Square; Mr. Theodore Bartholomew, of the University Library of Cambridge; Mr. T. D. Stewart, of the Croydon Public Library; and the Librarians of Trinity College, Cambridge, and University College, St. Andrews.

I have also to thank, for special and generous assistance, Mr. J. P. Anderson, late of the British Museum, the author of the "Bibliography of Byron's Works" attached to the Life of Lord Byron by

the Hon. Roden Noel (1890); Miss Grace Reed, of Philadelphia, for bibliographical entries of early American editions; and Professor Vladimir Hrabar, of the University of Dorpat, for the collection and transcription of numerous Russian translations of Byron's Works.

To Messrs. Clowes, the printers of these volumes, and to their reader, Mr. F. T. Peachey, I am greatly indebted for the transcription of Slavonic titles included in the Summary of the Bibliography, and for interesting and useful information during the progress of the work.

In conclusion, I must once more express my acknowledgment of the industry and literary ability of my friend Mr. F. E. Taylor, of Chertsey, who has read the proofs of this and the six preceding volumes.

The Index is the work of Mr. C. Eastlake Smith.

**ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE**

*November, 1903.*

## JEUX D'ESPRIT AND MINOR POEMS, 1798-1824

### EPIGRAM ON AN OLD LADY WHO HAD SOME CURIOUS NOTIONS RESPECTING THE SOUL

In Nottingham county there lives at Swan Green,<sup>1</sup>  
As curst an old Lady as ever was seen;  
And when she does die, which I hope will be soon,  
She firmly believes she will go to the Moon!

1798.

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, i. 28.]*

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<sup>1</sup> "Swan Green" should be "Swine Green." It lay about a quarter of a mile to the east of St. James's Lane, where Byron lodged in 1799, at the house of a Mr. Gill. The name appears in a directory of 1799, but by 1815 it had been expunged or changed *euphonia gratiâ*. (See *A New Plan of the Town of Nottingham, ...* 1744.) Moore took down "these rhymes" from the lips of Byron's nurse, May Gray, who regarded them as a first essay in the direction of poetry. He questioned their originality.

## EPITAPH ON JOHN ADAMS, OF SOUTHWELL, A CARRIER, WHO DIED OF DRUNKENNESS

John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell,  
A *Carrier* who *carried* his can to his mouth well;  
He carried so much and he carried so fast,  
He could carry no more – so was carried at last;  
For the liquor he drank being too much for one,  
He could not *carry* off; – so he's now *carri-on*.

*September, 1807.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, i. 106.]*

## A VERSION OF OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN. FROM THE POEM "CARTHON."

O thou! who rollest in yon azure field,  
Round as the orb of my forefather's shield,  
Whence are thy beams? From what eternal store  
Dost thou, O Sun! thy vast effulgence pour?  
In awful grandeur, when thou movest on high,  
The stars start back and hide them in the sky;  
The pale Moon sickens in thy brightening blaze,  
And in the western wave avoids thy gaze.  
Alone thou shinest forth – for who can rise  
Companion of thy splendour in the skies!  
The mountain oaks are seen to fall away —  
Mountains themselves by length of years decay —  
With ebbs and flows is the rough Ocean tost;  
In heaven the Moon is for a season lost,  
But thou, amidst the fullness of thy joy,  
The same art ever, blazing in the sky!  
When tempests wrap the world from pole to pole,  
When vivid lightnings flash and thunders roll,  
Thou far above their utmost fury borne,  
Look'st forth in beauty, laughing them to scorn.  
But vainly now on me thy beauties blaze —  
Ossian no longer can enraptured gaze!  
Whether at morn, in lucid lustre gay,  
On eastern clouds thy yellow tresses play,  
Or else at eve, in radiant glory drest,  
Thou tremblest at the portals of the west,  
I see no more! But thou mayest fail at length,  
Like Ossian lose thy beauty and thy strength,  
Like him – but for a season – in thy sphere  
To shine with splendour, then to disappear!  
Thy years shall have an end, and thou no more  
Bright through the world enlivening radiance pour,  
But sleep within thy clouds, and fail to rise,  
Heedless when Morning calls thee to the skies!  
Then now exult, O Sun! and gaily shine,  
While Youth and Strength and Beauty all are thine.  
For Age is dark, unlovely, as the light  
Shed by the Moon when clouds deform the night,  
Glimmering uncertain as they hurry past.  
Loud o'er the plain is heard the northern blast,  
Mists shroud the hills, and 'neath the growing gloom,  
The weary traveller shrinks and sighs for home.

1806.

[First published, *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1898. <sup>2</sup>]

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<sup>2</sup> [I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Pierre De La Rose for sending me a copy of the foregoing *Version of Ossian's Address to the Sun*, which was "Privately printed at the Press of Oliver B. Graves, Cambridge, Massachusetts, June the Tenth, MDCCCXCVIII.," and was reprinted in the *Atlantic Monthly* in December, 1898. A prefatory note entitled, "From Lord Byron's Notes," is prefixed to the Version: "In Lord Byron's copy of *The Poems of Ossian* (printed by Dewick and Clarke, London, 1806), which, since 1874, has been in the possession of the Library of Harvard University as part of the Sumner Bequest. The notes which follow appear in Byron's hand." (For the *Notes*, see the *Atlantic Monthly*, 1898, vol. lxxxii. pp. 810-814.) It is strange that Byron should have made two versions (for another "version" from the Newstead MSS., see *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 229-231) of the "Address to the Sun," which forms the conclusion of "Carthon;" but the Harvard version appears to be genuine. It is to be noted that Byron appended to the earlier version eighteen lines of his own composition, by way of moral or application.]

