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**WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;**

**AND**

**T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.**

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## THE AGE OF BRONZE.\*

THIS versifier has a slight and superficial knowledge of various matters of importance, gleaned from the Opposition newspapers, and the talk of inferior Whigs. He could write a leading article in the Morning Chronicle on the "State of Europe," or "The Church;" and, no doubt, is reckoned eloquent by the gentlemen of the press over a board of oysters, or a trencher of tripe. But there is one thing which he does not know, although it is known to all his readers, *widelicet*, that he is an Ass. He vainly imagines that he neighs—a gross mistake;—it is a bray, we swear by all that is deep-drawn and long-winded. He supposes that his ears are pointed—not they indeed—they go flap-flapping over his forehead, a-ladonkey. He believes he trots—but it is all a shuffle. To be horse-whipped, is evidently the height of his ambition; but no—no—Peter Bell still lives, and with "a sapling white as cream" he will "bang thy bones."—So, come along, Jack-ass, and be cud-gelled.

"The Age of Bronze" is not, by any means, a bad name for a Satirical poem, very far from it—and is evidently above the reach of the writer of the verses. It was probably a bright blunder of some one of his chums, to whom he had been braying a recital. Deady's heavy wet had inspired Py-lades thus happily to designate the face of his Orestes. We can easily imagine that this felicitous discovery of a "title," must have led the two Arcadians into the most ruinous extravagance. A pot of porter would seem nothing in their exalted imaginations.—"Another Welch rabbit—Tommy—damn the expence;" and, on leaving the lush-crib, we can figure them giving fippence to the drawer. All down Chancery Lane chuckled the Cockneys, "The Age of Bronze! The Age of Bronze!" while even their beloved washerwoman, now "a maid that loves the moon," wriggled before them unheeded under Temple-Bar.

This is not wholly a conjecture of ours—for something not unlike it was told us by a person of some veracity. He assured us that he was sitting close by the Cockneys and their cheese—

with only a half-drawn curtain between; and that although he frequently coughed, and hemmed, and knocked the candlestick on his table, they were deaf to all entreaties, and let out

"Such tales as, told to any blade,  
By two such youths in the green shade,  
Were perilous to hear."

Among other enormities, one of them, with a sort of Tims' face, proposed accusing Lord Byron of being the author. That seemed at first a staggerer to the cove whose bunch of fives had actually committed the offence; but, after a few gulps of froth, he became courageous, and swore that "it should be fathered upon Byron." These, we are assured by a gentleman whose authority is far superior to that of Mr Nicholas Bull of Reading, were, without any exaggeration, the precise words. And accordingly, the "Age of Bronze," begotten by a Cockney, on the body of a muse, name unknown, is laid upon the steps before his Lordship's door. The noble Childe, careless about such matters, tells his valet to give the bantling to any woman in the house who chances to be nursing; and thus the ricketty wretch passes for the work of one whose real progeny always shew blood and bone, and glory in the sin of their sire.

In short, the author of the "Age of Bronze"—the publisher thereof—and the paid puffers in the Radical newspapers, all know, that when they attribute the doggrel to Lord Byron—they are a pack of liars. The Cockneys have told the public, through their mouth-piece Hazlitt, that they have been damned by us, and that not a single Christian will look at any of their productions, lest suspicion might fall upon him of being acquainted with the author. The knaves, therefore, call themselves "Byron!" We remember once overtaking a person on foot near Lowood, on the banks of Windermere, who maintained that he was Mr Wordsworth. We had never seen the Great Jaker at that time, yet well knew this was an impostor.—"I trow, sir," quoth he, "you never saw a more wonderful mountain than that there Langdale Peaks." We gave him

\* London. John Hunt, &amp;c.

a slight kick, at which, we remember, he could scarcely conceal his irritation, and added, "that the evening being calm, we should pursue our journey." So we parted.

