

## MINOR PIECES.\*

---

### TO A SPIDER RUNNING ACROSS A ROOM.<sup>1</sup>

THOU poisonous rascal, running at this rate  
O'er the perplexing desart of a mat,  
Scrambling and scuttling on thy scratchy legs,  
Like a scared miser with his money-bags;  
Thou thief—thou scamp—thou hideous much in little,  
Bearing away the plunder of a spital,—  
Caitiff of corners,—doer of dark deeds,  
Mere lump of poison lifted on starv'd threads,  
That while they run, go shuddering here and there,  
As if abhorring what they're forc'd to bear,  
Like an old bloated tyrant, whom his slaves  
Bear from the gaping of a thousand graves,  
And take to some vile corner of a court,  
Where felons of his filthy race resort,—  
I have thee now;—I have thee here, full blown,  
Thou lost old wretch, benighted by the noon!  
What dost thou say? What dost thou think? Dost see  
Providence hanging o'er thee, to wit, me?  
Dost fear? Dost shrink with all thine eyes to view  
The shadowing threat of mine avenging shoe?  
Now, now it comes;—one pang,—and thou wilt lie  
Flat as the sole that treads thy gorg'd impurity.

Yet hold:—why should I do it? Why should I,  
Who in my infidel fidelity,  
Believer in the love, though not the wrath,  
Have spared so many crawlers o'er my path,—  
Why should I trample here, and like a beast,  
Settle this humblest of them all and least?  
The vagrant never injured me or mine,  
Wrote no critiques, stabb'd at no heart divine,  
And as to flies, Collyer himself must dine.<sup>2</sup> }  
Flies may be kill'd as speedily as mutton,  
And your black spider's not your blackest glutton.  
The vermin's a frank vermin, after all;  
Makes no pretence to a benignant call;  
Does not hold up a hideous white hand,  
To tickle grandams to his promised land;  
Nor pulls white handkerchiefs from out his blackness,  
To wipe the tears,—that give a surfeit slackness.  
He's not the Laureat, not my turn'd old Bob;<sup>3</sup>  
Not Bull the brute,<sup>4</sup> nor Gazetteer the grub.<sup>5</sup>  
He does not “profess Poetry,” like Mill;<sup>6</sup>  
Music, like Buzby;<sup>7</sup> nor, what's higher still,  
“Moral Philosophy,” like wicked Will.<sup>8</sup>  
He swells, I grant, and 'tis with poison too;  
But not, toad-eating Muddyford,<sup>9</sup> like you:  
He plunders, and runs off; but not like Theod.,  
To make amends by slandering for King Ehud;<sup>10</sup>  
He skulks; but 'tis not as “dear Ally” does,  
To pry and pounce on females, and keep close }  
At fingers only that can pull a nose.<sup>11</sup>  
Honest the rogue is, in his way,—hey, Groly?<sup>12</sup>—  
And does not call his snares and slaughters “Holy;”  
Nor like the Russian that insulted Spain,  
Cry “Manners,” and affect the gentleman.

He holds to what he is, like her that bore him,  
A spider, as his father was before him.  
'Twas Cowl,<sup>13</sup> not he, that by old Gizzard's fire,<sup>14</sup>  
Born of a man, turn'd reptile and mere liar,  
And chang'd his shape with his own fright, as mothers,  
Their tender burthen incomplete, change others.  
And have I spared the very worst of these<sup>15</sup>  
A thousand times, and all for their own ease,—  
Let them crawl on, and wink'd at Gizzard's self,  
To tread out thee, poor emblematic elf?  
Thee, whose worst vice is, that thy hang-dog looks<sup>16</sup>  
Remind us of his face, not of his books,  
For all the poison, clubb'd from all thy race,  
Could not do that: you're safe from that disgrace.  
Have I, these five years, spared the dog a stick,<sup>17</sup>  
Cut for his special use, and reasonably thick,  
Now, because prose had fell'd him just before,<sup>18</sup>  
Then, to oblige the very heart he tore;  
Then, from conniving to suppose him human,  
Two-legg'd, and one that had a serving-woman;<sup>19</sup>  
Then, because some one saw him in a shiver,  
Which shewed, if not a heart, he had a liver;  
And then, because they said the dog was dying,  
His very symptoms being given to lying?  
Have I done this? Have I endur'd e'en Murrain,<sup>20</sup>  
Whom even his own face finds past enduring,  
Trying to slip aside from him, and cut him,  
When honest men ask questions that don't suit him?  
Have I let strut, behind their dunghill screens,  
All the brisk crowers in Scotch magazines,<sup>21</sup>  
Who take for day their crackling Northern Lights,<sup>22</sup> }  
And scream, and scratch, and keep it up o' nights,  
Braggarts with beaten plumes, and sensual hypocrites?  
Him too who feeds them,<sup>23</sup> and in whom there run

All Curril's<sup>24</sup> and Osborne's<sup>25</sup> melted brass in one,  
 (Blackguard,<sup>26</sup> thought wrong by the young trade, but wronger  
 By those whose consciences have eaten longer)  
 Have I spared him, when, with a true rogue's awe  
 Not of the truth or justice, but the law,  
 He lay before my feet, and proffer'd me  
 His rascal money for indemnity?<sup>27</sup>  
 In scorn I let him go, just taught, it seems,  
 How to call people more ingenious names;  
 For which, I own, I merit the reproofs  
 Of all the world, but those who read his huffs.<sup>28</sup>

Go, you poor wretch,—I mean the spider; go,  
 And take care how you bite Sir Hudson Lowe.<sup>29</sup>

---

### SOUTHEOGONY,

OR THE BIRTH OF THE POET LAUREAT.<sup>30</sup>

Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem.—VIRG.<sup>31</sup>

Laugh, if you can; but one way or another,  
 Do pray, old boy, begin to know your mother.