**LINES TO MR. HODGSON.  
WRITTEN ON BOARD THE LISBON PACKET**

**1**

Huzza! Hodgson<sup>3</sup>, we are going,  
Our embargo's off at last;  
Favourable breezes blowing  
Bend the canvas o'er the mast.  
From aloft the signal's streaming,  
Hark! the farewell gun is fired;  
Women screeching, tars blaspheming,  
Tell us that our time's expired.  
Here's a rascal  
Come to task all,  
Prying from the Custom-house;  
Trunks unpacking  
Cases cracking,  
Not a corner for a mouse  
Scapes unsearched amid the racket,  
Ere we sail on board the Packet.

**2**

Now our boatmen quit their mooring,  
And all hands must ply the oar;  
Baggage from the quay is lowering,  
We're impatient, push from shore.  
"Have a care! that case holds liquor —  
Stop the boat — I'm sick — oh Lord!"  
"Sick, Ma'am, damme, you'll be sicker,  
Ere you've been an hour on board."  
Thus are screaming  
Men and women,  
Gemmen, ladies, servants, Jacks;  
Here entangling,  
All are wrangling,  
Stuck together close as wax. —  
Such the general noise and racket,  
Ere we reach the Lisbon Packet.

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<sup>3</sup> [For Francis Hodgson (1781-1852), see *Letters*, 1898, i. 195, note 1.]

3

Now we've reached her, lo! the Captain,  
Gallant Kidd,<sup>4</sup> commands the crew;  
Passengers their berths are clapt in,  
Some to grumble, some to spew.  
"Hey day! call you that a cabin?  
Why't is hardly three feet square!  
Not enough to stow Queen Mab in —  
Who the deuce can harbour there?"  
"Who, sir? plenty —  
Nobles twenty  
Did at once my vessel fill." —  
"Did they? Jesus,  
How you squeeze us!  
Would to God they did so still!  
Then I'd 'scape the heat and racket  
Of the good ship, Lisbon Packet."

4

Fletcher! Murray! Bob!<sup>5</sup> where are you?  
Stretched along the deck like logs —  
Bear a hand, you jolly tar, you!  
Here's a rope's end for the dogs.  
Hobhouse muttering fearful curses,  
As the hatchway down he rolls,  
Now his breakfast, now his verses,  
Vomits forth – and damns our souls.  
"Here's a stanza<sup>6</sup>  
On Braganza —  
Help!" – "A couplet?" – "No, a cup  
Of warm water – "  
"What's the matter?"  
"Zounds! my liver's coming up;  
I shall not survive the racket  
Of this brutal Lisbon Packet."

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<sup>4</sup> [Compare Peter Pindar's *Ode to a Margate Hoy*—"Go, beauteous Hoy, in safety ev'ry inch! That storm should wreck thee, gracious Heav'n forbid! Whether commanded by brave Captain Finch Or equally tremendous Captain Kidd."]

<sup>5</sup> [Murray was "Joe" Murray, an ancient retainer of the "Wicked Lord." Bob was Robert Rushton, the "little page" of "Childe Harold's Good Night." (See *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 26, note 1.)]

<sup>6</sup> [For "the stanza," addressed to the "Princely offspring of Braganza," published in the *Morning Post*, December 30, 1807, see *English Bards, etc.*, line 142, note 1, *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 308, 309.]

5

Now at length we're off for Turkey,  
Lord knows when we shall come back!  
Breezes foul and tempests murky  
May unship us in a crack.  
But, since Life at most a jest is,  
As philosophers allow,  
Still to laugh by far the best is,  
Then laugh on – as I do now.  
Laugh at all things,  
Great and small things,  
Sick or well, at sea or shore;  
While we're quaffing,  
Let's have laughing —  
Who the devil cares for more? —  
Some good wine! and who would lack it,  
Ev'n on board the Lisbon Packet?

*Falmouth Roads, June 30, 1809.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, i. 230-232.]*

**[TO DIVES.<sup>7</sup> A FRAGMENT.]**

Unhappy Dives! in an evil hour  
'Gainst Nature's voice seduced to deeds accurst!  
Once Fortune's minion now thou feel'st her power;  
Wrath's vial on thy lofty head hath burst.  
In Wit, in Genius, as in Wealth the first,  
How wondrous bright thy blooming morn arose!  
But thou wert smitten with th' unhallowed thirst  
Of Crime unnamed, and thy sad noon must close  
In scorn and solitude unsought the worst of woes.

1809.

*[First published, Lord Byron's Works, 1833, xvii. 241.]*

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<sup>7</sup> [Dives was William Beckford. See *Childe Harold*, Canto I. stanza xxii. line 6, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 37, note 1.]

## FAREWELL PETITION TO R. C. H., ESQRE

O thou yclep'd by vulgar sons of Men  
Cam Hobhouse!<sup>8</sup> but by wags Byzantian Ben!  
Twin sacred titles, which combined appear  
To grace thy volume's front, and gild its rear,  
Since now thou put'st thyself and work to Sea  
And leav'st all Greece to *Fletcher*<sup>9</sup> and to me,  
Oh, hear my single muse our sorrows tell,  
*One* song for *self* and Fletcher quite as well —

First to the *Castle* of that man of woes  
Dispatch the letter which *I must* enclose,  
And when his lone Penelope shall say  
*Why, where, and wherefore* doth my William stay?  
Spare not to move her pity, or her pride —  
By all that Hero suffered, or defied;  
The *chicken's toughness*, and the *lack of ale*  
The *stoney mountain* and the *miry vale*  
The *Garlick* steams, which *half* his meals enrich,  
The *impending vermin*, and the threatened *Itch*,  
That *ever breaking* Bed, beyond repair!  
The hat too *old*, the coat too *cold* to wear,  
The Hunger, which *repulsed from Sally's door*  
Pursues her grumbling half from shore to shore,  
Be these the themes to greet his faithful Rib  
So may thy pen be smooth, thy tongue be glib!

This duty done, let me in turn demand  
Some friendly office in my native land,  
Yet let me ponder well, before I ask,  
And set thee swearing at the tedious task.

First the Miscellany!<sup>10</sup>— to Southwell town  
*Per coach* for Mrs. *Pigot* frank it down,  
So may'st them prosper in the paths of Sale,<sup>11</sup>  
And Longman smirk and critics cease to rail.

