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ESSAYS & POEMS.

BY

R. TREVELYAN, M.A.

LATE OF LINCOLN'S INN BARRISTER.



LONDON:

HATCHARD AND SON,
187, PICCADILLY.

1833.

27 6.

PRINTED BY R. WATTS, CROWN COURT, TEMPLE BAR.

THE CHRISTIAN INHERITANCE.

AN ESSAY,

DEDICATED TO THE HIGHEST AND THE LOWEST.

“Search ye the Scriptures.”

St. John's Gospel, V. 39.

BEFORE we enforce this eloquent admonition of our SAVIOUR, we must consider what the Scriptures contain—namely, the Old and New Testaments: and we must also consider the definition of the word “Testament,” in its true derivation, applicable to the Scriptures. In language, it means a *Will* and *Bequest*, sanctioned by the attestation of the best witnesses. Now, if any of you, my Brethren, were to be left a valuable possession, or an hereditary estate, you would surely examine, by the most diligent search, such will or testament, the nature of the tenure, and those writings whereby you would be entitled to such bequest, and whereby you might hold and enjoy it with safety and with certainty. Any delay or negligence would be perilous, and therefore blameable; so much so, as to incur an imputation of idiotism. In worldly matters, if such be this neglect, such blame, as to short-lived temporary hereditary possessions of

this world, how much more so—even an hundred-fold more—does this neglect amount to blame and crime, when these possessions and inheritances in their enjoyment are eternal!—and these of the Kingdom of Heaven; for inheritance, if gained, is not only eternal, but, from intervening sin, liable to a disinheriting power! We hear the pious parental voice from Heaven, “Search ye the Scriptures:” this we must not only remember, but according to this we must practically act, to prevent our being disinherited for ever.

Before we proceed, here naturally occurs a short remark, as to the weakness and impotence of Unbelievers. No persons, but those of blind and diseased faculties, can doubt the Divine authority of the Scriptures; in which naturally present themselves to the reasoning mind, a few very convincing self-evident conclusions. The Testaments are Histories, witnessed and confirmed by the best of proofs: they are strengthened by the nature of the writings themselves, the invincible arguments of external and internal evidence. These writings, as writings, are no ordinary productions: they are, clearly, not mortal;—they are more than mortal, and therefore immortal, and divine.

Having thus briefly shewn the demonstration of Scriptural Divinity, we must conclude that the promises therein contained are Divine promises; to the

performance of which, in bestowing the reward of eternal happiness, there is attached a power more than mortal: and connecting the proof of these self-evident propositions and truths with the definition of the word “Testament,” prefaced and explained, we must evidently recur to the very words of the text, “Search ye the Scriptures.”

The Divinity of the Old Testament having been proved, the Divinity of the New Testament, as a natural conclusion and a self-evident corollary to the proposition of the “Divinity of Christ,” is established.

In this discussion, (but reserved for future research,) select facts, or select passages, will not be commented on: for the present, I shall confine myself to the necessity, the universal necessity, of “searching the Scriptures,” as an *abstract* truth, grounded upon *general* truth. These proofs shall be stated in their order, as they arise and present their conclusions.

Every one ought to peruse with diligent attention and research the Old Testament—a truth of the greatest value; and history, delivered unimpeached, and kept pure and clear, from the origin of remotest antiquity to the present age;—as an history, in self-consistent argument and fidelity of transmission, superior to any other history; superior to the Heathen histories; and superior even to all those which have never been doubted, even to all those of more

enlightened ages. As a system of legislation, its superiority has been evinced, not only by the concurring wisdom of every age, but by its practical use and benefits, found and adopted by the statesmen and wisest lawgivers of the most lasting and powerful empires. As a composition, it is universally confessed to be beyond any human production; either the powers of imagination, the maxims of moral truth, or utility of philosophy.

We are now led to consider the most effectual method of reading and digesting these Writings. One chapter of the writings of Moses, another of the Proverbs, and the Psalms of each day, should be daily perused: and the duties of life and labour must permit such an unimpeded opportunity and undisturbed perusal; which, as soon as it has convinced the mind of the Divine nature of these, the first Scriptures, should be transferred to the New Testament, and with a diligence and attention at least equal and vigilant;—in which we are more deeply interested, in our future and eternal inheritance of everlasting life, by the mediation of Christ, and, by this Testament, his *bequest* from Himself—after death, a *bequest* of eternal life, and eternal possessions of happiness, richer than those of this our limited existence.

Thus are connected the Old and the New Testaments. And, that we are sanctioned in this their

Testamentary construction, in the often-alluded-to sense of *Will* and *Bequest*, I shall merely resort to a few sacred passages. In the Epistle to the Hebrews (ix. 15.) we find, “He is the Mediator of the New Testament, that by means of death, for the redemption of the transgressions that were under the first Testament, they which are called might receive the promise of eternal inheritance.” And again, we are told, that “where a Testament is, there must also, of necessity, be a death of the Testator; for a Testament is of no force until He is dead.”

The New Testament consists of two parts—the History of the Life of Christ, and the Precepts of Inspired Writers: their divinity is, in proof and demonstration, as to history and self-evident truths, the same as those truths applied to the divinity of the New Testament. The history of Christ, as to its truth and sacred nature, was never disputed or denied by any mind that could reason. Christ is God in the image of man*, vested with Divinity: and such Divinity never was doubted by any one, but by those whose merited curse upon this earth was *idiotism*. And idiotism is a more afflictive judgment than madness: in the latter, one can reason well, but from false impressions; in the former, one cannot reason at all. Hence, how true is it, that “the idiot hath

* Ὁ Χριστός ὁ Θεάνθρωπος.

said in his heart, *There is no God!*”—and who but an idiot would say so?

The best way to conclude, is with an undeniable exhortation for “searching the Scriptures,” for reasons contained in the Old Testament:—Man is born in sin; and, as sure as man is born, he is, sooner or later, as sure to die. If any one were to receive sentence of death, would he not employ all the remaining moments of existence in prayer, to secure, by the mediation of Christ, (the only means,) that valuable hereditary promised right which we expect—and that, the possession of everlasting life? This is not imaginary, nor distant; for in the midst of life we are in death. Thus we ought to feel; and, under such impression, thus we ought to act. We are born in crime; and, what is more dreadful, we are convicted criminals under sentence of death! These crimes are true; and this death is as certain!

To effect your salvation, lose neither exertion nor opportunity:—and to save the soul—for that soul to enjoy the eternal possessions of happiness, more than mortal—“search ye the Scriptures.”

That the Scriptures may be practically beneficial, and that their contents may be productive of a recollective gratitude, to the “Highest and the Lowest” also, I offer this additional dedication of a—

DOMESTIC FORM OF PRAYERS

FOR

NIGHT AND MORNING.

 EVENING PRAYER.

OF all duties, my Brethren, Prayer is the most weighty ;—of all times, Night is the most perilous, the most awful. The former, if not seriously performed, is certain blasphemy: the other, perhaps, is the last of all times at which we may meet in this world. We may be called immediately before the Judgment-seat of our Lord, for any crime forbidden by the holy Commandments. By every Prayer carelessly made (though little do we think so!) we take God's name in vain. It is our duty, not only from the highest to the lowest, to obey that Eternal Source of promise and command, of reward and punishment—not only from the lonely principles and motives of this world, but from those, the higher, of gratitude and obedience—to thank, and serve, the Ruler of all things. Therefore let me now, at this awful season, for myself and Brethren, turn unto Thee, O Lord! praying: O Almighty God! Thou, the world's all-searching eye, seest through all darkness—through every virtue, and every sin—through every cause, and through every event—through every safety, and every danger ;—and all controul. Thou, that canst defend,

protect, destroy, and annihilate all things, defend and protect us through this night; and lead us safe to the invigorated and invigorating day of the coming morrow! Thine all-seeing and all-ruling Being is everywhere: if I take the wings of the morning, that same Being leads me;—to that all-searching Being the darkness and the day are one. Whither shall man flee from Thy presence?—To that Parental presence let us rather turn, and seek Thy protection: there let us find that merciful ear, that will listen to the Mediator and Redeemer, without whom no man shall be justified—our Advocate, Jesus Christ; in whose words let us crave Thy mercy; saying,

“ Our Father, &c.”

MORNING PRAYER.

