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THE
LIFE, CHARACTER,
AND
LITERARY LABOURS
OF
1835
SAMUEL DREW, A.M.

BY HIS ELDEST SON.

Jacob Halls Drew

"HE THOUGHT AS A SAGE, WHILE HE FELT AS A MAN."

NEW-YORK:

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P R E F A C E.

CONSCIOUS of the lesson contained in his personal history, it was Mr. Drew's intention to become his own biographer. Not many months before his decease, he said to a relative, "Should God spare me to return in health to Cornwall, I intend to employ my leisure hours in writing some account of my life, and leave it for others to publish when I am gone."

Those who have read the life of the late Dr. Adam Clarke will recollect that he assigns as a moving cause of his valuable auto-biographical sketch, the importunity of a friend. That friend was Samuel Drew; and the fact was afterward alleged as a reason why Mr. D. should no longer hazard the writing of his own memoirs upon the contingency of life.

"In reference to some auto-biography of yourself," writes a member of Dr. Clarke's family, "this is not the first time I have entreated you, nor will it be the last, till I know that you are attending to the suggestion. No man, my friend, whose intellect has, like yours, sprung up amid the shallows of this world's advantages, 'dieth to himself.' You will be written, well or ill; and envy is a scribe as well as honesty. You told my father, that if he did not write his own life, some one would 'immolate his reputation at the shrine of lucre.' The next morning he sat down at four o'clock, and produced, with little intermission, what you will shortly read. Would that I could for a moment be Samuel Drew, and you Adam Clarke, in the application of the above."

The force of these observations Mr. Drew felt; but, alas! physical debility rendered him then unequal to the suggested task. Availing himself of a friend's as-

sistance, a few particulars of his boyhood were committed to writing, when the encroachment of disease forbade further progress, and death transferred the brief manuscript from the father to the son.

Under an oppressive conviction of inadequacy, yet as a filial duty, the writer has endeavoured to give completion to the design of his parent. In prosecuting his undertaking, many interesting circumstances in his father's life, many pleasing traits of character, and many important facts have, for the first time, come to his knowledge; and if the pleasurable feelings which these have raised in his own bosom be in any degree participated by those who peruse this narrative, his labour will be amply compensated.

Consanguinity, while it opens the most authentic sources of information, imposes its peculiar restraints; and did the individual whose character is sketched in this memoir exhibit fewer excellences or greater infirmities, it might be difficult for the son to maintain the impartiality of the biographer. From this difficulty he trusts he is exempt.

Wishing chiefly to present the reader with those features in his father's character which are not seen in his writings, he has been less solicitous to show the metaphysician than to depict the man—to portray the philosopher than to delineate the Christian. For this reason, many letters of profound thought and great value have given place to others written in the playfulness of humour, the warmth of affection, the unreservedness of friendship, or the glow of pious feeling.

To deprecate the severity of criticism, because the writer appears for the first time before the public, would be unavailing. He asks credit for upright intentions: for the manner in which his task is executed, he wishes no other meed than justice and candour award. That the contents of this volume will be universally approved, he does not anticipate. Though irritating expressions have been avoided, no fact or opinion has been suppressed from a fear of giving offence; and if, in endeavouring to exhibit a faithful portrait, he has unwittingly provoked hostility, he must expect retaliation:

In the perusal of the following pages, those persons who knew Mr. Drew only as a Methodist, and who expect to see him, as a friend expressed it, "swimming in a river of Methodism," will probably experience a feeling of disappointment. Equally dissatisfied will those readers be who, acquainted with his reputation as a metaphysical writer, seek in this volume a memoir of the accomplished scholar or the learned divine. But, though destitute of the ordinary features of literary or religious biography, there is a moral in the life of SAMUEL DREW which must present itself to every thoughtful reader.

JACOB HALLS DREW.

St. Austell, February, 1834.

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LIFE OF SAMUEL DREW.

SECTION I.

Preliminary Remarks.

WHOEVER reads attentively the page of History and the book of Human Life will perceive an intimate connection between the religion of the New Testament and the moral and civil condition of man,—a connection so intimate as to authorize him in placing Christian principles and human happiness in the relation of cause and effect.

Though, with the great majority of the human family, judgment and inclination are at variance; though immediate gratification, at whatever hazard, is commonly preferred to future advantage, and the concerns of the present life are suffered to outweigh the considerations of eternity; yet, if our temporal welfare be so closely allied to our religious belief, and this belief involve our final destiny, whatever tends to confirm and inculcate the doctrines of Christianity must promote the best interests of mankind, and be entitled to their highest gratitude.

The secret promptings of every man's spirit indicate that his existence is not limited to the duration of a few years; yet such is the antipathy of many to the restraints of religion, that they seek reasons for rejecting the testimony of their conscience, and willingly disbelieve that future retribution which is the foundation of every religious system, and every efficient moral code. Even in minds rightly disposed, doubts possibly mingle, at times, with the belief of a future state; and to the sincere inquirer after truth, difficulties not unfrequently occur, which, in a matter so momentous, must occasion mental inquietude.

To dispel those doubts—to remove such difficulties—to show the coincidence between Reason and Revelation—to examine the evidences on which our expectations of eternal happiness rest—to place them in the clearest and most commanding light

—to point the way from probability to “a sure and certain hope” —and to enforce, by powerful appeals to the understanding and the conscience, those practical results which should follow from such premises—is a work of incalculable utility; and he who performs it successfully presents a less questionable claim to the approbation of his species than the greatest conqueror that has lived, from Nimrod to Napoleon.

Whether the individual whose life we are about to narrate be entitled to share in such high praise, the reader of the following pages will determine. But whatever, in this respect, may be the sentiments of him who writes, or of him who reads, it is neither to rear a monument to departed excellence, nor to gratify the craving appetite of excited curiosity, that the biographer should undertake his task. The utility of his labours, and the probable influence of the character he attempts to portray, are of far higher importance than the gaining for his subject or his performance the breath of human applause.

The words of inspiration attest, that “none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.” Every man’s conduct is either beneficial or pernicious while he lives, and his name becomes a guiding light or a warning beacon to posterity. The effects of his example may be confined to the domestic circle, or felt throughout a nation; but in either case it will follow, that “the memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot.”

Faithful biography is to the moral philosopher what a series of experiments is to the student of physical science. Each is a register of facts from which important principles may be deduced. From the one we infer the properties of matter, and from the other we acquire an insight into the operations of mind.

But, though *all* biographical writings tend thus to enlarge our knowledge of human nature, there are *some* memoirs which furnish more valuable facts and more delicate tests than others. Where, for instance, the mental powers have been called into exercise at a late period of life, and under circumstances singularly unpropitious to their development,—where obstacles apparently insuperable have been vanquished by resolution and perseverance,—and where, in a moral aspect, the commencement of life presents a signal contrast to its subsequent tenour,—more important knowledge may perhaps be gained than from the memoirs of those who have entered on their career, and pursued their course, under a more favourable concurrence of events.

The philosophy of mind is not less indebted to the *subject* than to the *manner* in which it may be presented to our notice. A fondness for adventurous exploit, and a love of the marvellous, lead the majority of readers to attach value to those lives only which consist

“Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach.”

Extraordinary events alone claim their attention; those minor circumstances which chiefly exhibit the character are either overlooked or disregarded.

But are the great and prominent occurrences of a man's life necessarily the most instructive? May not a more valuable lesson frequently be gathered from facts which, though essential to a right apprehension of the subject, are in themselves apparently insignificant? When an individual has attained distinction, it is not enough to know the conspicuous stages by which he rose to elevation: if we would be fully benefited by the history of his life, we should mark the successive steps which conducted him from one stage to another, and trace, if possible, every motive and every movement.

The finished painting of a master's hand may excite universal admiration; but he who aims at equal excellence looks not merely at the result, but at the process which led on to perfection. The preparation of the canvass and the colours, the distribution of light and shade, the numberless touches and erasures, of which the superficial observer knows nothing, are to him matters of engrossing interest; while to him who studies the science of mind, the creative power, the glowing conceptions, the hopes, the fears, the anxieties, and the varied feelings of the artist, during the progress of his work, are of higher value than the final display of his skill, or the manner of its execution.

The great end of biography is to excite emulation,—to call forth the latent or dormant energies of the mind,—to show that what man *has* done, man *may* do,—that the field of honourable labour is open, and the reward offered to all who will exert themselves;—in short, to lead to the practical application of that pithy exhortation, “Go, and do thou likewise.”

Example, to be useful, must be capable of imitation. A brilliant career, resulting chiefly from an unusual train of events, may dazzle and astonish, but lead to no beneficial result. To imitate with a reasonable hope of success, our circumstances

should not be less favourable than those in which the object of our emulation was placed. The lives, therefore, of those individuals who, from a condition common to the bulk of mankind, unappalled by difficulties, and destitute of ordinary advantages, have, in humble dependence on a gracious Providence, put forth their mental energies, and, by persevering efforts, become the architects of their own fortune, and the instruments of great good to others, are the most useful, and perhaps the most worthy of being recorded.

There are many persons who profess to admit the historic truth of Christianity, and yet pour contempt upon the humbling doctrines of the cross. "Evangelical Religion" is a phrase at which they take offence; and that change of the will and affections which it is understood to imply, they are less ready to seek than to call in question. Not having felt "the powers of the world to come," and being indisposed to make the inquiry with the docile spirit of a disciple, they would fain persuade themselves that these things are but enthusiastic dreams, and not the sober realities which every genuine follower of Christ may and must experience. To such persons, no argument will be so conclusive, and no appeal so forcible, as the fact, that individuals of the most penetrating minds have avowed themselves the subjects of such a supernatural change, and evinced the truth of the declaration by a deportment challenging the most rigorous scrutiny.

In the subject of this memoir we have such an instance. Though possessed of high intellectual capacity, yet, for its development and direction he was mainly, if not wholly, indebted to the work of Divine grace upon his heart. The faculties of his mind were thus roused into activity, and consecrated to the service of his God and his neighbour. It is in connection with his acknowledged mental superiority that his religious profession and practice are deemed of public importance; and it is with reference to his religious life, and his humble origin, that his literary progress is chiefly interesting. There are, we believe, thousands and tens of thousands who can testify as explicitly as he, "that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins," and who have exemplified as fully "the fruits of the Spirit;" but there are few of the professors of this "vital power of godliness" whose clear-sightedness and habits of close thinking more completely exempt them from the suspicion of enthusiasm and self-delusion.

The memoirs of a merely literary man, daily pursuing the same or similar occupations, and secluded in his study from

the changeful scenery of human life, exhibit few of those incidents that awaken general interest. But where an individual has raised himself from obscurity by superior intelligence, --has boldly grappled, in the outset of his career, with the evils of ignorance and poverty--has struggled successfully against the opposing current of circumstances, and won for himself honourable renown; and all this commenced in the ardour of religious feeling, sustained by the spirit of genuine piety, and prosecuted throughout in sincere and faithful reliance on that Almighty Being to whom all his abilities and successes were ascribed; not only is our curiosity gratified, and our admiration raised, but the religion of Christ is exalted in our estimation, and, through the feelings induced by such an example, our hearts are made better.

Among those who know little of vital Christianity but from the caricatures which its enemies have drawn, and of which its thoughtless friends sometimes furnish the originals, an opinion is very prevalent that it is inimical to scientific pursuits. This, however, is an opinion entirely destitute of foundation; and whatever tends to undeceive in a matter so important must be valuable to every friend of religion, and every lover of truth. If those views of Christianity to which reference has been made have *any* influence on the pursuit and application of knowledge, its influence must be *beneficial*. It cannot be supposed that those convictions of the justice, goodness, and mercy of God which fasten on the mind of the pious believer, will indispose him to trace out the wisdom and the power displayed in all the works of Deity. It cannot be credited, that the energetic principle which regulates our passions, controls our temper, and harmonizes our moral system, will incapacitate us for mental exercise or intellectual enjoyment. Nor can it be reasonably thought, that the faith which supplies a purer motive, and promises a more glorious reward, than wealth or fame, will furnish a less powerful incentive to honourable exertion.

Without yielding the truth of a proposition which we believe may be satisfactorily established upon abstract principles, but which it would be foreign to our present purpose to pursue, we may confidently leave it to the evidence of facts. The accumulation and comparison of these will lead to the conviction, that the religion of the heart is favourable to the highest displays of the intellect, and confirm the scriptural declaration, that "godliness is profitable for all things." Each succeeding generation has furnished evidence that this proposition is true; and our own days are not without brilliant examples.

SECTION II.

Family Connections and Parentage.

THE ancestors of Mr. Drew have been represented as respectable and affluent ; but the elderly female in whose memory the family archives were chiefly deposited having been several years deceased, with her are gone the proofs of ancient gentility. His great-grandfather came from Exeter into some part of Cornwall, where he kept a tavern ; and a son of his, named Benjamin, followed the father's occupation in St. Austell. He married a person of considerable property ; but assuming the rank of an independent gentleman, and plunging into dissipation and extravagance, he squandered his substance, and brought himself and family into difficulties. Nine of his children, seven of whom were females, lived to maturity. Benjamin, the elder son, settled in the neighbouring fishing town of Mevagissey, where the junior branches of his family still reside. The descendants of the married daughters are now found in the Cornish families of Osler, May, Bayley, Julyan, and Hockins.

The attention of Joseph, the second son, the father of Samuel Drew, was first directed to the welfare of his soul, at the age of eighteen, under a sermon of the reverend George Whitefield. With some of his youthful companions, he attended the outdoor preaching in a neighbouring village, as a matter of frolic ; but, like many who were attracted in those days by its novelty, though he " went to scoff," he " remained to pray." The truths of religion were set forth in a manner so new and so convincing, maintained by arguments so powerful, and enforced by eloquence so resistless, that he was struck to the heart. He returned to his father's house ; but finding its scenes of riot and dissipation perfectly uncongenial with his newly acquired feelings, he withdrew from the company of his old associates ; sought opportunities for secret prayer ; and diligently attended the ministry of Messrs. Whitefield, Wesley, and the early assistants of their itinerant labours.

It is not to be supposed that this alteration in his deportment passed unregarded by his irreligious relatives. In his case, the prediction of Christ respecting the treatment of his followers, that " a man's foes shall be they of his own house-

hold," was literally verified. A storm of persecution was raised against him, and "all manner of evil was said of him falsely" by his nearest relatives. But he sought Divine aid, received it, and stood unmoved.

A further and a severer trial, however, awaited him. From all the family his serious deportment had subjected him to acts of unkindness; but from his *father* he experienced the most cruel treatment. Unrelenting severity was exercised towards him, with the expectation of overcoming his resolution; and ere long he was subjected to the painful alternative of giving up his religious duties and connections, or quitting the paternal roof. Brought up to no business, and accustomed to a life of indolence and indulgence, the trial to him was most painful. Like Moses, however, he chose "rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

An outcast from his father's house, and spurned by his nearest kindred, the dissevering of the ties of relationship caused the bonds of religious union to be the more closely drawn. He now became a member of the society formed by the Rev. John Wesley in St. Austell, and continued in that connection to his dying day. His worldly prospects being thus sacrificed for "peace and a good conscience," he sought a means of livelihood suited to his circumstances. To the drudgery of daily labour he cheerfully submitted; and in "the sweat of his face he ate bread," until a late period of life.

In the year 1756, when about twenty-six years of age, Joseph Drew married Susannah Hooper, who died childless before the end of three years. His circumstances could not, at this time, have been more favourable than when he was driven from his father's door; for he was considered exceedingly fortunate, and raised beyond his just expectations, in marrying a person who, had she outlived her parents, would have been entitled to property of the value of *twenty pounds*.

An incident connected with his first wife's death proves how relentless were his persecutors and slanderers. Before he became the subject of those religious convictions which so influenced his future life, he one day, in a festive party, obtained possession of a handsome snuff-box, on the singular condition of paying two guineas upon the birth of his first child; and a formal instrument to that effect being drawn up and executed, was witnessed by all the company. Ten years after this transaction, his wife dying in a state of pregnancy, a report was industriously circulated by some of his former companions, that he had poisoned her to avoid paying the money. So

willing, too, were the public, at that period, to believe any thing to the discredit of a Methodist, that this most groundless and injurious allegation was very extensively credited, and years elapsed before the prejudice excited against its blameless subject was entirely removed.

That the religion of this worthy man was genuine, and the result of the deepest conviction, is sufficiently evident, from the firmness with which he maintained its profession. In one part of a diary which he kept, he uses these words: "Oh! how gladly would I fly into the arms of death, or to the fiery stake, to go home to Jesus!" Yet, though undaunted in the cause of that faith which he had espoused, his mental powers were not above the ordinary standard. He was naturally timid and diffident; and, without referring to the grace of God, we should find it difficult to account for the decision of character which he exhibited in his religious course. For his situation in life, he, like his brother and sisters, had been well educated; and at a time when the art of writing was of rarer attainment than in the present day, he was said to be the best scribe in his neighbourhood. Among the religious society with which he was connected this superior education gave him a degree of influence which his personal piety confirmed and sustained. He was early employed as a religious teacher, both in the capacity of class-leader and local preacher;* and his instructions were rendered a blessing to many souls.

* To those readers who are unacquainted with the peculiarities of Methodism, it may be necessary to state, that private meetings for religious instruction form one of its distinguishing features. Usually from ten to twenty individuals of the society associate in what is called a "Class," under the direction of a senior member, who is nominated to the office by the superintending minister. This person is the "class-leader." The individuals under his charge are expected to meet together once a week, at a fixed time and place; and it becomes his duty, after a short introductory prayer, to ask each such questions, and give such advice, as he thinks will promote personal piety. These "class meetings" are generally limited to an hour, and are concluded, as they are begun, with singing and prayer. According to methodistic discipline, every member of the Methodist society must belong to a class; and every class must be visited once a quarter by the "travelling preacher," who, after satisfying himself of the fitness of each individual, by personal inquiry, gives him or her a note or ticket, as a token of membership. The class-leaders are themselves subject to the preachers' frequent supervision, with reference to their personal conduct, and that of the individuals committed to their charge.

Among the Methodists, a *local* preacher is not especially set apart for the ministerial office, so as to devote to it his whole time and attention; but is employed as an *occasional* teacher on the Sabbath. His labours are generally confined to the circuit, or near neighbourhood, of the place where

Thomasin, his second wife, the mother of Samuel Drew, he married in 1762. Her maiden name was Osborne. Her father was a gardener in the neighbourhood of Mevagissey, where her paternal grandfather had settled in early life in the same business—having come from Somersetshire, his native county. She also was a Methodist; and though she died of consumption before her son Samuel was ten years of age, he describes her, from his recollections, as a woman of strong, masculine understanding; “of courage and zeal in the cause of God which nothing could damp; and ready to brave every hardship that the discharge of duty might render necessary.” She was, indeed, a remarkable woman. Born of parents who were unable to do more than procure for their children and themselves the necessaries of life, her education had been greatly, if not totally, neglected. When, in early womanhood, her heart first was affected by the truths of religion, through the preaching of Mr. Wesley, it is uncertain whether she could read, and it is known that she could not write. She applied all the energies of her mind to overcome these obstructions to knowledge; and it is said, that in both reading and writing she was entirely self-taught. Nor was it the *mere* ability to read and write that she acquired. The specimen of her penmanship which the writer of this memoir has seen is apparently the firm, bold character of a practised hand; and the following extract from a manuscript of hers proves that she must have made some proficiency in the art of composition.

“Come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.’ Here is a privilege I would not barter for a world! to be a daughter of the Lord Almighty, the King of kings, the Omnipotent God, the Sovereign of the universe! If I am his child, adopted into his family, by faith in his Son Jesus Christ, all his attributes are at work for my good. His grace is mine, his wisdom is mine, his power is mine; for he is made unto me ‘wisdom, sanctification, and redemption.’ He hath promised that ‘all things shall work together for good to them that love him.’ His cross is mine, his crown is mine, his peace is mine, his patience is mine, his heaven is mine.

he resides; and as he is supposed to follow his secular occupation, he receives no remuneration for his ministerial services. In some circuits the local preachers pay their own unavoidable travelling expenses. No class of ministers can be more disinterested than this.

“ ‘Of him, and through him, and to him, are all things : to whom be glory for ever. Amen.’—Of thee, O eternal Benefactor ! I had this hand with which I am now writing ; thou gavest me my eyes, to look on all thy wondrous works ; all my senses are thine : assist me, O Lord, and I will employ them to thy glory. As I have heretofore ‘yielded my members instruments of unrighteousness unto sin,’ so, for the time to come, I will (through thy grace) ‘yield my members servants to righteousness unto holiness,’ that my end may be ‘everlasting life.’ What small degree of knowledge I have is thine, and shall be employed for thee. What learning thou hast bestowed on me shall not henceforth be prostituted to Satan, as it has in times past. If I have any wisdom, it is thine, and shall be used for thee. My memory, O Lord, do thou sanctify ; that it may retain nothing but what shall be profitable for me, and help me onward in the way to thy kingdom. Thou hast given me a voice ; and to sing thy praises it shall be devoted. All that I have and am is thine. Take me, O Lord, body, soul, and spirit ; mould me into thine own glorious likeness ; make me ‘a vessel to honour, meet for the Master’s use ;’ and then appoint me labour, or toil, or suffering, or death, if it seem good in thy sight. Only give me strength to bear it, and I will gladly ‘take up my cross and follow thee.’

“ ‘To you that believe he is precious.’—Oh ! my eternal Friend and Lover, thou art precious to my soul ! more precious than the gold of Ophir ! the pearls of Ethiopia cannot equal thee in my esteem. Thou art that wisdom that stood by God, at his right-hand, when he made the world, and all that is therein. O ! make me a possessor of thyself, the only true wisdom, the life divine, the pearl of great price !

“ ‘They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.’—Grant me this portion, O my God ! and deny me what else thou pleasest. I appeal to thee, that I bow not my knees for any temporal good ; I desire not a portion with the great ; I only ask thy grace to keep me unspotted from the world, and to fit and prepare me for thy kingdom. Amen.”

Such were the parents of Samuel Drew. His *mother’s* abilities *he* appears to have especially inherited : in the other children, the qualities of both father and mother were blended. Their piety, not being a natural property, could not be transmitted ; but, by the grace of God, the children were made partakers of that salvation which their parents so fully experienced.

SECTION III.

Birth of Samuel Drew—Poverty of his parents—Anecdotes of his childhood—His education—His mother's death—Employed at a stamping mill—Moral debasement, and its cause.

IN a solitary cottage in the parish of St. Austell, and rather more than a mile eastward from the town, resided the pious couple whom we have just described. Their dwelling was very mean, containing a single ground-room and two bedrooms; and at one end of it was a mill, used to break lumps of tin ore, once known by the name of Penhale's mill, but no longer existing as such, having been converted, several years since, into a habitation. About half an acre of enclosed ground belonged to the cottage, with which, and the pasturage of the adjoining common, they managed to keep a cow. In this residence they had four children. Their second son, the subject of this memoir, was born on the 3d of March, 1765, and baptized in the parish church, on the 24th of the same month, by the name of Samuel. Jabez, the eldest, who was two years Samuel's senior, died at the age of twenty-two; and the third child, Ephraim, in infancy. Thomasin, the youngest, is the only survivor; and to her recollections the writer is indebted for many of the facts relating to her brother's early life.

At this period, the father's occupation fluctuated between that of husbandman and what, in Cornwall and Devonshire, is called "streaming for tin:" that is, searching the soil and sub-soil, examining the deposits of mountain streams, and selecting, by the process of washing and pulverizing, such parts as are valuable. By diligence and care, he was enabled to lay by a little money; and soon after the birth of the youngest child, he took a better house, with two or three fields, at Fernissick, a short distance from his old habitation. Here, with his scanty capital, he procured a cart and horses, and with them found employment as a carrier. Afterward he became acquainted with a venerable Quaker, whose son had lately established a malthouse and brewery in the neighbourhood; and being engaged by the latter to carry out his malt and beer, was fully occupied. For some time the business in this establishment

looked very imposing ; but the brewer regarding pleasure more than traffic, insolvency soon followed. Several pounds were due to the poor carrier, which could not be obtained ; and he was left, without fodder for his cattle, or food for his children, to mourn his loss, and seek for himself and team some other employment.

Although the parents were extremely poor, they made every effort to give their children a little education. For a while, the two boys were sent daily to St. Austell, to a school, where the charge for pupils in reading only was, we believe, a penny a week. Jabez took great delight in learning, and in a short time made considerable proficiency in writing and arithmetic ; but Samuel's mind seemed to have been formed in a different mould. Book-learning had no charms for him ; and he was more disposed to play truant than attend school. With this disposition, he was not likely to excel, had the opportunity been afforded him. Yet he frequently exhibited a considerable degree of shrewdness and resolution, instances of which are yet in the recollection of those who knew him in childhood.

One of his juvenile performances, related by himself, indicates, at a very early age, a habit of perseverance. It had not indeed the character of utility ; but of that he was then too young to judge. "When I was about six years old, I felt much interested in the different parts of the process of mining, and was very ambitious of sinking a shaft. I prevailed on my brother and another boy to join me, and we commenced operations somewhere near our house. I, though the youngest, was captain ; and having procured a board and rope, with a pick and shovel, one drew up with the rope what the others dug out. We must have followed our task a considerable time, and sunk our shaft several feet, when my father put an end to our mining operations. A handful of earth being thrown into the pit while I was at work, I could not, on account of its depth, discover the aggressor ; but supposing it to be one of my comrades, I ordered him to desist, and on its being repeated, I, in virtue of my office as captain, threatened him with correction. To my great mortification, my father then discovered himself, ordered me to ascend, pointed out how dangerous the pit would be to the cattle, and as a punishment for our clandestine proceeding, assigned us the task of filling it in again."*

* Dr. Franklin, in narrating his boyish adventures, alludes to an incident as an early indication of the same valuable quality of perseverance, and that disposition to promote works of public utility which so remark-

Possessing exuberant animal spirits, Samuel often annoyed his parents by his pranks. For some mischief which he had done, his father threatened him with punishment, but did not inform him when or how it was to be inflicted. The next morning, on going to school, he was furnished with a note to his master, which, on subsequent inquiry, was found not to have been delivered. On being asked what he had done with the note, he confessed that he had destroyed it, because he suspected it to contain an order for punishment. His craftiness was not always so innoxious as this. At one time, having incurred his father's displeasure, he was threatened with chastisement; a sentence which, when once passed, he knew was sure to be executed, and which was commonly inflicted on the culprit in bed. Apprehensive of such a visit, Samuel prevailed on his unsuspecting brother to exchange places with him for the night; and the stripes were thus transferred from the guilty to the innocent.

By his vivacious disposition, he seemed altogether unfitted to receive instruction through the ordinary channel. This his invaluable mother soon perceived, and therefore took him under her own charge. From her principally he acquired the ability to read, and to her and his brother he was indebted for the little knowledge of writing which he attained in childhood.

But there was a more important species of instruction which this excellent woman was anxious to communicate to her children. Their moral cultivation she justly regarded as of higher moment than even the most necessary parts of human learning, especially in the early dawning of reason. Scientific knowledge may be more or less advantageous in after-life, according to situation and circumstances; but all men are responsible as moral agents; and it is the imperative duty of parents to give their children a correct knowledge of their duty to God and man, whether they have the means of imparting other instruction or not. The knowledge that relates to the ordinary concerns of life may be forgotten: correct principles, once infused into the mind, and clearly apprehended

ably characterized him in after-life. Finding the place where they were accustomed to take their station for fishing sometimes inaccessible at flood-tide, he prevailed on his companions to join him in constructing a wharf; and though they had many obstacles, they persevered, and accomplished their object. "Yet," he remarks, "we did it at the expense of honesty; for we stole our materials, which we were reluctantly compelled to restore; not exactly comprehending then, what my father endeavoured to show us, that utility may be compromised by the absence of justice."

there, can never be eradicated. They may be neglected,—they may be perverted; but the consciousness of their truth will remain; for the judgment recognises, and the conscience approves, what the will too often disavows. The seeds of some plants retain their vital principle to an unknown period. For years they may remain buried in the soil, at a depth unfavourable to vegetation, and show no sign of vitality or corruption. But let them be placed within the influence of fertilizing showers and the solar rays,—their germinating power will be called forth, and they will presently spring up into light and life.

With what success the labours of Mr. Drew's mother were attended was not immediately, nor for many years, seen; but when her son attained to manhood, the fruits of her teaching became evident. How deep was the impression made on his mind at the tender age in which she became his teacher, careless and thoughtless as he seemed to be, will best appear in the intense feeling with which his recollections of her were always imbued.

"I well remember," he said, but a few weeks before his decease, "in my early days, when my mother was alive, that she invariably took my brother and me by the hand, and led us to the house of prayer. Her kind advice and instruction were unremitting; and even when death had closed her eyes in darkness, the impression remained long upon my mind, and I sighed for a companion to accompany me thither. On one occasion, I well recollect, we were returning from the chapel, at St. Austell, on a bright and beautiful starlight night, when my mother pointed out the stars as the work of an Almighty Parent, to whom we were indebted for every blessing. Struck with her representation, I felt a degree of gratitude and adoration which no language could express, and through nearly all the night enjoyed ineffable rapture."

It was the will of a mysterious Providence, in October, 1774, to remove this affectionate parent, by consumption, from her sorrowing family. She was then, according to a memorandum of her husband, about forty-four years of age, and her son Samuel nine.* Though of a rude and reckless disposition, he was not without experiencing the utmost anguish at his mother's death. His sensations on this event he seems never to have

* Mr. D. once said to a friend, "When we were following my mother to the grave, I well recollect a woman observing as we passed, 'Poor little things! they little know the loss they have sustained.'" This shows how deeply minute circumstances, relative to his bereavement, were impressed on his childish memory

forgotten ; and in his first metrical attempt which now exists, the poignancy of his grief found a vent.

“ These eyes have seen a tender mother torn
 From three small babes she left behind to mourn.
 One infant son retired from life before ;
 Next followed she, whose loss I now deplore.
 This throbbing breast has heaved the heartfelt sigh,
 And breathed afflictions where her ashes lie.
 Relentless death ! to rob my younger years
 Of soft indulgence and a mother’s cares ;
 Just brought to life, then left without a guide,
 To wade through time, and grapple with the tide !”

Several years after composing the preceding lines, he says, in a letter to a literary gentleman who had kindly interested himself in his welfare, and wished to know the history of his early life, “ On visiting my mother’s grave, with one of my children, I wrote the following. The first couplet is supposed to be spoken by the child.