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<sup>8</sup> [For John Cam Hobhouse (1786-1869), afterwards Lord Broughton de Gyfford, see *Letters*, 1898, i. 163, note i.]

<sup>9</sup> [Fletcher was an indifferent traveller, and sighed for "a' the comforts of the saut-market." See Byron's letters to his mother, November 12, 1809, June 28, 1810. —*Letters*, 1898, i. 256, 281.]

<sup>10</sup> [Hobhouse's Miscellany (otherwise known as the *Miss-sell-any*) was published in 1809, under the title of *Imitations and Translations from The Ancient and Modern Classics*. Byron contributed nine original poems. The volume was not a success. "It foundered ... in the Gulph of Lethe." — Letter to H. Drury, July 17, 1811, *Letters*, 1898, i. 319.]

<sup>11</sup> [The word "Sale" may have a double meaning. There may be an allusion to George Sale, the Orientalist, and translator of the Koran.]

All hail to Matthews!<sup>12</sup> wash his reverend feet,  
And in my name the man of Method greet, —  
Tell him, my Guide, Philosopher, and Friend,  
Who cannot love me, and who will not mend,  
Tell him, that not in vain I shall assay  
To tread and trace our "old Horatian way,"<sup>13</sup>  
And be (with prose supply my dearth of rhymes)  
What better men have been in better times.

Here let me cease, for why should I prolong  
My notes, and vex a *Singer* with a *Song*?  
Oh thou with pen perpetual in thy fist!  
Dubbed for thy sins a stark Miscellanist,  
So pleased the printer's orders to perform  
For Messrs. *Longman, Hurst and Rees and Orme*.  
Go – Get thee hence to Paternoster Row,  
Thy patrons wave a duodecimo!  
(Best form for *letters* from a distant land,  
It fits the pocket, nor fatigues the hand.)  
Then go, once more the joyous work commence<sup>14</sup>  
With stores of anecdote, and grains of sense,  
Oh may Mammas relent, and Sires forgive!  
And scribbling Sons grow dutiful and live!

*Constantinople, June 7th, 1810.*

[*First published, Murray's Magazine, 1887, vol. i. pp. 290, 291.*]

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<sup>12</sup> ["In Matthews I have lost my 'guide, philosopher, and friend.'" – Letter to R. C. Dallas, September 7, 1811, *Letters*, 1898, ii. 25. (For Charles Skinner Matthews, see *Letters*, 1898, i. 150, note 3.)]

<sup>13</sup> [Compare — "In short, the maxim for the amorous tribe is Horatian, 'Medio tu tutissimus ibis.'" *Don Juan*, Canto V. stanza xvii. lines 8, 9. The "doctrine" is Horatian, but the words occur in Ovid, *Metam.*, lib. ii. line 137. — *Poetical Works*, 1902, vi. 273, note 2.]

<sup>14</sup> [Hobhouse's *Journey through Albania and other Provinces of Turkey*, 4to, was published by James Cawthorn, in 1813.]

## TRANSLATION OF THE NURSE'S DOLE IN THE *MEDEA* OF EURIPIDES

Oh how I wish that an embargo  
Had kept in port the good ship Argo!  
Who, still unlaunched from Grecian docks,  
Had never passed the Azure rocks;  
But now I fear her trip will be a  
Damn'd business for my Miss Medea, etc., etc.<sup>15</sup>

*June, 1810.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, i. 227.]*

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<sup>15</sup> ["I am just come from an expedition through the Bosphorus to the Black Sea and the Cyanean Symplegades, up which last I scrambled with as great risk as ever the Argonauts escaped in their hoy. You remember the beginning of the nurse's dole in the *Medea* [lines 1-7], of which I beg you to take the following translation, done on the summit; – [A 'damned business'] it very nearly was to me; for, had not this sublime passage been in my head, I should never have dreamed of ascending the said rocks, and bruising my carcass in honour of the ancients." – Letter to Henry Drury, June 17, 1810, *Letters*, 1898, i. 276. Euripides, *Medea*, lines 1-7 — Ἔθ' ὄφελ' Ἄργουῦς μὴ διαπτάσθαι σκάφος κ.τ.λ. ]

## MY EPITAPH.<sup>16</sup>

Youth, Nature, and relenting Jove,  
To keep my lamp in strongly strove;  
But Romanelli was so stout,  
He beat all three – and *blew it out*.

*October, 1810.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, i. 240.]*

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<sup>16</sup> ["The English Consul ... forced a physician upon me, and in three days vomited and glystered me to the last gasp. In this state I made my epitaph – take it." – Letter to Hodgson, October 3, 1810, *Letters*, 1898, i. 298.]

## SUBSTITUTE FOR AN EPITAPH

Kind Reader! take your choice to cry or laugh;  
Here Harold lies – but where's his Epitaph?  
If such you seek, try Westminster, and view  
Ten thousand just as fit for him as you.

*Athens, 1810.*

*[First published, Lord Byron's Works, 1832, ix. 4.]*

## EPITAPH FOR JOSEPH BLACKET, LATE POET AND SHOEMAKER.<sup>17</sup>

Stranger! behold, interred together,  
The *souls* of learning and of leather.  
Poor Joe is gone, but left his *all*:  
You'll find his relics in a *stall*.  
His works were neat, and often found  
Well stitched, and with *morocco* bound.  
Tread lightly – where the bard is laid —  
He cannot mend the shoe he made;  
Yet is he happy in his hole,  
With verse immortal as his *sole*.  
But still to business he held fast,  
And stuck to Phoebus to the *last*.  
Then who shall say so good a fellow  
Was only "leather and prunella?"  
For character – he did not lack it;  
And if he did, 'twere shame to "Black-it."

*Malta, May 16, 1811.*

*[First published, Lord Byron's Works, 1832, ix. 10.]*

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<sup>17</sup> [For Joseph Blacket (1786-1810), see *Letters*, 1898, i. 314, note 2; see, too, *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 359, note 1, and 441-443, note 2. The *Epitaph* is of doubtful authenticity.]

