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LEWESDON HILL

A P O E M.

Χαιρ' ὦ πέδον ἀγχιάλου,
Και μ' εὐπλοία πέμψον ἀμεμπτῶς
Ἐνθ' ἡ μεγάλη μοῖρα κομίζει,
———χω πάνδαματων
Δαιμων, ὅς ταυτ' ἐπεκρανεν.

SOPH.

Farewell thy printless sands and pebbly shore !
I hear the white surge beat thy coast no more,
Pure, gentle source of the high, rapturous mood !——
——Wheree'er, like the great Flood, by thy dread force
Propell'd—shape Thou my calm, my blameless course,
Heaven, Earth and Ocean's Lord !—and Father of the Good !

* * *

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T O T H E
R I G H T R E V E R E N D F A T H E R I N G O D

J O N A T H A N

L O R D B I S H O P O F S T. A S A P H

W H O I N A L E A R N E D F R E E A N D L I B E R A L A G E
I S H I M S E L F M O S T H I G H L Y D I S T I N G U I S H E D
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T H I S P O E M

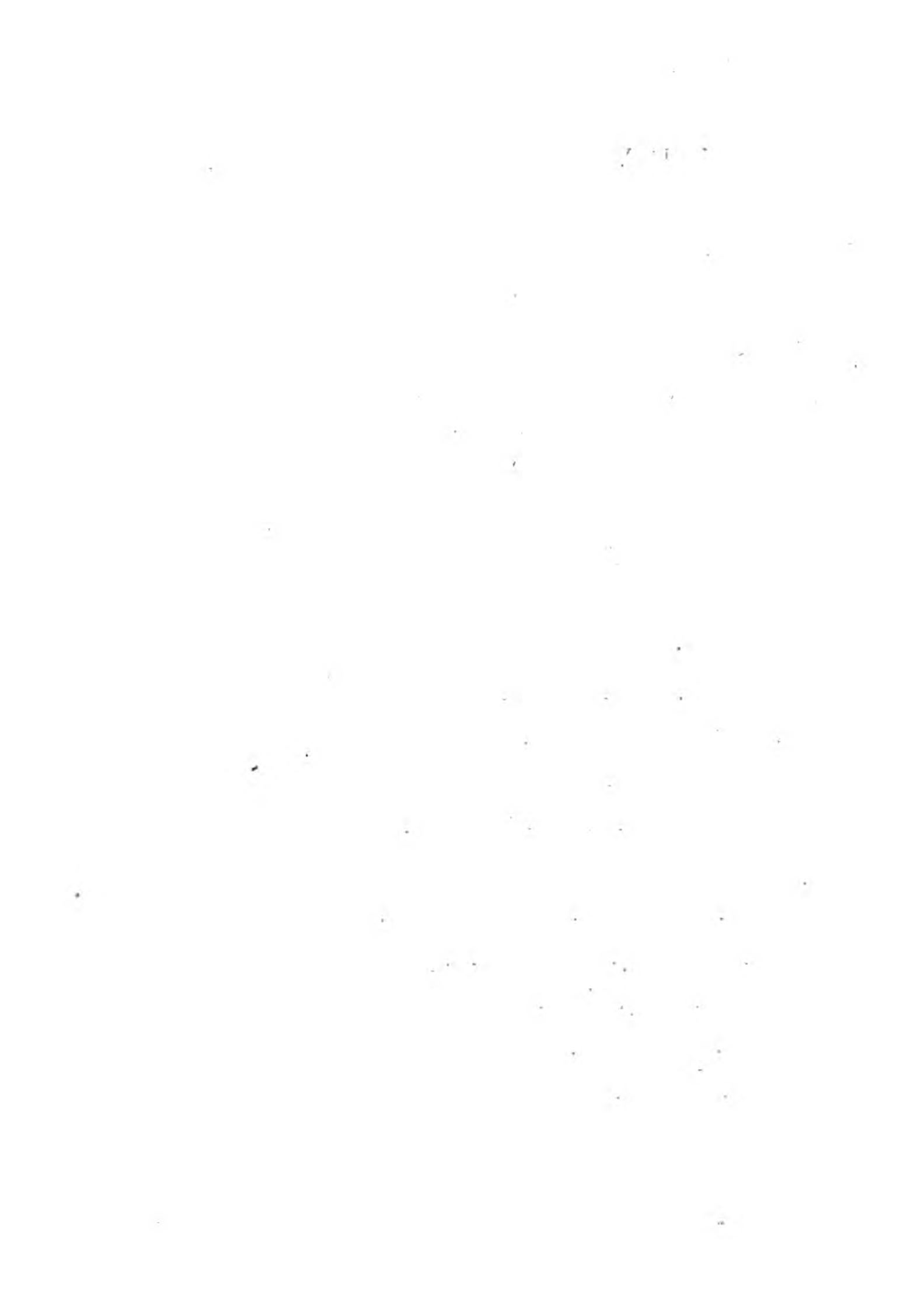
W I T H A L L R E S P E C T I S D E D I C A T E D
B Y H I S L O R D S H I P ' S M O S T O B L I G E D
A N D M O S T O B E D I E N T S E R V A N T

T H E A U T H O R.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE Hill which gives title to the following Poem is situated in the western part of Dorsetshire. This choice of a Subject, to which the Author was led by his residence near the spot, may seem perhaps to confine him to topics of mere rural and local description. But he begs leave here to inform the Reader that he has advanced beyond those narrow limits to something more general and important. On the other hand he trusts, that in his farthest excursions the connexion between him and his subject will easily be traced. The few notes which are subjoined he thought necessary to elucidate the passages where they are inserted. He will only add in this place, from Hutchins's History of Dorsetshire, (Vol. I. p. 366.) what is there said of Lewesdon (or, as it is now corruptly called, Lewson) ' This and Pillesdon Hill, ' surmount all the hills, though very high, between them ' and the sea. Mariners call them the *Cow and Calf*, in ' which forms they are fancied to appear, being eminent ' sea-marks to those who sail upon the coast.'

To the top of this Hill the Author describes himself as walking on a May morning.



LEWESDON HILL.

UP to thy summit, LEWESDON, to the brow
Of yon proud rising, where the lonely thorn
Bends from the rude South-east, with top cut sheer
By his keen breath, along the narrow track
By which the scanty-pastured sheep ascend
Up to thy furze-clad summit, let me climb;
My morning exercise; and thence look round
Upon the variegated scene, of hills,
And woods, and fruitful vales, and villages.
Half-hid in tufted orchards, and the sea
Boundless, and studded thick with many a sail.

Ye dew-fed vapours, nightly balm, exhaled
From earth, young herbs and flowers, that in the morn
Ascend as incense to the Lord of day,
I come to breathe your odours ; while they float
Yet near this surface, let me walk embathed
In your invisible perfumes, to health
So friendly, nor less grateful to the mind,
Adminiftring sweet peace and cheerfulness.

How changed is thy appearance, beauteous hill !
Thou haft put off thy wintry garb, brown heath
And ruffet fern, thy feemly-colour'd cloak
To bide the hoary frofts and dripping rains
Of chill December, and art gaily robed
In livery of the fpring : upon thy brow
A cap of flowery hawthorn, and thy neck
Mantled with new-fprung furze and fpangles thick
Of golden bloom : nor lack thee tufted woods
Adown thy fides : Tall oaks of lufty green,
The darker fir, light afh, and the nesh tops
Of the young hazel join, to form thy skirts

L E W E S D O N H I L L.

In many a wavy fold of verdant wreath.
So gorgeously hath Nature drest thee up
Against the birth of May; and, vested so,
Thou dost appear more gracefully array'd
Than Fashion's worshippers; whose gaudy shews,
Fantaftical as are a fick man's dreams,
From vanity to costly vanity
Change oftener than the moon. Thy comely drefs,
From fad to gay returning with the year,
Shall grace thee ftill till Nature's felf fhall change.

These are the beauties of thy woodland fcene
At each return of fpring: yet fome delight
Rather to view the change; and fondly gaze
On fading colours, and the thousand tints
Which Autumn lays upon the varying leaf.
I like them not; for all their boasted hues
Are kin to Sicklinefs: mortal Decay
Is drinking up their vital juice; that gone,
They turn to fear and yellow. Should I praife
Such falfe complexions, and for beauty take
A look confumption-bred? As foon, if gray

Were mixt in young Louifa's tresses brown,
I'd call it beautiful variety,
And therefore doat on her. Yet I can spy
A beauty in that fruitful change, when comes
The yellow Autumn and the hopes o'the year
Brings on to golden ripeness; nor dispraise
The pure and spotless form of that sharp time,
When January spreads a pall of snow
O'er the dead face of th'undistinguish'd earth.
Then stand I in the hollow comb beneath
And bless this friendly mount, that weather-fends
My reed-roof'd cottage, while the wintry blast
From the thick north comes howling: till the Spring
Return, who leads my devious steps abroad,
To climb, as now, to LEWESDON's airy top.

Above the noise and stir of yonder fields
Uplifted, on this height I feel the mind
Expand itself in wider liberty.
The distant sounds break gently on my sense,
Soothing to meditation: so methinks,
Even so, sequester'd from the noisy world,

Could

Could I wear out this transitory being
In peaceful contemplation and calm ease.
But conscience, which still censures on our acts,
That awful voice within us, and the sense
Of an hereafter, wake and rouse us up
From such unshaped retirement ; which were else
A blest condition on this earthy stage.
For who would make his life a life of toil
For wealth, o'erbalanced with a thousand cares ;
Or power, which base compliance must uphold ;
Or honour, lavish'd most on courtly slaves ;
Or fame, vain breath of a misjudging world ;
Who for such perishable gaudes would put
A yoke upon his free unbroken spirit,
And gall himself with trammels and the rubs
Of this world's business ; so he might stand clear
Of judgment and the tax of idleness
In that dread audit, when his mortal hours
(Which now with soft and silent stealth pace by)
Must all be counted for ? But, for this fear,
And to remove, according to our power,
The wants and evils of our brother's state,

'Tis meet we juggle with the world ; content,
 If by our soveraign Master we be found
 At last not profitless : for worldly meed,
 Given or withheld, I deem of it alike.

From this proud eminence on all sides round
 Th' unbroken prospect opens to my view ;
 On all sides large ; save only where the head
 Of Pillesdon rises, Pillesdon's lofty Pen :
 So call (still rendering to his ancient name
 Observance due) that rival Height south-west,
 Which like a rampire bounds the vale beneath.
 There woods, there blooming orchards, there are seen
 Herds, ranging, or at rest beneath the shade
 Of some wide-branching oak ; there goodly fields
 Of corn, and verdant pasture, whence the kine
 Returning with their milky treasure home
 Store the rich dairy : such fair plenty fills
 The pleasant vale of Marshwood ; pleasant now,
 Since that the Spring has deck'd anew the meads
 With flowery vesture, and the warmer sun
 Their foggy moistness drain'd ; in wintry days

Cold,

Cold, vapourish, miry, wet, and to the flocks
 Unfriendly, when autumnal rains begin
 To drench the spongy turf: but ere that time
 The careful shepherd moves to healthier soil,
 Rechasing, lest his tender ewes should coath*
 In the dank pasturage. Yet not the fields
 Of *Evesham*, nor that ample valley named
 Of the *White Horse*, its antique monument
 Carved in the chalky bourne, for beauty' and wealth
 Might equal, though surpassing in extent,
 This fertile vale; in length from LEWESDON'S base
 Extended to the sea, and water'd well
 By many a rill; but chief with thy clear stream,
 Thou nameless Rivulet, who from the side
 Of LEWESDON softly welling forth, dost trip

* To *coath*, Skinner says, is a word common in Lincolnshire; and signifies, to *faint*. He derives it from the Anglo-Saxon, *coðe*, a *disease*. In Dorsetshire it is in common use, but is used of sheep only: a *coathed* sheep is a *rotten* sheep; to *coath* is to *take the rot*. *Rechasing* is also a term in that country appropriated to flocks: to *chase and rechase* is to drive sheep at certain times from one sort of ground to another, or from one parish to another.

The Author having ventured to introduce some provincial and other terms, takes this occasion to say, that it is a liberty in which he has not indulged himself, but when he conceived them to be allowable for the sake of ornament or expression.

Adown the valley, wandering sportively.
Alas, how soon thy little course will end !
How soon thy infant stream shall lose itself
In the salt mafs of waters, ere it grow
To name or greatness ! Yet it flows along
Untainted with the commerce of the world,
Nor passing by the noisy haunts of men ;
But through sequester'd meads, a little space,
Winds secretly, and in its wanton path
May cheer some drooping flower, or minister
Of its cool water to the thirsty lamb :
Then falls into the ravenous sea, as pure
As when it issued from its native hill.

So to thine early grave didst thou run on,
Spotless Francesca, so, after short course,
Thine innocent and playful infancy
Was swallowed up in death, and thy pure spirit
In that illimitable gulph which bounds
Our mortal continent. But not there lost,
Not there extinguish'd, as some falsely teach,
Who can talk much and learnedly of life,

Who

Who know our frame and fashion, who can tell
The substance and the properties of man,
As they had seen him made; aye and stood by
Spies on Heaven's work. They also can discourse
Wisely, to prove that what must be must be,
And shew how thoughts are jogg'd out of the brain
By a mechanical impulse; pushing on
The minds of us, poor unaccountables,
To fatal resolution. Know they not,
That in this mortal life, whate'er it be,
We take the path that leads to good or evil,
And therein find our blifs or misery?
And this includes all reasonable ends
Of knowledge or of being; farther to go
Is toil unprofitable, and th' effect
Most perilous wandering. Yet of this be sure;
Where Freedom is not, there no Virtue is:
If there be none, this world is all a cheat,
And the divine stability of Heaven
(That assured seat for good men after death)
Is but a tranfient cloud; display'd so fair
To cherish virtuous hope, but at our need

Eludes the sense, and fools our honest faith,
 Vanishing in a lie. If this be so,
 Were it not better to be born a beast,
 Only to feel what is, and thus to scape
 The agonish fear that shakes the afflicted breast
 With fore anxiety of what shall be;
 And all for nought? Since our most wicked act
 Is not our sin, and our religious awe
 Delusion; if that strong Necessity
 Chains up our will. But that the mind is free,
 The Mind herself, best judge of her own state,
 Is feelingly convinced; nor to be moved
 By subtle words, that may perplex the head,
 But ne'er persuade the heart. Vain Argument,
 That with false weapons of Philosophy
 Fights against Hope, and Sense, and Nature's strength!

See how the Sun, here clouded, afar off
 Pours down the golden radiance of his light
 Upon the enridged sea; where the black ship
 Sails on the phosphor-seeming waves. So fair,
 But falsely-flattering, was yon surface calm,

When

When forth for India fail'd in evil time
 That Vessel, whose disastrous fate, when told,
 Fill'd every breast with horror, and each eye
 With piteous tears; so cruel was the loss. †
 Methinks I see her, as, by the wintry storm
 Shatter'd and driven along past yonder Isle,
 She strove, her latest hope, by strength or art
 To gain the Port within it, or at worst
 To shun that harbourless and hollow coast

† The distressful condition of the *Halfwell* here alluded to is thus circumstantially described in the Narrative of her loss, p. 13.

“ Thursday the 5th, at two in the morning the wind came to the southward. blew fresh, and the weather was very thick: at noon Portland was seen, bearing N. by E. distance two or three leagues; at eight at night it blew a strong gale at S. and at this time the Portland lights were seen, bearing N. W. distance four or five leagues, when they wore ship, and got her head to the westward; but finding they lost ground upon that tack, they wore again, and kept stretching on eastward, in hopes to have weathered Peverel-point, in which case they intended to have anchored in Studland Bay: at 11 at night it cleared, and they saw St. Alban's-head a mile and a half to the leeward of them; upon which they took in sail immediately, and let go the small bower anchor, which brought up the ship at a whole cable, and she rode for about an hour, but then drove; they now let go the sheet anchor and wore away a whole cable, and the ship rode for about two hours longer, when she drove again.—They were then driving very fast on shore, and might expect every moment to strike.”

From Portland eastward to the *Promontory,
 Where still St. Alban's high-built chapel stands.
 But art nor strength avail her : on she drives,
 In storm and darkness to the fatal coast ;
 And there 'mong rocks and high-o'erhanging cliffs
 Dash'd piteously, with all her precious freight
 Was lost ; by Neptune's wild and foamy jaws
 Swallow'd up quick ! The richliest-laden ship
 Of spicy Ternate, or that annual, sent
 To the Philippines o'er the Southern main
 From Acapulco, carrying massy gold,
 Were poor to this ;—freighted with hopeful Youth,
 And Beauty, and high Courage undismay'd
 By mortal terrors, and paternal Love

* ' Not far from this (Encombe) stands St. *Aldene's* Chapel : which took name from the dedication to St. Adeline, the first Bishop of Sherbourne in this shire : but now it serves for a sea-mark.' Coker's Survey of Dorsetsh. p. 47.

Near the sea is the high land of *St. Aldhelm's*, commonly called *St. Alban's*, a noted sea-mark. The cliff here is 147 yards perpendicular. On this promontory, about a mile S. of *Worth*, stands a chapel of the same name.' Hutchins's Dorsetsh. Vol. I. p. 228. But this headland is not marked by name in Hutchins's map. ' The very utter part of *St. Aldhelm's* point is five miles from *Sandwich* (*Swanwich*). *Lel. Itin.* Vol. III. p. 53.

Strong

Strong, and unconquerable even in death—
Alas, they perish'd all, all in one hour !

Now yonder high way view, wide-beaten, bare
With ceaseless tread of men and beasts, and track
Of many' indenting wheels, heavy and light,
That violently rush with unsafe speed,
Or slowly turn, oft-resting, up the steep.
Mark how that road, with mazes serpentine,
From * Shipton's bottom to the lofty down
Winds like a path of pleasure, drawn by art
Through park or flowery garden for delight.
Nor less delightful this ; if, while he mounts
Not wearied, the free Journeyer will pause
To view the prospect oft, as oft to see
Beauty still changing : yet not so contrived
By fancy' or choice, but of necessity,
By soft gradations of ascent to lead

* Shipton is a hill, which, according to common report, is so called from its shape : the top of it being formed like a ship with the keel upwards. It stands three miles from Bridport on the road towards London ; which road passes by the foot of it to the North.

The labouring and way-worn feet along,
And make their toil less toilsome. Half way up
Or nearer to the top, behold a cot,
O'er which the branchy trees, those sycamores,
Wave gently : at their roots a rustic bench
Invites to short refreshment, and to taste
What grateful beverage the house may yield
After fatigue, or dusty heat ; thence call'd
The *Traveller's Rest*. Welcome, embower'd seat,
Friendly repose to the slow passenger
Ascending, ere he takes his sultry way
Along th' interminable road, stretch'd out
Over th' unshelter'd down ; or when at last
He has that hard and solitary path
Measured by painful steps. And blest are they,
Who in life's toilsome journey may make pause
After a march of glory : yet not such
As rise in causeless war, troubling the world
By their mad quarrel, and in fields of blood
Hail'd victors, thence renown'd, and call'd on earth
Kings, heroes, demi-gods, but in high Heaven
Thieves, ruffians, murderers ; these find no repose :

Thee

Thee rather, patriot Conqueror, to thee
Belongs such rest; who in the western world,
Thine own deliver'd country, for thyself
Hast planted an immortal grove, and there,
Upon the glorious mount of Liberty
Reposing, sit'st beneath the palmy shade.

And Thou, not less renown'd in like attempt
Of high atchievement, though thy virtue fail'd
To save thy little country, Patriot Prince,
Hero, Philosopher (what more could they
Who wisely chose Thee, PAOLI, to bless
Thy native Isle, long struggling to be free?
But Heaven allow'd not) yet may'st thou repose
After thy glorious toil, secure of fame
Well-earn'd by virtue: while ambitious France,
Who stretch'd her lawless hand to seize thine isle,
Enjoys not rest or glory; with her prey
Gorged but not satisfied, and craving still
Against th' intent of Nature. See Her now
Upon the adverse shore, her Norman coast,

* Plying her monstrous labour unrestrain'd ;
 A rank of castles in the rough sea funk,
 With towery shape and height, and armed heads
 Uprising o'er the surge ; and these between,
 Unmeasurable mass of ponderous rock
 Projected many a mile to rear her wall
 Midst the deep waters. She, the mighty work
 Still urging, in her arrogant attempt,
 As with a lordly voice to the Ocean cries,
 ' Hitherto come, no farther ; here be staid
 ' The raging of thy waves ; within this bound
 ' Be all my haven : ' and therewith takes in
 A space of amplest circuit, wide and deep,
 Won from the straiten'd main : nor less in strength
 Than in dimensions ; giant-like in both :
 On each side flank'd with citadels and towers
 And rocky walls, and arches massy proof
 Against the storm of war. Compared with this,
 † Less, and less hazardous emprise atcheived

* A detail of this vast project is given at the conclusion of this Poem.

† Quint. Curt. lib. 4. cap. 2, 3.

Refitless

L E W E S D O N H I L L.

Resistless Alexander, when he cast
The strong foundations of that high-raised mound
Deep in the hostile waves, his martial way;
Built on before him up to sea-girt Tyre.
* Nor aught so bold, so vast, so wonderful,
At Athos or the fetter'd Hellespont,
Imagined in his pride that Asian vain,
Xerxes,—but ere he turn'd from Salamis
Fly'ing through the blood-red waves in one poor bark,
Retarded by thick-weltering carcasses.
† Nor yet that elder work (if work it were,
Not fable) raised upon the Phrygian shore,
(Where lay the fleet confederate against Troy,
A thousand ships behind the vasty mole
All shelter'd) could with this compare, though built
It seem'd, of greatness worthy to create
Envy in the immortals; and at last
Not overthrown without th' embattled aid
Of angry Neptune. So may He once more
Rise from his troubled bed, and send his waves,

* Juv. Sat. X. v. 173, 186.

† Hom. Il. VII. v. 433, 463. et Il. XII. v. 1, 33.

Urged on to fury by contending winds,
 With horned violence to push and whelm
 This pile, usurping on his watry reign!

From hostile shores returning, glad I look
 On native scenes again; and first salute
 Thee, * Burton, and thy lofty cliff, where oft
 The nightly blaze is kindled; further seen
 Than erst was that love-tended cresset, hung
 Beside the Hellespont: yet not like that
 Inviting to the hospitable arms
 Of Beauty' and Youth, but lighted up, the sign
 Of danger, and of ambush'd foes to warn
 The stealth-approaching Vessel, homeward bound
 From Havre or the Norman isles, with freight
 Of wines and hotter drinks, the trash of France,
 Forbidden merchandize. Such fraud to quell
 Many a light skiff and well-appointed sloop

* Burton is a village near the sea, lying S. E. from Lewesdon, and about two miles S. of Shipton-hill beforementioned. The Cliff is among the loftiest of all upon that coast; and Smugglers often take advantage of its height for the purpose related in the poem.

Lies hovering near the coast, or hid behind
Some curved promontory, in hope to seize
These contraband : vain hope ! on that high shore
Station'd, th' associates of their lawless trade
Keep watch, and to their fellows off at sea
Give the known signal ; they with fearful haste
Observant, put about the ship, and plunge
Into concealing darkness. As a fox,
That from the cry of hounds and hunters' din
Runs crafty down the wind, and steals away
Forth from his cover, hopeful so t'elude
The not yet following pack,—if chance the shout
Of eager or unpractised boy betray
His meditated flight, back he retires
To shelter him in the thick wood : so these
Retiring, ply to south, and shun the land
Too perilous to approach : and oft at sea
Secure (or ever nigh the guarded coast
They venture) to the trackless deep they trust
Their forfeitable cargo, rundlets small,
Together link'd upon their cable's length,
And to the shelving bottom sunk and fixt

By stony weights ; till happier hour arrive
To land it on the vacant beach unrisk'd.

But what is yonder † Hill, whose dusky brow
Wears, like a regal diadem, the round
Of antient battlements and ramparts high ;
And frowns upon the vales ? I know thee not.
Thou hast no name, no honourable note,
No chronicle of all thy warlike pride,
To testify what once thou wert, how great,
How glorious, and how fear'd. So perish all,

† ‘ Eggardon Hill is a very high hill, and gives name to the Hundred. Mr. Coker says it is uncertain whether it takes its name from Edgar, King of the West Saxons, or from Orgarus, Earl of Cornwall : and indeed this last derivation is the truest ; there being little reason to doubt that it is the old *Orgarestone*. The camp on the brow of this hill is a large and strong fortification, and seems to be Roman.’ Hutchins’s Dorset. Vol. I. p. 289 ; where there is an engraving of this camp. But Hutchins has misrepresented Mr. Coker, who indeed prefers the derivation from Orgar. His words are these : ‘ That it takes name from Edgar, the West Saxon King, I dare not affirm, having nothing to prove it but the nearness of the name. It better likes me to think this the place, which in Doomsday-book is called *Orgarreston*, but whether it take name from Orgareus, Earl of Cornwall, I know not ; though I think I should run into no great error to believe it. Coker’s Survey of Dorsetshire, p. 26.

Who

Who seek their greatness in dominion held
Over their fellows, or the pomp of war ;
And be as thou forgotten, and their fame
Cancell'd like thine ! But thee in after times
Reclaim'd to culture, Shepherds visited,
And call'd thee Orgarston ; so thee they call'd
Of Orgar, Saxon earl, the wealthy sire
Of fair Elfrida ; She, whose happy Bard
Has with his gentle witchery so wrought
Upon our sense, that we can see no more
Her mad ambition, treacherous cruelty,
And purple robes of state with royal blood
Inhospitably stain'd ; but in their place
Pure faith, soft manners, filial duty meek,
Connubial love, and stoles of faintly white.

Fain would I view thee, Corfcombe, fain would hail
The ground where * Hollis lies ; his choice retreat,

* ' Mr. Hollis, in order to preserve the memory of those heroes and patriots for whom he had a veneration, as the assertors and defenders of his country, called many of the farms and fields in his estate at Corfcombe by their names ; and by these names they are still distinguished. In the middle of one of those fields, not far from his house, he ordered his corps to be deposited in a
grave

Where, from the busy world withdrawn, he lived
 To generous Virtue and the holy love
 Of Liberty, a dedicated spirit :
 And left his ashes there ; still honouring
 Thy fields, with title given of patriot names,
 But more with his untitled sepulchre.
 That envious ridge conceals thee from my sight ;
 Which, passing o'er thy place north-east, looks on
 To Sherburne's ancient towers and rich domains,
 The noble Digby's mansion ; where he dwells
 Inviolate, and fearless of thy curse,
 War-glutt'd * Osmund, superstitious Lord !

grave ten feet deep ; and that the field should be immediately plowed over, that no trace of his burial place might remain.' Memoirs of Thomas Hollis, Esq. Vol. I. p. 481.

* Of the strange Curse belonging to Shireburne-Castle. From a MS. of the late Bishop of Ely (Bp John More) now in the Royal Library at Cambridge.

‘ Osmund a Norman Knight (who had served *William* Duke of *Normandy* from his youth, in all his wars against the French King, and the Duke's (*William's*) subjects, with much valour and discretion) for all his faithful service (when his Master had by conquest obtained the crown of England) was rewarded with many great gifts ; among the which was the Earldome of *Dorset*, and the gift of many other Possessions, whereof the Castle and Baronie of *Sherburne* were parcell. But Osmund, in the declynge of his age, calling to mynde the great effusion of blood, which, from
 his

Who with Heaven's justice for a bloody life
 Madest thy presumptuous bargain ; giving more

his infancie, he had shedd ; he resolved to leave all worldly delights, and betake himself to a religious life, the better to contemplate on his former finnes and to obteyn Pardon for them. And, with much importunitie, having gotten leave of the Kinge (who was unwilling to want the assistance of so grave and worthy a Counseller) to resign his temporall honors ; and having obteyned the Bishoprick of *Sarum*, he gave *Sherburne* with other lands to the Bishoprick. To which gift he annexed this Curse,

That whosoever should take those Lands from the Bishoprick, or diminish them in great or in small, should be accursed, not only in this world, but also in the world to come ; unless in his life-time he made restitution thereof. And so he died Bishop of *Sarum*.

Those lands continued in the possession of his successors till the reign of King Stephen, who took them away ; ' whereupon (says this Account) his prosperity forsook him.' King Stephen being dead, ' these lands came into the hands of some of the *Mountagues* (after Erles of *Sarum*) who whilest they held the same, underwent many disasters. For one or other of them fell by misfortune. And finally, all the males of them became extinct, and the Earldome received an end in their name. So ill was their success.

After this the lands were restored to the Bishoprick ; but were taken away a second time by the Duke of Somersset, in the reign of Edward VI ; ' when the Duke, being hunting in the Parke of *Sherburne*, he was sent for presently unto the Kinge (to whome he was Protector) and at his coming up to *London*, was forthwith committed unto the *Tower*, and, shortly after, lost his head.' The lands then, in a suit at law, were adjudged to the Bishop of *Sarum* ; and so remained, ' till Sir Walter Raleigh procured a grant of them ; he afterwards unfortunately lost them, and at last his head also. Upon his attainder they came, by the King's gift, to Prince
Henry ;

Than thy juſt having to redeem thy guilt,
 And daredſt bid th' Almighty to become
 The miniſter of thy curſe. But ſure it fell,
 So bigots fondly judged, full ſure it fell
 With ſacred vengeance pointed on the head
 Of many a bold uſurper: chief on thine
 (Favourite of Fortune once but laſt her thrall)
 Accompliſh'd * Raleigh! in that lawleſs day

Henry; who died not long after the poſſeſſion thereof. After Prince *Henry's* death, the Erle of *Somerſett (Carr)* did poſſeſſe them. Finally, he loſt them, and many other greater fortunes.' Peck's Deſid. Cur. Lib. 14. No. 6.

* 'How Dr. *John Coldwell*, of a Phyſitian became a Biſhop I have heard by more than a good many; and I will briefly handle it, and as tenderly as I can; bearing myſelf equal between the living (*Sir Walter Raleigh*) and the dead (*Biſhop Coldwell*). Yet the manifeſt judgments of God on both of them I may not paſs over with ſilence. And to ſpeak firſt of the Knight, who carried off the *Spolia opima* of the Biſhoprick. He, having gotten *Sherborne* Caſtle, Park, and Parſonage, was in thoſe days in ſo great favour with the Queen, as I may boldly ſay, that with leſs ſuit than he was fain to make to her e'er he could perfect this his purchaſe, and with leſs money than he beſtowed ſince in *Sherborne* (in building, and buying out leaſes, and in drawing the river through rocks into his garden) he might, very juſtly, and without offence of either Church or State, have compaſſed a much better purchaſe. Alſo, as I have been truly informed, he had a preſage before he firſt attempted it, which did foreſhew it would turn to his ruin, and might have kept him from meddling with it,—*Si mens non læva fuiſſet*: For, as he was riding poſt between
Plymouth

When, like a goodly hart, thou wert beset
 With crafty blood-hounds lurching for thy life
 Whileas they feign'd to chace thee fairly down:
 And that foul Scot, the minion-kissing king,
 Pursued with havoc in the tyrannous hunt.

How is it vanish'd in a hafty spleen,
 The Tor of Glastonbury! Even but now

Plymouth and the Court [as many times he did upon no small employments) this Castle being right in the way, he cast such an eye upon it as *Abab* did upon *Naboth's* Vineyard. And, once above the rest, being talking of it (of the commodiousness of the place of the strength of the feat, and how easily it might be got from the Bishopric) suddenly over and over came his horse, that his very face (which was then thought a very good face) plowed up the earth where he fell. This fall was ominous I make no question and himself was apt to construe it so. But his brother *Adrian* would needs have him interpret it as a conqueror, that his fall prefigured the quiet possession of it. And accordingly for the present it so fell out. So that with much labor, travel, cost, envy, and obloquy he got it *habendum et tenendum* to him and his heirs. But see what became of him. In the public joy and jubile of the whole realm (when favor, peace, and pardon, were offered even to offenders) he who in wit, in wealth, in courage was inferior to few, fell suddenly (I cannot tell how) into such a downfall of despair; as his greatest enemy would not have wished him so much harm, as he would have done himself. Can any man be so wilfully blind, as not to see and say, *Digitus Dei hic est!* Harrington's Breif View, p. 88.

I saw the hoary pile cresting the top
 Of that north-western hill ; and in this Now
 A cloud hath past on it, and its dim bulk
 Becomes annihilate, or if not, a spot
 Which the strain'd vision tires itself to find.

And even so fares it with the things of earth
 Which seem most constant : there will come the cloud
 That shall infold them up, and leave their place
 A seat for Emptiness. Our narrow ken
 Reaches too far, when all that we behold
 Is but the havoc of wide-wasting Time,
 Or what he soon shall spoil. His out-spread wings
 (Which bear him like an eagle o'er the earth)
 Are plumed in front so downy soft they seem
 To foster what they touch, and mortal fools
 Rejoice beneath their hovering : woe the while !
 For in that indefatigable flight
 The multitudinous strokes incessantly
 Bruise all beneath their cope, and mark on all
 His secret injury ; on the front of man
 Gray hairs and wrinkles ; still as Time speeds on
 Hard and more hard his iron pennons beat

With

With ceaseless violence ; nor overpafs,
Till all the creatures of this nether world
Are one wide quarry : following dark behind,
The cormorant Oblivion fwallows up
The carcaffes that Time has made his prey.

But hark ! the village clock ftrikes nine ; the chimes
Merrily follow, tuneful to the fenfe
Of the pleafed clown attentive, while they make
Falfe-meafured melody on crazy bells.
O wondrous Power of modulated found !
Which like the air (whofe all-obedient fhape
Thou makeft thy flave) canft fubtilly pervade
The yielded avenues of fenfe, unlock
The clofe affections, by fome fairy path
Winning an eafy way through every ear,
And with thine unftubstantial quality
Holding in mighty chains the hearts of all ;
All, but fome cold and fullen-temper'd fpirits,
Who feel no touch of fymphony or love.

Yet what is mufic, and the blended power
Of voice with inftruments of wind and ftring ?

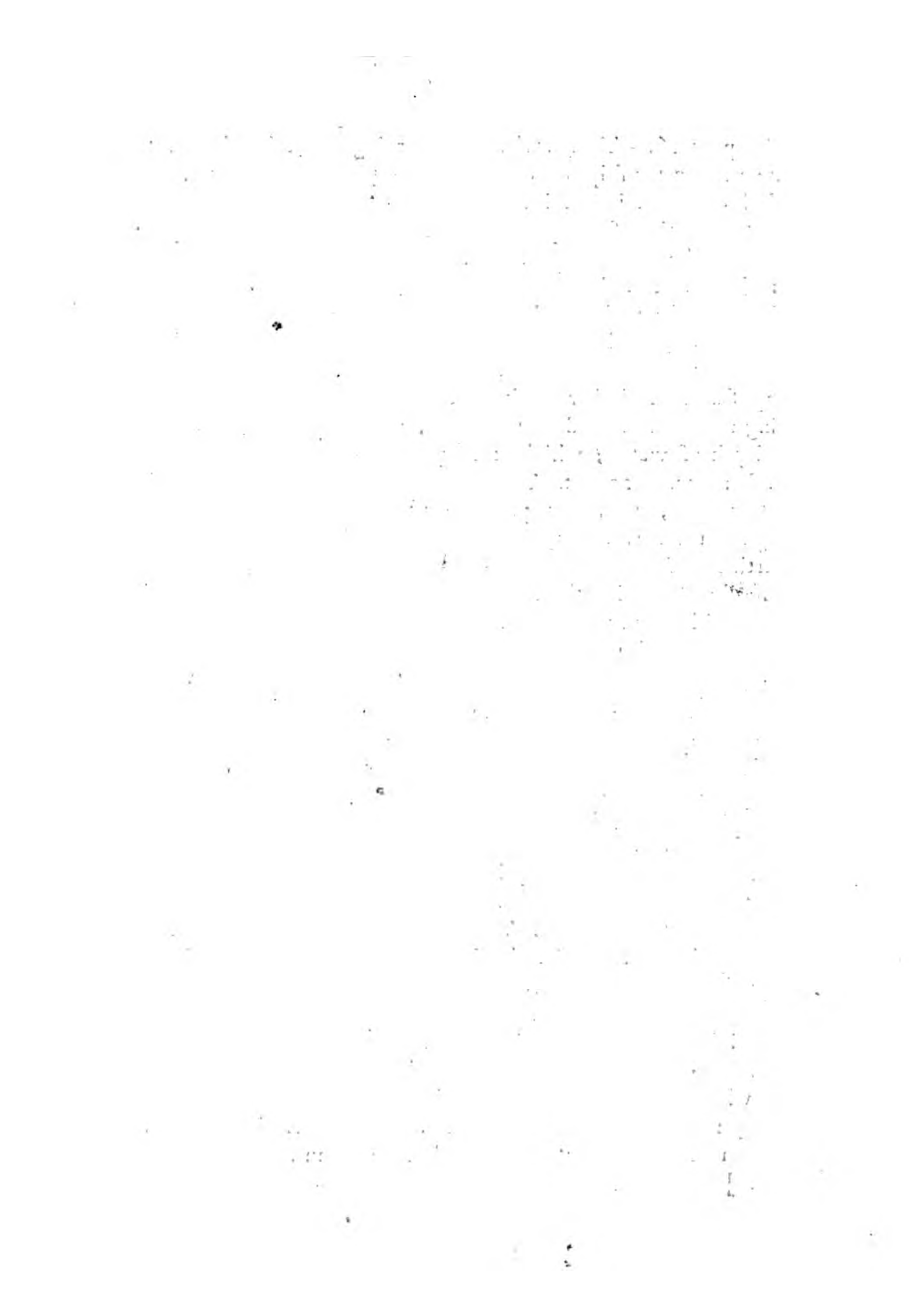
What but an empty pageant of sweet noise ?
Tis past: and all that it has left behind
Is but an echo dwelling in the ear
Of the toy-taken fancy, and beside
A void and countless hour in life's brief day.