“ ‘ Why looks my father on that lettered stone,*
 And seems to sigh with sorrows not his own ?’
 ‘ That stone, my dear, conceals from human eyes
 The peaceful mansion where my mother lies.
 Beneath this stone (my infant, do not weep !)
 The shrivelled muscles of my mother sleep ;
 And soon, my babe, the awful hour must be
 When thy sad soul will heave a sigh for me,
 And say, with grief amid thy sister’s cries,
 ‘ Beneath this stone our lifeless parent lies.’
 Shouldst thou, my dear, survive thy father’s doom,
 And wander pensive near his silent tomb,
 Think thy survivors will perform for thee,
 What I do now, and thou wilt then for me.’”

That one who, like this pious female, had lived the life, would “ die the death, of the righteous,” every reader will naturally anticipate. Her trust in the atonement was firm—the evidence of her acceptance clear—her death triumphant. She departed this life in the full assurance of faith, leaving to her children, as a legacy, her Christian example.

Rather more than a year before the mother’s death, the pa-

* “ *Stone* is a mere poetical figure. My mother’s grave has no such ornament. My father’s circumstances would not allow it, if he had been inclined to erect one.—I am unacquainted with the rules of art, and the orderly methods of composition. I wrote these lines from the impulses of my own feelings and the dictates of nature.”

rents found it necessary to take their boys from school, that, by manual labour, they might assist in their own maintenance; Jabez helped his father in their little farm, and Samuel was employed at a neighbouring stamping-mill, probably that attached to the house where he first drew breath.

For Cornish readers it is needless to describe the process of cleansing tin ores; but for others, a few words of explanation may be necessary.

The mineral, as it is found below the surface, is imbedded in, or combined with, other substances of no value; the proportion of refuse far exceeding the ore. The stony mass in which it is commonly lodged, when broken by hammers to a convenient size, is submitted to the action of the stamping-mill, where it is pulverized. This machine is of very simple construction. Heavy iron weights, termed stamp-heads, are attached to perpendicular beams of wood, which are kept in their position by a strong frame. These beams are lifted successively by the revolution of a water-wheel; and by their weight, and the momentum of their fall, the substance below is reduced to powder. The pulverized material is then carried by a small stream of water into shallow pits prepared for its reception, where the gravity of the mineral causes it to sink, while the sandy particles pass off with the stream. This, however, does not produce a sufficient separation. Children are employed to stir up the deposit in the pits, and keep it in agitation, until this part of the separating process is complete. These pits are called *buddles*; and they give name to the occupation of the children who labour at them.

At the tender age of eight, Samuel Drew began to work as a *buddle-boy*. For his services his father was to receive three halfpence a day; but when the wages of eight weeks had accumulated in the hands of the employer, he became insolvent, and the poor boy's first earnings were lost. The mill being now occupied by another person, the wages were raised to twopence a day, the highest sum Samuel realized in that employment, though he continued to work at it more than two years.

"I well remember," he once said, "how much I and the other boys were elated at this advance of wages. Not that we were personally benefited, as our friends received the money; but it added, in thought, to our importance. One of my companions, very little older than myself, lived with an aunt, who, on the death of his parents, had kindly brought him up. The additional halfpenny a day so elevated him in his own opinion, that he very gravely went home, and gave his aunt notice, that,

as soon as his wages became due, he should seek new lodgings, and board himself. By the timely application of the rod she convinced him that the season of independence had not yet arrived; and he returned to his labour rather crest-fallen. For myself, my ambition prompted me to aspire to the rack, another part of the refining process, but to that dignity I never was promoted."

Associated in this occupation with wicked children, he suffered by the pernicious influence of their conversation and example. While his mother lived, she laboured to counteract the moral contagion to which she saw her child thus unavoidably exposed; but on her death its deteriorating effects received but little check. "It may be asked," observes Mr. Drew, in a short sketch of his early life which he dictated to one of his children just before his last illness, "as my father was a serious man, why did he not step forth, on my mother's death, to supply her place? The reason is obvious, though by no means satisfactory. Being employed as a local preacher among the Methodists, every Sunday he was called upon to fulfil his appointments, while the moral and religious culture of his children was comparatively neglected. This system of employing persons to preach on the Sabbath who have very little time to instruct their families during the week, I consider to be a serious evil, and one that needs especial correction. Such being my father's case, it may naturally be supposed that any serious impressions resulting from my mother's instructions soon vanished. I had no one to take me by the hand; and with precept and example I was now, in a great measure, unacquainted."

The moral injury which Mr. Drew thus sustained, he has more than once pointed out in the case of others. That Christians are to love their neighbours as themselves, and to promote their welfare, is unquestionable. Nor is it less certain, that he who possesses a thorough and experimental acquaintance with the truths of religion, and the ability of communicating them to others, should embrace the opportunities afforded him of imparting this knowledge. But let him consider well what these opportunities are, and to what extent his duty to the public is to take precedence of that which he owes to his immediate connections. Let him remember that there are frequently conflicting duties, the relative claims of which it requires much thought, and much of the Divine guidance, satisfactorily to determine. Neither should he forget the apostolic declaration, "If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his

own house, instruction as well as food and raiment, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

The proper government and instruction of his family is a Christian parent's first duty, and can never be superseded. A conviction that this duty is imperative, and a recollection of the injury he sustained from his father's inattention to it, led Mr. Drew, when his own children were growing up, to refuse any appointment, as a preacher, that would not leave him every third Sabbath at his entire disposal.

The evil which has occasioned these remarks we do not charge on the Wesleyan system as a necessary consequence, or a common defect. Yet it is a false movement to which this part of the machinery of Methodism is liable, without the constant vigilance of those to whom its direction is confided.

SECTION IV.

Samuel's temper in boyhood—Apprenticed to a shoemaker—Harsh usage—Evil habits—Anecdotes and incidents—Absconds from his master's service—Consequent hardships—Returns to his father's house.

THE happy art of securing the attachment of his children, and governing them by affection, Mr. Drew's father appears not to have possessed. He displayed more of paternal authority than parental love. To the latter, which was the most prominent feature in his mother's character, Samuel had always yielded; to the former he was not sufficiently disposed to submit. Though affectionate, tender-hearted, and generous, where a similar disposition was manifested towards him, he not unfrequently broke out into open rebellion against his father's government. "His mind," says his sister, "always seemed above control; for, while my eldest brother and I trembled at our father's voice, he would deride our weakness; and more than once has said to us, 'You almost worship father, as if he were a little deity.'" To this fearless temper was added a vein of sarcasm unusual in one so young. Grieved as his father often was at his wayward conduct, the lively sallies of the child amused him; and he observed one day to his other children, "That boy, ungovernable as he is, has more sense than all of us."

Not long after the death of his wife, Samuel's father had an

elderly widow, named Bate, as his housekeeper; in which capacity she served him faithfully, and was very attentive to the children. In the second year of his widowhood he married her; and though, as a servant, the children and she were on the most friendly terms, yet, into the station of mother and mistress they seemed to think her an intruder. Jabez, the elder, refused to address her by her new appellation; and Samuel, though she treated them all with the utmost kindness, contrived, in various ways, to show his spleen. About the time of her marriage, some female acquaintances visiting her, Samuel provided himself with a syringe and vessel of water secretly, and having made a gimlet-hole through the partition of the room, he discharged his artillery among the company at their tea. This was more than his step-mother could brook. Though kind, she was a woman of violent temper; and this, added to other annoyances which she had received from him, led shortly to his removal from his father's house.

At the age of ten years and a half Samuel Drew was apprenticed to a shoemaker named Baker, at Tregrehan mill, in the parish of St. Blazey, and about three miles from St. Austell town. His term of apprenticeship was nine years; but he did not remain till its expiration. The master's house was delightfully situated, in a fertile valley adjoining the mansion and grounds of the wealthy family of the Carlyons. It was, however, too secluded a spot for business; and a boy of uncultivated mind has little taste for the beautiful or the picturesque. When he was first apprenticed his father lived at Parr, in St. Blazey; but removing soon after to the tenement of Polpea, in Tywardreath, the poor lad's intercourse with his relatives was suspended, and he felt all the loneliness of his situation.

In the short narrative from which a quotation has already been made, Mr. Drew says, "My new abode at St. Blazey, and new engagements, were far from being pleasing. To any of the comforts and conveniences of life I was an entire stranger; and by every member of the family was viewed as an underling, come thither to subserve their wishes, or obey their mandates. To his trade of shoemaker my master added that of farmer. He had a few acres of ground under his care, and was a sober, industrious man: but, unfortunately for me, nearly one-half of my time was taken up in agricultural pursuits. On this account I made no proficiency in my business, and felt no solicitude to rise above the farmers' boys with whom I daily associated. While in this place I suffered many hardships. When, after having been in the fields all day, I came home with

cold feet, and damp and dirty stockings, if the oven had been heated during the day I was permitted to throw my stockings into it, that they might dry against the following morning ; but frequently have I had to put them on in precisely the same state in which I had left them the preceding evening. To mend my stockings I had no one ; and frequently have I wept at the holes which I could not conceal ; though, when fortunate enough to procure, a stocking-needle and some worsted, I have drawn the outlines of the hole together, and made what I thought a tolerable job.

“ During my apprenticeship many bickerings and unpleasant occurrences took place. Some of these preyed with so much severity on my mind, that several times I had determined to run away, and either enlist on board of a privateer or a man-of-war. A kind and gracious Providence, however, invariably defeated my purpose, and threw unexpected obstacles in the way, at the moment when my schemes were apparently on the eve of accomplishment.

“ In some part of my servitude a few numbers of the *Weekly Entertainer* were brought to my master's house. This little publication, which was then extensively circulated in the West of England, contained many tales and anecdotes which greatly interested me. Into the narratives of adventures connected with the then American war I entered with all the zeal of a partisan on the side of the Americans. The history of Paul Jones, the *Serapis*, and the *Bon Homme Richard*, by frequent reading, and daily dwelling upon them in the almost solitary chamber of my thoughts, grew up into a lively image in my fancy ; and I felt a strong desire to join myself to a pirate ship ; but as I had no money, and scarcely any clothes, the idea and scheme were vain. Besides these *Entertainers*, the only book which I remember to have seen in the house was an odd number of the *History of England*, about the time of the *Commonwealth*.* With the reading of this I was at first much pleased ; but when, by frequent perusal, I had nearly learned it by heart, it became monotonous, and was shortly afterward thrown aside. With this I lost, not only a *disposition* for reading, but almost an *ability* to read. The clamour of my companions and others engrossed nearly the whole of my attention, and, so far as my slender means would allow, carried me onward towards the vortex of dissipation.

“ One circumstance I must not omit to notice, during this

* There was a Bible in the house ; but to the reading of this, because it was enjoined upon him by his master on Sundays, he seems to have contracted a dislike.

period of my life, as it strikingly marks the superintending providence of God. I was sent one day to a neighbouring common, bordering on the sea-shore, to see that my master's sheep were safe and together. Having discharged this duty, I looked towards the sea, which I presume could not be less than two hundred feet below me. I saw the sea-birds busily employed, providing for their young, flying about midway between the sea and the elevation on which I stood, when I was seized with a strange resolution to descend the cliff, and make my way to the place where they had built their nests. It was a desperate and dangerous attempt; but I determined to persevere. My danger increased at every step; and at length I found that a projecting rock prohibited my farther progress. I then attempted to retreat; but found the task more difficult and hazardous than that I had already encountered. I was now perched on a narrow ledge of rock, about a hundred feet below the edge of the cliff, and nearly the same height above the ocean. To turn myself round I found to be impossible: there was no hand to help, no eye to pity, no voice to sooth. My spirits began to fail. I saw nothing before me but inevitable destruction, and dreaded the moment when I should be dashed in pieces upon the rocks below. At length, by creeping backward about one-eighth of an inch at a step, I reached a nook where I was able to turn, and happily succeeded in escaping the destruction which I had dreaded."

The hazards into which his adventurous disposition often led him are well remembered by one of the surviving companions of his boyish days. "Though," says he, "I was younger than long-legged Sam, as we used to call him, I frequently went out with him; and the horror I have felt at the dangerous places in which he and some of the big boys used to go has been often so great as to keep me from sleeping at night. In all such exploits he was the leader. He seemed to fear nothing, and care for nobody; but he was a good-tempered boy, and a favourite with us all."

The shrewdness and cunning which were shown in his early childhood were called into exercise during his apprenticeship. His recollections of harsh treatment, and his being compelled to menial offices, have less reference to his master than his mistress. She was disposed to make him a "hewer of wood and drawer of water;" and as he knew remonstrance would be unavailing, he hit upon a practical argument. It was remarked, after some time, that whenever Samuel was sent for water against his inclination, some accident was sure to befall the pitcher. There was, at all times, a plausible reason as-

signed, so as to avert punishment ; but the true cause began to be suspected ; and his mistress at length judged it expedient to issue a standing order, that he should never be sent for water unless he evinced a perfect willingness to go.

In the state of moral debasement in which he describes himself to have been during his apprenticeship, it is not surprising that he contracted many of the pernicious habits of those with whom he mingled, or that some of the neighbouring gardens and orchards were reported to have suffered from the looseness of his morals. Though he generally managed to evade detection and punishment, there is reason to believe, that, in various instances, he was more indebted to adroitness than to innocence. Having ventured one day, with no honest intention, into the Tregrehan grounds, he was detected, by the proprietor, in the act of trespass. By a display of craftiness and agility, he escaped instant punishment ; but the gentleman immediately apprized the master, that, as the boy's depredations had become notorious, unless measures were taken to restrain or remove him, he, as a magistrate, should consider it a duty to the public to commit him to the county jail ;—a threat which was not executed, since Samuel very shortly removed himself.

Smuggling, at the time of Mr. Drew's apprenticeship, was more common in Cornwall than it is in the present day. Very few esteemed it a breach of moral duty ; and to engage in it was not considered dishonourable. The ingenuity frequently displayed, in baffling pursuit, and evading detection, gained the applause of the public, who regarded the officers of the revenue as enemies of the common good. This was an occupation quite congenial with Samuel's adventurous spirit, and it pleased his excited fancy after reading "Paul Jones." He had formed an acquaintance with some persons who were in the habit of assisting smugglers ; and, without his master's knowledge or consent, was frequently absent on their nocturnal expeditions. It was while engaged in a smuggling or poaching affair, not far from his master's house, that an incident occurred, which he frequently related, as having made a very deep impression on his memory.

"There were several of us, boys and men, out about twelve o'clock, on a bright moonlight night. What we were engaged about I do not exactly remember. I think we were poaching ; but it was something that would not bear investigation. The party were in a field, adjoining the road leading from my master's to St. Austell, and I was stationed outside the hedge,

to watch, and give the alarm if any intruder should appear. While thus occupied, I heard what appeared to be the sound of a horse, approaching from the town, and I gave a signal. My companions paused, and came to the hedge where I was, to see the passenger. They looked through the bushes, and I drew myself close to the hedge, that I might not be observed. The sound increased, and the supposed horseman seemed drawing near. The clatter of the hoofs became more and more distinct. We all looked to see who and what it was; and I was seized with a strange, indefinable feeling of dread, when, instead of a horse, there appeared coming towards us, at an easy pace, but with the same sound which first caught my ear, a creature about the height of a large dog. It went close by me; and, as it passed, it turned upon me and my companions huge fiery eyes, that struck terror to all our hearts. The road where I stood branched off in two directions, in one of which there was a gate across. Towards this gate it moved; and, without any apparent obstruction, went on at its regular trot, which we heard several minutes after it had disappeared. Whatever it was, it put an end to our occupation, and we made the best of our way home.

“I have often endeavoured, in later years, but without success, to account, on natural principles, for what I then heard and saw. As to the fact, I am sure there was no deception. It was a night of unusual brightness, occasioned by a cloudless full moon. How many of us were together I do not know, nor do I distinctly, at this time, recollect who the men were. Matthew Pascoe, one of my intimate boyish acquaintances, was of the party; but he is dead, and so probably are the others. The creature was unlike any animal I had then seen; but, from my present recollections, it had much the appearance of a bear, with a dark shaggy coat. Had it not been for the unearthly lustre of its eyes, and its passing through the gate as it did, there would be no reason to suppose it any thing more than an animal perhaps escaped from some menagerie. That it did pass through the gate, without pause or hesitation, I am perfectly clear. Indeed, we all saw it, and saw that the gate was shut, from which we were not distant more than twenty or thirty yards. The bars were too close to admit the passage of an animal of half its apparent bulk; yet this creature went through without effort or variation of its pace. Whenever I have read the passage about the ‘lubber fiend,’ in Milton’s *L’Allegro*, or heard the description given of the ‘brownie,’ in the legends of other days, I have always identified these

beings, real or imaginary, with what I on this occasion witnessed.

“How such a being, if immaterial, could become an object of sight, or how it could affect my organs of hearing, I do not know; and it is folly to attempt to account for a *supernatural* occurrence on the principles of natural science; for could we succeed, it would be no longer supernatural. If it be inquired, for what purpose such a creature was sent, or permitted to appear to us, I cannot undertake to answer. With reference to myself, I might observe, that I was at this time forming acquaintances and contracting habits of the most pernicious kind, such as, if persevered in, might have brought me to an untimely and a disgraceful end. This night’s adventure, though it produced no radical change in my conduct, was not forgotten. It prevented me, while I continued with my master, from engaging in any further expeditions of the kind; and it was a means of withdrawing me from the company of those who were leading me to ruin. In many circumstances of my past life, I can distinguish the kind hand of God stretched out to save me, as ‘a brand plucked from the burning;’ and this appears to be one. Whether the same end might have been effected by ordinary agency, is not for me to say. Probably it might. But then other objects of greater importance in the moral government of God might have remained unaccomplished;

“‘For man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,—
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal:
’Tis but a part we see, and not the whole.’”

The preceding relation, marked as being Mr. Drew’s words, was made by him to the writer, a few years since, on the very spot where the circumstance occurred. The narrative, and the observations upon it, are given, as far as memory can be depended on, without variation of language; and, to ensure accuracy, they have been collated with the recollections of several individuals who have heard Mr. Drew’s statement. His own remarks supersede any which we might be tempted to offer upon this singular occurrence. We live in an era of the world’s history in which the arcana of nature are daily laid open; and yet

“There are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.”

Although it is sufficiently apparent that Mr. D.’s conduct

was any thing but blameless, during his apprenticeship, yet he was, to quote his own expression, "like a toad under a harrow;" and, amid the utter absence of that reciprocity of kindness and good-will so necessary to improvement, it is not surprising that he made little proficiency in his business. He felt conscious, at the outset, that his master and mistress wished to degrade him by the most menial offices: his shoulders spurned the yoke; and the indignities offered him furnished a constant source of dissatisfaction.

One of his youthful companions, who still survives him, says, "I believe Sam was a difficult boy to manage; but he was made worse by the treatment he received. I was once in the shop, when, for a very small offence, his master struck him very violently with a last, and maimed him for a time. Such usage only made him sturdy, and caused him to dislike his master and his work." The result was, that, when about seventeen, he absconded. The circumstances are thus related by his sister.

"At the time my brother Samuel was an apprentice, my father was chiefly employed in what was called *riding Sherborne*. There was scarcely a bookseller at that time in Cornwall; and the only newspaper known among the common people was the *Sherborne Mercury*, published weekly by Goadby & Co., the same persons that issued the *Weekly Entertainer*. The papers were not sent by post, but by private messengers, who were termed *Sherborne men*. My father was one of these. Between Plymouth and Penzance there were two stages on the main road, each about forty miles; and there were branch riders, in different directions, who held a regular communication with each other, and with the establishment in *Sherborne*. Their business was to deliver the newspapers, *Entertainers*, and any books that had been ordered; to collect the money, and take fresh orders. Almost the whole county of Cornwall was supplied with books and papers in this way. My father's stage was from *St. Austell* to *Plymouth*. He always set off on his journey early on Monday morning, and returned on Wednesday.

"One Monday night, in the hay season, after my step-mother and I were in bed, my father being absent on his journey, we were awakened by my brother Samuel, who had then come from his master's, in *St. Blazey*. He said to our step-mother, 'I am going away, and want some money. Will you give me some?' She inquired what he meant by 'going away,' and whether he had then any money about him. His reply was,

'I am going to *run* away. I have now sixteen pence half-penny ; and if you will not give me more, I will go with that, and never return to my master's house.' She felt herself in a dilemma. To refuse appeared cruel ; and to comply with his request would be assisting him to do wrong. She therefore told him that he must go to bed, and wait his father's return. But his resolution was fixed ; for though we concluded he would not execute his intentions without further supplies, when morning came he was gone. Knowing his resolute temper, and that he had more than once threatened to enter on board a man-of-war, we were greatly alarmed, especially as my father was absent, lest he should take some decisive step before any thing could be done to prevent it. We sent messengers about the neighbourhood, but could get no intelligence of him, until my father returned. My brother's adventures, after leaving our house, I have heard him thus describe.

" When I came to Polpea, to ask for money, I had not fully determined whither to go. I thought of travelling to Plymouth, to seek a berth on board a king's ship. Instead, however, of taking the short road, where I feared my father might fall in with me, I went on towards Liskeard, through the night, and feeling fatigued, went into a hay-field and slept. My luggage was no encumbrance ; as the whole of my property, besides the clothes I wore, was contained in a small handkerchief. Not knowing how long I should have to depend upon my slender stock of cash, I found it necessary to use the most rigid economy. Having to pass over either a ferry or toll-bridge, for which I had to pay a halfpenny, feeling my present situation, and knowing nothing of my future prospects, this small call upon my funds distressed me. I wept as I went on my way ; and, even to the present time, I feel a pang when I recollect the circumstance. The exertion of walking, and the fresh morning air, gave me a keener appetite than I thought it prudent to indulge. I, however, bought a penny loaf at the first place I passed where bread was sold, and, with a halfpenny worth of milk, in a farmer's house, ate half of my loaf for breakfast. In passing through Liskeard, my attention was attracted by a shoemaker's shop, in the door of which a respectable looking man, whom I supposed to be the master, was standing. Without any intention of seeking employment in this place, I asked him if he could give me work ; and he, taking compassion, I suppose, on my sorry appearance, promised to employ me next morning. Before I could go to work, tools were necessary ; and I was obliged to lay out a shilling on these. Dinner, under such cir-

cumstances, was out of the question: for supper I bought another halfpenny worth of milk, ate the remainder of my loaf, and, for a lodging, again had recourse to the fields. The next morning I purchased another penny loaf, and resumed my labour. My employer soon found that I was a miserable tool; yet he treated me kindly; and his son took me beside him in the shop, and gave me instruction. I had now but one penny left; and this I wished to husband till my labour brought a supply: so for dinner I tied my apron-string tighter, and went on with my work. My abstinence subjected me to the jeers of my shopmates; thus rendering the pangs of hunger doubly bitter. One of them, I remember, said to another, 'Where does our shopmate dine?' and the response was, 'Oh! he always dines at the sign of the mouth.' Half of the penny loaf which I took with me in the morning I had allotted for my supper; but before night came, I had pinched it nearly all away in mouthfuls, through mere hunger. Very reluctantly I laid out my last penny, and, with no enviable feelings, sought my former lodging in the open air. With no other breakfast than the fragments of my last loaf, I again sat down to work. At dinner time, looking, no doubt, very much famished, my master kindly said, 'If you wish, I will let you have a little money, on account,'—an offer which I very joyfully accepted. This was, however, my last day's employment here. Discovering that I was a runaway apprentice, my new master dismissed me, with a recommendation to return to the old one; and while he was talking my brother came to the door, with a horse, to take me home."

Samuel's place of abode was ascertained by his friends through what would ordinarily be termed mere accident. As his father passed a toll-gate, on his return from Plymouth, the name "Drew," uttered by a person in conversation with the gate-keeper, caught his ear. He knew nothing then of his son's absence; but few persons in the neighbourhood being so called, he was led to make some inquiry of the speaker, who informed him that a young shoemaker named Drew was then working in Liskeard. When, on arriving home, he learned that Samuel was gone, he immediately identified him with the "young shoemaker," and despatched his eldest son Jabez in pursuit.

Upon receiving a positive assurance that he was not to go back to his former master, Samuel returned with his brother to his father's house at Polpea. Compensation being made his master, his indenture was cancelled, and he remained at Polpea

about four months, either working at his business or assisting his father and brother on the farm.

The guiding and overruling hand of Providence in the events of his early life Mr. Drew, in after-years, was accustomed to trace with feelings of grateful adoration. To his children, and those with whom he was in the habit of familiar intercourse, he would point out, as connected with the period we have been describing, and in his more mature years, occasions which future destiny quivered in the beam, and apparently trivial circumstances were the means of rescuing him from destruction, and opening before him a more honourable career. He would thus lead them to reflect on the moral government of God, and His watchful guardianship, as extending even to the "unjust" and "unthankful;" showing them, that however we may be permitted to follow the "devices and desires of our hearts," He does not cease, though by methods unperceived, to direct, to influence, or to restrain; and that

"There is a Providence that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will."

May not this Divine direction be traced in the circumstances which mark his flight to Liskeard? If, instead of pausing there, he had followed up his intention of going to Plymouth, the state of his finances would, in all probability, have led him to enter the king's service before his friends could have interfered. It was then a time of war; and had he taken his intended step, it is not likely that he would have become a subject for the biographer. The hardships he endured taught him an important lesson. He found that the romance of life which his imagination had depicted was sorrowfully contrasted by its reality; that the evils over which he had brooded, while an apprentice, were inferior to those to which he had voluntarily exposed himself; and that the freedom for which he had sighed was more burdensome than his chains.

Under the protection of his father's roof the subject of this memoir may, for a season, remain, while the reader's attention is directed to his immediate relatives.

SECTION V.

His brother's character—Family anecdotes—His sister's strong affection for him—Her remarkable deliverance from danger.

POLPEA, the residence of Samuel's father, was at this time a spot of remarkable beauty. Its acres, though few, were fertile; and the humble dwelling was half-hidden by a productive orchard. Situated in a sheltered recess, at the north-eastern extremity of a spacious bay, to which the parish of St. Austell (whose shores it chiefly washes) has given a name; commanding a view of the little fishing village of Parr, since fallen into decay, but again rising into importance as a harbour; few spots in Cornwall exceeded it for picturesque scenery and quiet loveliness. By unremitting industry and the good management of his wife, the father had freed himself from the difficulties with which, in early life, he had to struggle; and, though not exempt from the necessity of daily labour, he was now placed, by a kind Providence, above the pressure of want. In the concerns of his farm he was assisted by his elder son Jabez, whose disposition presented a remarkable contrast to that of his brother. While Samuel, by his daring and adventurous spirit, was often running into danger, and causing his parent much anxiety, Jabez exhibited so much fondness for reading and study, that his father sometimes found it necessary to chide him for indulging in these employments, to the neglect of his ordinary occupations. Every leisure hour, and frequently hours which should have been allotted to repose, he devoted to such literary pursuits as his circumstances enabled him to follow. The *Weekly Entertainer*, which has already been mentioned as a means of stimulating persons in humble life to mental exercise, consisted partly of questions proposed, and replies given, on various subjects, by correspondents. Enigmas, mathematical queries, and metrical compositions also found place in the publication; and in each of these departments Jabez Drew was a regular and an acceptable contributor. He also wrote many poetical pieces, which never appeared in print. His sister says, "I remember having seen

in my eldest brother's room a great many books, of which I then knew not the use; and he was a frequent and welcome visiter at the house of a gentleman who kept a boarding-school not far from us; where he often remained till past midnight, indulging his thirst for knowledge." By many of the respectable inhabitants of that neighbourhood he was known, and highly esteemed, as a young man of attainments beyond his station. In a subsequent page, it will be seen that his death was a prime cause of his brother Samuel's conversion.

It has been already stated that the father's time was partly occupied in conveying the Sherborne newspapers, and other publications sent into Cornwall by that establishment. He was also a contractor for carrying the mail between St. Austell and Bodmin. In this the eldest son was commonly employed, and Samuel, during his temporary residence with his father, occasionally rendered his assistance. Once, while he was an apprentice, his brother being ill, he was called on to perform the duty. His adventure, on that occasion, he thus related to a friend.

"At one time, in the depth of winter, I was borrowed to supply my brother's place in carrying the mail; and I had to travel in the darkness of night, through frost and snow, a dreary journey, out and home, of more than twenty miles. Being overpowered with fatigue, I fell asleep on the horse's neck, and when I awoke, discovered that I had lost my hat. The wind was keen and piercing, and I was bitterly cold. I stopped the horse, and endeavoured to find out where I was: but it was so dark that I could scarcely distinguish the hedges on each side of the road; and I had no means of ascertaining how long I had been asleep, or how far I had travelled. I then dismounted, and looked around for my hat; but seeing nothing of it, I turned back, leading the horse, determined to find it, if possible; for the loss of a hat was to me a matter of serious consequence; and my anxiety was increased by the consideration, that if it were not recovered, I should probably have to wait a long while for another. Shivering with cold, I pursued my solitary way, scrutinizing the road at every step, until I had walked about two miles, and was on the point of giving up the search, when I came to a receiving house, where I ought to have delivered a packet of letters, but had passed it when asleep. To this place the post usually came about one o'clock in the morning, and it was customary to leave a window unfastened, except by a large stone outside, that the family might not be disturbed at so unseasonable an hour. I immediately

put my letter-bag through the window, and having replaced the stone, was turning round to my horse, when I perceived my hat lying close to my feet. I suppose that the horse, knowing the place, must have stopped at the window for me to deliver my charge; but having waited until his patience was exhausted, had pursued his way to the next place. My hat must have been shaken off by his impatient movements, or endeavours to awaken me; but how long he waited I cannot tell. Though blind, that horse had more sense, and needed less guidance, than any one I ever rode."

By all the family this sagacious and valuable animal was much prized; but Samuel's father felt for it an especial regard, and the attachment between the master and his faithful servant was to all appearance mutual. Many years before, the poor beast, in a wretched condition, from starvation and ill usage, was turned out on a common to die. The owner willingly sold it for little more than the value of the skin; and his new possessor, having, by care and kindness, restored it to strength, soon found that he had made a most advantageous bargain. For more than twenty years, he and his blind companion travelled the road together; and many were the proofs of its intelligence and attachment. After the horse was past labour, it was kept in the orchard, and attended with almost parental care. Latterly it had become unable to bite the grass; and the old man regularly fed it with bread soaked in milk. "I remember," says the present survivor of the family, "that when the sagacious creature would, early in the morning, put his head over the orchard railing, towards his master's bedroom, and give its usual neigh, my father would jump out of bed, open the window, and call to the horse, saying, 'My poor old fellow, I will be with thee soon.' And when the animal died, he would not allow its skin or shoes to be taken off; but had the carcass buried entire."

