

THE
LIBERAL.

VERSE AND PROSE FROM THE
SOUTH.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

LONDON, 1823:
PRINTED FOR JOHN HUNT,
22, OLD BOND STREET.

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CONTENTS.

		Page
Advertisement to the Second Volume	-	v
The Blues, a Literary Eclogue	- -	1
My first Acquaintance with Poets	- -	23
Letters from Abroad. No. III.—Italy	- -	47
Madame d'Houtetôt	- -	67
Shakespear's Fools	- -	85
The Book of Beginnings	- -	97
A Sunday's Fête at St. Cloud	- -	137
Apuleius	- -	141
MINOR PIECES.		
To a Spider	- -	177
Southeogony	- -	180
Lines of Madame d'Houtetôt	- -	183
Talari Innamorati	- -	183
Rhymes to the Eye, by a Deaf Gentleman	-	186
Lines to a Critic	- -	187
The Monarch, an Ode for Congress	-	188

CONTENTS.

Advertisement to the Second Volume -----*	
The Blues, a Literary Eclogue-----	1
My first Acquaintance with Poets-----	23
Letters from Abroad . No. III.— Italy-----	47
Madame	
d'Houtetôt-----	67
Shakespear's Fools-----	85
The Book of Beginnings-----	97
A Sunday's Fête at St. Cloud-----	137
Apuleius-----	141
MINOR PIECES	
To a Spider-----	177
Southeogony-----	180
Lines of Madame d'Houtetôt-----	183
Talari Innamorati-----	183
Rhymes to the Eye, by a Deaf Gentleman-----	186
Lines to a	
Critic-----	187
The Monarch, an Ode for Congress-----	188

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NEVER was a greater outcry raised among the hypocrites of all classes, than against this publication. What with the "great vulgar" protesting, the "small" abusing, lawyers denouncing, "divines" cursing, scandal-mongers bawling, dunces of all sorts shrieking—all the sore places of the community seem to have been touched, and the "body politic" agitated accordingly.

"As when the long-ear'd, milky mothers wait
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, absent foals they make
A moan so loud, that all the Guild awake;
Sore sighs Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay:
So swells each windpipe: ass intones to ass,
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;
Such as from lab'ring lungs th' enthusiast blows,
High sounds, attempered to the vocal nose;
Or such as bellow from the deep divine:
There, Webster! peal'd thy voice; and, Whitfield! thine;
But far o'er all sonorous Blackmore's strain:
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again.
In Tottenham fields the brethren with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!
Long Chancery Lane, retentive, rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round."—*Dunciad*.

All these people deserve no better answer than a laughing quotation. But we will just admonish some well-meaning persons,

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not over strong in their understandings, that with respect to the religious part of the business, they are most grossly and “irreligiously” taken in, if they suffer themselves to be persuaded, that it is we who would lessen the divinity of what is really divine. It is these pretended “divines” and their abettors, who lessen it; —those raisers-up of absurd and inhuman imaginations, which they first impudently confound with divine things, and then, because we shew the nonsense of the imaginations, as impudently call their exposers blasphemers. Were we inclined to retort their own terms upon them, we should say that there was nothing in the world more “blasphemous” than such charges of blasphemy. The whole secret is just what we have stated. They first assume unworthy notions of the Divine Spirit, and then because that very Spirit is in fact vindicated from their degradations by an exposure of the absurdity and impossibility of such notions, they assume a divine right to denounce the vindicators, and to rouse up all the fears, weakness, and ignorance of society, in defence of the degradation. Of this stuff have the “Scribes, Pharisees, and Hypocrites” in all ages been made, whenever established opinion was to be divested of any of its corruptions. “He blasphemeth!” quoth the modern tribunal. “Great is Diana of the Ephesians!” quoth the Quarterly. *This is the point, which persons who undertake to be didactic in Reviews, should answer; and not a hundred things which we never said.*

There is a more generous indignation which we allow might be felt by some persons upon another point, but still owing to real want of information on the subject. We allude to what has been said in the *Liberal* of the late King. The *Vision of Judgment* was written in a fit of indignation and disgust at Mr. Southey’s nonsense; and we confess that had we seen a copy of it in Italy, before it went to press (for we had none by us) we should have taken more pains to explain one or two expressions with regard to that Prince. Had the Preface also, entrusted to Mr. Murray, been sent, as it ought to have been, to the new publisher, much of the unintended part of the effect produced upon weak minds

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