WE'VE all of us read, in some poet or other,  
 That Pallas<sup>32</sup> was born without ever a mother;  
 And 'tis equally certain, or more certain rather,  
 That Mars was produc'd without ever a father:<sup>33</sup>  
 For as to old Jupiter's pain in his brows,<sup>34</sup>  
 The reason for that might still lie with his spouse;  
 And as to his getting the thing in his head,  
 It's what many men do, who are not brought to bed:  
 Whereas that a son should be born of a lady,  
 And none know the father, not even the Cadi,<sup>35</sup>  
 Or rather, that there's been no father at all,  
 (For it couldn't be Peter, and couldn't be Paul,

And then, as the village says, “Who *could* it be?”)  
Is a point on which doctors of all sorts agree.

Be this as it may, the immortals above us  
Were talking of these things, and saying “Lord love us!”  
When Jupiter, coming from council upon ‘em,  
(You’d have thought that the sound of his step had undone ‘em,  
But luckily he had escap’d their descriptions)  
Said, “What do you say there about my conceptions?”  
Conceive, if you can, a strange creature I’ve thought on,  
For bard to the era about to be brought on,—  
A jumble, a Janus,<sup>36</sup> a Jack-of-all-trades,  
A prostitute pen, yet the prince of old maids;  
The ghost of a rhyming Inquisitor’s rack;  
A crack on the crown, and a crown on the crack;<sup>37</sup>  
A “Honi soit” zealot for Liberty’s charms,  
Subsiding in softness beneath the King’s Arms;<sup>38</sup>  
The vice contradiction; the virtue in if;  
A weathercock image, so solemn and stiff,  
Who first holds up one hand, and then holds up t’other,  
As pompously fierce for one wind as another;  
A mind, like his visage, by nature intended  
For something, but left till too late to be mended,  
That promises strength, but retreats in weak dudgeon,  
The nose of a hawk, and the mouth of a gudgeon;<sup>39</sup>  
In short, a grotesque, any thing but a true thing,  
Part human, part brutal, part flowery, all nothing;  
That begins like a man, but possessing no substance,  
Runs flourishing off, like the figures on hob-stands,  
And foams at a creature that guards t’other side,  
To wit, it’s own self, and identical pride.  
“I want such a being,” said Jove in conclusion,  
“To put, with his praises, his friends in confusion,

And furnish crown'd heads with a shabby phenomenon,  
Fit for some certain disasters then coming on."

"I cannot conceive such a being," said Juno.<sup>40</sup>  
"Don't mention," said Venus, "such *juncta in uno*."<sup>41</sup>  
"It's much beyond us," cried the whole of the goddesses,  
Bridling, and settling their several boddices.<sup>42</sup>

"Well," cried a damsel, who kept Juno's peacock,  
"It seems now as easy to me as *hic hæc hoc*."<sup>43</sup>  
Good lord! sure my mistress is joking. Why I  
Could conceive twenty such, or I'd like to know why.

Now the damsel who thus indiscreetly took on her,  
By poets on earth is yclept Mrs. Honour:  
But in heav'n, for her airs and her "pompous inanity,"<sup>44</sup>  
Gods name her rightly, and call the jade Vanity.

"Do," said Jove laughing. He took from a shelf  
The work of a bard who was big with himself,  
And throwing it at her, the girl, as they say,  
Seem'd struck of a heap, and look'd down, and said "Hey!"

A ludicrous gravity roll'd in her eyes,  
She looks pregnantly vacant, and foolishly wise,  
And picking her skirts up, sail'd off through the skies. }  
You'd have thought all the Gods would have split 'em for  
laughter,  
To see her waist first, and herself coming after.

That very day nine weeks, if gossips be right,  
My Southey, with green and grey head,<sup>45</sup> came to light;  
And 'tis said, that before he had found out his legs,  
The rogue taught his grandmother how to suck eggs.<sup>46</sup>

LINES OF MADAME D'HOUTETOT.<sup>47</sup>

Jeune, j'aimai. Le temps de mon bel age,  
 Ce temps si court, l'amour seul le remplit:  
 Quand j'atteignis la saison d'être sage,  
 Toujours j'aimai: la raison me le dit.  
 Mais l'âge vient, et le plaisir s'envole;  
 Mais mon bonheur ne s'envole aujourd'hui,  
 Car j'aime encore, et l'amour me console;  
 Rien n'aurait pu me consoler de lui.