The road by which the old Mr. Drew was accustomed to travel, to and from Plymouth, passed along a very dangerous place, known by the name of Battern Cliffs; where, for about half a mile, a few false steps might cause the traveller to be dashed in pieces on the rocks, or plunge him, from a dizzy height, into the surges of the foaming ocean. Here, on his return from Plymouth, he was once assaulted by two horsemen, who commanded him to deliver his money. His horse being heavily laden, escape was hopeless; yet he resisted their demand. Upon this one of the men presented a pistol, threatening to shoot and throw him over the cliff; and both of

them, laying hold of him, attempted to execute the latter part of the threat. He called for help; and the sound of approaching horses caused the robbers, before they had executed their intention, to gallop off by a cross-road. Presently two young men, who had heard his cry, came up, and learning how he had been attacked, urged him, by way of mutual protection, to turn and accompany them to Plymouth. This he declined, being not far from Looe, his usual resting-place. His horse, however, was missing; and he feared that, being blind, it might have fallen over the cliff, during the scuffle with his assailants. He sought for it for some time in vain; when, calling it loudly by name, he was answered by its welcome neigh, and following the sound, found the careful animal securely lodged in a recess of the road, whither it had instinctively retreated.*

* After the good man had been thus in jeopardy, he, at the recommendation of his family, procured a Newfoundland dog, to be the companion of his journeys; for arms he would not carry. Of this dog, and a smaller one that had been bred in the house, Mr. Drew used to relate the following singular story. The circumstance occurred while he was thus living at Polpea, and was witnessed by himself.

“Our dairy was under a room which was used occasionally as a barn and apple-chamber, into which the fowls sometimes found their way, and, in scratching among the chaff, scattered the dust on the pans of milk below, to the great annoyance of my step-mother. In this, a favourite cock of hers was the chief transgressor. One day, in harvest, she went into the dairy, followed by the little dog; and finding dust again thrown on her milk-pans, she exclaimed, ‘I wish that cock were dead.’ Not long after, she being with us in the harvest-field, we observed the little dog dragging along the cock, just killed, which, with an air of triumph, he laid at my step-mother’s feet. She was dreadfully exasperated at the literal fulfilment of her hastily uttered wish, and, snatching a stick from the hedge, attempted to give the luckless dog a beating. The dog, seeing the reception he was likely to meet with, where he expected marks of approbation, left the bird, and ran off; she brandishing her stick, and saying, in a loud, angry tone, ‘I’ll pay thee for this by-and-by.’ In the evening, she was about to put her threat into execution, when she found the little dog established in a corner of the room, and the large one standing before it. Endeavouring to fulfil her intention, by first driving off the large dog, he gave her plainly to understand that he was not at all disposed to relinquish his post. She then sought to get at the small dog behind the other; but the threatening gesture and fiercer growl of the large one sufficiently indicated that the attempt would be not a little perilous. The result was, that she was obliged to abandon her design. In killing the cock, I can scarcely think that the dog understood the precise import of my step-mother’s wish, as his immediate execution of it would seem to imply. The cock was a more recent favourite, and had received some attentions which had previously been bestowed upon himself. This, I think, had led him to entertain a feeling of hostility to the bird,

Between Samuel and his sister there was, from an early date, a very strong attachment, which, instead of diminishing as they advanced to maturity, and when their distinct connections caused a separation of interests,

“Grew with their growth, and strengthen'd with their strength.”

With him almost the last object of his solicitude was the welfare of that “dear woman who had borne with him the burden and heat of the day;” and her earliest anxiety appears to have been for the happiness of him whom she used to call “her dear Sammy.” Young as she was, at the period we now record, not fourteen years of age, she felt most acutely on his account; and knowing him to be a rude and thoughtless boy, who was prone to make a jest of serious things, she often prayed that God would save her brother Samuel. “One night,” she observes, “I was thinking about him in bed, and praying for him, when I fell asleep, and my young mind received great comfort from a dream. I thought I was in the garden with my brother, mourning over his state. While in this situation some one informed me that Samuel must lay himself down by the hedge, and if I saw the sun shine on him, he would be saved. He lay down, as I thought, and remained a long time enveloped in shade. At length, the sun shone upon him in its brightness, and caused me to rejoice with exceeding joy.” She felt assured, from this time, that he would not “taste the bitter pains of eternal death;” and though some years elapsed before her brother experienced a change of heart, he eventually became her most valued preceptor in the ways of righteousness.

Of this beloved relative little can be said; for where praise would give pain, truth must remain silent. We cannot, however, refrain from noticing that, besides their natural affection, there existed between Mr. Drew and herself a true congeniality of sentiment. Possessed of a disciplined understanding, refined sensibilities, and unaffected piety, she was the constant object of her brother's affection; and he seldom indulged in the

which he did not presume to indulge, until my mother's tone and manner indicated that the cock was no longer under her protection. In the power of communicating with each other, which these dogs evidently possessed, and which, in some instances, has been displayed by other species of animals, a faculty seems to be developed, of which we know very little.—On the whole, I never remember to have met with a case in which, to human appearance, there was a nearer approach to moral perception than in that of my father's two dogs.”

remembrance of his sister, but he concluded by repeating with much feeling,

“ Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

The reader will wish no apology for the insertion of the following remarkable deliverance from danger, of which she was the subject.

“ I think,” she relates, “ it was some time in the month of November, 1796, when I was about twenty-five years of age, that I met with the following occurrence. I had been at St. Austell, and was returning to my father’s house, about five o’clock in the evening. To shorten my journey, the weather being cold and boisterous, I crossed a river near the sea, and travelled over a sandy beach. This was the usual route when the tide permitted; but at its farther extremity I had to pass under a cliff, which, at high water, the influx of the waves renders dangerous, and sometimes impracticable. On approaching this place, I found that the tide had advanced farther than I had anticipated; yet thinking myself safe, being within half a mile of my home, I entered the water without any apprehension; but I had not proceeded far before I found it much deeper than I expected.

“ Having discovered my error, the cliff being on my left-hand, and the turbulent sea on my right, I endeavoured to turn my horse and retreat; but in doing this the poor animal fell over a projecting rock. By this fall I was thrown from him on the side next the sea, and in an instant was buried in the waves. I, however, retained my senses, and aware of my danger, held fast by the horse, which, after some struggling, drew me safely on the beach.

“ But although I had thus far escaped the violence of the surf, my situation was dreadfully insecure. I now found myself hemmed in between two projecting points, with scarcely the possibility of getting around either. The tide was also encroaching rapidly on me, and the cliff it was impossible to scale. The wind, which had been blowing in an angry manner, now increased its fury. Thunder began to roll, and the vivid lightning, gleaming on the surface of the water, just interrupted the surrounding darkness, to show me the horror of my situation. This was accompanied with tremendous showers of hail, from the violence of which I could find no shelter. Thus circumstanced I made a desperate effort to remount my horse, resolving to pass one of the projecting points, as my only

chance of safety, or perish in the attempt; but all my efforts proved unsuccessful, and to this inability it is probable that I owe my life.

“The tide gaining fast upon me, the poor animal instinctively mounted a rock; and I with difficulty followed the example. In this forlorn condition, I again made another ineffectual effort to remount, without duly considering the inevitable destruction that awaited me, in case I had succeeded.

“The waves, urged on by the tempest, to the whole rigour of which I stood exposed, soon told me that my retreat was unsafe. The rock on which myself and horse stood was soon covered with the rising tide, and at times we were so nearly overwhelmed that I could literally say, ‘Thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.’ Surrounded thus by water, my horse made another desperate effort, and happily gained a still more elevated crag. I followed, but with considerable difficulty; and as all further ascent appeared impracticable, in this place I expected to meet my fate.

“Under this impression, with ‘but a step between me and death,’ I began seriously to reflect on the solemnities and near approach of eternity, into which, perhaps, a few minutes might hurry my disembodied spirit. In these awful moments I can truly say, ‘I cried, by reason of mine affliction, unto the Lord, and he heard me.’ In the midst of the waters I knelt on a rock, and commended my soul to Him who hath all power in heaven and earth, well knowing that he was able to say to the turbulent ocean, ‘Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.’ At one time I felt a gleam of hope; but this was speedily destroyed by the increasing waters, which, still gaining upon us, convinced me that the tide had not yet reached its height.

“Conceiving my own deliverance to be scarcely possible, I felt anxious for the escape of my horse, and with this view endeavoured to disencumber him of the bridle and saddle, that, in attempting to swim, he might find no impediment to prevent his reaching the shore. But while I was thus engaged, to my utter astonishment, by a violent exertion, the horse partially ascended another crag, so as to keep his head above the water. I was not long in attempting a similar effort, in which I happily succeeded. This, however, was our last retreat; for just over my head projected a large shelving rock, above which it was impossible to ascend. Here I sat down, with a mind somewhat composed, to wait the event.

“After remaining in this situation for some time, I began to

hope that the tide had reached its height ; and in this I was at length confirmed by the light of the rising moon, which, gleaming on the rocks, showed, to my inexpressible joy, that the water had actually begun to subside. I was now convinced, that if we could retain our position until the water had retired, and I could survive the cold, we might both be preserved ; but this was exceedingly doubtful. The posture in which my horse stood was nearly perpendicular ; and I was cherished by the warmth which proceeded from his breath, as I kept his head near my bosom, and derived from it a benefit which experience only can explain.

“ As the tide retired, and the moon rose, I discovered, by its increasing light, to what a fearful height we had ascended ; and that to descend in safety was not less difficult than the means of getting up had been extraordinary. This, however, was at last effected without any material accident. On reaching the beach, from which the waves had now retired, I endeavoured to walk towards my home, but found myself so benumbed that I was unable ; and my voice was so nearly gone that I could not call for help, although I was not far from my father’s house, and near many kind neighbours, who would have risked their lives to render me assistance, if they had known of my situation.

“ Being unable to proceed, I seated myself upon a rock, and expected, from the intense cold, that I must perish, although I had escaped the fury of the tempest, and the drenching of the waves. How long I remained there I cannot say with certainty, but when almost reduced to a state of insensibility, I was providentially discovered in this position by my father’s servant, who had been sent out to search for me ; as, from the lateness of the hour, the family had anticipated some misfortune, and become alarmed.

“ I had been in the water about three or four hours, and exposed to the disasters of the tempest from about five in the evening to half-past eleven at night. I then reached my comfortable dwelling much exhausted, but to the great joy of my affectionate parent, who, I doubt not, had been offering up petitions in my behalf to Him who hears the prayers that are presented to him in sincerity.

“ For this preservation I desire to thank my God ; but my words are poor, and insufficient for this purpose. May all my actions praise him, and may my lengthened life be devoted to his glory !”

SECTION VI.

Samuel is employed in the neighbourhood of Plymouth—His character at that time—Perilous smuggling adventure.

HAVING remained with his father's family from about mid-summer, 1782, until the autumn of the same year, a situation was found for Samuel at Millbrook, on the Cornish side of the estuary of the Tamar. To this place he was accompanied by his father, who, fearing he might still be disposed to indulge his love of adventure, recommended him to the especial charge of his employer, a respectable man, named Williams.

The harbour of Hamoaze exhibited all the bustle incident to a great naval station in time of war. Of this, Millbrook, near which the king's brewery at South Down is situated, partook. These things had great charms for Samuel. Besides the novelty of the scene, it was exactly adapted to gratify his active and enterprising disposition. He was placed, too, in a shop where there were many persons employed, and where business was done in a more skilful manner, and upon a more extensive scale, than he had before witnessed. He therefore went willingly to work, and in the intervals sought for information respecting surrounding objects. Being now cast upon his own resources, he was compelled to exercise industry and economy. He used to describe himself as "a wretched tool at the trade," unable, in ordinary hours, to earn more than eight shillings a week. On one occasion, when, in consequence of an extraordinary pressure of business, the men had worked many hours a day, and the master paid him half a guinea at the week's end, he was perfectly astounded. "It was," he said, "a coin I had never handled, and a sum so much greater than I had ever possessed that I scarcely knew how to bestow it." Of his domestic economy, at this first entrance upon life, he used frequently to quote instances in later years, for the amusement and instruction of his apprentices, servants, and children; telling them, that Liskeard was not the only place where he had "tied his apron-string tighter for a dinner."

Thrown into collision with many shop-mates, and subject to their jokes, on account of his uncouth appearance, and igno-

rance of business, his faculties were roused in self-defence; and in a little time he displayed such quickness at repartee as to gain him the general respect of his comrades, few of whom, dreading his wit, chose to be his assailants. His argumentative powers, too, were now beginning to develop themselves, upon such matters as were likely to engage the attention of uneducated mechanics. "I very well remember," says a person who was then an apprentice in the same shop, "that in our disputes, those who could get Sam Drew on their side always made sure of victory; and he had so much good-humour and drollery that we all liked him, and were very sorry when he went away."

After having been about a year in Millbrook, work became scanty, and he, with some others, was discharged. He then obtained employment in the adjoining town of Kingsand and Cawsand. How long he remained in this place is uncertain; but while here, he was accustomed to engage in other than intellectual contests. A small silver horse, won by him as the prize of victory in cudgel-playing, was kept as a trophy, until, from his altered views of such matters, he became ashamed of its exhibition. We may mention, too, incidentally, that he was an excellent swimmer; an art which one of his juvenile companions says he acquired while an apprentice, by making voyages on a mill-pond in a long washing tub, or tray, which frequently upset.

His next residence was at Craithole, a village about six miles west of his late abode, and contiguous to the noted smuggling spot, Port Wrinkle. Here he very nearly terminated his life and adventures.

We have seen that, during his apprenticeship, he more than once joined parties who were engaged in smuggling transactions, and that no dishonour was attached to the occupation. In Kingsand and Cawsand it was, to a great extent, the secret business of the place; and from his propensity to engage in any exploit, it is very probable that while resident there, he felt no reluctance to lend his assistance when called upon. Such services, too, were liberally compensated, in consideration of the risk and personal exposure; and this was no trifling inducement to a youth who had to maintain himself upon "eight shillings a week." The same natural disposition, and prospect of reward, rendered him equally willing to take part in such affairs in his new place of abode, where also the few inhabitants depended chiefly upon smuggling for their subsistence.

Port Wrinkle, which Craithole adjoins, lies about the middle

of the very extensive bay reaching from Looe Island to the Rame Head. It is little more than a fissure among the rocks which guard the long line of coast; and being exposed to the uncontrolled violence of the prevailing winds, affords a very precarious shelter. Notice was given throughout Craithole, one evening, about the month of December, 1784, that a vessel, laden with contraband goods, was on the coast, and would be ready that night to discharge her cargo. At nightfall, Samuel Drew, with the rest of the male population, made towards the port. One party remained on the rocks to make signals, and dispose of the goods when landed; the other, of which he was one, manned the boats. The night was intensely dark; and but little progress had been made in discharging the vessel's cargo, when the wind rose, with a heavy sea. To prevent their vessel from being driven on the rocks, the seamen found it necessary to stand off from the port, and thus increased the hazard of the boatmen. Unfavourable as these circumstances were, all seemed resolved to persevere; and several trips were made between the vessel and the shore. The wind continuing to increase, one of the men belonging to the boat in which Samuel sat had his hat blown off, and in striving to recover it, upset the boat, and three of the men were immediately drowned. Samuel and two or three others clung to the boat for a considerable time; but finding that it was drifting from the port, they were obliged to abandon it, and sustain themselves by swimming. They were now about two miles from the shore, and the darkness prevented them from ascertaining its direction. Samuel had given himself up as lost, when he laid hold of a mass of floating sea-weed, which afforded him a temporary support. At length he approached some rocks near the shore, upon which he and two of the men, the only survivors of seven, succeeded in getting; but they were so benumbed with cold, and so much exhausted with their exertion in swimming, that it was with the utmost difficulty they could maintain their position against the force of the sea which sometimes broke over them. Their perilous situation was not unperceived by their comrades; yet their calls for help, if heard, were for a long time disregarded. When the vessel had delivered her cargo, and put to sea, a boat was despatched to take them off; and now, finding in what condition Samuel and his wretched companions were, after having been three hours in the water, and half of that time swimming about, the others endeavoured to compensate, by a show of kindness, for their previous inhumanity. Life being nearly extinct, the sufferers were carried

to a neighbouring farm-house, and the inmates compelled by threats to admit them. A fire was kindled on the hearth, and fresh fagots piled on it, while the half-drowned men, who were placed in a recess of the chimney, unable to relieve themselves, were compelled to endure the excessive heat which their ignorant companions thought necessary to restore animation. One of the party, too, supposing that fire within would not be less efficacious than fire without, and believing brandy to be a universal remedy, brought a keg of it from the cargo landed, and, with the characteristic recklessness of a sailor and a smuggler, knocking in the head with a hatchet, presented them with a *bowlful*. "Whether," observed Mr. Drew, on relating this most perilous adventure, "we drank of it or not, I do not know; certainly not to the extent recommended, or I should not now be alive to tell the tale. My first sensation was that of extreme cold. Although half-roasted, it was a long while before I felt the fire, though its effects are still visible on my legs, which were burnt in several places. The wounds continued open more than two years, and the marks I shall carry to my grave. After leaving the farm-house, I had to walk about two miles through deep snow, to my lodgings. When I think of the complicated perils of that night, I am astonished that I ever survived them."

nota On hearing of his son's narrow escape from an untimely death, the father, in the bitterness of his soul, exclaimed, "Alas! what will be the end of my poor unhappy boy?" He felt extremely desirous of withdrawing Samuel from a neighbourhood that offered him so many inducements to run into danger, and wished to place him where he would be under his own inspection, or that of his friends. Prosecuting his inquiries with this view, he learned that a young man who had lately begun business as a saddler in St. Austell, was about to commence shoemaking also; and on making application, ascertained his willingness to employ Samuel as his principal in that department. This being what the parent wanted, he communicated with his son, and found him disposed to accede to the proposition. Samuel, therefore, after spending the Christmas in his father's house, took up his residence in St. Austell.

Thus far we have seen Samuel Drew as the lively, self-willed, intractable child; as the wild, thoughtless, fearless boy; as the daring, resolute, enterprising youth;—exhibiting in these successive stages indications of that mental vigour which would lead its possessor, however circumstanced, to independence of

thought and action. Debarred by his parents' poverty, and his own disposition, from the advantages of education, we have seen him exposed, almost from infancy, to hardship and privation. We have seen him, in the first dawning of reason, after having been carefully instructed in his moral duties by a gifted and affectionate mother, prematurely deprived of her precepts and her example. Though preserved, by her timely instruction and the general decorum of his father's house, from profane language and gross immorality, yet, for want of suitable control, we have seen him the associate of vicious companions, and the participator of their follies. And we have seen him, in his more advanced growth, still unrestrained by parental authority, and destitute of any cherished moral or religious feeling, yielding to the promptings of an adventurous spirit, and brought, in consequence, to the verge of destruction.

Hereafter he will appear before us in a more matured stage of existence, and under a more pleasing character. Arrived at manhood, we shall find him awaking from the dream of life to its reality, and opening his eyes to receive Divine illumination. Feeling his ignorance of natural science, and of spiritual things, and resolving, in the strength of Almighty God, to redeem the time, and retrieve the past, we shall find him putting forth his energies,—surmounting the obstacles of obscure birth, poverty, and want of education,—boldly venturing into untried regions of thought,—rising to an honourable station in literature,—and acquiring just renown. To what cause is such a change to be attributed? Those who peruse this narrative will, we think, feel no difficulty in ascribing it wholly to the grace of God, and the influence of his Holy Spirit, communicated through the atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ.

“So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him who walked the waves.”

SECTION VII.

Methodism in St. Austell—Dr. Adam Clarke's appointment and labours there—Death of Jabez Drew—Its effect on Samuel—He becomes decidedly religious, and joins the Methodist society.

WHEN Samuel Drew went to reside in St. Austell, Wesleyan Methodism was exciting attention. The rude manners of the population, which had led some to call Cornwall "West Barbary," were fast yielding to the benign influences of that gospel which had been so faithfully and zealously promulgated among its inhabitants by the Rev. John Wesley and his coadjutors.* The "reproach of the cross" had not, however, ceased. To become a member of the Methodist society subjected the individual to contumely, and sometimes to persecution; and however willing those who could not resist the evidence of their senses might be to acknowledge the general benefit which had accrued to Cornwall from this kind of religious teaching, many were disposed to regard a connection with the Methodists as a proof of mental imbecility.

Although St. Austell was not visited by Mr. Wesley on his first journey into this county, it was a place where he was afterward favourably received and attentively heard. Here, about the year 1748, a small society was formed, of which Mr. Drew's parents were members. In the infancy of this society, its services were held either in the open air or in private dwellings; but when it increased in numbers and influence, and its ministers had begun to attract many hearers, an effort was made to erect a house for worship. In what year this was built is now unknown. Its dimensions were very small, adapted

* "I am assured," you add, "that Methodism has, from its first rise to its present state of insolent boasting, been alarmingly injurious to the community." This is a most pregnant falsehood. It has been amazingly beneficial. It has turned the wretched heathens in the forest of Dean, and thousands of heathens as wretched in the collieries all over the kingdom, together with the profligate rabble of all our great towns, into sober, serious, professed, and practical Christians; and I should be happy to see my own parishioners all Methodists at this moment.

"JOHN WHITAKER."

[*Polwhele's Memoirs of Whitaker*, p. 141.]

merely to the immediate necessities of the people ; but subsequently it was enlarged, and a gallery erected. In this place the early apostles of Methodism addressed their hearers, until the year 1787 ; and here the society held its meetings when Mr. Drew became a member.* Through the respectability of some persons who had joined it, and from the good sense of the inhabitants generally, open persecution was little known ; yet those who attended the Methodist chapel were often the subjects of petty annoyance. But this, receiving no countenance from the influential inhabitants, was discontinued ; and many persons respectably circumstanced in life thought it no disgrace to attend the Methodist ministry, which was gradually rising into notice, and making its way in the good opinion of the public.

When Methodism became more fully organized by the subdivision of the kingdom into circuits, Cornwall was comprised within two such divisions ; and St. Austell was made the central station, and residence of the preachers of the eastern circuit. In 1784-5, the time in which our narrative now places us, the appointed ministers were Messrs. Francis Wrigley, William Church, and Adam Clarke, each of whom is gone to his eternal reward. With their labours, especially those of the latter (whose name is known wherever Protestant Christianity prevails, and while science, erudition, piety, and philanthropy command public approbation, will never be forgotten), this year of Samuel Drew's life is most intimately associated.

Next to the personal labours of Mr. Wesley, nothing contributed so much to give an impulse to Methodism in St. Austell, and to extend the benefits of vital religion through its agency there, as the appointment to this circuit of Mr. Clarke, then in the early stage of his eminently useful ministry. His colleagues were pious, zealous, and acceptable preachers ; but Mr. Clarke's juvenile appearance excited public curiosity, and he was made instrumental to the salvation of many souls. The year of his appointment to the St. Austell circuit became an era in its history. In connection with other circumstances, his preaching was the means of effecting a signal change in Mr. Drew's character. His reception, and the results of his ministry, were thus graphically described by Mr. D. to a member of the late Dr. Clarke's family.

“ Though I had been in the habit of attending the Wesleyan

* Another chapel was erected in 1787 ; and a third, still more spacious, was completed in 1828.

chapel, and, as far as religion occupied my thoughts, was an Arminian in sentiment, yet I had very little serious feeling, and no intention of joining the Methodist body. But just then a thin, active stripling came into the St. Austell circuit as a preacher, of the name of Adam Clarke. Him I heard with surprise and attention. I followed his preaching whenever I could; and so did a multitude of others. He gave us no dogmas, he forced upon us no doctrines; but he set us a-thinking and reasoning, because he thought and reasoned with us himself. Crowds followed wherever he went; and his word, spirit, and conduct were severally made blessings to many, while his zeal was the wonder and profit of multitudes. His sermons were short, numerous, and earnest; and though young, and looking even younger than he really was, yet he gained and maintained an influence and respect which none felt afraid or ashamed to own. I well recollect the time when, having to preach in St. Austell, the crowd was so great that he could not get into the chapel. At that time the males and females sat on opposite sides of the house; and that on which the women were being nearest the street, he got in at one of the windows, and was borne along upon their hands and heads, till, without touching the floor, he was safely landed in the pulpit. An elderly member of the society once said to me, 'When I saw Adam Clarke enter our pulpit for the first time, I thought within myself, Well, what does Mr. Wesley think of us, to send us such a boy as this? but when I heard him preach I was astonished; and heartily glad I was that I did not tell my thoughts at that time to any other person.' During Mr. Clarke's stay in St. Austell, which was only one year, he added my sister and me, and many others, to the Methodist society."

The fact to which Mr. Drew alludes in the last sentence being too important in his personal history to be passed by with a mere intimation, we venture to state it circumstantially. It is closely connected with his brother's death, the particulars of which follow in his sister's words.

"In the month of May, 1785, not long after my brother Samuel had gone to work in St. Austell, my elder brother, Jabez, was taken ill. He had just then completed his twenty-second year. It was at first thought to be only a violent cold; but it terminated in a fever, which very soon proved fatal. He resided with my father at Polpea, and I had been for some time with a person in St. Austell, receiving instruction in needlework; but being myself unwell a little before his illness, I was then at my father's house. A few months before, Mr.

Wrigley, when preaching at Tywardreath, in the ardour of his zeal, strenuously urged upon the congregation, and especially the young, the expediency of joining the Methodist society. Several young men were induced, apparently without any serious feeling, to give the preacher their names, as disposed to follow his advice; and among them my brother Jabez. They soon discontinued their attendance, and some of them made what they had heard at class-meetings a matter of ridicule. My brother did not fall into this error; for *he* had always shown an outward respect for religion, while Samuel did not scruple to scoff at serious things.* But, knowing that he had imbibed too much of the disposition of his thoughtless associates, and that he was far from such a state of conscious acceptance with God as he felt to be necessary to his peace, he experienced, when taken ill, great mental anxiety, and soon the most bitter anguish. At first he was not considered to be in danger; but within a week his disease assumed a more malignant character.

"In this stage of my brother's illness Mr. Clarke was introduced to him by his sorrowful parents; and he, not knowing how great his anguish was, and fearing to heal the wound slightly, probed it (as my father expressed it) a little too deep. The agony of his mind was extreme. All hope appeared to forsake him; and despair, for a season, seized him as its prey. Our step-mother, being herself a stranger to personal religion, attributed my brother's anguish wholly to Mr. Clarke's visit; and, from a mistaken affection, now forbade Mr. C., or any other Methodist, to see him; thus keeping from him those who might have administered consolation.

"How long he remained in this fearful condition I do not exactly recollect. My father afterward told me that he could not endure to enter his son's apartment, such horror appeared on his countenance. My father would retire into the recesses of the orchard to pour out his soul to God; and frequently was he summoned from his knees to attend upon his despairing child. One day, when thus wrestling in prayer, he was called to come instantly to Jabez. Supposing him to be either dead or dying, with feelings wrought up to intense agony, he went into the sick chamber; when, to his astonishment and joy, instead of hearing his son's groans, and beholding his hor-

* Either on this, or on some previous occasion, *Samuel* was present at one of these class-meetings; and when the leader addressed him personally, he, with his usual recklessness and hardihood, replied, "This may be *your* day of examination, but it is not *my* day of confession."

ror-stricken visage, he saw a radiant smile illuminating his pale countenance, and was received with the delightful salutation, 'Now, my dear father, all is well; I have on the wedding-garment! Return thanks to God, dear father. I am going to glory!'

"In this delightful frame of mind my brother Jabez continued, though without a prospect of recovery. Apprehending his end to be near, he wished to see my brother Samuel and myself (for I had returned a few days before to St. Austell); and a messenger was sent to fetch us. Until this time, Samuel, contrary to his natural tenderness of disposition, had shown much indifference about his brother's illness. One day a report reached me that Jabez was dead; and when, overwhelmed with sorrow, I sought Samuel, instead of evincing concern, he ridiculed my grief, saying to me, 'Why, Tammy, what's the use of crying? If Jabez is dead, he must be buried; that's all I know about it.' However, when the messenger came with horses to fetch us, his manner altered; and he became serious and thoughtful. My feelings, on seeing the pale and emaciated but happy countenance of my eldest brother, I do not attempt to describe. With his trembling hand he strove to wipe the tears from my face, saying, 'My dear sister, do not mourn. Whether I live or die, I am the Lord's.' What passed at the interview between my brothers I do not know. I can only judge from its effects. From that moment Samuel became an altered character. The next day my brother Jabez appeared to revive, and some faint hopes were entertained of his recovery; but alas! it was only

'Like some wax taper just before it dies
Swells big with life, and gives a fairer light,
.As if it were prophetic of its end.'

"On the day following, which was Sunday, he became worse, and at eleven o'clock that night, with expressions of delightful prospects and undiminished confidence, he died, happy in the Lord. Such was the effect of my brother's death on me, that I became seriously ill, and was laid up several weeks at my father's house. When I returned to St. Austell, I found that Samuel had joined the Methodist society, and was actively engaged in labours of public usefulness."

A funeral sermon was preached on the day of Jabez Drew's interment, from the steps of his father's barn, by Mr. Adam Clarke, to a very great concourse of people. His text was,

"We must needs die, and be as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again." In the course of his sermon, which was most impressive, and rendered a blessing to many, he took occasion, while expressing his conviction that the eternal safety of Jabez Drew was beyond a doubt, to describe the nature, trace the progress, and enforce the necessity of conversion to God. This sermon Samuel heard. The fallow ground of his heart had been just broken up by the interview with his dying brother; his attention was awakened; and on this occasion he appears to have obtained those views of divine truth which had a saving influence on himself, and were afterward maintained by him from the pulpit and the press.

A very intimate friend of Mr. Drew, whose religious course commenced at the same period, says, "Mr. Clarke's sermon at the funeral of Jabez Drew, which I attended, and the serious advice of a good man on the way home, led me to join the Methodist society. I received my note of admission on the 28th of May, within a week of the funeral; and I think Samuel received his not more than a month afterward.

