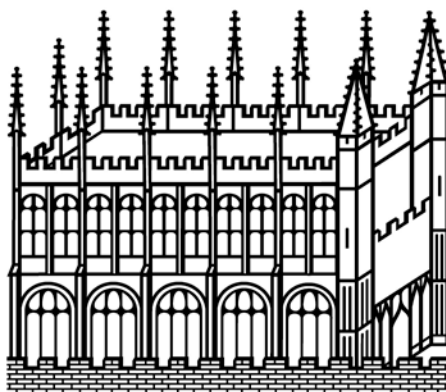




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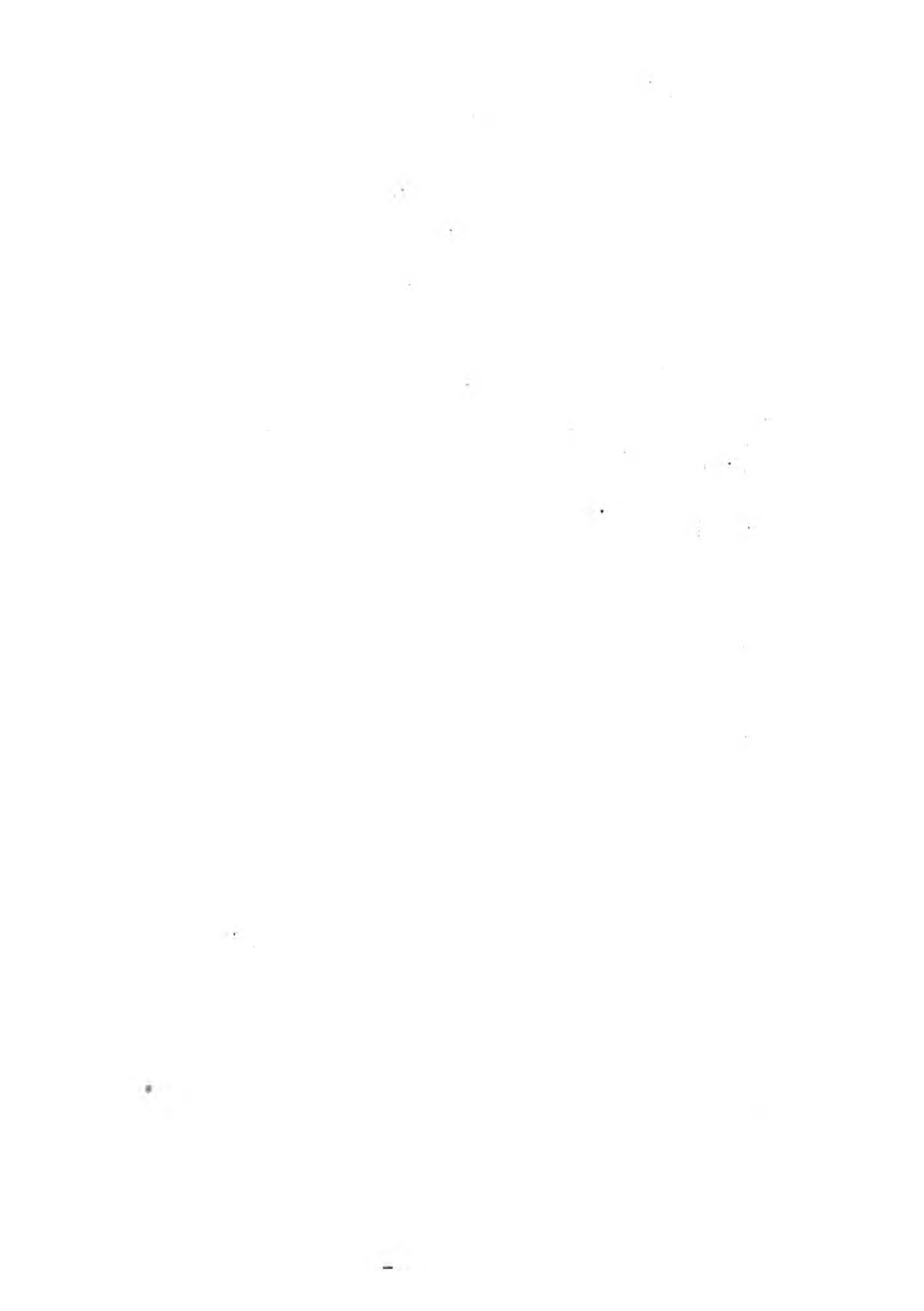
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Colonel Gardiner;

A CHRISTIAN DRAMA.

COLONEL GARDINER;

A CHRISTIAN DRAMA,

In Three Parts.



————— Justior alter
Nec pietate fuit, nec bello major & armis.
————— VIRG.

Temerè in acie versari, et manu cum hoste configere, immane quiddam
et belluarum simile est: sed cùm *tempus necessitasque postulant*, decertan-
dum manu est, et mors servituti turpitudinique anteponenda.

CICERO.



BY A BIBLE STUDENT,

Formerly of St. John's College, Cambridge.



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Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly; Seeley, Fleet Street; Westley, Stationers'
Court; and Baldwin & Co., Paternoster-row:—also by Deighton,
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Plymouth Dock; and Vigurs, Penzance.

1823.

Malone H. 204.

45

TO THE
NAVAL AND MILITARY

Bible Society,

THIS LITTLE WORK

IS

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

AND THE PROFITS OF THE PUBLICATION DEVOTED,

BY THE

AUTHOR.

April, 1823.

PREFACE ;

*Extracted from the Rev. Dr. Doddridge's Life of Colonel
Gardiner.*



THE Reader is here to survey a character of such eminent and various goodness, as might demand veneration, and inspire him with a desire to imitate it too, had it appeared in the obscurest rank : but it will surely command some peculiar regard when viewed in so elevated and important a station ; especially as it shone not in ecclesiastical, but military life ; where the temptations are so many, and the prevalence of the contrary character so great : it may be the means of increasing the number, and brightening the character, of those who are already adorning their office, their country, and their religion ; and of reclaiming those who will see rather what they ought to be, than what they are.

The proud scorers, who may deride sentiments and enjoyments like those which this truly great man so experimentally and pathetically describes, I pity from my heart; and grieve to think how unfit they must be for the hallelujahs of heaven, who pour contempt upon the nearest approaches to them: nor shall I think it any misfortune, to share with so excellent a person in their profane derision. It will be infinitely more than an equivalent, if I may convince some, who are yet strangers to religion, how real and how noble its delights are; if I may engage my pious readers to glorify God for so illustrious an instance of His grace; and finally, if I may quicken them, and above all may rouse my own too indulgent spirit to follow with less unequal steps an example, to the sublimity of which, I fear, few of us shall after all be able fully to attain.