When young, I lov'd. At that delicious age,  
 So sweet, so short, love was my sole delight;  
 And when I reach'd the season to be sage,  
 Still I lov'd on, for reason gave me right.  
 Age comes at length, and livelier joys depart,  
 Yet gentle ones still kiss these eyelids dim;  
 For still I love, and love consoles my heart;  
 What could console me for the loss of him?

TALARI INNAMORATI.<sup>48</sup>

DEAR Molly, who art the best comingest lass,  
 With a foot not so big as the slipper of brass,<sup>49</sup>  
 Or as her's, whom a wag,<sup>50</sup> strangely gifting with wrong clo'ës,  
 Calls, most unbecomingly, Ninon de Long-clo'ës,<sup>51</sup>  
 (Of whom 'tis recorded, that in a ragoût  
 Some young men of fashion once toss'd up her shoe),<sup>52</sup>  
 Take a story that came in my head 'tother day,  
 As writing a libel, all careless I lay,  
 So good-natur'd am I, and soon carried away.

}

You must know, that 'twas after a day of much flight,  
 The feather'd god Mercury<sup>53</sup> got home one night:  
 He took off his winged hat, flagging with dews,  
 And shook off as quickly his two winged shoes:  
 And ringing for Hebe,<sup>54</sup> said, "Starlights and nectar;  
 And go and tell Venus,<sup>55</sup> you rogue, I expect her."  
 So saying, he threw his light legs up together,  
 And stretched, half-reclined, on his couch of dove's feather,  
 And taking his lute up, and thumbing, and humming,  
 Was about to sing something to hasten her coming,  
 When lo! the two shoes that I spoke of, instead  
 Of departing, as usual, like pigeons, to bed,  
 Began flutt'ring and making genteel indications  
 Of delicate feelings and nice hesitations,  
 And then walking forward, stood still, rather wide,  
 When the one drew his heel to the other's inside,  
 And suggesting a bow (for it well may be said,  
 You can't make a bow without having a head)  
 Told the god with a sigh, which they meant to go through him,  
 That they had, if he pleas'd, a small prayer to make to him.

"How now!" said the God; "what, my shoes grown pa-  
 thetic!  
 This indeed's a new turn of the peripatetic.<sup>56</sup>  
 What's the matter, my friends? Why this bowing and  
 blushing?  
 Has Ganymede<sup>57</sup> giv'n you too careless a brushing?  
 Do you ache yet from Jupiter's tread on your toes,  
 When I spoke, before Juno, of Chloris's nose?<sup>58</sup>  
 Or does she keep charge of his pen and ink still,  
 And force him to borrow another new quill?"

"No: nothing of all this, dear master," said they;  
 'But the fact is,—the fact is—" "Well, what is it, pray?"

“Why, you know, Sir, our natures partake of the dove,  
And in fact, Sir,—in short, Sir,—we’ve fallen in love.”

“In love! and with what, pray? With Rhodope’s shoes?  
Or with Rhodope’s self?” cried the god at this news.\*  
“I have heard of shoes ‘doated on,’ during a fashion,  
But never of any returning the passion.”

“We beg, Sir,” said they, “that you wouldn’t chagrin<sup>59</sup> us:  
Who, or what could it be, but the feet of your Venus?  
To see them, to touch them, and yet be heart-whole,  
How could we, yet have understanding and soul?  
When we heard, t’other day, that dog Momus object,<sup>60</sup>  
For want of a fault in ‘em, that her shoes creak’d,  
We could fairly have jump’d at the rascal, and kick’d:  
And so, Sir, we have to request, that whenever  
We’re not upon duty, you’ll do us the favour  
Of letting us wait on those charmers so little,  
To which Thetis’s silver are surely queen’s-metal.<sup>61</sup>  
The soft-going sandals of Rhetoric’s god<sup>62</sup>  
Will make her move always as loveliness should;<sup>63</sup>  
Will put a perfection, Sir, into her shoe-tye,  
And give the last lift to her exquisite beauty.”

}

\* Rhodope, or Rhodopis (Rosy-face) the most romantic of the courtezans of antiquity. She began with falling in love with her fellow-servant Æsop; and ended with consecrating a number of costly spits in the temple of Apollo at Delphos, some say with erecting one of the pyramids of Egypt. She inspired a violent passion in Charaxes, the brother of Sappho, who takes upon herself, in Ovid, to complain of it. There is a pretty legend of her, in which those who are fond of tracing every thing to the ancient world, may find the origin of the Little Glass Slipper.<sup>64</sup> Elian<sup>65</sup> says, that as she was bathing, an eagle carried away one of her sandals, and flying with it over Memphis, where Psammetichus, king of Egypt, was sitting in judgment, dropped it in the monarch’s lap. Struck with its extraordinary beauty, he had the owner found out, and married her.

"Be it so," replied Hermes; "but take care, you rogues;  
Don't you keep her from me, or I'll turn you to clogs."<sup>66</sup>

"We cannot, we cannot," cried they, "dearest master;  
And to prove it at once, she shall come to you faster."

So saying, they rose, and skimm'd out of the door,  
Like a pair of white doves, when beginning to soar:  
They met her half-way, and they flew to her feet,  
Which they clasp'd in a flutter, the touch was so sweet;  
And they bore her in silence, and kiss'd all the while  
The feet of the queen of the beautiful smile;  
And lo! in an instant, redoubled in charms,  
The soft coming creature was pitch'd in his arms.

