

## Lord Byron Satires on Coleridge

Shall gentle Coleridge pass unnoticed here,  
To turgid ode and tumid stanza dear?  
Though themes of innocence amuse him best,  
Yet still obscurity's a welcome guest.  
If Inspiration should her aid refuse  
To him who takes a pixy for a muse,  
Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass  
The bard who soars to elegise an ass.  
So well the subject suits his noble mind,  
He brays the laureat of the long-ear'd kind.

(*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, 11. 255-262)

(1) Coleridge's Poems, p. 11., Songs of the Pixies, i. e. Devonshire fairies ; p. 42. we have, " Lines to a young Lady : " and, p. 52., " Lines to a young Ass. "

(2) Thus altered by Lord Byron, in his last revision of the satire. In all former editions the line stood,

" A fellow-feeling makes us wond'rous kind." — E.

(3) [ " Unjust," B. 1816. — In a letter to Mr. Coleridge, written in 1815, Lord Byron says, — " You mention my ' Satire,' lampoon, or whatever you or others please to call it. I can only say, that it was written when I was very young and very angry, and has been a thorn in my side ever since : more particularly as almost all the persons animadverted upon became subsequently my acquaintances, and some of them my friends ; which is ' heaping fire upon an enemy's head,' and forgiving me too readily to permit me to forgive myself. The part applied to you is pert, and petulant, and shallow enough ; but, although I have long done every thing in my power to suppress the circulation of the whole thing, I shall always regret the wantonness or generality of many of its attempted attacks." — E.]

Foot-note in the Collected Poems of Lord Byron, Vol. VII, (Spottiswoode 1836), p.241 [online at [https://books.google.com.br/books?id=1YhjAAAA\\_MAAJ](https://books.google.com.br/books?id=1YhjAAAA_MAAJ).

And Coleridge, too, has lately taken wing,  
But like a hawk encumbered with his hood, —  
Explaining Metaphysics to the nation —  
I wish he would explain his Explanation.

(*Don Juan*, Dedication, 2)

Mr. Coleridge may console himself with the "fervour, — the almost religious fervour" of his and Wordsworth's disciples, as he calls it. If he means that as any proof of their merits, I will find him as much "fervour" in behalf of Richard Brothers and Joanna Southcote as ever gathered over his pages or round his fireside. He is a shabby fellow, and I wash my hands of and after him. (*Letters and Journals*, IV, p. 172.)