On the whole—if habitual love to God, firm faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, a steady dependance on the Divine promises, a full persuasion of the wisdom and goodness of all the dispensations of Providence, a high esteem for the blessings of the heavenly world, and a sincere contempt for the vanities of this, can properly be called enthusiasm; then was Colonel Gardiner indeed one of the greatest en-

thusiasts our age has produced ; and in proportion to the degree in which he was so, I must esteem him one of the wisest and happiest of mankind. Nor do I fear to tell the world, that it is the design of my writing these memoirs, and of every thing else that I undertake in life, to spread this glorious and blessed enthusiasm ; which I know to be the anticipation of heaven, as well as the most certain way to it.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

Hon. JAMES GARDINER, *Colonel of a regiment of Dragoons.*

Right Hon. LADY FRANCES GARDINER, *his wife, Daughter to the Earl of Buchan.*

MATILDA, *their eldest child.*

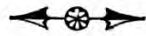
Captain HARDY, *an Officer in the regiment.*

Major GAUNTLET, *an Officer in General Sir John Cope's regiment of Dragoons.*

Sergeant, Soldiers, Servants.

The Scene is at Preston-pans, a village about ten miles east of Edinburgh; and at Bankton, the mansion of Col. Gardiner, two or three miles from the Camp: 20th September, 1745.

COLONEL GARDINER.



PART I.

SCENE I.—*Royal Camp.*

CAPTAIN HARDY.

A lowering day yon crimson'd East portends :
The sun, envelop'd in autumnal haze,
Scarce tells us he is ris'n ; and faintly greets
His dim dependant with a half salute.
Who knows, before he takes his evening leave,
What scenes momentous he may here behold !
Each day seems pregnant with some strange event,
Brought forth perchance ere morn's succeeding light.
How will the contest end ?—Nigh pois'd the scale
Now to this side inclining, now to that.
Who would have dreamt that this adventurous strip-
ling,

By France embark'd, like a poor *hope forlorn*,
Undignified to bear *invader's* name,
And by our rulers almost disregarded,—
Could light the torch of discord o'er the land,
And foul rebellion's standard wide unfurl?

Britain, my country! when wilt thou be wise?
Vain are thy glorious triumphs in the field;
The crafty Cabinet of grand Versailles,
Thine unsuspecting confidence betraying,
Steals with its ink the fruits thy blood has earn'd.
Proud Gallia loaths her rival's healthful bloom;
Sickenings with envy at thy growing fame,
Seizes each choice occasion to annoy thee,
And spider-like darts slily on her prey.
Defenceless now thy tempting coasts she spies;
Thy valiant Monarch and his army absent—
'Tis a rare moment for the young Pretender.

Nor Albion! blameless is thy haughty bearing;—
Thine aspect rough—thy stout unwinning mien
Defiance speak, and call forth challenge bold,
Awakening martial song, and war's harsh clangor:
Some day perhaps pacific sounds may charm;
Are ye not neighbours?—neighbours should be friends.

But to what end this musing?—hence! dull care—
A soldier's motto should be *sans souci*.

A Sergeant rides up.

HARDY.

Sergeant, what news? where are the rebels now?

SERGEANT.

They'll soon be with us, Captain—they're advancing.

HARDY.

Well—let them come—we'll give them their deserts.

SERGEANT.

'Twill be warm work—they've taken Edinburgh.

HARDY.

But long they shall not keep it,—who's afraid?

Haste to the Colonel—give him your dispatches;—

He slept at Bankton—and you'll find him risen,

Or haply you may meet him on the road.

[Exit Sergeant.]

Would I might see Matilda ere they come!

Eight days since last we bade adieu at Stirling:

Eight years to me!—How does her virgin blush,

My portrait when accepting, still enchant!

It cheers the toilsome march, it sooths my dreams,

And rouses all the British lion in me

To deeds heroic, claimants of her praise.

Dear noble-minded, heavenly-minded maid!

The thought of thee expels each meaner feeling:—

But she's too good for me,—would I were better.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*Bankton.*LADY FRANCES *and* MATILDA.

LADY FRANCES.

How will your father be surpriz'd to learn
One night's adventure !

MATILDA.

Oh ! it grieves me much
To find him absent :—think you, is it right,
With health and strength impair'd, thus to exert ?

LADY FRANCES.

He ever lov'd to speed his work betimes :
But soon we'll tidings send, and I'll engage
He will not long resist our friendly summons.

MATILDA.

E'er nine I hope his well known voice to hear,
If no imperious hindrance intervene.

LADY FRANCES.

Once more at home—our anxious journey o'er—
Your brother, sisters well—once more embrac'd ;—
What thanks we owe to Heaven's protecting care !

Cheer up, my dear Matilda,—you look pale :—
I know the struggles that distract your breast,
And must commend you for them :—but hope on :
A happier day, methinks, is not remote.

Conversion¹ ofttimes, like the rising dawn,
By slow degrees advances, scarce perceiv'd ;
And thus on you and me the light has beam'd :
But² sometimes swift ;—as when creation fair
First out of chaos sprung at God's command,
If HE says—" Be there light,"—the light breaks
forth.

His thoughts are not like ours : the work is His ;
Ours³ is the will,—from Him⁴ descends the power.
Your lover is a youth of noblest promise ;
The soil is good,—and should Heaven's seed be sown,
A rich and large increase it soon may yield :
The clouds that keep our little bark in port
May soon be chang'd to blithsome, breezy sunshine.
Then, dearest girl, let not your spirits sink.

MATILDA.

What answer can your grateful daughter make !
But, should it prove as you would fondly hope,
How shall I quit *such* parents *thus* endear'd ?
I'll smile howe'er, and do my best to cheer you :
For oh ! I would not add a single grain,
At this afflicting hour, to your distress :
In truth I now almost myself forget :
A father, brother, lover,—all expos'd
To war's fatigues and dangers :—Gracious God !

LADY FRANCES.

Scarce can I bear the comfort-withering thought :
Your father entering now the vale of years,
And by disease enfeebled :—oh ! my child,
Could I not look with hope beyond life's verge,
My drooping heart would sink beneath the load :
Thro' grace Divine I can ;—here tempests rage ;
But brighter scenes I yonder trust to see,—
There, there, in God's good time, I long to be.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE III.—*Camp.*

*Captain HARDY standing by his Tent ; Colonel
GARDINER walking up to him.*

HARDY.

Good morning, Colonel—just in time for breakfast.

GARDINER—*shaking hands.*

I'll share it with you, Captain :—who can tell
But it may be our last ?

HARDY.

Our *last*, you say ?

Well—as for that, I neither know nor care.

GARDINER.