OUR Prayer of the Night is granted; and we are not only allowed to see, but feel, the invigorating Morning. Being thus enlivened, we must be grateful—grateful to our Creator, that by Him we are permitted to prolong our lives. By ourselves only we live not; but by Him, in whose hands are all the fountains of life;—without whom, not even the lowest reptile perisheth—at whose command, Nations and Empires rise and fall. And at that command, my Brethren, any of you may now fall; for “in the midst of life we are in death.” Because the sun shines upon us, are we more safe from sudden death? Against the punishment of

crimes be ye always guarded. We have arrived at this day ; in whose course do your best, in every act, duty, and work ; not merely because you are paid for it, but because, if paid unworthily, for negligence or idleness, you will not only be punished in this, but in the future world. The servant both here and there will be tried ; and if unworthy of his hire, will be punished for ever. It is our duty to do to others as we would wish them to do unto us. If we know that we are on the point of either neglect or injury, let us severally ask each heart, “ If we ourselves would wish the same to be done unto us ? ” The answer is that of conscience ; and from that conscience we cannot escape : it will trace us through every winding of villanous attempt, or concealing or concealed deceit ; and bring all to that light, which, in every flagitious or vindictive action, will make “ the darkness visible ” of every guilt. From the highest to the lowest in this world, from the Statesman to the Labourer, we are all servants ;—and, I hope, worthy of our hire ! And we are taught, that punishment or reward will be given to us from the Throne of that Almighty Distributor, at whose right hand is the mediating interference of our Saviour Jesus Christ ;—by whose words let us now, in human fear, hope, and gratitude, approach the Almighty Parent ; saying,

“ Our Father, &c.”

TO

JOHN ADAMSON, Esq.

NOT ONLY DISTINGUISHED FOR LEGAL AND MORAL WORTH,

BUT FOR LITERARY TALENTS AND ATTAINMENTS

WHICH HAVE DONE A LASTING JUSTICE TO THE MEMORY OF

CAMOENS,

THIS CLASSICAL ESSAY,

AS A MARK OF ESTEEM AND REGARD,

IS DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR

ON CLASSICAL WORDS,

HAPPY IN DERIVATION.

To shew the value of English words, as truly classical in their radical foundation, they are briefly arranged and commented upon in this Alphabetical Sketch.

“*Burn.*”

THOUGH Virgil is not generally thought to abound in the *curiosa felicitas* as much as Horace, yet he describes the colours of Nature with a glowing fidelity which surpasses most of the ancient poets. A scholar, perhaps not very profound, says that “*frigus adurit*” is a false quality attributed to extreme cold: this I beg leave to contradict. In the first place, I shall quote naturalists and travellers, and then cite some parallel passages; from both of which sources it will be seen that Virgil, as every great poet, has painted Nature in its own colours. Aristotle says, Ποιητικον δε το Ψυχρον, ως φθαρτικον, ή ως κατα συμβεβηκος, καθαπερ ειρηται προτερον, κ. τ. λ. “Cold is an active body,” &c. &c. &c. Then proceeds: ενιοτε και καιειν και θερμαινειν, κ. τ. λ.; “and sometimes to *burn* and warm,” &c. Pliny, “*aduri* quoque fervore, aut *flatu frigidior*.” In another passage, “*coctis foliis quas frigus adusserit*.” He has also the following expressions: “*adusta nivibus*,” “*adusti frigore*:

καυω, and “*aduro*,” in the *caustic* sense, are peculiarly happy. Cartwright, in his *Travels*, mentions the hand being in contact with frozen steel (of a trap); and the *caustic* effect on the flesh was such, that the skin was not only blistered, but taken off. In the year 1803, when the frost was so very severe in June, the leaves of many of the trees were parched and so scorched, as to be dried up and made brown: this is the real and experimental truth of Nature: it is also an ornamental truth of some of the best delineations in writing. Livy, in his description of Hannibal’s passing the Alps, has this happy and forcible expression: “*pecora jumentaue frigore torrida.*”—Luc. in *Lexiph.* *εν χειρι γινεται τα καυματα.* Xenoph. (*De Venat.*) has also a very happy passage: *η γαρ χιων κηλει των κυων τας ρινας.* This evidence, from passages co-operating and parallel, will make those who wish to be thought scholars to appreciate and examine Virgil before they censure him:—censure is a secondary faculty in the critic; but discernment is the first and derivative requisite.

“*Blunt.*”

Next we investigate the word *blunt*. Previously, it is necessary to make two remarks as to Greek words: first, as to the monosyllabic *αμ* (as in *αμβαινω*, and *αμπνέω*, &c. &c. so shortened for *αναβαινω*

and *αναπνεω*), which is for the compound *ανα*, *super* or *iterum*, signifying ascension or repetition: secondly, the original ancient comparative, in words ending in *υς*, was *ύΝτερος*; as *οξυτερος* now written, was *οξυΝτερος*; and the now *αμβλυτερος* was originally *αμβλυΝτερος*: taking away the first one syllable and those two last, leaves *βλυΝτ*, written in English “blunt;” the Greek for which *αμβλυσ*, is to be traced as before. The word *blunt* is applied in English in all the same significations as *αμβλυσ* in Greek, in prose and poetry; which I shall support by a few quotations—this I hope will not be obtrusive—the beauty of which will, I trust, plead an ample apology. Applied to weapons, its usage is too well known to require quotations in these languages; *αμβλει ξιφιδιω*, “obtusio pugnione,” “blunt poniard;” and *αμβλυσ οραν*, “obtusio oculorum acie,”—“stellis acies obtusa videtur,” (Virg. Georg.) which is taken from Aratus, *αστεροθεν φαιος αμβλυνηται*; and in Origine, *χρυσωπος μαρμαρυγαις αμβλυτερος*. It is also thus figuratively used as to mental dulness: *αμβλυτερους εποιησε προς την μαχην* (Plut.); and in Virg. *Æn.* “Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pœni;” and in Cicero, (De Senectute,) “animus cui obtusior sit acies.”

“*Brow.*”

Since words owe in their derivation, and retain in

their use, their origin to the first image, I shall now examine and trace, through its various applications, the word *Brow*. Its anatomical definition, retained when used in its first sense, needs no discussion. When applied to poetical images, it never loses sight of the happy precision of its corporeal nature; and in the earliest and most beautiful of poets, Homer, we find it used as the ornament of mountain scenery: ὑπ' οφρυσὶ καλλικολωνης, "sub fronte collis pulchri." In Plut. οφρυς γεωδης, "frons terrena;" and in Apollonius Rhodius, οφρυσιν αιγιαλοιο, "sub littoris fronte." Virgil not only painted nature in its true colours, but improved his originals, and especially Homer. I need only cite this from his *Georgics*: "supercilio clivosi tramitis undam." (*Georg.* I. 109.) Luke (in cap. iv. v. 29.) also has ἕως οφρυος του ορους. A similar expression Gray has; but the metaphor is carried further, and improved by the retrospective beauty of derivation:

"On a rock whose *haughty brow*
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood."

The "united eyebrow" of the ancients was by them regarded as a rare beauty: when applied to the sylvan scenery of mountains, it is happy in picture and truth: to illustrate this, I shall conclude by a beautiful passage from Strabo, who, though a geographer, had all the descriptive powers of a poet, and lost not this

opportunity to introduce into the picturesque truth the happy metaphor taken from the united eyebrow. Speaking of Aricia, he says, *κυκλω ορεινη συνεχης οφρους περικειται*, “in circulo montanum *unctum supercilium* circumjacet.”

“*Character.*”

Many words in daily use, though not noticed, have a picturesque beauty in reverting to their derivation: for instance, the word “character” is used for fame, reputation, &c.; but it is more serious, it means stamped expression of name; not a moveable, but a fixed impression. It is derived from the Greek word *χαρασσω*, *imprimo*, *incido*; and in deliberate and substantial sense the word *χαρακτηρ* is used by Euripides, *φανερων χαρακτηρ αρετης* (in Chor. Herc. Furen. I. 658, 9.) “*evidens signaculum virtutis*.” this is its original and beautiful sense.

There are many instances when, in literal translation, the genius of Greek, Latin, and English languages may be shewn with elegance. It would be troublesome to cite many passages: I shall merely give a well-known one, from one of the Fathers, speaking of prophecies:

“*Conjecture.*”—“*Event.*”

Ασφαλεστερον εστι το παραμενειν την εκβασιν της προφητειας η καταστοιχαζεσθαι, κ. τ. λ.

Ασφαλής, literally anatomised, is “less to be sup-

planted," and in its consequent sense "*firmer*;" *εμβα-
σας*, "the turning out," "*the event*;" *καταστοχαζεσθαι*,
"ad scopum tendere," et "unum conjicere," "to throw
various arms to one point:" this is the derivative
meaning of "to conjecture." Nothing can be more
literal than the two renderings, regarding the deriva-
tion of the words. "*Firmitus est manere oraculorum
eventus, quam conjicere*," &c. "It is *safer* to *await*
the events of prophecies, than to conjecture."

Many adjectives in the Greek language have a
beauty from being derived from natural properties.