"Two circumstances in relation to him I very well remember, which show that he must have joined the Methodists in June, 1785. One Sunday evening, after I had become a member, Mr. Wrigley, the superintendent, gave notice, that after the service he would address the society. Observing two or three persons, not members, remaining in their pews, he said that the meeting was intended for the society only; but remarked, as these individuals were going out, that he had no objection for any seriously disposed person to remain. Upon this, a female present said aloud, 'Sammy Drew wishes to stop;' and Mr. John Rosevear, the good man who persuaded me to join the society, instantly ran out of the chapel, and overtaking him, prevailed on him to return. I have heard Mr. Drew, when referring to this circumstance, more than once say, 'I felt so much, on being directly ordered to leave the chapel, that but for the personal and pressing invitation of the old man, I believe I should never have connected myself with the Methodists. The midsummer quarterly meeting was not then held in St. Austell, but at Medras, about four miles from the town. Samuel and I attended, and both remained at the love-feast* as

* Love-feasts, so termed from the Agapæ of the ancient Christians, are, among the Methodists, meetings of the societies, in which the members individually, if so disposed, relate to the others their past religious conflicts and deliverances, and their present feelings and prospects. Considerable misapprehension relative to these meetings probably exists.

members. It was a clear, starlight night; and on returning, with several other young people, I recollect how much we were all struck by the manner in which he repeated that beautiful hymn of Addison's,

'The spacious firmament on high,' &c.

Between the Sunday evening to which I have referred and this evening he must, therefore, have joined the society; and it was not long after this that he stated in a love-feast at St. Austell, his having first felt that peace of mind which arises from 'the remission of sins that are past,' while he was secretly engaged in prayer under a tree."

Mr. Drew's sister says, that at a quarterly love-feast, soon after her brother's conversion (she thinks the Michaelmas quarter), she and her brother attended. Their father had spoken in the meeting very feelingly; and, going homeward, Samuel said to her, "Oh! how I felt the words of that hymn which father repeated, and what he said about his readiness to die! They penetrated my very soul! I believe father is a good man." Though, either at this or some other early period of his religious course, he observed, "I remember how vexed I used formerly to be, that father did not conduct himself like many irreligious parents."

We have been thus minute in this part of our narrative, because it recounts what we think must be regarded as the most interesting and important epoch of Mr. Drew's life. We do not thus designate it because of his connection at this time with a particular religious body, or the adoption of any peculiar creed; but because a period had now arrived, from which, in his apprehension of religious truth, he could say, "Once was I darkness, but now am I light in the Lord," and, with reference to his views, and habits, and desires, "Old things are passed away; behold all things are become new."

This period especially demands attention, because we thence perceive a direction given to that mental energy, and trace the full development and beneficial application of those intellectual powers, which afterward raised their possessor into distinction. Nor is the connection here exhibited between a religious life and great mental application a matter of trivial importance; for every such instance tends to establish the position, that vital religion is not opposed to the exercise of intellect, but becomes its powerful auxiliary.

There is another point of view in which this period of Mr.

Drew's life is of more than usual importance. Comparing his deportment and habits previously and subsequently, we cannot but infer, that the religion which he espoused was not a mere theory, not a matter of opinion, but something experimental, influential, and practical—something capable of changing the whole current of the thoughts and purposes—something to be known, and felt, and enjoyed. This change which *he* experienced, and which, in its effects, was seen in the whole tenour of his after life, is properly termed *conversion*. It is such a change as this, reaching to the very thoughts and intents of the heart, which, according to our apprehensions of Scripture, *every* fallen child of Adam *must* experience, or, "he can in nowise enter into the kingdom of heaven."

SECTION VIII.

Mr. Drew begins to work in St. Austell as a journeyman shoemaker—His master's character—His first literary bias—He commences business for himself—His difficulties and perseverance.

THAT those circumstances in Mr. Drew's life, which are closely allied to each other, and which gave direction to his future pursuits, might be noticed in their natural connection, the order of time has been a little anticipated in the preceding section. So intimate is the relationship between his religious and his literary life, that to present them separately to the reader would be impossible. They mutually affected and influenced each other. Operating upon a mind naturally bold and independent, religious conviction did not supersede rational inquiry, nor was assertion mistaken for evidence. Fully sensible, from what he had himself experienced of the supreme importance and general truth of personal religion, he was led to investigate closely the various particulars of his creed, and to cultivate his mind, that he might be competent to the investigation. Those events which may be regarded as introductory to his mental cultivation, and the formation of his character, having been thrown into one view, without scrupulous regard to chronological arrangement. We now resume the thread of our narrative, quoting occasionally Mr. Drew's own words from two short auto-biographical sketches which have already appeared in print.

Referring to the time immediately preceding his coming to St. Austell, he says, "I was scarcely able to read, and almost totally unable to write. Literature was a term to which I could annex no idea. Grammar I knew not the meaning of. I was expert at follies, acute in trifles, and ingenious about nonsense." This description accords very nearly with what we have already seen of him. Some ability to write he must, however, have possessed at this time; because his sister had received more than one letter from him. Yet, that his performance could not have been otherwise than indifferent, may be inferred from a friend's comparing his writing, after several years' practice, to the "traces of a spider dipped in ink, and set to crawl on paper."

It was, as we have already noticed, in or about January, 1785, that Mr. Drew entered St. Austell as a journeyman shoemaker; not having then completed his twentieth year. This, though less than he states his age to be in his auto-biography, accords with the recollections of Dr. Clarke, who, in his notice of Mr. Drew, as having been converted under his ministry, represents him as then "finishing his apprenticeship."

The history of his juvenile years proves that he possessed great decision of character. This mark of a vigorous mind was frequently shown in after life. When brought under the chastening influence of religion, his conduct was no longer chargeable with folly or extravagance; yet it generally indicated an independent spirit. His present employer, whom he represents as intelligent, though eccentric, soon discovered in the journeyman a disposition, in many respects, like his own; and in consequence of this kindred temper, and a similarity of age, master and man felt a mutual regard. The one, as Mr. Drew expresses it, was "Hudibras," and the other "Ralph;" and in most matters Hudibras made Ralph his confidant. In the house where Samuel lodged there was a female servant to whom his master was attached. Concluding that the alliance would not be approved by his friends, he endeavoured to keep them in ignorance; but in this he did not succeed. His father, understanding that Samuel was in the secret, applied to him for information; but he was mute. That the old gentleman might not be displeased or grieved, he at length promised to communicate all he might know of the matter for the future. He then related to his master the conversation, and added, "Now keep your own counsel; tell me none of your secrets, and I cannot repeat them. But depend upon it, if you forget, I shall be as good as my word to your father." His master thanked him

for his candour, and said he would follow his advice. Not long after, feeling that "untold pleasure wanted half its charms," he again spoke to Samuel on the subject; and he, in fulfilment of his engagement, communicated what he had heard to the parents. The incident, though trivial, shows his plain dealing and fixedness of purpose.

The character of his employer, the circumstances in which he now found himself, his desire and determination to acquire knowledge, his method of study, the facilities afforded him, and the difficulties which he had to overcome, cannot be so well described as in his own words:—

"My master was by trade a saddler, had acquired some knowledge of bookbinding, and hired me to carry on the shoe-making for him. He was one of those men who will live anywhere, but will get rich nowhere. His shop was frequented by persons of a more respectable class than those with whom I had previously associated, and various topics became alternately the subjects of conversation. I listened with all that attention which my labour and good manners would permit, and obtained among them some little knowledge. About this time, disputes ran high in St. Austell between the Calvinists and Arminians, and our shop afforded a considerable scene of action. In cases of uncertain issue, I was sometimes appealed to to decide upon a doubtful point. This, perhaps flattering my vanity, became a new stimulus to action. I examined dictionaries, picked up many words, and, from an attachment which I felt to books which were occasionally brought to the shop to be bound, I began to have some view of the various theories with which they abounded. The more I read, the more I felt my own ignorance; and the more I felt my ignorance, the more invincible became my energy to surmount it. Every leisure moment was now employed in reading one thing or other. Having, however, to support myself by manual labour, my time for reading was but little; and to overcome this disadvantage, my usual method was to place a book before me while at meat, and at every repast I read five or six pages. Although the providence of God has raised me above this incessant toil, when I could 'barely earn enough to make life struggle,' yet it has become so habitual, that the custom has not forsaken me at the present moment.

"After having worked with this master several months, I well recollect, a neighbouring gentleman brought 'Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding' to be bound. I had never seen or heard of this work before. I took an occasion to

look into it, and I thought his mode of reasoning very pleasing, and his arguments exceedingly strong. I watched all opportunities of reading for myself, and would willingly have laboured a fortnight to have the books. I had then no conception that they could be obtained for money. They were, however, soon carried away, and with them all my future improvement by their means. The close and decisive manner of Mr. Locke's reasoning made on my mind an impression too deep to be easily effaced; and though I did not see his Essay again for many years, yet the early impression was not forgotten, and it is from this accidental circumstance that I received my first bias for abstruse subjects."

To a friend he observed, "This book set all my soul to think; to feel and to reason, from all without and from all within. It gave the first metaphysical turn to my mind: and I cultivated the little knowledge of writing which I had acquired, in order to put down my reflections." He elsewhere remarks, "It awakened me from my stupor, and induced me to form a resolution to abandon the grovelling views which I had been accustomed to entertain."

In another account which Mr. Drew gives of this period, there are some additional facts noticed, which we present to the reader.

"In this situation I found myself surrounded by books of various descriptions, and felt my taste for the acquirement of information return with renewed vigour, and increase in proportion to the means of indulgence which were now placed fully within my reach. But here some new difficulties occurred, with which I found it painful to grapple. My knowledge of the import of words was as contracted as my ideas were scanty; so that I found it necessary to keep a dictionary continually by my side while I was reading, to which I was compelled constantly to refer. This was a tedious process. But in a little time the difficulty wore away, and my horizon of knowledge became enlarged."

From the time of his union with the Methodists, Mr. Drew became intellectually as well as spiritually "a new creature." He no longer tolerated indolence of body or mind. Diligence in business and fervency of spirit were happily combined; and his consistent deportment, elevated sentiment, and unaffected piety, gained him many friends. It is not known what course of reading he at first pursued. Most probably it was desultory, confined chiefly, if not wholly, to the books brought

to his master's shop; nor was any specific direction given to his inquiries, until Locke's Essay fell into his hands. One book he mentions as having highly delighted him, and at the same time deepened his religious impressions, and given him clearer views of vital Christianity. This was the "Pilgrim's Progress" of John Bunyan,—

"Ingenious dreamer, in whose well told tale
Sweet fiction and plain truth alike prevail."

It was the first book he could call his own, and next to the Bible it was his companion. Throughout his life he evinced a great predilection for the indirect mode of conveying instruction by tale and apologue, which may be traced to this early impression.

Continuing his narrative, Mr. Drew observes, "My master growing inattentive to his shoemaking, many of my friends advised me to commence business for myself, and offered me money for that purpose. I accepted the offer, started accordingly, and by dint of application, in about one year discharged my debts, and stood alone."

The history of this year, which is thus compressed within a sentence, would, if fully known, afford many a useful lesson to young tradesmen with small capitals. A few particulars are yet remembered, which may interest if they do not benefit the reader.

His thirst for knowledge having induced him to lay out in books such money as he could save from his earnings as a journeyman, when he was recommended to begin business on his own account, fourteen shillings was the total of his cash. To his father he applied for assistance; but the old man was constitutionally timid, especially about secular undertakings; and to prevent his son's embarking in business, refused to aid him. A miller with whom he was acquainted, then a serious man, was particularly urgent for him to commence. Mr. Drew stated to him this difficulty, and his friend replied, "That shall not hinder you from beginning. I'll lend you five pounds upon the security of your good character, and more if that's not enough; and I'll promise not to demand it till you can conveniently pay me." This generous offer was accepted.

At this juncture Dr. Franklin's "Way to Wealth" fell into his hands. The pithy and excellent advice of "Poor Richard" delighted him. He placed it in a conspicuous situation in his chamber, and resolved to follow its maxims.

“Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore,”

was applied to a practical purpose at the very outset. He took part of a small house, at a low rent, and “cut his garment according to the cloth.” “It is better to go to bed supperless than rise in debt,” was another maxim upon which he acted; and he took care that the “sound of his hammer” should be heard from “five in the morning till ten at night.” “Eighteen hours out of the twenty-four,” he has since said, “did I regularly work, and sometimes longer; for my friends gave me plenty of employment; but until the bills became due, I had no means of paying wages to a journeyman. I was indefatigable; and at the year’s end I had the satisfaction of paying the five pounds which had been so kindly lent me, and finding myself, with a tolerable stock of leather, clear of the world.”

Not many years afterward, the miller who had shown so much kindness to Mr. Drew, forgot his God, became an abandoned drunkard, and, as a natural consequence, reduced himself and his family to want. He came one day into Mr. D.’s shop, and said, “Sam, I want you to lend me five pounds.” “For some time,” said Mr. Drew, “I hesitated, whether I ought to let him have it or not. I knew very well that I should never be repaid; but this was not the difficulty. If I put five pounds into his hands, I thought, it will be but tempting him to commit sin; and perhaps it is my duty to deny him. On the other hand, I considered, ‘Here stands the man to whose kindness I owe all that I possess in the world: I know he is poor, and his family wanting necessaries. He asks me to return the favour he once conferred upon me. I am not certain that he will misapply the money; and I dare not refuse.’ I had not the money by me; but I borrowed it of a friend, in order to help him to whose former kindness I was so deeply indebted.”

According to the date of an old account-book, Mr. Drew began business in January, 1787. He continued in his former lodgings a few months; but having an apprentice soon after his commencement, he thought it would be more convenient and economical to live on his own premises. He then made application to his father, and, to their mutual joy, obtained permission for his sister to live with him as housekeeper. A few mean articles of furniture were also given him by his parent, who now found that opposition was unavailing.

“Many,” observes Mr. Drew’s sister, “were the distressing

privations my brother and I underwent the first year. His resolution to 'owe no man any thing' was unconquerable; and I bore every thing cheerfully for his sake. Our family connections being respectable, no one suspected our poverty. Though we managed to give the apprentice food enough, we often went with a scanty allowance ourselves. Sometimes we were driven to great straits for want of money; but my brother's resolution to keep out of debt continued unshaken. One market-day, a relation called on us from a distance. I wanted to buy provisions; but neither my brother nor I had any money. Not liking, in the presence of a stranger, to expose our poverty, I said to my brother, with assumed carelessness, "'Tis time for me to go to market. Have you any silver? I have none.' On his replying in the negative, our visiter put some silver into my hand, saying, 'Take this. You can pay me the next time I call.' Necessity compelled us to accept this seasonable offer, without which I know not what we should have done.

"Through the kindness and influence of my brother's friends, he obtained a great many genteel customers; and was obliged, in some degree, to keep up a creditable appearance. This frequently added to our difficulties. Towards the end of the first year business increased so much that he was compelled to employ a journeyman. He could not pay him board wages, and therefore the man was to live with us. We had two rooms, and but two beds; one I occupied, and in the other my brother and his apprentice slept. It was at length, after much reluctance on my brother's part, agreed to place my bed in his room for the man, and substitute mine by a bundle of straw. I used to carry on a little business of my own as a sempstress, and had many female acquaintances calling to see me; but after getting my straw bed, I would never admit them into my room, lest they should discover 'the nakedness of the land,' and prejudice my brother's business.

"Sometimes my spirits would fail me under these trying circumstances, and my mind would sink into a state of gloom and despondency. But my dear, noble-minded brother was just the spiritual preceptor and comforter I wanted. When he saw me in perplexity, he would say, 'Cheer up, my sister;—have faith in God;—there are brighter days in store.' And very soon the clouds began to pass away."

Unfavourable to mental cultivation as was the state of restless anxiety arising from Mr. Drew's pecuniary difficulties, yet

his thoughts were in vigorous exercise, and his ardent thirst for knowledge increased. But if, in the midst of his privations, his soul ever glowed with the anticipation of rising from obscurity, he might with exquisite propriety have exclaimed,

“ Ah ! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where fame’s proud temple shines afar ? ”

SECTION IX.

Literary pursuits—Appointed a local preacher and class-leader—Dismissal from office—Instances of benevolent disposition—Success in business—He abandons politics.

THE year 1788 opened, in some respects, auspiciously. With reference to his business, Mr. Drew had now, to use a trite but expressive phrase, “ broken the neck of his difficulties.” His incessant toil to achieve independence he was enabled to relax. Industry and rigid economy were still indispensable ; but it was no longer necessary that he should “ go to bed supperless ” to avoid “ rising in debt.” His ruling passion, the acquisition of knowledge, he was, in a limited degree, enabled to gratify ; and, during this and several succeeding years, every spare moment, and all the hours he could snatch from sleep, were devoted to reading such books as he could procure.

“ By unremitting industry, I at length surmounted such obstacles as were of a pecuniary nature : this enabled me to procure assistance in my labours, and afforded me the common relaxation which others enjoyed. This was the only leisure at which I aimed. In this situation I felt an internal vigour prompting me to exertion, but I was unable to determine what direction I should take. The sciences lay before me. I discovered charms in each, but was unable to embrace them all, and hesitated in making a selection. I had learned that

‘ One science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.’

“ At first I felt such an attachment to astronomy, that I resolved to confine my views to the study of that science ; but I soon found myself too defective in arithmetic to make any proficiency. Modern history was my next object ; but I quickly

discovered that more books and time were necessary than I could either purchase or spare; and on this account history was abandoned. In the region of metaphysics I saw neither of the above impediments. It nevertheless appeared to be a thorny path, but I determined to enter, and accordingly began to tread it."

Referring to this period of his life, in conversation with a gentleman with whom he was particularly intimate, when asked whether he had not studied astronomy in his time, Mr. Drew remarked, "I once had a very great desire for it, for I thought it suitable to the genius of my mind, and I think so still; but then

' Chill penury repressed the noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.'

Dangers and difficulties I did not fear, while I could bring the powers of my mind to bear upon them, and force myself a passage. To metaphysics I then applied myself, and became what the world and my good friend Dr. Clarke call 'A METAPHYSICIAN.'

Connected with the origin of Mr. Drew's metaphysical studies, there is another circumstance in the history of 1788 that demands attention. We have already seen that his religious convictions led him, in his twenty-first year, to join the Methodists. About the commencement of his twenty-fourth year, he became a local preacher* and a class-leader. The responsible duty of instructing others on the all-important subject of religion, necessarily led him to exercise his thoughts as a moralist and a divine. He could not officiate as a public teacher without becoming presently sensible of his own deficiency on many points of necessary knowledge. His was not the temper to sit quietly down, and felicitate himself upon his ignorance of "vain philosophy." While at his shop bench, many glimpses of truth might attract a momentary attention, and then pass away, like a vision, from before his eyes. He might have *there* contented himself with a vague and indistinct apprehension of the truth or falsehood of particular theories;

* Mr. Drew's first attempt at preaching, before he had received his formal appointment, was at Tregorrick, a village about a mile from St. Austell. The service was held in a dwelling-house; and the person to whom it belonged used to say, "I like Sammy Drew very well, because he always tells a good story."

but in his public character he would find it absolutely necessary to think and examine closely. As a private instructor and adviser also, cases of conscience would sometimes come before him, which he would have to assist in determining. On some occasions, the individuals under his charge might, perhaps, be at a loss how to act; and it would be his duty to furnish them with rules for their guidance. Every class-leader should be a moral philosopher, as well as a pious man. Where the decision lies between duties that are apparently at variance, the most patient exercise of thought is necessary to determine the right application of Scripture precept. These considerations combine to show, that the public duties in which Mr. Drew was now engaged, tended to give life, vigour, and direction to his mental exertions.

To preserve the unity of our subject, we pass over an interval of about twelve months. Within this period an exchange of the itinerant preachers had taken place, and there was raised against Mr. Drew the cry of *heresy*. He was accused of holding Calvinistic tenets. The truth of this allegation the superintendant preacher did not deem it necessary to substantiate by examination or evidence, before he gave it credit. Without waiting the decision of the local preachers' meeting, where it must be openly discussed, a short method was adopted, in which authority was substituted for reason. The proceeding we give in Mr. Drew's own words:—

“A message was brought to my shop, that Mr. M., the preacher, wanted to see me at Mr. F.'s,* and that I must bring my preacher's plan and class-paper with me. I attended accordingly, and was shown into the parlour, where Mr. M. and Mr. F. were sitting. Mr. F., on my entering, said, ‘We've sent for thee, Sam, about this business of thine in preaching Calvinism.’ I replied, that I did not exactly know what were the charges against me,—that I held no doctrine but what I believed was found in Scripture, and maintained by Mr. Wesley himself,—and that, if they would allow me, I would endeavour to prove it to them. ‘No, no,’ answered Mr. F., ‘we know all about the matter, and don't want any explanation of thine; for we have already agreed that we'll have no dispute.’ I then said, ‘If you mean to proceed in this summary way, and will not allow me a hearing, I have no remedy but to submit.’ At the desire of Mr. M., the preacher, who

* An influential member of the society.

did not say much, I gave up my class-paper and my plan ; and then inquired whether they wished to proceed further, and disallow my membership. To this they replied in the negative ; and I took my leave. Had they demanded my ticket of membership, I should have complied ; and should not, I suppose, have been a Methodist at the present time.

“ When the matter came to be noised abroad, it caused no little talk in our society, and among the local preachers. Many of them were persuaded that my theological views were Scriptural and methodistical ; and others, who were unable to determine this point, were indignant at the hasty and irregular proceeding of the superintendant, though he was well received as a preacher, and esteemed as a Christian. Mr. F.’s assumption of authority, in a matter which did not come under his cognizance, was also a ground of complaint. Not long afterward, Mr. M., finding that he had exposed himself to much odium on this account, and perhaps doubting whether I might not be in the right, came to me privately, and wished me to resume my offices. I said to him, ‘ No sir, the matter is quite public. You have put me out at the door, and I shall not come back through the key-hole. Before I resume my plan, I must be publicly justified. The office of class-leader, I believe, I shall never accept while I live in St. Austell.’ ”

The charge against Mr. Drew was, that he preached the *imputed righteousness of Christ*. How he held the tenet, the superintendant did not inquire. No man insisted more strenuously than Mr. Drew, that the genuineness of faith must be attested by a holy life :—as superseding moral obligation, in any form ; he could not, therefore, have understood it. His views then, and always were, that the perfect obedience or righteousness of the Saviour gave an infinite value to that sacrifice which, appropriated by living faith, forms the ground of a sinner’s acceptance with his Maker. Such, unquestionably, were the views of Mr. Wesley ; in proof of which Mr. Drew sometimes quoted those verses in his collection of hymns :—

“ Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,
My beauty are, my richest dress :
Mid flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.”

“ Thy righteousness wearing, and cleansed by thy blood,
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.”

Mr. Drew, many years afterward, told a friend, that the substance of the affair was as follows :—“ When I began to

think, I found that many words and phrases common in our pulpits, if not positively absurd, would not bear a strict investigation; I therefore discarded them, and used terms suited to my own ideas. Some good people, to whom these were entirely new, and who never took the trouble to consider them, thought they must be erroneous, because they were not in ordinary use."

An Independent congregation had, a few years previously, been established in St. Austell. As soon as it was known that Mr. D. had refused to resume his offices among the Methodists, application was made to him to become either their pastor, or their occasional minister. This proposal he declined; alledging that, though supposed to hold Calvinistic tenets, nothing could be farther from his sentiments than some of the doctrines that Calvin taught.

At the local preachers' meeting which followed his dismissal, the subject was investigated; his views were pronounced correct; and, by a unanimous vote, he was solicited again to preach. With this request, seconded as it was by the general voice of the people, he complied, and continued to labour acceptably as a preacher, until within a few weeks of his decease. Though he was repeatedly requested to resume the charge of a class, he did not accept the office, until some years after his removal from Cornwall. In directing the affairs of the society he still assisted; and, contrary to the usages of Methodism, was desired always to attend the leaders' meetings, and to speak and vote as a leader. This he continued to do, until, nearly thirty years afterward, he was reminded by a superintendant preacher, from whose opinion on a proposed measure he dissented, that he had no right to speak or be present.

The circumstance which we have narrated was not without its effect in forming Mr. Drew's character. Towards the principals in the business he felt no resentment; believing their intentions to be good, however injudicious the means they adopted. It was a lesson for life. Thenceforward he felt a settled dislike to the exhibition of arbitrary power.

A few domestic incidents related by his sister, place the softer features of his character in a very pleasing light.

One of his maxims was, "Be just before you are generous." This, in the year of his commencing business, when he was trading on a borrowed capital, and had enough to do "to make life struggle," imposed a restraint upon his benevolent disposi-

tion which he at one time thus evaded. Before he was formally appointed as a local preacher, he officiated, as is common among the Methodists, at meetings for prayer in the neighbouring villages, and sometimes gave an exhortation. After attending a meeting of this kind, he said to his sister, "The people at the place where I have been, very kindly invited me to dinner: and I may now honestly give away my own. Bring out what meat you have left, cut from it as much as you think I should have eaten, and carry it to Alice H——," a very poor woman for whom he had a great respect.

In the following year, when he was free from the world but still poor enough, owing to some misunderstanding with the circuit stewards, one of the preachers then in the circuit was placed in very trying circumstances, and his amiable wife and family wanted necessaries. One market day, Mr. Drew said to his sister, "I was just now over in the market, and saw Mrs. L——, the preacher's wife, with an empty basket on one arm, and a child on the other, looking wistfully at the butchers' stalls. I guessed, from her manner, that she had no money, and was ashamed to ask credit; so, as I passed her, I put half-a-crown in her hand. The good woman was so affected, that she burst into tears; and I could not help crying for company."

His sister relates, that, about the same time, the family of a labouring man in the town being seized with fever, and suffering great privation in consequence, he desired her to send them what she thought could be spared from his cupboard, but on no account to enter the house, lest she should take the infection. "I ventured," she says, "on this point to disobey; and going thither, in company with a female friend, saw such a scene of distress as I could scarcely have imagined. They had but one room, and one bed. In the bed were the mother and one child, ill; across the foot lay a bigger boy, just recovering; and in a washing tray, beside the bed, was another—dead. Not being parishioners, they were left to shift for themselves, without attendance (except what the father could give when not at his labour)—without fire—and almost without food. Having informed my brother where I had been, and what I saw, he said to me, 'Since you have disobeyed my orders in going, you shall, as a punishment, go again, and carry the family every thing in our house that you think they can want. We'll trust Providence for a supply.' My brother's means being unequal to his generous intentions, he made the

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case known to some of his acquaintances, and the family was relieved.

“A cousin of ours, a widow, who resided twenty or thirty miles from St. Austell, was much reduced in circumstances through sickness. She wrote to my brother, begging the loan of five pounds; and stated as a reason, that, if he could part with such a sum, it would enable her to begin some business, which she mentioned, and maintain her family. ‘Now,’ said he to me, ‘what can I do? To me five pounds is a serious sum, and one that I can ill spare; but, perhaps, if I refuse, I shall deprive my relative of the only opportunity she may have of providing for her children. It will never be in her power to repay me. I will not lend her five pounds, but will give her the money.’

“My brother’s sensibilities were not confined to his own species. He could not witness suffering in any creature without seeking its relief. A poor, half-starved dog one day presented itself at our door, as if knowing instinctively that it was a friend’s house. Seeing the dog, he desired me to give it some meat, which it ate with a voracious appetite. Where it lodged at night we could not tell; but for a long time it came just at the same hour for its daily dole. We had missed it some weeks, when my brother, calling me to the door, and pointing at a fine, sleek animal that was passing with a gentleman, asked me if I knew it; and on my answering ‘No,’ he said, with a gesture of satisfaction, ‘That’s the very dog we relieved; and he has found his master.’”

Mr. Drew has been known, at this period of his life, when in the ordinary way of judging, he could badly afford it, frequently to give half-a-guinea, and sometimes a guinea, to a family in distress. Though he always examined before he relieved, and often detected imposture, yet from a tale of woe he never turned away with indifference. His charity knew no other limit than his ability; and he has been seen to weep when he had nothing to bestow. These things are not related for the purpose of eulogy, but to justify the opinion of his most intimate friends, that, at this early period, with the understanding of a philosopher he possessed the heart of a Christian.

Business continuing to increase, Mr. D. found his premises too confined. A better shop became vacant, but his prudential maxims made him hesitate to take it. He looked at the premises, and made inquiries, without coming to a decision. A very intimate friend came one evening into his house, and, not finding

him at home, said to his sister, "There has been a person inquiring about yonder house:—if you brother wait till to-morrow, he may be too late." Snatching up a shoe, he ran out, and quickly returned, saying that he had secured the premises for his friend. When Mr. D. learned what had been done, he expressed his fears that the additional rent might embarrass him, and hinted something about the possibility of imprisonment. "Have no fears on that account," his friend replied. "While Richard Libby has money in his purse, Samuel Drew shall never go to prison for the want of it."

During the American war, and long afterward, every one was a politician. According to his own account of his juvenile days, the subject of our narrative was quite on the side of the Americans; and it does not appear that his sentiments on this matter had hitherto undergone any alteration. The person just named emigrated to America; and alluding, in one of his letters to Mr. Drew, to his own suspected character of republican, observes, "You were as deep in the mud as I in the mire." There was a danger, at the time of which we now write, about the year 1789 or 1790, of political discussion occupying Mr. Drew's attention, to the exclusion or detriment of his more important mental occupations. From this hazard he was preserved, by an incident which he has often related.

A friend one day remarked to him, "Mr. Drew, more than once I have heard you quote that expression,—

'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'

You quote it as being true; but how are we to understand it?"—"I can give you," replied Mr. D., "an instance from my own experience. When I began business I was a great politician. My master's shop had been a chosen place for political discussion; and there, I suppose, I acquired my fondness for such debates. For the first year I had too much to do and to think about, to indulge my propensity for politics; but after getting a little ahead in the world, I began to dip into these matters again. Very soon, I entered as deeply into newspaper argument as if my livelihood depended on it; my shop was often filled with loungers, who came to canvass public measures; and now and then I went into my neighbours' houses on a similar errand. This encroached on my time; and I found it necessary sometimes to work till midnight, to make up for the hours I lost. One night, after my shutters were closed, and I was busily employed, some little urchin who was

passing the street put his mouth to the key-hole of the door and, with a shrill pipe, called out, 'Shoemaker! shoemaker! work by night, and run about by day!'—"And did you," inquired the friend, "pursue the boy with your stirrup, to chastise him for his insolence?"—"No, no," replied Mr. Drew. "Had a pistol been fired off at my ear, I could not have been more dismayed or confounded. I dropped my work, saying to myself, 'True, true! but you shall never have that to say of me again!' I have never forgotten it; and while I recollect any thing I never shall. To me it was as the voice of God, and it has been a word in season throughout my life. I learned from it, not to leave till to-morrow the work of to-day, or to idle when I ought to be working. From that time, I turned over a new leaf. I ceased to venture on the restless sea of politics, or trouble myself about matters which did not concern me. The bliss of ignorance on political topics I often experienced in after life;—the folly of being wise my early history shows."