We cannot *know*,—but *care* we may and should.

You saw the Sergeant ;—tidings grave and strange :
Thus much is clear—a desperate fight impends.

HARDY.

Colonel, our cause is good—we'll thrash them well.

GARDINER.

Yes—if our men will stand to it : “ there's the rub.
We'll do our best ;—th' Almighty's will be done !
Be't as it may, tis awful to reflect
How many soon may fall, quite unprepar'd,
“ With all their imperfections on their heads.”

HARDY.

Think you the godly are exempt from danger ?

GARDINER.

Unwarranted presumption sure 'twould be
Thus to conclude : man's common lot they share,
Or may expect to share ; tho'^d oft 'tis true
Some mighty arm unseen a shield of love,
Proof 'gainst grim Death's assault doth interpose,—
Their outward vulnerable part to screen.
But this they leave to an Almighty FRIEND,
And bow submissive to a FATHER's will :
They live immortal till their work is done,
Resign their spirits when their race is run,
And rise triumphant as the rising sun.

HARDY.

Christian and coward then can scarce combine :
Would our Dragoons, if so, were Christians all !
Rebels nor Devils need they much to fear.

GARDINER.

Oh ! what is valor—blind and headlong valor,
By reason and religion undirected ?
Wolves, bears, and tigers fight with deadly rage ;
Savage by nature, famine goads them on,—
Foaming and fierce they tear th' ensanguin'd ground,
Nor yields their courage aught to man's proud daring.
The boasted prowess of a heathenish hero
Brutish alike—but less excusable ;
Since less resistless the impelling motive,
With abler powers fell passions to control.

HARDY.

Whence comes it, Colonel, petty ills affright—
Yet thousands rush to death quite undismayed ?

GARDINER.

Some, dark or unconcern'd, dream all is well :
Some wiser, *know*—but dread the gulf to *view* ;
Blindfold they leap, wavering 'twixt hope and fear :
Some know and see—but glory in their shame ;
They slight the hand that fashion'd them from dust,

That keeps the frail machine of life from stopping,—
And “madly brave,” Omnipotence provoke.
Such was my state, when scarce nineteen I lay
All night in gore outstretch’d on Ramilies’ field;
And thrice, at fancied Honor’s baleful call,
Ere yet a man, in single combat arm’d.
Not so the Christian; no—he reasons thus:
’Tis duty calls,—my duty I’ll perform;
What should I fear? can weapons wound the *soul*?
Should death await me,—death has lost its sting:
Unworthy tho’ I be, to Christ I came,
By grace conducted, trusting in His merits;
He then receiv’d me, nor will cast away.

HARDY.

Would I could say so!—Sir, your words have weight:
Ne’er have I given these things one serious thought:
Somewhat decorous in external conduct,
While dead to God and vast eternal cares,
I’ve chas’d reflection from my giddy mind:
But now I seem no longer well at ease.

GARDINER.

Then does the light begin to dawn upon thee;
It shews thee something is not right within.
The good man needs no bandage o’er his eyes;
He sees his danger, and he dares to face it:

The righteous shall be bold, 'tis said, as lions.
O my young friend, "acquaint thyself with God!"
At peace with Him, thou wilt be brave indeed.

HARDY.

But ah! Matilda—she has all my vows.

GARDINER.

Hardy, I know thou dearly lov'st my daughter;
And she kind maidenly returns would yield:
But *high* affections warm her youthful heart;
And much she fears to hazard smiles Divine,
Or plight her faith to any but a Christian.
Hands, names, and fortunes join in wedlock's bands,—
Yet *minds* devout and worldly still are *twain*;
Nor less the infidel and true believer;
Like tints dissimilar, unblent and crude,—
Discordant notes of inharmonious tone.
But happy—pious, kindred souls entwined!
For oh! if Bliss on *earth* can fix her seat,
'Tis where in wedded love true Christians meet,—
Of soft, congenial mould; to such are given
Lost Eden's sweets—an antepast of heaven.
—Delighted would I hail thee as my son,
If Heaven should crown the virtues that adorn thee
With that sublimest blessing—"pure religion."

HARDY.

Pray for me—that this blessing may be mine ;
Unskill'd am I—thy prayers will most avail.

GARDINER.

But pray thyself—for God thy cry will hear :
“ God is a very present help in trouble ;”
Yes—I have prov'd Him such : oh ! 'tis a theme
On which I might descant till words would fail,
Or breath would fail to give them utterance.
Hardy, thou ne'er hast heard it from my lips,—
But I will tell thee now, since thou canst listen.

HARDY.

I long, my honor'd friend, to know the whole.

GARDINER.

Stain'd was my youth with sins of crimson die ;
The gay Parisian Court my scene of action :
There like the bee from flower to flower I rov'd,
But thorns were intermingled with the sweets,
And stern-eyed Conscience frown'd on guilty pleasure.
Delusive joys—unsatisfying chace !
'Twas mid the heat of this my wild career,
That He who came to seek and save the lost,
Lov'd—sought and found :—O miracle of grace !
One evening, as I careless sat and read,—

While lagg'd the leaden-wing'd hour, till Vice should
beckon

Her hapless votary to her venom'd banquet,—
A blaze of light (methought) the book illum'd ;
A sacred book it was, which as by chance,
To kill the time, in frolic I perus'd ;
And as, amaz'd, I lifted up mine eyes,—
Most plain I saw, or seem'd most plain to see
(O blest ! O holy ! O mysterious vision !)
My Saviour hanging on the cross extended,—
While all around a radiant Glory stream'd.
Most plain I heard, or seem'd most plain to hear,
Words such as these, that pierc'd a heart of stone :
“ O sinner ! did I suffer this for thee,
And what returns are thine ? ”—

I sunk away,
Insensible—scarce life awhile remain'd —
How long I know not thus ;—but when reviv'd,
What words can paint my agony of heart ?
Till morn I pac'd the room, with thought distract,—
My long'd-for assignation all forgot :
'Twas boding, black despair ;—myself abhorring,
God's goodness both and justice I ador'd :
Hardly durst sue for Mercy—but She came !
For three long months a dubious, anxious calm

Succeeded this my loud awakening storm.
—As Ocean, slumbering on his bed supine,
By whirlwinds is uprous'd to huge commotion,—
The blast subsides—hush'd is its thundering roar,—
Yet heaves awhile his gloomy breast perturb'd;
—'Twas thus with me:—at length the clouds dispers'd,
And He who bade the raging waves —“ be still ”—
Spoke peace and pardon to my troubled heart.
Then *more* than calm ensued; Hope sweetly smil'd,—
And faith, and love, and joy o'erflowed my soul;
Seven years, uncheck'd, this tide Divine did roll;
Ne'er may it cease!—Suffice it now to say,
An altered man I've liv'd since that great day.⁶

HARDY.