"*Derive.*"

Of this word, the image even ought always to be
faithfully retained and expressed in translation. The
original form of the word "derived" is rarely re-
garded; and yet how beautifully is it retained and
carried through its natural effect in a line in Horace!

" *Hoc fonte derivata clades*
In patriam populumque fluxit."

"*If.*"

In its nature, and in its *derivation*, it is the same
in our own language, and the parental languages of
learning, Greek and Latin. *If* means, as Mr. Tooke
rightly observes, nothing more than "grant," "give,"
"allow," "permit." This supposition, whenever it

occurs, is an hypothesis merely. In the more diffuse parlance of public speeches, when we hear the hypothetical concession more elegantly craved, it amounts to nothing more than the one syllable “IF:”—“*Allowing* the honourable member to have proved,” &c. &c.; and similar sentences from Mr. Pitt, “*granting* the truth of the remark;” “*giving* every credit to the evidence just fallen from,” &c. &c. amount to nothing more than “IF.” In the Latin, “*Si*” is from *sino*, “to give leave,” “to grant,” “to suffer,” “to permit:” *si* is nothing more than *sine*, permit, allow, &c. &c.: let it be found in any sentence or speech of Cicero. The grammatical nature of the Greek word *ει* is the same: the Latin word for it is *si*; and *ει* is derived from *εαω*, *sino*, *patior*. I need not quote passages for this support; the first sentence and word of Demosthenes will speak for the truth of this remark—*Ει μεν περι καινου τινος πραγματος*, &c. &c. “*Allowing* it to have been proposed,” “*If* it had been proposed,” &c. &c. are all the same, both in derivative nature and practical sense.

“*Offend.*”

Another word, daily used, and equally beautiful, is superficially regarded—the word “offend,” which means not pain so much as sudden hurt, when the contrary effect was expected. Horace impressively uses it, regarding, throughout, its derivation; as, “*fragili*

quærens illidere dentem, offendet solido.” *Offend*, after this metaphor, in common conversation or writing, is applicable only to *sudden* pain; whose suddenness being unexpected, increases the quality of the injury: the expected pain of a surgical operation, and that of a sudden assault, create very different sensations: *offence* may be applicable to the latter, but never can to the former.

“*Sincere*,”

Next, as to “*sincere*,” from *ακηριος*, “*immaculatus*,” and herein allow me to correct the derivation as given in some Lexicons: it is not from *α*, *non*, and *κεραω*, *misceo*, but from *α*, and *κηρος*, *cera*, “*wax*.” To try the soundness of any vessel, wax, amongst the ancients, was the test, and whatever was vicious was thereby detected; when so tried, it was not vicious, and it betrayed no symptoms of the wax; thence came the word *ακηριος*, applied to that which was free from the detecting wax, and thence was “*pure*” and “*untainted*,” the Latin word for this “*pure*” was *sincerum*, “*sine cera*,” “*sincere*” thence means untainted and unmixed probity. The picture of the trial of any vicious taint is beautifully retained and expressed in a line of Horace:

“*Sincerum est nisi vas, quodcunque infundis acescit.*”

I may also add, that wherever, in either Latin or English, “*sincere*” is applied, it will be found, on

reverting to its derivation, to retain the image of "purity demonstrable by test:" and if it had been from *κεραω*, the *ε* would have mixed the false quantity (of which Horace never was guilty) with "sincerum."

"Stones Precious."

For similar reasons, and upon the same principle of descriptive truth, the names of gems in Greek are equally happy: for instance, *αδαμας*, for *diamonds*, meaning "not to be subdued," which was then physically true; for it was not, until lately, that any substance was found able to corrode it, for polishing. *Ιρις* also is the name of that gem (it ought to be the diamond only), which can|concentrate all the colours of the rainbow, and, like it, possessing two reflections, and one refraction. The etymologies of other substances, amongst gems, whose derivations speak for themselves, are too self-evident for discussion.

"Amethyst."

Now succeeds the etymology of botanical words. The word "Amethyst" has often occurred to me as having its derivation misconstrued. "Amethyst," as a flower, or a precious stone, is *dull*, from its want of reflected or refracted splendor; it is from *α*, *non*, and *μεθυ*, *vinum*: it is not only far-fetched, but very inelegant, to define either the plant or the stone as having

“the want of communicating ebriety,” or “curing and destroying ebriety:” we naturally look in these for that species of splendour which *ardeo* (to glow) implies: and especially when wine from the ancient *grecet* reflects that golden transparency, which we almost view when we read this line in Juvenal:

“*Lato sensum ardebit in auro.*”

Therefore “*Amechyst*,” by the derivation of “privation of wine,” must mean that want of splendour which the wine imparts.

“*Amaranthus*.”

“*Amaranthus*” is derived from *a*, *non*, and *μαρceo*, *marceo*: *μαρceo* has two significations, “to fade,” and “to look dull:” in the former sense we are beautifully told by Moschus, *τα δ' ανθεα παντ' εμαρσεν*, which states the possibility of any flower “flourishing in immortal youth:” its *usually* expressed derivation is thus misrepresented; the true one seems to imply its want of dulness, and want of wrinkles. This derivation is physically true, from its flowers, which retain their bright and solid firmness longer than other flowers, when cut from the parent plant, and worn as ornaments. Yet the botanical nature of this plant contradicts the misrepresented derivation of *never fading*; for its existence at the utmost is only biennial.

“ *Anemone.* ”

The derivation of “ *Anemone* ” is the happiest; from *ανεμος*, the “ moving spirit ” or “ air,” whose slightest breath moves this plant. In the genus of *Anemone*, all the botanical species retain this peculiarity, even in the most quiet state of the atmosphere, which, when roused into violence, always destroys this plant: happy, therefore, in the truth of Nature, is Ovid’s beautiful line,

“ *Idem discutiunt, qui præstant nomina, venti.* ”

In this poetical delineation we cannot but recall Johnson’s remark, that it is the art of poetry to paint truth.

“ *Sensitive Plants.* ”

Next is the nature of *sensitive* plants; which all are, more or less. In common parlance, we say, “ This plant *likes* the sun : ” this physical truth Virgil has happily retained in “ *amantes littora myrtos,* ” and “ *amantes ardua dumos ;* ” and also in the picturesque faculty of the Greeks in compound words—*το λειριον φιλομβριον*, “ *lilium amans imbres.* ”

“ *Serpyllum.* ”

The visible peculiarity of plants was also painted by some expressive derivation; as *έρπυλλον*, from *έρπω*,

to creep; for the same reason, *serpyllum*, from “serpo.” Also ἐλξ, the ivy, from εἰλεω, *volvō*; and this derivation had not escaped the truth-searching eye of Virgil; he has “*errantes hederas*,” and “*inter victrices hederam tibi serpere lauros*.” *tristis lupini* carries with it the derivation and translation of λυπη.

According to Darwin and Davy, plants sleep more or less in night. Narcissus, *ναρκισσος*, is derived from *ναρκεω* (to fade, to slumber, to die); and it is physically true, that this plant in night sooner sleeps than any other. I should prefer this derivative construction to the usual common-place one (by no means universal in experience), namely, that of “communicating a torpid sensation.”

I cannot conclude without noticing the happiness of “*spontaneous*,” when applied to vegetable production: one line will suffice, from Virgil’s Pollio:

“*Sponte suâ sandyx pascentes vestiet agnos.*”

TO
AN ABLE DEFENDER OF CHRISTIANITY,
AND
AN ORNAMENT TO INTELLECT,
THE
REV. JEREMIAH JACKSON,
OF LEVERINGTON,
THE FOLLOWING ESSAYS
ARE INSCRIBED,
BY THE MUCH ESTEEMING AUTHOR.



ESSAYS.

ESSAY I.

MORAL CONSCIENCE.

— “repercussæ, quam cernis, imaginis umbra est.”

“That, which thou seest, is a reflected shade.”

SINCE a regard for the moral welfare of the Public ought, in a Periodical Writer, to be the basis on which his weighty plan is to be fixed and active, the delineation of character and circumstance should be collected from real facts, with beneficial remark; rather than ingenuity of invention, abandoned to the uncertainty of praise and conjecture. Fidelity of character, and pictured vice, has no more the cause of blame or offence, than the accidental resemblance between the observer, and the casual engraving in a picture-shop. Conscience is the gift and suggestion of Nature to every mind, for beneficial purposes: in some it is morbidly acute; so much so, that in them, though deficient in apprehension, were they not proverbial for want of talents, their suspicion would have passed for sagacity. This position, which will account for any offence, is an apology sufficient for any offended reader. An Eastern Royal character, not to be equalled in the

happiness of his atrocity or the universality of his guilt, on his Christian reformation, did not and could not look into the Scripture without a well-adapted horror; and he might have thought that the Bible had been, "in ages far behind," written prophetically descriptive and censorious of himself. Readers, however vicious, may, perhaps, not have an ingenuity of conscience, but yet be capable of having it reminded, upon applicable occasions. It is to be hoped that the sacred ethics of the Bible, being of the highest mental, and more than mortal authority, will be regarded unalloyed with human comment, and unattended with any but their own weight. It is to facts merely, and their aptitude, that the fidelity of this undertaking will owe its humbler merits; not to the invention of human authorship, but to the Ruler of Events;—as the surface of the mirror, whilst it has the passive power of receiving delineated beauty, owes every thing to its maker.