## ON MOORE'S LAST OPERATIC FARCE, OR FARCICAL OPERA.<sup>18</sup>

Good plays are scarce,  
So Moore writes *farce*:

The poet's fame grows brittle<sup>19</sup>—  
We knew before  
That *Little's* Moore,  
But now't is Moore that's *little*.

*September 14, 1811.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, i. 295 (note).]*

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<sup>18</sup> ["On a leaf of one of his paper books I find an epigram, written at this time, which, though not perhaps particularly good, I consider myself bound to insert." – Moore, *Life*, p. 137, note 1. The reference is to Moore's *M.P.; or, The Blue Stocking*, which was played for the first time at the Lyceum Theatre, September 9, 1811. For Moore's *nom de plume*, "The late Thomas Little, Esq.," compare Praed's *The Belle of the Ball-Room*—"If those bright lips had quoted Locke, I might have thought they murmured Little."]

<sup>19</sup> *Is fame like his so brittle?* – [MS.]

**[R. C. DALLAS.]<sup>20</sup>**

Yes! wisdom shines in all his mien,  
Which would so captivate, I ween,  
Wisdom's own goddess Pallas;  
That she'd discard her fav'rite owl,  
And take for pet a brother fowl,  
Sagacious R. C. Dallas.

*[First published, Life, Writings, Opinions, etc., 1825, ii. 192.]*

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<sup>20</sup> ["A person observing that Mr. Dallas looked very wise on a certain occasion, his Lordship is said to have broke out into the following impromptu." —*Life, Writings, Times, and Opinions of Lord Byron*, 1825, ii. 191.]

## AN ODE<sup>21</sup> TO THE FRAMERS OF THE FRAME BILL.<sup>22</sup>

### 1

Oh well done Lord E – n! and better done R – r!<sup>23</sup>  
Britannia must prosper with councils like yours;  
Hawkesbury, Harrowby, help you to guide her,  
Whose remedy only must *kill* ere it cures:  
Those villains; the Weavers, are all grown refractory,  
Asking some succour for Charity's sake —  
So hang them in clusters round each Manufactory,  
That will at once put an end to *mistake*.<sup>24</sup>

### 2

The rascals, perhaps, may betake them to robbing,  
The dogs to be sure have got nothing to eat —  
So if we can hang them for breaking a bobbin,  
'T will save all the Government's money and meat:  
Men are more easily made than machinery —  
Stockings fetch better prices than lives —  
Gibbets on Sherwood will heighten the scenery,  
Shewing how Commerce, how Liberty thrives!

### 3

Justice is now in pursuit of the wretches,  
Grenadiers, Volunteers, Bow-street Police,  
Twenty-two Regiments, a score of Jack Ketches,  
Three of the Quorum and two of the Peace;  
Some Lords, to be sure, would have summoned the Judges,  
To take their opinion, but that they ne'er shall,  
For Liverpool such a concession begrudges,  
So now they're condemned by *no Judges* at all.

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<sup>21</sup> ["Lord Byron to Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. Sir, – I take the liberty of sending an alteration of the two last lines of stanza 2d, which I wish to run as follows: —'Gibbets on Sherwood will heighten the scenery, Shewing how commerce, how liberty thrives.' I wish you could insert it tomorrow for a particular reason; but I feel much obliged by your inserting it at all. Of course do *not* put my name to the thing – believe me, Your obliged and very obedient servant, BYRON. 8, St. James's Street, *Sunday, March 1, 1812.*"]

<sup>22</sup> [For Byron's maiden speech in the House of Lords, February 27, 1812, see *Letters*, 1898, ii. 424-430.]

<sup>23</sup> [Richard Ryder (1766-1832), second son of the first Baron Harrowby, was Home Secretary, 1809-12.]

<sup>24</sup> Lord E., on Thursday night, said the riots at Nottingham arose from a "*mistake*."

4

Some folks for certain have thought it was shocking,  
When Famine appeals and when Poverty groans,  
That Life should be valued at less than a stocking,  
And breaking of frames lead to breaking of bones.  
If it should prove so, I trust, by this token,  
(And who will refuse to partake in the hope?)  
That the frames of the fools may be first to be *broken*,  
Who, when asked for a *remedy*, sent down a *rope*.

*[First published, Morning Chronicle, Monday, March 2, 1812.]*

*[See a Political Ode by Lord Byron, hitherto unknown as his production, London, John Pearson, 46, Pall Mall, 1880, 8°. See, too, Mr. Pearson's prefatory Note, pp. 5, etc.]*

TO THE HON<sup>BLE</sup> M<sup>RS</sup> GEORGE LAMB.<sup>25</sup>

1

The sacred song that on mine ear  
Yet vibrates from that voice of thine,  
I heard, before, from one so dear —  
'T is strange it still appears divine.

2

But, oh! so sweet that *look* and *tone*  
To her and thee alike is given;  
It seemed as if for me alone  
That *both* had been recalled from Heaven!

3

And though I never can redeem  
The vision thus endeared to me;  
I scarcely can regret my dream,  
When realised again by thee.

1812.

[First published in *The Two Duchesses*, by Vere Foster, 1898, p. 374.]

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<sup>25</sup> [Caroline Rosalie Adelaide St. Jules (1786-1862) married, in 1809, the Hon. George Lamb (see *English Bards, etc.*, line 55, *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 300, note 1), fourth son of the first Viscount Melbourne.]

## [LA REVANCHE.]

### 1

There is no more for me to hope,  
There is no more for thee to fear;  
And, if I give my Sorrow scope,  
That Sorrow thou shalt never hear.  
Why did I hold thy love so dear?  
Why shed for such a heart one tear?  
Let deep and dreary silence be  
My only memory of thee!