My obligation, Sir, I can't express.

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT.

Colonel, my Lady Frances and Miss Gardiner
Are just arrived from Stirling, and would see you.

GARDINER.

Most unexpected news:—thank God they're safe!
Some hours to Bankton I must now devote:

At five to meet my troops I stand engag'd :
Short is the time—with speed I must depart :
Excuse me, Hardy—and may God be with thee !
(*shaking hands*).

[*Exeunt Col. GARDINER and Servant.*

HARDY.

Have mercy, Lord!—Good Lord! on Thee I call—
Low at Thy feet behold a sinner fall !

END OF THE FIRST PART.

PART II.

SCENE I.—*Garden at Bankton.*

Colonel GARDINER, LADY FRANCES, and MATILDA.

LADY FRANCES.

How *could* we longer stay in Stirling castle,
Immur'd from all we hold on earth most dear ?
'Twas daily death to bear such separation :
A separation too at such a juncture :
What burden than suspense more grievous weighs ?

GARDINER.

I cannot blame you, e'en should Prudence chide ;
Nay, since the prospect seems to darken round us,
Your sudden march may Providential prove :
While this fresh proof of warm and tender love
Still more, if possible, endears you both.

MATILDA.

Oh ! that the hateful din of war might cease,
Nor drive us hence again : but now, alas !—

GARDINER.

Oft have we strayed these tranquil groves among :

Domestic peace and joy each step have bless'd ;
Our smiling little ones have sported round us,—
And, like these shrubs and plants our care has rear'd,
Thrive day by day, and glad our hearts and eyes :
What tho' eight fled full soon—they fled to *heaven* ;
Five still remain—our solace on life's journey :
Matilda, thou and David take the lead ;
I saw him yesterday,—and, oh ! what joy,—
For more than words my wishful mind assur'd
That on his soldier's path with snares o'erspread,
Eternity's concerns his soul engage.

LADY FRANCES.

O welcome tidings to a mother's breast !

MATILDA.

And to a sister's too :—these tears how sweet !
The fond companion of my girlish years
Will now be doubly dear—brother indeed !

GARDINER.

They whose rash plunge has dar'd the depths of vice,—
Whose ears were clos'd to Wisdom's gentle whispers,
That charm to ways of pleasantness and peace,—
Who shunn'd to accept the proffer'd pearl of Heaven,—
(If e'er thro' grace they burst sin's gilded fetters)
Can best appreciate what they cast away,
And curse the beggarly exchange they made :

Ne'er may my son these inward horrors prove!

LADY FRANCES.

May but the father in the son be seen!

And I'm content; *that* wish includes a thousand.

GARDINER.

"A *Christian* is the highest style of man:"

But few, alas! that sacred name adorn:

Million usurpers claim it and disgrace,

While such as best may own it meet disdain.

Men may live *godly*—*that* the world will bear;

But they who in *Christ Jesus* godly live?

(Set stumbling-block to all the proudly wise)

Vile Persecution's arrows must encounter,

Tho' half asham'd the envious⁸ archer sculk.

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT.

'Tis three o'clock, my Lady—dinner waits.

GARDINER.

The sound is not displeasing—we attend. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Library.*

MAJOR GAUNTLET.

Well—here I am at last :—a pretty swain

To court young nymph;—thus spattered o'er with
mire,

Flouncing and floundering on full trot thro' quags:—
Plague on their boggy moors and splashy lanes:—
Ne'er mind,—rough soldiers oft-times hit the ladies
Better than all your scented fops and beaux.

Oh! how I long to see my little charmer.

That witching girl my ardent love rejects—
I'll have her tho', by fair or foul, I swear.

The crisis is approaching:—take heed, Gauntlet—
Take heed, my boy—and play thy cards adroitly.
The rebels now, I ween, will have the best on't;—
Bad fun to be cut up like chops or steaks:
'Twas a bright thought of thine—a brilliant thought;
This very night I'll over to Prince Charles,—
And sound the Colonel on that ticklish point:—
Tho' much I fear he's a staunch loyal dog:
Could I persuade him Jacobite to turn,
All might go smooth,—and fair Matilda's hand
To mine be tied, “for better and for worse;”
But should he kick,—why—let him bite the dust,
If luck will have it—or this trusty sword;
And then the coyish, blue-eyed Ecossoise
(No marplot father or protector nigh)
My prize shall be—but mine “for better” *only*.

Enter Colonel GARDINER.

GARDINER.

How are you, Major ?

GAUNTLET.

Sir, your most obedient—
I have the honor to present a letter,
From General Cope, in haste.

GARDINER.

Be seated, pray ;—
Take some refreshment, Major—you've rode hard ;
I'll straight attend you to the dining room ;
My wife and daughter have not left the table :
Permit me to peruse the letter first. [*Reads.*

SCENE III.—*The Dining Room.*

LADY FRANCES *and* MATILDA.

LADY FRANCES.

'Tis a vexatious circumstance, I grant.

MATILDA.

That strange, bold, boisterous man I can't endure :
I hope my father will not ask him in.

LADY FRANCES.

You know, my dear, your father must be civil :
What can't be help'd with patience we must bear.

MATILDA.

May I withdraw ?

LADY FRANCES.

I think you better not :
Your parents being present, 'twould be needless,—
And might be construed wrong ; he might presume
You fled at our request ;—but if you stay,
He'll be convinc'd you're free,—and that your smiles
Are not reserv'd for *him* : and thus may end
At once his pestering suit.

MATILDA.

Oh ! here they come.

Enter Colonel GARDINER and Major GAUNTLET.

GAUNTLET.

My Lady Frances, your most humble servant—
Lovely Miss Gardiner, still your faithful slave :
I left at noon the young and gallant Cornet
In health and spirits—eager for a brush ;
He just had learnt your having quitted Stirling,
And charg'd me with his duty and affection :

The regiment was under marching orders,
And will be here ere night, should all go well.
I ask'd our General, as a special favor,
To let me hand his letter to the Colonel,—
In hopes to see the idol I adore.

[MATILDA *turns aside*.

Be not displeas'd—oh! look not coldly thus—
Spurn not your constant, your devoted lover—
For you alone he lives—your frown is death.
I fear you've been alarm'd;—when last we met,
The rose sat queen-like on your blooming cheek,
But now the lily would dispute for empire:
Sweet rivals both—delicious war they wage.

MATILDA.

Excuse me, Sir—your flattery disgusts:
A flatterer must think meanly of his object.

GAUNTLET.

Nay now, Miss Gardiner, you're too sharp upon me;
False praise is flattery, but my tribute's *true*.

LADY FRANCES.