---

#### RHYMES TO THE EYE,

BY A DEAF GENTLEMAN.<sup>67</sup>

I LONG'D for Dublin, thinking there to *laugh*  
With jolly tipplers o'er their usquebaugh;<sup>68</sup>  
For I've a merry heart, and love that *juice*,  
Which London hath not good at any *price*.  
Thither I went; but once ('twas at the *Plough*)  
Some time uncounted after I'd *enough*,  
I sallied forth, and in the street, alas!  
I plunged into a horrible *fracas*,—  
So horrible, that all my bones did *ach*,  
And I was forced to ride home in a *couch*,  
Entreating Dora to achieve a *pot*  
Of salve from the *Chirurgical Depot*.\*

\* I am aware this rhyme may be carped at. However, Pope rhymed "way" and "away" together, and that is good authority. For my part, I think "pot" and "pot" rhyme very well together.—*Note by the Deaf Gentleman.*

Truly I cannot boast of such *eclat*<sup>69</sup>  
As could my friend, whose sword, this way and that,  
Brandish'd through Islington and Highgate thorps,—  
For he belongs unto the Light Horse *Corps*!  
Next morn I had a great mind to *indict*  
The bludgeoneers, but could not well *convict*;  
And fain was I to take their *promises*  
Of good behaviour touching many *bruises*.  
But if again they catch me in that *region*,  
(Well-named *Ire-land*) since I am not a *lion*,  
The world may call me fool, and I'll say—"yes,"  
For I don't like bones batter'd and black eyes.  
No! rather would I to *Constantinople*,  
Although the Turk's-men are a strange *people*,  
And I've no predilection for the *plague*,  
Than drink in a continued fearful *ague*.

---

LINES TO A CRITIC.<sup>\*70</sup>

HONEY from silkworms who can gather,  
Or silk from the yellow bee?  
The grass may grow in winter weather,  
As soon as hate in me.

\* We have given the stupid malignity of the *Investigator*<sup>71</sup> a better answer than it is worth already. The writers must lay it to the account of our infirmity, and to a lurking something of orthodoxy in us. But in these "Lines to a Critic," the Reverend Calumniator, or Calumniators,<sup>72</sup> will see what sort of an answer *Mr. Shelley* would have given them; for the beautiful effusion is his. Let the reader, when he has finished them, say which is the better Christian,—the "religious" reviver of bitter and repeated calumnies upon one who differs with him in opinion, or the "profane" philanthropist who can answer in such a spirit?

Hate men who cant, and men who pray,  
 And men who rail like thee;  
 An equal passion to repay,—  
 They are not coy like me.

Or seek some slave of power and gold,  
 To be thy dear heart's-mate,  
 Thy love will move that bigot cold,  
 Sooner than me, thy hate.

A passion like the one I prove  
 Cannot divided be;  
 I hate thy want of truth and love,  
 How should I then hate thee?

---

### THE MONarchs,

AN ODE FOR CONGRESS.<sup>73</sup>

WHEN Congress (heav'nly maid!) was young,  
 While scarcely yet Rossini sung,<sup>74</sup>  
 The Monarchs oft, to flesh the sword,  
 Throng'd<sup>75</sup> around the festive board;  
 Exulting, carving, hobbing, nobbing,  
 Possess'd of what they'd all been robbing.  
 By turns they felt each other's crown,  
 Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, pull'd down;  
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were maudlin,<sup>76</sup>  
 Fill'd with Rhenish,<sup>77</sup> flouncing, twaddling,  
 From the supporting statesmen round  
 They snatch'd the first pens that they found,  
 And as they once had learnt apart  
 Sweet lessons of the pot-hook art,<sup>78</sup>

Each (for madness rul'd the hour)  
Would prove his own didactic power.

First Fred.<sup>79</sup> his hand, it's skill to try,  
Upon the foolscap<sup>80</sup> wilder'd laid,  
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,  
At the remarks himself had made,

Next Alec.<sup>81</sup> rush'd; his eyes, on fire,  
In wanderings own'd their secret stings;  
In one plain word, he play'd the liar,  
And wrote the hurried hand of kings.

With woeful scrawl came poor old Frank,<sup>82</sup>  
Low stupid things his grief beguil'd;  
A solemn, strange, and mingled crank;<sup>83</sup>  
'Twas sad in *Ps*, in *Qs* 'twas wild.<sup>84</sup>

But thou, old boy, with pies so rare,  
What was thy delight, Des-Huîtres!<sup>85</sup>  
Still it whisper'd—"Spain—they'll beat her!"  
And bade the bully boys at distance hail:  
Still would his munch the fish prolong,  
And still from creams, and cakes, and ale,  
He cull'd a finish still, although 'twas wrong:  
And where his tiddest bit<sup>86</sup> he chose,  
Soft Montmorency's<sup>87</sup> voice came blessing through the nose,  
And old Des-Huîtres smil'd, and waiv'd the chaplain's prayer.