### 2

When all are fled who flatter now,  
Save thoughts which will not flatter then;  
And thou recall'st the broken vow  
To him who must not love again —  
Each hour of now forgotten years  
Thou, then, shalt number with thy tears;  
And every drop of grief shall be  
A vain remembrancer of me!

*Undated, ?1812.*

*[From an autograph MS. in the possession of Mr. Murray, now for the first time printed.]*

**TO THOMAS MOORE.  
WRITTEN THE EVENING BEFORE  
HIS VISIT TO MR. LEIGH HUNT IN  
HORSEMONGER LANE GAOL, MAY 19, 1813**

Oh you, who in all names can tickle the town,  
Anacreon, Tom Little, Tom Moore, or Tom Brown, —<sup>26</sup>  
For hang me if I know of which you may most brag,  
Your Quarto two-pounds, or your Two-penny Post Bag;

But now to my letter – to *yours* 'tis an answer —  
To-morrow be with me, as soon as you can, sir,  
All ready and dressed for proceeding to sponge on  
(According to compact) the wit in the dungeon —<sup>27</sup>  
Pray Phoebus at length our political malice  
May not get us lodgings within the same palace!  
I suppose that to-night you're engaged with some codgers,  
And for Sotheby's Blues<sup>28</sup> have deserted Sam Rogers;  
And I, though with cold I have nearly my death got,  
Must put on my breeches, and wait on the Heathcote;<sup>29</sup>  
But to-morrow, at four, we will both play the *Scurra*,  
And you'll be Catullus, the Regent Mamurra.<sup>30</sup>

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, i. 401.]*

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<sup>26</sup> [Moore's "Intercepted Letters; or, The Twopenny Post-Bag, By Thomas Brown, the Younger," was published in 1813.]

<sup>27</sup> [James Henry Leigh Hunt (1784-1859) was imprisoned February, 1813, to February, 1815, for a libel on the Prince Regent, published in the *Examiner*, March 12, 1812. —*Letters*, 1898, ii. 205-208, note 1.]

<sup>28</sup> [For "Sotheby's Blues," see Introduction to *The Blues, Poetical Works*, 1901, iv. 570, *et ibid.*, 579, 580.]

<sup>29</sup> [Katherine Sophia Manners was married in 1793 to Sir Gilbert Heathcote. See *Letters*, 1898, ii. 402, 406.]

<sup>30</sup> [See *Catullus*, xxix. 1-4 — "Quis hoc potest videre? quis potest pati, Nisi impudicus et vorax et aleo, Mamurram habere, quod Comata Gallia Habebat uncti et ultima Britannia?" etc.]

## ON LORD THURLOW'S POEMS.<sup>31</sup>

### 1

When Thurlow this damned nonsense sent,  
(I hope I am not violent)  
Nor men nor gods knew what he meant.

### 2

And since not even our Rogers' praise  
To common sense his thoughts could raise —  
Why *would* they let him print his lays?

### 3

### 4

### 5

To me, divine Apollo, grant – O!  
Hermilda's<sup>32</sup> first and second canto,

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<sup>31</sup> [One evening, in the late spring or early summer of 1813, Byron and Moore supped on bread and cheese with Rogers. Their host had just received from Lord Thurlow [Edward Hovell Thurlow, 1781-1829] a copy of his *Poems on Several Occasions* (1813), and Byron lighted upon some lines to Rogers, "On the Poem of Mr. Rogers, entitled 'An Epistle to a Friend.'" The first stanza ran thus — "When Rogers o'er this labour bent, Their purest fire the Muses lent, T' illustrate this sweet argument." "Byron," says Moore, "undertook to read it aloud; – but he found it impossible to get beyond the first two words. Our laughter had now increased to such a pitch that nothing could restrain it. Two or three times he began; but no sooner had the words 'When Rogers' passed his lips, than our fit burst forth afresh, – till even Mr. Rogers himself ... found it impossible not to join us. A day or two after, Lord Byron sent me the following: – 'My dear Moore, "When Rogers" must not see the enclosed, which I send for your perusal.'" —*Life*, p. 181; *Letters*, 1898, ii. 211-213, note 1.] Thurlow's poems are by no means contemptible. A sonnet, "To a Bird, that haunted the Water of Lacken, in the Winter," which Charles Lamb transcribed in one of Coleridge's note-books, should be set over against the absurd lines, "On the Poems of Mr. Rogers." "O melancholy bird, a winter's day Thou standest by the margin of the pool; And, taught by God, dost thy whole being school To Patience, which all evil can allay: God has appointed thee the fish thy prey; And giv'n thyself a lesson to the fool Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule, And his unthinking course by thee to weigh. There need not schools nor the professor's chair, Though these be good, true wisdom to impart; He, who has not enough for these to spare Of time, or gold, may yet amend his heart, And teach his soul by brooks and rivers fair, Nature is always wise in every part." *Select Poems*, 1821, p. 90. [See "Fragments of Criticism," *Works of Charles Lamb*, 1903, iii. 284.]

<sup>32</sup> [*Hermilda in Palestine* was published in 1812, in quarto, and twice reissued in 1813, as part of *Poems on Various Occasions* (8vo). The Lines upon Rogers' *Epistle to a Friend* appeared first in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1813, vol. 83, p. 357, and were reprinted in the second edition of *Poems, etc.*, 1813, pp. 162, 163. The lines in italics, which precede each stanza, are taken from the last stanza of Lord Thurlow's poem.]

I'm fitting up a new portmanteau;

6

And thus to furnish decent lining,  
My own and others' bays I'm twining, —  
So, gentle Thurlow, throw me thine in.

*June 2, 1813.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, i. 396.]*

## TO LORD THURLOW.<sup>33</sup>

### 1

*"I lay my branch of laurel down."*  
*"Thou lay thy branch of laurel down!"*  
Why, what thou'st stole is not enow;  
And, were it lawfully thine own,  
Does Rogers want it most, or thou?  
Keep to thyself thy withered bough,  
Or send it back to Doctor Donne:<sup>34</sup>  
Were justice done to both, I trow,  
He'd have but little, and thou – none.