No blame can be attached to the comment upon any public vice: whatever is published, is *given* to the perception of the world, and its observations. If observations can be made beneficial, there is no more objection than in saving lives by making known any philosophical invention: the only difference is, that one salvation is temporary; and the other, if effected, eternal. Nor can it be censurable to detect and dis-

cuss the component parts of private and domestic vice, which, if carried to a certain completion, may swell into an universal, and thereby a public evil. The wound of the serpent being inflicted in secret does not disarm the poison; but by "being shewn in open," it admits the possibility of timely cure. In these cases, physical and metaphysical detection itself is medicinal.

Politics will not be even alluded to: they form a science insulated from Morality; but with this creditable reservation, that, professedly, it admits of nothing immoral into its intricate texture. It is a science to act parts on the unlimited expanse of a too-real theatre, in real characters, too often the living actors in unfeigned tragedy; which confines the tears of the performers, who weep with sincerity, although they "*conducti plorant in funere.*"

Professions will be only hinted at when a hint can be practically useful. Professions consist of persons qualified by mental means, or urged by circumstances, to pursue their respective avocations. Either from exalted mind, or excluding employment, they are indisposed to furnish materials for moral censure.

Thus far the Author has, with limitations, undertaken to investigate the specific difference of the virtues and vices which he will attempt to arrange and analyse. The characters of this attempt will consist

merely of the good and the bad. The latter, we hope, will be converted, and, at the pure source, recovered by salutary repentance: the former will naturally, with pleasure and healthy gratitude, recognise their natal feature—namely, inborn virtue, the gift of God: both we trust will, sooner or later, view their own reflected better selves, and, with satisfaction, leave, if they can, the delineating reflection,

“ *Tecum discedet ; si tu discedere possis.*”

ESSAY II.

CRITICISM.

" ——— formidat acumen."

" ——— and dreads the Critic's point."

IN the vulgar parlance of modern times, many names and words, when mentioned, carry with them an imagery unconnected with their derivative import. The name of "General" is rarely uttered without past conquests; that of "Judge" is attended with condemning gravity; nor is "Critic" without the acrimony of censure, rather than the deep and studious discrimination.

Censure, in the person who uses it, carries too often an internal but self-deluding pride of superiority; which if he has not, he cannot use consistently the first, without giving way to that which implies inferiority; namely, envy. Censure, to be felt in the bosom of the Critic, in its implied sensations, cannot operate as an exalting modification, as it must be taken for granted; for superiority is not the boast, but mere means of critical duty; and envy must always paralyse the more ennobling exertions of mind, by feeling the existence of self-insignificance, the reflected image of aspiring impotence.

The mind of the Critic we will now suppose to be

liberated from these enfeebling possibilities; and in the moral department I shall advert to his more immediate duties.

Criticism means discrimination; which implies an examining, and then a separating power of understanding—a microscopic capability; and, which is more mental, when the objects are separated, the ability to select—a modification entirely judicial.

These faculties, being given by Providence, it is our duty to improve by sincere practice: in proportion to that sincerity we are dissatisfied with ourselves, till our qualifying superiority in the attempt is attained and realised: we then find, confessing to ourselves, the difficulty of that attainment, to be acquired only by mortal industry; which brings to proof, more convincing than satisfactory, the visionary vaunt of intellectual pride: for the means of acquiring the competent honours of the Critic carry with them that reminding humility, which, whilst it lowers his feelings, by well-timed admonition secures the basis of his successful temperance. The Judge cannot enjoy his honours without the moderating science.

These are the moral feelings and duties of the Critic: his literary means and education I would analyse and point out at a future stage of this undertaking. I shall here advert slightly to the similar morality of the Satirist, as more connected with the science of

Censure. The Satirist, in his duty and mind, is not much different from the Critic; the required powers of discrimination the same; the fidelity of attention, the intellectual integrity of remark, similar. The object operated upon, certainly, is different;—the Critic's is the context of learning; the Satirist's, the context of life: the characters of the one are deliberately delineated, and embodied with stability; those of the other, with vitality, and the instinctive, changeable characters of uncontrolled identity.

The Satirist is not to be influenced by the personal acquaintance with any possessor of vice or virtue; for they will be surviving features, and universal. The happiness of his fidelity will be recognised with certainty, as the lasting originals can be referred to in every age.

The Sacred Writings (known for superiority, among the many other proofs of their Divinity) cannot be perused by a sinner of sound understanding, without being internally felt as prophetic, but too true, delineations of his guilt and himself.

The vulgar and superficial world mistake the severity for the sagacity of the Satirist; which they themselves cannot discern, as they have not the labour nor the mental means of acquiring it: they feel it easier to be misled (and therefore more pleasurable from ease) than to scrutinise. In the alluring visions of

false, though habitual associations, how apt are we to mistake the pain and laughter excited by censure, for the real and laborious merit of legitimate discrimination ! How oft do we mistake the “ venom of the shaft, for the vigour of the bow ! ”

ESSAY III.

“ *Judicis argutum.*”

“ The logic sharpness of the critic mind.”

THE moral candour of Critic feelings being defined, the only thing that remains to be done is, by application, the practical utility of that morality, in the perusal of any composition whose merits or demerits are to be the subject of analytical investigation. Before the attempt is made of the judicial part, with perspicuity or severity, the mind, in candid silence, to itself ought to administer a powerful, perhaps unpleasant, interrogatory : “ Can I compose as well as this ?”—and the answer, upon most occasions, will disarm the feelings of severity, and place in its stead, by the removal of blindness, discernment. To obtain discernment, not only natural talents, but education, by industrious application, must form and strengthen them for this important and judicial destination. We are told by the happiest observer of intellectual nature, that the first instructive impressions should be observed with a sacred care ; for all impressions first communicated will adhere with unalterable tinge through life ;

*Quæ semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem
Testa diu. —*

The best selections of Greece and Rome have, in every good English Writer, left the characters of their genius and their virtue, though clothed in varied language, to be recognised in all the pages stamped with universal approbation. The chastity of thought, the unencumbered neatness of expression, rarely flow naturally from the untaught Writer; though the fire of genius and the acuteness of remark may: but yet they inevitably betray the regretted deficiency of education, with the same feature that they shew the gift of Heaven. The Critic must condescend to the trammels of education for his acquirement of knowledge: he must then collect, and afterwards learn to separate, his treasures: he must view the unbounded original of Nature, before he can appreciate, by praise or censure, the delineation of the author. These qualifications are silently, though powerfully implied: these are the rudiments of judgment. But to be a Critic, he must have a still higher gift, not to be acquired, but to be improved by education—Taste. Taste is to judgment, what genius is to sense.

Composition is the most useful exercise for the Critic's mind: it will shew the difficulty of forming that work which he has to view and to appreciate: this will give him literary charity. And when he has recognised, from the stores of his learning, the happier adoption of some otherwise cheerless and dull

passage from a Classic Author, he will be able to do justice to the protector of a foundling, restored to suspended animation, and perhaps to a longevity of reputation. Composition, when, in Academic education, it experiences the happy lot of capable adjudication, is the most useful merit to the future Critic, if his literary destiny is so determined: he has seen for himself, and he can see the merits of others; and he can feel for them also, with a Christian similarity of sensation. To be an universal Critic, some years must have passed over him: he must have seen previously that which is attempted to be described. To appreciate Shakspeare, a man must have seen the original; and to have seen it thoroughly, he must have *felt* advanced life. The genius of youth, however happy, in comparison with contemporaries, to pronounce the praise of Shakspeare, in aged characters, is but a powerful conjecture: it is no more entitled to certain praise, than a person saying that a bronze of Cicero is a happy likeness.

Of the Satirist I shall say little, till his separate character will afford materials for some distant and future discussion, from the connexion with intermediate subjects, whose examination, in the nature of intellectual things, requires, necessarily, a precedence, and a more perspicuous position.

ESSAY IV.

" Invidus, iracundus, iners."

" The envious, raging, and lazy."