But ill accords my verse with the delights
Of this gay month: and see the Villagers
Assembling jocund in their best attire
To grace this genial morn. Now I descend
To join the worldly croud; perchance to talk,
To think, to act as they: then all these thoughts,
That lift th' expanded heart above this spot
To heavenly musing, these shall pass away
(Even as this goodly prospect from my view)
Hidden by near and earthy-rooted cares.
So passeth human life; our better mind
Is as a Sunday's garment, then put on
When we have nought to do; but at our work
We wear a worse for thrift. Of this enough:
To-morrow for severer thought; but now
To breakfast, and keep festival to-day.

T H E E N D.

[See page 16.—THE works now carrying on at Cherburgh to make a haven for ships of war, are principally the following. Of these however it is not intended to give a full description; but only to mention some particulars, from which an idea may be formed of the greatness of the scheme.

In the open sea, above a league from the town and within half a mile west of a rock called *L'isle Pelée*, a pier is begun, with design of conducting it on to the shore somewhat beyond *Point Hommet*, about two miles westward of Cherburgh. In order to this, a strong frame of timber-work, of the shape of a truncated cone, having been constructed on the beach, was buoyed out, and sunk in a depth of water; which at lowest ebb is 35 feet, and where the tide rises near 20 feet. The diameter of this cone at bottom is about 60 yards, its height 70 feet; and the area on its top large enough to receive a battery of cannon, with which it is hereafter to be fortified. Its solid contents are 2500 French toises; which in our measure (allowing the French foot to be to the English as 144 to 135) will amount to 24,250 cubic yards nearly. Several other cones, of equal dimensions, are sunk at convenient distances from each other; forming the line of the pier: their number, when complete, it is said, will be forty. As soon as any one of these is carried to its place, it is filled with stones, which are dug from mount *Rouille* and other rocks near the coast, and brought on horses to the shore; whence they are conveyed to the cones in vessels of forty, sixty, or eighty tons burden. In like manner, but with much greater labour and expence, the spaces between the cones are filled up with stones thrown loosely into the sea, till the heap is raised above the water. On this mass, as on a foundation, a wall of masonry-work is to be erected. The length of the whole is near five miles. On *L'isle Pelée* and *Point Hommet*, before-mentioned, large fortifications are constructed bomb-proof to defend the Haven and Pier. It is the opinion of some persons that this stupendous mole may be injured or destroyed by what is called a ground-sea: *i. e.* a sea when the waters are agitated to the bottom: and this happens, when a strong wind, after having put the waves in motion, suddenly shifts to the opposite quarter. The description given in the Poem of this vast undertaking closes with an allusion to this opinion.]



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T H E

Cassell & Co.

ABORIGINAL BRITONS

A P O E M.

BY GEORGE RICHARDS, B. A.
FELLOW OF ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD

—Genus humanum multò fuit illud in arvis
Durius. LUCRETIVS.

—Quæ
Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit.
HORACE.

OXFORD:
SOLD BY D. PRINCE AND J. COOKE.
M,DCC,XCI.

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TO THE HONOURABLE
LEWIS THOMAS WATSON
OF
LEES COURT, IN THE COUNTY OF KE

S I R,

A CCEPT this small testimony of respect and esteem. To every individual of our island the state of its inhabitants forms a subject of curious and useful enquiry. Such an investigation must be more particularly interesting to you, Sir, from your intimate connection with a County, which through its unsubmitting spirit of patriotism ennobled the early annals of Britain by enforcing conditions of peace on a victorious Invader; and in a remoter period, among our original Forefathers, commenced the illustrious career of national intrepidity and prowess by repelling Julius from our shores.

I have the honour to be,

S I R,

Your faithful and most obedient Servant,

GEORGE RICHARDSON

S U B J E C T.

*the State of the Aboriginal Britons previous to the Refinements
introduced by the Romans.*

T H E A R G U M E N T.

ADDRESS to the first Navigators of the South-Seas—Wild state of the country—contrasted with Italy as improved by culture—original Britons considered as individuals—the Man—the Woman—considered as to their national character—Their domestic state—promiscuous concubinage—ignorance of other countries—description of a day in the state of peace, including the most striking circumstances of their domestic economy—Their wars—fondness for war—internal dissensions and their consequences—manner of fighting—behaviour after a defeat—treatment of captives after a victory—Religion—the objects, which give rise to natural religion—Druid Grove—Magic rites, and human sacrifices—Doctrines—Transmigration and immortality of the soul and its effects—Characteristics of Liberty in the savage state of this island—its extinction in the early stages of our Monarchy—its revival and influence in the present civilized state of manners, as producing public security, giving rise to public works, and calling forth the powers of the mind.

T H E

T H E

A B O R I G I N A L B R I T O N

YE fons of Albion, who with venturous fails
In unknown oceans caught Antarctic gales ;
Dar'd with bold prow the boisterous main explore,
Where never keel had plow'd the wave before ;
Saw stars unnam'd illumine other skies,
Which ne'er had shone on European eyes ;
View'd on the coast the wondering Savage stand,
Uncouth, and fresh from his Creator's hand ;
While woods and tangling brakes, where wild he ran,
Bore a rough semblance of primeval man—

A form like this, illustrious souls, of yore
 Your own Britannia's sea-girt island wore :
 Ere Danish lances blush'd with Ælla's blood ;
 Or blue-ey'd Saxons fail'd on Medway's flood ;
 Or Dover's towering cliff from high descried
 Cæsar's bold barks, which stemm'd a deep untried.

Through fleecy clouds the balmy spring-tide smil'd ;
 But all it's sweets were wafted on a wild :
 In vain mild autumn shone with mellowing gleam ;
 No bending fruitage blush'd beneath its beam.
 Rudely o'erspread with shadowy forests lay
 Wide trackless wastes, that never saw the day :
 Rich fruitful plains, now waving deep with corn,
 Frown'd rough and shaggy with the tangled thorn :
 Through joyless heaths, and valleys dark with woods,
 Majestic rivers roll'd their useless floods :
 Full oft the hunter check'd his ardent chace,
 Dreading the latent bog and green morafs :
 While, like a blasting mildew, wide were spread
 Blue thickening mists in stagnant marshes bred.

O'er scenes thus wild adventurous Cæsar stray'd,
 And joyless view'd the conquests he had made;
 And blest'd Italia's happier plains and skies,
 Through purest air where yellow olives rise;
 From elm to elm where stretching tendrils twine,
 Bending with clusters of the purple vine:
 While, spread o'er sunny hill and verdant wood,
 Stray the white flocks, which drink Clitumnus' flood.

Rude as the wilds around his sylvan home
 In savage grandeur see the Briton roam.
 Bare were his limbs, and strung with toil and cold,
 By untam'd nature cast in giant-mould.
 O'er his broad brawny shoulders loosely flung
 Shaggy and long his yellow ringlets hung.
 His waist an iron-belted falchion bore,
 Massy, and purpled deep with human gore:
 His scarr'd and rudely-painted limbs around
 Fantastic horror-striking figures frown'd,
 Which, monster-like, ev'n to the confines ran
 Of nature's work, and left him hardly man.

His knitted brows and rolling eyes impart
 A direful image of his ruthless heart ;
 Where war and human blood-shed brooding lie,
 Like thunders lowering in a gloomy sky.

But you, illustrious Fair Ones, wont to brave
 Helvellin's storms, and sport in Darwent's wave,
 To your high worth submit the savage flood,
 As Gambia's lions reverence princely blood.
 He made no rubied lip nor sparkling eye
 The shrine and god of his idolatry ;
 But, proudly bending to a just controul,
 Bow'd in obeisance to the female foul ;
 And deem'd, some effluence of the Omniscient mind
 In woman's beauteous image lay enshrin'd ;
 With inspiration on her bosom hung,
 And flow'd in heavenly wisdom from her tongue.
 Fam'd among warrior-chiefs the crown she wore ;
 At freedom's call the gory falchion bore ;
 Rul'd the triumphant car ; and rank'd in fame
 Bonduca's with Caractacus's name.

No tender virgin heard the impassion'd youth
 Breathe his warm vows, and swear eternal truth :
 No fire, encircled by a blooming race,
 View'd his own features in his infant's face :
 The savage knew not wedlock's chaster rite ;
 The torch of Hymen pour'd a common light ;
 As passion fir'd, the lawless pair were blest'd ;
 And babes unfather'd hung upon the breast.

Such was the race, who drank the light of day,
 When lost in western waves Britannia lay.
 Content they wander'd o'er their heaths and moors,
 Nor thought, that ocean roll'd round other shores.
 Viewing the fires, that blaz'd around their skies,
 Mid the wide world of waters set and rise :
 They vainly deem'd, the twinkling orbs of light
 For them alone illum'd the vault of night ;
 For them alone the golden lamp of day
 Held its bright progress through the heav'n's high way.

When the chill breeze of morning overhead
 Wav'd the dark boughs, that roof'd his sylvan bed,

Up the light Briton sprung—to chace the deer
 Through Humber's vales, or heathy Cheviot drear.
 Languid at noon his fainting limbs he cast
 On the warm bank, and fought his coarse repast.
 With acorns, shaken from the neighbouring oak,
 Or sapless bark, that from the trunk he broke,
 His meal he made; and in the cavern'd dell
 Drank the hoarse wave, that down the rough rocks fell.
 At eve retracing slow his morning road
 With wearied feet he gain'd his wild abode.
 No city rose with spires and turrets crown'd;
 No iron war from rocky ramparts frown'd:
 But plain and simple, in the shadowy wood,
 The shapeless rude-constructed hamlets stood:
 O'er the deep trench an earthy mound arose,
 To guard the sylvan town from beasts and foes.
 The crackling fire, beneath the hawthorn shade,
 With chearful blaze illum'd the darksome glade.
 Oftimes beneath the sheltering oak was spread
 With leaves and spoils of beasts the rustic bed:
 In open sky he refts his head, and sees
 The stars, that twinkle through the waving trees.

On his bare breast the chilling dews descend ;
 His yellow locks the midnight tempests rend ;
 Around—the empty wolf in hunger prowls,
 And shakes the lonely forest with his howls :
 Yet health and toil weigh down the sense, and steep
 His wearied aching limbs in balmy sleep ;
 Till the pale twilight opens the glimmering glades,
 And slowly gains upon the mid-wood shades.

But ah ! unwelcome rose the peaceful morn
 On Albion's sons, for war and glory born.

Lo ! how Britannia's woods and hills resound
 With martial yells, and blaze with arms around !
 War is their sport : at day-spring forth they go
 With spear and shield, and find or make a foe :
 Join the wild fight ; and with the setting sun
 Bear home their plunder, and the war is done.
 Twixt bordering tribes eternal discords reign'd ;
 Not foreign foes these native feuds restrain'd :
 Else nurs'd in arms, and prodigal of breath,
 And, rest of freedom, nobly wooing death,

Had Albion's warlike states united pour'd
 The god-like vengeance of the patriot sword ;
 Julius had steer'd with daring helm in vain
 To isles embosom'd in the Atlantic main ;
 Nor Rome's imperial eagle, borne on high,
 Had spread her pinions in our Northern sky.

Furious, as mountain beasts, the tribes engage,
 With yells, and clanging arms, and frantic rage.
 Rapid the Briton hurls the bolts of war,
 Mounted, like Fate, upon his scythed car!
 Refistless scours the plain, and bursts the files,
 As mad Tornadoes sweep the Indian isles ;
 The scythes and hooks with mangled limbs hung round,
 Yet quick, and writhing ghastly with the wound :
 Adown the madding wheels in torrents pour
 The empurpled smoaking streams of human gore :
 While high in air the sighs and shrieks and groans
 Ascend, one direful peal of mortal moans.
 Pale, panic-struck, and fix'd as in a trance,
 The Romans stood, and drop'd the useless lance :

And

And fear'd, their venturous banners were unfurl'd
 Beyond the confines of the mortal world ;
 And more than men, horrific in their might,
 Dar'd them from Albion's cliffs to fatal fight.

Thus fought Britannia's sons :—but when o'erthrown,
 More keen and fierce the flame of freedom shone.
 Ye woods, whose cold and lengthen'd tracts of shade
 Rose on the day, when sun and stars were made ;
 Waves of Lodore, that from the mountain's brow
 Tumble your flood, and shake the vale below ;
 Majestic Skiddaw, round whose trackless steep
 Mid the bright sun-shine darksome tempests sweep :
 To you the patriot fled : his native land
 He spurn'd, when proffer'd by a conqueror's hand :
 In you to roam at large : to lay his head
 On the bleak rock, unclad, unhous'd, unfed :
 Hid in the aguish fen whole days to rest,
 The numbing waters gather'd round his breast :
 To see Despondence cloud each rising morn,
 And dark Despair hang o'er the years unborn :

Yet here, ev'n here, he greatly dar'd to lie,
 And drain the luscious dregs of liberty ;
 Outcast of nature, fainting, wafted, wan,
 To breathe an air his own, and live a Man.

But when with conquest crown'd, he taught his foes,
 What free-born man on free-born man bestows.
 He, in the pride and insolence of war,
 Ne'er bound the indignant captive to his car ;
 Nor with ignoble toils or servile chains
 Debas'd the blood, that swells the hero's veins ;
 Nor meanly barter'd for unworthy gold
 The soul, that animates the human mould :
 But reverenc'd kindred valour, though o'erthrown ;
 Diddain'd to hear a warrior meanly moan ;
 Gave him to die ; and by the generous blow
 Restor'd that freedom he had lost below.

For simple nature taught his soul to rise
 To nobler powers, and realms beyond the skies.

Though to his view the Almighty Voice had ne'er
 Stay'd the proud fun amid his bright career ;

Pour'd

Pour'd from the flinty rock the crystal stream ;
 Or shed on sightless eyes the gladsome beam ;
 Bad the deep waters of the main divide,
 And ope an highway through the pathless tide ;
 Or stiffen'd corfes, cold and pale in death,
 Blush with new life, and heave again with breath !
 Yet gazing round him he beheld the God
 Hold in all nature's works his dread abode :
 He saw him beaming in the silver moon,
 Effulgent burning in the blaze of noon,
 On the dark bosom of the storm reclin'd,
 Speaking in thunder, riding on the wind,
 And, 'mid the earthquake's awful riot hurl'd,
 Shaking the deep foundations of the world.

Hence Superstition sprung in elder time,
 Wild as the foil, and gloomy as the clime.

Midst rocks and wastes the Grove tremendous rose :
 O'er the rude altars hung in dread repose
 A twilight pale; like the dim sickly noon,
 When the mid-sun retires behind the moon.

From founding caverns rush'd the darksome flood ;
 Each antique trunk was stain'd with human blood.
 'Twas fung, that birds in terror fled the shade ;
 That lightnings harmless round the branches play'd ;
 And, in the hour of fate, the Central Oak
 Shook with the spirit of the god, and spoke.
 The Roman check'd awhile his conquering band,
 And dropt the imperial Eagle from his hand ;
 And seem'd, while shuddering borne through Mona's wood,
 To tread the confines of the Stygian flood.

What direful rites these gloomy haunts disgrace,
 Bane of the mind, and shame of man's high race !
 'Twas deem'd, the circles of the waving wand,
 The mystic figures, and the muttering band,
 Held o'er all nature's works as powerful sway,
 As the great Lord and Maker of the day.
 Rocks, by infernal spells and magic prayer,
 Shook from their base, and trembled high in air.
 The blasted stars their fading light withdrew ;
 The labouring moon shed down a baleful dew ;

Spirits

Spirits of hell aerial dances led ;
 And rifted graves gave up the pale cold dead.
 Imperial Man, creation's Lord and Pride,
 To crown the sacrificial horrors, died :
 That Hefus, direly pleas'd, in joyous mood,
 Might flesh their swords, and glut their scythes with blood
 And Taranis, amidst his tempests, smile,
 And roll innocuous thunders o'er their isle.

By rites thus dread the Druid Priests impress'd
 A sacred horror on the savage breast.

Hail heav'n-born Seers, whose magic fingers strung
 The Cambrian lyre ; who Lochrine's triumphs sung
 To the dark haunts of Snowdon's icy caves,
 Plinlimmon's cliffs, and Deva's haunted waves ;
 Or where, as Vaga roll'd her winding flood,
 High on the grey rocks wav'd the hanging wood.
 Ye, wandering frequent by romantic streams,
 With harps, that glitter'd to the moon's pale beams,
 Sooth'd by your midnight hymns the warrior's ghost,
 Whose cold bones whiten'd Arvon's dreary coast.

Ye fung the courcs of the wandering moon ;
 The fun-beam darken'd in the blaze of noon ;
 The stars unerring in their glittering spheres ;
 The sure proceſſion of the circling years ;
 And the dread Powers, that rule the world on high,
 And hold celeftial fynods in the ſky.

When hostile nations met with barbarous clang,
 And the wild heath with yelling ſquadrons rang ;
 When beams of light from ferried lances ſteam'd,
 And vivid flashes o'er the high heavens gleam'd :
 Fir'd by your magic ſongs, the Briton pour'd
 A tenfold fury ; dar'd the uplifted ſword ;
 Envy'd the ſhades of chiefs in battle flain ;
 And burn'd to join them on the etherial plain.
 For warrior Souls, ye fung, would deathleſs bloom,
 When the cold limbs lay mouldering in the tomb :
 From the pale ſtiffning corſes wing their flight,
 And riſe in kindred mould to life and light ;
 Again in arms fill the dire yell of war ;
 Again to havoc drive the ſcythed car,
 Till earth and air and ſeas ſhould ſink in flame,
 The fiery deluge melting nature's frame :

When,

When, amidst blazing orbs, the warrior-soul,
 Borne through the milky way and starry pole,
 Would painless tenant through eternal years
 Mansions of purest bliss in brighter spheres :
 In martial sports engage its kindred shades,
 Tame the wild steeds, and brandish gleaming blades :
 Or on the clouds reclin'd, with breast on fire,
 Lift the heroic strains of Cadwall's lyre ;
 In Mador's verse renew its mortal toils ;
 And shine through Hoel's songs in hostile spoils.

In Albion's ancient days, midst northern snows,
 Hardy and bold, immortal FREEDOM rose.
 She roam'd the founding margin of the deep,
 Conway's wild bank, and Cader's craggy steep :
 A bloody wolf-skin o'er her back was spread ;
 An axe she bore ; and wild weeds grac'd her head.
 On Snowdon's cliffs reclin'd she watch'd on high
 The tempest-driven clouds, that cross'd the sky ;
 Or caught with listening ear the founding gale,
 When the dread war-song shook the distant dale.

At battle's close she roam'd the ensanguin'd plain,
 And gaz'd the threatening aspects of the slain.
 Now from ignoble sloth she rarely rose,
 For savage freedom sinks to mute repose ;
 Now to wild joys, and the bowl's maddening powers
 Gave up the torpid sense and listless hours ;
 Now joyful saw the naked sword display'd,
 Though brother's blood flow'd reeking from the blade.
 By tyrants sunk she rose more proudly great,
 As ocean swells indignant in the strait ;
 And, borne in chains from Cambria's mountains bleak,
 Rais'd virtue's generous blush on Cæsar's cheek.

But ah ! full many a dark and stormy year
 She dropt o'er Albion's isle the patriot tear.
 Retir'd to mountains from the craggy dell
 She caught the Norman curfeu's tyrant knell :
 Sad to her view the baron's castle frown'd
 Bold from the steep, and aw'd the plains around :
 She forrowing heard the papal thunders roll,
 And mourn'd the ignoble bondage of the soul :

She

She blush'd, O Cromwell, blush'd at Charles's doom ;
 And wept, misguided Sidney, o'er thy tomb.

But now reviv'd she boasts a purer cause,
 Refin'd by science, form'd by generous laws :
 High hangs her helmet in the banner'd hall,
 Nor sounds her clarion but at honor's call.
 Now walks the land with olive chaplets crown'd,
 Exalting worth, and beaming safety round :
 With secret joy and conscious pride admires
 The patriot spirit, which herself inspires :
 Sees barren wastes with unknown fruitage bloom ;
 Sees Labour bending patient o'er the loom ;
 Sees Science rove through academic bowers ;
 And peopled Cities lift their spiry towers :
 Trade swells her sails, wherever ocean rolls,
 Glows at the line, and freezes at the poles :
 While through unwater'd plains and wondering meads
 Waves not its own the obedient River leads.

But chief the god-like Mind, which bears impress'd
 Its Maker's glorious image full confest ;

Noblest of works created ; more divine,
Than all the starry worlds, that nightly shine ;
Form'd to live on, unconscious of decay,
When the wide universe shall melt away :
The Mind, which, hid in savage breasts of yore,
Lay, like Golconda's gems, an useless ore ;
Now greatly dares sublimest aims to scan ;
Enriches science, and ennobles man ;
Unveils the semblance, which it's God bestow'd ;
And draws more near the fount, from whence it flow'd.

N O T E S.

But you, illustrious Fair Ones, p. 12. l. 5.] Inesse enim sanctum et providum fœminis putant. Tac. de moribus Germ. Ἀπαντες γὰρ τὴν σιδαιμονίας ἀρχηγὸς οἰοῦνται τὰς γυναῖκας. Strabo, l. 7.—What is said of ancient German women is applied by Mr. Mason, and our early history to our countrywomen of earlier ages. The important offices, which were filled in the Government, so unusual in the Savage State, fully justify the application.

Wedlock's chaster rite, p. 13. l. 5.] Uxores habent deni duodecim inter se communes.

Si qui sunt ex his nati, eorum *habentur* liberi, a quibus primum viri quæque ductæ sunt. Cæsar de bello Gallico.

Or sapless bark, p. 14. l. 6.] Dio Nicæus says, that the Britons in the woods would live upon roots or bark of trees.

Julius had steer'd, p. 16. l. 3.] Vide Tacitus.

Clanging arms, *ibid.* l. 8.] Their arms are a shield and short spear, the lower end whereof is a piece of brass, like an apple, that by shaking they may terrify the enemy.—Camden's *Britannia*, taken from Dio Nicæus, out of Xiphilin's *Epitome*.

Hide in the aguish fen, p. 17. l. 17.] Many ancient writers assert that the Britons in their retreat would hide themselves in the bogs up to their chins in water.—Dio Nicæus, &c. &c.

But when with conquest crown'd, p. 18. l. 5.] For the train of thought through this paragraph, the author is indebted to a speech of Caractacus in Mr. Mason's *Tragedy*.

'Twas sung, that birds, p. 20. l. 3.] Vide Lucan's *Description of the Druid's Grove*. B. 3.

With harps, that glitter'd, p. 21. l. 18.] For the image in this line the author is indebted to Mr. Mafon's Caractacus.

Wild weeds grac'd her head, p. 23, l. 16.] Vide Chatterton's Ode to Freedom.

And, borne in chains from, p. 24. l. 11.] Vide Tacitus's account of Caractacus at the throne of Claudius.



*The Constitution and Example of the Seven
Apocalyptic Churches.*

A

S E R M O N

PREACHED IN LAMBETH CHAPEL

AT THE CONSECRATION OF

THE RIGHT REV. THOMAS BURGESS, D. D.

LORD BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S,

AND

THE RIGHT REV. JOHN FISHER, D. D.

LORD BISHOP OF EXETER,

ON SUNDAY, JULY 17, 1803.

IMPRIMATUR,

WHITTINGTON LONDON,

Vice-Can. Oxon,

Die 2^{do} Mensis Aug. 1803.

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BY

RALPH CHURTON, M. A.

RECTOR OF MIDDLETON CHENEY, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE,
CHAPLAIN TO THE LORD BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S,
AND LATE FELLOW OF BRASEN NOSE COLLEGE.

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1803.

REV. ii. 7.

HE THAT HATH AN EAR, LET HIM HEAR WHAT THE SPIRIT SAITH UNTO THE CHURCHES: TO HIM THAT OVERCOMETH WILL I GIVE TO EAT OF THE TREE OF LIFE, WHICH IS IN THE MIDST OF THE PARADISE OF GOD.

THE holy Scriptures are productive of the blessings which they promise. In the awful book, whence the text is taken, a blessing is pronounced on those who read and keep the “things which are written therein^a,” and those who have followed the advice have experienced the benefit. Even in the more mysterious and as yet partly unaccomplished portions of the prophecy, together with the most alarming views of divine wrath, which may deter from sin, there are blended the most powerful and invigorating calls to love and obedience; and as it has been said, that scarcely one, in these later ages, ever studied the book attentively, whose labour was not crowned with “some discovery worth knowing^b,” so it may be noted, that those who have peculiarly devoted their

^a Rev. i. 3. xxii. 7.

^b Sir Isaac Newton on Daniel and the Apocalypse, part ii, chap. i. p. 253.

time and talents to the subject, have been the brightest ornaments of their days. The prophecy was revealed by Jesus Christ to his beloved disciple John; and the character of the penman, the patience, humility, and devout affection of him that leaned on the bosom of his Lord, have been visible in the scholars and interpreters of his work^c. Guided by Him that “was dead, and is alive for evermore^d,” they now rest with Him. They overcame in death, and therefore “eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches.”

In the churches, thus emphatically addressed by the Holy Spirit, two things especially demand our attention; their Constitution, and their Conduct. The former, if it shall appear to be like our own, will not fail, with God's blessing, to confirm our faith; the latter will inspire and regulate our practice.

First then it is observable, that the epistles from Christ to these seven churches are addressed to the Angels of those churches; and the angels are represented as stars in the right hand of the Son of Man,

^c I will mention three only, Mr. Mede, Bishop Bagot, and his esteemed friend (“O name for ever honour'd, ever dear”) Dr. Townson.

^d Rev. i. 19.

whose "countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength^e." Of these stars there is no one of greater magnitude and lustre than the rest, communicating to them light and heat; the seven are equally and alike in the right hand of Christ, replenished with radiance by Him alone. He "walketh "in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks^f," and is alike present, without any intervening vicegerent, in all the churches denoted by them.

The testimony of Jesus is directed to his servants on earth, not to the blessed angels in heaven. The angels therefore here are the Ministers of the churches; a circumstance which was so obvious, that this part of the vision was not, like the rest, explained to St. John. The churches are seven, and the angels also seven; and the epistles are addressed respectively to the angels of the churches; to the angel of the church of Ephesus, to the angel of the church in Smyrna, and so on. The churches therefore were governed, not by several coordinate pastors, but each of them by one superintending minister, whose authority, under Christ, was independent and supreme.

What then, it is material to inquire, was the nature and amplitude of these churches? Were they so many individual congregations only, one in

^e Rev. i. 16.

^f Rev. ii. 1.

each of these great cities, with one minister presiding in each as their voice and head? This is, on the face of the account, highly improbable; and we have collateral evidence to prove, that the fact could not be so; and a short reference to these authentic documents, some of them anterior to the date of the Apocalypse, and others nearly coeval with it, will at the same time confirm the idea which the Apocalypse suggests of the primitive churches, as severally governed by one chief pastor, who held immediately from Christ himself, not by an assembly of equal ministers.

One of the churches, and the first named, perhaps on account of the same both of the city and the church, is that of Ephesus. At Ephesus St. Paul preached the gospel "by the space of three years^g." Here it was, that "a great door and effectual was "opened" to him^h. Here it was, that "the word "of the Lord so mightily grew and prevailed," that the worshipers of the great goddess Diana feared lest her temple should be despised, and her magnificence destroyedⁱ. The multitude of converts, that occasioned this alarm, never could assemble, for the purpose of divine worship, in one place. There were assuredly various congregations; as it is also evident there were numerous teachers. Hence St.

^g Acts xix. 10. xx. 31.

^h 1 Cor. xvi. 9.

ⁱ Acts xix. 20. 27.

Paul befought Timothy to abide at Ephesus, to “charge some that they teach no other doctrine^k,” and hence he sent from Miletus to Ephesus, “and called the elders of the church^l.”

It matters not whether the term Elders here denotes Presbyters, or Bishops, or includes both. New names, which are commonly metaphorical, not entirely new combinations, seldom acquire at once their appropriate and technical signification. Even the word Christ is never used in the gospels without some distinctive adjunct, to shew that it means exclusively the Messiah. In St. Paul's days therefore in the church of Ephesus, including perhaps the dependent neighbourhood (for in the Apostle's haste there was scarcely time to convene a synod from various distant places) there were many congregations and many pastors; and when full thirty years, under the care of Timothy and other labourers in the same vineyard, had increased the number of believers in Christ, still this “Ephesian church^m,” as it is styled in the Apocalypse, was but one vine. If her branches were large, and her husbandmen numerous, they were all subject to one steward, to one “angel,” one paramount guide and governour of the whole.

^k 1 Tim. i. 3.

^l Acts xx. 17.

^m Rev. ii. 1, τῆς Ἐφεσίνης ἐκκλησίας.

Clement, the fellow-labourer of St. Paul, whose name, he says, was in the book of life^a, wrote his celebrated epistle to the Corinthians soon after the martyrdom of that Apostle, to which he alludes^o. In this epistle he speaks of the triple order and distinct offices of the Christian priesthood, not indeed under their appropriate names, but under those of the Levitical priesthood^p; in the room of which, by His will and appointment, who seeth the end from the beginning, and framed the first covenant to be introductory to the second, the ministers of the Christian church succeeded. Clement says moreover, that the Apostles constituted these pastors, knowing by our Lord Jesus Christ that disputes would arise, particularly with regard to the name of Episcopacy^q.

This was before St. John wrote the Apocalypse. About ten years after it was written, namely in the year of Christ 107, Ignatius, on his way to martyrdom at Rome, addressed epistles to some of these Apocalyptic churches, and to certain others; beginning, as St. John does, with the church of Ephesus. It is scarcely possible to open the invaluable letters of this companion of the Apostles without perceiving immediately, that there were then three orders of ministers in the Christian

^a Phil. iv. 3.

^p §. 40. 42.

^o Clem. Ep. to Cor. §. 5.

^q §. 44.

church, called by the same names, and invested with the same powers, as at present. He says, "Bishops were appointed by the will of Jesus Christ to the ends of the earth"; that we should look upon them, as we would upon the Lord himself; "the Bishop presiding in the place of God, the Presbyters in the place of the council of the Apostles, and the Deacons being entrusted with the ministry of Jesus Christ." "Attend," continues he, "to the Bishop, and to the Presbytery, and Deacons"; "without these there is no church."

St. Paul urges the example of the churches as a powerful argument for uniformity and order; and he informs us, that he every where taught and ordained the same things, with respect even to matters of private decorum and propriety*. It is impossible to suppose, that he did not, and his companions, we have seen, assure us he did, pursue the

* Ephes. §. 3. 6.

• Magnes. §. 6. Comp. Trall. §. 2. Smyrn. §. 8.

† Philad. §. 7.

‡ Trall. §. 3. In exact conformity with the existing order of *one* chief pastor and *several* subordinate ministers, it is observable, that in these epistles the expression almost invariably is, "the bishop, the presbyters, and deacons." And St. Paul, for the same reason, seems to speak in the same manner: "The bishop (δει εν τον επισκοπον) must be blameless—likewise the deacons." 1 Tim. iii. 2. 8.

* 1 Cor. iv. 17. vii. 17. xi. 16. xiv. 33.

same method in an affair of so much higher moment, as the frame and constitution of the church itself. No one specific form of church government is indeed prescribed, nor can perhaps with certainty be deduced, from the writings of St. Paul, or from any other part of the New Testament; but then neither is the institution of the Christian sabbath there recorded, nor the observance of it any where enjoined. Articles of faith and doctrines necessary to salvation we build on the word of God alone; but matters of discipline and order, with incidental allusion to, or express mention of, the then subsisting practice, might safely be left, as we find they were, under God's blessed providence, to the standing and perpetual comment of universal example: and as there never was an age or country, professing to believe in Christ, from the Apostles' days to our own, in which the Lord's day was not kept as the day of Christian worship, so neither was there, during fifteen hundred years, any part of Christendom, of which we have authentic history, in which these orders of ministers, Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, were not established.

It was the felicity of the church of England to enjoy, at the Reformation, and her wisdom to retain, this primitive and apostolical order; with which even the great Reformer of Geneva was so well satisfied, that, had not the insidious arts of the emissaries of Rome intervened and prevented it,

there is reason to believe, he himself would have adopted episcopacy^y, and the great and lamented anomaly of a church without a bishop would probably to this hour have been unknown in the world.

See in Foxes and Firebrands, 1682. part ii. p. 11—13. extract of a Letter “directed to the Bishops of Winchester and “Rocheſter” (Gardiner and Ponett, as the margin ſays) in which it is ſaid, “It is the opinion of our learned men now at “*Trent*, that the ſchiſms in England by Edward’s Council “eſtabliſhed, will reclaim all the foreign ſects unto their diſci- “pline, and thereby be one body united. For Calvin, Bullin- “ger, and others have wrote unto Edward to offer their ſer- “vice to aſſiſt and unite, alſo to make Edward and his heirs “their chief Defender, and ſo have Biſhops as well as Eng- “land; which if it come to paſs, that heretick Biſhops be ſo “near, and ſpread abroad, Rome and the clergy utterly falls, “You muſt therefore make theſe offertures of theirs odious to “Edward and his Council. Receive N. S. and E. L. from “Rotterdam, their leſſons are taught them, take you their “parts, if checked by the other hereticks; for theſe be for “rebaptizing, and not for infant baptiſm.—Reverend fathers, “it is left to you to aſſiſt, and to thoſe you know are ſure to “the Mother-Church. From Delph the 4th Ide of May, “Anno Chriſti, 1549. D. G.”

When Sir Henry Sidney ſhewed Queen Elizabeth this Let- ter, found among her Siſter’s papers, it “cauſed her to expreſs “theſe very words: *I had rather than a year’s revenue, that my “brother Edward and his Council had ſeen this Letter; nay ra- “ther than twice my revenue I had ſeen it ſooner.*—The Council, “upon her Highneſs diſcourſe, concluded that Calvin would “have eſtabliſhed Episcopacy beyond ſeas, had he been con- “ſulted herein, and that the hindrance of this offerture cauſed “much animoſity between Reformers.”

We have extended our survey further perhaps than was absolutely necessary for the illustration of the system of the seven Asian churches. But if it was needful, while some of our Lord's Apostles were still living, "to contend for the faith which " was once delivered unto the saints^z," it cannot be improper in these our days, when things not disputable are yet disputed, to recur now and then, on occasions like the present, to the rock whence we are hewn^a; to view the solid foundation of Scripture and consentient antiquity, on which our truly apostolical church is raised; and if, as often hitherto, the floods shall assail it, we humbly trust in God it will never fall.

But we must return for a moment to the Apocalyptic churches; in which the unity and compactness of them cannot escape our notice. St. Paul, writing to one of these churches, says, Christ appointed divers pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints in the unity of the faith, of knowledge, and of truth^b; and the wisdom of the institution is strikingly exemplified in the instance before us. The epistles are written to the angel, that is, as we have now seen, to the bishop, of each church: he was, as it were, the pervading spirit, that animated the body. "I received your whole " multitude," says Ignatius, "in Onesimus your

^z Jude 3.

^a Isaiah li. 1.

^b Ephes. iv. 11—15.