### 2

*"Then, thus, to form Apollo's crown."*  
A crown! why, twist it how you will,  
Thy chaplet must be foolscap still.  
When next you visit Delphi's town,  
Enquire amongst your fellow-lodgers,  
They'll tell you Phoebus gave his crown,  
Some years before your birth, to Rogers.

### 3

*"Let every other bring his own."*  
When coals to Newcastle are carried,  
And owls sent to Athens, as wonders,  
From his spouse when the Regent's unmarried,  
Or Liverpool weeps o'er his blunders;  
When Tories and Whigs cease to quarrel,  
When Castlereagh's wife has an heir,  
Then Rogers shall ask us for laurel,  
And thou shalt have plenty to spare.

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<sup>33</sup> ["On the same day I received from him the following additional scraps ['To Lord Thurlow']. The lines in Italics are from the eulogy that provoked his waggish comments." —*Life*, p. 181. The last stanza of Thurlow's poem supplied the text — "Then, thus, to form Apollo's crown, (Let ev'ry other bring his own,) I lay my branch of laurel down."]

<sup>34</sup> [Lord Thurlow affected an archaic style in his Sonnets and other verses. In the Preface to the second edition of *Poems, etc.*, he writes, "I think that our Poetry has been continually declining since the days of Milton and Cowley ... and that the golden age of our language is in the reign of Queen Elizabeth."]

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, i. 397.]*

## THE DEVIL'S DRIVE.<sup>3536</sup>

### 1

The Devil returned to Hell by two,  
And he stayed at home till five;  
When he dined on some homicides done in *ragoût*,  
And a rebel or so in an *Irish* stew,  
And sausages made of a self-slain Jew,  
And bethought himself what next to do,  
"And," quoth he, "I'll take a drive.  
I walked in the morning, I'll ride to-night;  
In darkness my children take most delight,<sup>10</sup>  
And I'll see how my favourites thrive.

### 2

"And what shall I ride in?" quoth Lucifer, then —  
"If I followed my taste, indeed,  
I should mount in a waggon of wounded men,  
And smile to see them bleed.  
But these will be furnished again and again,  
And at present my purpose is speed;  
To see my manor as much as I may,  
And watch that no souls shall be poached away.

### 3

"I have a state-coach at Carlton House,<sup>20</sup>  
A chariot in Seymour-place;<sup>37</sup>  
But they're lent to two friends, who make me amends  
By driving my favourite pace:

---

<sup>35</sup> The Devil's Drive. *A Sequel to Porson's Devil's Walk*. — [MS. H.]

<sup>36</sup> ["I have lately written a wild, rambling, unfinished rhapsody, called 'The Devil's Drive,' the notion of which I took from Porson's *Devil's Walk*." — *Journal*, December 17, 18, 1813, *Letters*, 1898, ii. 378. "Though with a good deal of vigour and imagination, it is," says Moore, "for the most part rather clumsily executed, wanting the point and condensation of those clever verses of Coleridge and Southey, which Lord Byron, adopting a notion long prevalent, has attributed to Porson." The *Devil's Walk* was published in the *Morning Post*, September 6, 1799. It has been published under Porson's name (1830, ed. H. Montague, illustrated by Cruikshank). (See *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 30, note 1.)]

<sup>37</sup> [Lord Yarmouth, nicknamed "Red Herrings," the eldest son of the Regent's elderly favourite, the Marchioness of Hertford (the "Marchesa" of the *Twopenny Post-Bag*), lived at No. 7, Seamore Place, Mayfair. Compare Moore's "Epigram: " "I want the Court Guide," said my lady, 'to look If the House, Seymour Place, be at 30 or 20,'" etc. — *Poetical Works*, 1850, p. 165.]

And they handle their reins with such a grace,  
I have something for both at the end of the race.

4

"So now for the earth to take my chance,"  
Then up to the earth sprung he;  
And making a jump from Moscow to France,  
He stepped across the sea,  
And rested his hoof on a turnpike road,<sup>30</sup>  
No very great way from a Bishop's abode.<sup>38</sup>

5

But first as he flew, I forgot to say,  
That he hovered a moment upon his way,  
To look upon Leipsic plain;  
And so sweet to his eye was its sulphury glare,  
And so soft to his ear was the cry of despair,  
That he perched on a mountain of slain;  
And he gazed with delight from its growing height,  
Nor often on earth had he seen such a sight,  
Nor his work done half as well:<sup>40</sup>  
For the field ran so red with the blood of the dead,  
That it blushed like the waves of Hell!  
Then loudly, and wildly, and long laughed he:  
"Methinks they have little need here of *me!*"

6

Long he looked down on the hosts of each clime,  
While the warriors hand to hand were —  
Gaul – Austrian and Muscovite heroes sublime,  
And – (Muse of Fitzgerald arise with a rhyme!)  
A quantity of *Landwehr!*<sup>39</sup>

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<sup>38</sup> [The allusion may be to a case which was before the courts, the Attorney-General v. William Carver and Brownlow Bishop of Winchester (see *Morning Chronicle*, November 17, 1813). Carver held certain premises under the Bishop of Winchester, at the entrance of Portsmouth Harbour, which obstructed the efflux and reflux of the tide. "The fact," said Mr. Serjeant Lens, in opening the case for the Crown, "was of great magnitude to the entire nation, since it effected the security, and even the existence of one of the principal harbours of Great Britain."]

<sup>39</sup> [The Russian and Austrian troops at the battle of Leipsic, October 16, 1813, were, for the most part, veterans, while the Prussian contingent included a large body of militia.]

Gladness was there,<sup>50</sup>  
For the men of all might and the monarchs of earth,  
There met for the wolf and the worm to make mirth,  
And a feast for the fowls of the Air!