And longer had he din'd; but with a groan  
The Duke<sup>88</sup> came saying "Oh!"  
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in wonder down,  
And with a withering look,  
The war-denouncing trumpet took,

And shook a shake so drear of head,  
 Was ne'er pacific skull so full of *No!*  
 And ever and anon he beat  
 The devil's tattoo<sup>89</sup> with curious heat;  
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,  
 Dejected Dangy at his side,<sup>90</sup>  
 Her man-subduing voice applied,  
 Yet still he kept his sad and alter'd mien,  
 While each gulp'd oath and curse seem'd bursting to be said.

Thy numbers, Armament, to nought were fix'd,  
 Sad proof of thy distressful state;  
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,  
 And now it call'd "To Arms!" now raving said,  
 "No,—wait."

With eyes up-turn'd, as one amaz'd,  
 James Monro<sup>91</sup> sat aloof, and gaz'd;  
 And from his calm sequester'd seat,  
 (A place by distance made more sweet)  
 Sent through the newsman's horn his free-born soul:  
 And dashing oft from kindred ground  
 Doubling journals join'd the sound:  
 Through courts and camps the better measures stole,  
 Or in some patriot's themes, with fond delay,  
 Round an awful calm diffusing,  
 Love of peace, and letter'd musing,  
 Their useful murmurs plied away.

But oh! how finished was the happy tone,  
 When brave San Miguel,<sup>92</sup> Spaniard good and true,  
 (His *No!* to all the monarchs flung,  
 His face on fire, yet laughing too)  
 Read that inspiring Note, with which the Cortes rung!<sup>93</sup>

The freeman's truth, to freemen only known!  
Portugal sped it's chaste-eyed Queen,<sup>94</sup>  
Writers and Liberty-Boys<sup>95</sup> were seen  
Peeping their prison-bars between;  
Brown Italy<sup>96</sup> rejoic'd to hear,  
And courts leap'd up, and seiz'd their hats for fear.

Last came Greece's crowning trial:  
She, by painful steps advancing,  
Had first to foreign lands her pray'r's address'd;  
But soon she stood upon her own denial,  
The noble voice fair Freedom lov'd the best.  
They would have thought who heard the sound,  
They saw in Marathon her ancient men  
Crushing the turban'd slaves again,<sup>97</sup>  
For all their mighty pomp and prancing;  
While as the flying Turks kiss'd their steeds' manes,<sup>98</sup>  
Russ left with Pruss their strange, fantastic ground:<sup>99</sup>  
Free were our presses seen, our trade unbound,  
And Frank, amid their frolic play,  
As if he knew no longer what to say,  
Shook heaps of powder from his head and brains.

O Freedom, self-defended maid,  
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,  
Why, goddess, why, so long denied,  
Bid not these idler's stand aside?  
In the Old World, in the New,  
You've shewn us what your will can do,  
And why then longer waste a thought  
On full-grown boys, that *won't* be taught?  
Where is thy native, simple heart,  
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?

Arise, as in that elder time,  
Self-sufficing, pure, sublime!  
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,  
Fill thy recording children's page:  
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,  
Thy humblest friends could more prevail,  
And talk'd in Greek of finer things,  
Than all which charms the ear of kings,  
Aye, all together, meek and slaughterly,  
Bob, Chateaubriand, and the Quarterly.<sup>100</sup>

O bid their vain endeavours cease;  
Complete the just designs of Greece;  
Return in all thy simple state,  
And clip the tails that kings think great.

---

LONDON:

PRINTED BY C. H. REYNELL, BROAD STREET, GOLDEN SQUARE.

[BLANK PAGE]

[BLANK PAGE]

[BLANK PAGE]

## EDITORIAL NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Leigh Hunt acknowledged authorship of this piece in the Preface to his *Ultra-Crepidarius* (1823). In this satire, Hunt compares contemporary critics and writers to the spider (See William H. Marshall, *Byron, Shelley, Hunt, and The Liberal*, Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1960, 171).

<sup>2</sup> Possible reference to John Payne Collyer (1789-1883), journalist, critic, and Shakespearean forger.

<sup>3</sup> The poet laureate Robert "Bob" Southey (1774-1843). See n. 486 "The Book of Beginnings".

<sup>4</sup> *I.e., John Bull*, a Sunday newspaper published from 1820 to 1892, a champion of traditionalist conservatism. The name of the journal embraces John Bull, the satirical national personification of England created by John Arbuthnot in 1712.

<sup>5</sup> Probably *The London Literary Gazette*, the journal established in 1817 by Henry Colburn, which reviewed bitterly the first issue of *The Liberal* (See William H. Marshall, *Byron, Shelley, Hunt, and The Liberal*, Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1960, 102).

<sup>6</sup> Reference either to the philosopher James Mill (1773-1836), or to Henry Hart Milman (1791-1868), historian, poet, and dean of St Paul's. The second seems more likely, since Milman took orders in 1816 and in 1821 he was elected professor of poetry at Oxford. Hence Hunt's "profess Poetry".

<sup>7</sup> Thomas Busby (1754-1838), composer, journalist, and author.

<sup>8</sup> Reference to John Wilson (1785-1854), a close collaborator in the development of the *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* (see n. 21 below), appointed professor of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh in 1820.

