

*Le Byron de Nos Jours ; or, The
English Bar and Cross Reviewers*

STILL must I hear ?—while Austin prints his verse
And Satan's sorrows fill Corelli's purse,
Must I not write lest haply some K.C.
To flatter Tennyson should sneer at me ?
Or must the Angels of the Darker Ink
No longer tell the public what to think—
Must lectures and reviewing all be stayed
Until they're licensed by the Board of Trade ?
Prepare for rhyme—I'll risk it—bite or bark
I'll stop the press for neither Gosse nor Clarke.

O sport most noble, when two cocks engage
With equal blindness and with equal rage !
When each, intent to pick the other's eye,
Sees not the feathers from himself that fly,
And, fired to scorch his rival's every bone,
Ignores the inward heat that grills his own ;
Until self-plucked, self-spitted and self-roast,
Each to the other serves himself on toast.

But stay, but stay, you've pitched the key, my Muse,
A semi-tone too low for great Reviews ;