“ bishop .” So close was the intimacy, so constant the intercourse, that what was addressed to the head was in effect addressed to the body at large ; whence the epistle, which begins as if it were personal to one, often and naturally turns to all ; and again the epistle, which is addressed generally to a church, apostrophizes frequently to the individual who presided in that church.

This is the character of St. John’s latter epistles, and of those in the Apocalypse ; there are traces of it in St. Paul ; and it is particularly visible in the epistles of Clement and Ignatius. None of these epistles, neither the inspired nor the uninspired, were of a private nature, but as it were circular letters ; to be read by all, and to be recommended and enforced by the pastors of the flock, that all might be edified in love and harmony.

But the constitution planned by the will of heaven to promote peace on earth, will not always ensure it ; and in adverting to the Example of these early churches, as in other instances, we find some things to avoid, as well as some to imitate.

In the epistles to these churches, some particulars are addressed alike to all the seven ; and some peculiarly to one or two. The former may be regarded

• Ephes. §. 1,

as lessons of permanent utility, applicable to all churches, and therefore must not be overlooked; some of the latter, more seasonable in certain corresponding cases, may for brevity be omitted.

First then the seven epistles, each of them in the name of Christ, commence with this solemn declaration, "I know thy works!" He who once gave himself unto death, that he might purchase to himself a glorious church, and when he was about to ascend unto the Father, said to his Apostles, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world^d;" he doth not forget that his blessed promise. He is with the successors of the Apostles, with the angels of the churches, in every age. He gives effect to their labours; he blesses the word of life, the ordinances and sacraments, in their hands, as if what is done by them were done by himself. He rebukes and chastens as many as he loves; and he loveth all, for he died for all. To Him we are accountable for all our time, and all our talents of soul and body.

Secondly, as the epistles begin, so they end, in one uniform manner; with the admonition to hear, and with this encouragement: "To him that overcometh will I give" his appointed reward. The victor only is crowned; and the race is for life.

^d Matth. xxviii. 20.

There is no time when we may intermit our care, and slumber at our post. No circumstance in the account of these churches is more severely reprehended, than the lukewarmness and indifference of the church of Laodicea. She called herself rich, and said, she needed nothing; but she is counseled to buy gold tried in the fire, that she might be rich; and white raiment, that she might be clothed; and white robes are such as have been washed in the blood of the Lamb^e, the righteousness of the saints^f; faith ever active, love ever ardent, presented to God in the name of Christ.

Repentance is required in most, but not in all, these churches. We know there is no man that sinneth not; none therefore who hath not need of repentance. But of these Apostolic churches, viewed in their public form and character, there might perhaps be one or two, that, like the spouse in the Canticles, were fair and comely, without spot or wrinkle^g; and if any were so, none more likely than the church of Smyrna, guided, as it now was, by Polycarp, constituted bishop there about two years before by St. John^h. It is our duty to copy the things, which are most excellent; and to be, as

^e Rev. vii. 14.

^f Rev. xix. 8.

^g Cant. iv. 7. Ephes. v. 27.

^h Iren. lib. iii. c. 3. and Cave Hist. Lit.

he is, perhaps prophetically, exhorted to be, "faithful unto death¹."

Lastly, most of these churches were infested more or less with heretics and hypocrites; whence some of them are commended for trying false apostles, and some for hating the deeds of the Nicolaitans, men of corrupt faith, shewing itself, as is common, by impurity of life. There were pretended Jews, that is, in the figurative style of the book, pretended Christians, men nominally so, not in heart and sincerity. There was Jezebel a prophetess; and there were children of Balaam, who tempted their brethren to deeds of idolatry and licentiousness. Against all these therefore the churches are charged to be watchful, to remember how they had received and heard, to strengthen what remained, to hold fast, and to do their first works.

Is it necessary, in conclusion, to apply this discourse? The Difficulties of any station may be left to those who are in that station; they will be sure to find them, and feel them forcibly. The Duties of an office it is not unsafe to learn sometimes from strangers and lookers on, who are not likely to extenuate the obligation. Moreover, the duties of the clergy are in many parts common to the higher and to the lower orders, differing in degree, rather than

¹ Rev. ii. 10.

in kind ; and if we presume to exhort others, we do not excuse ourselves.

In looking back to the churches, to which St. John wrote, and others contemporary with them, we have cause for unfeigned thanks to God, whose mercy in Christ has given and preserved to us a church, which in form as well as doctrine agrees with those churches, which were planted by the Apostles, and watered with the blood of saints and martyrs. If the same blessed Providence has extended to us what those early Christians did not enjoy, civil protection ; if he hath raised up Kings to be the nursing fathers, and Queens the nursing mothers, of our Sion ; if he inspires Senators and Statesmen to watch over her welfare, and secure her peace ; these accumulated benefits do not lessen the debt of gratitude to God, nor cancel the obligation of good-will and service to men.

Did heresies abound in the days of the Apostles, and in churches of their planting ? It is no wonder that they continue to abound ; it is only the accomplishment of what our blessed Lord and his Apostles foretold. The cause still operates, and produces its proper fruit. The enemy is not less malignant, nor less active, than he was from the beginning ; the heart of man is not less corrupt, nor his self-will less obstinate, than in the ancient generations.

How then may we check the growing evil? Shall we propagate truth by persecuting its opposers? or meet the enthusiasm of the sectary with enthusiasm for the church? God forbid. As the Master was armed, so must his servants be. The weapons of his warfare were not carnal; he did not call down fire from heaven to consume his adversaries. Out of his Mouth goeth a two-edged sword^k: and the two-edged sword is reason and Scripture, a sound understanding, guided in expounding and applying the word of God by the aid of just criticism, and by the light of primitive antiquity. If arguments from these sources will not convince the gainfayer, to the Judge of all he standeth or falleth. "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still^l."

We have seen marvelous events in our days; and at this portentous crisis, when the heavens on all sides gather blackness, who dares affirm, that vengeance is disarmed, and all bitterness past? In the Apocalypse we read, that when the witnesses of truth are about to finish their testimony, "the beast that ascendeth out of the bottomless pit shall make war against them, and shall overcome them, and kill them." When this day of terror comes, as in God's appointed time come it must, whatever be the precise import of the dreadful pre-

^k Rev. i. 16. ii. 12. 16. xix. 15. 21.

^l Rev. xxii. 11.

dition, who can say whether those who are first in rank shall not be foremost in danger; exposed above others to barbarous indignities and the extremity of death?

Thou therefore, O man of God, who comest to serve the Lord in the good work and office of a Bishop, prepare thy soul for trial^m. If hardships come upon thee, endure them manfully, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. In the words of Ignatius to his dear friend Polycarp, whose “mind he knew
 “was fixed in God, as upon an immoveable rock,
 “Press forward in thy course; maintain thy place.
 “Have regard to unity, than which nothing is better. Support all in love. Ask more understanding than what thou already hast. Bear the infirmities of all. Where the labour is great, the gain is the moreⁿ.” For, saith the Lord of these saints, “Behold I come quickly, and my reward is
 “with me^o. Him that overcometh will I make a
 “pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go
 “no more out: and I will write upon him the
 “name of my God, and the name of the city of
 “my God, which is new Jerusalem, which cometh
 “down out of heaven from my God: and I will
 “write upon him my new name. He that hath
 “an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto
 “the churches.”

^m Ecclus. ii. 1. 1 Tim. iii. 1.

ⁿ Ignat. to Polyc. §. 1.

^o Rev. xxii. 12. iii. 12, 13.

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for, Families :*

A S E R M O N,
PREACHED at the ANNIVERSARY-MEETING
OF A
B E N E F I T - S O C I E T Y
At W H I T K I R K,
On W H I T - M O N D A Y, 1792.

BY S. S M A L P A G E, M. A.
VICAR of W H I T K I R K, Y O R K S H I R E.

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[1792.]

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June 11th, 1792.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following discourse having appeared to produce a suitable impression on the minds of those to whom it was particularly addressed, who in consequence retired to their respective homes very early in the afternoon, and all perfectly sober and orderly, which has not usually been the case on such occasions; with a view towards rendering that first impression more lasting, and not suffering it to wear out in a day, and in the hope of producing similar good effects (so much wanted) among others of a very numerous and useful, but in general a very inconsiderate and unthinking, part of the community, it is now made public, with the Author's best wishes for its success.

ALSO PUBLISHED BY THE SAME AUTHOR, PRICE IS.

A SERMON on PROFANE SWEARING :

To be had of the same Booksellers.

S E R M O N, &c.

I TIMOTHY, v. 8.

IF ANY PROVIDE NOT FOR HIS OWN, AND SPECIALLY FOR THOSE OF HIS OWN HOUSE, HE HATH DENIED THE FAITH, AND IS WORSE THAN AN INFIDEL.

A BENEFICENT CREATOR hath sent us into the world, with the gracious intention of furnishing us with some portion of happiness even here, and of preparing us for a more perfect and more lasting happiness hereafter, if on our parts we faithfully attend to what is expected from us, and duly answer the ends of our creation. Upon a comparison of these two interests we have at stake in this world and another, it is obvious, that one of them exceeds the other in an infinite proportion, as much as heaven is higher than the earth, as much as eternity is of longer duration than

than time, as much as the soul is more valuable than the body: and therefore when they interfere and come in competition with each other, we can be at no loss which we ought to prefer. For “ what would a man be profited, though he should gain the whole “ world*” to himself, if that were possible, and enjoy the fullest portion of human felicity for the narrow span of the longest human life, and then be miserable for ever in another state? But it is only the perverseness of man, which makes these two interests to be at variance with each other. They *may* be joined together in friendly union, as the soul and the body are; and we *may* “ so pass thro’ things “ temporal, as that we finally lose not the things eternal †.” Our directions how to conduct our temporal affairs as inhabitants of the earth, and how to manage our spiritual concerns as candidates for heaven, are both contained in those sacred records which God hath been graciously pleased to furnish for our instruction. The latter indeed are more fully and more earnestly inculcated than the former, as they are infinitely more important, and as “ the children “ of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of “ light †,” and therefore stand not so much in need of aids beyond the help of reason. At the same time God has not been unmindful of us even in temporal matters. As he has fitted up a world for our reception, though full of wants and imperfections in comparison of the glory that shall be revealed hereafter, yet in reality abounding with large and plentiful provision for the necessary accommodations and comfortable enjoyments of human life; so he has, by the mouths of his prophets and apostles, afforded us many useful lessons for our conduct in life. If these have a tendency to make men happier,
even

* Matt. xvi. 26. † Collect for 4th Sunday after Trinity. † Luke xvi. 8.

even in the present state, they are so far of importance, and hold a worthy place even in the treasures of inspiration. But if it be considered, that the Bible is almost the only book, which a very large part of our fellow-christians, the labouring poor, have ability to procure, and that their stock of knowledge is, for the most part, confined to what they draw from hence; if to this be added the great reverence and esteem, with which minds well-disposed receive the oracles and instructions of God; they are to such persons not only important, but necessary, and almost the only efficacious, means of useful information. Nay, there is still a further reason for the directions we meet with in the Holy Scriptures relating to worldly matters, that by our conduct in these respects chiefly has God declared his purpose to prove our obedience, and to “know what is in our hearts, whether we will keep his commandments, or no*.” In matters of faith, we are required to show chiefly the submission of our *reason* to the *declarations* of God: in matters relating to practice and the conduct of life chiefly are we required to show the submission of our *wills* to the *commands* of God. In this view therefore I propose to consider the injunction implied in the text, both as it is a necessary duty incumbent on us as men and christians, and as it is peculiarly suited to the occasion of our present meeting. “If any provide not for his own,” says the apostle, “and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.”

Now the provision, which we are here required to make for those who depend upon us, is of two sorts; a supply of their present wants,

* Deut. viii. 2.

wants, and a resource against future contingencies. In the higher stations of life, there is very little danger of a failure in either of these respects; unless it be through something worse than neglect, unless it be through wilful folly and madness, by which the largest fortunes may be dissipated, when they are not only impaired by extravagance, but thrown away by a hazard. In the middle ranks we see instances, both of fair opportunities of doing well in the world indolently neglected and foolishly suffered to be lost, and also of large and disproportionate fortunes amassed, beyond the necessities, beyond the comfortable enjoyments of life, beyond all reasonable provision for establishments for children, or any other good or useful purpose whatever. But in the lower ranks of society, the danger is for the most part all on one side, and that the most distressing. There is very little danger of those, who earn a hard subsistence by daily labour, engrossing to themselves too much of the good things of this world. The evil, to which they are most exposed, lies in the other extreme; where being only in the receipt of small pittance of worldly gain, they live, as we usually express it, *from hand to mouth*, without œconomy, without foresight, without any exertion or endeavour to render their present situations more comfortable, or their future prospects more pleasing.

Now it is the business of religion to recall men in such circumstances from this indolent habit of thinking and living, and to remind them of the duties they owe to themselves and their families. Perhaps it is not in their power to mend their situations, so as to acquire a better income: perhaps they may be in the regular receipt of stated sums, which are the fair and full price of their labour.

labour. I have put the case here of the lowest situation in life, so that what I have to urge upon it will apply with still stronger force to those who have better opportunities, when it is seen what is expected even from such persons as these. I have put the case also in the most unfavourable view, where the price of daily labour is a fixed sum, and the constant receipt, even where we suppose no interruptions from sickness, must be invariably the same, where there are no advantages to improve.

Here then, it is plain, there is nothing to be *gained*: the only care that can reasonably be expected is, that nothing be *lost*. And would to God, that there were less room for complaint on this head, than there too commonly is! Is it for persons of this description to spend their little pittance, or any part of them, in intoxicating liquors? And yet it is with persons of this description that our ale-houses are generally filled. Do they consider, that the liquor, which they purchase in this way, they buy, in the first place, at double the price of what they could have it made for at home? A large duty is raised upon it towards the public revenue, besides the profit which accrues to those who furnish such houses of entertainment, and gain a disreputable livelihood out of the bowels of the poor.* Is it, I say, for persons of this description to purchase
B
liquor

* The author is not under any apprehensions of being thought a bad citizen, in consequence of what he here advances in disparagement of the public revenue.— His argument, whatever way it may make in the world, which, he is afraid, will be very little, will produce very small effects indeed upon this branch of excise.

But

liquor at a double price? Is their money so *hardly come at*, in so *small quantities*, and so *much to be done with it*; and can they afford to squander it in such a manner, as to receive only *half* its value in return? But this is not all; they not only *buy* what they drink *too dear*; they also *drink too much*. If they were satisfied with moderate refreshment, such as they would take at home; if they were even satisfied when Nature says, It is enough; (though it is not for persons in such circumstances to satisfy the *utmost* demands of Nature) the evil would be still comparatively small. They are too often drawn on to excess. Thus their money is consumed, their time wasted, their health impaired. They have foolishly squandered

But if these effects were even to be considerable, the acquisition to be gained to the community by the increase of industry, frugality, and good order, would more than compensate any diminution of revenue. A royal proclamation, tending to produce such effects in a far more considerable degree, was published a very few years ago, recommending the suppression of unnecessary public houses. It was supported by the resolutions of justices at their quarter sessions. Measures for the same purpose are now pursuing in many places with good effect. The author is desirous of co-operating in the same cause, though in another way; and of using his weak endeavours towards the promotion of public order and private happiness, to both which houses of public entertainment are in very many instances extremely hurtful. That they are rendered injurious to the private happiness of individuals, sufficient proof, it is apprehended, is adduced in this discourse: and that they are unfriendly to public order and the peace of society, cannot well be doubted, when it is considered, that almost all quarrels among the lower class of people are there begun and fomented; that the passions are inflamed to their utmost pitch of phrensy, and ready to carry men on to any excesses whatever; and that habits of idleness and expence are induced and confirmed, which lead to consequences most pernicious to society.

dered what they had diligently earned ; they have encroached perhaps upon the time when they should have returned to their employments ; and they may require further time to recover from their debauch, before they are fit for labour.

In the mean time, their families are perhaps in want of the common necessaries of life. The anxious wife is perhaps waiting with impatience for the return of her husband with his weekly earnings, and, after much deliberation, has at length determined within herself how they may be laid out to the best advantage. The half-clad, half-fed children are perhaps crying out for bread to their helpless mother, 'who has it not to give them, till the father comes in with the means of procuring it.

Call you the wretch a *Christian*, who, under circumstances like these, is consuming his gains upon himself, upon his beastly appetite ? No, my brethren : " he hath denied the faith ;" he hath renounced his religion. Call him not a *Christian* ; call him not a *man*. It is not the office of religion, it is the mere impulse of Nature, which teaches parents to provide food for their children. " What *man* is there of you," says our Saviour, (not what true servant of God, but " what *man* is there") whom if his son ask " bread, will he give him a stone ? or if he ask a fish, will he give " him a serpent ?*" For men, without being directed to it by religious motives, nay even " being *evil*," as our Lord observes, and fitting loose from all religious obligations, are taught by Nature to " give good gifts unto their children.†" So that he, who is capable of acting in that unfeeling manner which I have described,

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* Matt. vii. 9, 10. † Verse 11.

so very like the case put by our Lord, of “giving a son a stone when he asks for bread,” (which he puts as a case which Nature must revolt at;) such a man, I say, “hath” not only “denied the faith,” but he is moreover “worse than an infidel,” worse than a person who has never allied himself to the merciful Jesus, but who retains only the common feelings, and common propensities, of a man.

How very different is the conduct to be observed by those who unite themselves in wedlock, as men and Christians! “For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother,”—(*leave them? not leave them destitute of support, if they stand in need of assistance; for no obligation or alliance a man can enter into can ever cancel the obligation he is under to relieve his aged parents in distress: this is a duty, which if Nature do not plead for so earnestly as she does for the support of children; though the alliance is in the same degree, and should moreover be strengthened by the additional obligations of gratitude; and though many persons, I am afraid, who have their parents to support, do it very sparingly and very grudgingly, who yet think no expence too great to be bestowed upon their children, no provision too ample to be laid up for them; yet a duty still more forcibly inculcated in scripture than the other, as I might show more at large, if it did not carry me too far away from my present argument, and even strongly implied in the present text I have chosen* :—but*) “for this cause shall a man leave
“ his

* What could not so well be inserted in the body of the Sermon, may be here briefly suggested. It is an especial commandment of God*, one of the number of

* Ex. xx. 12.

those

“ his father and mother,” withdraw himself from their roof, detach himself from that constant society and uninterrupted intercourse he hath hitherto had with them, “ and shall be joined unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh*.” The connexion and intimacy of persons in this state are naturally such, as that, in the original

* Eph. v. 31. See my Sermon on Profane Swearing, page 10.

those, which were promulgated with so much pomp and solemnity, which “ God spake†” from Mount Sinai, and which were “ written with the finger of God‡,” to be transmitted down to all generations.—It is also, not only sanctioned by authority, but encouraged, as St. Paul observes, by a “ promise‡” of a particular blessing.—It is vindicated from the corrupt glosses and traditions of the Scribes and Pharisees by our Lord himself; who instructs us, that no man has a right to “ say to his father or mother, it is a gift, by whatsoever thou mightest be profited by me**;” that is, that the assistance, which a man affords his parents in distress is by no means to be regarded as a voluntary act, which may either be done or let alone, (for such would be the consequence to which this would lead,) but that it is his bounden and indispensable duty to afford them all convenient assistance.—The most beautiful comment upon this duty, and perhaps not the least forcible, is the expression of our Saviour upon the cross, when taking leave of his mother. “ When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother!***” The mere suggesting of such an idea was, he knew, sufficient to teach his mother what she had now to trust to, and his disciple what it was that he expected from him. Accordingly, “ from that hour that disciple,” as he himself informs us he understood the hint, “ took her unto his own home.”

† *verse* 1. ‡ *Ex.* xxi. 18. † *Eph.* vi. 2.

** *Matt.* xv. 5.

* *Johu* xix. 26, 27.

original institution of marriage by God himself, they are represented under the similitude of an union of substance : and to render this idea stronger in the first instance, we are told, that Eve was actually formed out of part of the original substance of Adam's body*. Agreeably to this notion, we find the apostle thus expressing himself : " So ought men to love their wives, as their own bodies : he " that loveth his wife, loveth himself : for no man ever yet hated " his own flesh ; but nourisheth and cherisheth it, *even as the Lord " the church*†." Here he suggests another idea, which, he observes, " is a great mystery ;" bringing in another argument from the alliance between Christ and his church, and his great love for his spouse the church ; an argument of so spiritual and refined a nature, as to be involved in " mystery" and obscurity to those, who have not arrived at the highest attainments in christian knowledge and christian perfection.

Between a man and his wife then, as represented under the similitude of their being " one flesh," there exists, or should exist, an union of interests, of cares, of comforts, of habits, of dispositions. They have separated themselves from all the rest of the world, have forsaken their old connections and kindred, and are intimately united together for the purpose of being mutually serviceable to each other, and of rearing and supporting the offspring of such an union.

A man then (if he would allow himself to think justly on the subject) has no *right* to retain to himself an undue proportion of his earnings,

* Gen. ii. 22. † Eph. v. 28, 29.

earnings, which he is to share with his wife; even apart from the consideration of children, and before any children are actually born, which is a circumstance which does not always happen. If he does, his act is of the same nature as a fraud in a partnership in trade, when a man appropriates to his own individual use what he has only an equal and divided property in with another man. It may perhaps be still better illustrated by a comparison with the crime of Ananias.

In the infant state of the christian church, when the impressions of the new doctrines of the gospel were so peculiarly strong and lively on men's minds, and the "demonstration of the Spirit*," which accompanied the preaching of the Apostles, was so irresistibly powerful and convincing, their imaginations were warmed to such a degree, that, as they raised their thoughts to heavenly contemplations, they were weaned from all attachment to earthly objects. A consequence of this was the giving up of a distinction of property, and the general surrender of the possessions of individuals into a common stock, for the more equal support and convenience of the whole body of christians†. In this state of things, the sacred history informs us, that "a certain man, named Ananias, with Sapphira his wife, sold a possession, and kept back part of the price, his wife also being privy to it, and laid it at the Apostles' feet‡." In this case, the crime of Ananias consisted not in giving up only a part of his property instead of the whole, as others had done; for this whole procedure was purely a voluntary act, and he

was

* 1 Cor. ii. 4. † See Acts iv. 32, 34, 35. ‡ Acts v. 1, 2.

was at liberty to keep back both the part, and the whole of his property, without incurring any guilt by so doing. But his crime consisted in retaining *part* of his property, when he had solemnly professed to have surrendered the *whole*; and professed this to the Apostles, whom he must have known to be enabled by the Spirit to discern his falsehood: and therefore he is justly charged by St. Peter in these terms; “ Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart
 “ to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of
 “ the land? Whiles it remained, was it not thine own? and after
 “ it was sold, was it not thine own power? Why hast thou con-
 “ ceived this thing in thine heart? thou hast not lied unto men,
 “ but unto God*.”

In like manner, as long as a man remains unmarried, he is free from the obligation which he takes upon himself, when he makes a woman his wife. For then his property, both what he possessed at the time, and what he may hereafter acquire, is no longer at his own sole and separate disposal†: and therefore if he deprives his wife of that property which he had before given up to her, to be maintained out of it in common with her, as out of a joint stock, he incurs a guilt similar to that of Ananias, and renounces the solemn
 engagement,

* Verses 3, 4.

† The law of this country goes upon this principle. Even in cases of large property, it does not deem it sufficient, that a man should bequeath his wife a bare maintenance only: she must not only have a subsistence, and be enabled to live, but she must be enabled to live in a manner suitable to his station and circumstances,
 even

engagement, to which he pledged himself before God, "With all
" my worldly goods I thee endow†."

But it is not only a share in her husband's property, which a wife has a right to claim: She has a claim upon his time, she has a claim upon his affections, she has a claim upon him for every assiduity and attention it is in his power to afford her. In his absence, whilst he is engaged in his necessary employment, she is solitary and confined at home: she eats her morsel of provision sparingly and with less relish without her bosom-friend, and reserves her better meal, to partake it with him at his return. How peaceable, how happy, is domestic life, in the humblest cottage, when husbands show this token of "love for their wives*," and wives this mark of "re-
" vance for their husbands*!" When it happens otherwise, when the husband turns his back on his own home, and on a wife always ready to receive him kindly and gladly; and seeks his gratifications

C

in

† Form of Solemnization of Matrimony.

* Eph. v. 33.

even where he himself was used to live in a lower stile than he might have afforded. Where the law is open to take its course, and a wife has not accepted a jointure in bar of all her claims, she is entitled to *nearly one half* of the property which her husband leaves at his death, even after the *children* are provided for. When husband and wife are separated when living, if the cause of separation be just, the husband is bound to allow his wife a maintenance for herself, which is always *rated*, when compelled, according to his circumstances. And if a man deserts his wife, he is accountable to the law, which will take care for her support. In all cases then, a wife living with her husband has surely an equitable claim to an equal property in all that he possesses.

in selfish intemperance, or in the society of such, whose mirth is madness; then perhaps—if the poor injured woman is not able to suppress her resentment for such treatment, and to let it prey upon her spirits in silence, and waste and wear out her constitution—she betakes herself to upbraidings; and all domestic happiness is at an end.

And where children are in the case, they have not only to look to their parents, to their fathers more especially, for the support of their bodies; they have a further claim upon them for the cultivation of their minds. Some degree of knowledge and school-learning is necessary for them in the lowest station; if not enough to qualify them for higher employments in life, where they show capacities for becoming fit for higher employments; at least enough to qualify them for reading and understanding that blessed book, in which all men have a common (and how dear an) interest*.—They must besides afford them the benefit of a good example, the best lesson of religion perhaps they are capable of affording them.

They

* To those, to whom even the trifling charge of school-wage is too great a burthen, the numerous charitable institutions for this purpose in large towns, and even in many country villages in a smaller degree, present a seasonable assistance. And even to the case, where children are of age, and have opportunities, to earn something towards their support, and for that reason even their time cannot be spared to be employed in this way, the modern institution of Sunday-Schools, which are now almost every where established, is peculiarly adapted. These are advantages which it must be a very blameable neglect not to make use of. Such as cannot at all afford to give their children learning in the ordinary way, where they have not the opportunity of such advantages as these, and even where they have, if they can read themselves, will find it not a very difficult, and certainly not a disagreeable task, to employ their leisure hours in teaching them to read.

They should particularly attend to one thing, in which they are apt to be very remiss; to neglect no opportunities of taking them with them to places of public worship, when they are of sufficient age to join in public devotions, and to profit by public instructions. By this, and such other means as are in their power to attain, they are to “bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord†.”

Children are also capable of gratifications and disappointments, peculiar to their age and habits; which, as connected with their happiness, which at that early period almost wholly depends upon them, parents are to a certain degree bound to consider. And what less expensive, what more innocent, and, I may almost add, what more agreeable gratification can they afford them than their company at all their leisure hours? and how dull and melancholy do they often render them without it? The wife looks not with more anxious expectation for the return of her husband from the fatigues of labour, that she may enjoy his conversation, watch his looks, and in all things study how she may please him, than the children do to partake of those playful sports, which none are so ready to indulge them in as a fond parent, and none capable of affording so much pleasure by them.

There is then sufficient employment for all the money the labouring poor can honestly procure, and all the time they can conveniently spare. It is cruel, it is criminal, to divert either into wrong channels. Let them rather husband their little stock to the

† Eph. vi. 4.

best advantage; and they will find it capable of extending much further, and answering much more useful purposes, than when a disproportionate part (and in such circumstances the smallest part is a disproportionate part) is consumed in unnecessary, and, in the way I have mentioned, in not innocent gratifications. Many little comforts will then come easily out of small gains, which before were hardly, or perhaps not at all, attainable. One thing may well be relied on, and that is THE BLESSING OF GOD. Something may perhaps be saved for future hazards, against sickness, against hurts, against that heaviest loss upon a poor family, the death of its main support. Societies for this purpose are doubly useful: they point to the relief that is wanted, when men are disposed to embrace it; and they invite to it, when they are not otherwise so disposed, by showing their good effects in other cases.

To those, who are in somewhat better circumstances than those of whom I have spoken so much at length, I have something to say in addition, but it must now be brief. If every hour, and every shilling, which they spend ill, be not so immediately felt in their consequences, yet these consequences, though more slow, are usually not less sure. Idleness and intemperance, when leagued together, seldom leave their business unfinished: they always tend to ruin, and in any circumstances, where industry and frugality are required, in the end they generally effect it. I have not spoken of drunkenness, on this occasion, in its effects upon the senses, and the religious character, of a man; as degrading the understanding, and defacing the image of God in him. I have confined myself to those effects which it produces in the mischief it brings to private families. Let it not then be indulged for a moment, though you
see

see no present danger either to your health or substance: “ at the
 “ last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder*.” If you
 are blest with the means of procuring an easier subsistence, use your
 advantage accordingly for other purposes. Procure all necessaries,
 where you would indulge extravagancies. Give your children a
 better education, in proportion as God has given you ability: they
 will hereafter thank you for it; or, if they do not, God will reward
 you for it: children may be ungrateful, but God is ever mindful of
 his promises which he hath made to them that fear him. If God still
 further your honest endeavours, look forwards, as you do in part
 by your joint contributions on this occasion, to that time when you
 cannot work as you do now. Look to your interest in this society
 rather as a security against the worst which you fear may happen;
 in case you should be disabled by accidents, or cut off by
 premature death, than as your best and only refuge when you
 decline into the vale of years. Use the time of youth and strength
 to lay up all you reasonably and conveniently can against the time
 of need; only so as never to be over-solicitous about what may hap-
 pen, or mistrust the good providence of God, which hath “ fed
 “ you all your lives long unto this day§.” You will then reap the
 fruits of your honest labour with comfort to yourselves:—you will
 have to reflect with pleasure, that you have been useful in your ge-
 neration, in duly supporting necessary stations in life; some of you
 in rearing up honest, useful, and creditable members of society in
 your families:—you will procure respect to that time of life, which
 does

* Prov. xxiii. 32. § Gen. xlvi. 15.

does not always meet with it, but when it can command respect:— and you will have something to transmit to your children, or others in whose prosperity you feel a lively interest, the fruits of *your* industry, and a help and encouragement to *theirs*.

F I N I S.

A
L E T T E R
T O
S A M U E L J O H N S O N, L.L.D.
O N T H E S U B J E C T
O F A
F U T U R E S T A T E.

By JOHN TAYLOR, L.L.D.

PREBENDARY OF WESTMINSTER, RECTOR OF BOSWORTH, LEICESTERSHIRE,
AND MINISTER OF ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.

L O N D O N :

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M.DCC.LXXXVII.

Bt. from Arthur Rogers



TO HIS GRACE

WILLIAM DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

MY LORD,

FOR inscribing the following Letter to your Grace, I shall make no apology, since justice requires you to protect what you have commanded to be published.

How properly *you* may engage in the defence of others who have so few faults of your own to palliate or correct, I am afraid of declaring, lest, however I may be acquitted of flattery by the rest of the world, I should be suspected of it by your Grace, and forfeit that esteem which your discernment will only suffer you to pay to integrity and to truth.

I am,

MY LORD,

With the greatest esteem and zeal,

Your Grace's most obliged,

Most faithful,

And most humble Servant,

JOHN TAYLOR.

THE Author of the following Letter, having heard that his friend Dr. Johnson had said, that he would prefer a state of torment to that of annihilation, waited upon the Doctor, and told him that such a declaration, coming from a person of his weight and character, might be productive of evil consequences. Dr. J. desired him to arrange his thoughts on the subject. This request was complied with, and the arguments, then drawn up, have, since the Doctor's death, been enlarged, at the request of some particular friends who saw, and approved of them.

The Reader will meet with a reference to the above in Mr. Strahan's publication of Dr. Johnson's prayers, where he says, "At Ashbourn, I hope to talk seriously with"——

*To the Rev. Dr. Taylor, on his Letter to Dr. Johnson,
stating the proofs of the Christian Religion.*

WHEN doubts disturb'd the dying JOHNSON'S breast,
From thee, his long tried Friend, he fought for rest ;
Thy clearer reason chas'd the clouds away,
And on the senses pour'd the living ray.
Hence taught, the path of faith he firmly trod,
And died in full reliance on his God.
But oh ! not here the blest effect should end,
No ; let thy purpose to the world extend :
Flash bright conviction on a doubting age,
And leave to latest times thy well-wrought page ;
Teach weaker minds the mighty truths to scan,
Not more the Friend of JOHNSON, than of man.

BROOKE BOOTHBY, Jun.

A
L E T T E R

T O

S A M U E L J O H N S O N, L.L.D.

MY DEAR SIR,

ACCORDING to my promise, I here send you my thoughts upon the subject of a future state, and the best arguments, I could think of, to prove the immortality of the soul, and the resurrection of the body. If the fare I have provided for you, be not so delicate, or so highly seasoned, as you may have expected,

B

pected, you must remember, that it was all to pass your digestion, and your finish. (A new word for you.)

A very superficial inquiry into the nature of the human mind will convince us, that the fear of death is the great disturber of human quiet; and therefore, of all speculations, none can be so interesting to the wise and to the good, as such as will discover to us the most efficacious remedies against the restless horrors of these most terrifying expectations, and afford us the best and most certain lights to cheer the gloomy passage through the valley of the shadow of death.

To do this, is the prerogative and privilege only of religion, of that religion which shews us, by irresistible evidence, the certainty of a state of future existence; a state, in which we shall see all the objections to the divine government of the world solved; all the seeming inequalities of providence adjusted; and all the distributions of our Creator justified; a state, in which it will appear, that in the course of existence, the Judge of all the earth has done right; and in which, every man shall receive the due reward of his works, whether they be good, or whether they be evil.

That

That there will be in some other place a review of our present life; that what seems a total dissolution of our nature, and absolute privation of all sensitive and intellectual powers, is, in reality, only a change of the manner of life, only a removal to some other state, and a separation of our immortal from our perishable part, has been indeed generally believed, and evinced by many moral and physical arguments.

It has been always discovered by the most negligent observer, that this world afforded to human understandings no proof of a distribution of happiness or misery, according to the deserts of virtue or of wickedness; or according to the sacred rules of reason and of justice. It was found, that men were often prosperous in their crimes, and distressed by their virtues; at least, that good and bad men were promiscuously happy and miserable without distinction. And therefore, since truth and falsehood, benevolence and cruelty, seemed unalterably opposite; since the one seemed universally worthy of approbation, and the other unchangeably detestable; they could not but imagine, in every age, that a time would come, in which, practices so different in their natures, would differ likewise in their consequences; and in which, those

who had endeavoured to spread happiness over human life, would be distinguished by the universal Author of existence from them, who had only laboured to deface his works, and to blast, with misery and discontent, the being which his bounty has bestowed.

As they saw the world wisely made, they very reasonably supposed it to be wisely governed; and as they could not reconcile the appearance of the present state with the idea they had formed of the wisdom of the Creator, they concluded, and concluded with great justice, that they saw only part of his works; that the present state was imperfect, and that there was another existence necessary to complete the scheme of divine wisdom.

There were some Philosophers, men capable of the most abstruse ratiocination, who both embraced the same opinion, and also, with diligence and sagacity, examined further into the nature of the soul; in which there appeared nothing common with corruptible and changeable matter, nothing which could involve it in the dissolution of the body, or subject it to the same laws with an organical and compounded frame, of which, each part is subjected to external acci-

accidents, and of which, one particle wears out another by attrition, till the whole is consumed by corruption. In contemplating the faculties of the mind, they found it able to perform more than the necessities of the present life require; able to comprehend a thousand powers to which the body cannot attain, and form a thousand wishes, which, thus entangled, it never can enjoy.

They perceived that it was always soaring beyond the senses, and the appetites; therefore they could not imagine that the Creator, who in other instances has so exactly proportioned the means to the end, should lavish upon the mind of man such superfluous excellencies; should create a being to desire so much, and to obtain so little; whose performances are so inadequate to his conceptions; and of whom, one part should know the imperfection of the other; and know it only to lament it; know it without hope of remedy, and feel it only to despair.

These Philosophers, by the mere light of reason, even without any assistance from, or knowledge of, revelation; by inquiring into the nature of the soul of man, discovered that it is a substance distinct from
 matter;

matter; and upon the most steady contemplation and investigation of matter, they established this truth; that as matter is incapable by any powers of its own, either of action or sensation, that therefore the soul is independent of the body, and therefore immaterial, and consequently immortal. Here you see that natural religion alone proves beyond a doubt, the immortality of the soul, consequently the absurdity and folly of annihilation.

When I told you that I had heard from Mr. Jodrell, of your conversation with Dr. Brocklesby about annihilation; you said, "that nothing could be more weak than any such notion; that life was indeed a great thing; and that you meant nothing more by your preference of a state of torment to a state of annihilation, than to express at what an immense value you rated vital existence." Upon this part of the subject it is very necessary that you should be precisely exact, and very forcible.