IN the moments of rapturous despair, from its nature, an inversion of feelings is happily expressed by the happiest poet of amorous agony :

" Xanthe retro propera, versæque recurrite lymphæ :"

and such are solitary feelings of the disappointed Author, whose habits, having originated in indolence, advanced in rage, and terminated in envy : and in the motto of Horace, expressive of the happiest relation between cause and effect, we retrace to the most degrading anger the slumbers, perhaps puerile, of Idleness.

The most pleasing modification of idleness is self-love, which leaves it not entirely inactive, but endued with sufficient perception to enter into the spirit of its own rewarded guilt : and as that guilt is progressive, it grows into notice, and becomes the penal object of contempt and derision ; and is then roused to the involuntary diligence of conscious rage. This is the critical moment of reflecting sorrow ; and unless the power of reflection is now taken and cultivated, the heart and the mind will sink into the barren state of

that passion, which, whilst it abandons its own beneficial energies, wishes for those in others; which it detests, because they are not its own;—the collected and irrational solace of enraged impotence; whose only truth is, though silent, the confession of its innate inferiority. This is the last stage of inflamed, but degraded nature, called Envy.

To be dissatisfied with our own energies, till they are equal to and have completed their exalting undertakings, is a virtue not without encouragement, nor without progressive reward: it receives the additional spur from hope; and as it is urged into excellence, the bitter of industry imparts its inherent refreshing vigour, which is never satisfied till the completion of undertaking stops, by its limits, the efforts of co-extensive energy.

Flattery, when unjustly administered, is injurious and perfidious: sweetness does not palliate or alter the death or the depth of poison. When justly administered, praise is a natural debt; and is rather to be expected, than to be wished for with anxious pleasure: to the philosophic mind, its presence or its absence are to be borne with penetrative indifference. Envy, therefore, naturally implies, not only idleness, but want of penetration, and, in its stead, a blind but active hatred: it implies also, without feeling it, a radical inferiority, and impliedly, with moral certainty, confesses it.

Muse: but the researches of JACOB BRYANT will retrace the Muse to the higher authority of Moses, through the enlightening medium of clear and deep etymology. It was my wish here to have selected and dwelt upon many of BRYANT's remarks; [but as this would have been a comment upon words, rather than comments upon contexts of morality or metaphysics, I shall limit to one Essay only these speculative attempts.

After professional virtues of the departed individuals were inscribed on the monument, the dates and places were added; and in these chronological and historical points they became valuable. As the ages were more accomplished, and Poetry cultivated, regular verses were the means of prolonging the longevity of their fame. The sacred intellect of history which the Scripture bears, evidently shews the superiority of mind; and this superiority has been in the ages of Greece, not only after in time, but in mind and letters, imitated as far as human means could permit. I need not quote any passage for this purpose; but refer the reader to Moses, David, or Job. Such poetical records being sung at every festival, the Greeks followed this example, and particularly adopted the poetry of the *Epitaph*: so that the deceased was not only immortalized by his own practice of virtue, but by poetry. After the enlight-

ened ages succeeded, the temples were crowded with monuments; and the next places selected were the highways, the sacred places of public inspection, and therefore of public veneration. The merits of the hero were generally expressed in his own language, in the first person (and so it is usually addressed to the *ὁδοιπορος*, or “viator,” in Greek and Latin), specified in a language of real or feigned egotism, composed by himself, *not* by others. This, by superficial observers, has been much censured; but, upon maturer reflection, it must be praised; for no persons regarded their last moments as sacred more than the Ancients: they regarded as equally sacred, truth; they knew the ready power of monuments, and they naturally shuddered at eternising the falsity of themselves. Thus was the moral use, tendency, fidelity, and incitement of and to every goodness, during (and especially at the conclusion of) existence, in the happiest æra of literature and virtue, created, cultivated, and adorned.

ESSAY VI.

——— “multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam.” HOR.

“The greater part of me will Fate avoid.”

THAT the wish to survive even our own mortal selves is the instinct that raises our being beyond the animal particle, and marks its immortal nature, is the remark of our finest Poet that ever painted moral nature with the tints of his Elegy. This feeling has been universally confessed by the ancient Monuments, that speak for themselves, in the first person, “from the tomb, the voice of Nature.” This feeling naturally wishes to announce its own virtues in the language of Truth: truth is the highest of virtues, and therefore its own highest reward.

By monuments, the result of experienced and best advice is often collected and inculcated. It would be, perhaps, not superfluous to select an Epitaph from the first repository of poetic wisdom—the Anthologia; but the best selection would be, to refer the reader to it, to peruse with attention, and make his own choice, by which he will improve, and perhaps form, his taste. I can only advise him to pursue his journey and his search: it is necessary in pursuits to lose no time,

not to stop : it may be dangerous ; and, from his experience, he may say, in the language of the shipwrecked, when it is too late—

* Ναυηγου ταφος ειμι* συ και πλεε, και γαρ οθ' ημεις
Ολλυμεθ', αι λοιπαι νηες εποντοπορουν.

I am the tomb of a shipwrecked:—you also sail on ; for we are lost, when the other ships have passed over the sea. So that even idleness itself is hazardous. The morality conveyed by these inscriptions was the shortest, and therefore the most useful : for advice cannot be of much use, unless retained ; as medicine, that is the longest retained in the system, is beneficial, in proportion as its virtues are more gradually digested and radically communicated.

Another description of these Monuments are those that elucidate historic truth, by relating victories and events, or marking and establishing the chronological truth by the relation of contemporary facts.

Sorrow is to be implied in every monument : if it is not merited by truth, it is a recorded falsity. When regret is dwelt upon with artificial sincerity, it affords an inference of its not being merited.

Epitaphs may be descriptive of some personal peculiarity and remarkable feature of the cause that carried

* Hoc ita celeberrimus Johnsonus noster :

“ Naufragus hic jaceo : fidens tamen utere velis ;
Tutum aliis æquor, me pereunte, fuit.”

off the deceased. And here I cannot help communicating, from Martial, a beautiful Epigrammatic Epitaph upon a Female Child who suffered by a cancer. It marks the peculiar fate and peculiar regret adapted to a person so carried off:

* " ——— Jacet hoc tumulata sepulchro,
 Ultima cui parvæ septima venit hyems.
 Ah scelus ! ah facinus ! Properas quid flere, Viator ?
 Non licet hîc vitæ de brevitate queri.
 Tristius est leto leti genus : horrida vultus
 Abstulit, et tenero sedit in ore lues :
 Ipsaque crudeles ederunt oscula morbi,
 Nec data sunt nigris tota labella rogis.
 Si tam præcipiti fuerunt ventura volatu,
 Debuerant aliâ Fata venire viâ.
 Sed mors vocis iter properavit claudere blandæ,
 Ne posset duras flectere lingua deas."

* " She lies buried in this tomb, whom whilst as yet an infant the seventh last winter reached. Ah ! dreadful calamity ! Why hastenest thou, Passenger, to weep ? We must not in this place complain of the shortness of life. The sort of death is more dreadful than death itself. The pestilential poison took away her face, and settled in her soft mouth. The cruel disease consumed her very kisses ; nor are her lips entire, consigned to the black funereal pile. Had the Fates been destined to arrive with such precipitate speed, they ought to have arrived some other way. But death hastened to shut up the passage of her sweet voice, for fear her tongue might avert the relentless Goddesses."

ESSAY VII.

ON PUNNING.

“*Ζῶον μιμητικόν.*”—ARISTOT.

“The mimic creature, Man!”

WE perceive, in the nature of some languages, that PUNNING is a propensity adapted to some nations, whether from the classical deficiency of the Italians, the loquacious levity of the French, or the grave insignificance of the Spanish. But the British ought never to have been degraded by such a misrepresentation of itself or sense: for it is a language not only, from its derivative source, of a superior formation; but is, from its daily use, in the currency of its sentences, more nearly approaching to the purity of the Ancient Writers than any other method of expressing thoughts, whether stamped for the interchange of conversation, or the more valuable impressions of premeditated skill and deliberate composition. Not only a patriotic, but a literary regard for the native language, induces me to hold up, not to contempt merely, but faithful detestation, the degrading habit of punning. Punning has no recommendation, or even an excuse: it is without logic, without instruction, without research, except the attempt to find its latent merits; which attempt, and that to extract the wit (for it never imbibed nor came

an ass;" "This is a man:"—but now, "This is a joke:" the penurious consolation of the delineative punster!

Every person, for the sake of his quietude, usually smiles when he is inflicted with a pun. When he smiles, he ceases to be honest; for such a smile is praising that which is devoid of sense: such praise is more than telling, for it is doing, a lie.

CREATION.

—

A POEM.