Merit, I think, we may and should commend;
A delicate encomium quickens progress:
But *personal* praise is fulsome adulation;
Nature's fair gifts of body or of mind
To the great Giver *only* be ascrib'd!

All stolen incense modesty will shun :
My daughter therefore reasons well, methinks ;
Flatterers deem females weak, or vain, or vicious.

GARDINER.

This, Major Gauntlet, is no time for love :
We must be soldiers now—our hands are full ;
Plenty of work the rebels have cut out.

GAUNTLET.

And not alone the rebels, but our leaders ;
Good was your counsel, but the headstrong fools
Rudely beat down a veteran's sage advice,
Who nobly calm, brook'd their contemptuous sneer.
The onset of the Highlanders is furious ;
'Tis downright madness their attack to *wait* ;
'Twas ours to *give* them battle—victory sure :
I prophecy that all will soon be lost,—
Flush'd with success, they'll carry all before them :
Had we been wise, things had look'd better now.
But we poor dogs must pay for't : and for what ?
To please the King forsooth : sad joke ! sad joke !
They who would be belov'd should love *deserve* ;
An Alfred, or third William, well might summon
Their people brave to rally round the throne ;
Nor summons would they need,—a Prince's cause

Kindles each heart, when in each heart he reigns :
Monarchs like these, O Britain, still be thine !

GARDINER.

Kings should be honor'd, and be pitied too :
Are they not men ? with passions, like our own,
Inflammable ? yea men—whom, from their birth,
Base Flattery courts with softest, wiliest smiles ;
Men—whom, in life's gay spring, the Siren's voice
Mellifluous lures from Virtue's steep ascent,
To sport in flowery vales and roseate bowers ;
And then Ambition, of majestic port,
With grasp gigantic oft would drag them on
(If in *true glory's* cause they stand not firm)
To deeds unjust, tyrannic,—or to fields
Of dazzling glitter—fields, where storms arise
That blast Hope's blossoms, and deface the day.

GAUNTLET.

Evil and good each Dynasty presents :
Might not the Stuarts serve our turn as well ?

GARDINER.

Are we not *happy* under GEORGE's sway ?
Generous His nature—placable, if warm ;
Of honor and integrity unstain'd :
Glow not His heart with Brunswick resolution ?
When has He trampled on His people's rights ?

Has bigot Persecution, at His nod,
 Withstood Religion's march o'er all His empire?
 Commerce her sail displays,—flourish the Arts,—
 And sweet the Muses sing,—while Freedom fair,
 Clear Science, Knowledge high, and Truth Divine,
 Illume, invigorate, and exalt our isle:
 Long may a Brunswick wear its patriot crown!
 But some will grumble were an Angel King.
 Treason to hint a Sovereign's private failings
 Absolve His subjects from their due allegiance;
 They can't e'en *shake* the Christian's: peaceful, loyal,
 He renders unto Cæsar what is Cæsar's,
 And unto God he renders what is God's.

GAUNTLET.

Treason—thou say'st?—recall the insulting word—
 Or measure swords—thou canting hypocrite!

[They all rise from table.]

I'll chasten thee to prudence, pious Colonel;
 I am as true a soldier as thyself.

GARDINER.

Thy rage I pity, and thy threats I scorn;
 I'm not afraid of fighting, but of sinning.⁹
 Haply to-morrow's sun will shew the world
 Which of us two best serves his Royal Master.

LADY FRANCES.

Nay, Gentlemen, I pray you do not quarrel ;
Be friends again :—Matilda, we'll retire.

[*Exeunt* LADY FRANCES, and MATILDA.

GARDINER—*looking at his watch.*

At five my troops expect me at the camp ;
The hour approaches, and forbids delay.

GAUNTLET.

My time's too precious to be squander'd here ;
So, Sir, I leave you to your meditations.

GARDINER.

Sir, I forgive your warmth, and wish you well.

[*Exit Major* GAUNTLET.

Re-enter LADY FRANCES and MATILDA.

Dismiss your fears—our angry guest is gone.

MATILDA.

O horrid man !—ne'er may I see him more !

GARDINER.

Treason is lurking in the Major's breast,
And will be out ere long—or much I err :
Rebellion is a touchstone ;—Gauntlet thinks
The rebels will prevail ; his turbid thoughts
Concentre all in *self* ; short, present ease

Engrosses all his care :—'tis *principle*,
Sound principle alone stamps real worth.

LADY FRANCES.

Our quiet feast how has he discompos'd !

GARDINER.

¹⁰ Offences must befall ; 'tis well to mourn them,
To trace their *cause* is well :—is conscience clear ?
Then may *regret* suffice ; why should *remorse*
With gall the unoffending breast distain ?

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Your charger, Sir, is ready at the gate.

GARDINER.

Full swift alas ! flies Time ;—I must depart :
Should things go adverse, speed your way to Eng-
land ;
This side the Tweed you scarce could stay secure.

LADY FRANCES.

My heart misgives me—oh ! I cannot bear—

[*Lady Frances and Matilda burst into tears.*

GARDINER.

Dear long-lov'd wife and daughter ! oft we've mourn'd
O'er woe-fraught scenes on tragedy's black page ;
But now 'tis no imaginary grief :

One tender pang at parting Nature claims :
But come what may—we'll trust, we'll pray, we'll
praise :
Shall we not spend *eternity* together ?
God bless you both !—to Him I will commend you,—
Do you commend to Him a spouse and father !
[*Embracing them. Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Camp.*

Colonel GARDINER'S Regiment drawn out in front.

First SOLDIER.

Colonel will soon be here, Dick—he's a man always to his time : (*pulling out his watch*) five minutes more come five o'clock, my old watch says.

Second SOLDIER.

Ay—a pretty piece ye've got there : gold is n't it ? how did ye come by it, Harry ?

First SOLDIER.

Why, I'll tell ye, Dick, how I come by it : why—it's thirty year ago now, when that t'other Pretender (as they call'd him) was a plaguing of us, do ye see ? Colonel was Captain then, and I one of his troop ; down there at that t'other Preston in Lancashire : and what think ye, Dick ? why, he and twelve of us set a barricado on fire in face of their whole army, while they was pouring in their shot on us.

Second SOLDIER.

Ay, ay—and how did ye come off?

First SOLDIER.

Come off? why, they *did* eight of us; and Colonel and four of us got off some how or other—dont know how—why, something like *sieves*—as a body may say.

Second SOLDIER.

Sieves—how do ye mean like sieves?

First SOLDIER.

Why—full of holes, do ye see—full of holes.

Second SOLDIER.

Ho—ho—full of holes—very well: I hopes as how I shan't be full of holes to morrow then—I'll take care of that. [*Aside.*

First SOLDIER.