But the reasons above, as they could only be collected by the speculative and the wise, could not exert sufficient influence upon the generality of mankind.

It was therefore necessary that the doctrine of the
immortality

immortality of the soul, and the resurrection of the body, that it might influence all, should be established upon such evidence, as all could understand; which might operate upon the passions as well as the judgment; which might be learned in infancy, and which in old age could not be forgotten.

Such evidence we have by an actual exemplification. He therefore, who taught the great doctrine of the resurrection, has given an invincible attestation to its truth by rising himself.

Our all-merciful Creator has made men free and moral agents; as such he has sent them into this world, into a state of probation; suffers them to be masters of themselves, and restrains them only by coercions applied to their reason; by the hope of rewards, or the fear of punishments. But to prevent the sin of suicide, a sin that most opposes the designs and schemes of his providence, and the most heinous of all sins in his sight, our God omnipotent has applied every exertion of his almighty power; and by his prescient care at our creation in framing, in mixing, and in uniting, in our nature, in our reason, and in our senses, this first principle, this miraculous law of self-preservation, He, the
I
mighty

mighty Lord, hath taught us how offensive in his sight is the crime of self-murder; a sin certainly unpardonable, because it seems impossible, if death be the instantaneous consequence of the act, that it can be repented of; and by his miraculous care to prevent it we cannot but deduce this conviction, how outrageously they must offend him, who shall dare to desert the station in which their God has a right to place them.

I was once desired by a Friend to give him my opinion of the crime of suicide. My answer was the argument above; and the effect of it was most amazing. He immediately turned pale; his lips were convulsed; and it was some time before he could recover himself. You have frequently, and very lately, reminded me of this occurrence.



The doctrine of the immortality of the soul is, doubtless, clear to our reason; and the doctrine of the resurrection of the body sufficiently evident for our faith; but the constitution of man is such, that abstruse and intellectual truths cannot by any other means be so forcibly impressed upon our minds, as by sensible evidence; and it may be a speculation worthy the chase and pursuit of men of the strongest reasoning,
and

and most clear intuitive powers, to examine for what wise cause or causes, our omniscient Creator, who has already established these doctrines by evidence so clear to our reason, and so sufficient for our faith, should refuse to gratify our curiosity with such lights to our senses.

The laws, by which the propagation of our species is enforced, and our existence continued, are the laws of sense in a very eminent degree. And if our omniscient God had given those lights to our senses to see farther by them beyond the grave, than he has permitted us, he could not but know how these lights must militate against those first laws of nature; and that by the power of such lights to our senses the present constitution of the world must be destroyed, and infinite mischief and inextricable confusion be the consequences.

By these lights, our faith, that faith which in our present state of probation will be the test of our belief in God and our obedience to his laws, for which we shall be judged, condemned, or acquitted; that faith that hath saved thee, and by which we shall be justified: Luke vii. 50. that faith which hath subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the
C
mouths

mouths of lions : Heb. xi. 33. that faith which our God has taught us ; and by every impulse of persuasion, and every inducement of privilege, and promise of blessings, hath impressed upon us, would be totally annihilated. St. Paul's definition of faith is, that faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen : But by these lights things hoped for would be seen, and hope changed into certainty.

The shallow powers with which we are endued cannot foresee, nor circumscribe, the dreadful consequences of thus overturning the omniscient schemes of providence, and the grand and stupendous miracle of nature.

The temptations to the sin of suicide must be infinitely multiplied, and the law of self-preservation to prevent it would become of little effect. The impatience of man under the pressure of his common and daily afflictions must be infinitely magnified, and existence (existence in this world) must be intolerable to him, who sees how the penitent thief, in one moment, is conveyed from the misery of the cross, to the felicities of Paradise ; from a state of the most agonizing torture, to a state of bliss, such as eye hath
not

not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.

I have somewhere read, that whilst an almost Christian Philosopher was descanting to his audience, on the immortality of the soul, and describing, with all the warmth of a fine imagination, the pure and inexhaustible source of intellectual pleasures, to which it would be admitted, on being separated from the body, some virtuous Youths were so transported with the idea, that they could hardly be restrained from laying violent hands upon themselves, in order to anticipate those supreme enjoyments, from which the immortal spirit was detained, by its present connection with gross, unthinking matter—not considering that the social duties of life were first to be discharged, and its various trials sustained, ere the soul could be entitled to a blissful immortality.

The following tetrastick of Callimachus is to the same purport.

Εἶπας, Ἡΰλιε χεῖρε, Κλεόμβροτος Ὠμβρακιώτης
 Ἡΰλα΄ ἀφ' ὑψηλᾶ τείχεος εἰς Αἴδην,
 Ἀΰξιον εἰδὲν ἰδῶν θανάτου κακόν, ἀλλὰ Πλάτωνος
 Ἐν τὸ περὶ ψυχῆς γράμμ' ἀναλεξάμενος.

Cleombrotus exclaim'd, " Farewell, O light !"
 From the high tow'r then plung'd to Stygian night,
 No ills he felt that urg'd the desp'rate thought,
 But wish'd to realize what Plato taught.

From hence you must observe, how nearly the force of reason in the Heathen Philosophers equipoizes the powers of the law of self-preservation, and see, how infinite the wisdom and mercy of our Creator is, in withholding from us any fuller prescience of the blessed state in the world to come; to enter upon which, nothing could prevent mankind from storming the avenues and gates of death, but the grand obligation to a patient continuance in well doing, enjoined them by the Gospel.

We have another very stupendous instance of our Creator's infinite prescience and provident solitude for the happiness of mankind, by the covenant which our God established between himself and man, from the foundation of the world. Since from the moment that man was created liable to sin, from that same moment a remedy was prepared, and the propitiation offered by the Son was accepted. The Lamb was sacrificed from the foundation of the world, and took place from the first formation of man. Here you see that the tender
 mercy

mercy of God the Father, and God the Son, hath delivered the posterity of him who broke the covenant, from the consequences of his fault, and given us the means of grace and the hope of glory.—Upon the whole, I am for my part convinced, that the evidence which God has given to my reason, and by the Scriptures to my faith, is sufficient and perfect; that God hath done all, and left nothing undone, that is necessary for our guidance in the ways which he hath set before us. We are in this world, as I before observed, in a state of probation; and by our belief in God, and our obedience to his laws, we are to be tried, punished, or rewarded. We are very certain (Acts xvii. 31.) that the Lord will judge the world, and (Proverbs xxxi. 9.) that he will judge righteously; that he does not require us to know what he has hid from us; and that he will punish us for the neglect or misapplication of talents, and not for the want of them.

We know that the schemes of unerring providence cannot be improved or amended, either by adding new, or taking away the old lights; and with great truth and sincerity I say, to God only wife be glory through Jesus Christ for ever. Amen.

All

All the knowledge that we have of the resurrection of the body we derive from the Scriptures ; which, as it may give you much comfort, and me little trouble, I will extract for your consideration.

In considering the doctrine of the resurrection, we can only declare what is delivered in the holy Scriptures. It is not necessary, nor proper, to examine all the wild opinions which enthusiasm or folly have published to the world ; or examine all the questions which presumptuous curiosity, or subtilty, ill employed, have ventured to propose ; questions, to which, since God has not been pleased to resolve them, no answer can be given by human wisdom. The Scriptures are written with pity to the infirmities of man, but with no indulgence to his pride ; and they who will not humbly stop at those limits which their Creator has set to their knowledge, are deservedly left to wander in the labyrinths of endless intricacy, when they have forsaken the light of revelation, to wander after the illusive meteors of fanciful conjectures.

It is indeed not necessary that man should wholly restrain himself from searching into the government of God, even farther than God has expressly revealed it.

An inquiry into the general scheme of providence is surely a very noble and interesting speculation. But let such inquiries be begun with humility, and conducted with piety. Let him that searches into the ways of God, remember the boundless disparity between his intellectual powers, and the subject that employs them! And first, resolving to rest his soul upon the word of God, let him exert his reason with due subordination to his faith; let him search with reverence, and assert with modesty, and he may indulge his curiosity without a crime, and perhaps with some advantage both to others and himself.

But the discoveries of one man's reason will be sometimes doubtful to the reason of another; and the utmost that any man can hope, is but to arrive at ingenious conjectures, which may gain applause; but the word of God alone can demand our faith. And in the word of God, though the vain inquirer may sometimes fail of satisfaction, there will be found all that is necessary to comfort misery, to repress pride, to reform corruption, and to encourage virtue. Though those are condemned as fools who arrogantly ask how are the dead raised, and with what bodies will they rise; we are however told that this corruptible shall
 - put

put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality; and shewn that this change is possible, because it has already been effected, for Christ is now risen from the dead.

These Scriptures farther inform us, that those who at this great day shall be left alive, shall not die but be changed. From whence we may conclude, without much straining for a conjecture, that this change will be from an earthly to an heavenly body, with which we are assured the dead shall arise.

In the Scriptures we have also sufficient information to fill the heart with awe, to raise devotion to ecstasy, and turn our thoughts from the present life to the great day of total consummation: That day in which death, the last enemy, shall be overcome; on which the trumpet shall sound, and the universe, at the command of God, assume a new form, as it first arose, when the voice of creation summoned it to being. When those who have long slept in the grave shall rise again, and the sea shall give up her dead; when all, from the east and the west, and the north and the south, shall be assembled together, and all the generations of men, from the first to the last day, shall

shall stand ranged before the tribunal of all powerful justice. Then will that Jesus who died to redeem us appear in the clouds, surrounded by the armies of heaven, and shining with the visible splendors of divinity. Then will every one see the genuine and unmingled effects of vice and virtue. Those who have passed their lives in charity and piety; who have loved God with all their might, and their neighbour as themselves; who have clothed the naked, and whose houses have been open to the destitute; who have prayed without ceasing, have watched against temptation, and laboured to make themselves perfect, even as their Father which is in heaven is perfect; shall appear before their judge with humble faith, and support the day of the Lord with hopes of mercy. Then shall those who have despised the threatenings of God, who have walked after their lusts, and known no other motive of action than the enjoyment of present vices; those who have laid up treasures by oppression, and looked on misery without pity; who have persuaded themselves to say there is no God, or have drawn near him with their lips, when their hearts were far from him; shall now feel those terrors which luxury or pomp had formerly laid asleep. They shall then find themselves without refuge; the time past not to be recalled, and

the time to come infusceptible of change. They shall wish to fly from the sight of omniscience, and to withdraw themselves from the presence of infinity, and shall call upon the mountains to fall on them, and upon the rocks to cover them. But all wishes are now too late, the trial is now past, and the sheep are severed from the goats, the wicked are for ever divided from the good. Those that have done well enter with their Saviour into the kingdom of his Father, and they that have done wickedly are sentenced to the everlasting fire prepared for the Devil and his Angels.

I hope you will approve the part which I have done; and I have no doubt but that I shall be perfectly satisfied with your superstructure upon this foundation.

I am, my dearest Sir,

Yours, &c.

JOHN TAYLOR.

The following Letters are selected from a great Number, which contain similar Expressions of Friendship and Esteem.

To the Rev. Dr. TAYLOR.*

DEAR SIR,

LET me have your company and your instruction. Do not live away from me; my distress is great.

Pray desire Mrs. Taylor to inform me what mourning I should buy for my Mother and Miss Porter, and bring a note in writing with you.

Remember me in your prayers; for vain is the help of man.

I am,

DEAR, SIR, &c.

March 18, 1752.

SAM. JOHNSON.

* On the death of Mrs. Johnson.

E

D E A R S I R,

I T has pleased God, by a paralytick stroke, in the night, to deprive me of Speech.

I am very desirous of Dr. Heberden's assistance, as I think my case is not past remedy. Let me see you as soon as it is possible. Bring Dr. Heberden with you, if you can; but come yourself at all events. I am glad you are so well, when I am so dreadfully attacked.

I think that by a speedy application of stimulants much may be done. I question if a vomit, vigorous and rough, would not rouse the organs of speech to action. As it is too early to send, I will try to recollect what I can that can be suspected to have brought on this dreadful distress.

I have been accustomed to bleed frequently for an asthmatic complaint; but have forborn for some time by Dr. Pepyfs's persuasion, who perceived my legs beginning to swell.

I sometimes alleviate a painful, or more properly an oppressive constriction of my chest, by opiates, and have
1
lately

lately taken opium frequently ; but the last, or two last times in smaller quantities. My largest dose is three grains, and last night I took but two.

You will suggest these things, and they are all that I can call to mind, to Dr. Heberden.

I am, &c.

June 17, 1783.

S A M. J O H N S O N.

To the Rev. Dr. TAYLOR, *Ashbourn, Derbyshire.*

D E A R S I R,

W H A T can be the reason that I hear nothing from you ? I hope nothing disables you from writing. What I have seen, and what I have felt, gives me reason to fear every thing. Do not omit giving me the comfort of knowing that after all my losses I have yet a friend left.

I want every comfort. My life is very solitary and very cheerless. Though it has pleased God wonderfully to deliver me from the dropsy, I am yet very weak, and have not passed the door since the 13th of
December.

December. I hope for some help from warm weather, which will surely come in time.

I could not have the consent of the physicians to go to church yesterday; I therefore received the holy sacrament at home, in the room where I communicated with dear Mrs. Williams, a little before her death. O, my friend, the approach of death is very dreadful. I am afraid to think on that which I know I cannot avoid. It is vain to look round and round, for that help which cannot be had. Yet we hope and hope, and fancy that he who has lived to-day may live to-morrow. But let us learn to derive our hope only from God.

In the mean time, let us be kind to one another. I have no friend now living but you and Mr. Hector, that was the friend of my youth. Do not neglect,

DEAR SIR,

Yours affectionately,

London, Easter Monday,
April 12, 1784.

S A M. J O H N S O N.



AN
ADDRESS
TO THE
MEMBERS OF CONVOCATION AT LARGE,
ON THE
PROPOSED NEW STATUTE RESPECTING
PUBLIC EXAMINATION,
IN THE
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

BY THE RECTOR OF LINCOLN COLLEGE.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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1807.

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

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TO THE
MEMBERS OF CONVOCATION
AT LARGE.

SEMPER EADEM!

AN UNIVERSITY is the seat of *Universal Learning* increasing and to be increased, from the nature of men and things, with the lapse of time: it is also the place of *Universal Teaching*, which is its first and most important duty. Its *Discipline* should, accordingly, be *adapted to the Increase or Advancement of Learning improving and to be improved according to the times*; otherwise it may occupy young-men in studies that are obsolete and in errors that are exploded; it should also be in the *Right or Initiative Method*; otherwise it will lead them *from* instead of *to* the Truth, into Sophistry instead of Science, in all parts of learning, and involve them in darkness and confusion.

These are, I trust, the true Principles upon which all University-Discipline should be founded; and upon which, from time to time, it should be improved otherwise whatever alteration is made, though it be a change, it will be no *Improvement*. Upon these *General Principles* I now beg leave to examine the New Scheme of University Discipline, so far as relates to *The Public Examination*, (into which I understand the whole of our Public Discipline is to be resolved,) at this time submitted to your individual consideration, requesting that none of You will be unduly biassed by what I have to observe, nor by the influence of any other; but that each of You will think candidly and impartially in this most Important Concern, and act, without fear or favour, as, in your own judgment, will most contribute to the honour and advantage of this University, as

a Seat both of Universal Learning, and Universal Teaching: for to its internal Discipline, not to its external Splendor, every University owes its reputation and true celebrity; as the Advancement and Encouragement of sound Learning, of which all Discipline in every department should be the means, is the appropriate end for which Universities were founded and endowed.

Before the attempt at improvement, which was made by the New Statute of Examination about six years ago, the Old Aristotelian Discipline, which had been adopted by all the Universities of Europe in the dark ages, to which itself contributed as a principal cause, had, by the progress of learning as the world grew older, become in a great measure obsolete in this University, however cherished by the prejudice and prepossessions of a few, whose minds it had narrowed and contracted from an early age. Pursuing the *Wrong-Method* of science, instead of teaching the understanding how to search and find the Truth, it wedded it at once to a heap of antiquated Errors, which were confirmed and sanctioned by the public Authority of the Schools. Instead of opening and enlarging the mind of the Student, and leading him on by regular degrees in the successful road to Science, it put an extinguisher upon all rational investigation and real improvement, by employing all his time and talents in noisy *Disputations* about and about his wedded errors; gratifying his pride by the subtlety and dexterity of sophisticated reasonings, whilst it destroyed his relish for unadulterated truths: and giving him all the pomp of learning without any of its power. Such is the true character of the Aristotelian Discipline and the accomplished Schoolman, which at length became so glaring in an enlightened and enlightening age, that the Public Discipline of the Schools silently and gradually sunk into an Useless Form; and Colleges, of late years, have taken up a Private Discipline of their own, under which the University has, indeed, gone on; but only like a ship sailing under jury-masts.—The defect is great and obvious. The glory of an University must ever be its Public Discipline, which leads, controls, and animates the Private, and acts like the mainspring in a complicated machine.

From the chains or charms of this absurd and antiquated Discipline, which have holden Oxford in inglorious slavery for ages past, the genius of her sister University had the sagacity and the magnanimity virtually to break long time ago, exemplifying the truth of what has been advanced, That, in respect of Universities, Discipline is a thing of most Important Concern, on which their

public use and celebrity depend : for, in consequence of her superior Discipline, (I am now treading upon tender ground, but when the importance of the cause calls upon me, as in speaking the truth I seek the gratification of none, so it becomes me not to fear the offence of any,) that University, though little more than half the extent of ours, and not of half its splendor, has produced abler Mathematicians, abler Philosophers, greater Poets, and (forgive me, ye Sons of Oxford, if I now touch you to the quick) better Classics, than we have to boast : all which can only be attributed to her superior Discipline. There is, I know and lament, that evil-eyed jealousy between the Sister-Universities, that the sons of the one cannot bear to hear the praises of the other. I must, however beg a truce with that jealousy for a moment, whilst, in proof of the superiority of Cambridge in Mathematics, Philosophy, and Poetry, the most important branches of human learning, relating to the *theoretic* and *poetic* Mind, (for, since the Gospel, with the instruction of the *practic* Mind men have no concern,) I give the names of a Bacon, a Newton, and a Milton ; which three names alone eclipse all the fame of Oxford as an University, from the days of Alfred to the present hour : and if Classics be your boast, (a thing, philosophically viewed, of inferior consideration,) I can only say, that though I have known Oxford more than thirty years, I never met with one in all this large University, in point of a thorough grammatical, philological, and critical knowledge of the Latin and Greek tongues, especially the latter, at all to be compared with the man out of whose hands I first came hither—the late Rev. Dr. Bateman, Master of Sedbergh School, who had been a Fellow of St. John's, in Cambridge : and this small tribute I pay, as an act of no less justice than gratitude, to the memory of that celebrated Grecian. But here I stop. I will not now descend to the names of living characters, who, if a comparison were made, would prove no way inferior to the best Classics this University can produce.

These remarks I am compelled to make, however invidious they may seem ; because, on the present as well as on a former occasion, I thought and suggested, that the Cambridge Discipline, so far as Examination goes, was a fit model, from its success in the effect, not indeed to be servilely and exactly adopted, but to be improved upon : for as science improves, every literary institution is capable of improvement. On both occasions, however, others, in the pride of their learning, seemed to spurn. They seemed to think it an act of magnanimity to reject at once whatever smelt of Cambridge. I, on the contrary, happened to think it an act of pusillanimity ; and that the true magna-

mimity would have been to have said, " Sister University, we have both the
 " same Church, and the same King; and, all jealousy extinct, we will serve
 " them both, hand in hand, as sisters ought to do: give us leave to take a plan
 " of your Discipline, a thing so essential to our well-being, and we will make it
 " better if we can; and if we have any thing to offer you in return, you shall be
 " heartily welcome to it."

One scheme of Public Examination fabricated in contempt of all such exam-
 ple, has proved abortive in practice, as might easily have been foreseen, having
 met, in the midst of the many honours it affected to confer, with that contempt
 from all the best qualified and most distinguishing young men, which it so well
 deserved. At length, another scheme is proposed and submitted to the consi-
 deration, and, I hope, not to the consideration only, but to the rejection, of the
 Members of Convocation at large, who are the Body Corporate, if it appear
 inadequate to the great purpose of Academical Discipline, and unworthy of
 adoption, as the former has proved to be. From the first paragraph of this
 proposed Statute, which respects Candidates in Civil Law as well as in Arts
 coupled with the third, which repeals the whole of the last new statute of 1800,
 it appears that this New Examination is to be the only Academical Examination,
 and is also to comprise, as I am informed and have observed, the *whole* Public
 Discipline of the University. It is, therefore, in every point of view, a *Mo-
 mentous Concern*. It is what the Public at large will look up to, and to which
 all other Universities will look up, as to the test and criterion of our Academical
 worth. Such a Scheme of Public Examination surely then demands discussion
 before it merit adoption: and I will discuss it upon the Principles of sound Dis-
 cipline, with which I opened this Address; passing over the first and second Sec-
 tions without a comment, to the third *De Formâ et Modo* EXAMINATIONIS.

The first subjects of Examination are THE GREEK AND LATIN TONGUES,
 classed under the head of LITERÆ HUMANIÖRES. Beside their intimate con-
 nexion with the Religion we profess, these Languages are the doors into the
 gardens of Greece and Rome, replete with vast historical resources, and with
 those monuments of *Taste* and *Elegance* which have never been yet improved,
 and therefore still remain as standing models for study and cultivation. Not
 so the Philosophy they contain. That they are most proper subjects of Acade-
 mical cultivation will be allowed by all: but that they are not, the former espe-
 cially more rudimentally and grammatically taught, that is, in the only *Right*

Method, according to the Principle laid down, in which they can be successfully learnt, is a truth which has been much and long regretted by some few individuals. These two Learned Languages, especially the latter, lie at the root of the Clerical Profession: and when we consider that two thirds of the Students of this University are Clerical, bred up to fill the Ministerial Offices of the Church, these Languages are not only proper subjects of Academical Discipline, but by that Discipline should be *well* and *soundly* taught. Although classical learning may be our boast, the Greek tongue, the most perfect, comprehensive, and, for a special cause, the most important of all tongues, is in general ungrammatically learnt, ill read, and worse understood, and construed solely by the help of Latin or English translations.—And yet, behold, in this New Scheme of Examination, by which the knowledge of these Languages ought to be well proved, GRAMMAR, which the Ancient Grecians studied and cultivated with peculiar acumen and success, is, for the first time, *totally omitted!!*

RHETORIC, which used always to be coupled with Grammar, though of inferior consideration, has, however, shared a better fate. It comes coupled with Moral Philosophy, to which it has little relation, and classed under the same indiscriminating head of LITERÆ HUMANIORES, and is to be a subject of Examination, “*quatenus a scriptoribus veteribus derivanda sit.*” As the Ancient Greeks made RHETORIC their peculiar study as well as Grammar, and possessed a living Language, as well as Poets and Orators in that language, never yet excelled or equalled in any of the succeeding or later ages, the Ancient Rhetoricians have never been improved upon by those of modern times; so that, without violating the Principle laid down, the Youth of any University may, at the present day, be sent to Aristotle and other Ancients to learn their Rhetoric with full propriety. But in regard to *Moral Philosophy*, which, though coupled with it and classed under the same head, as it is, philosophically considered, quite a different thing, the case is widely different.

But before I come to the consideration of this most important part of Academical Education, I beg leave to remark, That, though this New Form of a Statute sets out with these promising expressions: “*Cum Antiquus examinandi mos hisce temporibus minime accommodatus sit, decrevit haud ita pridem Academia—novam formam EXAMINATIONIS instituendam, in qua cum nonnulla jam agnoscimus in melius mutari posse, visum est Academiae rem totam ab*

“*integro refingere,*” it turns out, as its ill-fated predecessor did before it, to be a thing, in all the most important parts, patched and tinkered up out of the rubbish of the Old Discipline of the Schools, without any regard whatever to the Advancement of Learning and Knowledge of *these present times*. As a signal proof of the truth of this remark I produce the following words: “Instituatur examen in LITERIS HUMANIORIBUS per quas intelligimus non tantum Linguas Græcam et Romanam, sed et Rhetoricam quoque et Moralem Philosophiam, quatenus a *Scriptoribus veteribus* derivandæ sint.”—And, what then: Has there been no improvement in MORAL PHILOSOPHY since the days of Aristotle and the Ancients, as is the case with Rhetoric?—Surely there cannot be a plainer proof that the Framers of this New Form of a Statute, whoever they may be, are doughty Schoolmen, disciples and slaves of Aristotle and the Ancients, blind to all Improvement, and bigotted to Antiquity!!! If there has been no Improvement in this most Important Science since the age of Aristotle and the Ancient Writers, I submit at once to the lofty genius and distinguishing learning of these able Schoolmen. There is but one Moral Governor in the Universe, and but one species of Moral Agents with which we are concerned, and unless, in the profundity of their wisdom, they can find out Two different Moral Philosophies, I must beg leave to tell them, That the Old Moral Philosophy of Aristotle, Cicero, or Epictetus, however admirable in their days, is at this day not worth a louse.—I cannot speak too contemptuously of it, when it is preferred before, or put in competition with, the NEW LAW of ONE who was the Appointed Mediator between the Moral Governor and all his Moral Agents, who came possessed of all knowledge, and vested with all power, to teach Moral Philosophy to this lower world, who abrogated all the Old, except what was sanctioned by divine, which was his own, authority, and left his New Philosophy to all future ages, *incapable* of addition or improvement.

The CHRISTIAN RELIGION and the GOSPELS are, indeed, an indispensable article of Examination: but as *Moral Philosophy* is made a *separate Article* and directed to be learned from Ancient Authors, the Christian part can only be understood to apply to the *Historical* and *Doctrinal*, not to the Moral, part of that Religion: and, indeed, sufficient will it be, for the short time allotted to each Candidate, to be examined in these parts of Theology with *the Articles of Religion*, without going over *Morality* a second time.

After such a divine correction and transcendent advancement of the Moral Law, how preposterously absurd—how much worse than absurd is it, to send the

Youth of a Christian University, in the nineteenth century, to learn their Moral Philosophy from Aristotle, that uncircumcized and unbaptized Philistine of the Schools? Is not this to prefer the errors of Paganism to the oracles of Wisdom and Truth? Nothing can account for this absurdity but a weak and blind adherence to the Old School-Discipline, built in the dark ages upon a dark and false foundation. The Giver of this Moral Law was "the Light" as well as "the Life:" and since this "Light, which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the "world" as a Moral Agent, hath illumined that world for many ages, never surely was the observation of the Beloved Apostle and Evangelist more signally verified, or the severe rebuke which it contains more justly applied, than in this famous University at this very hour: "And the Light shined in Darkness, and the "Darkness comprehended it not."

In palliation of this gross and glaring absurdity, it may be pretended, indeed, That a veneration is due to the works of Antiquity for *Antiquity's* sake. This is all a delusion: for, as Bacon somewhere observes, the time of Aristotle was the real minority, and the present age is the real seniority or *Antiquity*, of the world; and, therefore, that veneration ought, in truth, to be due to the *Present Times*, that is, to the Advancement of Knowledge in the present times. And it may be further pretended, That the Youth of the University should read the Moral Philosophy of Aristotle and the Ancients, in order that they may admire the lucid system in which it is disposed, and imitate the concise didactic style in which it is delivered: but we are not speaking of *Disposition* or *Style*, however worthy of imitation; we are speaking of Moral Philosophy as a science, which is a *practical* thing of the last importance to the happiness of man: and is there no danger, I ask, to the Moral Principle, a thing of the most delicate nature, the most easy to be warped, and when once warped the most difficult to be corrected, in sending the Youth of an University, with their waxen minds, to learn their morality from the unprincipled and imperfect systems of Antiquity, which comparatively may be called, The follies of Paganism?—But this is all a shuffle: for, Why is not the *Natural Philosophy* of the Peripatetic, in which there is no danger to the Moral Principle, to be made the subject of Academical Studies, by the same rule, as well as the Moral: for within these two hundred years the Physics of Aristotle were considered as the crown of all his works? "Ut vero in omni Philosophiæ parte excellit Aristoteles, sic *maxime* in "*Physica*, unde dictus est *Naturæ Genius*; non enim accurate tantum sed uber-
"rime res naturales exposuit, principia, causas, proprietates, partes, speciesque

“ omnes explicando.” These are the words of Duval, to whose Edition with the Latin translations there given, all the Schoolmen of late years have been originally indebted for all they knew or know of Aristotle.

Again I repeat the question: Why, by the same rule, and under this higher recommendation, are not the Physics of the Stagyrice to be made a subject of Academical Education, as well as his Ethics?—Is it not that a Bacon and a Newton of *Modern Times* have made these Schoolmen actually ashamed of the idol of their *Antiquity*, whom they have so long and devoutly worshipped?—And, what! Shall the Natural Philosophy of these men, however great, make them ashamed of the Natural Philosophy of their master Aristotle?—And shall not the Moral Philosophy of HIM who was greater than the greatest of men, not make them still more ashamed of a false Philosophy of infinitely more concern to the happiness of man!!!

But I will leave it to others to reconcile this glaring inconsistency, whilst I ask another question which may justly astonish all that hear it: Why, in this wonderful scheme of Public Examination, is NATURAL PHILOSOPHY the Queen of all Theoretic Science, one of the fittest subjects of Academical Education, *totally omitted*?—Is it, because these sagacious Schoolmen, being at last ashamed of the Ancient Physics of their master of the Lycæum, in the pride of their *Antiquity*, disdain the Natural Philosophy of *Modern Times*, however extended and improved?—What a bigotry to *Antiquity* falsely understood!! Or: Is it not more truly, because it owes its vast extension and improvement principally to those illustrious moderns, a Bacon and a Newton, who were *Cambridge-men*? When, in the name of Apollo and all the Muses, shall we see an end of that pusillanimous jealousy which disgraces the Scholar and Philosopher!!!

At length, Ye doughty champions of the Schools, Darii, Ferio, Baralipton, puzzled and involved in Mood and Figure, and fascinated with the charms of ancient lore, I greet you well: for I am now coming, in course, to contemplate the beauty of your *Dear DIALECTICA*, the undoubted child of Aristotle, on whom ye and your learned predecessors have doted for many ages, on whom ye have wasted all your time and talents, and studied yourselves blind, and on whom ye continue in this nineteenth century to dote on still, “ *cujus præcipuam SEMPER rationem haberi volumus.*” Although ye have deigned to class your Beloved

under the common undistinguishing chapter of *LITERÆ HUMANIORES*, with other parts of learning, (for, after all your doting upon her, this adept in all learning has not yet, it seems, been able to teach you the philosophical distinction and division of Science,) ye have taken special care to exalt her above them all, by making her of more general request, of more indispensable necessity, and of more Academical importance, than any or all the others. “*Cæterum quod ad LITERAS HUMANIORES ET MATHEMATICARUM SCIENTIARUM ELEMENTA attinet, Examinatoribus liberum esto quemlibet Candidatum vel in hisce universis, vel in aliqua parte horum (prout ipsis satius visum fuerit) examinare; modo ut Dialecticæ SEMPER ratio habeatur.*” When I see in this New Scheme of Examination this *Dialectica* thus exalted above all other parts of human learning, and made more indispensable than the Greek and Latin Tongues, than Rhetoric, than Moral Philosophy, and Mathematics (for Natural Philosophy is unworthy to be so much as named); and when I see it raised almost upon a level with the Christian Religion, and treated in the same terms, “*Adhibentor SEMPER S. S. Evangelia Græca, eâ tamen lege qua supra in Dialectica Aristoteles,*” I may surely be permitted to inquire, What this *SEMPER Dialectica* is, which ye so honour and distinguish above all other parts of Human learning, and which ye make equally indispensable with Divine? but which ye love and extol much more than ye seem to understand; for with all men that dote, *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*. I am not to be told in answer, as I have been, that it does not particularly mean *Aristotle’s Logic*, nor *this Logic*, nor *that Logic*, but *any Logic*. Alas! what a wretched shift! That it does not mean the *Logic of the Novum Organum of Bacon* was made clear: for that was, when proposed, *Pro Tempora!* or rather *Pro Ignorantia Temporum!* formally and unanimously rejected.—It must mean the *Logic of Aristotle*, which ye can neither deny nor disguise, for these words, “*Aristoteles tanquam Dialecticæ Magister,*” and “*in Dialectica Aristoteles,*” p. 6. will betray you. This is then *the Old Logic of the Schools SEMPER EADEM*, Sophistry under the semblance of Science, rendered totally obsolete and useless by the Advancement and Progress of Learning in Modern Times.—And here we have another signal and illustrious proof, that this New Form of an University-Statute, which affects, in the outset, to accommodate itself to the state of learning *of the present times*, is only a thing patched and tinkered up out of the rusty and cankered materials of the Old Scholastic Discipline.

However, as this *Dialectica* is to be made of such special consequence in the New Examination, and is a thing of such inestimable worth, I will ask you again, What it is? and Where it is to be found? in order that the Youth of this University, future candidates for the distinguishing honours of the *First Class*, to obtain which, whatever may become of all the other parts of human learning, it is made indispensably necessary, may distinctly know where to apply for the acquisition of such a high and important accomplishment. Does it extend to the whole of the *Organon* of Aristotle, including the *Isagoge* of Porphyry? or is it confined to that part only to which it is more *particularly* applied by the master and inventor of this *Dialectic* art?—Doubtless, it must mean the whole *Organon*; for I humbly beg leave to inform you, That without a knowledge of the *Syllogism* as delivered in the *Analytics*, the *Syllogism* of the *Topics* cannot be understood.

And now, Ye generous Youths, emulous, as ye ought to be, of Academical honours, I will just give you a glimpse of the pleasant and delightful task ye are expected to perform, and of the way bestrewed all over with fruits and flowers over which ye are to pass in wooing the Fair and Accomplished *Dialectica*, who, when securely won, can alone exalt you to those envied honours. I will begin with the *Isagoge de quinque Vocibus*, written by Porphyry the Apostate as an Introduction to this great work of Aristotle, (alas, poor Porphyry, had he never puzzled his brain in the *Organon* of Aristotle, he would most probably have ended as he begun, and died a Christian!) and for many ages considered as a part of it, consisting of one Book of eighteen Chapters. Next come the *Categories*, which are not properly Aristotle's, but taken by him from the Pythagorean School, consisting of one Book containing fifteen Chapters. After this comes the Book *On Interpretation*, divided into fourteen Chapters. Next come the *Prior Analytics*, in two Books, the first containing forty-six Chapters, and the second twenty-seven. Next are the *Posterior Analytics*, consisting of two Books, the first divided into thirty-four Chapters, and the second into nineteen. Afterwards eight Books of *Topics*, the first containing eighteen Chapters; the second eleven; the third six; the fourth six; the fifth nine; the sixth fourteen; the seventh five; and the eighth fourteen. At last come the *Sophistical Elenchs*; one Book containing thirty-four Chapters.—Forming altogether a part of what are called the *Acroamatic* works of Aristotle, written in a style more abstruse than his other works, and difficult to be understood unless explained in a *vivâ voce* conversation, for which they were designed. This most easy and delightful task will find your Academical hours

full employment for four of the most useful years of your lives for all the purposes of learning. In the Book of Categories, and in that on Interpretation, there is indeed much refined Metaphysics, and original Philology deserving the admiration of every age; but these studies are much too difficult and abstracted for younger minds. If, however, ye are ambitious of Academical honours, ye must neglect all the Sciences, and discard all the Muses, and the Graces too, in order to pay unremitting devotion to this crabbed Old Hag, which, by leading you on in the *Wrong* instead of the *Right Method* of study, will conduct you *from* instead of *to* the Truth, and leave you, in the sportman's phrase, *hunting the heel* all your lives. If these four valuable years are to be thus devoted to this Logic, all the opening powers and faculties of your minds will be cramped and stunted in their growth, at that most critical time, the spring of your lives, in which they are most capable of extension and enlargement. The native sense, with which ye are gifted, this Logic will pervert. The native powers of reasoning, with which ye are endowed, it will defeat. Instead of opening the way to, and furthering your progress in, the other parts of learning, it will throw a damp upon all genius in invention and vigour in pursuit, and keep you puzzling in errors and groping in darkness all your days. "Logica quæ in usu est," says the Author of the *Novum Organum*, "ad errores stabiliendos et figendos valet, potius quam ad inquisitionem Veritatis; ut magis sit damnosa quam utilis."—And when, after your four-years' labour in studying *Dialectica* is crowned with the desired success in ranking your names, though only *alphabetically*, in the *First Class*, well may ye deserve to be pronounced *Egregie*, for, doubtless, ye will prove *Egregious Blockheads*, unqualified to cope with Art or Science, and unprepared for the study of the Learned Faculties.

