

The mountain-storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky,
Like rose-leaves on the breeze.

But let the storm rage on!
Let the forest-wreaths be shed!
For the Roncesvalles' field is won,
There slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deeps repose
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close,
To chain her with their power.

But let the ice drift on!
Let the cold-blue desert spread!
Their course with mast and flag is done,
There slumber England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,
The men of field and wave!
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
The seas and shores their grave?

Go stranger! track the deep,
Free, free the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

PIOUS LIBERTIES.

By this term we may be supposed to mean, that familiarity of writing and speaking, with respect to sacred things, of which nations and individuals have been alike guilty, but which not infrequently border upon blasphemy. That individuals have so committed themselves, the following instances will shew; that nations have done the same, let the baptism of their orders and institutions attest: but as we have a chapter to bestow on that particular assumption of the human mind, no further notice need appear in this place. There seems, however, to be a hankering in the spirit of man for this vigour beyond the law of right reasoning and speaking, even among those who are superior to the slang of sectarians; for they cannot do without it. Perhaps a fervent desire to shine by the use of striking appropriations may be the cause, for it is not always irreverence: but, whatever it may be, the effect is ludicrously eccentric, and as such finds a place here.

A Mr. Stirling, who was minister of the Barony church of Glasgow, during the war, which this and other countries maintained against the insatiable ambition of Lewis XIV., in that part of his prayer which related to the public affairs, used to beseech the Lord that he would take the haughty tyrant of France, and shake him over the mouth of hell; "but, good Lord," added the worthy man, "*dinna let him f'ie in.*" This curious prayer being mentioned to Lewis, he laughed heartily at this new and ingenious method of punishing ambition, and frequently afterwards gave as a toast, "the good Scotch parson!"

In a funeral sermon found in a large folio volume, entitled the Last Actions of a Portuguese Duke of Cadaval, there is an extraordinary burst of pious eloquence. The preacher thus apostrophizes the grave: "O grave! art thou not ashamed! dost thou not blush, O grave! to devour so noble a personage!"

One of Whitfield's flights of oratory is related on the authority of David Hume. "After a solemn pause, Mr. Whitfield thus addressed his audience:—'The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold, and ascend to heaven; and shall he ascend and not bear with him the news of one sinner among all the multitude, reclaimed from the

error of his ways?' To give the greater effect to this exclamation, he stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and cried aloud, 'Stop, Gabriel! stop, Gabriel! stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God!' Hume added, that this address was accompanied with such animated, yet natural actions, that it surpassed any thing he ever saw or heard in any other preacher. It is reported of the same eloquent and powerful but eccentric preacher, George Whitfield, that in a sermon, exhorting his hearers to read their Bibles more than they did, he added, "I love to see the Word of God w.^l *thumbed*, as if it had been read till the inside is dirty: but there are some whose Bibles, I grieve to say it, lie in a corner so outwardly covered with dust, that damnation may be traced on it with the finger in legible characters."

There was a visionary who flourished in the last century. He was at the expense of having a plate engraved, in which he is represented kneeling before a crucifix, with a label from his mouth, "Lord Jesus, do you love me?" From that of Jesus proceeded another label, "Yes, most illustrious and most learned Sigerius, crowned poet of his imperial majesty, and most worthy rector of the University of Wittenberg, yes, I love you."

In Spain, plays are performed for the benefit of the Virgin and saints, and balls are given for the deliverance of souls from purgatory. On an occasion of the above kind, a play bill was exhibited, couched in the following terms:—To the Empress of Heaven, mother of the Eternal World, the leading-star of all Spain, the consolation, faithful sentinel and bulwark of all Spaniards, the most holy Mary. For her benefit, and for the increase of her worship, the comedians of Seville will perform a very pleasant comedy, entitled *El Legatario*.

Mr. Nortcoote tells us, that a clergyman, a friend of Mr. Opie's, declared to him that he once delivered one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses to the Royal Academy, from the pulpit, as a sermon, with no other alteration but in such words as made it applicable to morals instead of the fine arts.

Matthew Henry, in his Exposition, has this odd way of expounding part of the ninth chapter of Judges:—"We are here told by what acts Abimelech got into the saddle—none would have dreamed of making such a fellow as he king—see how he had wheeled them into the choice—he hired into his service the *swain* and *scoundrels* of the country.—Jotham was really a fine gentleman. The Shechemites, that set Abimelech up, were the first to kick him off. The Shechemites said all the ill they could of him in their table-talk; they drank healths to his confusion;—well—Gaal's interest in Shechem is soon at an end—Exit Gaal."

Among the French devotional pieces, burlesque has ever reigned in the titles of their books of piety; as, 'The Snufflers of Divine Love; 'The Spiritual Mustard Pot, to make the soul sneeze with Divotion; 'The Capuchin, booted and spurred for Paradise.'

Scott in his Christian Life, speaking of sinners going to heaven, said, They would find themselves like pigs in a drawing room.

That an oddity of expression should be occasionally introduced in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is no way surprising; but, would one expect such a passage as the following? Mr. Tavarnier, in 1555, begins a sermon thus:—"Arriving at the Mount of St. Mary's, in the stage where I now stand, I have brought you some fine biscuits, baked in the oven of charity, carefully conserved for the chickens of the church, the sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet swallows of salvation."

One of the Scotch Presbyterians, holding forth against the observance of Christmas, said:—"Ye will say, sirs! good ould youle-day; I tell you, good old fowl-day! You will say it is a brave holi-day; I tell you it is a brave belly-day!"