In the lives of good men, indications of an overruling Providence are frequently discoverable. The foregoing incident, we think, may be classed among them. That it gave a colouring to Mr. Drew's habits, and tended to the formation of his character, he expressly asserts. Its effects may be perceived in his future history. Frequently has he quoted, as expressive of his own sentiments, that beautiful apostrophe of Cowper,

"Happy the man, who sees a God employed
In all the good and ill that checker life;
Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme!"

Though all the circumstances of life are under the Divine direction, and, therefore, equally providential; yet there are some occurrences in which this direction is especially apparent. The *prospective* influence of events is beyond our knowledge: we can judge of them only by comparison with the past. Whether we stand by the fountain of life, or view its stream flowing onward through an undiscovered region towards the ocean of eternity, the circumstances which may determine its course and its magnitude are to us unknown; but, in passing from its estuary to its source, we perceive the localities which gave direction to its current, and the tributaries which augmented the volume of its waters.

SECTION X.

Traits of character—Mr. Drew's method of instructing his workmen, &c.
—His marriage—He purposes emigrating to America.

HAVING happily disentangled himself from the meshes of political debate, Mr. Drew was enabled, with less interruption, to indulge his taste for literature and metaphysics. As he could devote but little time to the acquisition of knowledge, every moment was fully occupied. "Drive thy business—do not let thy business drive thee," was one of those maxims of Dr. Franklin to which Mr. D. adhered; and his example shows that literature may be cultivated, and piety pursued, without prejudice to our worldly interests.

"During several years," he observes, "all my leisure hours were devoted to reading, or scribbling any thing which happened to pass my mind; but I do not recollect that it ever interrupted my business, though it frequently broke in upon my rest. On my labour depended my livelihood—literary pursuits were only my amusement. Common prudence had taught me the lesson which Marmontel has so happily expressed: 'Secure to yourself a livelihood independently of literary success, and put into this lottery only the overplus of time. Wo to him who depends wholly on his pen! Nothing is more casual. The man who makes shoes is sure of his wages—the man who writes a book is never sure of any thing.'"

To a person of Mr. Drew's sensibility poetry would present many charms. The poetical works of Milton, Young, and Cowper, he read with avidity; and Pope's *Ethic Epistles*, against which much needless outcry has been raised, were, early and late in life, his favourites. Goldsmith was another of his admired writers, both in poetry and prose. The whole of the "*Deserted Village*" was committed to memory, and some of those traits in its delightful picture of the village pastor, he perhaps felt to be not inapplicable to himself. At this period

"His house was known to all the vagrant train."

"It was, says his sister "a sort of asylum for foreigners. To the itinerant trader and the wandering musician my brother's

doors were always open. He delighted to converse with them, to learn their history, and to gather from them such information as they could furnish about their respective countries. If intelligent and well-behaved, they were generally invited to sit at our table, and partake of our fare ; and frequently has the Jew or the Italian left his box of valuables at our house as a place of safety."

Though but a young tradesman, his punctuality and integrity procured him general respect ; much deference was paid to his judgment ; and he was frequently chosen by his neighbours an arbitrator in their petty quarrels. In this office, his strict honesty did not always accord with the views of the disputants. Any thing which had the appearance of meanness or duplicity he detested. "Now let me know the truth," he would say,— "the whole truth. No matter what it is ; only let there be no shuffling or prevarication. Be open and candid—tell plainly what you mean—unless you do, I will not even try to understand you."

A person with whom he had been very friendly, became embarrassed in his circumstances, and applied to him for advice. After making various searching inquiries, he gave some directions which were too straightforward to suit the applicant, who hesitated, and seemed confused ; Mr. Drew then said, "I understand you now. In plain terms, you want me to advise you how to cheat your creditors. If that be the case, I have done with you, and you may leave my house."

Though thus inflexible, where truth and honesty were concerned, he sympathized with even the imaginary sorrows of those who wished his advice or assistance, and was frequently at considerable pains to mediate between contending parties. He belonged to a benefit society ; and it used to be remarked by the members, that when Mr. Drew attended a meeting, it was always orderly, and the business soon despatched.

For the purpose of widening the road, a small portion of the church-yard at St. Austell (the surface of which stands several feet above the level of the street) was removed, and a new burial ground consecrated. A poor woman came one day into Mr. Drew's shop, bitterly crying, and apparently in great agony of mind. He inquired the cause. She said, "I had a child buried in the church-yard ;—they have carried it away ;—and oh ! sir, I have been told that if we do not lie in the same ground, we shall not rise together at the last day." He did not ridicule her apprehensions, but endeavoured to show her

that they were groundless. In this he at length succeeded, and the poor creature went away soothed and satisfied."

We give another instance out of many, of his kind disposition. A parish apprentice was assigned to him, contrary to his wishes. Having appealed unsuccessfully against the order, he said, "Since I must have the boy, I will do as well for him as I can. He shall be treated as my other apprentices; and, if he live to the expiration of his time, it shall be his own fault if he do not enter the world in much better circumstances than I did." The boy became one of the best workmen in St. Austell, and always loved and respected his master.*

Mr. Drew never inflicted immediate punishment on his apprentices, however culpable their conduct. One of them having acted very improperly on a Sunday, when his master was absent, he was informed, on his return, of the boy's guilt, and expressed his intention to chastise him the next morning. In the morning, his sister, supposing that he had forgotten his engagement, reminded him of it. "No," he replied, "I have not forgotten it; but if I had, your tenderness, my sister, should have suffered it to pass unnoticed; and I do not thank you for reminding me. However, let the boy have his breakfast before I correct him, or he will perhaps eat none."

Mr. Drew's shop was often visited by persons who were partial to religious or literary inquiries. Among his workmen and apprentices also, useful conversation and innocent mirth were encouraged; but the smallest infringement on delicacy was checked, whether in workman or visiter. Whatever might put modesty to the blush instantly roused his indignation. Philosophical discussion, with him, had now taken the place of political debate. When the conversation was between Mr. Drew and his visitors, the men and boys acquired information by listening; and when the visitors were gone, he would frequently ask them questions relative to the point discussed, and endeavour to explain them to their capacities.

After a lecture of this kind, when Locke on the Human Understanding had been the text-book, and the particular subject, the primary and secondary qualities of matter, one of the workmen, full of the importance of newly acquired knowledge, and longing for an opportunity to propagate an astounding doctrine, posted to the public bakehouse, as the most likely place to find an audience. Unhappily for his fame as a philosopher, he had

* Among Mr. Drew's letters, are several from persons who had been his apprentices. Nearly all of them begin with, "*My dear old master.*"

either misapprehended or forgotten the proposition, that heat is not a quality of fire, but a sensation or effect produced by it ; and, pointing to the blazing fagots, boldly maintained that there was no fire in the oven. This was too heavy a demand on the faith or even-patience of the listeners. The point was stoutly maintained by him for some time ; when his female audience proposed to adopt that most convincing mode of reasoning, the *argumentum ad hominem*. If there were no fire in the oven a short lodgment there could do him no harm ; and such an experiment would afford the most satisfactory evidence to both parties. The man's zeal for science cooled down, and he evinced a disposition to retreat—a movement which was resisted by his common-sense listeners. They laid hold of him, with the apparent intention of putting him in the oven ; when, with the desperate energy of terror, he broke from them, and made his way back to the shop, perfectly cured of his philosophical knight-errantry.

Having in his sister so competent a housekeeper, and one who identified herself so completely with his interests, no disposition had been evinced by Mr. Drew to change his situation as a bachelor. He was constantly employed, and had not felt the want of other society than that of his books, his sister, and his friends. Yet, having acquired some celebrity in the neighbourhood, it appears that though *he* had not thought on matrimony, others had thought for him ; as the following anecdote proves.

One market-day a country-woman entered his shop, and having completed her purchases, remarked, that she thought he would be much more comfortable if he had a wife. This he admitted ; adding, jocosely, "I know no one who will have me." She replied, that she could very soon supply him, and went away. Next week, to his great surprise, she came again into the shop, with a young female, and said, "I have brought my daughter, sir, for you to see if you'd like her." Mr. Drew disclaimed all intention of getting married for the present, and added, that he knew nothing of the young woman or her family ; on which the girl, thinking it incumbent on her to speak, said, "O, sir, but the trial of the pudding is in the eating." He, however, declined the proposed honour, asserting that he would much rather have the privilege of choosing for himself in such a matter. After some hesitation they went away, apparently much disappointed.

Whether this incident led Mr. Drew to place himself in a new relationship is uncertain. It perhaps forced the subject

upon his consideration, and induced him to seek a wife. On the 17th of April, 1791, when in his twenty-seventh year, he married Honour, eldest daughter of Jacob, and grand-daughter of Thomas Halls, a member of the first Methodist society of St. Austell. In her he found a suitable helpmate—one ready to second all his exertions—and an efficient substitute for his sister's domestic management. Their family consisted of four sons and three daughters. The second child, a daughter, died when about seven years of age: the other children have outlived their parents, and were all married before Mr. Drew's decease. His wife's immediate fortune was *ten pounds*—a sum of great importance at that time to him. Three years afterward it was increased by a legacy of fifty pounds, which enabled him advantageously to extend his business. He was now the respectable, intelligent tradesman. Authorship was far from his thoughts; yet he was known to his neighbours as a reading, thinking man, capable of talking upon most ordinary subjects; and he had attained a degree of local popularity as a preacher.

Soon after his marriage several of his acquaintances emigrated to America. The reports which they sent home were in general very flattering; and many individuals and families in and about St. Austell were induced, in consequence, to seek their fortunes in the New World. The political and religious freedom of the Americans had long been an object of Mr. Drew's admiration. His old attachments and prepossessions were now revived by the letters and invitations of his friends; and he appears to have felt a strong desire to follow the tide of emigration. He was, however, too prudent hastily to exchange a certainty for an uncertainty. To act to-day and think to-morrow was not his practice; and having a business which afforded him a maintenance at home, he resolved, before he abandoned it, to assure himself, by minute inquiries, of the propriety of such a step. To a friend in Alexandria, Virginia, he wrote for information, in the year 1793; but fearing to rely entirely on the opinion of one who had not been long a resident, and who might be induced to exhibit the favourable side of the picture that he might draw his old acquaintances about him, by the same conveyance he addressed a formal letter of inquiry to the official members of the Methodist society in that place. Their reply was quite as favourable to emigration as the statements of his friend.

Mr. Richard Mabyn, of Camelford, the early and constant

friend of Dr. Clarke, felt at this time, like Mr. Drew, an inclination to exchange Cornwall for the United States. Through his business as a leather-dresser, he had become very intimate with Mr. D., with whom he purposed entering into a partnership in the New World. Mr. Mabyn's apprehension of capture, and a French prison, and his consequent reluctance then to embark, led Mr. Drew to defer, but not to abandon his design. Within two years it was revived; and he came to the resolution of taking not only his family, but his father; and this intention was not entirely abandoned until several years afterward. Its final relinquishment is intimated by one of his transatlantic correspondents, who says, in a letter, dated in 1802, "I find by your last, that you have given over all thoughts of coming to America, and I do not greatly wonder at it; for a thing of this kind must be done without very much thinking, or not at all."

In conversation with his children, at a later period, when Mr. Drew spoke of being at one time on the verge of taking up his residence in America, and even engaged in making distant preparations for the voyage; he was asked what induced him, after this, contrary to his usual decision of character, to vacillate. "You may," he replied, "call it weakness or superstition; but I have ever regarded it as among those junctures of my life, in which the finger of Providence turned the scale by an almost imperceptible touch. Goldsmith was one of my favourite poets; I had read his beautiful ballad of Edwin and Angelina before, and admired it; but happening, just at this crisis, to find it in some magazine, I read it again; and these two lines,

' Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long,'

seconded by my wife's disinclination for the adventure, produced such an effect upon my mind as led me to abandon all intention of crossing the Atlantic. To these two lines of Goldsmith, under a Providential direction, it is owing, that I and my family are now inhabitants of Great Britain. The thought of going to America did, indeed, occur to me some years afterward, in consequence of local distress and stagnation of business. By this time, however, I had lived longer in the world, and had read and seen enough to convince me that America was no Utopia. There were certainly, according to my views, political imperfections at home; yet imperfection, I was con-

vinced, would attach to every form of government; and I could not but appropriate Cowper's exclamation,

'England, with all thy faults, I love thee still!'

To this were added other considerations of a personal nature. Though I could not expect to accumulate wealth where I was, I could maintain my family in credit; and a removal to America could not be effected without exposing my wife and children to the perils of the ocean. I therefore concluded, with Collins, that

'The lily peace outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore.'

SECTION XI.

Mr. Drew's first literary compositions—His mode of study—Occasion of his becoming an author—Remarks on Paine's "Age of Reason" published—First acquaintance with the Rev. John Whitaker—Favourable reception of his remarks—Elegy on the death of Mr. Patterson.

THE order of time having been anticipated, for the purpose of throwing together those points in Mr. Drew's history which stand in immediate relationship, we shall be enabled to trace, with fewer interruptions, his literary progress.

His first attempts at composition, like those of most young essayists in the paths of literature, were metrical. According to his sister's recollections, the earliest effort of his muse was a poetical epistle to her, and the next, an elegy on the death of his brother. Then followed several short poetical pieces, to one of which he appears to have attached some value, having expressed much regret at losing it. His next attempt was to embody poetical conceptions in language not metrically arranged. This piece was of considerable length, and was entitled by him "A Morning Excursion." It recorded in glowing words, as his sister states, the feelings of a mind alive to the beauties of nature, grateful for the bounties of Providence, and imbued with the spirit of piety. None of the foregoing pieces have been preserved, nor is their date determinable beyond this, that they were written during the time of his residence in St. Austell, and before his marriage.

The earliest production of Mr. Drew's pen that has been

preserved is a metrical piece, containing about twelve hundred lines, entitled, "Reflections on St. Austell Churchyard," from which a short quotation was inserted in the third section of our narrative. The MS is dated August 17, 1792, and from its erasures and emendations, appears to be the original composition. It is written in the heroic stanza, and has many excellent couplets; but, as a whole, is too defective in grammar and versification to endure the test of criticism. From a short preface, which we insert as a curiosity, it is evident that the author once contemplated the publication of this piece, though on further consideration he judged it inexpedient.

"When I consider myself—my subject—my circumstances—my situation—and my neighbours, I cannot think this apology unnecessary. When this appears in a public manner, I expect some will despise—some ridicule—some pity—and some, perhaps, applaud me for my undertaking. To please every one is impossible. One objection will be (I expect) continually raised—which is—*you had better mind your work*. It may not be unnecessary in reply to observe—it had but little interference with my labour: nothing to its detriment: but has been chiefly the produce of those evening and leisure hours, which too many of my age dedicate to profligacy, wicked company, and vice."

What gives the chief interest and importance to this poetical composition is, its being, apparently, the embryo of Mr. Drew's applauded treatise on the Human Soul. The major part is argumentative—not unlike Pope's Essay on Man, upon which, possibly, it was modelled: and several of the arguments tend to prove that the soul is immaterial, and therefore immortal. Such is the purport of the following lines:—

"What is the soul? and where does it reside?
 What gives it life—or makes that life subside?
 Are souls extinct when bodies first expire?
 Can death's cold hand extinguish heavenly fire?
 First, what is life?—Define the human soul—
 That vital spark that animates the whole.

 To form the soul do subtle parts conspire?
 Does action live through every part entire?
 Consists the soul of elemental flame?
 Can high-wrought matter its existence claim?

 Now, if the soul be matter thus refin'd,
 If it has parts connected or disjoin'd,
 Then follows—what these propositions teach—
 That some corporeal instrument may reach,

And reaching there, its ruin may portend ;
Its death accomplish, and its being end.

.....
This is no soul—for matter cannot think ;
And thought destroy'd would make the soul extinct ;—
Since what has parts must be dissolved again,
And in its pristine elements remain."

Although, as Mr. Drew informs his readers, he laid the foundation of his *Essay on the Soul* in 1798, it is obvious, from the preceding quotations, and from other circumstances, that his thoughts must have been directed to this subject at a much earlier period. His sister says, that while she lived with him—long before his marriage,—he had heard of *Plato on the Soul*, and was very desirous to procure it. Her words are:—"I never saw my brother manifest more anxiety about any thing than how to obtain that book. After some time had elapsed, he came to me one day, rejoicing that he had found the treasure. A person in the market-place having it among other old books for sale, he purchased it ; but he told me afterward, that he was greatly disappointed in it." This accords with an anecdote which is related of him. In his anxiety to possess '*Plato*,' he made inquiries for it at a bookseller's shop in Truro, without success. He was never remarkable for bestowing attention upon his outward man ; and at this time, very probably, his attire corresponded with his limited finances. There was a singular incongruity between his unclassical appearance and the book for which he inquired. This attracted the notice of some military officers who were lounging in the shop. One of them, thinking him a fair subject for a joke, said, "Mr.— has not got *Plato*, my man ; but here (presenting him with a child's primer) is a book he thinks likely to be more serviceable to you ; and, as you do not seem to be overstocked with cash, I'll make you a present of it." Mr. Drew thanked him for his professed kindness, and added some remark, not now remembered, which caused the military gentlemen to retreat with precipitation and shame.

In allusion to the year 1798, he observes, "I had long before this imagined that the immortality of the soul admitted of more rational proof than any I had ever seen. I perused such books as I could obtain on the subject ; but disappointment was the common result. I therefore made notes of such thoughts as occurred, merely for my own satisfaction, without any design of publishing them to the world."

From the year 1792, when the poem just noticed was writ-

ten, until the commencement of his *Essay on the Soul*, no particular circumstance of his literary life is on record.

During the former part of this period, he was intimate with several young men of good information and inquiring minds, who regarded him as their preceptor. One of them, who was Mr. Drew's junior, in referring to this period, says, "Regularly as the clock proclaimed the hour of leaving work, I ran to his house, for the purpose of reading and talking with him. We read and rocked the cradle by turns. I can see him now, in imagination, standing and leaning on the back of a chair, as he was then accustomed to do, when in earnest conversation. I was a correspondent of the *Weekly Entertainer*, and he was my counsellor both as to matter and manner; but I believe he never wrote for that publication himself."

Mr. Drew's own description of his mode of study, at this period of his life, is as follows:—

"During my literary pursuits, I regularly and constantly attended on my business, and do not recollect that one customer was ever disappointed by me through these means. My mode of writing and study may have in them, perhaps, something peculiar. Immersed in the common concerns of life, I endeavour to lift my thoughts to objects more sublime than those with which I am surrounded; and, while attending to my trade, I sometimes catch the fibres of an argument, which I endeavour to note, and keep a pen and ink by me for that purpose. In this state, what I can collect through the day remains on any paper which I have at hand, till the business of the day is despatched, and my shop shut, when in the midst of my family, I endeavour to analyze, in the evening, such thoughts as had crossed my mind during the day. I have no study—I have no retirement—I write amid the cries and cradles of my children—and frequently, when I review what I have written, endeavour to cultivate 'the art to blot.' Such are the methods which I have pursued, and such the disadvantages under which I write."

His usual seat, after closing the business of the day, was a low nursing-chair beside the kitchen fire. Here, with the bellows on his knees for a desk, and the usual culinary and domestic matters in progress around him, his works, prior to 1805, were chiefly written. The circumstances which led to his becoming an author he has thus recorded:—

"A young gentleman, by profession a surgeon, had, for a considerable time, been in habits of intimacy with me; and our conversation frequently turned on abstract theories, the nature

of evidence under given circumstances, and the primary source of moral principles. He had made himself acquainted with the writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon, and Hume, whose speculations had led him to look with a suspicious eye on the Sacred Records, to which he well knew I was strongly attached. When Paine's 'Age of Reason' made its appearance, he procured it; and, fortifying himself with the objections against Revelation which that book contained, he assumed a bolder tone, and commenced an undisguised attack on the Bible.

"On finding me willing to hear his objections fairly stated, and more disposed to repel them by fair argument than opprobrious epithets and wild exclamations, he one day asked me if I had ever seen the 'Age of Reason;' and on being answered in the negative, he offered to lend it, upon condition that I would engage to peruse it attentively, and give my opinion with candour on the various parts which passed under my inspection. These preliminaries being settled, the 'Age of Reason' was put into my hands; and I proceeded in its examination with all the ability I possessed, and all the expedition that my avocations would allow.

"During this period, scarcely a day elapsed in which we did not meet, and turn our attention to the principles of the 'Age of Reason,' which I controverted, and he defended. In this controversy, no undue advantage was taken on either side. An inadvertent expression each was at liberty to recall; and the ground was abandoned when it was fairly found to be no longer tenable. The various arguments to which these colloquial debates gave birth I occasionally committed to writing.

"The young gentleman, finding that my attachment to Revelation was not to be shaken, recalled the 'Age of Reason,' under avowed suspicions that the arguments it contained were more vulnerable than, when he lent it, he had been induced to believe. He continued, for some time, to waver in uncertainty. He had embraced infidelity, and hesitated to abandon the object of his choice; though he candidly confessed he was unable either to defend its principles or to avert the consequences to which they must inevitably lead. In this state of fluctuation his mind continued for some time; until his suspicions were transferred from the Bible to the 'Age of Reason,' and his confidence in Thomas Paine was happily exchanged for a more pleasing confidence in the authenticity of Divine Revelation.

"When this alteration in his views had taken place, he did not hesitate to acknowledge, that his design, in lending me the

f 'Age of Reason,' was to proselyte me to the principles of infidelity; but that, being disappointed in his expectation, his mind became perplexed, and he soon found that his attempt had produced an effect the reverse of what he had intended. Shortly afterward he was taken ill; and after languishing for some months in a decline, his mortal remains were carried to the 'house appointed for all living.' This change, and this conviction, which, I believe, accompanied him to his death, he attributed, almost exclusively, to the causes which have been assigned. His mind was awakened to deliberate reflection, and directed to explore those distant issues and consequences which infidelity does not instruct its votaries or victims to survey."

Conceiving it possible that the discussions between the young gentleman and himself upon the arguments in Paine's book, might, if published, induce other Deists to question the validity of their theological system, Mr. Drew put his notes into the hands of Mr. Francis Truscott and Mr. Richard Trefry, then stationed as preachers in the St. Austell Wesleyan circuit. They were men of discernment; and they strongly urged him to commit his papers to the press. Acting upon their recommendation, rather than upon any idea which he entertained of merit in his performance, he proceeded to prepare what he had written for publication. The form of dialogue was dropped, lest it should create unpleasant feelings on the part of the young gentleman and his friends, and the "Remarks" being addressed immediately to Thomas Paine himself, who was then alive, were published as a pamphlet, in September, 1799. We quote a few of the author's prefatory observations, persuaded that the reader will feel their value:—

f "In proportion as infidelity takes root in the mind, those principles by which vice is counteracted will be eradicated, and iniquity, founded upon sanctions of public opinion, like a destructive torrent, will inundate the civil and the religious world. I would not, however, insinuate from hence, that every Deist in theory must be immoral in practice, because, I frequently observe the contrary; but I am satisfied that morality cannot arise from the principles of infidelity. It is possible for men to derive a practice from principles which Deism derides, and to attribute the effect to causes which are incapable of producing it.

"Deism appears to me to have but little to recommend it.

It claims its existence on the fancied inconsistencies which it discovers in religious creeds, without having one original virtue to entitle it to respect. It is a system of negatives, if system that may be called, whose only boast is, that it discovers errors in Revelation; and hence assumes a title to credit, by instructing its votaries to disbelieve. Under the influence of this pure negation of excellence, it promotes its interests by the irritation of those passions which it should be the business of our lives to subdue, and fortifies itself in the strange commotions which it contributes to raise."

It was this his first publication which procured for Mr. Drew the notice, the patronage, and the friendship of the learned Rev. John Whitaker, then rector of Ruan Lanyhorne, a secluded parish, about twelve miles from St. Austell. To this gentleman, well known as an antiquarian, historian, and divine, he, by the advice of a friend, forwarded a copy of his pamphlet, with a note of apology for the liberty he had taken. This opened a correspondence, of which Mr. Whitaker's letters have been preserved. Those of Mr. Drew, with one exception only, were unhappily, after Mr. Whitaker's decease, consigned, with much other valuable literary correspondence, to destruction. Mr. Whitaker's opinion of Mr. Drew and of his performance is expressed in the two following letters to him:—

"Friday, Feb. 14, 1800.

"SIR,

"I give you many thanks for the perusal of your pamphlet. Your reasoning is clear, and your arguments are strong. You have refuted that wretched infidel completely, even upon his own principles. I may, perhaps, send an account of it to one of our Reviews.

"It gives me pleasure to hear that you are a religious man. God give you grace to act up to the character, and give me too the same. Such a character confers more real honour than all the attributed learning in the world.

"I, therefore, subscribe myself

"Your well-wisher and friend,

"JOHN WHITAKER."

"Thursday, March 27, 1800.

"SIR,

"I could not find leisure, under a press of business, before

this week, to read over again that pamphlet of yours with which I had been so much pleased before. But I have read it with such increased pleasure, that I have sent an account of it, with high commendations, to the *Anti-Jacobin Review*. I know not whether you ever see this *Review*; if you do not, I will send you my copy of it for April, when it comes. But it is a *Review* of very great merit, peculiarly opposed to the *Anti-christ of France*.

"You are at full liberty to make any use of my name, concerning the article, that you think will gratify yourself or your friends; while I remain, with very great respect for your talents and your application of them,

"Your well-wisher, favourer, and friend,

"JOHN WHITAKER."

From a congratulatory note addressed to Mr. Drew by the originator of the *Cornwall Gazette*, we quote a short paragraph.

"Yes, my dear sir, I have seen the *Anti-Jacobin*—and had thoughts of putting you to the expense of a postage a week ago, in the hope of being the herald of good news, but that I doubted it might have outflown me. I congratulate you from my heart—I am proud, too, of my good fortune, and (let me add) of my penetration:—the man I have admired and praised—the man alone, of all the religious professors around me, with whom I can converse and correspond with ease and satisfaction—the man to whom I am indebted for numberless civilities and real services—the man I have been accustomed to call '*my friend Drew*'—that this man should be crowned in the face of the world with the wreath of praise so justly due to his talents and his virtues, must give real pleasure to every real friend to truth and justice, but particularly to me.

"T. FLINDELL.

"*Helston, May 16, 1800.*"

Mr. Drew's pamphlets now appeared in rapid succession. The flattering reception of his first publication, and the honourable notice it obtained, enabled him to assume a station not often conceded to a young author. Perhaps, too, he felt conscious of his powers, and not unwillingly availed himself of fit occasions for their exercise.

His second publication was in verse. On the 25th of February, 1800, Mr. Patterson, a respectable tradesman of *St. Austell*, was drowned at *Wadebridge*, during an unusually high

tide. About a fortnight afterward Mr. Drew published an *Elegy* on his death, of nearly six hundred lines. The circumstances out of which this piece arose gave it much local popularity; though its publication caused the author some embarrassment. A rumour very generally prevailed, that proper means of resuscitation had not been used; and Mr. Drew having given currency to this rumour, by some allusion in his verses, was threatened by the medical gentleman who had been summoned at the time of the accident, with an action for libel; but the matter terminated without leading to such an unpleasant result. To his friend Mr. Whitaker he sent a copy. The reply, though laconic, was sufficient to deter him from appearing again before the public as a writer of poetry. From this reply it is obvious that the *Elegy* was published before the critic on his first pamphlet had appeared.

“ Thursday evening, April, 1800.

“SIR,

“I received your poem on Mr. Patterson’s death, and thank you for it. But I like not your poetry so well as I do your prose. Your pamphlet against Paine is reviewed in the *Anti-Jacobin* for April, and I send you the very *Review* for your inspection. You will return it to me by the bearer; and believe me to be very much and very warmly,

“Sir,

“Your friend and servant,

“JOHN WHITAKER.”

The letter which Mr. Drew wrote on returning the *Review* produced the following acknowledgment:—

“ Thursday evening, May 29, 1800.

“GOOD SIR,

“I have received my *Review* back safe and sound. I am very glad to find that you like one article so well. I wrote it in the fullness of my heart, after I had perused your pamphlet.

“As to reprinting this in London, I thought of the plan as I was writing to the manager of the *Review*, but did not then settle my mind about it. Now you have mentioned it, and propose to make additions, I will endeavour to do the business for you, by offering the pamphlet to the manager for his bookseller. I shall have occasion to write to him in the course of a few days, and will then make the offer for you. If he accepts, I will stipulate for his sending you half a dozen, or

half a score copies. And, in the mean time, I advise you to be correcting and enlarging it. I will give you notice whether he accepts the offer or not. In the present dearness of paper, I am doubtful whether he will accept.

“ With my best wishes for your welfare, temperal and eternal,
 “ I remain your friend and servant,
 “ JOHN WHITAKER.”

From Mr. Whitaker's reference to a second edition, as then contemplated, the first must have obtained a rapid sale on the ground of its own merits, and antecedent to the critic. For unknown reasons, Mr. Drew, though frequently solicited, did not reprint his *Remarks on Paine's Age of Reason* until twenty years after their first appearance. They were then published, with additional matter, in a small duodecimo volume.

SECTION XII.

Controversy with Mr. Polwhele and “A Friend of the Church.”

In July, 1800, Mr. Drew published, in a pamphlet of seventy pages, “*Observations on a Pamphlet lately published by the Rev. Richard Polwhele, Vicar of Manaccan, Cornwall, entitled ‘Anecdotes of Methodism.’*” The publication against which Mr. Drew's artillery was directed, arose out of Mr. Polwhele's controversy with Dr. Hawker, late Vicar of Charles, Plymouth, on the subject of his occasional itinerancy. With the merits of this question we meddle not; but the “*Anecdotes of Methodism*” were a gratuitous and an unprovoked attack on a religious body with whom Dr. Hawker had no connection, and who, as Mr. Drew observes, “heard the tumult of the distant throng, but fondly thought that they had nothing to fear.”

Mr. Polwhele had designated his statements *facts*, set them forth with all the minutiae of circumstance, and deduced from them the conclusion, that Methodism “has a tendency to betray its votaries into every irregularity, and plunge them into every vice.” To permit such a publication to circulate uncontradicted would have been a tacit admission of the truth of his allegations. More than one friend of Methodism stood forward to vindicate its tenets from such foul aspersions; but their pub-

lications, being anonymous, were insufficient to counteract the effect of statements formerly published to the world by one known as a literary writer, a magistrate, and a clergyman. Mr. Drew, therefore, thought it his duty to interfere, on behalf of himself and associates who had been so wantonly assailed.