Well—I tell ye how it was—I see'd a fellow just leveling his piece at Colonel's head; so I dashes at him, and tips him a bit of steel, do ye see?—dead in a trice:—so out pulls Colonel his watch—"Harry"—says he, "you're a brave fellow, you've saved my life—here's a keep-sake for you."

Second SOLDIER.

Ay—he's a nice man: I wish we had more such Colonels; I wish he was our General, Harry.

First SOLDIER.

And then, Dick, he's such a *kind* Officer: I never know'd him the man to fly in a passion: always taking care of his

men, taking part in their fatigues and hardships—ay, and more than he has strength to bear. But he's *strict* too, for all that, very strict; no swearing, drunkenness, nor wickedness—if he can help it. Why, I remembers as how when we was encamped down there near Leicester, Colonel went to camp in the middle of the night—for sometimes he lodg'd in the town, do ye see?—and there, Dick, he found one of the sentinels off his post; and when they seiz'd him, he curs'd and swore: so Colonel had him in the morning to his own quarters, and put him on a piquet—and while he was on't (what do ye think, Dick) he gave him such kind and good advice, that the man lov'd Colonel better than he had ever done before,—and he was quite another man afterwards, as the saying is. But I can tell ye, for all that, I never know'd Colonel *severe*: he loves good discipline; but I've heard him say (and I thinks as how he always speaks the truth) that we've got so many faults of our own, that we've no business to be severe on others; but you knows as how a body may be strict and not severe for all that. And I tell ye another thing, Dick—Colonel always set such a good example to his Officers and men, that they was almost asham'd to behave themselves amiss, as the saying is; so that there was very little need of punishment among us; and our regiment was reckoned one of the most finest, and decentest, and best behav'd in the service—and welcome at every town,—ay, that's what it was.

Second SOLDIER.

See, there he's coming down the road with his servant ;
a fine looking man on horseback, is n't he ?

First SOLDIER.

Why, Dick, I tell ye—that famous French General
Mounseer Faubert (or some such name) said as how our
Colonel is the most completest horseman has ever been
known. Las-a-day ! He and I are coming old now ; I
wish we was as young as ye be, Dick : but live as long
as ye please, ye'll never set eyes on a better Officer.

Enter Colonel GARDINER.

*After riding thro' the ranks, he thus harangues
his men.*

My gallant soldiers, listen to your Colonel—
The rebels, well you know, are nigh at hand :
Perchance they'll put your metal to the proof.
'Tis not alone for honor and renown
You now contend,—your king demands your aid ;
For laws, religion, liberty you fight ;
Your country's voice calls loud on her defenders.
Fear not the onset of these mountaineers ;
Undisciplin'd and ignorant of warfare,
Soon will they fly before your vigorous charge :

Receive them warm,—give them a hearty greeting,
Nor doubt a moment that the field is yours :
Ample reward shall crown your loyal valor.

Now, soldiers to your tents; dark evening comes :
Look to your horses well,—yourselves refresh,
And get what sleep you can till break of day.

[Taking off his hat.]

My lads, we'll fight like men,—'tis duty's call,—
Fix'd my resolve—to conquer or to fall.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

PART III.

SCENE I.—*Bankton;—Music Room.*

MATILDA.

WILL sleep to night seal down these heavy eye-lids?
 Broken and short repose, methinks, at best;
 Soon scar'd by anxious thought or signal gun,
 She'll take her flight, and leave the dawn behind her.
 —A stormy night a darksome day succeeds:
 Loud howl the winds,—clatters the pouring rain;
 The stars are vanish'd:

[*Looking at the window and listening—*

'twas a cannon's voice!

—O my dear father!—and poor Hardy too!
 And my young brother!—

Heaven defend their heads!

—Fit emblem are the elements of my soul:
 —What tumults agitate this troubled breast!
 Oh! what a lot is mine:—sad, frost-nipt youth!
 Scarce yet nineteen!—What will become of me!

[*Walking about the room—after a pause—*

For shame! Matilda—shame! unworthy girl:
Perish th' injurious thought!—is God no friend?
Canst thou not trust thy heavenly Father's love?
Has He not lavish'd proofs enough already?
Will He who gave His Son refuse what's needful?
And will thy blest Redeemer e'er forsake thee?
Her sucking child a woman may forget,
But ne'er his dear-bought sheep will Jesus leave:
For them He left His throne of bliss supreme,—
For them He agoniz'd with bloody sweat,—
For them was buffeted, mock'd, crown'd with
thorns,—
For them was scourg'd, and to the cross was nail'd:
And why are these great truths on *thee* impress'd?
What is *thy* worth?—why call'd to Heaven's own
friendship?
Is this not love enough?—more can He do?
Yes, yes—He *will* do more;—He'll keep me still,
He'll guide me with His counsel all my days,
And oh! at last receive me to His ¹¹glory.
Ah! what returns can I poor suppliant make?
Lord! I will sing Thy praise while breath re-
mains:
Come, sacred Song!—come Music, lend thine aid!
[*Plays and sings—*

How happy is the humbled heart,
That seeks and finds from guilt and smart
A refuge sure O Lord! in Thee:
“Thou my repose from care, my light
Amid the darkness of the night,
In solitude my company.”

A feeble, helpless maid behold,
Who converse dares with Thee to hold,—
Tells Thee her faults, her joys, her wants;
Who feels that Thou dost not despise
Her weak complaints, her tears and sighs,—
For mercy Lord! she weeps and pants.

Thy saving grace her chief desire,—
Oh! may that grace her soul inspire
With true devotion, heavenly love:
Bowed by insolvent gratitude,
May she thro' life's vicissitude
Thy faithful, duteous handmaid prove!

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Ma'am, Captain Hardy is just come from camp,
And waiting at the door.

MATILDA.

You'll ask him in.

[Exit Servant.]

Enter Captain HARDY.

HARDY.

O my Matilda, how I joy to see thee!

MATILDA.

I hope this weather may not harm thee, Captain.

HARDY.

The storm has ceas'd ;—sweet Bankton gleam'd with
star-light.

The Colonel yielding to my strong request,
For one short hour has granted leave of absence :
Some hasty lines he wrote for Lady Frances ;
Please to present them with my high regards.
[Giving her the letter.]

MATILDA.

Pray, is my brother's regiment arriv'd ?

HARDY.

Just at night-fall they came, but much fatigued,
And none the camp might quit before to-morrow :
I left him with his father ;—charming youth,
They both entrusted me with kind remembrance.