TO
GEORGE PRYME, Esq. M.A. & M.P.
WHO CAN THINK AND ACT IN LAW AND POLITICS

THIS POEM,
ON CREATION,

IS DEDICATED,

BY THE ESTEEMING REGARD OF

R. T.

CREATION.

“ LET there be light!”—the word dispers’d the gloom,
Then trembled through its void, the depthless deep ;
Whilst calm ambrosial charm’d the ambient swell
Of night circumfluous : then dim-eyed Light
(For then the Sun was not) had never known
The radiant speed. The messenger of day *
Rush’d through the darkness of a million worlds
(Unmeasur’d darkness), as the word of God—
Command ineffable—burst forth : the eye,
The infant eye, of new-born Nature leaps.
The Morn, the roseate queen of loveliness,
Through orient space the vernal sweetness breathes
Nutritious temp’ature : pouring one blush,
One joy of flowers, she paints her being’s youth.

* The Sun.

In pomp meridian, the golden blaze
 Fraternal marches. Hail, thou fount of joy,
 Rolling the stream of light! thou mighty swell
 Of day's one splendor, rich, eternal, flow!
 Ocean of life unfathom'd! With the soul
 Of song the inward raptures glow'd, and liv'd
 In salient bosom, when, first blooming, shone
 The germ of sacred Light; nor ceased the plaint,
 Till Eve, her beauteous eyelid closing, cast
 The sceneless shade along the sylvan world.—
 Dearest to deep of thought, Majestic Queen,
 Darkness, march forth! Who from the depth of gloom
 Call'd forth our Sun? Who gave the heaven's expanse
 One golden monarchy? To wand'ring orbs
 Who gave returning* wish?—Sure the Great God
 Some mystic soul, some planet instinct, gave
 To th' other worlds, that through the waste of night
 Their varied course pursue: in them repos'd,
 Perhaps, the better sleep; no longer cloth'd
 In clay'd mortality, our being's vest—
 The night-eyed vision of an earthly dream!
 Who tried the wilderness of other gloom,
 By human ken unscann'd? To whom has Dark
 Open'd her fold of monster-looking† eye?—

* The centripetal force, &c.

Γοργωπος, an epithet often used with "Night," &c.

NEWTON, I thee invoke, that lift'st thy torch
 To wond'rous Night! Lend me thy mansion's key!
 Did Light herself such charm of wonder shed,
 Till thine own heaven-directed ken disclos'd
 The Rainbow's seven-stream'd font of varied hue?
 Cleansing the film of mortal eye, thou shew'st
 How station'd Sun, the altar central fix'd,
 Revolves unmov'd upon his circled speed;
 Whilst round his blaze the Planet Chorus dance,
 And draw his streams in unpolluted urns,
 Spangled in diamond pureness, heavenly day.
 In chainless chain* allur'd, the footsteps move
 Their golden grace, in sevenfold melody,
 To mortal ears unheard;—such mortal weight
 Our being clothes in deaf identity!
 Wisdom unfolds the once unknown, where flies
 The mind prophetic, learn'd conjecture: suns,
 Far other suns, amidst the gloom'd serenity,
 Enlighten other worlds, whom minister
 Attendant moons, revolving with their blaze
 Nocturnal, with their setting and their rise.—
 In far recesses of the dimmest night,
 Last, sullen Saturn rolls the sloth of time,
 A planet exile, friendless; yet he hears

* The centripetal and centrifugal force, which keeps the planets in their orbs.

The distant charm of harmony ; whilst round,
 With secret bond, Attraction rules unseen
 The golden belt, in native pois'd suspense.
 In Solar font, as yet by sage unseen,
 Others their virgin purity will lave*.
 Thou Star†, that bear'st our Country's Monarch's name,
 Remotest on the confines of the gloom,
 Thou, loveliest bud of Chaos, gav'st new life,
 When seen, to philosophic gaze. In vain,
 Round darken'd calmness, Wisdom casts her learn'd,
 Her optic search!—Who has not shudd'ring view'd
 The comet's aspect, looking slaughter fell?
 Lo ! with flam'd speed he sweeps the heavenly waste,
 Perhaps thy destin'd path‡, Eternity !
 Perhaps uncurb'd, nor, with returning might
 Of ruling law, by starry nature bound!——
 Further I dare not search. Who has not gaz'd,
 In icy wonder transc'd, as he the World,
 The God reflected, views? I hear th' one God,
 And from the storm he strikes the mortal ear§:

* Others will be discovered in our system : as the Georgium Sidus, &c.

† Georgium Sidus.

‡ It is held that comets move in eccentric orbits.

§ The imagery of Nature is introduced here, after the manner of the descriptive speech in Job, ch. xxxviii. xxxix. and xl.

“ Why veilest thou with blindness of thy words,
 Thy earthly wisdom ? Where wast thou, O Man,
 When World’s foundation, strength confirm’d, I plac’d,
 And Ocean with a zone of deeps I bound,
 And with attractive sympathy of Moon
 Struck the returning Tides ? At thy command,
 O Man, their starry power do Pleiads shed ?
 Know’st thou the womb of Winter, pregnant source
 Of gather’d chill ? Know’st thou the starry waste,
 O’er which I turn the ebon wheel of Night ?
 At thy command, does monarch eagle urge
 His pilgrimage—bird of the storm sublime,
 That rules the waste, or wilderness afar—
 Off cragg’d eminence, from which he kens
 His treasur’d carnage for the unfledg’d young ?
 Nature has form’d his destiny for blood,
 Allied to slaughter. And terrific chill
 Canst thou to gen’rous cavalry affix,
 Whilst the steed lifts, in majesty erect,
 His warrior neck ; whilst strikes his raptur’d ear
 The cry, with the steel’d thunder of the fight ?
 How fierce the strength, the lightning of his eye !
 Lo ! whilst the battle sounds along the vale,
 His hoof indignant grasps the subject plain !”

So spake th’ Omnific. The sure day will come,
 When Nature, in decay of things, shall fall ;
 And Light, the beauteous garment of the world,

Shall vanish, like the nothingness of dream.—
 Thy sleepless mercy, FATHER, shall not fall,
 In mortal slumber :—but remember us,
 Thine image of Thyself—remember Man !
 Another Light from Nature's chasm shall blaze,
 With radiant gem, unborrow'd of the Sun !
 In other world's, illumin'd man renew*
 Thy beams, O Spirit ! but the plaintive lyre
 (Plaintive in vain to earthly-tuneful woe)
 May weep mortality : the dust cannot
 Annihilate our sorrow for the dead—
 The kindred pang ! Mem'ry survives, and robs
 Fell Death his hellish murd'rous spoil ; and, still
 Enriching, cheers, with recollective tear,
 Surviving nature :—as the dying eye
 Sets in the deep nocturnal of the tomb,
 'Twould look and live. What Power divine has fix'd
 This passion in our breast—the rainbow gleam
 Of tears ? The rosy grace of blush, that paints
 Beauty in shame confess'd o'er virgin charm,
 God hath not breath'd in vain ; nor penal pang †,
 Lone expiation of mysterious crime,
 The inward phrensy of rewarded ‡ guilt.
 But comes to cheer the destiny of man,

* Πνευματικαὶς ἀκτῖσι καταναζών φύσιν ἀνδρῶν.—NONN.
 Conscience.

† Rewarded, ἀξί' ἀποινῆ.—HOMER.

(Dark lot of short-liv'd day !) Fraternal Love * !
Which, like the softness of the morning dew
(Whose pearly splendor lingers with delight
O'er Sion's heights and Hermon's silver'd plains,
Enriching and enrich'd), adorns and saves.

* Verse 1, and 3, in Psalm cxxxiii. in Bibl. Edit.

ON THE
TEN COMMANDMENTS.

A POEM.

TO THE
REV. T. S. HUGHES, B.D.

N ABLE DEFENDER OF CHURCH, LEARNING,
AND
CLASSICAL ATTAINMENTS,

THIS ATTEMPT

IS DEDICATED, BY HIS FRIEND,

R. T.

ON THE
TEN COMMANDMENTS.

I THEE invoke, Eternal Great "First Cause"!
That gav'st to Nature, and to Mind, their laws:
Thine Law thou gav'st Mosaïc voice to teach,
And ev'ry age its harmony to reach:
Thy Writ, recorded in Egyptian dome,
Envelop'd lay midst consecrated gloom.
I Thee invoke!—no other Power can see,
Great Truth, the fount of Nature's self, but Thee.
No art is sought to paint th' Omnific LORD;
And Truth Mosaïc seeks no mortal* word.
"Let there be light!" the lips Divine exclaim;
And light there was, th' expanse of worlds to frame.
"Let there be Laws!" the will of God decreed;
And Laws there were, the mind below to lead.