Of all the studies and labours of Aristotle, who has not in this University a more willing admirer than myself as an Author who lived more than two thousand year ago, he succeeded the worst in his *Physics* and *Dialectics*, and for this plain reason; Because in these two parts of learning he had the misfortune to pursue the *Wrong* instead of the *Right Method*—the *Synthetic* instead of the *Analytic*: "Methodus," says his Editor Duval, "est recta ratio rerum considerandarum et tractandarum; alia Synthetica, quæ observatur in Physica et Dialectica; alia Analytica Syntheticæ opposita." This fundamental error of the Peripatetic, which had escaped the eyes of the learned for many ages, was found out at once by the superior acumen of Bacon, who, in his *New Organ*, pursued the opposite or *Analytic Method*, and

which he recommended with success, as the event has fully proved, to all sound philosophers. Thus the two Logics are the reverse of each other. The Old is the high-road *from* the Temple of Truth, which Aristotle locked and left behind him: The New is the high-road *to* that Temple, which Bacon, after many ages of darkness, opened again; and whither he invited all true philosophers to follow him in the Advancement of Learning and Science increasing and to be increased to the end of time.

After this short view of Dialectica which is made so indispensable on all occasions in this New Examination, it is pleasant to read these soft and indulgent words: "Nihil enim triste aut asperum molimur. Lenitati ubique concessum volumus, modo, ne ea sit quæ Juniorum socordiae patrocinari videatur." Though this University may have been hitherto famed for idleness, after having trod the dark and dreary waste again and again of these seven Books of the Organon; truly, O Florentissimi Juvenes! ye will have found little time for indulgence in the lap of Socordia: for every step to your sorrow will prove *triste et asperum*, and many a weary step will ye be obliged to take; and, still more to your sorrow will it turn, when ye find that dark and dreary road leading you at last into the Class of Blockheads.

Perhaps it may be said, That it is not intended the Candidates for an Academical Degree shall read Aristotle himself (though the contrary is plainly implied in the sixth page): they may learn his Logic from his Commentators.—What, from Smiglecius, Burgersdicius, and others much more voluminous and obscure than himself? for wherever he is dark, they have taken care, by their long-winded comments, to darken him the more. But when the Author of an Art or Science is in being, as this part of the works of Aristotle is, it is unworthy the learning, and beneath the dignity, of an University to suffer its members to draw the waters from any other source than the spring itself, and servilely to take them up after they have been polluted by the fingers of Commentators: Or, perhaps it may be said, That they may learn their Logic, as the Framers of this Statute seem to have done themselves, from some paltry and imperfect Compend.—And will not this miserable shift soon bring back the Schools to the *wretched Schemes* of the Old Examination?

Although, involved in the admiration of their Dear Dialectica, and longing after the charms of their Old Disputations, as the Israelites did after the flesh-pots they had left behind, these high-trained Schoolmen totally forgot the Queen

of Sciences Natural Philosophy, they have condescended, in the abundance of their grace, to entertain her sister and useful handmaid MATHEMATIC SCIENCE, not, indeed, in their best room along with their accomplished Dialectica and their other more honoured guests of the LITERÆ HUMANIORES, but in a side-apartment by herself alone; as they would do a vulgar mechanic with his rule and compass in his hand: for, in the first place, they do not admit her into their sublime and mystic class of the LITERÆ HUMANIORES, and, lastly, they have taken care to exclude so mean and ignoble a thing from all share in the high and distinguishing honours they have to give; paying her, indeed, a sort of by-compliment with a "*proculdubio*," which is worse than none. Alas! poor solitary and neglected Mathematic! Considering thy Antiquity, for which, for their own consistency, they should have paid thee more respect, and considering all the good services thou hast performed for Society in all its departments civil and mercantile, and for Science in all its branches, thou wilt be but scurvily treated by an University that boasts herself the richest and the most splendid in the world. But, be of good cheer. I'll tell thee the cause. Jealousy is the cause. We do not like thee here at Oxford, because thou hast heaped thy honours upon the head of our rival Cambridge, and because she caresses thee in return.—How long, Ye Oxonians, is this green-eyed jealousy to strike us blind!

In framing a plan of Public Examination which should lead the young Student to the prosecution of those studies which will aid and assist in making him a scholar, such subjects and sciences should be adopted before all others, as are best calculated to strengthen his understanding, to inure him to the habit of thinking, and to lead him steadily on in the clearest way to truth. The MATHEMATICS are peculiarly calculated, above all other studies, for this most important Academical end; and, though they are not a praxis or exemplar of Universal Reasoning, as some very learned men have erroneously thought, in the category of *Quantity* to which they are confined, they are all Light through every stage of their progression, and formed, above every other pursuit, to keep the mind of the young Student *clear* and *correct*, and to habituate it to *attention*, enabling him to pursue a chain of reasoning with a clear and elegant *precision* through every link, however extended it may be. Such, independently of their vast use in their application to other Sciences, is the true glory of Mathematics as an *Initiating* Science: and the sagacious Framers of the Form of Examination now before us are surely smatterers in the *First Philosophy*, that of *Mind*; (for I find not a word of *Me-*

taphysics or the Philosophy of Mind, any more than of Physics the Philosophy of Body;) otherwise jealousy itself could not have so totally blinded them to the Academical use and importance of this luminous Science: and, had they not been hood-winked by the love of their Dear Dialectica which is all Darkness, calculated at every step to puzzle and confound the juvenile understanding, leading it into error and leaving it in confusion, as it had done their own; they would have discarded the Old Logic and substituted Mathematics in its room, as a leading and honourable subject of Public Examination.

Thus, to say nothing of the astonishing feats of this justly celebrated Science, in its application to the Qualities, Motions, and Affections of Physical Body, and in all its higher advances; had they only understood its nature and use merely as an *Initiating Exercise* of the *Mind*, they would not have so neglected and dishonoured that branch of Learning, which, philosophically speaking, is exclusively intitled to the name of SCIENCE.—But, perhaps, according to their own private and exalted views, they may be right in insulting this luminous Science, and excluding her from all share in the honours of Their First and most distinguished Class: for a spice of the Mathematics, by their cathartic power, might so far clear the muddy brains of those whom, in the profundity of their wisdom, they destine for it, as to prevent them from becoming those consummate and accomplished Blockheads their Beloved Dialectica will, otherwise, be sure to make them—for it is SEMPER Dialectica; Dialectica here, and Dialectica there, and Dialectica every where.

Upon the whole: this Form of a New Statute of Examination is the most extraordinary production that has yet distinguished, or that, I hope, will ever distinguish, the Nineteenth Century; brought forth, in this age of wonders, to astound the whole learned and enlightened world! It can never have been the effort of one man: it must be the result of the joint and lengthened labours of a constellation of men of the most lofty genius and profoundest learning!! Their master Aristotle himself, with Plato and Pythagoras at each elbow, would have been totally unequal to so sublime a task!!! Upon a review of the whole performance—Whether I consider the total omission of *Grammar*, whose rules and rudiments it disdains—or Whether I contemplate its *Moral Philosophy*, which, from Aristotle and the Ancients, looks down with a dignified contempt upon all later improvements in Morality, however Divine and all-perfect they may be—

When I consider its loving attachment to, and its perpetual veneration for, all the dirt and darkness of the *Old-School-Logic*—When I view, with astonishment, its total omission of that *Natural Philosophy* which hath befriended and enlightened all the later ages of the world—And, when I consider its treatment of *Mathematic Science* inshrined in a circle of light, with that neglect, which a thing so mean and servile so eminently deserves—I am lost in sublime amazement: And, after this wonderful phenomenon now before me has been erected into an University-Statute, and made of permanent use, I have only to request that one thing more may be done to crown and complete the whole into a stupendous monument of perfection and glory, namely: That the old University-Motto, DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA, may be changed for one which will be more appropriate to its character, and more worthy of its renown, ARISTOTELES TENEBRÆ MEÆ.

There are other things in the paper now before me, in my mind of inferior consideration, to which others may, however, find reasonable objections: namely, if the Form proposed should pass into a Statute, and not prove abortive in practice like the last: In this great Academical concern, in which the fame and fortune of numbers may be eventually involved, it may be well objected, That so important a decision of the relative merit of the Candidates should be trusted to *four* men, without any check upon them; and in case of a difference of opinion, to *three*, and possibly to *two* only, which *two* may be in the nomination of *one*, viz. The Vicechancellor. For as to the caution, so formally and solemnly introduced, that the Nomination shall first be signified in Congregation—then voted by the Regents in another Congregation—then, after three days, approved or disapproved in Convocation—all this, however fine upon paper, will prove mere moonshine in practice. These very Formalities themselves will defeat the intention, if intention there be any. In regard to University-Predaching, we see the Members of Convocation in general excluded from the pulpit of St. Mary's, and the money drawn out of their pockets to pay others of special appointment: and may we not expect the same mercenary game to be played in University-Examination?

In regard to the schedule of the *Three Classes*, and particularly in regard to the *First Class*, there may be different opinions. As to myself, who think, both from the whole detail of this New Form, and particularly from that clause in the ninth page, “Cæterum hæc Candidatorum secundum merita distributio ad

“ profectum in LITERIS HUMANIORIBUS *præcipue*, in prima vero classe *unice* “ spectare intelligenda est,” of which Literæ Humaniores Dialectica is made the principal and most necessary part SEMPER et ubique, that there can be no real honour attaching to the First Class, to me it is a matter of total indifference, whether the names of the Candidates be placed in *Alphabetical* order or otherwise. Perhaps it may be the wisest way to shuffle the inglorious herd all together into one mixed and indiscriminate fold.

But the whole is a mere *Ignis Fatuus* to amuse and mislead the world, and to persuade it, That we are *doing something* here at Oxford, though we know not How.

These observations upon the Form of a *New Statute On Examination* submitted at this time to Your mature consideration, without knowing or suspecting who its particular Framers are, I beg leave to submit, with all due respect and deference, to The Members of Convocation at large, with a special request, that Ye will honour them with a careful and candid perusal; and in the humble hope, that they may somewhat assist your impartial judgment in deciding for Yourselves in so Public and Important a Concern. Let us all recollect, that the Statutes respecting the Aristotelian Discipline, and the School-Disputations, however false and useless they may be, though obsolete are yet unrepealed: and, before we erect this miserable Form into a Statute and make it perpetual, let us be specially aware, lest it be a trap or pit-fall laid in our way, to bring us back again under the slavish dominion of the old Idol of the Schools, who has been, in all ages, the greatest obstacle to the Improvement of Learning, the greatest obscurer of the Light of the Gospel, and the greatest enemy to the Purity of the Christian Faith.

The Framers of the Scheme before me, whoever they may be, (for one would think that they were Schoolmen who lived more than two hundred years ago, ignorant of all that has passed in the literary world ever since,) appear in all respects so totally unequal to the task they have undertaken—the Improvement or Reform of Academical Discipline; their absurdities are so gross; their inconsistencies so glaring; their prejudices so palpable; and their omissions so strange; that, in perusing so extraordinary a production at the present day, I could not, I confess, preserve that seriousness which so important a matter so imperiously demands. For this I crave Your pardon. I am a plain man, devoid of cere-

mony, blunt in my manner, and abrupt in my expression ; incapable of disguising my sentiments, and apt to give them just as they arise upon every subject, whatever they may be. My Family-Motto is VERITATEM : and it is my native infirmity, That as I think, so must I speak.

Before I conclude, I must call the particular attention of the Learned Body whom I now address to One Important Observation.—The Reformation of Religion is the most glorious epoch of our History. To nothing but the dark ages, increased by the sophistical pedantry of the Aristotelian Discipline in the Universities of Europe, which was continued for the purpose of affording a cloak to Popish Tyranny and Imposition by its eternal round of puzzle in Mood and Figure, were the power and superstition of Papal Rome indebted for their long continuance : for to their Universities, the appointed Seats of Learning, Nations, employed in other pursuits, naturally looked up as to their guides in religious matters ; which, being blinded themselves by a blind Logic, led them into the depths of error and superstition ; exemplifying the truth of the inspired aphorism, “ If therefore thine eye—the light that is in thee, be darkness, how great “ is that darkness.” Now, though we glory in our Reformation from Popery, the Aristotelian Discipline its old friend and help-mate, however obsolete, remains to this day *unreformed* in this University. This may be a paradox ; but it is no less strange than true : for our Public Discipline has not undergone a thorough revisal and repair for some *Hundred Years*. Whenever, therefore, this Great Work is undertaken, it should be done *solemnly, seriously, and effectually* ; in order that a REFORMATION of the *Public Discipline* of this University may be made a fit counterpart worthy of the REFORMATION of the *Public Religion* of the Land : and that, not by Schoolmen with the pomp of Learning without its power, but by Scholars *able and equal to the Important Task*.

A bad Reform is worse than none. Better, much better, had we been under the Public Discipline which obtained before the Statute of 1800, however faulty : for that, having become *obsolete*, was much as a Dead Letter, and the Private Discipline of Colleges in some degree supplied its place. But, if this projected Statute should unfortunately take effect, the Public Discipline will either be despised, or else thrown back from the present State and Advancement of Learning into all the Darkness of the dark ages past.

CONVOCAATION is the *dernier r sort*, in which all power ultimately resides. This is the most *Important Concern* upon which ye can deliberate, and which ye can determine by your Votes: and, unless ye exert yourselves on this great occasion, not as Schoolmen, but as Scholars, with that spirit and independence which become you—The Cambridge-men will tell us—The Universities of Dublin and Scotland will tell us—The very Dissenting Academi s will tell us—and tell us truly: That we are *Dotards* in Learning, and *Drivellers* in Science.

EDWARD TATHAM.

FROM THE RECTORY OF LINCOLN COLLEGE.

Jan. 23, 1807.

A
S E R M O N,

PREACHED ON THE LATE FAST DAY,

Wednesday, Oct. 19, 1803,

AT THE PARISH CHURCH OF HATTON, WARWICKSHIRE,

BY SAMUEL PARR, L. L. D.

ὦ παῖδες Ἑλλήνων ἴτε,
ἔλευθεροῦτε παῖρίδ', ἔλευθεροῦτε δὲ
παῖδας, γυναῖκας, θεῶν τε πατρῴων ἔδη,
θήκας τε Προγόνων· νῦν ὑπὲρ Πάντων ἀγών.

Æschyli. Persæ.

LONDON,
PRINTED FOR J. MAWMAN, No. 22, POULTRY,
BY J. BELCHER, BIRMINGHAM.

—
1804.

TO MY RIGHT REVEREND AND WORTHY DIOCESANS,

George, Lord Bishop of Lincoln,

AND

Spencer, Lord Bishop of Peterborough,

THE FOLLOWING SERMON

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY THEIR LORDSHIPS FAITHFUL WELL-WISHER,

AND OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

SAMUEL PARI

December 16,
1803.

CORRECTIONS. Page 1, l. 6, for *no*, read *not*.—P. 18, line 15 from the bottom, read *to* after *appointed*.—P. 19, l. 28, for *whatever*, read *whatsoever*.—P. 21, l. 11, after *arisen*, add *in various parts of Europe*.—P. 23, l. 7, read *to* before *the existence*.—P. 23, l. 12, for *papists*, read *catholics*.—P. 24, l. 9, for *receiving* read *admitting*.—P. 26, last line but one, for *interest* read *interests*.

A
S E R M O N,

&c. &c.



1 MACCABEES, iii. 21.

“WE FIGHT FOR OUR LIVES AND OUR LAWS.”

THESE words were addressed by Judas, a distinguished leader of the Jews to his countrymen, when the Syrians, leagued with the Samaritans, were preparing to oppress them. Their cause was just, their danger was imminent, and the example of their valour may, I should hope, be without impropriety recommended to imitation, even before a christian audience. The first part, then of this discourse will be employed in examining, whether or no, the principle of patriotism be warranted by the authority of the gospel; and the second, in conformity to the expressive language of the text, will be directed to such topics, as are more immediately suggested to our minds by the present solemnity.

That to love our country ardently is an amiable quality—that to promote the interest of it diligently, is a meritorious service, and that to die in the defence of it voluntarily, is a noble instance of magnanimity, are truths most congenial to the undebauched sentiments of the heart, and supported by the unequivocal concurrence and the uniform experience of all ages, whether ancient or modern, and of all nations, whether barbarous or civilized. Propositions, indeed, collaterally or incidentally connected with those truths, like many other questions, which branch out from the wide and complex generalities of ethics, may, in theory have often been perplexed by intricate subtilties, and, in practice, often perverted to criminal purposes. Hence the embellishments of rhetoric and the charms of poetry, have been injudiciously or corruptly lavished upon those actions, which, under the specious colour of a regard for our country, wound the purest feelings of humanity, violate the plain dictates of justice, and deform the goodly works of our creator by wild desolations and merciless carnage. But the calm and impartial voice of reason will ever separate the claims of true patriotism from those of the false, by an appeal to principles which unfold the real duties, and ascertain the real interests of society: and, as religion itself is intended for the direction and the benefit of rational and social beings, we may safely infer, that, what reason authorises, religion does not forbid. On the contrary supposition, indeed, we should let loose upon multitudes the same disorders which the unlimited and unqualified application of the rule for the forgiveness of enemies

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would inevitably bring upon individuals. The interests of the present life would not only be severed from those of the future, but would appear wholly incompatible with them—The analogy which seems to pervade the whole moral world, and to connect obligation with utility, and sympathy with the perception of right and wrong, would be obscured—The aggregate of moral improvement arising from the various relations in which we stand to each other, would be diminished—The exercise of passive courage, as it has been called, would become not merely the supreme, but almost the sole duty of man—Self love, which now contains within itself the germ of so many social virtues, and by proper culture, adds so largely to the stock of social happiness, would be useless, as a part of our nature, co-operating with benevolence in the formation of our social character—Self defence would cease to be vindicated by the plea of self preservation—The weak would be delivered over as a prey to the strong, the unoffending to the tyrannical; and nations the most enlightened and refined would be exposed to the fierce and sudden incursions of barbarous hords, who would in a moment destroy all that had been effected by the wisdom and the labour of successive ages, mutilate every monument of art, and efface every vestige of civilization and science.

It were a gross affront, then, to religion to suppose that it was intended to introduce such a mass of evils; to thwart the suggestions of common sense; to cramp the efforts of common justice, and to throw down every security for that national independence, without which society would resemble a state of nature, and might relapse into it without any visible increase of wretchedness or degradation to our species.

It so happens, however, that the conduct of the blessed Jesus upon the important subject of patriotism has been strangely misrepresented by one writer, who was the secret enemy, and by another who was the professed advocate of the gospel; and as both of them have acquired no common share of popularity, by the ingenuity of their arguments, and the elegance of their style, it cannot be improper, on the present occasion, to examine their shewy and delusive sophisms.

Now, one of them exults in the discovery that, while christianity sets up the highest pretensions to a perfect code of ethics, it omits not only the praise, but the very mention of patriotism; and from this omission, which first is broadly assumed as a fact, and then is petulantly sneered at as an imperfection, the objector would induce us to doubt the divinity of it's original: for patriotism, it is granted alike by the infidel and the believer, is necessary, always to the well being, and sometimes to the existence of society; and therefore, the infidel may justly triumph over the credulity and inconsistency of the believer, when the one opposes, and the other defends a religion, which is silent, and by silence inefficient, upon a practice so essential to the dearest interests of mankind. The other writer expatiates upon the same fact as a *singularity*, but not as a *defect*; and from premises which he partly holds in common with his precursor in the bye-paths of paradox, he draws a conclusion quite opposite:

opposite: that, because the founder of christianity did not inculcate patriotism, his religion thus far contains one internal evidence of having descended from heaven; for it disdains to make the prejudices of men the instrument of their faith; it overlooks, and by overlooking discountenances, what false religions have expressly practiced and earnestly encouraged; and by these means, it would eventually increase the sum of virtue and felicity among the sincere and consistent followers of Christ.

But, the misrepresentations of the former writer will be completely refuted, considering that christianity, when it binds us to universal benevolence, must include patriotism as a *part*; for the obligation to do good must ever be co-extended with the power of doing it; and therefore, to act for the benefit of *many*, when an opportunity occurs, is the office of a christian, no less than to act for the benefit of a few.

Thus far, while we agree with one of the writers to whom I have alluded, about the solid advantages of true patriotism, we can, at the same time, protect our religion from the charge of not having recommended it; and, in the sequel, while we equally agree with the other writer, on the mischievous tendencies of false patriotism, we shall not rest our defence of revelation, upon the fantastic and hardy presumption, that because Christ was *silent* about the *false*, he *consequently* was *different* about the *true*. One distinction, I am aware, pervades the whole controversy; and since it is very pertinent as well as very intelligible, I shall now lay it before you. If by silence be meant the absence of *express*, or, as dialecticians would say, *formal* approbation or disapprobation, we accede to the statement, as it respects *both* kinds of patriotism. But, if the word be employed to mean *implicit* or *virtual* approbation or disapprobation, we oppose the statement, as it concerns *both*. For, *under certain circumstances*, which the course of human affairs frequently realizes, the virtues which Christ enjoins, have in themselves the essential merit of true patriotism, and the vices which he forbids, contain in themselves the essential malignity of that which is false.

The error of the ingenious person, whose opinions I am now going to examine, is perhaps the more dangerous, because it is accompanied with an ostentatious eagerness in the defence of the gospel; and therefore in the very threshold of that examination, I think it proper for me to observe, that the whole difficulty which he has started, may be solved, by distinguishing between the right and the wrong application of terms, and between the use and abuse of principles.

If patriotism mean that well-directed and well-measured love of our country, which induces us to promote the welfare of it, both in preference to private advantage, and in *subordination to general good*, we maintain that his assumption is false; we reject the aid which is offered to our cause by his inference from it; and we assert that in conformity to those restrictions which are imposed by the higher considerations of that general good, patriotism, so far from being virtually prohibi-

by our heavenly master, is substantially enjoined. But, if patriotism be really and solely, as our panegyrist defines it, that “which commands us to oppress all countries, in order to advance the imaginary prosperity of our own; and to copy the mean partiality of an English Parish Officer, who thinks injustice and cruelty meritorious, when they are useful to his village;” in *this* sense of the term, we allow that the gospel does not, either in reality or appearance, give encouragement to *such* patriotism, and we assert, that upon one and the same ground of violated benevolence, it condemns both the officer who serves his village, and the citizen who would serve his country, by such odious means and from such narrow views. We contend, however, at the same time, that the definition is imperfect and fallacious—imperfect, because it does not *discriminate* the imaginary from the real interests of our country; and fallacious, because it would insinuate, that the real can be forwarded *only* by the same injustice and cruelty, which, according to the hypothesis we are now considering, are employed to promote the imaginary. Surely, if the language of this celebrated definition be correct, we may, as it has been well remarked, affirm with equal propriety, that “humility,” which, by the general consent of mankind is praise worthy, “should be called meanness—that generosity should be called profusion”—that all other actions supposed by the same consent, to be in alliance with virtue, whensoever they are *not* carried to pernicious excess, and when they are *not* prompted by unworthy motives, must be looked upon as similar to actions, which *are* so carried and so prompted—that all philosophy when it professes to separate the excess from the mean, deludes us—and that all language when it supplied terms for the marks of that separation, has contributed to the delusion.

What then is the result? If there be a genuine and salutary patriotism, the gospel has in effect recognized and approved it. If there be a spurious and dangerous patriotism, the same gospel neither directly nor indirectly favours it. But that there *is* such a spurious, and that there, also, is such a genuine patriotism, we readily admit—that the properties of the one, and the obligation to shun it, are equally intelligible, with the properties of the other, and the obligation to practise it, we strenuously maintain—and we trust, moreover, firmly, that by an accurate use of words, and by a dispassionate attention to things, as the objects of those words, we shall be able to vindicate the honour of our holy master, against the scoffs of the unbeliever, and the misconceptions of the visionary.

Harsh, indeed, as I have often thought, when communing with my own heart, and often lamented, when I have been instructing you, my brethren, who are committed to my charge—*very* harsh, and very unfair is the treatment which revelation has experienced in the doctrines which it propounds for our belief, and in the rules which it prescribes for our conduct. Those doctrines, though few and simple, have been multiplied by the misguided zeal of it's followers, and encumbered with dark
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and mystical interpretations, which, under the venerable, the usurped, the protected name of orthodoxy, have confounded the judgement, and enflamed the passions of the christian world. Those rules, however agreeable to the common sense, however conducive to the common interests of mankind, have been distorted by ingenious sophistry, by monastic gloominess, or by frantic enthusiasm; and instead of making us wise unto salvation, they have sometimes degenerated into frivolous and unprofitable austerities, and sometimes been pleaded in vindication of the most desperate outrages. For purposes of superstition, or fanaticism; for the support of metaphysical reveries, or the disguise of spiritual domination, the believer appeals to the authority of Christ and his apostles, for the truth of dogmas which they never reality, never taught, or the necessity of observances, which they never imposed. The unbeliever craftily admits the propriety of the appeal, and then charges upon the christian law, those absurdities which exist only in the extravagant conceits and arbitrary practices of christian interpreters. But "the wisdom which is from above will ever be justified of her children," and this too, effectually and eminently, is the question which we are now discussing.

If valour, as an instrument of patriotism, be employed, as it too often has been, to carry into effect those "violences, which distract the world with bloodshed and devastation;" if it be used "as an engine by which the strong plunder the weak, the proud trample upon the humble, and the guilty oppress the innocent;" do we, less, in the view of religion, no less than of reason, such love of our country, compelling us to the use of *such* an engine, is as a passion, "the offspring of pride, avarice, and ambition:" and, as a habit, it is equally hateful in the eye of the righteous and benevolent Deity, and of every considerate and virtuous man. The christian will acknowledge with the philosopher, that "an army of victorious warriors, returning triumphant on this vile principle, however graced with the flattering title of HEROES, and ensigns of GLORY, are in truth no better than a band of PUBLIC ROBBERS: or as our *great poet*, a christian and a lover of mankind, finely expresses it,

" An impious crew
 " Of men conspiring to uphold their state,
 " By worse than hostile deeds; violating the ends
 " For which our country is a name so dear.*"

On the other hand, if patriotism be, as men of sense rightly understand it to be, "a zeal for the happiness of the country to which we belong; and where the most numerous, intimate and affecting of our social relations are formed and cultivated;" THEN it is sound as a principle; *then* it is precise as a term; *then* it is lovely as a quality; *then* it is indispensable even as a duty: for it connects our

* Brown on the Characteristics, p. 339. and Milton's Sampson Agonistes.

vate with our public virtues; it leads us to protect *immediately* our governors and our fellow citizens, and *eventually* our neighbours, our friends, our venerable parents, and our beloved children. All, as members of the same community, are linked together by the ties of a common interest: all, as men, are related to us by the participation of a common nature; *all* are objects of our moral agency by the authority of a common religion, and by our common exertions all are to be defended. One part may be nobler in itself, or nearer to us in our domestic situations, than another. But he that is anxious to save the whole, means well and acts well by every part, be it more or less distant, and be it inclusive of more or fewer objects.

It has been said, ingeniously, perhaps, though in some instances rather incautiously, that christianity lays down no rules, as the religions of Numa, of Mahomet, or Confucius seem to provide them, for the administration of public affairs—that it contains no specific code for the magistrate, the legislator, or the warrior; but effects all its peculiar and salutary purposes, by the authority of its sanctions, and the influence of its precepts, over the hearts of individuals *only*. The observation is, I grant, defensible, when it is *properly understood*; for, let it not be imagined that magistrates, legislators, and warriors, *as such*, are unconcerned in those precepts here, or in those sanctions hereafter. *They*, too, are *individuals*; *they* are endowed with moral faculties; *they* are placed in a state of moral probation; *they* are invested with privileges which ever must be accompanied by correspondent and commensurate duties; and therefore they ought to remember that the observance and breach of those duties, are subjects, not only of applause or censure from man, but, of reward or punishment from God.

That christianity does not directly prescribe any rules for worldly policy, is, indeed, a circumstance which might lead us to some important reflections on the consistency of such conduct in its authour, with the preremptory and explicit pretensions of his religion to be calculated for the universal benefit of mankind. But if governors were actuated by the same benevolent spirit which christianity was meant to infuse into the minds of those whom they are appointed to govern—if justice and mercy, which are recommended to *all* the followers of our Blessed Redeemer, without regard to the infinitely varied and continually changing distinctions of climate, custom, laws, rank, and fortune, and the obligations to which are *modified*, but not suspended by such distinctions, really pervaded the whole of a community; every corruption would be purified; every abuse would be corrected; every violence would be averted; and the blessings of public as well as private life, would be more widely diffused and more permanently secured. The honest magistrate, the wise legislator, the brave warrior, and the upright patriot might, each in his own province, claim to himself the appellation of a good christian. In serving mankind he might deliberately obey God, and, while he increases his fame, he might save his soul.

It may be worth while to observe, that the objections of infidelity, *if* well founded, have scarcely been pushed to a proper extent, on the subject now before us. Those who have been actively employed in censuring the Mosaic œconomy, seem to have usually acknowledged the excellence of the decalogue, in which, as all parties appear to agree, is compressed the substance of the Jewish law. Yet, the absence of patriotism from that series of commands and prohibitions, has never given rise to any specific objections founded on such absence, against the wisdom, or the virtue, or the extraordinary claims of Moses. The practice of the Jews themselves is, also, a clear, prominent, and decisive proof that, in the decalogue, they were not sagacious enough to discern, as others have done in the gospel, any implied interdict against the love of our country.

In various periods of the Jewish history do we not read of valiant Judges, Captains, and Kings, who repelled the incursions of neighbouring states, barbarous in manners, ferocious in spirit, and addicted to the most odious overt-acts of plunder and devastation? Was it not the love of their country which prompted Samson to the hazard of his own life, to crush the Philistines assembled in the temple of their idol, and excited David to go forth, without staff or sword, against a champion gigantic in stature, bold from conscious strength, and trained, from his youth upwards, in the use of arms? Did not Nehemiah thus address the rulers and the nobles, and the rest of the people, “ Be not ye afraid of your adversaries; remember the Lord, which is great and terrible, and fight for your brethren, your sons and your daughters, your wives and your houses:” and in this generous call upon the bravery of his associates, are not public mingled with private considerations? The interests of the state, with the safety of families? The impulses of patriotism, with the instincts of nature? Did not Judas say to the men who were with him, “ Fear ye not the multitude. Remember how our fathers were delivered in the Red Sea, when Pharaoh pursued them with an army. Now, therefore, let us cry unto heaven, and remember the covenant of our fathers, and destroy this host before our faces this day.”

Upon a subsequent occasion, “ when the battle was begun, and the cry of the city went up to heaven with trumpets and a great sound;” did not the same patriot call aloud unto his host, “ Fight this day for our brethren?”

Who can read without admiration and sympathy, the heroic and pious words of Eleazar, when bowed down with age, and preparing to undergo a cruel death for the sake of his countrymen, he thus exclaims, “ I will shew myself such a man as my age requireth, and leave a notable example to such as be young, to die willingly and courageously for the honourable and holy laws.” “ Thus,” says the sacred historian, “ this man died, leaving his death for an example of a noble courage, and a memorial of virtue, not only unto young men, but to all his nation.”

Again, in the chapter whence my text is taken, when the forces of Samaria and Syria

were collected against the Jews, and when, "being so few, they doubted how they should be able to fight against a multitude so great and so strong," did not their leader thus dispel their fears, and rouse at once their piety and their patriotism? "The victory of a battle standeth not in the multitude of an host; but strength cometh from heaven. They come against us in much pride and iniquity, to destroy us and our wives and children, and to spoil us; but we fight for our LIVES and our LAWS."

The Jews, it is apparent, were not conscious of disobeying the decalogue, in it's matter or it's spirit, when they fought for their country; and yet, the decalogue contains no instruction for them so to fight. Where then, let me ask, is the penetration, or rather, where is the fairness of those writers who, while they cavil at the omission of patriotism in the gospel of Christ, are silent as to that omission in the laws of Moses, announced, as those laws were, with the utmost solemnity, and containing, one would imagine, the most important duties which the Jews were required to perform? Where, again, is the impartiality of a noble writer, who, when speaking of the Jewish dispensation, tells us that "under it the virtue of patriotism had illustrious examples—that in some manner, it was recommended to us as honourable, and worthy of our imitation; that Saul himself, as ill a prince as he is represented, appears both living and dying, to have been respected and praised, for the love he bore his country:" but, when he comes to speak of the christian dispensation, exchanges statement for sarcasm, finds only *one* solitary instance of attention, to what he calls, "*heroic virtue*;" degrades the value of that one, by a sneer at a *single* word; overlooks the *proper* import of that word, as *connected with the reasoning* of the apostle, and probably *mistakes* the meaning of the very term which is alone applicable to his contemptuous and insidious concession.

But, to return to our argument on the decalogue. If it be said, that christianity professes to be a more perfect system of morality, we answer that such perfection is supposed to consist, *not* peculiarly in the instructions, which it gives even implicitly, for the love of our country; but, in the precepts it contains for that general benevolence to our species, in *all* their moral, and *all* their social relations, which by fair construction *must* include, and which in practice *does* include, such love. We add, too, that upon comparing the different situations of the two lawgivers, and the different characters of their laws, we should be naturally led to expect some exhortations to patriotism, in a religion, which, like that of Moses, professedly intermingled *political* with religious regulations; which was ushered in with preparations not only for preserving, but *founding a government*, and which was intended, avowedly, for the exclusive use of one people, *rather* than in a religion which, like that of Christ, was totally unconnected, in it's origin, and in it's progress, too, with politics; which is equally designed for the use of all states, as well as of all private individuals, wheresoever it is known; which is perfectly silent about the forms of all
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government, be they regal or republican, but which, through the whole of its moral provisions, has an equal tendency to increase and to perpetuate the best possible effects of all possible forms. The plain fact is, that neither Moses nor Christ censured genuine patriotism; nor, be the actual conduct of Jews or christians what it may, did they ever recommend the fictitious.

But farther. Has it ever been objected to christianity, that the author of it, upon no occasion, *explicitly* said, LOVE THYSELF? Yet, the various duties of temperance, chastity, and even prudence, which the gospel enjoins, contain the virtues which are comprized in that love: and we may say the same of patriotism, as *implied* in the duty of universal benevolence.

When our blessed Lord enforced the second and great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," mark, I beseech you, how correct and comprehensive, as well as intelligible, is the import of this injunction! Our Saviour not only recognises self love, as a part of our nature, and, under some circumstances, as a part of our duty, but he makes it the very *measure* of our love to our neighbour. Farther, in the explanation which is immediately given of the *principle* upon which we are to love our neighbour, he *virtually* inculcates the love of our *countrymen* as well as of strangers. A traveller falls among thieves; is plundered by them, and left wounded upon the spot. He is seen by two countrymen who neglect him, and by one Samaritan who relieves him. If the conduct of his countrymen heightens the merit of the Samaritan, the conduct of the Samaritan enhances the demerit of his countrymen, and probably, for the purpose of elucidating both these points, their characters are contrasted. In the christian acceptance of the word, both the Jew and the Samaritan were the neighbours of the sufferer, and by the christian rule, both were obliged to relieve him. But, the levite and the priest, as it is apparent from the fact, and as it is, also, designedly suggested to us by the story, were under a *stronger* obligation to afford that relief than the Samaritan. *They* were born in the same country; *they* worshipped in the same temple; and therefore *their* guilt in neglecting the sufferer, was greater than would have been the guilt of the Samaritan. Here then, in the very precept which directly commands us to love a stranger, we have an *implied* and forcible direction to love our countrymen *more especially*. The fact is, that the universal benevolence enjoined by christianity, when judiciously and consistently explained, will always be found to imply the good of our country, as a *great part* of the great family of mankind.

I have elsewhere had occasion to remark, that universal good, as an immediate object, is perhaps far too extensive for the efforts, and even the comprehension of any one moral agent. Why then, you may ask, is universal benevolence enjoined, and how can universal good be promoted? My brethren! the one *is* enjoined, because the other *can* be promoted, by the active and sincere application of the principle, to *all* the objects of our moral agency, infinitely diversified as they are

number and in magnitude—because the very cultivation of the principle has a tendency to produce a virtuous disposition, and because that disposition will lead us to act according to our different powers, and different duties, as different opportunities for acting may arise in our different situations. To far the greater part of mankind, the country in which they live, is the *noblest* object upon which their benevolence can be expanded; and he, who in obedience to the commands of his Saviour, exerts his personal talents, or sacrifices his personal interests, for the benefit of that country, must in this world deserve the approbation of his fellow creatures, and may be sure of an adequate reward in the world to come.