Now, the vagabond we kicked that evening, while the waters of Lowood Bay were murmuring near our foot, was not nearly so impertinent an impostor as the poor devil we have now put into the stocks. For, in the first place, he was sorely muddled with good Mr Ladyman's home-brewed; and, in the second place, he actually had written in a spunging-house (as we afterwards learned) some Sonnets for Baldwin's Magazine, in imitation of Wordsworth's Sonnets dedicated to Liberty. He therefore really had some sort of reason to believe himself a Lake poet, and we forgive him from the bottom of our souls, as we hope he forgives us from the bottom of his body. But the rogue in hand, although no doubt muddled also when he wrote his verses, may have been occasionally sober when they were going through the press, and we are afraid cannot be thought, even by the most charitable, to have been drunk every day on which his poem was sent to the newspapers for advertisement with Lord Byron's name. Paley, we think, considers drunkenness a palliation of guilt, and so does North; but the authority of these two great moral writers cannot exculpate this Cockney, unless he can prove to our satisfaction, that his knowledge-box was filled with the fumes of Daffy's elixir, from the first moment of conception, until the delivery of the fœtus. He is plainly a scoundrel, who collects coin under false pretences; and his next heroic measures should be laid in the tread-mill.

But methinks we hear some gentle reader cry, "This is not criticism—this is mere abuse." We know it; it is not meant for criticism. If you catch a hand in your pocket, filching your purse, are you expected to criticise the shape of the fingers, or rather to wrench the wrist till the small bones crack? If a fellow, drest in his master's clothes, ring the bell at your front door, and leave his master's card, do you criticise or kick him? Let us therefore hear no more about our being abusive. This Cockney is a fool and a liar, in league with fools and liars; and neither he nor his fools and liars can take offence at being told so, ex-

cept in as far as detection may prevent their future depredations on the public.

Let us see how this swindler personates Byron. Imagine that it is Byron who writes the following character of Pitt:—

"All is exploded—be it good or bad.  
Reader! remember when thou wert a lad,  
Then Pitt was all; or if not all, so much,  
His very rival almost deem'd him such!!!"

What grandeur of thought and expression! Is not that at least equal to the Cockney's—whom we kicked—imitation of Wordsworth? Now for his character of Napoleon.

"Oh heaven! of which he was in power a feature;  
Oh earth! of which he was a noble creature;  
Thou isle! to be remember'd long and well,  
That sawst the unfledged eaglet chip his shell!  
Ye Alps, which viewed him in his dawning flights  
Hover, the victor of an hundred fights!  
Thou, Rome, who saw'st thy Caesar's deeds outdone!  
Alas! why past he too the Rubicon?  
The Rubicon of man's awaken'd rights,  
To herd with vulgar kings and parasites?"

But hear—hear the swindler on Waterloo! Some one has told him that Byron hates Wellington, or pretends to do so; and the swindler makes a hit.

"Oh, bloody and most bootless Waterloo,  
Which proves how fools may have their fortune too  
Won, half by blunder, half by treachery."

Various modes of punishing such a dishonest idiot as this must suggest themselves to the benevolent reader. Suppose him stripped naked to the very want of shirt, and tarred and feathered. Up Hampstead Hill he goes, with his downy posteriors, like one of Mr Moore's Angels, to recover himself, to a crowing fit on his own dunghill. Flap flies the feathered fool past Mother Red-cap's on a Sunday evening, and haply takes refuge in an arbour of a tea-garden. Or suppose him ducked in a shallow, green-mantled, slimy, froggy pool, with a sludge bottom, and then rubbed down with a towel of nettles. Or suppose him condemned to a year's solitary confinement in the jakes,

without the use of either pen, ink, or paper.

But let us hear his opinion of Congress :

“ A pious unity ! in purpose one—  
To melt three fools to a Napoleon.  
Why, Egypt's gods were rational to these ;  
Their dogs and oxen knew their own de-  
grees,

And, quiet in their kennel or their shed,  
Cared little, so that they were duly fed ;  
But these, more hungry, must have some-  
thing more,

The power to bark and bite, to toss and  
gore.