<sup>9</sup> William Mudford (1782-1848), who at the time of publication owned the tory journal *The Courier* (1792-1842). As for the "poison", Hunt probably refers to the grim obituary published on *The Courier* upon Percy Shelley's death, where the poet had been called "a writer of infidel poetry" (August 5, 1822, 3). "Toad-eating" meant "sycophant".

<sup>10</sup> At the time the piece was written, Theodore Edward Hook (1788-1841), writer and hoaxter, had been accused of a shortfall at Mauritius, where he had been accountant-general and treasurer from 1813 to 1817. His property was confiscated and he was later imprisoned, but made a living with his writing. In 1820 he created the *John Bull* as a means to gain King George IV's support against Queen Caroline by any possible means. "King Ehud" is a reference to King George IV: Ehud was an Old Testament patriarch who used assassination as political weapon. Therefore, Hook's "slandering" refers to the character assassination that he regularly performed for the King in his *John Bull*.

<sup>11</sup> Possible reference to William Gifford. Hunt might also be hinting at an episode involving Mary Robinson (1758-1800). Actress and former mistress of George IV (then Prince of Wales), then repudiated, she suffered in her late days an illness that left her partially paralised. In Hunt's words, "she fell under the lash of this masculine and gallant gentleman, Mr. Gifford, who, in his *Baviad and Maeviad* [1797] amused himself with tripping up her 'crutches', particularly as he thought her on her way to her last home. This he considered the climax of the fun" (Leigh Hunt, *The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt*, vol.1, 1850, 212).

<sup>12</sup> Tory satirist and poet George Croly (1780-1860), contributor to *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* (see n. 21 below).

<sup>13</sup> Unidentified reference.

<sup>14</sup> Gizzard is William Gifford (1756-1826), satirist and editor. From 1809 to 1824 he was editor of the *Quarterly Review*, which he founded with John Murray. See n. 16 "Advertisement to the Second Volume". The gizzard is a part of a bird's stomach but, informal and more generally, the innards or viscera.

<sup>15</sup> William Gifford (1756-1826).

<sup>16</sup> A degraded or base appearance.

<sup>17</sup> In the Preface to *Ultra-Crepidarius* (1823), Hunt acknowledges authorship of the present poem, and writes that the *Ultra-Crepidarius* is "the 'stick' which is mentioned in the third issue of the *Liberal*, as having been cut for Mr. Gifford's special use" (Leigh Hunt, *The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt*, ed. by H.S. Milford, New York: AMS Press, 1978, 711).

<sup>18</sup> Reference to Hazlitt's 1819 "A Letter to William Gifford; ESQ."

<sup>19</sup> Reference to Gifford's relationship with his housekeeper Ann Davies.

<sup>20</sup> Most likely a nickname for the publisher John Murray (1778-1843). Wordplay on "murrain", archaic word for an infectious disease, plague, pestilence.

## EDITORIAL NOTES

<sup>21</sup> The three main stakeholders in the *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, J.C. Lockhart, William Maginn, and John Wilson. The magazine was famously critical of Leigh Hunt: six articles published in the period 1817-19 refer to him as "King of the Cockneys", leader of the "Cockney School of Poetry", derogatory label signifying a mix of social climbing, vulgarity, ignorance and arrogance (see William H. Marshall, *Byron, Shelley, Hunt, and The Liberal*, Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1960, 43).

<sup>22</sup> The aurora borealis.

<sup>23</sup> William Blackwood (1776-1834) (see n. 103 "My first Acquaintance with Poets").

<sup>24</sup> Edmund Curll (1681-1747), bookseller. He is associated with unscrupulous publication for publishing pirate copies of Alexander Pope's poems and his *Dunciad*.

<sup>25</sup> Thomas Osborne (1704-67), bookseller. Like Curll, he was accused by Alexander Pope of publishing pirate copies of his works, particularly his translation of the *Iliad*.

<sup>26</sup> Possible reference to William Blackwood (1776-1834) (see n. 103 "My first Acquaintance with Poets"). "Blackguard" here means someone "who behaves in a dishonourable or contemptible way, someone worthless or despicable", *OED*, "blackguard (n. & adj.)".

<sup>27</sup> Reference to the lawsuits against the *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* following the publication of the "Cockney School of Poetry" articles. See n.21 above.

<sup>28</sup> *I.e.*, his works; here "huff" means a gust or sudden swell of anger or arrogance.

<sup>29</sup> Sir Hudson Lowe (1769-1844), army officer and colonial governor. He guarded Napoleon at St Helena from 1815 until Napoleon's death in 1821. In 1823 he was involved in a controversy for his supposed abuses against Napoleon's doctor at St Helena, and his defence was published in the *Quarterly Review*.

<sup>30</sup> Internal evidence and style support Leigh Hunt's authorship of this piece (see William H. Marshall, *Byron, Shelley, Hunt, and The Liberal*, Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1960, 172). "The Laureat" is the poet laureate Robert Southey (1774-1843), and this verse satire tells of how he, inconceivable to any of the gods, was conceived by Vanity.

<sup>31</sup> Virgil, "Ecloga IV", 60.

<sup>32</sup> In Greek mythology, Pallas is an epithet of the goddess Athena, born from the forehead of Zeus.