But here, my brethren! I must very seriously intreat you to observe, that patriotism, either as approved by reason, or warranted by christianity; must by no means be *confined* to that love of our country, which consists in the endurance of pain, or in the surrender of life itself. These, doubtless, are illustrious instances, and they are solid proofs, too, of patriotism, where the cause is good. But in the employments of peace, as well as in the struggles of war, many are the opportunities which we have for vigorous exertion, many are the uses to which we may apply our time and our abilities, many are the sacrifices which we may make, of our fortune and our repose, for the public advantage, and many are the blessings which we may thus confer, on the country in which we live.

We may improve the moral as well as the political state of that country, by assisting in the establishment or execution of salutary laws. We may shew the sincerity of our patriotism by the general activity of our benevolence, and by our solicitude to promote alike the spiritual and the temporal welfare of those, who are endeared to us by social intercourse. We may be industrious, and the encouragers of industry. We may be learned, and the patrons of learning. We may be innocent, and the protectors of innocence. By our counsels we may suggest, or by our contributions we may facilitate extensive projects for the employment of the idle, the reformation of the dissolute, and the relief of the sick, the aged, and the indigent. We may enlighten ignorance, correct prejudices, restrain intolerance, assuage animosities, and diffuse around us the blessings of christian charity. We may direct our neighbours, our families, and our countrymen to the knowledge of every christian truth. We may animate them at once by precept and example, to the practice of every christian duty. In reality, every *accession to national virtue* brings with it an additional *security for national prosperity*: and surely, he, who, by the authority of his station, or the influence of his advice, accustoms a *whole people* to the love of truth, justice, and mercy, to faith in Christ, and piety towards God, has a splendid claim to be ranked among the most useful friends of his country, and the noblest benefactors of mankind.

There is another point of view in which I wish you to consider the subject. For the frequency with which some commands occur in the scriptures, for the earnestness

ness with which they are enforced, and for the phraseology in which they are expressed, satisfactory reasons may be assigned from the known and *peculiar* circumstances of the world, when our Lord appeared in it. Upon contemplating the circumstances, you will, perhaps, find ample reason for admiring both the wisdom and the humanity of our blessed Saviour, when he abstained from any explicit or positive directions for the love of our country.

The passion, I am aware, is noble in itself; it takes a strong hold upon some of our best affections; it delights the imagination; it warms the heart; it gathers strength from the instantaneous and the instinctive sympathy of every spectator. But, upon all these accounts, it is liable to be abused very grossly and very perniciously, by hurrying us into eager co-operation with the ambitious, and into implicit confidence in the artful. Hence has often arisen the misapplication of a term which, in its original sense, was precise; and hence too has proceeded the perversion of a principle, which, in its native character, is most meritorious.

Now, when our Lord was upon earth, the Roman empire was stretching its arms far and wide, and the Roman armies were leagued in a fell conspiracy against the tranquillity and the liberties of the world. The Jews, also, among whom he lived, were bigotted to their own religious tenets, to their own ceremonial observances, to their traditions, to their temple, to their false and proud notions of a Messiah who was to erect for them a temporal kingdom. Under the influence of that bigotry, misguided by error, and infuriate from zeal, they would gladly "have bound all other nations in chains," and, in thus exalting their own country, to the disadvantage, and even with the subjugation of the whole human species, they would have looked upon themselves as instruments, naturally, or it may be, even pretendedly, appointed to accomplish the will, and to promote the glory of God among his favoured people. Amidst such propensities, then, of the Jews, such practices of the Romans, and such wicked passions as were common to both, a precept immediately and earnestly directing men to love their country, would have been so misunderstood, and soon misapplied. Through the glosses of interpreters, and the blindness of hearers, patriotism would have quickly mounted up to the highest class in the catalogue of virtues. In speculation, it would have been so perverted, as to debase the authority, and to counteract the influence of every obligation to universal benevolence. In practice, it would have produced such ambition in governors, such impetuosity in leaders, and such phrenzy among their followers, as would have plunged them into undertakings wholly inconsistent with common prudence, common equity, and common humanity.

The argument which I am now enforcing, may be pursued to a much greater extent. While a strong passion is striving for the mastery within us, perturbation of judgement always arises; and when the conflict ceases, the strength of every adverse passion, as a great philosopher acutely remarks, is transferred to the predom-

nant. Now a peremptory command from Christ, on the subject of patriotism would, upon it's first entrance into the minds of his followers, have been welcomed by their national prejudices and their national pride; and though reflection or humanity might, for a time, have preserved some of them from the abuse of it, yet, with the bulk of mankind, their influence, after a short and feeble resistance, would have been pushed into a contrary direction, by that agreeable feeling which often accompanies a brisk agitation of the spirits, by the blind impetuosity of intense action, by the fascinating desire of temporal and spiritual power, and by extravagant notions of advantage to their country, and glory to their religion. Experience indeed, will assist us in conjecturing the *probable* effects of such a command upon the earlier believers in revelation, as well as upon the Jews: and perhaps a sense of that probability, among other reasons, induced our Lord and his apostles to insist so *largely* and so *frequently* upon the slender connection of the gospel, on it's first publication, with secular concerns, and upon the duty of it's followers to lay down their lives peaceably and patiently in the defence of their faith. If the benign tendencies of it's spirit have, in later ages, been counteracted by the most absurd misconceptions of it's letter—if metaphorical phrases have been transformed into absolute propositions—if solitary passages have been stretched on the rack of interpretation into general rules—if expressions picked up at random, or wrenched from the context, have been pleaded as decisive warrants for the senseless enterprizes of the crusader, and the merciless severities of the inquisitor; we may conclude that the duty of patriotism would not have been very accurately understood by the primitive christians, especially at a time when their forefathers had been recently irritated by obloquy from the Jew, and by persecution from the gentile. Under the circumstance just now mentioned of any positive direction to fight for their lives and their laws, christianity, though ushered in with a solemn proclamation of “peace upon earth,” and “good-will towards men,” would, when christians formed the majority of a nation, have soon been employed, as mahometanism was, to disturb that peace, and to stifle that good-will. Rushing precipitately from the love of their Saviour to the contempt or hatred of their species: blending intolerance with ambition: fired at once with religious zeal and military enthusiasm, they would have appealed to the authority of their master, not in his *predictions of events*, but, in his *precepts for conduct*, when he spoke of “sending upon the earth, not peace, but a sword.” They would have aspired to conquest from motives of mistaken piety, and with the approbation of misguided conscience, they would have unsheathed their weapons indiscriminately, against every puny sect of heretics, and every populous community of heathens. They would have disdained either to renounce, or to dissemble “that favorite maxim which has so often been ill interpreted and ill applied, that ‘*Whoever is found to be an enemy to God, ought also to be declared an enemy to his country.*’

Multiform and irregular as may be the caprices of fanaticism, it steadily enough keeps

keeps in view the gratification of latent pride; nor is it ever insensible to the allurements of domination over the temporal possessions, and social rights, as well as the religious opinions of mankind. Hence proselyte-makers, when emboldened by numbers, and furnished with arms, fondly gaze upon the whole world as a field of promise, which they are themselves, like Abraham in the land of Canaan, to traverse “in the length* of it, and in the breadth of it,” and not only to traverse, but to subdue, and after subduing to reform, and after reforming to retain, and for this, they will tell you, for the honour of their country, the natives of which are appointed to be “a light to lighten the gentiles;” to march onward through difficulty and danger, as the harbingers of a triumphant Redeemer, and to announce the proffer of immortal bliss, in the willing, or the unwilling, ears of every near and every remote people. Enchanted with such illusions, they will measure duty by inclination, right by power, and the lawfulness of the means by the supposed importance of the end. They will cast away mercy, as an obstacle to justice, and clemency, as a reproach to godliness. They will listen to no distinctions between *feigned* and *genuine* patriotism. They will submit to no compromise between the ends which they have determined to extirpate, and the truths which they think themselves bound to disseminate. They will be checked in their career by no suggestion, “the glory of celestial objects is one,” and “the glory of terrestrial is another.” They will acknowledge no king but Jesus, and he that “is not with them” for the sake of Jesus, in every hardy enterprize, and every ferocious outrage, stands cursed as a recreant traitor who is secretly against them, who meanly shrinks from the crown of martyrdom, and basely truckles for his life by the forfeiture of his soul. If the history of man may be credited, such is the nature of man: and shall christians boast of complete exemption from the common infirmities of that nature?

But, if christianity *had* been thus propagated with undisguised violence: if the violence had been owing to the rapid transition of the human mind, from the love of our own religion and our own country, to the detestation of other religions, and other countries: if that transition had been occasioned by erroneous notions of the encouragement which the scriptures afford to that love: what, I would ask, might have been the consequence? They who now amuse themselves with talking of christians, as required to set their affections *exclusively* upon “heavenly things,” would have been clamorous against their unseemly and baneful activity in earthly affairs, against the *inflammatory language*, as well as the unsocial genius of the christian religion—against the want of philanthropy, or the want of discernment, in Christ himself. But by leaving the duty of patriotism to be understood in the way of legitimate *deduction* from the principle of general benevolence, and by subjecting it to the control of equity and sound discretion, as necessary attendants upon that principle when applied to practice, our blessed master has sufficiently guarded his religion

* Gen. xiii. 17.

fallen, suppliant antagonist, would bring back the atrocities of savage hords into the conflicts of christian combatants, tarnish the annals of his country to the latest posterity, and agitate the whole civilized world with astonishment at the flagitious overt act, indignation at the dastardly excuse, and horror at the portentous *example*—upon the cool-headed and flinty-hearted sophist, who, from motives of groveling avarice, or rampant ambition, deliberately puts “evil for good, and good for evil”—upon the perfidious counsellor, who would “fashion, wrest, and bow his reading, in “opening or sustaining titles miscreate, the right of which suits not in native colours “with the truth;” and this too, when he “empawns the person or the honour of “his royal master, and would awake the sleeping sword of war”—upon all such wretches, the religionist looks down, as the betrayers of their sovereign, the corruptors of their fellow subjects, and the murderers of their species. Nay, what is more tremendous, but most sure, he knows that, upon the souls of such wretches will be fixed, at the last day, *immediate and strict responsibility for all the accumulated and aggravated miseries of war*, unjustly begun, or unmercifully prosecuted. Yes, my brethren! before the tribunal of Almighty God, these false patriots, whom I have been describing to you, will be responsible for *every* sort of interruption, and *every* degree of diminution, in the happiness of sensitive, and in the improvement of moral creatures. They will be responsible for every rude check which they may have given to the delicacies of manners, to the tendernesses of humanity, and to all those agreeable or useful kinds of social intercourse which acquire facility from custom, or regularity from law. They will be responsible for the gradual transition of the national character from a sense of security obtained with difficulty, to a spirit of wanton annoyance; from the remembrance of injuries repeatedly suffered, to a spirit of vindictive retaliation; and even from habits of courage long exercised, to a spirit of brutal ferocity. They will be responsible for the tempestuous confusion of public affairs; for the diminished comforts of private life; for the increasing pressure of taxation; for the sudden decay of trade; for the violent interruptions of agriculture; for “the goodly fruits of the earth,” which, having been cherished by “the former “and the latter rain,” are wantonly laid waste; for ancient temples profaned by an impious soldiery; for gorgeous cities rased from their foundations; for kings driven from their lawful thrones, and peasants from their lowly cottages; for limbs crippled irreparably by disease; or mutilated by wounds; for constitutions exhausted by incessant fatigue, or sapped by pestilential climates; for combatants hurried from fields of slaughter to appear before the judgement-seat of God, with all their “secret faults,” and all their “presumptuous sins,” *unexpiated by repentance*; for the “cries of the orphan, for the tears of the widow, for the blood of dead men, and “for the groans of innocent virgins deploring the loss of husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers, who have been swallowed up in the dreadful controversy.” Since “the very hairs of our head are all numbered,” and not “a sparrow falls to the
“ground

“ground” unnoticed in the sight of God, awful indeed is the account which one day be rendered for the *collective sufferings of a nation*.

If the rulers of the earth would ponder these things, they might be without craftiness, good without weakness, and great without guilt.

From the loathsome and terrific forms, which lurk under the glare of false patriotism, I gladly turn to the contemplation of that purer lustre, in which the love of our country is arrayed in the eye both of God, and of man. To them, who goeth forth to the battle sincerely and seriously, in the *well-appealed* name, and for the *well-understood* glory of the Lord of Hosts—to him who will deliver the “meek and humble” from the cruel “despitefulness” of the mighty, and “the proud”—to him who “snappeth asunder the spear of the destroyer” and “burneth their chariots in the fire”—to *such* a patriot, contending in such a cause, and for such ends, even religion holds forth encouragement in the promise, “the life that now is, and of that which is to come.” His merits, indeed, will be rewarded by the ardent gratitude, and the rapturous admiration of the people among whom he was born, and whom he has delivered from enemies abroad, or from oppressors at home. His name will be pronounced with reverence in the assemblies of princes, and the festivities of nations. His feats are transmitted from generation to generation, by the testimony of faithful and impartial historians—they are holden in wonder and to imitation, in the sublime and animated eloquence of statesmen and patriots—they are consecrated, as it were, by the calm and solemn applause of philosophers and virtuous sages—nay more—they are recorded in the infallible and immutable registry of heaven, where “the spirits of just men made perfect,” may even now be permitted to sympathize with kindred excellence; and where angels and archangels, upon such occasions as these, may not disdain to behold and to approve.

From these general, but I trust, not unseasonable, nor unprofitable observations, I should immediately proceed to the topics suggested to us by the peculiar solemnity of this day, if I had not very cogent reasons for laying before you some comparative remarks, which cannot fail to be understood by those among you, who have been my attentive and well-disposed hearers.

The late war was marked by some unusual and deplorable circumstances, which led me from motives of prudence, of moderation, of sincerity, and of piety, to abstain, as much as possible, from political discussion and even political allusion, when I addressed you in the sanctuary. Looking as I did, seriously, to the peculiar character of “the times and the seasons,” I contented myself with advert only to such subjects as were closely connected with the interests of *morality* and *religion*, and such as had a direct tendency to preserve your minds from every licentious, and every unholy tenet, which had been broached in a neighbouring country. I always wish to speak of my clerical brethren, not with the affrontive smooth-

of candour, but with the manly and respectful openness of justice. The zeal of many among them, I am *sure*, was accompanied by honest intention, though perhaps not always by profound knowledge; and their *just* abhorrence of the atrocities which were committed by our enemy, led them astray, sometimes, into interpretations of prophecy, which have not been warranted by subsequent events, and sometimes, into presages of divine judgements, about which the ignorance and wrath of man seldom harmonize with the righteous, but unsearchable counsels of God. Certainly, however, it was not then my duty to dogmatize upon what was doubtful, or to exaggerate what might be true, when by so doing I was more likely, from the violent temper of men at that juncture, to inflame the partizan, than to instruct the christian. It was not my fortune, at the same time, to discover much decorum or much usefulness in the different conduct of certain teachers, who seemed to be aiming, some at fleeting popularity, a few, perhaps, at secular advantage, and more, I believe, at the gratification of their own blind prejudices and impetuous passions upon *obscure, intricate, and extraordinary* questions, about which many enlightened men were accustomed to suspend their judgement in obedience to their conscience, and to chain up their speech from their desire of peace.

I would not, however, be understood to censure without *any* distinction, or any limitation, the introduction of politics into a christian pulpit; though I could wish *every* topic so introduced to be well-considered; every statement well-founded, and every admonition well-timed. I am aware that from the impulses of self preservation, the influence of custom, and the dictates of common sense, we *always* carry about us a lively feeling for the interests of our country; and that in promoting those interests, we are happy to find our opinions and our actions warranted, more or less, by the authority of that religion, in the belief of which we profess to live, and hope to die. Whether the sphere of our agency be appointed us in a high, or a low station—whether we be endowed with an ample, or a scanty portion of knowledge—whether we approve, or disapprove of public measures, it were criminal, as, perhaps, it is nearly impossible, for us to be indifferent to the public safety. Indeed, that safety itself is always the professed end, both of our approbation and disapprobation; and our anxiety to preserve it most effectually is always the motive by which good men are actuated, howsoever they may differ in opinion about the means. The factious do homage to the principle of patriotism, by their reiterated, though deceitful appeals to it; and the honest evince its usefulness, and strengthen its efficacy, when they endeavour to accomplish the purposes which it seems to point out, by those instruments which it is known to authorize. But, in proportion as this feeling of regard to our country recurs frequently, and acts intensely, it becomes us to be upon the watch against self-delusion, self-conceit, and the excess of self-love. Besides, when the happiness, and the merits of foreign nations, as well as that to which we belong, are deeply interested, we cannot be too wary in declaiming against the sins,
and

and exulting over the misfortunes of others, nor too dispassionate in weighing causes and the consequences of our own.

The fact is, that, in the terrible contests of nations, war is *always* to be ranked among the severest scourges of GOD—that it ought to be lamented unfeignedly even where it may be completely justified—that through the infirmities, the errors, the jarring interests, and the wayward affections of men, the opportunities for a just justification are not very frequent—that during the dark and contentious negotiations which precede hostilities, injuries, and loud complaints of injuries are often reciprocal—that appeals are sometimes made to heaven by both parties, with equal plausibility in words, and equal presumption in spirit—that moderation is not always found among the brave, nor sincerity among the eloquent—that amidst the hideous din of arms, the irregular agitations of hope and fear, the boisterous rage of multitudes, and the mischievous wiliness of their leaders, it is extremely difficult for the wisest and best of men to separate truth from falsehood, or to ascertain the boundaries of right and wrong—and that for these *numerous* and *weighty* reasons the merits of war, as points of discussion *merely* political, are seldom admissible in the house of God, and generally, even as subjects of moral investigation, are better adapted to other times and other places. Yet upon the coolest and fullest consideration, I am convinced that, in repelling the invader, “we *are* fighting for our lives and our laws,” and therefore do not offend against the spirit of our benevolent religion, and the will of our heavenly father.

Under this conviction I stand acquitted by my own heart, in deviating, for once, from my usual practice. But you will take notice that, while I urge the duty of “fighting for our lives and our laws,” as recommended by the text, I shall very reluctantly advert to a preceding passage, so far as the contents of it may be employed with the poignancy of personal reproach, in representing the governors (I mean not the armies) of another country, as “coming against us with much pride and iniquity.” The station to which they have risen, by whatever means; the power which they have recently acquired; the spirit which they have again and again manifested, are most unfavourable to the ordinary and peaceful intercourse of nations, and surely circumstances, so novel and so prominent, are sufficient to justify the disapprobation of moralists, the vigilance of statesmen, the jealousy of rivals in every honourable branch of commerce, and the apprehensions of neighbouring states for their ultimate, and even their immediate security. With reasonable dissent, however, from some popular rumours, and with very slender or improbable evidence for the exactness of others, I will not, in the house of God, echo and re-echo personalities, the asperity, and perhaps, in some points, to the injustice of which, we may in private impute “those perils and those calamities” which we have this day deplored upon our knees before the throne of God. Having some time ago endeavoured to prepare your minds for the service, which the wisdom of our ecclesiastical governors has a point

pointed for the present solemnity; having this day joined you in the performance of it, and having explained to you the principles of christianity, upon duties intimately connected with the best purposes for which that solemnity could be intended, I will not presume to repeat what I do not believe, or to imitate what I do not approve. Whether to gain the praise, or to shun the displeasure of mortal man, I will not dissemble my wishes, that the acrimony of personal railing may *never* be permitted to find a place in supplications addressed to that Being, “ who weigheth men in the balance, and who searcheth the hearts and reins.” Sound policy is never at variance with substantial justice; and, at such a juncture as this, it stands in need of assistance, not from far-fetched surmises, or frivolous cavils, or virulent invectives, but from that caution which is able to appreciate the differences of real and apparent danger, and that firmness, which alike disdains to have recourse to the meanness of submission, and the insolence of defiance. If, then, the honest and generous zeal of the public has been stirred up *without* such inglorious expedients, can it be wise to disturb the calm and pious reflections of individuals assembled in the sanctuary? If upon the most momentous, perhaps, of all national questions, we are united in exertion and in sentiment, can it be virtuous to throw stumbling blocks in the way of good men, by unnecessary and uncertain assumptions, which may, for one moment, divide them in their prayers? These plain, but serious questions, will be much better answered by the common-sense of a religionist, than by the subtilities of a polemic, or the declamations of a zealot.

In conformity to the express language of the text, I will now call your attention to the peculiar and alarming situation of public affairs. I wish not to perplex your minds with the intricacies of political controversy, but to animate your zeal, and to direct your conduct, upon an occasion most important to you, in all your various relations, as masters of families, as servants, as parents, as children, as Englishmen, and as christians. We are threatened with invasion from a foreign enemy, whose power is become enormous, whose views are most ambitious, whose spirit is most unquiet, whose armies are formidable from unexampled numbers, and from recent success, and whose attempts against us are the more to be dreaded, from the military skill, the political sagacity, and, perhaps I should add, the peculiar temper of their leader. The annals of our history scarcely present to us any period, in which the danger of all that is dear to us, was so extensive, or so imminent: and thankful I am to heaven, that, at *no* crisis whatsoever, were Englishmen equally prepared to encounter such danger, by the united good-sense, loyalty, and courage of our countrymen.

In the reign of King John, when a French prince poured his legions into this kingdom, we were governed by a weak and a wicked sovereign, who had alienated from himself the hearts of his people; and the vassals of many proud and powerful English barons crowded to the same standard, and fought in the same cause, with French invaders. But mark, I beseech you, the better condition in which you are placed,

placed, by the merciful providence of God! The progress of knowledge and civilization, the improved principles of government, the order and impartiality which pervade the administration of public justice, have secured this happy land both from the open and the secret tyranny of sovereigns; and proper it is for me to add, that he who now reigns over us, has a claim to our respect and our obedience, from the exemplary decorum, which common fame has uniformly and justly ascribed to him in private life, and from the general avoidance of those public measures, which strike at the foundation of our free and venerable constitution. Whatsoever may have been the errors of a long and eventful reign, it were want of sagacity not to perceive, and want of candour not to acknowledge, that, in the course of it, strange occurrences have arisen, *such*, I am sure, as might embarrass the most discerning, irritate the most patient, and astound the most intrepid. Our sovereign, however, has not, like John, under the plea of exercising his own proper prerogative, trampled upon our rights; he has not, for the attainment of purposes, peculiarly and exclusively his own, seized upon our property; he has not deliberately violated the laws which he had sworn to defend; he has not arrogantly provoked the rich and the powerful; he has not inhumanly insulted and oppressed the poor. Thus far, in the conduct and character of our sovereign, we have a security for that unanimity, which we have incitements to that ardor, which the folly and the crimes of the unhappy John had extinguished in the minds of his offended and injured subjects.

In the reign of Henry the Sixth, the French made on our coasts some predatory incursions, which, however mischievous for a season, do not appear to have left behind them any lasting consequences. But the intellectual faculties of the king should remember, were feeble from nature, and torpid from superstition. His innocence excited affection without inspiring reverence; and his misfortunes procured for him the tenderness of compassion, rather than the steadiness of attachment. The management of foreign affairs was unsuccessful, and the administration of internal politics was unpopular. The mind of his queen was impatient of trouble, fertile in machinations, unwearied by difficulty, and unsubdued even by defeat. His title to royalty was disputed by a subtle, watchful, and high spirited competitor, who was neither to be awed by resistance, nor soothed by concession. The nobles were fickle, turbulent, and perfidious; and his people were prone to run upon every delusion practiced on their credulity, and every instigation applied to their fury. But, from the inconveniences and perils attendant upon such a state of things, we are fortunately exempt.

Doubtless, ye have often heard of the mighty preparations that were made against England, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, when the Spanish armament approached our shores. At that time, the seeds of discord were widely scattered over the land. The naval power of Spain seemed to be quite as superior to that of England, as the disciplined hosts of France are now said to be, to the regular

usually maintained in this kingdom. The character of the Spanish monarch was distinguished by unrelenting pride, by gloomy bigotry, and by ferocious revenge. The perils from within were, to calm and considerate observers, equally alarming. A great part of the people were yet attached to the doctrines and discipline of popery. The emissaries of the court of Rome were numerous and indefatigable. Their intrigues were deep, and their temper was vindictive. Their adherents were to be found ready for action, in every crowded city, and in every lonely village. Their priests had taught their followers to believe, that rebellion was a duty, and that, to rush into treason against their sovereign, was an act of allegiance to their Saviour and their God. If providence had permitted the Spaniards to land among us, thousands would have hastened to enlist under their banners, and the cross of Christ would have been raised aloft in the defence of desolation and murder, against every Englishman who obeyed a protestant Queen, or who worshipped his Maker according to the pure and holy forms of a protestant church.

Be ye serious, my brethren, be faithful to your country, be thankful to your God, when you reflect that, in the present day, the torch of religious discord will not be lighted up among us; that from our earliest infancy, we have been trained in the simple and salutary discipline of protestantism; that no priests are at hand to persuade us to hurl our Sovereign from the throne, or to embroil our hands in the blood of our countrymen, under the penalties of everlasting damnation; that no secret plots have been formed against that religion, which we have been accustomed to venerate; that we are protestants surrounded by protestant brethren; that among those who yet adhere to the church of Rome, the intolerant and malignant spirit of their forefathers, has, in most of them, been corrected by the diffusion of useful knowledge, enlarged enquiry, and civilized manners among them, as well as ourselves; that by the more enlightened part of them, catholicism is no longer confounded with popery; that the obedience which catholics profess to owe, or are accustomed to pay, to their spiritual head, is no longer incompatible with the rights of sovereigns, the observance of treaties, or the security of states; that the rival claims of aspirants to power, which engendered or embittered the disputes of polemics about religious doctrines, are no longer heard in this country, or remain matters of research only to the antiquary, the historian, and the philosopher; that the severities, which were formerly inflicted upon this sect by the prudence, or the jealousy, or the vengeance of protestants, have been gradually relaxed; that with mingled feelings of honest gratitude, and reasonable hope, many learned and worthy persons among them are beginning to look forward to a compleat, though, perhaps, distant deliverance, from every galling restraint, and every insulting suspicion; that *all* of them have a *common* interest with ourselves in repelling the common foe; and that his success, instead of restoring them to the privileges once attached to their faith, would speedily deprive them of all opportunity whatsoever for worshipping

worshipping the Deity according to the dictates of their conscience, and would involve the civil and the religious rights, both of papists and protestants, in equal helpless, and hopeless ruin.

These are weighty considerations, and they will encourage you to repose the firmest confidence, not only in your own strength, but in the ready and vigorous co-operation of that party which, in the reign of Elizabeth, was so dangerous to the safety of the sovereign, the existence of the national church, and to the property, liberty, and lives of your protestant ancestors.

Will not the heart of Israel then be roused and warmed, like “the heart of our man,” in the support of that cause which you are summoned to defend? Are there not the words of sound and sober wisdom, by which you were instructed in the prayer just now read to you, to implore the protection of heaven to the national church? Has not that church been adorned by the talents, the erudition, the virtue, and the piety of its teachers, through many generations? Was it not consecrated at first by the blood of many learned and holy martyrs? Is not the stability of it experimentally found to be consistent with your intellectual improvement, and your social welfare? Have not the doctrines of it, when heard by you in this sanctuary, inspired you with the love of God, and the love of your neighbour? Have they not consoled you within your own private families, in seasons of sickness, sorrow, and adversity? Will they not guide your feet through the paths of innocence and virtue in this life? Do they not open to your faith and to your hopes the glorious prospect of immortality in the life to come? And will you, then, tamely surrender these precious privileges to the fury of your enemies, flushed with victory, fearless of retaliation, or impelled by that blind antipathy which the scorner ever feels towards the virtuous and the devout? May not some of them be tempted to throw down your altars, and to slay your priests with the sword? Instigated by that rage for proselytism, which is common to infidelity and to superstition, may they not teach you to make a mock of sin, to renounce your Redeemer, and perhaps to blaspheme even your Creator? How then are these multiplied and aggravated evils to be averted? I answer, by your union and concord; by your firmness and valour; by your well-founded affiance in the assistance of GOD, to repel the attacks of adversaries, many of whom are too likely to insult you for believing in that GOD, and to persecute you for endeavouring to worship him in spirit and in truth.

These are the reasons that should induce you to be unanimous in preserving your religion; and now, my brethren, when we turn to the consideration of “our laws and our government, we shall meet with arguments equally forcible to guide our judgements, and to strengthen our resolution. It is not the vulgar and braggart prattle of national vanity—it is not the fond and empty jargon of visionary theorists when we say that the civil constitution of England far surpasses that of every other country, either in ancient, or modern times. The principles of it lie deep in the opinion

opinions and customs, of ages far remote from our own. But they have been gradually matured by the influence of many various causes, through many successive generations. They are to be classed, not among the effects which, as accident produces them, at one time, may, by accident, be destroyed at another; nor among the contrivances which the ingenuity and enthusiasm of a single man would push at once to perfection, and the jealousy or the caprice of a successor has thrown aside, upon the plea of defect; but, among the productions of human wisdom, calmly reflecting upon the collective evidence of human experience in the past, and warily adapting the result to the present exigencies of human affairs, and to their probable capacities of receiving improvement, or reformation. They have been recognized by the fears and the hopes, and they have been strengthened by the successes and the disappointments, of kings, of nobles, and of priests, whose mutual contentions have imposed upon them the necessity of employing against their rivals those popular rights, which they might otherwise have been unwilling to favour, or even to endure. They have been rescued from many perils by the sagacity of statesmen, the firmness of patriots, and the courage of heroes. They are diffused through our civil and our political code of laws. They mingle with the prejudices of our youth, and the reflections of our manhood. They are endeared to us by long possession, by acknowledged right, and by enjoyment, which the inevitable fluctuations of public measures, and public events have, in our own days, rarely disturbed. They pervade all the classes of the community. They protect alike the palace of the monarch, the mansion of the nobleman, and the cottage of the labourer. They give security to the persons and the property, not only of the opulent and the powerful, but of the manufacturer and the husbandman. They, in a word, are equally beneficial to all, and by the counsels and the endeavours of all, they are now to be defended.

At such a momentous crisis, every impartial and intelligent observer of political events, as affected by the established customs, and complicated interests of a people, will turn his attention towards other circumstances, which are peculiarly favourable to this kingdom.

Where property is very unequally divided—where the many toil by harsh compulsion, for the advantage of the few—where the middle classes of the community bear a very small proportion in influence to the higher, or, in number, to the lower orders of citizens—where despotism inflicts without controul, and imbecility suffers without redress—where dependence is abject without connection, and obedience is implicit without attachment: in *such* states, military operations are usually confined to hosts of mercenaries; and in the absence of that fury which is inspired by religious fanaticism, or by personal revenge, nations are sometimes content to change their masters, with little regret for the past, and little solicitude about the future. But among a free people, that latent power, which is diffused through society, and which is necessary to the preservation of freedom itself from encroachment, and
those

those dormant energies of the mind which accompany that power, silently, effectually, prepare men for great exertions upon great occasions. The material which that power is formed, may, indeed, be usually of too close and too subtle texture, to be easily discerned by an eye, which is intensely and almost exclusively fixed upon the coarse and complicated tactics of ordinary war. But their fitness is seen and felt in the hour of trial, and though pierced, they are seldom rased under by external violence.

Now, without entering at large into the abuses which provoked, or the crimes which disgraced, a late revolution, I may be permitted to say that, in the course of striking instances were exhibited of that principle which concentrates the public opinion, the public will, and the public force, for the maintenance of a cause, which every man supposed that he understood, because every man knew that he was interested in it. But we have long been in possession of that object, at which our enemies were doomed to aim injudiciously, and therefore unsuccessfully. We raised it among our *political*, but they found it only among their *natural*, rights. From the influence of habit, we are enlightened, but not dazzled by liberty, even in its mediterranean splendour. But they, for a time, were compelled to gaze upon it only through the excessive and delusive glare of speculation; and in practice, after a dawn, which from the beginning was sometimes overspread with clouds, and which ended in dark and angry tempests, the light which they had been permitted to see so faintly, and with so many sudden and irregular interruptions, vanished from their view, perhaps not to re-appear through many joyless ages.

Whatsoever, then, be the good, whether moral or physical, which rational freedom is capable of producing, our own *experience* will tell us, that our own share of such good has been most ample indeed. For, amidst all the follies, and all the vices which luxury may have engendered among us, it may still be asked, where, among the nations of Europe, can be seen a whole people, less infected with those impious tenets, which have relaxed the tone of all social virtues, or with those loathsome impurities, which, from familiarity, have almost ceased to be infamous, in many parts of the continent? Where, among persons of every rank, are instances of fidelity, integrity, and benevolence more numerous in private life? Or, where does the public spirit manifest itself, with more promptitude and more perseverance, upon every opportunity which occurs for giving effect to enterprizes of great public utility? Amidst the remains of feudal manners, or feudal rights, corrected, as they have been, by progressive civilization, where is the peasant less exposed to insolent and vexatious oppression from the rich? Or, where has the noble less to apprehend from that enmity and that malignity which conscious inferiority is too apt to inspire? Where is power lodged with individuals, more generally subservient to the purposes of protection; and where are the privileges conferred upon them, more frequently connected with social duties? Where shall we find so many aids to strengthen the sinews of war, or to restore in a short time the springs of action, which war may

have impeded or impaired? Where shall we meet with so many capitals, the acquisition of which sustains or increases so effectually the population of a country? Employs so many persons usefully in the distribution of labour? Opens so many sources of advantage or pleasure, to the artificer, the seller, and the consumer, and pours the productions of art and nature through so many near, and so many distant channels? Where have men of genius arisen more frequently, or their merits been more readily acknowledged, while the general activity of that good sense, which is embodied among the people, seems to stand so little in need of assistance from splendid discoveries, or is so constantly at hand to separate the truths from the refinements contained in them, and quietly to incorporate every useful suggestion into our established code of politics and ethics? Where can be seen a greater diversity of interests supporting and supported by each other, through a greater diversity of ranks, diffusing the comforts and conveniences adapted to various situations, more abundantly, furnishing opportunities and incentives either to corporeal or mental exertion, more extensively, and securing the fruits of both to every man, with the consent and cooperation of all men, more permanently? Where has civilization, improved by commerce, by agriculture, by knowledge, by religion, by laws, by popular habits and popular sentiments, displayed a more complex, and, at the same time, a more beautiful form of society, for the contemplation of the philosopher, for the satisfaction of the citizen, and for the exercise of talents and virtue in the legislator, the statesman, and the patriot?

By the very structure of the human mind, the sense of such blessings must accompany the enjoyment of them; and though, from the constitution of human affairs, they may be liable to temporary changes in excess or diminution, yet, upon every fit occasion, the manly character of our countrymen, and the principles of our mixed government, as illustrated by experience, will present to every understanding some rallying point of opinion and action; some corrective quality to speculative errors, or to practical abuses; some lenient and salutary expedients for accommodation, to the advocates of every system, and the champions of every party. Even in times of peace and prosperity, that sense of our real situation, though calm, is not inert; for, in the view of the profound observer, it fixes a barrier almost impenetrable between discontent, and sedition—between obedience, and servility—between the sober processes of improvement, and the tumultuous frolics of innovation—between the wisdom which repairs, and the rashness which subverts. But in seasons less auspicious to the tranquillity and happiness of the state, this general sympathy in general good, is marked by stronger characters, in the general conduct of the people. It points the best energies of self-love, and of social, to the same common and important purpose. It urges every man to depend on himself, and to act from himself, as “if the moment of victory should lie on his single arm.” It prepares the minds of all men to awake on the approach of real danger, to guard their collective interest by their collective strength, and to preserve the unparalleled advantages which
they

they are conscious of possessing, by personal sacrifices and personal exertions, fu
proportionate to the number and the magnitude of the objects for which they
called upon to contend.