Ah, how much happier were good Æsop's  
frogs

Than we ! for ours are animated logs  
With ponderous malice awaying to and fro,  
And crushing nations with a stupid blow,  
All dully anxious to leave little work  
Unto the revolutionary stork.”

And a little farther on he claims ac-  
quaintance with the Czar.

“ Resplendent sight ! behold the coxcomb  
Czar,

The autocrat of waltzes and of war ;  
As eager for a plaudit as a realm,  
And just as fit for flirting as the helm ;  
A Calmuck beauty, with a Cossack wit,  
And generous spirit, when 'tis not frost-  
bit ;

Now half dissolving to a liberal thaw,  
But harden'd back whene'er the morning's  
raw ;

With no objection to true liberty,  
Except that it would make the nations  
free.”

Now here let us make, not a political,  
but a personal observation. We have  
seen the Czar—and he is a strapping  
fellow, upwards of six feet high—good  
looking—healthy—broad-shouldered  
—an excellent dancer—a tolerable mu-  
sician—fences well—and altogether is  
a man likely to make his way through  
a crowd. Now, who the devil, Mis-  
ter Bronze, are you, to talk so of a man  
who could swallow you any morning  
before breakfast ? We sink the Empe-  
ror at present altogether—and we com-  
pare merely Calmuck or Cossack with  
Cockney. We shall suppose Alexander  
a beggar like yourself—with not  
one shilling to rub against another.  
Were you both to endeavour to gain  
your bread by honest industry as  
paviors—you know that Alexander  
would plant ten pebbles for your one.  
Were you both to rob on the high-  
way, you know that he would knock  
down a man and his wife with ease,

while Master Tommy would take you  
prisoner. Were you both to woo a  
rich widow—conscience must whisper  
that she would prefer “ the Calmuck  
beauty with the Cossack wit,” to the  
little impotent Cockney. Were you  
both to appear in the Row, or offer  
yourselves contributors to Colbourn,  
is there a publisher or editor in Lon-  
don city, who would not smile upon  
the Russ ? In short, is there an occu-  
pation extant, except tailoring and po-  
lishing of silver tea-spoons, in which  
the Calmuck would not beat the Cock-  
ney to utter starvation ?

Much light, we think, may be thrown  
on subjects of this kind, by such a sim-  
ple treatment. Scribblers, who bite  
their nails in Great Britain, take it  
into their heads, that because they  
have been born in this island, (no  
matter whether spuriously or not)  
they are entitled to despise, be he who  
he may, the Emperor of all the Russias.  
But there are base Britons—and a  
base Briton is the basest of beings.  
No Russ can be so wretched as he—  
and the Cockney who writes as above,  
of the battle of Waterloo, is a more  
degraded culprit than any slit-nosed,  
knouted Muscovite, that ever journeyed  
across the steppes to Siberia.

“ Shall noble Albion pass without a phrase  
From a bold Briton in her wonted praise ?  
Arts—arms—and George—and glory and  
the isles—

And happy Britain—wealth and freedom's  
smiles—

White cliffs, that held invasion far aloof—  
Contented subjects, all alike tax-proof—

Proud Wellington, with eagle beak so curl-  
ed,

That nose, the hook where he suspends the  
world !

And Waterloo—and trade—and——(hush !  
not yet

A syllable of imposts or of debt)——

And ne'er (enough) lamented Castlereagh,  
Whose pen-knife slit a goose-quill 't'other  
day.”