Well knowing that facts could not be set aside by argumentative process, he resolved to sift the matter thoroughly; and taking Mr. Polwhele's book, went through the whole of his *facts* in categorical order. He resorted to several parts of the county which Mr. P. had stated to be the scenes of his "Anecdotes," to investigate their truth; and where he could not go, he applied by letter to the highest sources of correct information. The result of these inquiries he sums up thus, at the conclusion of his pamphlet:—"I have now gone through the facts themselves, and have given a specific answer to every anecdote which is worthy of notice. Out of thirty-four anecdotes, eight are false, of six I can get no account, nine are misrepresented, five are related with the omission of many material circumstances, and all the remainder are revised and corrected. Perhaps I cannot conclude better than by adopting Mr. P.'s own words, that '**SUCH FACTS ARE LIKELY TO HAVE MORE WEIGHT THAN ALL THE REASONING IN THE WORLD.**'"

In this pamphlet, Mr. Drew pays little deference to his opponent's station in society. Anticipating an objection upon this ground, he observes, in his introductory pages, "Whether an occasion can possibly exist that can justify an asperity of language, is a point on which my readers may be divided; but if an occasion be admitted possible, that occasion now presents itself. It may be asked, why I have not made a more frequent application to Scripture? why my language is so severe? with a variety of such questions; to all of which I reply—Because I address myself to Mr. Polwhele.

"Whatever opinion Mr. P. or any other person may form of these pages, I hope all will have penetration enough to discern that recrimination forms no part of their contents; it is a point which I have studiously avoided, and founded this pamphlet on a principle of self-defence.

"The clergy, as a body, I respect and venerate; and feel myself attached to many from a principle of gratitude and personal obligation. To commence, therefore, an attack on them, would be as wanton as it would be base; and would be at once to imitate and condemn the conduct of Mr. Polwhele. I am not conscious of having used a single expression which carries with it a shade of disrespect to any man alive, detached from

him to whom it is addressed. And sincerely do I hope, that, should any expression occur which may strike the reader differently from what it has struck the writer, it may be attributed to inadvertency, or, in short, to any thing, rather than design."

However severe some parts of this pamphlet may be deemed, the closing sentence, addressed personally to Mr. Polwhele, breathes all the spirit of the Christian; and there is reason to believe, that the wish which it expresses has been since, in a considerable degree, realized:—"That you, sir, may more maturely consider your evidences, and the mere illusions by which you have been imposed upon, is my earnest desire; and that, from a review of the whole, you may be convinced of your error, and act accordingly, is my sincerest wish. Under the influence of these impressions, I take my leave of the 'Anecdotes' and their author together."

This controversial publication, though of local and temporary interest, caused, on its appearance, "no small stir," and a thousand copies were quickly sold. From several letters, it is evident, that, although the pamphlet did not appear until July, the original MS. must have been written as early as January, when it was submitted to the inspection of more than one individual. Mr. Drew was apprehensive that what he first wrote might be deemed libellous; and this apprehension, seconded by the advice of his friends, led him to throw his first papers aside and write the whole anew. In a letter of Mr. Whitaker's, dated May 29, 1800, he says, in reference to Mr. Polwhele, "Notwithstanding the friendship I feel for him, I stand avowedly opposed to him in his publications against Methodism. I cannot, however, write against him; but I wish to see him properly corrected by some one in your line of life, especially if the writer keep clear from Calvinism." This plainly indicates that Mr. Drew had expressed some wish for Mr. Whitaker to expose the fallacy of Mr. Polwhele's statements, and that he had not then finally resolved upon doing so himself.

On the publication of his "Observations," Mr. Drew forwarded a copy to Dr. Hawker and to Mr. Whitaker. These were acknowledged in the following terms:—

"To Mr. Samuel Drew.

"DEAR SIR,

"I thank you for your kind remembrance of me in your letter, and the present accompanying it, of your pamphlet: I thank you for the favourable opinion expressed of me both in your work and letter; but above all I thank you for your pious

wishes that the LORD may bless my ministry, and crown it with success. Dear sir, accept my best thanks for this last and best favour. May the Great Head of His church and people hear and answer your prayers; and may He graciously recompense your prayers for me seven-fold into your own bosom!

“Respecting our controversy with Mr. Polwhele, I have long since desired to forget it. His situation is too awful to keep alive my resentment against him; and I pray never to remember him without connecting with it that precious doctrine of the apostle, 1 Cor. iv. 7. But, while I say this, I beg you not to suppose that I intend it as conveying the least disapprobation of your pamphlet—the farthest from it. As an enemy to vital religion he merits every line of it; and you have done exactly by him as you ought. But yet, as far as it concerns our own personal comfort, I very much doubt whether the servants of the LORD, in a day like the present, are not better engaged than in staying to notice the blasphemy of gainsayers, while pressing on in their Master’s work, according to that example, 2 Cor. vi. 8. Perhaps it may astonish you when I say, that, under this idea, I have never *seen*, much less read, Mr. P.’s religious jest-book of anecdotes.

“I very much regret that you should have kept back from calling upon me when at Plymouth, through the want of introduction. You certainly might have formed some opinion of my courtesy by your own. Men of liberal minds must ever be accessible. And I am so confident of this concerning you, that I shall, without reserve, and without the etiquette of any introduction, if ever I pass through St. Austell, make it my business to find you out, and ask you of your welfare. And I am not without hopes that this may be the case; for, if my dear friend Mr. Hitchins finds himself disposed to take charge of my church, I mean (D.V.) to take his; and then, in defiance of Mr. P. and the whole phalanx connected with him, I hope once more to preach in Cornwall, among the people, the unsearchable riches of CHRIST.

“In the interim, dear sir, I commit and commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

“I remain, in the best of bonds,

“Yours in ours,

“ROBERT HAWKER.

“*Plymouth, Charles Vicarage,
August 18, 1800.*”

" To Mr. Samuel Drew.

" GOOD SIR,

" I have received your pamphlet, have read it with much satisfaction, and return you my warm thanks for it. You have answered Mr. Polwhele completely; nor will he attempt to answer you again, I think. Your acuteness in reasoning amazes me. I felt it in your pamphlet against Paine, and I feel it a second time now. On the proofs of it, in both your publications, I congratulate you.

" You hinted in your last, you say, that you could wish me to peruse your manuscript before it went to the press; but that the delicacy of my situation, with regard to Mr. Polwhele, would not permit you to press your wish. I remember that you hinted this, but forget why I did not reply to your hint. I rather think I must have replied. I believe, however, that I thought, in delicacy to yourself, I should not revise the manuscript; that the work should be all your own, for your own credit sake; and that any trifling corrections which I might make in it would take off more from the character and influence of the work than what they could possibly add to either. Mr. Polwhele, particularly, would have attributed the acutest parts of the pamphlet, not to you, but me; would thus have lowered you in the eyes of the world; and, if he quits the contest, have pretended he quitted it to me and not you. For these reasons, I believe, I declined to peruse your pamphlet; and I still think them good in themselves, as well as friendly to you. Yet I remember, I felt surprised, when Mr. Flindell told me he had got it for printing. I am glad, however, for the same reasons, that I did not see you as you passed with it to Falmouth. I should have been glad indeed to see you, and peruse it; but I can now say with truth, what then I could not have said, that I had never seen it till I read it in print. You I shall be very glad to see at any time. I beg, indeed, you will call on me the next time you pass this way; and contrive, if you can, to take a dinner with me. I have taken an avowed part with you, and shall continue to take it, against Mr. Polwhele. I respect his talents, and have done him some services; but think very differently from him in theology.

* * * * *

" I wish I could, with any propriety, do for your present pamphlet what I did for your last; by reviewing it. My situation is such, however, as forbids me. To do so, would be to be known; as I should certainly be challenged, and (if challenged) would as certainly not prevaricate. And to be known,

would as certainly bring on a violent quarrel between me, Mr. Polwhele, and all his friends. I wish much to serve you in this manner,—had even once (as I am naturally fearless) resolved to serve you, but on cooler consideration see I cannot.

* * * * *

“With every wish for your success, in business and in publications, I remain,

“Good sir,

“Your friend and servant,

“JOHN WHITAKER.

“Monday, August 25, 1800.”

Generous minds harbour no resentment. As Mr. Whitaker had predicted, Mr. Polwhele was content to let the matter drop, and to forbear any further direct attack on the Methodists. He had learned to respect the abilities and the motives of his antagonist; and Mr. Drew, as far as he was personally concerned, was ready, on the first indication of friendly overture, to offer the hand of reconciliation. By an act of voluntary and unexpected magnanimity, shortly afterward, Mr. Polwhele made Mr. Drew his debtor; and this led to a correspondence, and an interchange of friendly offices.

Between Mr. Polwhele and Mr. Drew hostilities had ceased; but among the seconds in this warfare the controversial spirit was not at rest. This, in the following year, brought Mr. D. again into the field.

It has been intimated that several anonymous writers took part in the Hawkerian controversy. With being the author of one of these publications against Mr. Polwhele, entitled, “Methodism tried and acquitted at the bar of Common Sense,” Mr. Drew was publicly charged, in a pamphlet of nearly one hundred pages, by a person calling himself *A Friend of the Church*. Allegation was considered by the writer as equivalent to proof, and personal invective was freely dealt out towards him on this assumed ground. To rebut this gratuitous and unfounded charge, Mr. Drew wrote a letter for insertion in the Cornwall Gazette, which his friend Mr. Flindell declined publishing. In consequence of this refusal, it was printed, with some additions, in a small pamphlet, to which Mr. Drew thus alludes, in the postscript of a letter to Mr. Whitaker, July 27. “Since your departure, I have been attacked by an anonymous writer in behalf of Mr. Polwhele, who charges me with a pam-

phlet of which I am not the author, and makes that mistake the source of attack. I have in the press a small pamphlet, price fourpence, in reply, which I expect will be out in about a week."

This publication led to an overture of friendship from his unknown opponent, which, through some misapprehension, was afterward retracted. To this circumstance the following letter of Mr. Drew alludes; and with it the controversy, as far as he was engaged, terminates.

"To the 'Friend of the Church.'

"St. Austell, October 26, 1801.

"GOOD SIR,

"I have lately received from you two letters, which, although dictated by the same *primary* occasion, are evidently written under very different impressions, and discover a mind agitated by a conflict of opposite sensations. The first of these letters is replete with civility and overtures of friendship; but the latter upbraids me with a breach of confidence, and the guilt of a most deliberate falsehood. The former letter, from the concealment of your name, I suspected of insincerity; and the latter, by throwing off the mask, has sanctioned my suspicion.

"I should, however, have replied to your first, had not the omission of your name defeated the design for which it was avowedly written. It has been observed by Dr. Young, on the nature of friendship, that

'Reserve will wound it, and distrust destroy.'

If, therefore, confidence be necessary either to the *existence* or *stability* of friendship, you have violated its fundamental principle in your first overture; and it is to this violation alone that you have to look for that answer which, in your first letter, you requested from me.

"That you, sir, have been 'the sport and prey of rumour and conjecture,' your charging me with being the author of 'Methodism Tried' is a convincing proof; and I feel myself rather at a loss to conceive how you could so easily fall a victim a second time to the same species of imposition.

"If there be in human nature that magnanimity which poets have feigned, and which philosophers have attempted to prove, I doubt not that you will assent to the sentiment of Homer, that—

'A noble mind disdains not to repent.'

And I doubt not that you will readily suspend those unfavourable impressions which that report has made on your mind, and which my present letter is designed to do away. Your friendship, or that of any other gentleman, I should be ambitious to acknowledge, and solicitous to retain; but such overtures as are revoked through error carry a presumption that they are offered through caprice, and leave the person to whom they are made, and from whom they are taken, but little reason to lament his loss. Whatever is held by a precarious tenure sinks in value in proportion to its instability.

"I have not written this to renew hostilities, but to convince you of your deception; not to upbraid your credulity, but to mark the folly of *depending* on conjecture and report. It is for you, sir, after the reception of this letter, to say on what foundation your letters stand, and to decide whether or not I have acted unworthy of that confidence which you have reposed in me.

"To ask you now to reveal your name may, perhaps, be imposing 'a task for human frailty too severe.' I shall not, therefore, urge my solicitations. I will, nevertheless, frankly tell you, that the avowal of your name is essential to the reciprocity of that friendship which the concealment of it forbids me to express: I therefore sincerely say—Give me your name, and I will give you my hand.

"Animosity, sir, has never formed the smallest part of my character in my conduct towards you; and this letter will convince you that I scorn to avail myself of those advantages which your error might occasion. Should you, sir, think proper to avow your name, if Providence spare me to take another journey in your neighbourhood, I will do myself the pleasure of waiting upon you; when, I doubt not, a renewal of hostility will (in a general sense) be precluded by a concurrence of sentiment. And would you, sir, act in the same manner, I should esteem it as a favour. In the mean while, passing by those mistakes and differences which will unavoidably arise from the checkered state of human life, and sincerely wishing you every blessing for time and eternity,

"I subscribe myself your well-wisher,

"SAMUEL DREW."

SECTION XIII.

Progress of Mr. Drew's Essay on the Soul—Interview with Mr. Whitaker—Acquaintance with Mr. Britton—Essay on the Soul published—Its favourable reception—Mr. Polwhele's generous conduct.

WE now advert to Mr. Drew's more important work, the "Essay on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Human Soul," the publication of which placed him in the highest rank of Christian metaphysicians.

Although he had received so many marks of kindness from his friend and adviser Mr. Whitaker, and there had been a frequent interchange of letters, yet, until the close of the year 1800, no personal interview had taken place. In a letter from his friend and printer Mr. Flindell, dated October 10th of that year, this question occurs:—"Why do you deprive yourself of the opportunities that open to you of becoming acquainted with great characters? Go and see Mr. Whitaker, Dr. Hawker, and all that fall in your way. Exchange a little of your modest worth for my impudence. You love what is curious and excellent, in art and nature. What is more curious, more excellent, more to be admired, than wise and good men—the noblest work of God?" Acting probably upon this suggestion, and recollecting the frequent and pressing invitations which he had received from Mr. Whitaker, he called soon afterward upon his literary friend. The result of that interview, which was mutually gratifying, may be gathered from the following letter of Mr. Drew. It was given by Mr. Whitaker, as a literary curiosity, to John Britton, Esq., the well-known antiquarian and topographical writer, and was thus preserved.

"To the Rev. John Whitaker.

"St. Austell, July 27, 1801.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

"It was with the sincerest regret that I heard of your departure from Cornwall, and the occasion which rendered that departure necessary; and the same motive which then gave me regret now urges me to congratulate you on your return.

"You will, perhaps, recollect, when I had the honour of spending a few hours in your company, some months since (in which I never felt myself so completely 'awed into silence by superior greatness'), that among other incoherent expressions which I dropped, I hinted that I had revolved in my mind this abstruse and important subject—the Immateriality and Immortality of the Human Soul. You gave me encouragement to proceed. Stimulated by this encouragement, I returned home and devoted my leisure hours to that subject. I had brought it to the state of forwardness in which you saw it before you went off to Bath, but had no opportunity of sending it for your inspection. During your absence it has lain in a torpid state. No human eye (but my own) has ever seen it; and I have reserved it for this purpose,—if it has any merit, Mr. Whitaker shall discover it; if not, he alone shall witness its disgrace.

"To descant upon its excellences or defects would betray a vanity which I would not wish to expose. I therefore send it naked into your hands; and if I have not been deceived in those ideas which I have been accustomed to associate with the name of Mr. Whitaker, he will give it a patient and impartial perusal. Were it in print, I would solicit mercy; as it is not, I now ask nothing but that candour which rigorous justice will allow; and can only say—

'Consent, it lives; it dies if you refuse!'

I would not wish to direct your attention to the anomalies which float upon its surface, but to the solidity of its contents, and to the rotundity of its figure. Mark those pages which are inconclusive; and separate the ore from the dross. Pardon, dear sir, the liberty which I take. The only apology I can make is, that I address myself to a gentleman who has more than called himself the friend of his friend and servant,

"SAMUEL DREW.

"P.S.—Should you recommend it to the world, I shall be under the same necessity of soliciting you to examine the polish of its surface, that I am now of requesting a deeper investigation.

"I had almost forgotten to observe, that I have purposely omitted to give any title, till I have the result of your opinions. The subject divides from immateriality to immortality at the seventy-ninth page."

In the letter which follows, addressed to another literary

clergyman in the neighbourhood of St. Austell, from whom Mr. Drew had received various marks of kindness, the opinion of Mr. Whitaker relative to the MS. is intimated. It supplies a vacancy which the loss of Mr. Whitaker's own expression of his sentiments would otherwise occasion.

"To the Rev. Philip Lyne, LL.D.

"St. Austell, October 29th, 1801.

"REV. SIR,

"After a delay for which I know not how either to account or apologize, I return you your book. A treatise of that kind I had never seen before, but have found on its perusal a mirror in my mind. I have found it of great service to me in methodising and arranging my ideas, and in separating those ideas which nature had made distinct, but which habit and prejudice had associated together. In addition to that benefit which I have received from the perusal of 'Dr. Watts's Logic,' I have to acknowledge my obligation to Dr. Lyne, for his kindness in favouring me with it, and for assuming that manly fortitude which he has manifested, in noticing a person in my situation, and complimenting with marks of approbation a man whom sordid minds would shun with abhorrence and contempt.

"You will remember, that when I was at your house, I hinted 'that I had a MS. in a state of forwardness, on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Human Soul; and that I had reserved the perusal of the MS. for Mr. Whitaker.' On his return from Bath, I presented it to him; since which he has examined and returned it, with an opinion which it would discover vanity in me to express, and ingratitude to conceal.—Judge, therefore, into what a dilemma I am brought. If you, sir, feel a wish to peruse it, you have only to signify your desire, when it shall be readily forwarded by him who wishes you happiness in time and in eternity.

"SAMUEL DREW."

Guided by Mr. Whitaker's advice, and authorized to use his name to any extent, in the way of recommendation, Mr. Drew, early in the year 1802, issued his proposals for publishing by subscription. These were received in the most flattering manner; and within a few months, his subscription list comprised a large proportion of the nobility and gentry of Cornwall.

While the Essay on the Soul was in this stage, Mr. D. became acquainted with Mr. Britton whose name has just been

mentioned. This gentleman was then engaged on his "Beauties of England and Wales," and was preparing his "Cornwall" for publication. Arriving at St. Austell, he called on Mr. Drew, as a man of literary note in the town; and this call laid the foundation for future intimacy and reciprocal acts of kindness. Alluding to their interview, Mr. Britton says, in a letter to Mr. Drew, "Believe me, I felt peculiarly happy in your company, and longed for further conversation. I found your remarks and suggestions replete with thought, and gladly observed that you dared out of the commonplace track of prejudice and illiberality which nine-tenths of mankind rigidly pursue."

In a letter to Mr. Britton, dated July 26, 1802, Mr. Drew observes, "My work goes on slowly, but regularly; about sixty pages will be finished this day. I intend to dedicate it to Mr. Whitaker, if he will permit. Seven hundred copies are printing, and about six hundred and forty are subscribed for; so that I expect to have but few on sale after the work enters the world. I have been sanctioned, beyond my most sanguine expectation, by all orders and ranks in Cornwall. I can repay them with gratitude, which is all that poverty has to bestow. The sanction of the Rev. John Whitaker has given me a celebrity which I fear I cannot support; and I have my doubts whether expectation be not raised to be disappointed."

His book being nearly through the press, Mr. Drew asked permission of Mr. Whitaker to dedicate the work to him, and received the following manly and characteristic reply.

"Saturday, September 4, 1802.

"DEAR SIR,

"I received your letter, and perused your address, some days ago; but I deferred to write, because I wished not to write by the post. I am, however, compelled to do so at last; and I now reply with my free leave for you to do as you propose. I am always happy to serve you, and shall always be happy. I might, indeed, object to some expressions of gratitude towards me. But to object would look like affectation; and I feel myself superior to all affectation. In that spirit, I wish you all imaginable good from your publication, and subscribe myself very cordially,

"Your friend and servant,

"JOHN WHITAKER.

"Mr. Samuel Drew, shoemaker, St. Austell."

If the patron were above the affectation of humility, the

affectation of gratitude will scarcely be alleged against the protégé. Never did Mr. Drew speak or write of Mr. Whitaker but in terms of the highest respect and admiration. "It must be obvious," he says, "to all, that I stand indebted to Mr. Whitaker for my literary existence, by his publicly avowing himself my friend at a moment when recommendation or a want of it must have finally determined my fate. I was then in a critical situation; insomuch that a single dash of his pen might have doomed me to perpetual silence and obscurity, and made me feel an aversion from those studies in which before I had so ardently delighted."* To no one, therefore, could he have dedicated his book with so much propriety as to this gentleman; and he made it a point to retain the dedication in every edition of the work.

This address, characterized by the reviewers as exhibiting a strain of manly and grateful acknowledgment which reflects much honour on the patron and the writer, can scarcely be deemed out of place in our pages.

"TO THE REV. JOHN WHITAKER, RECTOR OF RUAN-
LANTHORNE, CORNWALL.

"Rev. Sir,

"When this dedication meets your eye, it will be unnecessary for me to say that I am a stranger to all ingenious modes of address, and that the polite arts of pleasing are a species of learning which I have not yet acquired: but silence is not justifiable, when gratitude forbids an acknowledgment to be suppressed. It is a full conviction of your favours which dictates to my pen; and I intend nothing more, in this address, than publicly to tell the world to whom I am indebted, while I express to you the warm effusions of a grateful heart.

"When, without patron or friend, I abandoned my first publication (*Remarks on the first part of Paine's Age of Reason*) to its fate, you saw it floating on the stream of time towards the caves of oblivion, and kindly extending the hand of unsolicited friendship, rescued it from the shade.

"Under the forms of common civility, you have treated me with a degree of politeness to which my deserts can bear no proportion; while the condescension of your manners has taught me to surmount that distance which learning and station had placed between us.

* *Essay on Identity of the Body. Address to the Reader.*

“Superior to those local prejudices which might have influenced a mind devoid of magnanimity, you have more than called yourself my friend; while, stimulated by your encouragement, I have prosecuted with vigour the present work, which, abstractedly from this circumstance, would, in all probability, never have seen completion.

“Destitute of literary reputation in myself, and treated with indifference by several of those whom custom had taught me to call my friends—the link which united *completion to publication* originated also with you.

“Distinguished in the learned world as an historian and philologist, the name of Mr. WHITAKER has been my passport to many of my subscribers, to whom, without it, even presumption itself would not have permitted me to apply: but, sanctioned by your approbation of my manuscript, I have addressed myself to the ladies and gentlemen of Cornwall; and, beyond my most sanguine expectation, their generosity has crowned my application with success.

“Under these circumstances, duty is dictated by kindness; and I should reproach myself with that ingratitude to which I hope my bosom will long remain a stranger, were I to omit the acknowledgment of favours, where I cannot cancel obligations.

“The uniform attachment of Mr. Whitaker to the cause of Christianity, and his ability to defend her outposts against all opposers, have been sufficiently appreciated both by friends and foes: the present work, therefore, approaches you by a kind of natural right. But to proceed further in detailing those facts which are necessary to make good its claim would look like adulation:—in proceeding, I must hurt your feelings; and in desisting, I must stifle my own; and, though I wish to be grateful, I must be silent.

“To the nobility, the gentry, and other respectable inhabitants of Cornwall I acknowledge myself to be particularly indebted for their patronage and support. There are many among them who have interested themselves in the issue of my present publication, whose names it would gratify my feelings to publish; but it is a liberty which I dare not take.—To notice all the marks of attention which I have received, would be to violate the bounds of prudence; and to make selections would be invidious and unjust.

“To them, and to you, this volume is now presented; and the fate which awaits it cannot be remote. Under the sanction of your approbation, I shall feel tranquillity amid the severities

of criticism; and this reflection will afford me consolation in obscurity, though forgetfulness should stamp her signet upon my work. But should a different fate await it,—should it rise into some degree of reputation,—this paper will bear testimony to my consciousness of being laid under lasting obligations to my friends.

“That they, and you, in the regions of Immortality, may inherit that glory which God has reserved in a future state of being for them that love and fear him, is among the genuine wishes of my heart. The influence of discordant motives, no doubt, sometimes produces changes in the human mind which baffle all calculation; but, judging from those feelings which have long been the inhabitants of my breast, gratitude and life must forsake together the bosom of,

“Reverend sir,

“their and your

“much obliged and very humble servant,

“SAMUEL DREW.

“St. Austell, Cornwall, Nov. 5th, 1802.”

Alluding, on a subsequent occasion, to this dedication, and to other expressions of thankfulness from Mr. Drew, Mr. W. remarks, “You are more grateful, indeed, than you need to be for any kindnesses which I have shown you. I shall always, however, be gratified in looking back upon them, if they only serve to encourage and animate you to the writing such an Essay as the present.”

It was Mr. Whitaker's design to review Mr. Drew's Essay in the *Anti-Jacobin*. In this intention he found himself pleasingly anticipated, by a most favourable critique in the February number of that Review, for 1803,—a critique proceeding, as the following note indicates, from a most unexpected quarter.

“Mr. Whitaker sends his kindest compliments to Mr. Drew; is happy to hear of his success; and sends him an *Anti-Jacobin* Review of his work. It is very strongly in favour of the work. Yet, what is more wonderful and more pleasing, it is evidently written by Mr. Polwhele.

“This supersedes all necessity for Mr. Whitaker's reviewing the work. In the *Anti-Jacobin*, indeed, Mr. W. is anticipated, though he had bespoke a place for his remarks. But the editor, as Mr. W. supposes, thought the praise would come better from Mr. Polwhele, as a known enemy, than from Mr.

W., as a known friend. And Mr. W. has peculiar reasons for thinking that the editor wishes now to oblige Mr. W. much.

“Thursday Evening, Feb. 17, 1803.”

This act of generosity on the part of Mr. Polwhele could not, for obvious reasons, but excite a grateful feeling in the breast of Mr. Drew. In his upright mind, to acknowledge an obligation was ever esteemed an act of duty. He perused the critique so interesting and important to himself, and then addressed the following letter to its supposed author.

“St. Austell, Feb. 26, 1803.”

“REV. SIR,

“If, in the purport of this letter, I have been misled, I hope that both the philanthropy of the minister and the dignity of the gentleman will conspire to apologize for this intrusion. I have lately seen the *Anti-Jacobin Review*, in which my late publication is so honourably mentioned, and so warmly recommended to public notice: and it has been hinted that I am indebted to Mr. Polwhele for the flattering animadversions which it has undergone. To pass by any mark of attention from a superior without an acknowledgment of the obligation is always more troublesome to me than an expression of gratitude. Be pleased, therefore, reverend sir, to accept my warm and grateful acknowledgment of the favour you have conferred on me.

“To surmount those prejudices which local differences might have occasioned is certainly a distinguishing feature of an exalted mind. It is not in my power to make a suitable requital of the service you have done me; but it is the want of opportunity which can alone prevent you from knowing, that generous actions are not exclusively confined to exalted stations. Circumstanced as I am, I can only acknowledge my sensibility of your favours; and I beg your acceptance of that acknowledgment from one who has nothing but gratitude to bestow.

“Should the present letter be misapplied, I flatter myself you will impute it to no improper motive; and, in the confidence of that persuasion, I subscribe myself, with gratitude,

“Your much obliged and humble servant,

“SAMUEL DREW.

“*To the Rev. R. Polwhele.*”

To this letter Mr. Polwhele thus replied :

“ Manaccan, March 5th, 1803.

“ It often happens, sir, that they who are placed in responsible situations are charged with inconsistency, from no other cause than their strict adherence to principle—to what, indeed, may be called abstract principle. For, not regarding the connections of society, they act according to predetermined rules ; and thus their public censures may not be reconcileable with the civilities that intervene, nor their public praise with past hostilities. Such a scheme of conduct may, in some cases, be too refined : but of its general outline a Reviewer, I think, should never lose sight. For my own part, I can truly say, that in this character I have always acted conscientiously. I have not suffered myself to be influenced by personal or local considerations. My report of your book was impartial : so, many years since, was that of Dr. Hawker’s. With respect to your excellent performance, I was induced to review it from the recollection that Mr. Whitaker, who would probably take care of you in the *British Critic*, made it a point never to criticise the same book for two different Reviews. The *Anti-Jacobin*, therefore, remained for me ; and I considered that the early notice of your publication might be doing you a service, to which its merits had an imperious claim.

“ With the sincerest wishes for your welfare, both on this earth and in that world to which you open to us such an animating prospect, I remain

“ Your faithful

“ R. POLWHELE.

“ *To Mr. Samuel Drew, St. Austell.*”

A few weeks after the publication of his *Essay*, and consequently before the appearance of any public criticism, Mr. Drew received from Mr. Richard Edwards, then a bookseller in Bristol, a proposal to purchase the copyright, and was requested to name his terms. TWENTY POUNDS, and thirty copies of the new edition, was the total of his demand,—a proof that *he* did not then estimate his literary labour at a very high rate. On these conditions the bargain was ratified.

Through the valuable suggestions of the late Rev. Thomas Roberts, Mr. Drew introduced many improvements into his second edition, and anticipated some objections to which the first was open. Other alterations he subsequently discovered to be necessary. Alluding to these changes, when writing to

a gentleman who several years afterward lent his critical assistance in preparing another edition for the press, he thus observes :—

“Though, prior to its publication, I submitted the MS. of my Essay to my much lamented friend, the Rev. John Whitaker, he suggested no improvements, he made no remarks; he did not even hint the propriety of dividing the work into chapters and sections, as it now appears; so that the first edition had no other division than the two parts which separate ‘Immateriality’ from ‘Immortality.’ He, however, gave me his name in writing, with his avowed opinion of my MS., and authorized me to use it whenever I thought it would give me access to any subscriber. The service which he thus rendered me I hope I shall never forget.

“When this Essay was about to undergo a second edition, a friend from Bristol suggested to me the utility of dividing the work into chapters and sections. This, for some time, I hesitated to do, from a foolish notion that it would be an assumption that could not be detached from arrogance; and though it was at last done, the work was republished before I had time to reflect on the import and bearing of its various passages. In short, I no more thought that it would ever have gained celebrity in the literary world, than I now dream of being made a doctor of divinity. I applied, indeed, to several of my friends whom I thought capable of entering into the subject; but not one could or would impart the information I both solicited and wanted. Notwithstanding the numerous acquaintances to whom I was soon introduced, every one almost wanted me to solve difficulties, to answer questions; but none could I find who would attempt to meet my inquiries, or correct my views; and I began to conclude, that, in point of assistance, I was ‘out of humanity’s reach, to finish my journey alone.’”

The following letters show the friendly intercourse between Mr. Drew and Mr. Britton, and the kind interest which the latter took in Mr. D.’s welfare.

“To Mr. Samuel Drew, St. Austell.”