7

But he turned aside and looked from the ridge  
Of hills along the river,  
And the best thing he saw was a broken bridge,<sup>40</sup>  
Which a Corporal chose to shiver;  
Though an Emperor's taste was displeased with his haste,  
The Devil he thought it clever;  
And he laughed again in a lighter strain,<sup>60</sup>  
O'er the torrent swoln and rainy,  
When he saw "on a fiery steed" Prince Pon,  
In taking care of Number *One*—  
Get drowned with a great *many*!

8

But the softest note that soothed his ear  
Was the sound of a widow sighing;  
And the sweetest sight was the icy tear,  
Which Horror froze in the blue eye clear  
Of a maid by her lover lying —  
As round her fell her long fair hair,<sup>70</sup>  
And she looked to Heaven with that frenzied air  
Which seemed to ask if a God were there!  
And stretched by the wall of a ruined hut,  
With its hollow cheek, and eyes half shut,  
A child of Famine dying:  
And the carnage *begun*, when *resistance* is done,

---

<sup>40</sup> [For the incident of the "broken bridge" Byron was indebted to the pages of the *Morning Chronicle* of November 8, 1813, "Paris Papers, October 30" — "The Emperor had ordered the engineers to form fougades under the grand bridge which is between Leipsic and Lindenau, in order to blow it up at the latest moment, and thus to retard the march of the enemy and give time to our baggage to file off. General Dulauloy had entrusted the operation to Colonel Montford. The Colonel, instead of remaining on the spot to direct it, and to give the signal, ordered a corporal and four sappers to blow up the bridge the instant the enemy should appear. The corporal, an ignorant fellow, and ill comprehending the nature of the duty with which he was charged, upon hearing the first shot discharged from the ramparts of the city, set fire to the fougades and blew up the bridge. A part of the army was still on the other side, with a park of 80 pieces of artillery and some hundreds of waggons. The advance of this part of the army, who were approaching the bridge, seeing it blow up, conceived it was in the power of the enemy. A cry of dismay spread from rank to rank. 'The enemy are close upon our rear, and the bridges are destroyed!' The unfortunate soldiers dispersed, and endeavoured to effect their escape as well as they could. The Duke of Tarentum swam across the river. Prince Poniatowsky, mounted on a spirited horse, darted into the water and appeared no more. The Emperor was not informed of this disaster until it was too late to remedy it... Colonel Montfort and the corporal of the sappers have been handed over to a court-martial."]

And the fall of the vainly flying!

9

Then he gazed on a town by besiegers taken,  
Nor cared he who were winning;  
But he saw an old maid, for years forsaken,<sup>80</sup>  
Get up and leave her spinning;  
And she looked in her glass, and to one that did pass,  
She said – "pray are the rapes beginning?"<sup>41</sup>

10

But the Devil has reached our cliffs so white,  
And what did he there, I pray?  
If his eyes were good, he but saw by night  
What we see every day;  
But he made a tour and kept a journal  
Of all the wondrous sights nocturnal,  
And he sold it in shares to the *Men* of the *Row*,<sup>90</sup>  
Who bid pretty well – but they *cheated* him, though!

11

The Devil first saw, as he thought, the *Mail*,  
Its coachman and his coat;  
So instead of a pistol he cocked his tail,  
And seized him by the throat;  
"Aha!" quoth he, "what have we here?  
'T is a new barouche, and an ancient peer!"<sup>42</sup>

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<sup>41</sup> [Compare *Don Juan*, Canto VIII. stanza cxxxii. line 4. Sir Walter Scott (*Journal*, October 30, 1826 [1890, i. 288]), tells the same story of "an old woman who, when Carlisle was taken by the Highlanders in 1745, chose to be particularly apprehensive of personal violence, and shut herself up in a closet, in order that she might escape ravishment. But no one came to disturb her solitude, and ... by and by she popped her head out of her place of refuge with the pretty question, 'Good folks, can you tell me when the ravishing is going to begin?'" In 1813 Byron did not know Scott, and must have stolen the jest from some older writer. It is, probably, of untold antiquity.]

<sup>42</sup> [The "Four-Horse" Club, founded in 1808, was incorrectly styled the Four-in-Hand Club, and the Barouche Club. According to the Club rules, the barouches were "yellow-bodied, with 'dickies,' the horses bay, with rosettes at their heads, and the harness silver-mounted. The members wore a drab coat reaching to the ankles, with three tiers of pockets, and mother-o'-pearl buttons as large as five-shilling pieces. The waistcoat was blue, with yellow stripes an inch wide; breeches of plush, with strings and rosettes to each knee; and it was *de rigueur* that the hat should be 3-1/2 inches deep in the crown." (See *Driving*, by the Duke of Beaufort, K.G., 1894, pp. 251-258.) The "ancient peer" may possibly be intended for the President of the Club, Philip Henry, fifth Earl of Chesterfield (1755-1815), who was a member of the Privy Council, and had been Postmaster-General and Master of the Horse.]

12

So he sat him on his box again,  
And bade him have no fear,  
But be true to his club, and staunch to his rein,<sup>100</sup>  
His brothel and his beer;  
"Next to seeing a Lord at the Council board,  
I would rather see him here."

13

Satan hired a horse and gig  
With promises to pay;  
And he pawned his horns for a spruce new wig,  
To redeem as he came away:  
And he whistled some tune, a waltz or a jig,  
And drove off at the close of day.

14

The first place he stopped at – he heard the Psalm 110  
That rung from a Methodist Chapel:  
"T is the best sound I've heard," quoth he, "since my palm  
Presented Eve her apple!  
When *Faith* is all, 't is an excellent sign,  
That the *Works* and Workmen both are mine."