* Longinus selects *Γενεσθω φως* as an instance of sublime brevity; and of Moses he says, that "he is not an ordinary man"—*οὐχ ὁ τυχων ἀνὴρ*.

Above the confine of Parnassian height,
 On Sion boundless, reign'd Jehovah's might :
 Beyond the path* of years, or solar sky,
 Burst forth the voice of Immortality :—

I.

'Tis, "Thou shalt have none other Gods but Me."

Beyond the string of earthborn harmony,
 I leave thy music hallow'd, and untry'd,
 Of ev'ry world thou Parent God, and Guide.
 Let list'ning mortals recognise their LORD,
 And pause abash'd at each denouncing word ;
 But threat'ning Heav'n revere.

II.

"Thou shalt not make
 "Aught graven image to thy heart, but quake
 "At the soul's monster, unprotected guilt.
 "Thou shalt not feign whate'er the Builder built
 "With art fictitious, or whate'er the wave
 "Creates, or the wide worlds of waters lave.
 "Whate'er, in gloom nocturnal, earth conceals,
 "In parent womb of ev'ry thing that feels—
 "Whate'er in heav'n midst starry nature shines,
 "Or miracle in other worlds confines—

* "Extra anni solisque vias."——— *Virg.*

“ Whate’er in canvas sweet converse we seek,
 “ Or timely consolation’s eye can speak—
 “ These shall not image thy revering heart.
 “ To monster-god, the progeny of art,
 “ Thou shalt not bend the fell barbaric knee,
 “ To prostitute religious chastity.
 “ With sleepless vengeance, to a million years
 “ Million posterity, with culprit tears,
 “ I ’monish, visit (penal certainty)
 “ Fathers and sons remote, that can hate Me.
 “ For filial worth I shed the parent tear,
 “ For them that love Me, and that Me revere.”

Behold those glooms, where savage worship reigns,
 And sculptur’d gods pollute barbaric plains ;
 Through pathless wastes, where monarch Ganges flows,
 And realms ennobled by Hindostan’ woes ;
 Heard we the crew confess the whirlwind’s might,
 Whilst desolation dogg’d their panic flight,
 Whilst lambent lightnings scath’d the torn ravine,
 And grav’d the fun’ral majesty of scene !—
 ’Tis Nature thus—the Heav’nly vengeance walks,
 And penal empress o’er Creation stalks,
 And, torn with blast and execrated grove,
 Annuls the worship that insults th’ Above.
 Thus the same God whom mortal culprits scorn
 Can raise, lay low, extirpate, or adorn.

III.

But* saw ye not, with apoplectic might,
 The bloodshot agony o'ercast the sight;
 Whilst yet, before each execrating lip,
 The chatt'ring weakness owns the Fury whip,
 That Rage, retorting through the vengeful frame,
 Each Coward dreads, yet execrates the Name—
 Call'd to no human inj'ry to relieve,
 No tear to wipe, no charity to give?—
 But crime gratuitous, in face of Heav'n,
 Stares, gorg'd with murd'rous blood, and driv'n
 To its own hell, in slumber colourless,
 That can't e'en Vision's mimic shade† confess.—
 This, Execrator, is thy penal pelf;
 Thine guilt's own fall, its own rewarding self.

IV.

And now th' expanse of cavern'd world had wav'd, ‡
 Which swell inebriate§ gigantic lav'd;

* Persons subject to excessive anger often fall down dead in the act of taking oaths. This is introduced before Execration is mentioned, as forbidden by the Third Commandment.

† The want of sight, among other apoplectic symptoms, &c.

‡ Vide "Burnet's Theory," &c., where the Deluge is accounted for consistently with the Bible and Natural Philosophy: and this is introduced preliminary to the Fourth Commandment.

§ Borrowed from the beautiful simile of the Psalmist, comparing the listless sublimity of the stormy swell to the "reclining to and fro, even like a drunken man."

Maternal Nature's birth-pang was releas'd,
 And from chaotic strife recumbent ceas'd ;
 The storms forgot to urge their raven flight,
 And silence lull'd the deafness of one Night ;
 Till (whilst along the sev'nfold bound'ry, Morn,
 In Sabbath's dawn ambrosial smile, is born)
 The voice of Heav'n composing mandate sings,
 And Rest harmonious o'er Creation brings :—
 “ Thro' six days' course when Time has urg'd his wheel
 “ Ordain'd repose laborious thou shalt feel,
 “ As o'er the Seventh the workless tranquil calm
 “ (Recumbent world !) shall pour its sacred balm :
 “ Sev'nth is the Sabbath of our God the Lord.”
 No earthborn tongue shall dare the holy word :
 By mortal grasp untry'd, the strings refuse
 Th' unhallow'd efforts of the palsy'd Muse :
 This day forbids the lab'ring voice intrude ;
 And silent is each charm of gratitude.

V.

I hear the voice that gives another life,
 That needs no claim from ‘ dull reluctant strife* ;’
 I hear, “ Thy father and thy mother honour.” Man,
 Forgetful reptile of thy short-liv'd span,
 Will not thy blood its fountain heart retrace,
 And search instinctive nature, and solace ?

* Alluding to the conflict of the Deluge.

I had a Mother ; yet I hear her sigh,
 As night eternal clos'd the setting eye,
 O'er infant feelings as she look'd, and sent
 Her blessing mute, her farewell eloquent :
 Nature fatigu'd the parting parent view'd,
 And, whelm'd with tears, its parting self bedew'd.

VI.

But other tones (that parent life command,
 The coward raptures of th' assassin's hand
 To curb) proclaim, " No murder thou shalt do."—
 Can Britain e'er that bravery forego —
 That brav'ry, at which Continents grew pale,
 And wash'd out Europe's guilt, and Envy's tale ?
 But lurking guilt, midst Rome's piazza gloom,
 Now low'rs with death, yet shudders at the doom
 It pauses to inflict ; then starts aghast
 At its own shade, that Conscience self must cast.

VII.

* Let gems emblaze the varied lambent day,
 To paint each diamond's concentrated ray :
 Let Eastern empires boast the gold controul :
 And Song devolve her raptures o'er the soul :

* In attempting to paint the injury, and therefore the
 guilt of Adultery, the value of Connubial Happiness is
 introduced, prefatory to the Seventh Commandment.

Whate'er from matin sweets the gales that blow
 Catch from each bloom, dispensing as they go,
 Compar'd with loveliest of the lovely tribe ;
 What nature boasts, or wealth can use, to bribe ;
 The brightest wealth, the brightest gem of day,
 The charming fabled tongue, or Syren lay,
 Cease silent, and, vanescent, cease to shine,
 Compar'd, angelic Spouse, to charms like thine,
 Made more than earthly, when but marriage-tie
 To more than mortal being can ally,
 And more than mortal raptures we enjoy ;
 The voice religious then removes th' alloy,
 No carnal guilt intrudes. One greater crime
 Lifts o'er such bliss thy curse, thy stain sublime—
 ADULTERY !—What bard could e'er that pang
 In feelings paint, which poison's reptile fang
 Inflicts on th' injur'd and insulted heart,
 Whose fibres more than human pain impart ?
 I trace parental loveliness of smile,
 That lingers in a daughter's cheek : awhile
 The mother blooms : for such (her sun must set !)
 The fairest fair shall fade, without regret :
 Reflected self in filial charms shall view
 Her once past being, better'd, and anew.
 The father's self bespeaks the smiling boy,
 Manhood's own shape, each op'ning virtue's joy.—

What felt the father, when he trac'd the dread
 Adult'rer's self (that once had stain'd the bed)
 Triumphant beaming in an Offspring's eye?—
 Shall monster roam thus, with impunity ;
 And to the spous'd embrace shall thus impart
 Such seed, that riots through th' Adult'rer's heart ?
 Let juries feel that heart's one eloquence,
 As " darkness visible " is guilt's lone sense.

*

IX.

" Thou shalt not falsify with perjurd tongue,
 " Though crime harmonious, with libell'd song ;
 " Nor meditate the fame-polluting death ;
 " Nor mar the name with pois'nous Falsehood's breath."
 More than a wound, from which it ne'er can rise,
 Instinctive virtue dreads the murd'ring lies.

VIII.

" Thou shalt not STEAL," nor even wish to steal.—
 Fell monster, AV'RICE ! can'st thou thine guilt feel,
 And yet not shudder ? but, for 'while rejoice
 At hellish sweetness, self-applauding voice ?

* The Stealing, and the first source of it, Covetousness,
 are joined together, as explained more by such connexion :
 and for this reason, the Eighth is transposed next to the
 Tenth Commandment.

X.

But Virtue cannot COVET other's wealth
 To gain, nor meditate e'en golden stealth :
 'Tis Virtue's soul to dread the wish of crime
 More than the legal penal pang sublime.

