

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.*¹

WHEN Congress (heav'nly maid!) was young,
 While scarcely yet Rossini sung,²
 The Monarchs oft, to flesh the sword,
 Throng'd³ 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,⁴
 Fill'd with Rhenish,⁵ 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,⁶

* Author: Leigh Hunt / Transcribed and annotated by Giacomo Ferrari.

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

First Fred.⁷ his hand, it's skill to try,
Upon the foolscap⁸ wilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
At the remarks himself had made,

Next Alec.⁹ 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;¹⁰
Low stupid things his grief beguil'd;
A solemn, strange, and mingled crank;¹¹
'Twas sad in *Ps*, in *Qs* 'twas wild.¹²

But thou, old boy, with pies so rare,
What was thy delight, Des-Huîtres!¹³
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 bit¹⁴ he chose,
Soft Montmorency's¹⁵ 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 Duke¹⁶ 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 tattoo¹⁷ with curious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Dangy at his side,¹⁸
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 Monro¹⁹ 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,²⁰ 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!²¹

The freeman's truth, to freemen only known!
 Portugal sped it's chaste-eyed Queen;²²
 Writers and Liberty-Boys²³ were seen
 Peeping their prison-bars between;
 Brown Italy²⁴ 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'rs 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,²⁵
 For all their mighty pomp and prancing;
 While as the flying Turks kiss'd their steeds' manes,²⁶
 Russ left with Pruss their strange, fantastic ground:²⁷
 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.²⁸

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.

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EDITORIAL NOTES

¹ The author of this satirical verse about the Congress of Verona (1822) and its aftermath is Leigh Hunt.

² Gioachino Antonio Rossini (1792-1868), Italian composer.

³ To crowd or pack with people.

⁴ “Having reached the stage of drunkenness characterized by tearful sentimentality and effusive displays of affection”, *OED*, “maudlin (*adj.*)”.

⁵ Wine produced in the Rhine region.

⁶ “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.*)”.

⁷ Frederick William III (reigned 1797-1840), king of Prussia, represented at the Congress of Verona by Karl August von Hardenberg (1750-1822).

⁸ “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*)”.

⁹ Alexander I (reigned 1801-25), emperor of Russia.

¹⁰ Francis I (reigned 1804-35), emperor of Austria, represented at the Congress of Verona by Klemens von Metternich (1773-1859).

¹¹ A crook, bend, winding.

¹² 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. 10 above).

¹³ Louis XVIII (reigned 1814-24). Quite plump, he was nicknamed *Louis des Huitres*.

¹⁴ Choicest or daintiest bit.

¹⁵ Anne-Adrien-Pierre de Montmorency (1768-1837), peer of France and Spain, representative of France at the Congress of Verona.

¹⁶ Arthur Wellesley, 1st Duke of Wellington (1769-1852), who represented the United Kingdom at the Congress of Verona after Lord Castlereagh’s suicide.

¹⁷ The devil’s tattoo is the action of drumming with the fingers upon a table as a sign of vexation or impatience.

¹⁸ Unidentified reference.

¹⁹ James Monroe (1758-1831), fifth president of the United States of America.

²⁰ 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 5th of August 1822. On the 9th of January 1823, in front of the *cortes* (see n. 21 below), he opposed the ultimatum issued at the Congress of Verona.

²¹ “The two chambers or houses, constituting the legislative assembly of Spain and of Portugal”, *OED*, “*cortes* (*n.*)”.

²² Doña Carlota Joaquina Teresa Cayetana (1775-1830), queen consort of Portugal.

²³ Supporter of the American cause prior to and during the American War of Independence.

²⁴ “Brown” in this instance might mean “gloomy, morose” because oppressed.

²⁵ 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”.

²⁶ Kissing the manes (the long hair on the back of horses) means riding fast, bent on the horse’s neck.

²⁷ Russia and Prussia.

²⁸ 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).