—Now let me tell thee all my inmost thoughts ;
For oh ! I dare to hope thou dost not bear
A cold indifference to thy Hardy's welfare.
Since last we met, nay since this morning's dawn,—
A revolution vast, and strange, and blest,
Has pass'd within my soul :—the instrument
Thy honor'd father—name for ever dear !
He took his early breakfast in my tent,
Discoursing sweet on subjects high and solemn ;
His voice seems still to vibrate on my ear :
Deep sunk his words :—asham'd and self-condemn'd,
Earnest I prayed,—nor have I prayed in vain.
I feel like one fresh rous'd from morn's late slumbers,
Who straight his golden, fitful dreams forgetting,
Starts to the business of too short a day.
I've slept away full three and twenty years !
Now all is new, except my love to thee :
Greater *that* could not be,—nor will be less
Long as this pulse shall beat ; yet now more mild,
More pure, more tender seems it :—But Matilda,
I'm a poor novice, and would learn of thee.

MATILDA.

May God instruct thee !—let me now retire,—
My feelings quite o'erpower me,—fare thee well !
May He protect thee in the hour of battle,

And grant we soon may meet in peace and safety,
And praise Him for His goodness!—fare thee well!

HARDY.

Adieu! my angel—pray, oh! pray for me,

[*Exit* MATILDA.

True were her father's words—I hear them still:
“O my young friend, ‘acquaint thyself with God!’
At peace with Him, thou wilt be brave indeed:”
For now attractive life with cords might bind;
Such a companion!—thus to live and love!
Thus hand in hand to journey on to heaven!
Yet can I say—‘O Lord, Thy will be done!’
But I must tear me from this mansion dear:
Ah! happy moments—rapid is your flight!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Camp and ground adjacent.*

Colonel GARDINER beside a rick of barley:—his servants and horses near at hand.

While on the tented field my soldiers sleep,
Or restless watch the anxious night away,—
Screen'd by this rustic shelter I'll repose
My weary limbs—and commune Lord! with Thee.

“My times are in Thy hand :—Thy will be done !”
To Thee my wife and children I commend,
Relations, friends, and servants ;—bless them all !
If Thou dost keep them, well shall they be kept.

[*After a pause.*

—Amongst the pressures of our mortal state,
A heavier (sin excepted) scarce I know,
Than when conflicting duties seem to jar,
And paths diverse perplex our onward way :
Full oft *some* ill 'tis needful to embrace ;
Reason instructs the *lesser* ill to choose ;
Religion whispers—count *that* ill the least,—
Nay, rather count it honor, joy, and gain,—
Which *most* may tend God's glory to advance,—
Thy highest glory, and thy great reward.
Life is a sacred trust—a trust from Heaven ;
As such, 'tis to be reverenc'd, not despis'd,—
Not prodigally spent, nor flung away,
But at His bidding who the trust conferr'd :
Then let it go “ as 'twere a careless trifle.”
But how His will, His bidding *ascertain* ?
His *word* explore,—“ a lamp unto thy feet :”
That is His will, be *that* thy rule of conduct,—
What thou believest firm may please Him best,
And best thy neighbour's welfare may promote ;

"Tis—what the selfish hate, the wicked fear.
How stands the case with me?—by shameful flight
My days perchance I might awhile prolong:
But what is life if loaded with regrets,
Such as would sink poor Gardiner to the grave?
We all are subjects to our rightful Prince,—
But soldiers subjects are, and servants too;
Their God, their country, and their King to serve
Should be their noble aim, their constant care.
While health and strength remain'd my best I've
done,
Much more I cannot do:—then let me fall,
If such Thy will, O Lord!—fall unreproach'd,
Some faithful duty sealing with my blood,
And serve my country more by death than living.
—It is enough,—thus far thro' grace I'm come,
Thy hand has led me on—Thy hand will fetch me
home.

(He sings.)

Jesus! since Thee I first beheld
A willing sacrifice for me,—
This thought has care and sorrow quell'd,
That I am justified thro' Thee.¹²

And tho' full oft this heart has stray'd,
Thy precious blood for wanderers pleads;

The burden all on Thee was laid,
And Mercy's voice still intercedes.

Accept my poor returns of love,
Thy blessing crown my humble toil;
Thy name be known—all names above,—
Then shall earth's barren desert smile.

Blest hours, and days, and years have roll'd
In closest walk with Thee, my Friend :
Oh ! may I soon Thy face behold,
Mid songs of praise that ne'er shall end.

He reposes till day-break.

Rising ;

Methinks a faint and distant sound I hear,
Borne on the wings of morning— [listening—
’tis the rebels ;

**Their march they steal thro' night and twilight dim,
Aiming no doubt to take us by surprize.**

[*Calling to his servants;*

**Bring me my horse—haste—bid them sound to arms—
Ten minutes more they'll see me at their head.**

[*Exit Servant.*]

**Have mercy, Lord! on those whose doom is nigh—
Remember once for them Thy Son did die!**

Drums and trumpets.

The Highlanders advance with rapidity; when come within gun-shot, they commence a furious fire, and rush on sword in hand.

Major GAUNTLET riding up in front;

I'll at the Colonel—he's grown weak and sickly;
And then my bonny lass—hurra! hurra!

[attacking Colonel GARDINER.

Have at thee, Colonel!—say thy prayers and die—
I'll send thee quick to heaven—

GARDINER.

Traitor! come on—

Is this thy loyalty? *[fight.*

take that—take that.

[Major GAUNTLET falls.

Unhappy wretch!—his desperate soul bursts forth.

Captain HARDY riding up;

Colonel, your fears, alas! were too well founded:
Our men begin to waver—woeful day!—
See, see—they fly, they fly—Oh! foul disgrace.

GARDINER.

Swift—Hardy, try to rally them again.

[Exit Captain HARDY.

[The Colonel is wounded by a bullet in his left breast.

SERVANT *coming up to him ;*

O my dear Master, pray you quit the field.

GARDINER.

'Tis only a flesh wound—I'll fight on still.

[He receives another shot in his right thigh.]

O God! direct me—what is now my duty?

[After a short pause ;

I spy a gallant company of foot,

Who'll soon be cut to pieces, fighting thus

Without a single officer to head them.

[He rides up to them, and cries out aloud :

Fire on, my lads! fear nought—brave boys, fire on.

[At this moment, a Highlander advances with a scythe fastened to a long pole, and gives him such a deep wound on his right arm, that his sword drops out of his hand ; and others coming up about him, he is dragged off from his horse : another Highlander instantly gives him a mortal stroke, either with a broad sword or a Lochabar axe, on the hinder part of his head. GARDINER waving his hat with his left hand ;

The appointed time is come—I now shall rest :

The battle's lost—retreat, my friends, retreat.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Bankton;—Breakfast Room.*

LADY FRANCES and MATILDA.

MATILDA.

How soon the firing ceas'd!—I fear the worst.