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I have received your two long letters, and feel much obliged to you for the information they contain, and the trouble you have taken to oblige me. This day I have also received four of your books, and shall give them to some

of my friends for reviewing, and doubt not but most of them will treat you as you deserve—by giving a high character of the work. For myself, I can sincerely say, it has pleased, instructed, and surprised me. You have a mind that should be employed on something for the *head* instead of the *heels*. But many great men have been doomed to employ their *hands* for a livelihood, when their *heads* would have obtained them a fortune, if they had been placed in an advantageous situation:—may you soon acquire this advantageous station. I am sorry you sold the copyright of your book to a country bookseller; for I had been planning a scheme calculated to be more advantageous and important to you; but it is now too late. Should you have any thing else in embryo, let me know, if you think me worthy your confidence. If I cannot do wonders for you, I will endeavour to promote your *fame* and *profit* in *some* degree.

“Your letters on the Cornish Tinnerns have given much gratification to some of my literary friends—and those high in ‘fame’s fair temple.’ Pray continue them—they will be serviceable and pleasant to me, and I think they will prove ultimately useful to you.

“But what I wish from you *first* (and I hope you will comply with my wishes, as they originate in a desire to serve you) is some anecdotes of your life—your studies, pursuits, and early modes of thinking,—and a short history of your *growing mind*. I want to pay a tribute to genius, and illustrate some propositions by *living facts*. Two sons of Crispin have obtained *great fame* and *some fortune* by stretching their faculties; and it is nobly proved that academic instruction is not absolutely necessary to call forth the genius of a Gifford, a Bloomfield, and a Drew—three shoemakers. I presume you *know* one of them, and are not totally unacquainted with the other two.

“Have you seen ‘Gifford’s Translation of Juvenal’s Satires?’—Did you ever see ‘The Mine,’ a poem?—Have you seen the ‘Farmer’s Boy,’ by Bloomfield?

“Let me hear from you *soon*, and believe me

“Yours sincerely,

“J. BRITTON.

“London, February 22d, 1803.”

“St. Austell, March 12, 1803.

“DEAR SIR,

“I wrote you some short time since, by post, a long letter, which, I hope, came safely to hand. In compliance

with your request, I endeavoured, in that letter, to give you a few outlines of my life ; I doubt not that it has excited your smiles, but I flatter myself, if I know Mr. Britton, they are not the smiles of haughty contempt, but of sympathetic feeling.

"It happens, very opportunely, that this letter will approach you free of all expense ; and I feel an unwillingness to let slip the opportunity, even though I embrace it to tell you I have nothing particular to say. Mr. Grant, who brings you this, is well acquainted with me, and perhaps can give you any little information respecting my situation and mode of life. It is to his brother (who is a surgeon) that I owe my commencement of authorship. It was to combat the principles which he had adopted that I made remarks on 'the Age of Reason,' and afterward published them to the world.

"You ask me, 'Did you ever see Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy?' I have, and admire it much, for that artless simplicity which runs through the whole. I felt its force, from a congeniality of soul, and from the knowledge which I have of rural life in the most servile stations. Mr. Gifford's publication I have never seen. I have repeatedly heard his name, but never heard that he had written any thing, unless it be the reply to Mr. Erskine. *That* I have never read, nor do I know whether it be the same Mr. Gifford or not. I need not say to you how remote the situation of Cornwall is from the seat of science and learning. We know little of the scenes which are exhibited on the great theatre of life. In this remote corner, and in the humble vale of obscure life, the rays of intelligence are few indeed.

* * - * * *

"I hope when the reviewers give their opinion on my Essay, you will write to me ; without your information, it is probable I shall never know what they say. You see I have but barely room to call myself your friend,

"SAMUEL DREW.

"I am now writing on a piece of leather, and have no time to copy or correct.

"To Mr. John Britton, London."

A letter from Mr. Edwards to Mr. Drew, of May, 1803, gives the earliest intimation that the attention of the late Dr. Clarke had been drawn to Mr. Drew's writings. "The editors," he says, "of the European Magazine have spoken very well of the work and of its author ; and several sensible men in London who have read it think highly of it. I learn

from Mr. Britton, that the Monthly Mirror, Gentleman's Magazine, Critical Review, and British Critic intend noticing it: and, as he thinks, will give it a good character. My particular friend Adam Clarke has promised me to read your book with *critical accuracy*, and to write me his sentiments on it. He has a high opinion of you and your abilities."

The "Essay on the Soul," the copyright of which Mr. Drew had disposed of on the terms just named, and which, before its first appearance, a Cornish bookseller had refused at the price of *ten* pounds, after passing through four editions in England, two in America, and being translated and printed in France, at the end of twenty-eight years became again his property. He then gave it a final revision, added much important matter, and sold it a second time to Messrs. Fisher & Co., Newgate-street, London, for two hundred and fifty pounds.

SECTION XIV.

Extension of Mr. Drew's literary acquaintance—He commences his Essay on the Identity and Resurrection of the Human Body.

MR. DREW was now become an author of established reputation. In many of the literary journals his Essay on the Soul had received unqualified praise; and this praise he felt to be an incitement to further exertion. His friends thought that he had parted with the copyright of his book upon too easy terms. Influenced by their opinions, he was at first disposed to think as they did; but, on viewing the subject in all its bearings, he felt perfectly satisfied with the bargain he had made. Undoubtedly, after the favourable criticisms on the work had appeared, he might have taken it to a better market; but both buyer and seller had made a contract in ignorance of this, and as a matter of speculation. To the promptitude of Mr. Edwards in getting the book reprinted by the time public curiosity was awakened beyond the boundaries of Cornwall, Mr. Drew thought himself indebted for many of the courteous attentions which were bestowed upon him by strangers and persons of elevated station. He had already obtained the notice of

several literary gentlemen : a door was now opened for the extension of such acquaintance.

In a former age, "a prophet was not without honour, save in his own country, and in his own house." Mr. Drew's frank disposition, upright character, and acknowledged talents procured him the favourable notice and kind offices, not only of persons at a distance, but of those in his immediate neighbourhood. A short letter, now before the writer, shows the sentiments of a gentleman (then well known in Cornwall), who, as a resident in the same town with Mr. Drew, was enabled to scrutinize his conduct.

" To Mr. Samuel Drew.

" St. Austell, 24th March, 1803.

" SIR,

" When I returned from Menabilly, this evening, I received your favour, with the second edition of your late work, for which I return you many thanks. The additions and alterations to this book are really great improvements, and must, I think, give very general satisfaction. If my good opinion of you, and recommendation of your publication, have been of any service, I am very glad of it ; but I do not think it entitled me to the copy you have sent. I certainly thought your answer to Tom Paine the best I had read ; and, as a justice due to your conduct and character, you had (and have) my best wishes ; being truly,

" Sir,

" Your friend and humble servant,

" CHAS. RASHLEIGH."

It would be easy to mention other distinguished individuals from whom Mr. Drew received repeated proofs of esteem and good-will ; but the enumeration might appear ostentatious. We however venture to particularize one, not unknown in political life, but still more conspicuous in the annals of science, who, about this time, honoured Mr. Drew with his friendship and correspondence. He had known Mr. D.'s name from his writings : the incident which led to a more intimate acquaintance may interest the reader.

In the village of Tywardreath, mentioned in an earlier part of this volume, Mrs. Kingdon, Mr. Drew's sister, resides ;—her husband being engaged in business as a shoemaker. During

a long and heavy summer shower, a person on horseback, of plain but genteel appearance, stopped at her door, and begged for shelter. She offered him the best refreshment in her house; but he would only take tea with the family. They found him intelligent, though unassuming; and he seemed quite at home. While his clothes were drying, he went into the workshop, and made such minute inquiries about the business, and showed so accurate an acquaintance with its details, that it was concluded he must be either a shoemaker or a dealer in leather. In the kitchen he was no less inquisitive. The stranger appearing to know every thing, one of the workmen, who, emulous of Mr. Drew's fame, had been puzzling himself about Greek and Mathematics, ventured to propose some questions—thinking it possible that he might get a solution of his difficulties from this unexpected quarter. To the surprise of all, the gentleman entered upon these topics as matters in which he was profoundly skilled, and gave the inquirer, not only the desired information, but a great deal more. Some one expressing admiration at his extensive acquirements, he said, "I know a little—perhaps more than some of my neighbours—and yet I was never at school in my life." The weather clearing, he took up a slate which was at hand, wrote on it, and with many thanks for their kind treatment, took his leave.

Upon his departure, the question arose, "Who can the stranger be?" After various conjectures, it was proposed to examine the slate, and upon it was found written, "Davies Giddy." The gentleman had given them to understand that he came from the western part of the county. A neighbour from that district, whose opinion was solicited, said that he had heard of a "*Justice*, Giddy" in the west: but the majority agreed, that such a plain, unassuming, familiar person as the stranger could not be a *justice*. Mrs. Kingdon, however, contrasting his learning with his statement that "he had never been at school," was convinced that he must be a gentleman who had received a private education; and from this and other particulars occurring to her recollection, she thought it possible that her late guest, homely and affable as he appeared, might be "*Justice* Giddy."

After a few days the gentleman again called, on his return from the eastward, and gave his address. Mrs. Kingdon apologized for the unceremonious manner in which she and her family had questioned and conversed with him, not knowing—what they had since suspected—that he was so much above them in rank. To this he replied, that it had given him great

pleasure to be so frankly and hospitably entertained; and so far was their familiar treatment from being offensive, that nothing would be more agreeable to him than its continuance. He then inquired very minutely about her family and connections, especially her brother, and noted down her replies. "I am not ignorant," he observed, "of your brother's name; for I have read his writings: but it gives me much pleasure to hear his private character spoken so highly of by one who knows him so well; and I shall endeavour to cultivate his acquaintance." In this gentleman the reader will recognise Davies Gilbert, Esq., late Member of Parliament for Bodmin, and successor of Sir Humphrey Davy (also a Cornishman) as President of the Royal Society.

Through his intimacy with Mr. Whitaker, Mr. Drew, in the year 1803, became acquainted with another learned clergyman, the Rev. Wm. Gregor, Rector of Creed, in Cornwall; in whose judicious and friendly counsel he found a substitute for that of his kind patron Mr. Whitaker, when the latter was called into eternity. A literary correspondence was also begun, which terminated only with Mr. Gregor's lamented death in 1817. To the libraries of Mr. Whitaker, Mr. Gregor, the Rev. Dr. Lyne, and other literary gentlemen, he had free access, and at their houses was always an acceptable and esteemed visitor.

At the urgent request of his friend Mr. Britton, Mr. Drew, as intimated in one of his letters, drew up a brief outline of his life, which, we believe, was published in some of the periodicals of 1803. In the early part of the same year, Mr. Polwhele, who was then preparing for the press his "Literature and Literary Characters of Cornwall," not aware of Mr. Britton's intention, made a similar request. Independently of the compliment thus paid him, he felt himself under too great an obligation to Mr. Polwhele to hesitate about compliance; and accordingly furnished this gentleman with the very pleasing sketch which appears in his work.*

* Some individuals, who either knew little of Mr. Drew, or thought nothing could be good that had not the imprimatur of Methodism on its title-page, were very liberal in their censures, because, in the narratives of his life which he gave the world, no mention was made of his connection with the Methodist society. Such persons should remember that his auto-biographical sketches were prepared at the request of gentlemen who wanted only the history of his *literary* life and "*growing mind*." No one can imagine, that, after coming forward in opposition to Mr. Polwhele, as the public and uncompromising champion of Methodism, he shrank from an avowal of his membership; and no one, who recollects how frequently

His lowly origin and humble situation being thus made public, the singular contrast which it presented to his growing literary fame attracted much attention. St. Austell became noted as the birth-place and residence of Mr. Drew; and strangers coming into the county for the gratification of their curiosity did not consider that object accomplished until they had visited or seen "the metaphysical shoemaker." Many were the calls which he received from such individuals. However flattering this might be to an ordinary mind, he once observed, when congratulated by a friend on his popularity, "These gentlemen certainly honour me by their visits; but I do not forget, that many of them merely wish to say that they have seen the cobbler who wrote a book."

All his visitors were not of this description. There were among them men of kindred minds, who sought his conversation for the pleasure it afforded; and there were others, of high station, who to personal gratification added the generous wish of drawing forth merit from obscurity. Of this class was the Very Rev. George Moore, Archdeacon of Cornwall. In the course of his yearly visitation, he called, with his daughter, upon Mr. Drew; and a considerable time was spent in each other's company, with mutual satisfaction. Some particulars of this visit may be gathered from the following long and friendly epistle of Mr. Whitaker's. One of the consequences to Mr. Drew resulting from it, we shall have occasion to state hereafter.

"To Mr. Samuel Drew, shoemaker, St. Austell.

"DEAR SIR,

"Your letter concerning the archdeacon's visit to you has given me much pleasure. You too gratefully attribute it to me. But you ought to attribute it principally, if not wholly, to your own exertions. What I did was more to imbolden you than to gain you favour. Perhaps if you had not been so imboldened, you might not have published. Perhaps, too, if you had published, you might not have gained so high a reputation. so suddenly, if you had not been known to have been

Mr. Drew occupied the pulpits of various chapels in Cornwall, can reasonably suppose such an avowal necessary. Had he been spared to fulfil his intention of writing a complete memoir of his life, his conversion to God and connection with the Methodists would have occupied a conspicuous place. We may regret, but we ought not to repine, that, as a friend once predicted, he has left this task to his biographer.

so imboldened. Yet, after both these allowances, I must say, you owe the notice that has been taken of you personally, and the compliments that have been paid to you as an author, principally to your own clear, close, and compact form of reasoning. And I feel very happy in having been one of the first to know you; to encourage you in your undertakings; and, perhaps, to gain you what alone you wanted, a fair introduction into the world of readers.

“I did not go this year to the Visitation. Yet I wished to go, in order to converse with the archdeacon, who is the best scholar that I meet in all the west; and to talk with his daughter, whom I used to call my sister-antiquary, as having formerly endeavoured to furnish me with some antiquarian notices. If I had gone, his call upon you, with his daughter, I should have then heard from his own mouth. From your pen, however, it gives me most pleasure, as telling me the archdeacon's conduct in full form. On the whole, I felt, and still feel, equally surprised and delighted with it. The archdeacon is one, I apprehend, much afraid of the very imputation of Methodism. He has therefore shown the more courage in visiting you; and he will continue to call upon you, you may be sure, every year, as he promised.

“I cordially share with you in this, and every other respect shown to you. But did not you touch too near the quick, when you asked him whether he had seen your pamphlet against Mr. Polwhele? In that controversy, I take it for granted, though I recollect no evidence, that he was against you; and with a wary wisdom he now turned the subject dexterously aside. Men not particularly marked with religion are always shrinking with terror from the approach of Methodism. The world, too, in its zeal against religion, is always taxing any appearances of religiousness above the common standard as Methodism. And thus religion, like a snail, is always retiring, upon any hand's approach, into the privacy of its shell.

* * * * *

“‘I have been crudely revolving in my mind,’ you say, ‘another important subject, *the resurrection of the human body.*’ This is an important one. ‘But whether I shall ever find leisure,’ you add, ‘to accomplish my design, is with me a matter of considerable doubt.’ The sooner you begin, the speedier you will finish. And remember, we must crowd our narrow space of life with as much exertion of good as ever we can. Then our works will follow us in full tale; and I doubt not but your works and mine will be republished in heaven, to

show angels and men what we did in our very infancy. You ask me, however, 'What think you of my subject? Does it admit of any rational proof, or must we solely rely on Revelation for all our knowledge of the fact? This is a subject, I must own, on which I have never thought at all. All I can say at present is, therefore, this merely—that unassisted reason, or (what is not strictly the same, as the use of sacrifices, so unaccountable without a fall supposed, clearly proves) the reason of the heathen world, did never pretend to believe a resurrection. Indeed, the *burning* of bodies seemed peculiarly calculated to extinguish all possibility of a resurrection. The *sepulture* of bodies, to be sure, carried the same conviction to the mind; yet this conviction was seldom carried to the mind *through the eye*;—it therefore operated with less efficacy. The burning spoke to all the senses at once. I do not wonder, therefore, that the heathens never supposed, when the gospel was published, the possibility of a resurrection. And you will have the higher honour, if, even with the lamp of Revelation hanging over your head, yet with the torch of reason held in your hand, you can show even the *probability* alone of a resurrection.

"'It is on your judgment,' you add, 'I have relied for the *past*, and to Mr. Whitaker I shall appeal for the *future*.' I shall always be happy to render you any services. But the difficulty increases with your success; and the danger results from your very victory. You must remember, too, that at present my mind is much more conversant with antiquarian reasoning than with abstract, and that I am thinking more of Roman remains in Britain than of human remains again uniting into the same body.

"With my warmest wishes for your welfare here and hereafter,

"I remain

"Your friend and servant, affectionately,

"JOHN WHITAKER.

"Wednesday, July 19, 1803."

The preceding letter affords the earliest intimation we have that the identity and resurrection of the human body had begun to occupy Mr. Drew's thoughts. His mind could not remain in a state of inactivity. Having completed the revision of his first essay, a fit subject for a second speedily presented itself. The transfer of his attention from the nature of the soul to

that of the body, and his manner of following up this inquiry, he thus describes.

“The favourable manner in which my Essay on the Soul was received stimulated me, in no small degree, to make new exertions; while the subject itself almost immediately induced me to turn my thoughts from the *human soul* to the *human body*. I accordingly began to contemplate the possibility of adducing some rational evidence in favour of the general resurrection. But this subject I soon found was so inseparably connected with that of personal identity, that, without investigating the latter, I perceived it would be an act of folly to attempt the former. This circumstance led me to connect them together in my inquiry.

“In the complex view which the union of these subjects presented, I saw, or thought I saw, a variety of sources from which arguments might be drawn, all tending in one direction, and uniting their strength to authenticate the fact which I wished to establish. These thoughts I communicated to my friend, who pressed me with the utmost earnestness to proceed with the inquiry, whatever the issue might be. At the same time he observed, that I must navigate the ocean nearly alone, as I had no reason to expect much assistance, either from preceding or contemporary writers. This observation I have since found realized by fact. Encouraged, however, by his advice, rather than deterred by his remarks, I immediately began the work, and continued to pursue it through difficulties which were at once inseparable from the undertaking, and heightened by the disadvantages of my situation.

“A train of circumstances incident to human life occasionally retarded my progress; so that the period of its completion baffled the calculations which I had previously made. Application, however, succeeded to interruption, and perseverance finally surmounted all.”

The familiar letter which follows, from Mr. Drew to his friend Mr. Britton, will further illustrate this period of his life.

“St. Austell, September 19, 1803.

“DEAR SIR,

“I have been for some time revolving in my mind the reason why the atmosphere of London should be more congenial to forgetfulness than that of Cornwall. Whether the insalubrity of the air—the subjects which lay an embargo on attention—or the infinite variety of objects eclipsing all distant considerations which have no other claim than abstract friendship—be

the cause, or causes, I am at a loss to say. Of this truth, however, I am in full possession—that I have not heard from you for several months. Perhaps,

‘O’er them, and o’er their names, the billows close :
To-morrow knows not they were ever born.’

“Since I wrote you last, I have had an interview with Mr. Polwhele, from whom I received very polite treatment. He has requested me to furnish him with some memoirs of my life, which I have done. I keep up a correspondence with Mr. Whitaker, and have lately been favoured with the correspondence of the Archdeacon of Exeter, who has promised me all the assistance in his power to promote the circulation of any future publications that I may feel inclined to send into the world.

“In consequence of the numerous testimonies of approbation which I have received from gentlemen of the first respectability, I have been tempted to venture on another important subject, which I conceive will be of service to mankind. I have laid the foundation of a treatise on the Resurrection of the Human Body from the grave, and have collected a mass of undigested materials. The subject is abstruse, and the evidences of the fact are of an obscure and peculiar nature. Independently of revelation, probability is, perhaps, the highest point which we can attain; but this, when taken into connection with the Bible, will amount to the highest degree of moral certainty. It is a subject on which few have written; and its nature, in conjunction with the few who have ventured to embark upon it, will make me very scrupulous in submitting my work to the public eye, if ever I have time to complete it. Without the approbation of Mr. Whitaker I shall not presume to send it into the world.

“What are you doing? are you publishing any thing new? Have you nearly completed your present work, ‘The Beauties of England and Wales?’ Mr. Edwards, the printer to whom I sold or gave away my copyright, is removed to London, but I know not where to find him. I have been informed that he has made a good hand of my late Essay. I hope it is true. I shall not repine at his success; for, as Shakspeare says, ‘He is well paid who is well satisfied.’ This is my lot and situation.

“Life with us furnishes little variety. Things go on in the same dull round in which they have moved for centuries.

Cocks crow ! Dogs bark ! Children cry ! And rain and sunshine alternately checker life !

‘ So glides the stream of human life away.’

“ The providence of God has blessed me and my family with health ; and we enjoy happiness in ‘ the cool, sequestered vale of life.’ What can the wealth of both the Indies do more ? But something always will be wanting to complete the felicities of life. I now want time to pursue the natural bent of my inclinations ; and perhaps, if I had my wish, I should feel another, more troublesome than the present.

‘ Alps still behind the former Alps arise.’

The unsatisfied nature of man plainly says, that happiness, *genuine* happiness, is lodged deep in futurity, ‘ beyond the ken of mortal sight.’

“ But I have done. It is rather late, and I grow tired. If you can find a few moments to write me, it will afford me pleasure to find I am not forgotten : if not, I am content with wishing you happiness in time and eternity.

“ May God bless you. Farewell.

“ SAMUEL DREW.

“ *To Mr. John Britton, London.*”

To the Rev. William Gregor, whose friendship for Mr. Drew we have noticed, he also communicated his intention of investigating the evidences in favour of the resurrection of the human body ; at the same time enumerating some works which he wished to read before he commenced his undertaking. This gentleman in his reply remarks, “ I am glad to hear that you have turned your attention to the subject you mention. I should wish to see your own original and natural thoughts upon it, unbiased by what others may have said before you. You have peculiar talents and turn of mind, which you ought not to suffer to be inactive. You are called upon to follow your natural bias, when you may do it with credit to yourself, and utility to others.”

Stimulated and encouraged by the recommendations and valuable suggestions of his literary friends, Mr. Drew applied himself to his self-allotted task. His previously collected materials he began to digest ; and committed his thoughts to writing. Before the summer of 1804 was ended, he had made considerable progress. In a letter to Mr. Whitaker, as quoted

by that gentleman in his reply, dated October 24, he says, "I hope, should God preserve my life, to prosecute my work with vigour during the approaching winter, that it may be ready for your inspection some time in the next summer. It is to your eyes that it shall be first presented, and to your opinion that I shall first appeal; and such is the confidence I have in your judgment, generosity, and candour, that it will be only with your concurrence that I shall submit it to any further appeal." To this Mr. Whitaker subjoins, "I thank you for the compliment, and will engage in the office. I have too great a regard for you, not to engage in any offices of friendship for your benefit."

In the preface to his *Essay on the Resurrection*, Mr. Drew observes, "It was about the close of the year 1805, that I had in my own estimation completed the manuscript; and I fully expected that I should shortly submit it to the inspection of my much lamented friend. For it was a resolution which I had previously formed, that if it possessed any merit, Mr. Whitaker should have the first opportunity of making the discovery of it; and if it had nothing that could render it worthy of preservation, he alone should witness its disgrace.

"But here an unforeseen and unpleasant difficulty arose. Preparatory to his inspection of it, I proceeded to give the whole a cool and dispassionate perusal, that in one view I might take an impartial survey of the import and connection of all its parts. In prosecuting this perusal, I had the mortification to find that the arrangements were bad,—that my thoughts appeared confused,—and that in many places the chain of reasoning had been broken by frivolous digressions and impertinent reflections:—that in some places the arguments were defective; and in others, those which were good in themselves were placed in an inauspicious light. On the whole, I sunk down into a kind of careless apathy, half resolved to touch it no more."

Having conducted the reader thus far in the account of this literary undertaking, we advert to some other points in Mr. Drew's personal history.

SECTION XV.

Mr. Drew delivers lectures on English grammar and geography—Commencement of the friendship between him and Dr. Adam Clarke—He is elected a member of the Manchester Philological Society—His connection with Dr. Coke, and relinquishment of business.

HE whose cares centre in himself may regard with indifference the smiles or the buffetings of fortune. Relying on his fancied independence, he may labour awhile to secure some temporary gratification, and having accomplished his object, sit down, and fold his hands in idleness. But when a man sustains the endearing relationship of husband and of father,—when he knows that upon his exertions depend the comfort and happiness of many a beloved object,—he feels a new and powerful stimulus to action.

To such a feeling Mr. Drew was not a stranger. Of him, indeed, selfishness or misanthropy could never be predicated; but those kindly sympathies which, before his marriage, extended to the whole species indiscriminately, were now, without prejudice to the claims of philanthropy, directed especially towards his rising family. He saw that a kind Providence was opening before him a passage into a more respectable sphere than he had yet occupied; and he believed it a duty to himself and his dependants to tread the allotted path, and embrace the opportunities presented, of employing his talents profitably to himself and usefully to others.

Influenced by these motives, and the solicitation of his neighbours, he commenced, with the year 1804, a course of lectures upon English grammar. His pupils were either adults, or young persons advanced beyond the age of childhood. These lectures, which occupied about two hours, were delivered on four evenings of the week; two being allotted to each sex separately. The room in which they met being small, each class was necessarily limited to about twelve persons. A year completed the course of instruction; and for this thirty shillings were paid by every pupil. At two or three subsequent periods he delivered similar lectures, to which geography and the outlines of astronomy were added, as a supplementary course.

Possessing the desirable art of blending amusement with instruction, Mr. Drew rendered his seminary a place of entertainment. His exhaustless store of anecdote, which was frequently drawn upon to illustrate or enliven, and his happy mode of explanation, rendered the barren study of grammar so far interesting, that unavoidable absence from a lecture was deplored as a misfortune. Between the teacher and his pupils a mutual attachment subsisted, which, in after-years, when these had become heads of families, conferred upon him a patriarchal character.

In a letter to a gentleman who, at a later period, wished to place a son under his charge, Mr. Drew thus explains his views, and his method of tuition:—"I have my fears whether your son be not too young to see the value of that knowledge which might be imparted to him; and whether he will not, consequently, be apt to forget what he learns. The human intellect, undoubtedly, begins to unfold itself at a much earlier period in some than in others; but, generally speaking, from fourteen to twenty-four is the most favourable tide of life. I have, at different times, had youth of both sexes under my care, to whom I have taught the rudiments of grammar and the scientific parts of geography, together with the use of the globes; but I have invariably found, that under fourteen years of age my pupils have not made that proficiency which I could wish. I give no tasks, and only on certain occasions use any book. I deliver lectures, lay down principles, and get them to converse on the various subjects which come under our notice. Having made them acquainted with established rules, I then purposely violate them in conversation, and make my pupils, not only correct my errors, but assign reasons for the corrections they give. It is astonishing what proficiency they make, when they begin to reflect and reason on the propriety of things, by this mode of instruction."

In the year 1804 commenced that intimacy between Mr. Drew and the late learned Dr. Adam Clarke, which quickly produced a strong and permanent attachment. Their friendship originated in a spontaneous act of kindness in the latter, indicative of a great and generous mind. Being based upon religious feeling, it was quickened by early recollections,—heightened by mutual admiration,—sustained by proofs of reciprocal good-will,—and sundered, for a few months only, by death, to be cemented anew in a happier state of being.

An indication that Mr. Drew's writings had attracted the notice of the then Mr. Clarke will be found at page 111. A gentleman writing to Mr. Drew, March 16th, observes, "Two days ago I received a letter from my friend Adam Clarke, who mentions their having elected you a Member of the Manchester Philological Society, and says he wishes to encourage you in your literary pursuits." This intimation was followed by the subjoined letters, written upon one sheet.

"To Mr. Samuel Drew, St. Austell.

"Manchester, 11th April, 1804.

"SIR,

"At a meeting of the Philological Society, held on Friday evening, the 6th instant, the President, Vice-Presidents, and Members, from the high sense they entertain of the merit and importance of your late work, entitled 'An Essay on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Human Soul,' agreed to dispense with the usual formalities, *in your case*, and unanimously elected you an *honorary member* of the said society.

"By order of the President, Vice-Presidents, and Members. I have the honour to be, with much esteem, sir,

"Your obedient humble servant,

"THO. BRADWELL,

"Secretary."

"MY HONEST FRIEND,

"It is a long time since I had the opportunity of asking you (in any form) how you did. I have read your answer to Uncle Polwhele, and think it one of the best pieces of the kind I have met with for many years. I admire your piece on the Immateriality of the Soul, but am not satisfied that you are always right. I have often objected to some of your positions; not because I think them false, but because I think them insufficient to support the edifice to which they stand either as buttresses or abutments. You have done nearly as much as can be done; but I am far from thinking that your point is proved. If the doctrine can be demonstrated, it must be by some new mode of proof which has not yet been adduced. I shall rejoice to hear from you at any time. Give my love to all my old companions in St. Austell.

"I am, my dear friend,

"Yours affectionately,

"A. CLARKE.

“P.S.—If you publish another edition of your *Immateriality, &c.*, let me know—perhaps I might be able to help you a little, were it only to show you some objections to your system, of which you are, perhaps, not aware. There is no point in universal science I should rejoice more heartily to see demonstrated than that which you have undertaken to prove. The opposite is a degrading and uncomfortable doctrine.”

To each member of this literary society was presented an engraved diploma, printed on vellum, headed with an appropriate emblematical vignette. Some time after the receipt of the preceding letters, Mr. Drew was gratified by being put in possession of the following compliment to his talents and application.

Manchester,

6th April, 1804.

THE
PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF MANCHESTER,

Instituted the 23d of September,

M D C C C I I I,

For the cultivation of LITERATURE in general, and the diffusion of USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, have this day elected SAMUEL DREW an Associate in their Literary Labours. In testimony whereof

This Diploma

Is given, under our Hands and Seal,

ADAM CLARKE, *President.*

JAMES HAWKES, } *Vice-Pres-*

WILLIAM JOHNS, } *idents.*

JOHN FOX, }
W. CRITCHLEY, } *Secre-*
JOSEPH BARBER, } *taries.*

This society, which owed its existence chiefly to Dr. Clarke, and was begun under favourable auspices, if it had been carried on with the same ability and spirit with which it commenced, might, at the present time, have been an honour to Manchester, and a living monument to the memory of the doctor. His removal, and that of several of its most influential members, from that place, was probably the cause of its decline and ultimate extinction.