<sup>33</sup> In Ovid's version of the birth of the god Mars, he was born of Juno alone.

<sup>34</sup> In Greek mythology, the goddess Athena was born from the forehead of Zeus.

<sup>35</sup> Although the specific reference could not be traced, the "Cadi" is a type of judge in Islamic countries; Cadis are responsible for numerous sentences in *One Thousand and One Nights*, which is probably Hunt's inspiration here.

<sup>36</sup> In Roman mythology, Janus, the god of beginnings, time, and endings, is usually depicted as having two faces.

<sup>37</sup> The exact meaning is unclear. However, "crack" was slang for "whore", and "The crack" would mean "the fashionable theme, the go". Therefore, the line probably alludes to Southey's "whorish" subservience to the crown and to his love for the spotlight.

<sup>38</sup> In the royal coat of arms of the United Kingdom, the motto "Honi soit qui mal y pense" is written on the Garter surrounding the shield and is partly covered by the lion's and the unicorn's forelegs. The motto means "shame on anyone who thinks evil of it [the garter]". Therefore, Hunt's lines probably refer ironically to Southey's renunciation of his former liberal views in favour of conservatism and royalism: the once zealot of Liberty now submits weakly to royal power, just as the famous motto is covered by the beasts' forelegs ("the King's Arms").

<sup>39</sup> A small freshwater fish.

<sup>40</sup> In Roman mythology, the wife of Jupiter and goddess of love and marriage.

<sup>41</sup> *I.e.*, "Joined in one"; possibly a reference to the motto of the Order of the Bath (*Tria juncta in uno*, "three joined in one").

<sup>42</sup> Pieces of clothing traditionally for women and girls, covering the torso from the neck to the waist.

<sup>43</sup> In Latin, quite an easy lesson: the masculine, feminine, and neuter nominatives of the demonstrative pronoun "this".

## EDITORIAL NOTES

<sup>44</sup> Perhaps a reference to Samuel Johnson's sentence about James Boswell's *Account of Corsica* (1768): "a farrago of disgusting egotism and pompous inanity" (in Peter Pindar, *A poetical and congratulatory epistle to James Boswell, Esq.*, London: Kearsley, 1786, 21).

<sup>45</sup> In the present context where Southey is described as duplicitous and inconceivable, Hunt describes him as both immature and old ("green and grey head") since birth.

<sup>46</sup> "said to those who presume to offer advice to others who are more experienced", *OED*, "egg (n.)".

<sup>47</sup> Leigh Hunt is the author of this translation of Madame d'Houtetot's poem "Aimer" (see Hippolyte Buffenoir, *La comtesse d'Houdetot, sa famille, ses amis*, Paris: Henri Leclerc, 1905, 84).

<sup>48</sup> The author of this piece is Leigh Hunt, as proved by epistolary evidence (see William H. Marshall, *Byron, Shelley, Hunt, and The Liberal*, Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1960, 172).

<sup>49</sup> In a traditional tale, a slipper of brass that turns into a boat: "placing it on the water, whirled it thrice round, and the infernal slipper dilated at every turn, till it became a bonnie barge with its sails bent" (Allan Cunningham, "The Haunted Ships", in *Traditional tales of the English and Scottish peasantry*, vol. 2, London: Taylor and Hessey, 1822, 281).

<sup>50</sup> "Any one ludicrously mischievous", *OED*, "wag (n.2)".

<sup>51</sup> A distortion of the name Ninon de l'Enclos (1620-1705), French author, courtesan, and patron.

<sup>52</sup> "The cook set himself seriously to work upon it: He pulled the upper part (which was of damask) into the shreds, and tossed it up in a ragout; minced the sole; cut the wooden heel into very thin slices, fried them in butter, and placed them round the dish for garnish" (*The Connoisseur* 19 (1754), 112, a letter signed T. Savoury).

<sup>53</sup> In Roman mythology, the god of rhetoric, commerce, communication and trickery. In traditional iconography he wears winged shoes or sandals.

<sup>54</sup> In Greek mythology, the goddess of youth. She is also the cupbearer of Mount Olympus, serving nectar to the gods.

<sup>55</sup> In Roman mythology, goddess of love, beauty, and desire.

<sup>56</sup> A peripatetic is someone who walks about, a traveller, an itinerant trader; also, historically, a student or follower of Aristotle, named after the *walkways* (*peripatoi* in Greek) where they would meet. In Mercury's dialogue with his own shoes, Hunt puns on "pathetic" and "peripatetic".

<sup>57</sup> In Greek mythology, Trojan prince abducted to serve as Zeus's cupbearer.

<sup>58</sup> In Greek mythology, a nymph associated with spring.

<sup>59</sup> *I.e.*, mortify.

<sup>60</sup> In Greek mythology, the personification of satire and mockery.

<sup>61</sup> In Greek mythology, Thetis is a sea nymph or goddess of water. One of her epithets is "silver-footed". Hunt's turns it into "queen's metal", *i.e.*, "any of several alloys of tin and antimony with other metals, resembling Britannia metal and formerly used for tableware, teapots, etc.", *OED*, "queen's metal (n.)".

<sup>62</sup> Mercury.