You, my hearers, are not without your portion in the blessings which I ha
just now enumerated. In the present state of society, you go forth in the mo
ing to your daily labours without fear, in the evening you return without inquietu
to your homely meals, and through the stillness of the night, you repose in yo
beds without alarm. But, if your enemies were *long* to prevail, would they not, l
the Egyptian task-masters of old, command you to make brick, and to supply yo
selves with straw? Would they listen to your complaints, when you “ were hung
“ and thirsty,” and your souls were fainting within you? Would they suffer you
rehearse, in carols of joy, all the mighty feats, and all the glorious triumphs of yo
forefathers, in defence of that *liberty* which is now your own? No. They would n
permit your tongues to utter that word, so familiar to the ears, and so captivating
the hearts of Englishmen. They would put out every spark of the holy fire, which n
glows in your bosoms. They would force you to endure the scorching sun, and
chilling frost, but without recompensing your toil. By compulsion you would
the land, and by violence, *they* would reap your harvests, or *they* would plund
your barns. From the character of freemen and of Englishmen, they would degra
you into vassals, too impotent to be dreaded, and too contemptible to be pitie
Day after day, and year after year, they would condemn you to the most ignora
nious drudgery, as “ hewers of wood, and drawers of water;” and the agility
your youth, the vigour of your manhood, and even the last lingering remains
your strength, in tremulous and languid old age, would be exhausted at the w
and for the benefit, of your imperious and obdurate conquerors. Many of the ev
here mentioned already impend over other countries, which are unable to break th
chains; and if the power of your enemy were equal to his fierceness, the same ev
attended by various circumstances of aggravation, would inevitably overtake yo
selves and your posterity.

But from such a prospect, a mind truly English must recoil with indignatio
You, I am confident, would disdain to bow down your necks to that yoke, whi
has been thrown by your enemies on many other people, whom their promises h
cajoled, or their menaces had scared. Your spirit will never yield obedience
the commands of such oppressors. Your hands, instead of being cramped by t
fetters which your enemies have forged for them, should rather be raised up in w
ing the sword of justice, and in pointing the sharpest edge of it against the invade

Consider, I beseech you, some striking circumstances which mark the situatio
into which you are thrown, by the mighty and unprecedented armaments of yo
enemies. The wealth, the strength, and above all, the generous and high spirit
this country, form, I do not say the *sole*, but I do confidently affirm, the ve
strongest obstacle to the ambition of your foes. Against us, therefore, must b
directo

directed their utmost force. The bravest of their legions, and the most expert of their generals, must be employed in removing that obstacle, and by the removal of it, in paving the way for the ruin and the subjugation of all Europe. Well is our adversary aware, that the skill and the courage of his army are to be called forth, not against a band of cowardly slaves, or reluctant hirelings; but against hosts of men, valiant from the very constitution of their minds, robust and vigorous from the frame of their bodies, and proud of sacred and ancient rights, which have often been endangered by the attacks of tyrants, but as often preserved by the magnanimity of patriots—of men, who can recount with exultation the victories of their forefathers and their own, over the best disciplined armies of France, and who, therefore, would blush to sully, by treachery, or by timidity, the well-earned reputation of their country—of men, who by their activity or their ingenuity, have acquired that personal opulence, and those personal enjoyments, which are utterly unknown to any other nation—of men, who, in *every* article of their commerce, in every produce of their soil, in every fleece of wool, and in every blade of grass, behold the fruits of their own industry, the materials of their own happiness, and signals, too, for their own prowess in the day of battle.

To the collective might, then, of our adversaries, let us oppose our own, without hesitation and without dismay. We have much to defend, we have the means of defending it, and if our resolution be equal to our means, the splendor of our success will not be disproportionate to the justice of our cause.

On the other hand, it well behoves us to consider what we must suffer, should we, by any disgraceful and disastrous infatuation, be unfaithful to ourselves. If, indeed, the arms of our enemy were directed against some countries on the continent, he might cherish the hope of retaining them, and therefore, in the midst of violence, he might sometimes remember mercy, and even for his own sake, he might try to conciliate a defeated and humbled foe. But, with all the giddiness of his pride, and all the fierceness of his rage, he has not yet arrived at that extravagant pitch of phrensy, which can inspire him with the faintest hope of keeping England, for any long time, as a conquered country. He may expect sometimes to put to flight our armies, and sometimes, to gain possession of our towns. But of complete and permanent conquest he cannot think, even in his dreams. What, then, must be the real object of these tremendous preparations for war? My brethren! The answer lies in one word. **DESOLATION.** *This undoubtedly is, and this alone can be,* the aim of our invaders.

To the immortal honour of this country be it spoken, no affront has, upon the present occasion, been offered to the good-sense of it, by those gaudy eulogies upon liberty, and those vehement invectives against despotism, which had been employed to beguile and to enslave other nations, less fortunate than our own. No attempt has been made to call into action, the causes to which other invaders often have recourse for the accomplishment of their purposes; impatience, I mean of subordi-
nation,

nation, fondness for change, discontent under grievances real or imaginary, and the preference of experiments for attaining that perfection which has been ostentatiously described in theory, to the enjoyment of that partial but progressive good, which is practically and visibly placed within our reach. No lure from the participation of power has been spread before the seditious; no incitement has been holden out to the profligate, from a share in the spoil; no promise of exclusive favour has been hinted even to the submissive; persuasion seems to have been cast aside for once, and an incumbrance to action, and hypocrisy itself stands mute before the footstool of usurpation.

Thus, the sagacity which puts you on your guard against artifice, the magnanimity which fortifies you against danger; the fidelity with which you adhere to the cause of your country, and the determination which you have made, not to exchange English freedom for any wily, or I should rather say, impudent offers of French equality, have been recognised by your very enemies, in the face of the whole christian world. They may, in some instances, have wronged, but they do not insult you—They may hate, but they do not despise you—They may have alarmed, but they do not even try to deceive you—Their proceedings, in every stage of the contest, have been consistent and intelligible. Invasion was threatened, from the first moment; and the threat remains, as it began, without disguise and without mitigation. Your forces, in the opinion of the enemy, may be encountered, but your good-will, he is aware, cannot be conciliated. Men of sense and moderation have not forgotten the hardships rigorously imposed upon other countries: and men of spirit can ill brook the challenge arrogantly given to our own. Loyalists stand aghast at the ravages of a military chieftain, and republicans are incensed at the pageantries of a perpetual dictator. Hence no confederate bands of traitors lie in ambuscade, to hail the invader with their shouts, and to second his unparalleled attempts for our destruction. The dark forest, the deep morass, the craggy rock, the steep and untrodden mountain, here afford no shelter to his flying legions. The elements will be deaf to his call, and the raging sea will lift up its opposing waves, when baffled efforts compel him to look for safety in retreat. If he lands, he must advance; if he advances, he must fight; if he fights, he may perish; and even if he prevails to-day, he must negotiate to-morrow. Conscious of these difficulties, he will let loose havoc upon the land; and shall we then be tame spectators of the scene? Shall we sit before him with folded arms, or crouch beneath him with bended knees, while all the fair works of art and nature are defaced by the destroyer? Shall we wait in stupid indifference, or with base timidity, 'till the evil reaches our own doors? 'till the cries of the orphan and the widow assail our ears? 'till the humble cottage shares the same fate with the stately palace, and dissolves in flames before our affrighted eyes? Doubtless, confusion and distress will be felt through many parts of the kingdom. Our fields, in some places will be laid waste; our arsenals may be assailed; our metropolis itself may be exposed to pillage; and who among

us can be so sottish, or so headstrong, as to say, that national evils of such magnitude, when known to him only by report, will not alarm and afflict his soul?

But that which you hear of others, must also be seen and suffered by yourselves, unless ye are true to your duty. *Your own harvests* will be plundered—your own houses will be destroyed—your wives and your children will be inhumanly torn from the tender embraces of husbands and fathers, and brutally violated in the sight of you, their legal and natural protectors—your sons, to whom ye look forward for comfort and succour to your grey hairs, will perish in the bloom of their youth—masters, servants, friends, and neighbours, may alike fall a prey to the devouring sword—and does not the very mention, I would ask you, of such evils, awaken within you, an instantaneous, ardent, invincible determination to avert them, “with all your heart, and all your mind, and all your soul, and all your strength?”

Were your governors, indeed, employed in romantic and adventurous schemes of conquest, you might pause a little before you added approbation to obedience, and spontaneously tendered your aid to annoy those who had not offended you, to plunder those who had not injured you, and to crush those who cannot resist you. But when your country is invaded, there is no room for hesitation in your judgement, as there can be no plea for slackness in your actions. Every ear must be open to the general and awful summons; every heart must be inaccessible to fear; and every hand must be uplifted for resistance. You are called upon to defend your liberties, your laws, and your religion. You are sharing a common danger, and promoting a common interest, with your governors, with your equals, and with your inferiors. You go forth to the combat, not as savage destroyers, not as ambitious conquerors, not as insatiable plunderers, but as self-preservers, as Englishmen, and as christians. You are encouraged, in the support of a just cause, by the example of the brave, the arguments of the wise, and the exhortations of the good. You are preparing to bequeath to your posterity those blessings, which the foresight, or the heroism, or the virtues of your great progenitors procured for them, and for yourselves. You are contending, not for unsubstantial renown, but for solid security; not alone for national honour, which indeed may be often precarious, or merely ideal, but for national independence, which always *is intelligible*, and always *must be inestimable*. You are avenging the blood of the innocent, the honest, and the valiant. You are protecting your neighbours from oppression, your families from poverty, your sovereign from injury and insult, and your country from disgrace and perdition.

In the pursuit of ends so justifiable, by means so meritorious, you may without impiety, look up for succour to Almighty God! and whether ye perish in the struggle, or whether ye survive it, the approbation of that God will be the sure and most ample reward of your loyalty, your patriotism, and your fortitude co-operating with your benevolence.

FAR the greater part of the foregoing Discourse was delivered from the pulpit, and the whole of it would long ago have been sent to the press, if I had been able to procure the service of a transcriber. My intention was to subjoin such Notes as appeared to me pertinent and useful. But the delay which my diligent and very sensible Printer unexpectedly found in getting necessary types, determined me to abandon my design. So important, however, seem me the matter which some of those Notes contain, and especially one in which I have endeavoured to vindicate the character of Moses, as a lover of his country, from the most formidable objection which has ever been urged against it, that I shall rejoice to avail myself of every proper opportunity for submitting my thoughts to the consideration, both of serious christians and of candid unbelievers.

For obvious but weighty reasons of decorum, I am anxious to guard some expressions which occur in p. 20 of the Sermon, from misconception. Though I could wish that two or three passages in the late Fast Service had been omitted, or softened; yet I shall not be content saying that, according to my judgement, it is, upon the whole, far preferable to many others which have within my memory preceded it. In truth, I think the general spirit and the general matter of that service highly honourable to the good sense, the taste, and the piety of the persons who composed it. My heart, I must confess, is always refreshed by the perusal of those supplications to Heaven, which are calculated, at once to satisfy the enlightened and conscientious members of the established church, and to conciliate Christians, who dissent from it probably and sincerely. Such supplications are, I am sure, conformable to the benevolent genius of our holy religion; and for the best ends, they exhibit the best principles of that church, which, among other excellent lessons conveyed to us, in its public forms of devotion, has instructed us to pray that “God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,” who is “our Saviour and the Prince of Peace, would take from us all hatred and prejudice, whatever else may hinder us from godly union and concord; and that as there is but one body and one spirit, and one hope of our calling; one LORD, one Faith, one baptism, ONE GOD AND FATHER OF US ALL; so we may henceforth be all of one heart and one soul, united in one holy bond of truth and peace, of faith and charity.”

Be it observed, to the credit of the church of England, that the prayer, in which the foregoing words are contained, is annually read upon a state occasion; and to the honour of the prayer-book, let it be remembered, that the heavenly spirit of that Prayer is infused into the service of the late Fast, in that part where we are directed to “beseech Almighty God, to give us all grace, to put away from us all rancour of religious dissention, that they who agree in the essentials of our most holy faith, and look for pardon through the merits and intercession of the Saviour, may, notwithstanding their differences upon points of doubtful opinion, still be united in the bonds of christian charity, and fulfil his blessed Son’s commandment, of loving one another, AS GOD HAS LOVED US.”

The authors to whom I allude in p. 2 of the Sermon, are Lord Shaftesbury, in the second of an Essay on the Freedom of Wit and Humour, and Mr. Soame Jenyns, in his View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion.

Upon particular passages in the works of those writers, I had now and then made some observations, which it has not been my fortune to see in any book that has fallen in my way. But as their general reasoning has been fully examined, by Dr. John Leland, Maclaine, Dr. Brown, and other writers, I have been content with pursuing the same track, and shall offer my apology nearly in the words of Torquatus—“Dicam de gravibus rebus; nihil scilicet novi, ea tamen, quæ lectores probaturos esse confidam.” Ciceron. finib. lib. 1.

REFERENCES.

- Page 4, line 16, "humility." See Dr. Maclaine's Letter to Soame Jenyns, p. 183.
- P. 5, l. 18, "violences." Ibid, l. 19, "engine." Ibid, l. 22, "offspring." See pages 53 and 57 of Jenyns's View of the internal Evidence of the Christian Religion.
- P. 5, l. 5 from the bottom, "zeal for the happiness." Series of Letters addressed to Soame Jenyns, by Dr. Maclaine, p. 183.
- P. 8, l. 16, "Under the virtue of patriotism." See Lord Shaftesbury at the conclusion of part the second of his Essay on the Freedom of Wit and Humour.
- P. 8, l. 23, "Import of that word." See Lord Shaftesbury's Note, in which he hath produced the words of Saint Paul, in chap. v. verse 7, of the Epistle to the Romans. I differ from Lord Shaftesbury in his representation of the word *Peradventure*, and in the sense affixed by him to the greek term, which is translated a *good* man. At some future time I hope to publish my refutation of his Lordship's criticism.
- P. 9, l. 6 from the bottom, "elsewhere." In my Spital Sermon and the Notes to it.
- P. 11, last line, "a great philosopher." See Mr. Hume's Dissertation on the Passions.
- P. 12, l. 4 from the bottom, "maxim." See Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History of the Seventeenth Century, Section ii, Part 2.
- P. 16, l. 7, "fashion," See Shakespeare's Henry V. Act 1, Scene 2. Ibid, l. 37, "tears of the widow." See the same Play, Act 2, Scene 5.
- P. 26, l. 38, "single arm." See Paradise Lost, Book 6, line 239.

NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

ADDRESSED TO THE

FRENCH NATION,

ON THEIR PROPOSING TO REMOVE

NAPOLEON'S REMAINS

FROM

ST. HELENA

TO

FRANCE.

By H. F. L.

Printed and sold in aid of the annual Treat given to the Children of the

BRIXHAM SUNDAY SCHOOL,

August 19th, 1840.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

Bk. from Arthur Rogers



L

NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

DISTURB him not! he slumbers well
On his rock mid the western deep,
Where the broad blue waters round him swell,
And the tempests o'er him sweep.
O leave him, where his mountain bed
Looks o'er the Atlantic wave,
And the mariner high in the far grey sky
Points out Napoleon's Grave!

There midst three mighty Continents,
That trembled at his word,
Wrapt in his shroud of airy cloud
Sleeps Europe's warrior lord:
And there on the heights still seems to stand
At eve his shadowy form;
His grey capote on the mist to float,
And his voice in the midnight storm.

Disturb him not! though bleak and bare
 That spot is all his own;
 And truer homage was paid him there
 Than on his hard-won throne.
 Earth's trembling monarchs there at bay
 The caged lion kept;
 For they knew with dread that his iron tread
 Woke earthquakes where he stept.

Disturb him not! vain France, thy clime
 No resting-place supplies,
 So meet, so glorious, so sublime,
 As that where thy hero lies.
 Mock not that grim and mouldering wreck!
 Revere that bleaching brow!
 Nor call the dead from his grave to deck
 A puppet pageant now!

Born in a time when blood and crime
 Raged through thy realm at will,
 He waved his hand o'er the troubled land,
 And the storm at once was still.
 He reared from the dust thy prostrate state;
 Thy war-flag wide unfurled;
 And bade thee thunder at every gate
 Of the capitals of the world.

**And will ye from his rest dare call
 The Thunderbolt of war,
 To grin and chatter around his pall,
 And scream your "vive la gloire" ?
 Shall melodramatic obsequies
 His honoured dust deride ?
 Forbid it, human sympathies !
 Forbid it, Gallic pride !**

**What ? will no withering thought occur,
 No thrill of cold mistrust,
 How empty all this pomp and stir
 Above a little dust ?
 And will it not your pageant dim,
 Your arrogance rebuke,
 To see what now remains of him,
 Who once the empires shook ?**

**Then let him rest in his stately couch
 Beneath the open sky,
 Where the wild waves dash, and the lightnings flash,
 And the storms go wailing by.
 Yes, let him rest ! such men as he
 Are of no time or place.
 They live for ages yet to be,
 They die for all their race.**



Edward Hawke Esq
1036

A

HINT to the BRITISH POETS.

ONE constituent of poetry is description ; which is of three kinds. *First*, of objects as they appear to exist in fact ; which is common to the Poet with the Historian, and may therefore be termed historical description. For determining the justness of this kind, there lies an appeal from all authorities whatsoever to the things described.

SECONDLY, of objects that were never known to exist, but similar to those that we see do exist ; which kind permit me to call imaginary description. For determining the excellence of this kind, the last appeal lies to nature, experience, fact, and the common notions of consistency, propriety, truth.

THIRDLY, of objects that never at all exist but in the poet's imagination, as HOMER's Gods and Goddesses, the Muses, Fairies, Genii of places, the Virtues and Vices personified, and all the other branches of the poetical machinery, which I beg leave to call creative description. If a poet chuses to adopt a machinery already established, it stands in the place of nature ; and to it the appeal lies for the justness of his descriptions. Some liberty indeed he certainly ought to take in improving upon it by his
own

own invention ; tho' exactly how much is not easy to say. Neither would it be safe to pronounce concerning the excellence of any new or established machinery by general rules ; how conspicuous soever it may be to almost every one in particular cases. Jove shook his locks, and the earth trembled. God looketh upon the earth, and it trembleth. *He said, Let there be light, and there was light.*

*Eve's heavenly form——o'eraw'd
His malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd
His fierceness of the fierce intent, it brought.
That space, &c.*

THESE descriptions of majesty, power, and the workings of the heart, which we never cease to admire, tho' not in such instances as ever fall under human observation, do yet bear a near analogy to human things ; so near, that I begin to be out of humour with the distinction of the imaginary and creative kinds, and am willing to retain only the former of these terms, including in it the idea of both : and if you will also include in it the historical, we shall take the word *imagery* in its common acceptation ; which I called one constituent of Poetry, but very improperly ; for it is rather its essence, its soul and body : so that the more or less any composition has of it, it has the more or less of Poetry. XENOPHON'S institution of CYRUS, which is in the loose attire of easy prose, is a part of it as essentially poetical, as any that his
model

model HOMER has to boast of, tho' there is scarce one fact or speech, which I dare assert was never done or spoken. And if, upon this account, it should be doubted, whether he is a Poet or Historian ; this very doubt would determine me to pronounce him a Poet. In the first of PLATO's *Republicks*, the description of THRASIMACHUS, which is the only thing I admire in it, is strictly poetical, and enough to raise the envy of an ARISTOPHANES.

BUT tho' Imagery be both the soul and body of Poetry, yet if it would animate and give a grace to the whole of a composition, it ought not, no more than a fine woman, who would shew herself to the best advantage, to appear naked or loose. Certain ornaments it admits of as naturally becoming, and many more possibly our fancy may demand to render it agreeable.

ONE ornament we are agreed, I mean all mankind in all ages and nations of the world are agreed, there is, and that is measure ; which we think so necessary, that without it Poetry generally loses the very name. We are so agreed in demanding that ornament ; because it is not fancy, but is founded upon this certain principle of human nature, the sense of harmony, and the tones of the human voice being expressive of the passions, or correspondent to the velocity, slowness, delicacy, &c. of the things described. If this correspondence and expression be preserved, together with that harmony, which gives a certain freedom, agility
and

and voluntary motion to the thoughts, whatever the language be, my fancy is fully satisfied. Whether harmony requires, that the measure be the same throughout a composition, may well be doubted.

HERE, if the Reader will let a joke go free, (as travellers usually do for their mutual relief upon a blind and tedious road, and so methinks should friendly criticks, when all alike bewildered in any labyrinth of controversy ;) I can hardly forbear wishing there was a form of poetical government established according to PLATO'S *Utopia*. Only instead of an Aristocracy, I would have it to be a Monarchy, and myself for a while the Monarch. My first edict should be, what the sweet THEOCRITUS suggested to me in a pleasant dream last night, tho' troubled betimes with certain unmusical and strange voices, as of some Billingsgate rabble, heard, as they seemed to be, from afar, and, as he informed me, frowning at my childish attention to them, periodically. By his advice, be it hereby prohibited to use any other metre than the heroic, on pain of my displeasure, because this has been proved both by the antient Poets and our own to admit of the greatest variety, while yet it preserves the harmony, of numbers, so as to be easily adapted to every species of poetry, from the highest sublime, down to very chitchat. If indeed, in violation of my edict, any presumptuous pen shall attempt a particular measure, provided it be every where peculiarly adapted to the spirit, and this of course the same in one intire stanza as another,

and

and in the first, second, third, &c. lines of any one stanza as in the correspondent lines of any other, his punishment shall be remitted : perhaps too I may intercede with APOLLO to crown his son.

We are apt, I own, to be pleased with the abstract uniformity and variety of sounds : abstract, I say, and independent upon the sense and spirit. But then it is only the ear that is tickled, neither the imagination nor the heart are assisted. And whether they shall be assisted or otherwise by that harmony, depends upon its correspondence or contrariety to the sense and spirit. Thus, if the numbers are quick when the spirit is gay, or slow when it is melancholy, they are assisting : but if quick when it is melancholy, or slow when it is gay, the ear and the soul counteract each other. This is universally confessed. Yet if there be no spirit at all, since in this case that contrariety cannot happen, we are apt to be so well pleased with the verses, as to pronounce them poetry. Some indeed in such a case may not like them the more for that melodiousness, save only as it renders them a more pleasant opiate. But these are few. And as to others, it is only their ear, that pronounces that honourable sentence, not their imagination nor their heart. And that neither myself nor my good people might be such corrupted judges, particularly that none of my dearly beloved cousins, the Poets, might, from a too pious veneration for their immediate predecessors, ever be with them enchanted by the magick of harmonious sounds into an affectation

tation of some grovelling witticisms and almost utter forgetfulness of the divine and proper sentiments of Poetry: to save them I say from this degradation, not unlike that which ULYSSES's crew suffered when decoyed by the melody of the SYRENS, is the principal intention of my edict, as it will also be of my concluding inquiry. For of all kinds of metre, that were ever invented by my British Subjects, the heroic seems to have the least share of abstract harmony. Yet they will not murmur at the restriction, if they allow me, that there is no species of Poetry to which it may not be adapted.

BUT let what will become of my edict, so my countrymen un-animously adopt this axiom, That by far the greatest part, if not the whole of the excellence, there is even in the harmony of versification, results from the assistance it gives to the sense and spirit of a poem: and that we ought to try by the same criterion the merit of every other fancied ornament, particularly that of rhyme.

ERE then we can justly fix the degree of excellence there is in rhyme, we must inquire, What assistance gives it to the sense and spirit? Whether gives it more, if two or three lines terminate in the same sound successively, or at some distance from each other by the intervention of others, which in the same manner terminate in the same sound, either successively, or at some distance from each other by the intervention of the former in return? or,
lastly,

lastly, does it not give most of all, if the middle and end of the same line echo to each other ?

In determining these very important questions, I must not overlook the authority of BETTY, an old servant of my Mother's, about eighteen years ago. As I was reading one winter-evening in Mr POPE's *Essay on man*, my mother observing her very attentive, asked her, Now, BETTY, how do ye like it ? Why, Madam, I cannot tell well. It is above me. But I think it is very pretty. It, I know not what you call it, like our Psalm-book, at the end of every line. It rhymes I suppose you mean, BETTY. Ay, Sir, nicely. It comes as pat as my old shoe. I wonder how he made it rhyme so nicely. Thus rhyming it seems caught BETTY's attention, as it did mine too, tho' in a different manner. For to her it gave pleasure ; to me disgust. But in whatever manner it affect the hearer, it catches the attention, and of course so far diverts it from the sense and spirit : to which therefore it is by no means assisting.

I have often been foolish enough to wonder, why the periodical reiteration of the same sound should ever have been so generally agreeable, gravely inquiring about the cause : as if no sort of epidemical taste could befall the literary world but what is founded upon principles of reason. Once, we know, acrosticks, conundrums, &c. were the taste ; which is easily accounted for, as being in the long reign of scholastic darkness. But this is the

age of knowledge and refinement, and requires therefore some other account of the prevalence of the taste in question.

1st, WE are all naturally pleased with uniformity, and some even when variety would be more agreeable to a well formed judgment, as it certainly happens often in other cases at least, if not in that under consideration.

2^{dly}, WE are naturally pleased with the ingenious acquisition of an end, be it what it will.

3^{dly}, STILL more with the ingenious acquisition of two ends at the same time ; which two in the question before us, are Sense and Rhyme.

4^{thly}, AGAIN still more, if the prosecution of the one seemed naturally to thwart with that of the other : for this enhances the difficulty, and consequently the ingenuity.

THESE are the best accounts I can offer for BETTY'S pleasure. She admired how pretty it was, how pat the rhyme came, and wondered how he could make it rhyme so nicely. But happy the POET who has wherewith to excite a better admiration ; so as to put an end to the former sort ; transporting the mind in such an enthusiasm, as to engross the whole of its attention, and hinder even its perception of such a circumstance, as the periodical reiteration of the same sound. As when having read this line,

Lent heaven a parent to the poor and me,

BETTY

BETTY cried, Pray Mr ROBERT, I beg my Mistress's pardon, will you be so good to read that line again. Well, BETTY, but I must read the line before it too, or else you will not feel how sweetly it rhymes. No matter for that, Sir, I like that line by itself. I wonder, says she, if it was his father or mother. His mother. She was a good woman, I will warrant.

ANOTHER cause I might have assigned for the preference of rhyme to blank verse, is, That usually the period is shorter and of a more uniform length; its several members more frequently explanatory of each other, and any nervous or uncommon word more frequently softened by a synonymous one. All which excellencies do not a little contribute to perspicuity; and perspicuity is always agreeable: a maxim of considerable importance, which yet none are so apt to forget as the Poets, tho' in none, not even in the Mathematician, is the observance of it more indispensably necessary.

Two causes more occur to me, namely, Habit and the Association of ideas, commonly contracted by those who are much accustomed to read rhyme, according as the poetry is good or bad. And what wonder, if in the former case, the indiscriminating vulgar slide into an affection for rhyme, on account of the good company it has kept: Or if, in the latter case, when the Poet himself is deserted of the Muses, his readers are also abandoned to the admiration

miration of rhyme for its own sake, having nothing else before them that they can admire.

As to what is often urged, That rhyme is agreeable, because it is a help to the memory : this advantage is no part of the pleasure immediately attending the enjoyment of a good poem ; no more than the prospect of any profits accidentally arising from the composition, is a part of the pleasure which the Poet had in the first conception of it ; or, lest I should not be understood, no more than the prospect of any profits arising from an honest action is a part of the pleasure, which an honest man as such has in doing it.

NEITHER can I admit another argument, advanced by some modest abettors of rhyme, That it gives a graceful heightening at least to the burlesque kind of poetry. That it admirably heightens the burlesque, I own, cannot be denied : but I must flatly deny that burlesque is any kind of poetry, unless I would also deny that there is any difference betwixt a buffoon, who professes to personate whatever is the reverse of nature in whim, oddity, and nonsense, and an actor, who exhibits truth and nature. But let the Poets, and all whom it shall concern, be warned, that if a grave and truly poetical sentiment ever demean itself, by assuming the ridiculous habit of burlesque, it doth as certainly forfeit the happy character, as ever did chaste Lady in her disguise at a masquerade.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER argument I have sometimes heard, is, that our own and other modern tongues, not having the rich variety of terminations, which we justly admire in the ancient languages, want harmony, and so require rhyme as a supply. For my own part, I frankly confess to have such an agreeable prejudice in favour of my mother-tongue, as well as my mother-country, that I cannot allow the former to want harmony, any more than the latter a just balance of power in its three constituent estates ; nor can I wish the constitution of either to be transformed into a resemblance, or any sort of connection with such of our neighbours, as may, for ought I know, want our harmony, but certainly do our happy balance. But, allowing I think too highly of my mother-tongue, it is impossible to suspect my ear of thickens, for not perceiving how the want of variety and harmony is supplied by the periodical reiteration of the same sound ; unless it be sense to say, that I supply a beggar's wants, if I rob him of his satchel and its fragments.

THE most important use of rhyme is, That, which well considered, may perhaps point out its rise, and how it came to be dignified with the name. In certain particular measures commonly used in odes and psalms, where all the lines or couplets are exactly of the same metre, the hearer, unless very attentive and singularly quick in numbering, could not perceive when the stanza was compleated without the periodical reiteration of the same sound : which reiteration therefore became as necessary as the
variety

variety of metre in the several lines of an ancient stanza. And from this conjunction of the uniform metre in the several lines or couplets with the periodical reiteration of the same sound, which was thought to answer the end of variety, from this conjunction I say the stanzas seem to have been called rhymes; rhyme properly signifying the harmony that proceeds from the conjunction of uniformity with variety of sounds. And in process of time came that false rhyme to be gradually introduced into other particular measures, where there was not the same necessity, and at last into the heroic, by some who did not know the reason of its first invention. Thus we see it happens to the laws of poetry, as well as to those often of religion and the state, that how good soever they might be in themselves originally, they come to be misapplied and converted into grievances, by such as do not consider, or never knew the prime reason of their institution. This is the most probable account I can offer for the rise and prevalence of this modern taste.

THE result of my inquiry is, That the periodical reiteration of the same sound is not a natural expression of veneration, love, gravity, sorrow, raillery, nor of any other sense or passion whatsoever, nor of velocity, slowness, delicacy, or the like; that therefore it does not in any degree heighten either the sense and spirit, or the harmony of the numbers: and that whether it has any abstract and essential agreeableness, which is a question of experience, I shall only answer for one, I do not feel it, no more than

than I do the agreeableness of the rhyming antithesis, much affected by some of our pious prose-writers in the last century, who are more excusable, as not pretending to the majesty of poetry; yet will not deny it to be agreeable to other people, not only to vulgar readers, but sometimes to the poets themselves, who, like the men of an unnatural appetite fatally bent upon their own ruin, fancy a deliciousness in that which endangers the very being of a tolerable genius, or who, more properly it may be, like the men of a healthy appetite, delight in that which they find to be the main source of their fame and opulence, and literally speaking their staff of life. Whether this severity is generally deserved, or like most of our modern satyr is only the casual fling of a blind, licentious and prostituted wit, is a question of fact: And to fact I willingly appeal, to stand or fall by its evidence, provided the Critical Gentlemen upon the jury, who shall pronounce upon it, be such as are competent judges in the case.

LEAVING it therefore undetermined, whether rhyme is a beauty or not, yet considering what can never be disputed, namely, the vast variety there is of other poetical beauties, with their proportionable importance, this at least we may surely advance without offence, That it is essential to a good Poet to have through his whole piece such a height of sense, spirit, and harmony; that, if he rhyme, his hearer may have something better to employ his attention than the rhyme; and that, if he do not, he may yet have all those real graces which commonly attend rhyme, such

as perspicuity, harmony, moderate length of periods ; and, lastly, that his hearer may easily perceive, as he goes along, when the measure is completed, I mean, when the line or stanza ends ; except when a just enthusiasm trespasses unawares the common measure, running out into a more harmonious voluntary, like a flaming comet that breaks the order of some inferior system, setting fire to a guilty planet, destined to destruction.

IF the reader, in pity to a treacherous memory, will dispense with method, I shall consider what I lately heard a Gentleman further alledge in defence of rhyme ; which is the more worthy of our notice, both as it seems to proceed from that spirit without which age itself is no longer honourable, nor as I should think truly happy, and as it is supported by the authority of most of our Schoolmasters. We ought to have a regard, says he, for youth, and accommodate ourselves to their capacities : for JUVENAL says, *Maxima debetur pueris reverentia*. And whereas it is proper to try their genius very early in every way, and so in the poetical among the rest, for its natural inclination cannot be too soon discovered : and whereas moreover poetry, according to your notion of it, is too sublime an art for children to attempt, we must therefore take a middle way, and be content with obliging them betimes to make Hexameters and Pentameters in Latin, and also smooth elegant rhymes in English, the former with the help of their *Gradus ad Parnassum*, and the latter with that of BYSSE's *Art of Poetry*, two very useful books if the great
men

men, Sir, of our Universities do not mistake. Besides that many there are of riper age, who, tho' they have certainly a very fine poetical turn, would yet never dare exercise it without that indulgence. And some of our poets, who are very much of your opinion and mine about this matter, are not only excusable, but commendable for their condescension in complying with the vulgar taste, for which yet a great deal might be said after all. Not unlikely, Sir. And as to those, who durst hardly make the attempt without the indulgence of rhyming, I could readily excuse most of them. But some I cannot forgive for their excess of modesty. Had I their fertile invention, methinks, I would employ it to some better purpose, than that of finding out the whole variety of rhymes in our mother-tongue, which to me looks like discovering a parent's nakedness. So much am I ashamed for her, or rather for her idle and impious children, when I hear them stammering, as in derision, with the frequent reiteration of the same sound.

As to the Gentlemen you spoke of last : I am not, I assure you, Sir, I am not naturally suspicious, nor did I ever love to be satirical. Yet, I own, when you so candidly mentioned their condescension, you reminded me of the apology, a young tradesman once made me for appearing above his circumstances ; I do not do it to please myself, says he, but that the world, which, you know, Sir, loves show, may have, Sir, a higher opinion of my
C stock

stock in trade, which gets one credit. But allowing it to be a real condescension in them; ill fares it with the republic of letters, when the rabble gives law, and worse than slaves are they, that stoop so miserably upon any consideration. Popular fame only with all its temporal emoluments, be the reward of those, whether poets or others, who seek not in the first, middle and last place, to approve themselves to their own judgment, or to what they are not ashamed to confess to be a better authority.

As to what you so well observed, (and, Sir, I congratulate you upon it,) that we ought to have a tender respect, and even veneration for our Youth, who, we pray, may hereafter greatly excel their fathers, or who, we ought to fear, will shame us, if they shall have nothing for which to thank and revere our memory: this is most heartily granted. But, Sir, may not the end you mention, that of knowing a boy's genius, be obtained by means, at once more easy to the scholars, and more certain to the master tho' of no uncommon sagacity? For as they gradually conquer the difficulties of the ancient languages in reading the immortal models of history, eloquence, poetry, &c. their nature I should imagine will at times break out, and shew, in spite of all their levity, which it is inclined to pursue. And if ever the Youth appears to be highly pleased with what he reads, if ever he is ready to wish he was himself the author, but blushes and trembles at the ambitious thought, or by turns now pants with hope, now languishes because he dares not hope; if he is observed, either of his own motion,

tion, or at some gentle hint, to take up his pen, or burn what he has written because the execution does not come up to his idea : there wants, Sir, nothing but encouragement. Let nothing be left undone, that may keep him from despair. Despair ! that wide and hideous grave, where lies many a noble genius, that, after a thousand struggles for life and immortality, its strength at last exhausted, sinks into hated yet voluntary oblivion, and strives, but strives in vain, to soothe remorse with the opiate of sensual pleasure. From the anguish of such a distracted mind, GOD preserve our BRITISH Youth. May they be taught to practise temperance and due industry, a brave indifference to the world, and an honest self-dependence : and, far from affecting popularity, be fired into a nobler ambition by studying day and night the best transcripts of Nature ancient and modern, but especially their common Model herself, whose scenes are infinitely various, and can never be exhausted by the human pencil. So may they, (for thus only can they,) arrive to that full perception of Truth and Beauty, which is necessary to those, who would excel in any of the ingenious arts. That full perception of Truth and Beauty : which fixes the Painter's eye, enlivens his fancy, and emboldens his pencil : which informs the Statue into life and action : which varies, governs and impassionates the Composer's harmony; and impowers him to becalm the soul into an Elysium, or rouse all its finer faculties into that pleasing perturbation, which, as exceeding the common felicity of mortals, may be justly termed enthusiasm.

That full perception of Truth and Beauty : which, abstracting the enlarged Theorist from this material world, and even from the body, charms and refines him into pure intelligence. That full perception : which dictates to the modest Orator, and conducts him, imperceptibly to himself and audience, along the easy scale of soft persuasion up to an absolute authority, and force o'er the mind fix'd as a statue in deep attention ; and which lastly invests the Poet with all his essential majesty and simplicity, impregnates, and instructs him to communicate that love of his country, and that love of liberty, which in the sons of Britain are the same ; I say, instructs him to communicate, from the fulness of his own heart, those divine principles of true Patriotism, Virtue and Piety, in which POETRY, however she may otherwise amuse herself sometimes, places always her principal delight, with which she ever was, and ever will be inspirited, when she rises to her fullest glory, and with which is wing'd, when she makes her boldest excursions into the invisible and eternal worlds.