Thus, from the lips Divine, th' Omnific lay
 Devolv'd the Law through Sinai's clouded day,
 Mosaic blaze illum'd the radiant face,
 And all the Sage bespoke the raptur'd grace :
 Recording Laws the shudd'ring man refine,
 For God, transfus'd, bespoke each sacred line.—
 Thou can'st not legislate, nor crime repair,
 Thou helpless Being, e'en midst pious care ;
 Thou God must reverence, with earth-born awe :—
 Eternal Law is God ; and God is Law.

ELEGY
ON
THE MUCH-LAMENTED DEATH
OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

TH' heart-searching toll,* the midnight tone, appals
Each listening Bard, that recollects the deep
Funereal tongue, that tells "some ROYAL falls,"
And wonder casts through care-deluding sleep!

Is this a grave-sent dream, or real Death,
That through the palaces and darkness stalks,
And tells to man, with one impartial breath
That, Nature's debt to claim, the Tyrant walks?

Yet Nature's debt† 'tis not:—but 'tis the claim
A higher Power than Death itself demands:
'Tis the Great God, that gave to Death its name,
And all that's Death's to blessed end remands!

* The feelings on hearing the bell toll at St. Paul's, &c.

† On the *premature* death.

'Tis the Great God, from th' earthly orb that calls
 To awful blessing, and parental breast,
 The ROYAL CHOS'N:—not unprepar'd she falls
 To heav'nly destiny, to Abraham's rest.

She's gone! Th' Imperial ray, for ever set,
 Leaves, o'er the desert hope, prospective gloom—
 A chasm to every feeling, but regret;—
 Exile of all retirement, but the tomb!

She's gone! To every kindred heart that knows
 Her worth—her more than mortal virtue rare,—
 To every heart retreating sorrow flows,
 And finds the chilling, stagnant source—despair.

Lovely in sorrow gleams the kindred tear,
 Reflects the ray engem'd of parent Heaven*;
 A covenant it tells, that Death can ne'er
 Renew th' affliction that it once has given.

One sorrow curbs the late victorious beat,
 That gave to British pulse the salient glow;—
 'Tis Winter's solace, to itself retreat,
 When Nature's death suspends the world below.

* Tears, philosophically true, have the optical reflection
 and refraction and colour of a rainbow, and, like it, resemble
 a covenant, &c. &c.

One fun'ral emblem * Public Grief invests,
 One unfeign'd monumental dark alone ;
 One dark unfeign'd on mourning Nature rests,
 When heaven's deform'd ;—but more, when Virtue's
 gone.

Perhaps, in thy entomb'd chill'd breast have grown
 Some energies, no more to wake events ;
 To call, to ALBION's morals, like thy own,
 Barbaric realms, † forlorn unchristian tents.

With heart maternal ceas'd the filial heart ‡—
 Hearts that might future admiration tell,
 “ That British victory is Virtue's art ;
 That Vice, whene'er encounter'd, ever fell.”

Full many a laurel's infant germ is born
 To shrink untimely in the ruffian blast,
 Before the mother's bloom, matur'd, adorn
 The monarch brow, or joy o'er nation cast.

Full many a rich, yet thankless lamp has shed
 Its hermit splendor midst sepulchral dome,
 Its empty, unfelt solace to the dead—
 To mock the cheerless confines of the tomb.

* Public mourning.

† Her wish to promote the Christian Religion amongst the
 uncivilised Nations and the Tartarian wastes.

‡ The lamented miscarriage.

Deep tries each Elegy the source of heart,
To make thy tear, for youth, untimely flow--
ALBION, thy Royal hope ; while sighs impart
The vain, reluctant happiness of woe.

Untaught to wake the elegies of earth,
One tune alone, unborrow'd of the lyre,
With Hallelujahs' bliss, the Christian worth
Can call, to raptures of celestial fire.

LINES

ON

THE DEATH OF JOHN TWEDDELL, Esq.

OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE ;

WHO WAS BURIED IN THESEUS' TOMB AT ATHENS.

—

FAIR Hope is fled: the rosy bloom of life
 Formless declines. Thy tearful lot 'twas thine
 Thoughtless to carol in the morn of youth,
 Foreboding sweetness of thy Minstrel woe.
 Thou joy of thine own Athens, GRANTA'S pride,
 (Though gather'd sweets of all that's soul were thine,)
 To other Athens took'st thy fatal way.—
 As, from the hive, the rustic lab'ring bee
 Roves, midst the earliest nature, breathing spring,
 And midst the balmy toil its little life
 Yields timeless, clos'd amidst a tomb of sweets.—
 How sweet, fair Youth, (and such a tomb thou hast!)
 To breathe thy last, midst Bards and Heroes like
 Thyself—like them, the virtuous, and the good!

THE
BASTARD.

TO
"NOBODY"—

FIT TO BE KNIGHTED—

BUT BY THOSE WHO ACT IN DARKNESS.

R. T.

THE
BASTARD.

POW'RS are not thine, poor Bastard of this day,
Thou reptile insignificance of May !
Wings vernal youth the rapture of each fly,
Its lonely privilege, unseen to die.
HE, that can mould each microscopic knave,
The same creates each mightiness He gave.
Let pious penetration trace each thing ;
Events and causes from celestial spring :
Some latent greatness, or some ruling mind,
That force bestows, or light affords, will find :
As, in the ocean's wave-worn solitude,
No isle, though found by chance, however rude,
Its God deserted ; not in barb'rous lands,
'Midst midnight myst'ries of unfathom'd sands,
Was e'en one di'mond found, yet undesign'd
By the same God, omniparent in mind,

Either with rays some vict'ry to adorn
 Recorded worth ;—not unseen charms forlorn,
 Once unobserv'd one Bastard's destin'd days,
 But shone reflective of Creator's rays ;—
 Ne'er shone fortuitous one ruling soul,
 To guide a Senate, or a realm controul ;—
 Not e'en (ordain'd to nothingness) thus doom'd,
 Could sleep such insect destiny entomb'd.

Tho' conscious guilt e'er dreads yon lightning's rod,
 Was e'er a bastard th' outcast of his God?
 His life and blood are sweetest when they 're new,
 As earliest splendor best adorns each dew.—
 But pause awhile, and contemplate each fault ;
 At each meridian turpitude revolt :
 From infant folly dreadful is its weight,
 To many culprits ludicrous in fate.
 Like as yon wat'ry monster * of the storm
 'Twixt heav'n and earth rare holds its † weak'ning form :
 In weakness terrible, till weakness yields
 Its falling devastation o'er the fields :
 The fate gigantic (so the Heaven resolves)

* *Water-spout*—prophetic of inebriety.

† If substantial enough, it is carried off by the tempest or tornado, and scattered into, and ends in, rain ; the want of which causes it to fall, and to make a local ruin.

Wide o'er the suff'ring waste the curse devolves.
 So, whom gratuitous misfortunes rule,
 Like fatal Bacchus is the fatal fool.
 Then ask each Bastard what he feels alone—
 The one world's offspring, and the world's one own:—
 Does he wish, prematurely, for the grave,
 The penal privilege of e'en a knave?—
 Through crime portentous, inhumanely great,
 Mov'd servile fortunes of Napoleon's fate;
 With lightning's death, with thunder's awe, he hurl'd
 His penal conquests o'er a guilty world—
 Save Briton's Isle, magnificently lone,
 As gemm'd by Heaven's own rock-reflected shone.
 Oh! that such heart could but reverberate,
 Defeat each impulse of each coward fate,
 And tell to worlds, that ev'ry Bastard's blood
 Retrac'd its fountain to its moral good.—
 Here rests its source, from higher cause, unknown,
 Beyond the confines of Salvation shown.

Without Religion's high and one controul,
 Voluptuous raptures poison e'en the soul;
 And Love's repining sweets of extasy
 Taste but the penal privilege to die:
 For what's yon Bastard, but a blood-warm bust;
 Thy walking monument, prolific Lust?

ON

A YOUNG LADY STUNG BY A BEE.

A LURKING Bee midst vernal sweets was laid,
Which with her lips impress'd the searching Maid.—
As the wing'd reptile pour'd her venom'd soul,
“Thy stinging merits” (cried I) “take the whole.”—
Sweet in her smiles, but sweeter in her tears,
“Blameless” (she cries) “in pain; but in my fears
“More blameless:—this thou, miscreant Boy, shalt
“know,
“Whilst ev'ry penal sting my lips bestow.—
“Harmless these lips: more harmless is my heart;
“But sweets lurk there, and keener pangs impart.”

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LONDON:

PRINTED BY R. WATTS, CROWN COURT, TEMPLE BAR.

