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Mr. George Terry is desirous

‘ The mind *l’improve* the most *impressive way* ;’

and Mr. Samuel Lock Francis assures us that

‘ *Thespis gloriously* contrived a plan
Where actors *buffoon’d* Tragedy and Man.’

He also records the fact that

— ‘ *classic Ben facetious* Thalia loved,
Then Milton’s Sampson *Melpomene* moved ;’

and, not to confine his improvements to classical quantity, he adds :

‘ *Whitehead, Murphy, Keffe, Holcroft beside.*’

F. T., and T. J., and Bavius, and an Anonymous Addresser, conclude this mawkish *mélange* of decasyllabic dullness. How any writer possessed of one ray of genius could suffer his verses to be degraded by such an association, we are at a loss to conceive. Indeed, there was something in the whole design of this rival address-writing, that was revolting to a poet of the better order ; and, consequently, not one of their names has appeared. Such a conspiracy against the public peace never before was hatched in the recesses of Grub-Street : but we trust that the proper reception, (we mean as far as general readers and writers are concerned,) which these abortive efforts have encountered, will deter their unknown and their nameless authors from any similar neglect of their more humble or more useful occupations.

April 1813

[Byron] *Waltz* (1813); review by Christopher Lake Moody, *Monthly Review*, 2nd Series, LXX (April 1813), 432-433. Moody, a clergyman friend of Griffiths, was a constant contributor to the *Monthly* until his death in 1815. As might be expected from a rural cleric, Moody picks up only the overt moralizing of Byron’s anonymous satire, but misses the political dimension.

Art. 15. *Waltz : an apostrophic Hymn.* By Horace Hornem, Esq. 4to. pp. 27. 3s. Sherwood and Co. 1813.

Satire is often employed to shame the dissolute, and to correct the loose morals of the age : but Fashion seems to be such an autocrat in the world, that it is almost in vain to remonstrate against any edict which she issues as law. The good sort of people who respect virtue are termed *quizzers* ; and to be shocked at indelicacy and licentiousness is now deemed a proof of being *stupid* and *antiquated*. A great parade is made about religion, by which is meant nothing more than its external forms, but little attention is paid to correct the conduct, or the vicious tendency of our amusements.— If it were possible “ to touch and shame” the gay world, the apostrophic hymn before us would have the effect of banishing the loose Waltz from the British ball-

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ball-room: but we fear that, with all its spirit and keen satiric rebuke, the dance which it reprobates will remain in vogue, and that nakedness and waltzing will be preferred to 'morals and minuets,' to 'virtue and her stays.' If it must be so, it must be so. However, we are unfashionable enough to say that it *ought not* to be so, and to lament that the Waltz has been imported into this country. Mr. *Hornem* is not more severe on this occasion than the nature of the subject requires; yet perhaps, with Juvenal, he is not sufficiently chaste in his expressions, and suffers his indignation to conquer his delicacy. He likes also to blend a little political with his moral satire. As it is of no ordinary kind, we shall offer a specimen of it:

'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 "energize the object I pursue,"
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 esteemed 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.

'O Germany! how much to thee we owe,
As heaven-born Pitt can testify below;
Ere curs'd 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.
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 pardoned all her faults,
A dozen Dukes — some Kings — a Queen — and "Waltz."'

A very humorous address to the publisher is prefixed to this poem, and the notes have the same character.

April 1813

[Moore] *Intercepted Letters*
(3rd edition, 1813); review by
Francis Hodgson, *Monthly Review*,
2nd Series, LXX (April
1813), 436-438.

Art. 17. *Intercepted Letters; or, The Twopenny Post-bag*. To which are added, *Trifles reprinted*. By Thomas Brown, the Younger. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s. 6d. Boards. Carr. 1813.

"A jest, ere now, has cost the wit his friend;" and we should not conceive that the *valuable* acquaintance of the present author, whoever he may be *, has been increased by this collection of happy trifles. It purports to be a versification of part of the contents of a twopenny post-bag, and, if approved, will be followed by farther extracts from the same parcel of intercepted letters. We are really so well pleased with the writer, that we cannot indulge our selfish gratification at his expence; and therefore, if he favours us with more of this species of bagatelle, we advise him to avoid the wigs and whiskers of distinguished personages, and to confine himself to literary instead of political subjects. Our allusion above will be understood, when we add that the "Trifles reprinted" are certain squibs and parodies (on the measures of the R——t's government, on the members of that administration, and on the illustrious ruler himself, in his capacity of giver of *fêtes*, contriver of regimentals, and writer of letters,) which excited much attention in the news-papers of last season. These audacious *jeux d'esprit* are disclaimed by the author of the 'Twopenny Post-bag:' but at the same time he considers them to be so much *in keeping* with his own "*Bijoux indiscrets*," as to demand a place in his little volume, by their congruity with the rest of its contents.

In pursuance of our suggestion concerning politics, which we again recommend to the writer's consideration, we shall select from the

'O Lord, whose grace no limits comprehend,
Sweet Lord, whose mercies stand from measure free,
To me that grace, to me that mercy send,
And wipe, O Lord, my sins from sinful me;
O cleanse, O wash my foul iniquity;
Cleanse still my spots, still wash away my stainings,
Till stains and spots in me leave no remainings.'

* Report is busy with the name of a well-known *Anacreontic* poet; but we do not conceive ourselves authorized to add to the publicity of his impolitic facetiousness.

'Inter-