<sup>63</sup> Possibly the bottom line of the piece: loveliness should always move in silence, as the lines "The soft-going [*i.e.*, quiet] sandals of Rhetoric's god" and the ensuing "they bore her in silence" suggest.

<sup>64</sup> The tale of "Cinderella", by Charles Perrault (1628-1703).

<sup>65</sup> *Varia historia* (XIII.xxxiii) by Claudius Aelianus (Aelian, 175- c.235 AD).

<sup>66</sup> "A wooden-soled overshoe or sandal worn to protect the shoes from wet and dirt", *OED*, "clog (n.)".

<sup>67</sup> Since the "deaf gentleman" is "obviously" deaf to rhyme, his couplets rhyme only in writing, "to the eye".

<sup>68</sup> Whisky.

<sup>69</sup> Public scandal, "scene".

<sup>70</sup> This short 1817 poem is the only contribution by Percy Bysshe Shelley in this issue of *The Liberal*.

<sup>71</sup> Probably the Tory journal *The Courier* (1792-1842). See n. 9 above. Hunt is referring to his answer to criticism in the Preface to the first issue of *The Liberal*, second edition.

<sup>72</sup> Possible reference to William Mudford (1782-1848). See n. 9 above.

<sup>73</sup> The author of this satirical verse about the Congress of Verona (1822) and its aftermath is Leigh Hunt.

<sup>74</sup> Gioachino Antonio Rossini (1792-1868), Italian composer.

<sup>75</sup> To crowd or pack with people.

## EDITORIAL NOTES

<sup>76</sup> “Having reached the stage of drunkenness characterized by tearful sentimentality and effusive displays of affection”, *OED*, “maudlin (*adj.*)”.

<sup>77</sup> Wine produced in the Rhine region.

<sup>78</sup> “A curved or hooked stroke made with the pen, esp. as a component of an unfamiliar or unintelligible script or when learning to write”, *OED*, “pot-hook (*n.*)”.

<sup>79</sup> Frederick William III (reigned 1797-1840), king of Prussia, represented at the Congress of Verona by Karl August von Hardenberg (1750-1822).

<sup>80</sup> “A size of paper, formerly typically used for writing documents, records of meetings, etc.

[...] Foolscap paper was originally watermarked with a foolscap watermark”, *OED*, “foolscap (*n.2*)”.

<sup>81</sup> Alexander I (reigned 1801-25), emperor of Russia.

<sup>82</sup> Francis I (reigned 1804-35), emperor of Austria, represented at the Congress of Verona by Klemens von Metternich (1773-1859).

<sup>83</sup> A crook, bend, winding.

<sup>84</sup> The line derives from the idiomatic “mind your Ps and Qs”, *i.e.*, “mind your manners”, “be on your best behaviour”, possibly meaning that Francis I’s behaviour was “sad” and “wild” (see n. 82 above).

<sup>85</sup> Louis XVIII (reigned 1814-24). Quite plump, he was nicknamed *Louis des Huîtres*.

<sup>86</sup> Choicest or daintiest bit.

<sup>87</sup> Anne-Adrien-Pierre de Montmorency (1768-1837), peer of France and Spain, representative of France at the Congress of Verona.

<sup>88</sup> Arthur Wellesley, 1st Duke of Wellington (1769-1852), who represented the United Kingdom at the Congress of Verona after Lord Castlereagh’s suicide.

<sup>89</sup> The devil’s tattoo is the action of drumming with the fingers upon a table as a sign of vexation or impatience.

<sup>90</sup> Unidentified reference.

<sup>91</sup> James Monroe (1758-1831), fifth president of the United States of America.

<sup>92</sup> Evaristo José Fernández San Miguel y Valledor, Duke of San Miguel (1785-1862), Spanish soldier, politician, and writer who opposed the Restoration of Fernando VII. During the Spanish Trienio Liberal, he was Secretary of State of the liberal government established on the 5<sup>th</sup> of August 1822. On the 9<sup>th</sup> of January 1823, in front of the *cortes* (see n. 93 below), he opposed the ultimatum issued at the Congress of Verona.

<sup>93</sup> “The two chambers or houses, constituting the legislative assembly of Spain and of Portugal”, *OED*, “cortes (*n.*)”.

<sup>94</sup> Doña Carlota Joaquina Teresa Cayetana (1775-1830), queen consort of Portugal.

<sup>95</sup> Supporter of the American cause prior to and during the American War of Independence.

<sup>96</sup> “Brown” in this instance might mean “gloomy, morose” because oppressed.

<sup>97</sup> Reference to the battle of Marathon (490 BC), during the first Persian invasion of Greece. The Greek army inflicted a crushing defeat on the more numerous Persians, “the turban’d slaves”.

<sup>98</sup> Kissing the manes (the long hair on the back of horses) means riding fast, bent on the horse’s neck.

<sup>99</sup> Russia and Prussia.

<sup>100</sup> The poet laureate Robert “Bob” Southey (1774-1843); François-August-René de Chateaubriand (1768-1848), French writer, politician, and historian. A fervent royalist, he lived as an exile in London (1793-1800) and during the Restoration he was representative of France at the Congress of Verona (1822); the periodical *The Quarterly Review* (1809-1967).