15

He passed Tommy Tyrwhitt,<sup>43</sup> that standing jest,  
To princely wit a Martyr:

---

<sup>43</sup> [Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt (*circ.* 1762-1833) was the son of the Rev. Edmund Tyrwhitt, Rector of Wickham Bishops, etc., and nephew of Thomas Tyrwhitt, the editor of the *Canterbury Tales*. He was Private Secretary to the Prince of Wales, auditor of the Duchy of Cornwall (1796), and Lord Warden of the Stannaries (1805). He was knighted May 8, 1812. He was sent in the following year in charge of the Garter mission to the Czar, and on that occasion was made a Knight of the Imperial Order of St. Anne, First Class. He held the office of Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, 1812-1832. "Tommy Tyrwhitt" was an important personage at Carlton House, and shared with Colonel McMahon the doubtful privilege of being a confidential servant of the Prince Regent. Compare Letter III. of Moore's *Twopenny Post-Bag*, 1813, p. 12. "From G. R. to the E. of Y – th." "I write this in bed while my whiskers are airing. And M – c has a sly dose of jalap preparing For poor T – mm – y T – rr – t at breakfast to quaff —As I feel I want something to give me a laugh, And there's nothing so good as old T – mm – y kept close To his Cornwall accounts, after taking a dose!" See *Gentleman's Magazine*, March, 1833, vol. 103, pt. i. pp. 275, 276.]

But the last joke of all was by far the best,  
When he sailed away with "the Garter"!  
"And" – quoth Satan – "this Embassy's worthy my sight, 120  
Should I see nothing else to amuse me to night.  
With no one to bear it, but Thomas à Tyrwhitt,  
This ribband belongs to an 'Order of Merit'!"

## 16

He stopped at an Inn and stepped within  
The Bar and read the "Times;"  
And never such a treat, as – the epistle of one "Vetus,"<sup>44</sup>  
Had he found save in downright crimes:  
"Though I doubt if this drivelling encomiast of War  
Ever saw a field fought, or felt a scar,  
Yet his fame shall go farther than he can guess, 130  
For I'll keep him a place in my *hottest Press*;  
And his works shall be bound in Morocco *d'Enfer*,  
And lettered behind with his *Nom de Guerre*."

## 17

The Devil gat next to Westminster,  
And he turned to "the room" of the Commons;  
But he heard as he purposed to enter in there,  
That "the Lords" had received a summons;  
And he thought, as "a *quondam* Aristocrat,"  
He might peep at the Peers, though to *hear* them were flat;  
And he walked up the House so like one of his own, 140  
That they say that he stood pretty near the throne.

## 18

He saw the Lord Liverpool seemingly wise,  
The Lord Westmoreland certainly silly,  
And Jockey of Norfolk – a man of some size —

---

<sup>44</sup> ["Vetus" [Edward Sterling] contributed a series of letters to the *Times*, 1812, 1813. They were afterwards republished. Vetus was not a Little Englander, and his political sentiments recall the *obiter dicta* of contemporary patriots; e. g. "the only legitimate basis for a treaty, if not on the part of the Continental Allies, at least for England herself [is] that she should conquer all she can, and keep all she conquers. This is not by way of retaliation, however just, upon so obdurate and rapacious an enemy – but as an indispensable condition of her own safety and existence." The letters were reviewed under the heading of "Illustrations of Vetus," in the *Morning Chronicle*, December 2, 10, 16, 18; 1813. The reviewer and Byron did not take the patriotic view of the situation.]

And Chatham, so like his friend Billy;<sup>45</sup>  
And he saw the tears in Lord Eldon's eyes,  
Because the Catholics would *not* rise,  
In spite of his prayers and his prophecies;  
And he heard – which set Satan himself a staring —  
A certain Chief Justice say something like *swearing*.<sup>46</sup>  
And the Devil was shocked – and quoth he, "I must go, 151  
For I find we have much better manners below.  
If thus he harangues when he passes my border,  
I shall hint to friend Moloch to call him to order."

## 19

Then the Devil went down to the humbler House,  
Where he readily found his way  
As natural to him as its hole to a Mouse,  
He had been there many a day;  
And many a vote and soul and job he  
Had bid for and carried away from the Lobby:  
But there now was a "call" and accomplished debaters 161  
Appeared in the glory of hats, boots and gaiters —  
*Some* paid rather more – but *all* worse dressed than Waiters!

## 20

There was Canning for War, and Whitbread for peace,  
And others as suited their fancies;  
But all were agreed that our debts should increase  
Excepting the Demagogue Francis.  
That rogue! how could Westminster chuse him again  
To leaven the virtue of these honest men!  
But the Devil remained till the Break of Day 170  
Blushed upon Sleep and Lord Castlereagh.<sup>47</sup>

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<sup>45</sup> [Robert Banks Jenkinson (1770-1828), second Earl of Liverpool, on the assassination of Perceval, became Prime Minister, June 7, 1812; John Fane (1759-1841), tenth Earl of Westmoreland, was Lord Privy Seal, 1798-1827; Charles Howard (1746-1815), eleventh Duke of Norfolk, known as "Jockey of Norfolk," was a Protestant and a Liberal, and at one time a friend of the Prince of Wales. Wraxall, *Posthumous Memoirs*, 1836, i. 29, says that "he might have been mistaken for a grazier or a butcher by his dress and appearance." He figures *largely* in Gillray, see e. g. "Meeting of the Moneyed Interest," December, 1798. John Pitt (1756-1835), second Earl of Chatham, the hero of the abortive Walcheren expedition, had been made a general in the army January 1, 1812. He "inherited," says Wraxall, *ibid.*, iii. 129, "his illustrious father's form and figure; but not his mind."]

<sup>46</sup> [Edward Law (1750-1818), first Baron Ellenborough, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, 1802-18, was given to the use of strong language. His temper (see Moore's "Sale of the Tools") was "none of the best." On one occasion, speaking in the House of Lords (March 22, 1813) with regard to the "delicate investigation," he asserted that the accusation ["that the persons intrusted had thought fit to fabricate an unauthorized document"] "was as false as hell;" and by way of protest against the tedious harangues of old Lord Darnley, "I am answerable to God for my time, and what account can I give at the day of judgment if I stay here longer?"]

<sup>47</sup> [Compare Moore's "Insurrection of the Papers" — "Last night I toss'd and turn'd in bed, But could not sleep – at length I said, 'I'll

Then up half the house got, and Satan got up

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