

Truly I cannot boast of such *eclat*
 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.**1

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 Investigator² 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,³ 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?

* Author: Percy Bysshe Shelley / Transcribed and annotated by Giacomo Ferrari.

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.

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

EDITORIAL NOTES

- ¹ This short 1817 poem is the only contribution by Percy Bysshe Shelley in this issue of *The Liberal*.
² Probably the Tory journal *The Courier* (1792-1842). See n. 9 “To a Spider”. Hunt is referring to his answer to criticism in the Preface to the first issue of *The Liberal*, second edition.
³ Possible reference to William Mudford (1782-1848). See n. 9 “To a Spider”.