E I D Y L L I A :

Upon losing MILTON'S PARADISE LOST, at LUSS situate upon LOCH-LOMOND at the foot of BEN-LOWMAN and a group of other vast mountains:

An ODE.

FOO L that I was ! My MILTON lost !
Old HOMER's youngest son !

LUSS ! be for ever sunk beneath
BEN's horrors pil'd around.

Sun's 'livening ray ne'er pierce thy gloom.
Thy hideous deep be drain'd.

Fishes to devilish snakes be turn'd :
Boatman to CERBERUS.

Mouth of the hellish gulf be thou :
Its mortal damp thy air.

All o'er thy plains Vulcanos thick
Their burning sands disgorge.

Birds never warble chearful note ;
Nor roam the humming bee.

Herds never graze, nor sheep, nor goats ;
Nor human voice be heard.

Crag

Crags other echo ne'er repeat
Than dismal Furies' yell.

MERCURY laugh'd ; and jeering cried,
I MILTON from thee filch'd.

So did APOLLO bid ; and, see !
For thee a laurel holds.

To the blooming ISABELLA: An ODE.

CLOE you know, have heard her talk.
I'll tell you what she thinks, my Dear.

Oh ! for the man, deserves my love ;
Me, like Queen JUNO who adores,
Like VENUS, in a rapture eyes.
His fixed gaze, or downward look,
Or starting wildness speaks desire.
Yet fears t' approach ; or at my feet
His passion pleads, and in my eye
Like trembling prisoner seeks his fate.
I deign a smile. Intranc'd in love
He rivals JOVE in JUNO's arms.
I frown. He lightning-blasted shrinks.
My horrors drive his soul aghast.
Again I smile. He thanks his Stars,
And me his Goddess for the grace.

I on the rack of my disdain
 May torture him a thousand times :
 As oft he whines, and vows, and prays,
 And readmitted thinks me kind.

Him would I love : o'er him wou'd rule,
 As, JUNO ! thou the heart of JOVE.
 Such husband, oh ! dear HYMEN ! give.
 Nay do. And soon. Or I despair.

Let her despair, and warning be
 To you, my blooming ISABEL !
 In beauty's sunshine as you fail,
 All gay and pleasant ! to beware
 The rocks and shelves of hated pride.

Upon seeing a fair MATRON with her Husband and
 Daughter at the Theatre ; in answer to a young
 Officer, who very wittily broke out, *Venus ! by God :*
 An ODE.

VENUS, d'ye say ? For beauty not unlike.
 But where's, my friend ! the wish-inspiring glance ?
 The ambiguous aspect, lure and rack of love ?
 Pale, flushing languish ? Or the scornful frown,
 Ending repentant in a luscious smile ?

No.

No. Virtue inspiriting that noble form
 Than VENUS ever boasted more divine
 Sure has on earth descended to reveal
 Herself. How lovely ! Made thus visible !
 That shape how just ! In that complection, fair
 As innocence unspotted, sweetly glow
 The mingled delicacies. In her eye
 Sparkles her soul. Her features and her mien
 High dignity yet goodness more express ;
 All-beautifying and immortal grace.
 And in her gesture each new attitude
 Borrowing from her Guardian-Angel's Form
 Still some new charm, as Iris from the Sun
 The varying beauties of the light, reflects.
 In crowded theatre by all admir'd,
 With eyes untwinkling as in rapture fix'd,
 Unconscious and compos'd she looks around :
 Or on her Lord, or their Joint Image smiles,
 Fair fruit and blessing of connubial love.

Such, Holy Matrimony ! are thy joys !
 Ye blooming Fair ! like her, you too admire,
 Beauty and Virtue ever think the same.
 One with your love, all with your goodness bless :
 And bloom immortal in a lovely Race.

Virtue's

VIRTUE'S Expostulation with the BRITISH
POETS: An ODE.

BRITANNIA'S Genius! who alone enjoy'st

Fair Liberty well-balanc'd and secure,
Best nurse of arts and sciences divine :
Why dost thou thankless thy poetic fire,
In subjects so unworthy, why mispend ?
Satyr, on objects as itself mis-shap'd
Nature's abortions feasting, grins unblest
Fell joy. Pretended Zeal for truth reveal'd,
But with an air and spirit, how reverse !
Monopolizing bounds the Sovereign Grace :
In darkest mystery gropes, yet science vaunts ;
And rancour-swollen e'en conscience wou'd enslave.
Romance, that goodly world in vain beheld
With all its gay enlivening scenes around,
Frantic in visionary chaos roams :
Or with some sickly lovetale courts applause,
Transient as the low appetite inflam'd.

What ! Have I then no charms ? No images
O'er the intellectual creation spread,
To enchant the wandering fancy with delight,
And warm the generous heart ? This wide expanse
Of glory see ! Where I, the Holy Nine,
Truth, and these Graces, my unnumber'd train,

D

Harmonious

Harmonious moving as the tuneful spheres,
 From the Supream our borrow'd light diffuse
 On spirits elect, as on my Blessed Bards
 Of old or late, prophetic or profane :
 Whom panting I led up PARNASSUS' Height
 Aloft to Fame. Dare you their guide reject ?
 Without me hope to immortalize your name ?
 Me, Universal Nature's boast, the source
 Of Beauty's self. Why then to you estrang'd ?
 Why unadmir'd ? Unsung ? But, BRITONS ! know,
 None Poets are but as by me inspir'd.

VIRTUE's remonstrance, HUME in vision heard :
 Awe-struck awak'd, obey'd, and DOUGLAS sung.

To ADVERSITY: An ODE.

HOW changeable is Man ! Where now my joys ?
 My wonted ecstacies ? Presumptuous hopes,
 Still on the wing to imaginary blifs,
 Horizon-like still flying as pursued ?
 Where now my admiration of this world,
 Fond as the infant's gaze on spiring flames,
 And with it fled ? Few now are my desires :
 Nor longer feverish ; but, if granted, please,
 Yet, if denied, they ne'er my peace disturb.
 Since doubtful are all mortal good and ill ;

Known

Known only by th' event ourselves ordain,
As Wisdom guides the soul, or Folly drives.
No mildew-fears my enjoyment ever blast,
Nor shall affliction gratitude erase,
Or cut the nerves of enterprising hope :
And if past remedy my faith pervades
These earthly mists to that All-ruling Love,
Which like the Sun still blesses tho' unseen.
With heart-strings brac'd I now can view serene,
And humbly smile at FORTUNE's mighty threats,
Sweet pity shed, and, whom I can, relieve :
Waiting secure the dawn of heavenly light,
That soon this midnight-darkness shall dispell,
And faith reward with vision more enlarg'd
Of Nature's works. How faultless ! How compleat !
As their Creator God supremely fair !
Eternal ! Infinite ! Yet all are one !
Pure now my pleasures : heart humane and blest :
My hopes immortal. Thanks, Adversity !
Heaven's gentle Angel ! tho' of visage stern.
Whose power all mortals feel, yet few they grace.

PHILOCLEES :

PHILOCLEES: A MONODY.

Scene: The Grove near the High-Church and College of GLASGOW.

WELL. Now my conscious heart is lighter grown
 For PLATO read; as PHILOCLEES advis'd:
 With whom, as closely may I Virtue's Mount,
 As from our cloyster'd study oft I climb'd
 This Constitution-Hill, to ope our breasts;
 To brace our nerves, and strengthen inward powers;
 To drink like nectar mid-day's wholesome air;
 To enjoy, all-bleffing Sun! thy chearful rays
 In center of the blue expanse, or feel
 Thy influence, tho' in flying clouds conceal'd.
 Winter retiring, but by slow degrees,
 As loth its power and horrors to resign:
 Such was the season, when, as now alone,
 I with him often hither came, and us'd
 This way to walk these whistling firs among.
 Here was our path, just here, tho' now o'ergrown;
 Since that, O Friendship! by thy foot untrod.

Since

Since last we here together stood retir'd,
 Seven years, seven happy years flew o'er our heads ;
 And five years more have I my loss deplor'd,
 In learning's maze unguided by his clue.
 Ah ! Little did I then, what now I feel,
 Expect. Ah ! Little thought this solitude,
 To me so grateful then, cou'd e'er become
 The cause of heaviness and sighs renew'd.
 Why do I foolish hither come so oft,
 To stir up by each trivial circumstance,
 The sad remembrance, sad yet ever dear,
 Of my Instructor and my faithful Friend ?

I recollect

Much of his moralizing on this spot :
 None that to forlorn friendship gives relief.
 Our eye once that way turn'd, says he, Behold
 That Gothic building, emblem, undefign'd
 I deem yet just, of Hierarchal Pride :
 Which on yon clouded summit looking fat,
 Down on the layman's soul as on a worm ;
 Who gaping strains his neck, and staring eye,
 And trembles at the spire, which to high heaven
 Seems reaching, as the Priestly Pow'r rever'd.
 Or else with that stupendous weight compar'd,
 His little cottage, and himself contemns.

Still

Still more the paintings when his eye revolves,
 Or awful vestments of deem'd sanctity ;
 Or organ's solemn sound his sense o'erpow'rs ;
 And other decorations of the arts
 Amusing, then alone to men indulg'd :
 All better science and free thought unknown ;
 Which late, but, God be thank'd ! at last arose,
 And with them sure attendant Gospel-Light
 Unclouded, as now shine thy smiling beams,
 O sun ! Thus he fair Liberty wou'd sing
 Religious, Civil. And for principles,
 So blest ! wou'd oft his generous Father thank,
 And for his Father thank his gracious God.

He left me musing, musing with delight,
 On his not noisy forward party-strains
 Of specious liberty misunderstood :
 But modest, gentle, friendly, and sincere,
 Benevolent to all. He soon return'd.
 I had been scribbling. Pray, Sir ! lend your ear.
 He understood not for my faltering tongue,
 And quivering lips ; then took it, Let me read.
 My chilling fears at his approving smile,
 Blush'd into conscious worth, till then unknown.
 For ne'er wou'd he the embryo-genius crush ;
 He'd, as with parent-bill, pick th' opening shell.

He'd

He'd never snarle, my wildness ne'er deride ;
 But overlook, or soften as he read :
 My fervour check, but, as he check'd, inflame :
 My feeble judgment teach to apprehend,
 Truth in simplicity how best adorn'd,
 Fair Nature loveliest faithfully describ'd.

Rules, how reverse ! now my officious Friends
 With kindness surfeiting cram down my throat ;
 Which, like a vomit work, 'till quite disgorg'd :
 Vaunted Authority : or varying Taste,
 Elaborate, fine, so delicately smooth,
 It ne'er the judgment nor the heart disturbs :
 Sly Caution whispering, Sir ! it may offend.
 Best be advis'd. Then take the consequence,
 Unknowing of the world, to me ingrate :
 Or Slavish Imitation tho' of Greeks ;
 Whose Names so sacred on thy wide-spread wings,
 Thou, Memory ! bear'st thro' immortality,
 And, fluttering o'er this Island pleas'd, salut'st
 Us happy, but for liberty abus'd.
 Free as thy person, be thy genius free,
 Earth's Envy, my BRITANNIA, Heaven's Delight !
 The world is boundless. Nor has all its scenes,
 Nor ever will the human pencil draw.
 Bold Freedom's mighty Spirit uncontroul'd,

In bards of heav'n or earth, prolific works,
 Sure as the Genial Sun, the same effects
 For ever. Beauty's fresh perpetual streams
 Still flow as from an inexhausted source,
 To bathe the glowing fancy in new delight.
 See! These my Sons! I mean not to o'erawe.
 Mark well their steps. Be reverent. Yet pursue.
 Than copy servile, rather emulate.
 Fear not by your ambition to offend.
 For Fathers love to see their Sons excel.

Ah! Now,

My faithful Friend! I feel my fatal loss.
 What death denies, wou'd fancy cou'd supply ;
 Thy presence with me as when real, to catch
 Thy modesty, thy firmness, gentle fire :
 As when we rising here together stood
 To take, as I do now, my last farewell.
 Thou did'st invoke this solitary grove,
 Yon sacred place, where to reside you love,
 Long may you love, ye Muses ever blest!
 Farewel, this peaceful happy scene, farewell!
 Not forward inclination me at least
 Into the world, but filial duty calls ;
 Or duty's inclination sweetly draws.
 What we have learn'd, oh! may we ne'er forget!

May

May we be ever learning, tho' employ'd
 In busy scenes to study less benign !
 For Science, like the Soul, is ever free,
 Not bound by charters, nor to place confin'd.
 Nor do ye, Muses ! on yon top alone
 Up that steep brow above our ken abide :
 (Or we in never-ending fights despair :)
 But sweetly deck the flowery plain below
 At your PARNASSUS' Foot ; nor there alone.
 Of rural seats and fountains not ashamed,
 You visit, wheresoe'er pure heart invokes.
 Nor as we hope e'en palaces decline,
 But bless the world with men, yourselves inspire.
 From hence, but not from you, wou'd we depart.
 Desert not us, nor fly our wish'd embrace.
 Oh ! May some spark of your celestial fire
 With love of virtue our young hearts inflame ;
 And howsoever distant still unite.
 Some Genius too we wou'd. How else admire
 Your beauties shou'd we, or your pleasures taste ?
 Whatever portion, more or less, you deign,
 As you command shall ever be improv'd :
 And if Sincerity might swear, we'd swear.
 Increase our portion then : since not our hearts
 For wealth or pleasure pant, or wide renown.
 Other attachments dear that wish extort.

Much to my Father I, to Mothers both,
 To Brothers and to Sisters much we owe.
 Shall senseless earth be grateful to his toil?
 Shall his paternal orchards, or fair trees
 Of his own planting, bear him fruit? I none?
 Might he but ever say, I thank thee, Son;
 Their anxious pains our Mothers ne'er repent;
 Nor none, who love us, ever be ashamed;
 This, for more happiness we cannot crave.

Such pious strains I heard, with what delight!
 Yet did not thank him; cou'd not. Pulse alone
 High-beating everlasting friendship swore.
 Yes, everlasting: nor did I reflect,
 That he was mortal. Else nor then my joy,
 Nor grief at LEEDYATE else, had been extreme.
 Me, there on friendship's happiness intent,
 Delightful theme! in hope of my reward
 His generous ear to please, the news surpriz'd.
 Down drop'd my trembling pen: nor since resum'd.
 Scarce, what I'd written, cou'd I more believe.
 Now I may stay at home. My summer-jaunts,
 Said I, for health, instruction now are o'er.
 Past joys or griefs, how painful to review!

As some to BATH, I to my Friend retir'd,
 An annual visit paid: found other smiles,

Than

Than they I deem, more constant, more sincere.
 We chatted, walk'd, or wou'd together read ;
 With critical severity chastise,
 Truth undisguis'd, and freedom unreserv'd.
 Sometimes he'd say, This, Sir ! I had from you.
 'Twas by reflection then all from yourself.
 United so in heart and sentiment,
 All property was lost. Nor was the praise,
 Of what one wrote, to th' other e'er denied.

'Twas long the mournful visit I defer'd,
 In hope to find Parental Grief allay'd.
 Not salutation's smile I then receiv'd,
 As wont, but friendly welcome and compos'd,
 Cheerfully grave. Few were our words, and low ;
 Clock's pendulum too often heard : And, ah !
 How slower now, than once, the heavy time
 It measures out, in moments all perceiv'd !

Next morn desir'd to play, I'd brought no lute.
 But play I must on one, by chance I'd left.
 Than finless Infant's smile, than Beauty's bloom,
 Youth's gaiety, or Man's meridian strength,
 I, modest aged cheerful Piety
 For due respect too thankful, more admire.
 And loth to play, yet to oblige inclin'd,

As Easy Friendship easily o'ercome.
 I'd stole a grace. She turning drop'd a tear :
 Then smil'd complacence, Sir ! so fung my Son.

DAMÆTAS from his morning-care return'd :
 We took a walk. In silence sad, or sounds
 Of chitchat forc'd scarce inwardly perceiv'd,
 Well as we cou'd suppreffing we conceal'd
 His anguish he, and I my grief, reviv'd
 By every little circumstance around.

Full-loaden then the pear-tree ; where reclin'd
 Us'd PHILOCLES and I together read.
 When first he brought me to his favourite tree,
 For so he call'd it, Taste this pear, how sweet,
 Not over luscious ; nor on palate leaves
 A sickly relish. Such should pleasure be.
 This moral on it smiling he ingrafts.

Here as we pass'd. He calmly look'd around ;
 Now on our wonted seat ; then on the tree :
 Then upward turn'd his eye. I blush'd at sight
 Of so much piety. He sigh'd : and seem'd,
 As he wou'd speak. Now shall my longing ear,
 Said I, his consolations blest partake :
 With hanging head long listen'd ; nothing heard :

Then

Then stole a glance : and knew not whether more
 To pity or congratulate. He sigh'd ;
 But sigh'd, as Saints for immortality :
 Nor spoke ; save what the scene, a Father's look,
 Silence, in deep solemnity combin'd,
 Grief-healing strains to me like these address'd.

See this, of all that in my orchard grow,
 The fairest, my own planting, fragrant shade
 Wide-spreading once o'er its young Lord my Son.
 It stands. It flourishes. From waxen bole,
 It shoots thick branches upwards and around :
 And earlier fruit than common bore, still bears.
 Beneath its cumbrous bounty, how it bends !
 Where's He then, we with sweet solicitude
 And still-increasing satisfaction nurs'd ?
 Who, with whatever joy can bless parental hearts,
 All our fond labours dutiful o'erpaid.
 In him I strength and prudence felt renew'd.
 Nor fear'd I age, nor life's infirmities.
 But he is gone. And Age ! How fast it comes !
 With its infirmities, how hideous grown !
 Ah ! such a Son ! And is he then destroy'd ?
 Blasted my Son by angry lightning-flash ?
 Up by the root from God's creation tore ?
 Nor is transplanted to some kindlier soil ?
 And Virtue then a shadow ? Heaven a dream ?

His life and mine in a delusion spent ?
 To this whole world the future give the lie ?
 Here Goodness smile ? Confusion there destroy ?
 Flat contradiction ! impious disbelief !
 Thy cordial drops into a Father's heart,
 Thy powerful drops, sweet Hope divine ! instill.
 O God !

In all thy ways alike thy Goodness shines
 Clear in my faith ; tho' dark to mortal eye.

In pious equanimity serene
 Such arguments a Father found. I none ?
 Oft have I heard, oft from my Mother heard,
 That friendship is immortal. So my heart,
 My beating heart and upward eyes persuade.
 But friendship mutual is, or not at all.
 Therefore both parties live. Then lives my Friend.
 Who was his Father's Glory, Mother's joy :
 Of his Relations, Friends the dear delight :
 To me a faithful guide. Was, did I say ?
 Art still thy Father's glory, Mother's joy :
 Of thy Relations, Friends the dear delight :
 My guide thou art : still shalt be, Faithful Guide !
 Ah ! Cruel Air ! Of life and death alike
 The cause, if thro' thee fevers are convey'd.
 Where wast thou Wholesome Air ? For purer breast
 Thou could'st not fill ; nor play about a heart,

With

With sentiments more generous e'er inflam'd.
 Where wast thou then? Sure not at thy command,
 Veil'd Modesty! Or didst thou thy fair Charge
 Neglect? Thou never didst thy Charge neglect.
 Did then the Nine, or some Angelic Choir,
 Join in request to the Almighty Lord?
 Obtain? And thee dispatch to rob the earth?
 E'en this poor earth? In Angels' bosom then
 Dwells envy? Or is Heaven itself too, poor?
 Or did ye mean to punish us mankind;
 As if he was not here enough esteem'd?
 Ah! Ye mistook. We were not so ingrate.
 Him all who knew, or lov'd him, or rever'd:
 I, as a Father and a Friend, lament:
 In learning's school my Partner, Spur and Guide.
 If ye my words, nor these my sighs, believe;
 Ask that Transparent Form, who on me smiles,
 And may'st thou ever smile, Sincerity!
 Into my tongue then, Modesty! inspire
 Some tender, not despairing epitaph.

PHILOCLIS cineres infra Præconis IESU.

Scripta legas: illum si vere agnoscere velles.

Præclara illa quidem! Sed quam præclarior ipse!

Quem Deus innocuum juvenem summisque benignus

Florentem studiis loca transtulit in meliora.

The MUSES Triumphant over VENUS. Or, The
Poetical Vision seen one Summer-evening beside
the River at ELGIN. A TALE.

WHAT means this strange commotion? pleasing pain!
What this impatience fluttering in my breast?
This boiling blood, as it wou'd burst the veins?
These shiverings thick as those successive waves?
This leaping heart? These glowings? Bathing sweats?
Forehead uprising? Bristled hairs erect?
Eyes swollen, gushing into sudden tears?
Sight how confus'd! How lost! Or how transform'd!
Matter refining into thought. Thus you,
Blind Thamyris! and blind Mæonides!
And justly equal to 'em in renown
Thou, modest MILTON! Virtue's sweetest Bard!
Pure air who always, now how purer draw'st!
Ranging as here on Fancy's wing, th' Immense
Of various Beauty, there on thought intuitive,
Cou'd I to thee be———!
Ye venerable Names! forgive my tongue
Thus uncontroul'd, for what can thought controul?
As well you know; forgive my trembling tongue's
Presumption: did not you too, thus intranc'd
In heavenly, lose your mortal fight. These Forms

How

How beauteous ! springing from material things,
 As out of chaos rose that solar sphere.
 In thick procession fly these Images
 Ideal, yet substantial, fair, divine,
 Each faculty distending with excess
 Of rapturous joy. What may this phrenzy mean !
 Is it love, ye Muses ! or poetic fire ?

The Nine descending heard ; and with a smile,
 Fear not, dear Boy ! it is poetic fire.

Then towards me lower still the Heavenly Choir,
 Sweeping from south to north a round career,
 All over glowing fann'd me as they flew.
 Not to the parch'd and fainting traveller,
 Alone, despairing, if his eye dismay'd
 Wandering along the vast Arabian sands,
 Lights on some pool : to him not cooling draught
 Is so reviving as that sacred breeze,
 Your wings, ye heavenly Muses ! o'er me spread.
 Then up the ether sprung. My eye pursu'd
 Your rapid, ah ! too rapid flight away :
 My listening ear your wondrous harmony.
 Fix'd were my eye and ear : soon fix'd in vain.
 Ear first, then eye, as to the earth confin'd,
 My infirmity upbraided. Pensive sat

F

I long :

I long : and your departure, Muses! mourn'd,
 Ah! Pleasing transport! Glorious vision that!
 Ah! Why so transient? Why like lightning-flash,
 Why did ye, Muses! shine and disappear?
 I thought myself in your sweet influence blest.
 Why so indulg'd? Does Heaven then tantalize?

Long mourn'd my fainting powers, and sunk asleep.
 But from sleep's troubled chaos soon awak'd.
 When, lo! descending Queen URANIA alights,
 Towards me advancing moves with grace divine,
 Yet with an air, that still'd my blushing fears:
 Then, sweetest mildness softening her sublime,
 Nor letting my frail organs overpower;
 The Holy Nine do never those forsake,
 Who with a pure affection us pursue,
 With thee, O Virtue! our best gift inspir'd.
 Their strains, their sighs, from such ambitious zeal
 As all good spirits and ourselves approve,
 On circling waves float each way thro' the air,
 E'en into PLUTO's realm spread silence, awe,
 Self-hate, and wheresoe'er we are above,
 Reach our not undelighted ears, from earth
 Tho' come. Sometimes our music we suspend,
 Listening with ravishment. Or Chorus-like
 We catch, and swell your feebler notes aloft

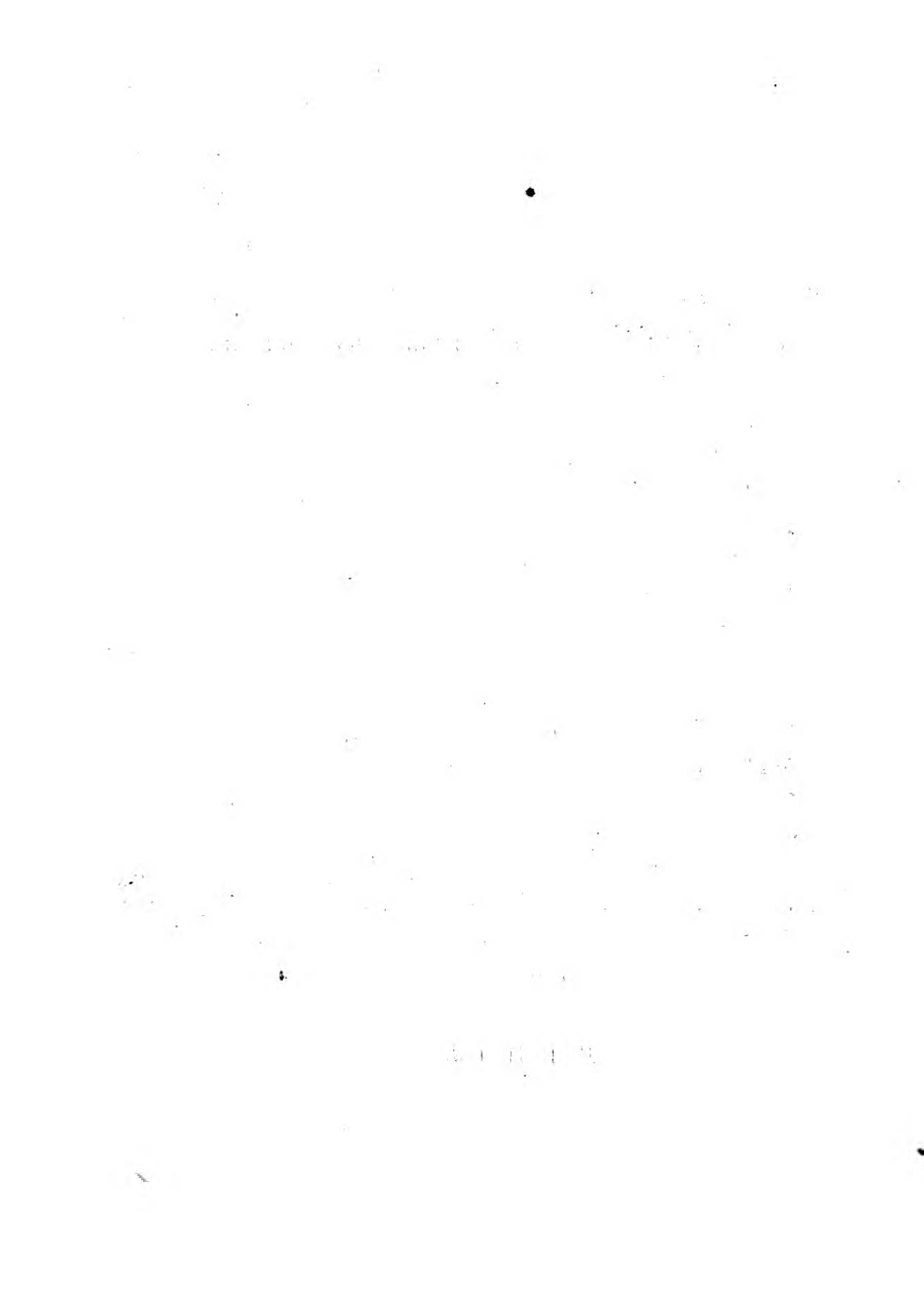
Into

Into full melody thro' Heaven's concave,
Which rings, and makes immortal spirits blest :
Blest with the symphony, yet more the hope,
Their numbers to increase, tho' infinite,
Soon from your earth. For yon your mansions are,
Prepar'd. This cordial take. I drank. She flew :
And airy-sandal'd MERCURY dispatch'd
All that had pass'd to CUPID to relate.
CUPID enrag'd strait to the Cyprian Queen
Faster than e'er flew arrow from his bow :
Lights whining on her lap, Mama ! They've robb'd
Me. Who has ? and of what ? my Dear ! And stroaks
His feathers flat bedew'd with sweating rage.
URANIA, he said, or CLIO, or 'em all,
Were in the plot. What plot ? To rob my game,
Which long ago, dead as a sparrow dead,
I kill'd, and had it in possession fair.
You know, 'twas so. Be more particular. .
Him that I talk'd of yesterday. You laugh'd ;
Yet not, as usual, thank'd this faithful bow.
But time was, thro' his heart this dazzling point,
Bright beams reflecting from your beauty, Ma'am !
I shot with all my might. Nor is it small ;
As men and Gods, e'en Jove himself well knows,
And shall know too. Say Muses, what they will ;
With whom we share the world, and better half

Will have, Mama! It split his heart in two.
 The halves together hung, but by a thread,
 Weak single thread. Too strong it prov'd, my Dear!
 Mama too my misfortunes then deride?
 And to URANIA's join her cruel jeer?
 Smile at my wrongs, mock at her CUPID's tears?
 Patience, my Dear! Cease, cease that piteous squall.
 It tears my bowels. Know, the Gods, and We,
 To Fate Inexplicable all submit.
 And CUPID is a God. Yes, so I am.
 And up he springs, and hugs her yielding breasts.
 With head reclin'd she flatters in his ear,
 Then to High Fate must CUPID too submit.
 Too long, my Dear! hast thou the knave mistook.
 No more on bed of sloth he lies supine,
 In hopeless love's soul-melting dreams dissolv'd,
 Beneath night's sable curtain, or the rays
 Of Sol, who smiles around, but cannot cheer
 Without our gracious leave. Such once our power:
 For other flame his heart has long possess'd.
 And other wings, than thine, have bore aloft.
 Come. The mysterious cause I'll now unfold,
 Of thy diversion, and my vengeance due.
 Why ne'er before? Lie down. He fell supine.
 With nectar'd linen soft his eyes, ears, face,
 She wip'd, and look'd, and kiss'd his dimpled cheek.

Not thee, sweet Child ! more than myself they wrong'd.
My vengeance thou unknowing execut'ft
As oft, so then. For prithee what offence
Against thy honour did he e'er commit ?
Me, impious from his childhood, he despis'd.
Yet lisping did the little urchin sing,
Above me raising SOPHIA forsooth,
Nay smile, fair Archetype !
Whence Jove his Venus form'd.
Such an affront to Majesty divine
Unpunish'd never fell from human tongue :
Nor ever shall. Severe is my revenge :
And love, a torture, with My Smile unblest.
Implacable yet none but PLUTO's rage
Of all the Gods ; and therefore I relent :
Since Fate will have it so. Let CUPID learn,
When his Mama forgives, he must forgive.

Tale ended, Mother preach'd. He drop'd asleep :
Nor, that I know, has ever since awak'd.



To the late Lord SHAFTSBURY'S Ghost; spoken after the above Poems, before him early one Morning, in a Vision: An ODE.

MY Muse her fate from your decision waits.
 Her talent, Sir! tho' slender you'll approve,
 As still devoted, Virtue! to thy cause.
 And Awful Virtue bids, Let that suffice,
 Stopping Ambition's voice, yet not her sigh
 To win APOLLO'S laurel, your applause;
 For your applauding Smiles immortalize.
 Oh! Say, you hope at least, I may excell.
 That friendly Hope, conspiring with my own,
 Shall, like this rising Sun, the dewy damps
 Of the Soul's midnight indolence disperse:
 Shall to the zenith snatch my strengthen'd eye,
 To view Fair Nature's universal glow;
 And with her genial heat my heart inspir'd,
 Delightful sympathy! shall to my lips
 Instinctive prompt th' involuntary song.

F I N I S.

M I D Y L L A

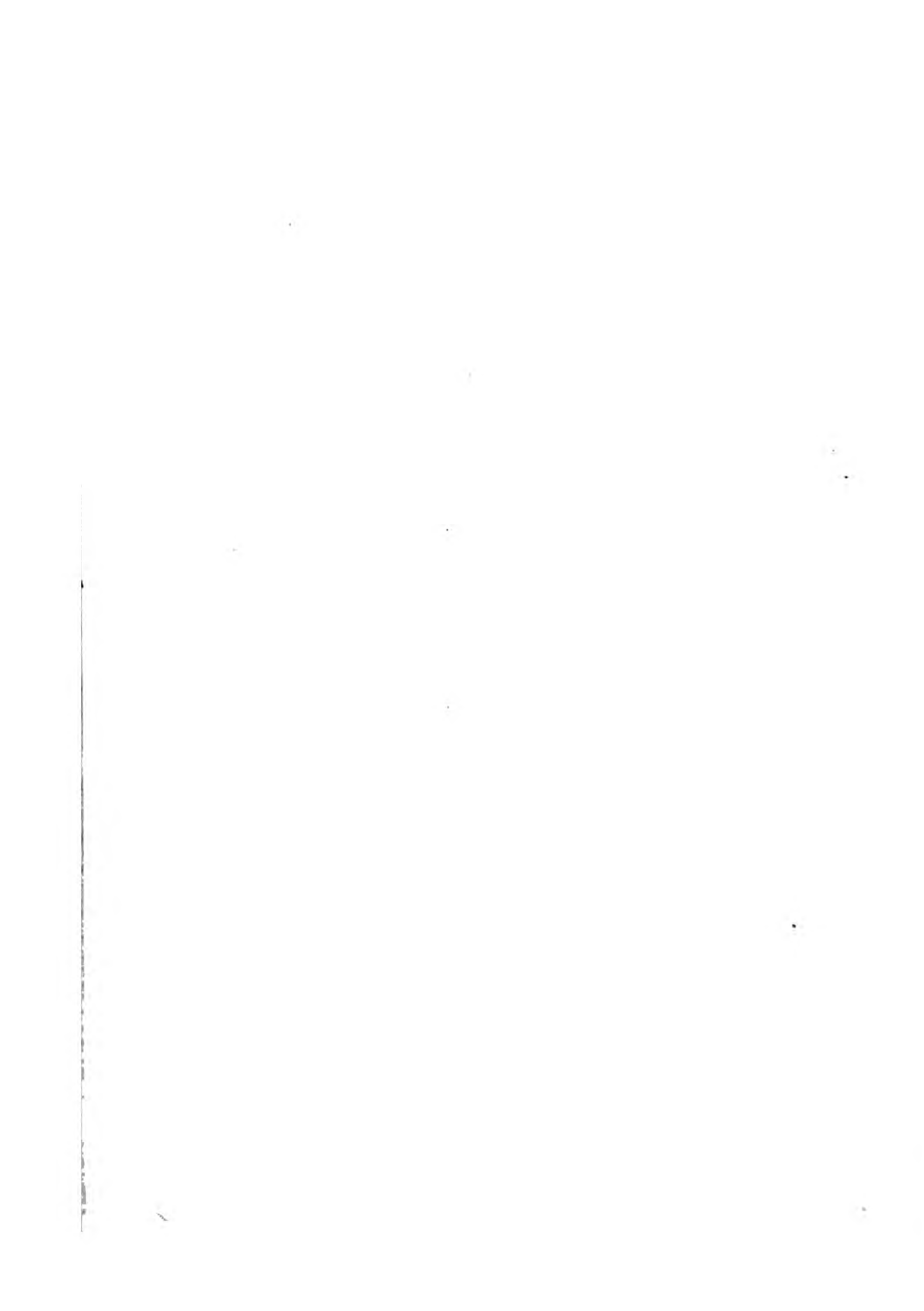
To the Honble the Lords of the Council
in Great Brittain

Yours humble Servant
M I D Y L L A



That your petitioner hath presented unto
your Honors a certain Booke intituled
The Art and Mystery of the Stationers
and Printers of Great Brittain
and that your Honors have caused the
said Booke to be printed and published
and that your petitioner doth desire
that your Honors will be pleased
to give your Honors leave to your
petitioner to print and publish the
said Booke in and about the Cities
of London and Westminster
and in the County of Middlesex
and in the County of Kent
and in the County of Surrey
and in the County of Essex
and in the County of Northampton
and in the County of Northumberland
and in the County of Durham
and in the County of Lincoln
and in the County of York
and in the County of Gloucester
and in the County of Warwick
and in the County of Stafford
and in the County of Derby
and in the County of Leicestershire
and in the County of Nottingham
and in the County of Shropshire
and in the County of Cheshire
and in the County of Lancashire
and in the County of Westmoreland
and in the County of Cumberland
and in the County of Westmoreland
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and in the County of Nottingham
and in the County of Shropshire
and in the County of Cheshire
and in the County of Lancashire
and in the County of Westmoreland
and in the County of Cumberland

F I N I S



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