LADY FRANCES.

Hush! dear Matilda—e'en *thy* voice alarms me:

Oh! may this dread suspense be quickly o'er;—

What can we do the while but silent pray?

[they kneel.]

After a short time,

Enter Captain HARDY.

[they rise.]

LADY FRANCES.

Speak not—thy looks are words—sharp swords to
me!—

They stab me here—

[laying her hand on her heart.]

Ah! me—I cannot weep—

Refreshing tears, where are ye?—all congeal'd:

My heart it feels like marble cold and hard:

Break, adamant heart! *[she swoons away.]*

MATILDA, *weeping;*

Help, help!—dear mother!

[After a little while she is revived, and bursts into tears.]

HARDY.

Fain would I mingle comfort with your woe,
Fain tell what best may soothe you ; hear the voice
Of *true* condolence, *heart-felt* sympathy :
Yes, dearest Ladies, I too am bereav'd.

MATILDA.

O best of fathers !—is my brother safe ?

HARDY.

I think he is :—both regiments of horse
Were panic-struck, and fled precipitate :
The impetuous shock our infantry oppos'd ;
But soon on glory's bed as faint he sunk,
All hope their breasts forsook,—the fight was done ;
Dismay and carnage lorded o'er the plain.
Lieutenant-Colonel Whitney at his side,
Lieutenant West, myself with men fifteen,
Did what we could to save him,—but to yield
Or fly he scorn'd ;—ourselves we barely sav'd :
And some his sword laid low,—amongst them one
Who, under friendship's mask, base traitor prov'd.
—Unconquer'd man !—the victim victor fell ;
Then cease your anguish,—think, oh ! think—*he's*
well !

Back to the field of death I'll haste again,
For such a friend I'd bleed from every vein :

At Tranent's church, where holy vows he paid,
With tears embalm'd the lov'd remains be laid ;
Britons shall visit oft his honor'd clay,
And pensive read this tributary lay :

EPITAPH;

Tread soft !—a Christian hero sleeps ;
O'er Gardiner's tomb Britannia weeps :
What ! tho' his ashes mouldering lie,—
The joy-wing'd spirit soar'd on high :
Oh ! might each British warrior be
A warrior brave and good as He.

FINIS.

NOTES.



1, Page 15.—See 2 Peter, i. 19 ; Mat. xiii. 31, 32, 33 ; Mark, iv. 28.—&c.

2, Page 15.—See 2 Cor. iv. 6 ; John, xii. 46 ; Acts, x. 43 : To these references (and many more might be added) I beg leave to subjoin a passage from a Sermon of that eminent and learned divine, Dr. Doddridge.

“ I have known those of distinguished genius, polite
“ manners, and great experience in human affairs, who,
“ after having out-grown all the impressions of a religious
“ education, after having been hardened, rather than sub-
“ dued, by the most singular mercies, even various, re-
“ peated, and astonishing deliverances, which have ap-
“ peared to themselves no less than miraculous ; after
“ having lived for years ‘ without God in the world,’
“ notoriously corrupt themselves, and labouring to the
“ utmost to corrupt others ; have been stopt on a sudden
“ in the full career of their sin, and have felt such rays of
“ the Divine Presence, and of Redeeming Love, darting
“ in upon their minds, almost like lightning from heaven,
“ as have at once roused, over-powered, and transformed
“ them : so that they have come out of their secret cham-
“ bers with an irreconcilable enmity to those vices, to

“ which, when they entered them, they were the tamest and
 “ most abandoned slaves; and have appeared from that
 “ very hour the votaries, the patrons, the champions of
 “ religion; and after a course of the most resolute at-
 “ tachment to it, in spite of all the reasonings or the
 “ raileries, the importunities or the reproaches, of its
 “ enemies, they have continued to this day some of its
 “ brightest ornaments: a change, which I behold with
 “ equal wonder and delight, and which, if a nation should
 “ join in deriding it, I would adore as the finger of God.”

3, Page 15.—See Isaiah, lv. 1; Rev. xxii. 17; John, v. 40.—&c.

4, Page 15.—See John, i. 12; Ephes. ii. 8. 9. 10; Rom. ix. 16.—&c.

5, Page 17.—See Psalm xci.—1 Peter, v. 7.—&c.

6, Page 23.—This memorable event happened in July, 1719; when the Colonel was in the 32d. year of his age: Dr. Doddridge remarks on it as follows: (suggesting an idea—that visions, when most real, may be regarded as supernatural impressions on the imagination, rather than attended with any external *object*.)

“ There is indeed a possibility, that while he was sitting in this attitude, and reading in this careless and profane manner, he might suddenly fall asleep, and only dream of what he apprehended he saw. But nothing can be more certain, than that, when he gave me this relation, he judged himself to have been as broad awake, during the whole

time, as he ever was in any part of his life; and he mentioned it to me several times afterwards, as what undoubtedly passed, not only in his imagination, but before his eyes."

"But surely, if the truth of the fact be admitted, in the lowest views in which it can be placed (that is, supposing the first impression to have passed in a dream,) it must be allowed to have been little, if any thing, less than miraculous. It cannot in the course of nature be imagined, how such a dream should arise in a mind full of the most impure ideas and affections, and (as he himself often pleaded) more alienated from the thoughts of a crucified Saviour, than from any other object that can be conceived: nor can we surely suppose it should, without a mighty energy of the Divine Power, be effectual to produce not only some transient flow of passion, but so entire and so permanent a change in character and conduct."

"Indeed, when I consider how habitual all those criminal indulgencies were grown to him, and that he was now in the prime of life, and all this while in high health too, I cannot but be astonished to reflect upon it, that he should be so wonderfully sanctified in body, as well as in soul and spirit, as that, for all the future years of his life, he from that hour, should find so constant a disinclination to, and abhorrence of, those criminal sensualities, to which he fancied he was before so invincibly impelled by his very constitution, that he was used strangely to think, and

to say, that Omnipotence itself could not reform him, without destroying that body, and giving him another."

To these observations, the author presumes to add another, viz. that the few words with which Scripture furnishes us, descriptive of the Prophet Balaam's vision, are perhaps not inapplicable in the present instance: Numbers, xxiv. 4; "falling into a trance, but having his eyes open."

7, Page 27.—See 2 Tim. iii. 12.—&c.

8, Page 27.—See James, iv. 5.—&c.

9, Page 34.—This line consists nearly of the Colonel's own words on a similar occasion.

10, Page 36.—See Mat. xviii. 7.—&c.

11, Page 43.—See Psalm lxxiii. 24.—&c.

12, Page 49.—See Rom. iii. 25. 26.—It was by means of the powerful impression which this passage made on his mind, that he felt the burden of his sin removed.

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