Silence—alave ! If you yourself—  
your abject most miserable self—were  
to go into a jeweller's shop, and pur-  
loin a number of gold brooches—were  
to be detected in the act, and brought  
back shrieking in the grasp of the  
shop-keeper's daughter—were to be  
committed to Newgate—and there to  
contrive, in fear of the gallows, to ef-  
fect strangulation with your dirty  
worsted garters, or fetid leather braces  
—is there a single person in all Lon-

don who would not turn away, almost with something like pity mingled with disgust, from the hole in the cross-ways, into which were flung the petty remains of the pilfering *febo de se*? Do you know that?—and yet—but silence—slave! Who would spit upon a toad crawling in its unwieldy and freckled putrefaction? It

is enough to see the reptile drag itself in slime away into some common sewer—to be washed down by the mingled mud of kennels, along with every stinking thing, into a subterranean receptacle of filth, there to rot among the hidden abominations—

“The Age of Bronze” by Lord Byron!!!

A HINT TO THE GENTLEMEN OF THE DAILY AND HEBDOMADAL PRESS.

THIS Magazine is abused, we believe, daily and weekly, by about a hundred whig and radical newspapers. So we are told; and so we observe when occasionally we look over the files of newspapers in various reading-rooms. Poor vipers, let them gnaw till their tongues are sore.—Editor of the Inverness Journal! thou art a prodigious ninny. You are pleased to say, that we once published a libel against you, along with “all the other great and good men in the country.” This libel, Dunderpate, was a *jeu d’esprit* of your friend, the editor of the Inverness Courier, and never graced our pages at all. Look into your glass, and answer candidly if you ever saw such another fool?

The Leeds Mercury abuses us, we perceive. The editor of this paper, one Baines, an excessive blockhead, published as his own a large portion of a tolerable history of the War with France, by Mr Stephens. This plagiarism having been exposed by Mr Alaric Watts, editor of the Leeds Intelligencer, Baines pretends to have been only a compiler! And then, having been convicted of putting his name to a book which he did *not* write, he accuses Mr Watts of not having put *his* name to a book which he did write. This is quite like a whig. There is, at least, no dishonesty in publishing a book without one’s name. But the truth is, that Mr Baines knows nothing about the matter, (and we do), of the Memoirs of the Kit-Cat Club. We know more about that volume than even Mr Alaric Watts himself, who certainly was not the editor. We have seen the despicable attempt of Baines to impeach Mr Watts’ veracity, which is unimpeachable. Besides, Baines basely pins his faith respecting the alleged demerits of the “Memoirs of the Kit-Cat Club” on the Quarterly Review, and bullies away about a vo-

lume which he has never seen, and about which he knows less than nothing. But we have a few words to say by and by with some of our provincial libellers.

Of Mr Alaric Watts we entertain a very high opinion as a man of integrity and honour, of very elegant accomplishments, and most excellent abilities. Baines will say, perhaps, that he writes for this Magazine;—no more than Baines himself wrote Stephens’s History. Mr Watts has lately printed (we believe not published) a small volume of poems, full of enlightened and amiable sentiments, pleasing imagery, and refined feelings. He possesses very considerable poetic genius; and the following little Poem, which we recollect reading with much admiration in periodical publications some years ago, has much of the power and pathos of Byron:—

TO OCTAVIA.

I.

Full many a gloomy month hath past,  
On flagging wing, regardless by,—  
Unmark’d by aught, save grief—since last  
I gazed upon thy bright blue eye,  
And bade my Lyre pour forth for thee  
Its strains of wildest minstrelsy!  
For all my joys are wither’d now,—  
The hopes I most relied on, thwarted,—  
And sorrow hath o’erspread my brow  
With many a shade since last we parted:  
Yet, ’mid that murkiness of lot,  
Young Peri, thou art unforgot!

II.

There are who love to trace the smile  
That dimples upon childhood’s cheek,  
And hear from lips devoid of guile,  
The dictates of the bosom break:—  
Ah! who of such could look on thee  
Without a wish to rival me?  
None;—his must be a stubborn heart,  
And strange to every softer feeling,  
Who from thy glance could bear to part  
Cold and unmoved—without revealing  
Some portion of the fond regret  
Which dimm’d my eye when last we met!