The year 1805 was an important era in Mr. Drew's life. Hitherto literary pursuits had been the employment of those

vacant hours which his mechanical avocations afforded : henceforward they became his daily business. His allegiance to St. Crispin was now dissolved ; and the awl and lapstone were exchanged for the pen.

Dr. Thomas Coke, who claims the honourable distinction of being the founder of the Wesleyan Methodist Missions, was, in the early part of this year, soliciting assistance in the western counties for prosecuting the missionary work. Here he became personally acquainted with Mr. Drew ; and being much pleased with his conversation, made to him certain proposals, which, after some deliberation, were accepted. In reference to this agreement, we quote Mr. Drew's own words, in his life of this gentleman.

"Very early in the year 1805, I became more particularly acquainted with Dr. Coke than I had been before. At this time his Commentary on the Bible was verging towards a close, and his History of the West Indies had acquired an embodied form. Being constantly engaged in soliciting support for the missions, and finding their claims upon his exertions to increase daily, he lodged some papers in my hands, requesting me to examine them with attention, to notice defects, to expunge redundancies, and to give, on some occasions, a new feature to expression. All this was accordingly done ; and in many instances my recommendations were fully adopted. This intercourse subsisted for several years ; and I received from Dr. Coke a pecuniary remuneration, in proportion to the time that was expended in his service.

"To what extent this assistance grew, the world is not interested in knowing. The death of Dr. Coke has made me 'the sole depository of the secret,' and it is my full intention, at present, that 'it shall perish with me.' Though one is a resident of time, and the other an inhabitant of eternity,—though the body of one still breathes in Cornwall, and that of the other consumes in some solitary cavern beneath the Indian Ocean,—the compact still remains undissolved, and will probably so remain until our spirits meet in an eternal world."

It was at first intended that Mr. Drew should reside in London.* In consequence of his reluctance to leave Cornwall, this was subsequently overruled, and he continued in his former

* Upon the subject of his connection with Dr. Coke, and removal to London, Mr. D. consulted, among others, his friend Mr. Clarke, whose characteristic answer exhibits the unreservedness of friendship, and the devotedness of a Christian :—

place of abode. The precise nature of the compact between Mr. D. and Dr. Coke, though never explicitly stated, is scarcely a matter of uncertainty; nor can it be a breach of confidence in the writer of this memoir to make known, after the decease of both parties, what was not communicated to him under the seal of secrecy, but deduced from personal observation.

When Dr. Coke first became acquainted with Mr. Drew, his Commentary on the New Testament was anxiously expected by the public. The whole burden of directing the missionary work rested then upon him—a work which had increased so much, that it was impossible for him to fulfil his duty in this respect, and discharge his literary obligations. Under this

“London, October 24, 1805.

“MY DEAR SIR,

* * * * *

“London I consider the first place under the sun. So much do I love it, after long acquaintance, that I should prefer a garret and hammock in it, with one meal per diem, to the most elegant building and finest fare in any part of the globe which would preclude my access to this wonderful metropolis. I have travelled the streets of London at all hours, both of the day and night, and was never yet molested, or ever lost even a pocket-handkerchief or a tooth-pick. The *good women*, it is true, have often accosted me in the most friendly manner, and caught me by the arm; but as I walk at an immense sling,—about five miles an hour,—they soon found it too difficult to keep up with a man who seemed to have set out on a walk round the globe; and who, for aught they could tell, was destitute of speech.

“The London people are in general very ‘*reserved and shy of access*’; but when men of worth get acquainted with men of merit, they are not only friendly, but truly affectionate. I have a circle of friends here, who shall be your friends also, who may justly rank among the most excellent of the earth.

“With some of the most eminent of the literati I have an intimate acquaintance, and meet them frequently in literary committees. Under the *rose*, my connection with *reviewers*, eminent booksellers, and the members of the British and Foreign Bible Society gives me opportunities of gaining acquaintances and hearing discussions of the most important and instructive kind. Into any of those literary mysteries I can soon initiate you. On your present engagement I will give you my opinion when we meet. I am glad you have not lost your grasp of God.

“Learning I love,—learned men I prize,—with the company of the great and the good I am often delighted; but infinitely above all these, and all other possible enjoyments, I glory in Christ,—in me living and reigning, and fitting me for his heaven.

“I am, my dear sir, yours affectionately,

“A. CLARKE.

“I should like to be remembered to any of my old friends who yet remain. I remember well when we had glorious days in St. Austell.”

difficulty, he looked about for aid ; and found in Mr. Drew such an assistant as he needed. Much material had been collected for the Commentary. The outlines were also sketched of the West Indian History, the History of the Bible, and other books which Dr. Coke had either announced or contemplated. These outlines and materials were put into Mr. Drew's hands ; and it became his business to select, arrange, and perfect.

We again quote an explanatory paragraph from his life of Dr. Coke.

“ From motives to which the author will not give a name, many questions have been asked, in consequence of the preceding compact, which, in the eye of ignorance, would seem to terminate to Dr. Coke's disadvantage. In a letter which is now before the writer, this sentiment is expressed in the following words :— ‘ What effrontery must any person be possessed of, who imposes upon the public by publishing books or tracts in his own name, though written by another, and not ingenuously giving the honour to whom honour is due.’ To this family of questions, propositions, and apostrophes, Dr. Coke, in a letter now in my possession, has furnished a satisfactory reply. In the year 1811, when this letter was written, he proposed to incorporate my name with his own ; but in the title-pages of works that had already appeared, this could not be done. In such, however, as were then designed to be published, it is probable that this incorporation would have taken place, if a change in the mode of his proceedings had not rendered it impracticable, by the disposal of his works to the Conference, and consequently by suspending the plans which he had in contemplation. Let such as charge him with ‘ effrontery ’ say what, under existing circumstances, they would have expected him to do more.”

After these statements, the reader of this memoir will be enabled to judge how far the credit or discredit of those works which were given to the world in the name of Dr. Coke subsequently to May, 1805, is to be imputed to Mr. Drew.* Upon

* The following extract from a letter written by Dr. Coke, off Madeira, January 22, 1814, to Mr. Drew, will throw some farther light on the nature of their connection :—

“ In respect to the History of the Bible, I verily believe, that if God bring me back from India, we shall be able to proceed with it, or you and some London bookseller. I have taken with me a set of the numbers which have been printed, that I may give them a most serious reading. I have not disposed of the translation of Saurin's Dissertations. They are in a small box in one of Mr. Blanshard's upper rooms.

the footing already indicated this engagement subsisted, until the transfer of Dr. Coke's literary property to the Wesleyan Conference in 1812. It then underwent some modifications, and was terminated by the venerable doctor's sudden and lamented death, in May, 1814, when nearly in sight of the Indian Continent.

SECTION XVI.

Mr. Drew is invited to enter the church—His conversation with a Deist—
He writes as a reviewer.

FROM the celebrity which his *Essay on the Soul* had obtained, Mr. Drew acquired considerable notoriety as a preacher. When appointed to the pulpit at home, although novelty could not be a source of attraction, the chapel was always filled with attentive hearers; and Methodism in St. Austell was not the less popular for his literary reputation. In Cornwall and Devonshire he was so far an object of esteem or curiosity, that the invitations from various quarters to deliver occasional sermons were more numerous than he could possibly accept.* "What need," observes a pious friend, in writing to Mr. Drew about this period, "have *you* to live to God, lest, amid unbounded applause, you should let go any of that religion which alone can satisfy the immortal mind!"

"The *Missionary Sermon*.—I read the introduction at Portsmouth, and viewed the skeleton. Every thing you write has its excellence. But a weak mind would be tempted to doubt the truth of prophecy from your remarks concerning the several circumstances which establish its truth. It is too refined for common readers. Between us, we shall, I trust, make an excellent sermon of it; and I can send it to the book-room, or the committee, from India.

"Yours faithfully,
"T. COKE."

* On his remarking to an over-zealous lady who blamed him for not attending to all the invitations to preach that he received, that "We are not required to kill ourselves by excessive labour in the services of religion," she very earnestly rejoined, "But, sir, you know that if you die, God will raise up another in your stead." We scarcely need add, that with him such an argument had no weight, however forcible it might have been thought by his fair adviser.

Happily he did not forget that intellect is the gift of God—that, as a gift, it left no place for self-gratulation—that for its proper exercise he must render a scrupulous account—and that, for its right employment and direction, it was indispensable that he should cultivate an habitual dependence upon Him, without whom “nothing is wise, nothing is strong.” A weaker mind, in Mr. Drew’s circumstances, might have suffered injury: he, in every stage, retained his primitive simplicity, and, we believe, never permitted the praise of men to relax his duty to God.

The Very Reverend Archdeacon of Cornwall, after his introduction to Mr. Drew, in 1803, continued to call upon him at the time of his yearly visitations. Notwithstanding his knowledge of Mr. D.’s Methodism, he felt for him a growing regard. It subdued that repugnance with which a gentleman by birth, and a high churchman by education and office, might be expected to view an intimacy with a mechanic, and, according to popular acceptance, a dissenter; and it led, in 1805, to a proposal, which indicated a generous wish to show himself a patron and a friend. The proposal was, that Mr. Drew should become a candidate for holy orders. The archdeacon promised all his influence to obtain for him such preferment as his talents merited, and wished him to take the matter into serious consideration.

This proposition Mr. Drew declined. To the Church he felt no antipathy: on the contrary, he had been noted by his religious friends for his advocacy of the establishment; and having found among its ministers his first literary patrons, he was attached to it by the ties of gratitude. But there were some points in its articles to which he could not subscribe; he preferred the free constitution of Methodism to the restraints of episcopal government; and he believed that the intimate connection suggested, though in a temporal point of view advantageous, would ill accord with his previous associations and habits, and would diminish his general usefulness. For the same reasons, he declined a similar offer, made some years afterward, by a gentleman who also tendered him his services and patronage.

About the year 1800, as Mr. Drew was travelling through the eastern part of Cornwall, on a stage-coach, he entered into conversation with a fellow-traveller, who avowed himself a disbeliever in Revelation, and commenced an undisguised attack

on the Bible. In Mr. Drew he soon found a formidable antagonist. He wished to withdraw from the contest; but Mr. Drew became in turn the assailant, and pressed him so closely with argument as to compel him to ask quarter, and confess his ignorance of the writings of those deistical authors whose disciple he professed to be, and with the enumeration of whose names he thought to awe his companion into silence.

The substance of this conversation appeared in the Methodist Magazine, of 1807, under the title of "A Dialogue between a Deist and a Christian." It found its way into the pages of that periodical through one of the preachers to whom Mr. Drew related it soon after its occurrence. In 1819, at the recommendation of a friend who thought the Dialogue exceedingly well adapted to counteract the effect of those profane and deistical pamphlets which, by their lavish distribution, were unsettling the belief and demoralizing the conduct of the labouring population, Mr. Drew condensed it, and published it as a twopenny tract. By his permission, an edition of ten thousand was also printed the following year by the Manchester Tract Society.

The conversation, which is highly valuable and very amusing, would, we doubt not, gratify those of our readers who have never perused it; but since it has appeared in print, in various forms, we quote merely its conclusion.

MR. DREW. "What could induce you, sensible as you must have been of your own deficiency, to commence an attack upon me as soon as we mounted the coach?"

TRAVELLER. "I thought you were a country farmer, and I wanted to have a little fun."

MR. D. "Did you not suspect, when you began, that you were committing yourself?"

T. "I had my suspicions after a little while; but I had gone too far to retreat."

MR. D. "It was a conviction of this fact which induced me to accept your challenge. But pray, how do you like the fun you have had?"

T. "Just as you may expect. I would not have had any of my acquaintances in company for fifty guineas."

MR. D. "Well, sir, you have left me in possession of all my arguments; you have assented to the leading features of Christianity; and have not had one word to oppose to what I have delivered. I do not consider that all I have advanced is conclusive. I only spoke from the impulse of the occasion

and the moment ; but I am confident that the ground on which I have stood is perfectly tenable ; and the event has proved, that what I have advanced has imposed silence on you. I claim no merit in conquering you ; for this even a child might have done : my only merit consists in encountering you, when you held out such a terrific front."

T. "I beg you will drop the discourse : we are getting into town, and I fear the people will hear us."

Mr. D. "Sir, I will say no more. I thank you for preserving your temper, and recommend to your notice that Bible which you have been taught to despise."

The vanquished Deist was a mercantile traveller. We are not prepared to say, that, like the gentleman with whom Mr. Drew discussed the arguments in the "Age of Reason," he abandoned his Deism, and embraced Christianity ; but he so far respected his antagonist as to visit him, whenever, in the course of his journeys, he passed through St. Austell.

In 1806, through the steady friendship and kind offices of Mr. Clarke, Mr. Drew entered upon a department of literature which the following letters fully explain ; while they illustrate a few points of editorial management.

"To Mr. Samuel Drew.

"London, City-road, July 8, 1806.

"DEAR SIR,

"Some literary gentlemen, who manage one of the Reviews, who have seen, and highly esteem, your Essay on the Immateriality of the Soul, have applied to me, to know whether I thought you would become a writer on that subject which you so well understand, and favour their Review with occasional contributions. They would wish to put the *metaphysical* department entirely into your hands, and upon terms the most honourable in this way. In plain English, if you will become a Reviewer in this department, or any other allied to it, I am authorized to say, that for every printed sheet of your critiques (which shall also include whatever *extracts* you think proper to make from the works you review) you shall receive — guineas. They will also send you the works they wish you to consider, free of expense ; and beside the above remuneration, you may keep each work you review at *half-price*. If

M

you agree, the work which they wish to put immediately into your hands is Professor Scott's 'Elements of Intellectual Philosophy.' Your critiques will come through my hands; and if there be anything in which I can help you, you may command it. Possibly, I may be able, in some cases, to improve the language a little; at least, you will have the satisfaction to know, that your work passed through the hands of a friend, before it met the eye of strangers.

"As I suppose you intend principally to live by your pen, I know of no way in which you may with more ease and safety earn a little money in an honourable and honest way. It may be necessary to add, that you may give free scope to your religious feelings on all such occasions: and the oftener you take occasion to illustrate the perfections of God, and the great truths of the religion of Christ, the more acceptable your critiques will be. You may send a great deal of matter in a small compass. If you get large, thin paper, a sheet of which will weigh less than an ounce, it will be but single postage. Write as fair as you well can, and let the lines be as much apart as convenient, that there may be no cause of confusion. I am writing now as though you had accepted the proposal, which I must own I cannot help recommending.—As I have promised to use despatch in this business, I hope you will favour me with an answer, if possible, by return of post.—If you wish for any further information, I shall feel a pleasure in giving it, as far as I can. As reviewers keep themselves *secret*, you will see the propriety of keeping this matter to *yourself*.

"May I ask you, what are you now engaged in? Is the piece on the Resurrection finished? Have you projected any new work? Is there any thing in which I can assist or serve you?"

"Think, purpose, speak, and act so, in all things, that you may ever carry about in your own conscience a plenary sense of the approbation of your God.

"I am, my dear sir,

"Yours very affectionately,

"A. CLARKE."

“London, August 14, 1806.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I have just time to say, that the editor of the *Eclectic Review* (that for which you are engaged) sends you Professor Scott's and Forsyth's works: the first you will be so kind as to examine with as much speed as possible. I shall also feel obliged to you to speak *as well* of it as you can, consistently with truth, and the sacred, rigid rules of criticism.

“I am utterly unacquainted with Mr. Scott; but Professor Bentley, who is the LL.O.P. of King's College, has written to me respecting the work, and, indeed, earnestly wished *me* to review it, but I really have neither time nor capacity for such an undertaking. My powers, if I have any, must work in a different sphere.

“As every thing in the Review is regulated,—the articles being restricted to a certain quantum of letter-press,—about eight or nine printed pages of a critique on each of these works is all that can well be allotted to them; and you will write no more than is quite necessary to fill up so much space, unless something very important presents itself to you. This information is seldom given to reviewers; as the editor always preserves his right to *cut down* what he does not want—and from this circumstance, many writers in Reviews get incurably offended. This item of notice will prevent you from receiving any mortification from this quarter. The committee which manages this Review is composed of a number of gentlemen of independent fortune. I have seldom seen so much strong, manly sense, sound piety, and genuine learning, go hand in hand. You do not know *these*, but you know *me*:—I will, therefore, take care that you shall be duly paid—so that business will be secure.

* * * * *

“I have neither lot nor portion in the *Eclectic Review*, but have occasionally written articles for it, because I saw that its plan and object were excellent.

“My dear sir, let us live in the spirit and power of the Lord Jesus.

“I am,

“Yours, very affectionately,

“A. CLARKE.”

“London, January 15, 1807.

“DEAR SIR,

“I received your eight letters by the same post—apropos, Why did you not put them in a *packet*, when they were all ready at the same time, and send them by mail-coach? Then they would have cost *one half less*. But metaphysicians are not always œconomists. Well, they were very welcome, and would have been redeemed had they been treble charged. I read the whole through the same day, and was well pleased with the close shaving which you gave to that vile caitiff Forsyth; but I think he was hardly worth powder and shot; and I wish you could have compressed your critique. Whether it will be all got in, I cannot tell—I am sure the editor will leave none of it out to save expense; but each department of science must have its own quantum of letter-press.

“I dare say you wish to know how your review of Scott’s *Elements* has been received among the wise-ones. I can say, and it gives me pleasure to be able to say, that it has been well received, and is, by those who are proper judges, highly esteemed. ‘But how has Professor Scott himself received it?’ You shall learn from the following extract of a letter which I lately received from Mr. Bentley, Professor of the Oriental languages in King’s College. ‘Though Mr. Scott did not acquiesce in all the strictures of the reviewer of his work, yet he confessed he was highly praised, and much gratified; and I thank *you* for taking care, not only that the desire I expressed when I sent the book should be fulfilled, but that it has been exceeded.’

“Your critique on Forsyth will occupy the *first* place in the number for next month. This is the place of highest honour. When it is printed, I shall transmit the labourer his hire. We shall get something else for you as soon as possible. Is there any thing in your way which you know of that you would like to have put in your hand? If there be, let me know it immediately.

The Eclectic Review is taking a high stand among the literary journals of the day. In the estimation of good judges it is equal to any of its competitors, and often superior. Some of the cleverest fellows in the nation are writers in it, and they are all paid high; so that the proprietors have never yet received a sixpence of gain—but perhaps the time is not very distant when they shall reap where they have sowed.

“I am so excessively occupied with the avocations of my situation here as superintendent of this circuit, and president,

ad interim, of the Conference, that I have scarcely any time to do any thing for myself—besides, I am so often called out on different committees for various purposes, that I am a mere slave to the public. But August will come, and then, if spared, I shall get out of my present situation, and retire a little into myself.

“What are you doing? Some tell me that you are writing Dr. Coke’s History of the West Indies! Can you make English of this speech? If I thought you were dull, I would explain it.

“If your book on the Resurrection of the Human Body be a good thing, I wish it to bring you more than the last did. I think, in this business, I can make a better bargain for you than you can for yourself; and what I can do you may command.

“Do you think my old friends in St. Austell would know me again? When first with them I was young and hearty; now I am old, with hair almost as white as snow, and a sticth-fallen cheek! What a change in a few years! Can you, by fair argumentation, give me back my primitive body?—May we live for eternity, and die possessed of the whole image of God!

“I am, my dear sir,

“Yours affectionately in the Lord,

“A. CLARKE.”

The subjoined letter from the editor of the Eclectic has reference to a wish previously expressed, that Mr. Drew would undertake the critical examination of Dr. William’s theory, in his Essay on the Equity of the Divine Government, and of a series of pamphlets written for and against his hypothesis. On first intimating his desire to Mr. Drew, the editor observes, “This is a subject of peculiar delicacy in the Eclectic Review, because we do not advance any decided opinions on the subjects concerning which Arminians and Calvinists differ. Considering *you* to be so well versed in speculations of this kind as to know their difficulties, and to be much more moderate than a mere Arminian or a mere Calvinist in general is, I feel very little hesitation in asking your assistance on this controversy.”

" 41 Castle-street, Holborn,
" March 3, 1809.

" DEAR SIR,

" I have this moment received your letter, and lose no time in answering it.—In the first place, I do not hesitate to request that you would immediately undertake the subject, and proceed with all diligence. I shall be glad to see the whole MS. before any part of it is put to press ; because I consider the importance of such a critique, published in such a work as the Eclectic Review, to be great beyond calculation ; and I certainly should think myself grossly culpable, if I were instrumental in publishing any remarks on the subject, without being well satisfied myself, as well as satisfying those with whom I act, on their uniform propriety. A most excellent young clergyman with whom I spent Tuesday evening, speaking of a work much inferior in importance to this controversy, said, ' The reviewer should almost write that critique on his knees.' You will fully understand that what I have just said arises from no distrust of you (for if I had not entertained the highest opinion both of your discernment and your prudence, I could not have requested your aid) ; but only from a general conviction that a critique on such a subject should not be sent into the world inconsiderately.

" With regard to your plan, I see no particular objection to it, except the length of disquisition to which it will probably lead. I must beg you to remember, that though perspicuity and correctness may be objects of very great importance in their effect on the reader, conciseness is of the *first* importance ; because a very long article cannot possibly be inserted.

" I have forwarded you a MS. volunteer critique, written on the doctor's side of the question, and, as I apprehend, by his son. I did not think it fit for insertion ; but requested leave to keep it for the present, as a help to our reviewer in understanding the '*demonstration*,' which the doctor says ' nobody seems to comprehend !' Dr. Clarke is very well.

" I remain, my dear sir,

" Very sincerely yours,

" D. PARKEN.

" I have to thank you for the pleasure your '*Dialogue*' in the Methodist Magazine afforded me. It has gained you a subscriber."

The fate of Mr. Drew's critique, and the termination of his

connection with the journal for which it was prepared, he thus explained, several years afterward, to one of his literary correspondents :—"When the passive power hypothesis of Dr. Williams first made its appearance, and the controversy was carried on between his friends and those who opposed his system, I occasionally wrote articles for the *Eclectic Review*, and by the editor was desired to review these pamphlets, which were written with a considerable degree of acuteness. This I undertook ; and not knowing that the *Review* was so much the instrument of a party as I have since discovered, I animadverted on the hypothesis with more freedom than Dr. Williams's friends were willing to allow. In some places I pointed out what I conceived to be the vulnerable parts of his fortress, and the defective branches of his system. This was sent to the editor ; but it was never printed ; nor have I, from that time to this, written any thing for that journal. My critique I never recalled ; so that it still lies among their papers, and there in all probability it will perish."

SECTION XVII.

Completion of Mr. Drew's Treatise on the Identity and Resurrection of the Body—He submits his MS. to various literary characters—Publication of the Essay—Its reception with the public.

THE treatise on the Identity and Resurrection of the Human Body, which had been for some time laid aside, Mr. Drew, urged by the importunities of his friends, began at length to revise. In this work he proceeded, with a determination not to desist, until, to the utmost of his power, he had "extracted order from confusion, lopped off redundancies, supplied defects, and placed his reasonings in a clear and unbroken light." This, to a certain extent, having been effected about August 1806, the MS. was put into the hands of Mr. Whitaker, by whom it was examined, and returned to the author with this note :—

"DEAR SIR,

"I have read over your Treatise upon Identity, with much care, and with great pleasure. I did not, however, peruse

it with all the rapidity that I proposed, when I had last the pleasure of seeing you here. The work required more attention from me than I expected or had calculated for. Nor did I finish the perusal till Saturday forenoon. I could not, therefore, return you the manuscript, as I promised, on Friday morning; even if I had chosen to send so valuable a packet by a common hand. But, not choosing this, I was at a loss how I should return it. I therefore resolved to return it in this form.

"I wish to talk with you a little upon the subject. To one or two points I half object at present. I wish also to settle with you the form in which you mean to publish it, as by subscription or otherwise. And I beg you to come hither on Saturday next, and dine with us. We will dine at one, that you may go back in good time. If you cannot come, be so kind as to send me a line by the post of Friday.

"In the mean time, dear sir,

"I remain,

"Very much your friend and admirer,

"JOHN WHITAKER.

"Monday forenoon, Dec. 8, 1806."

To the Rev. William Gregor the MS. was next submitted, and it is to this gentleman's suggestion that the public is indebted for the short auto-biographical sketch prefixed to the printed work. His opinion of Mr. Drew's performance is seen in the two letters which follow.

"To Mr. Samuel Drew.

"Creed, January 11th, 1807.

"SIR,

"I fear that I must have appeared to treat you with neglect, in regard to your manuscript. By way of apology for the ill return that I may have made for the honour which you have done me, I must bring forward other necessary avocations, and the very nature of your work.

"I have perused it with much interest and satisfaction, and have found reason to admire the sagacity and perseverance of your mind, by means of which you have developed the intricacies of a subject so remote from common apprehension.

"As I have proceeded, I have taken the liberty, with a pencil, to mark down some critical minutæ, and also to correct

some errors of your transcriber. A few cavils, also, I shall suggest to you. As I am persuaded that in sending me your work you did not intend to pay me an *unmeaning compliment*, so I have thought it became me not to consider my perusal of it as a *mere form*—I shall, therefore, give you my real opinion of its merits, prefaced, however, with the humble confession of my incompetency to form any judgment of it on which you should rely; as I have been little conversant with metaphysical disquisitions.

“If you are disengaged either on Friday or Saturday next, will you do me the favour of dining with us at two o'clock? I will then return you your manuscript, with many thanks; and we may have some conversation on the subject.

“I am your very obedient and humble servant,

“WILLIAM GREGOR.”

“Creed, Thursday evening,
“January 29th 1807.

“Sir,

“I avail myself of an opportunity of sending to St. Austell, to write you a few lines respecting your intended publication.—Mr. Whitaker dined with me not long since. I asked him his opinion, as to the propriety of your prefixing to your work a plain narrative of the incidents of your life, and the circumstances which first led you to metaphysical inquiries. He was struck with the suggestion, and closed with it at once as an advisable measure. The simple ‘unvarnished tale,’ and the work itself would mutually set off each other.

“As I hoped to have had a long conversation with you respecting your work, when you favoured me with your company, I was, perhaps, less explicit in my written remarks than I otherwise should have been—not but that all the remarks which I could make, would only amount to suggestions for your consideration.

* * * * *

“Your language is perspicuous and forcible, and carries with it proofs that you clearly comprehended the subject. I think, however, that I suggested to you, that in some places you had repeated some of your proofs, which, on a revisal, you might abridge. For as you certainly are entitled to emolument from such a curious and difficult an undertaking as your work is, you should consider what size your volume will be of, or whether it can be printed in the compass of one volume. And

I would by all means advise you to have recourse to subscription, and hope that you will meet with due encouragement.

“Believe me to be yours truly,

“WM. GREGOR.”

From Mr. Gregor the MS. was transferred to the venerable Archdeacon Moore, who, in the following courteous terms, kindly consented to its revision.

“*To Mr. Samuel Drew, St. Austell.*

“Bath, Jan. 31, 1807.

“DEAR SIR,

“Your obliging letter of the 20th inst. not finding me at Exeter, followed me to this place, where it found me under the oppression of the reigning catarrhus cold, called the influenza, which disabled me for several days from holding my head in a writing posture. I thank God my malady is now so far abated that I hope to find myself at home by the end of next week, when and where I shall receive your papers with great pleasure, and employ my first leisure in perusing them with my best attention. The subject is most important as well as difficult; but intricate and obscure as it is in its nature, I have great expectations from your laudable attempt to clear and enlighten it. For your good reception with the public, you cannot have better external security than the imprimatur of our worthy friends at Creed and Ruan Lanyhorn; so that I do not undertake to become your critic from any conceit of adding to the proof of your armour, but because I shall have a pride and pleasure in being employed as a scourer of it.

“In your present, as in all your future undertakings for the service of truth, your have the best wishes of,

“Dear sir,

“Your faithful friend and servant,

“GEO. MOORE.”

May we for a moment pause at the unusual circumstance, of ministers of the establishment—high churchmen—distinguished for their talents and erudition, thus tacitly yielding the palm of intellectual superiority to a man in humble life—a mechanic, or recently such,—and a Methodist? One of these gentlemen, who had condescended to be Mr. Drew’s literary patron, now calls himself his “friend and admirer;” another makes his “humble confession of incompetency to give any opinion of the

work on which Mr. D. should rely;" and a third, still higher in ecclesiastical office, would "feel a pride and pleasure in being employed as the scourer of his armour." To what cause shall we ascribe this mental obeisance? Was it an involuntary homage to mere natural strength of mind? May we not rather impute it to a consciousness that those high intellectual powers which their possessor was exercising in the cause of truth, had been quickened and invigorated by religion?

The intention so courteously expressed by the venerable archdeacon, and the benefit which might have accrued to the work from his revision, were, alas! frustrated by his untimely death,—the indisposition under which he laboured, when writing the preceding letter, being but the precursor of speedy dissolution.

⁹ Venturing as he was into an untried region, Mr. Drew felt anxious to have his arguments thoroughly sifted before he gave them to the public. To his friend Mr. Clarke he was indebted for many valuable hints, while engaged in the investigation; and to *his* inspection, and that of his literary friends, the MS. was finally submitted.

In a letter to Mr. D., dated October, 1806, Mr. Clarke observes:—"The plan, as far as you have favoured me with, and I understand it, of your piece on the Resurrection, I am quite pleased with. I do not see any thing in your propositions which can at all be considered as inimical to Divine Revelation. Your excessive tenderness on this point I highly applaud. If we leave this Book, in all spiritual matters, we get instantly to sea, without rudder, compass, or directing star; without this all is uncertainty, confusion, and hypothesis. When I see your work I shall be the better able to judge; and perhaps I can dispose of it among some of the principal publishers to greater advantage than you could yourself."

In another letter, dated March, 1807, he observes,

"I am glad you are coming to a close with your long *buried* work; I hope it will soon have its *resurrection*. If you think I am your friend, make no sale of your copyright without consulting me—I know more of this subject than you can. It is a maxim with me to reserve the right of at least *one edition* of every work I produce."

In the two letters which follow, his perusal and opinion of Mr. Drew's work are intimated.

"To Mr. Samuel Drew.

"London, October 20, 1807.

"DEAR SIR,

"Lest you should be anxious without sufficient cause, I deem it necessary to give you a little information.

"As your 'Resurrection' was to have been laid before the Philological Society, and knowing that however beneficial their criticisms might be, yet there was no likelihood of having them soon, I wrote to the society and got them to adjourn their meeting to London, ad interim. As there are *five* members of the society resident in London, I thought we might be able to go through the work together, and let you have *our* opinion. We have accordingly begun, have gone through 114 pages, and intend to proceed with it till all is done, and, in the end, give you the sum of that opinion in which we agree.

"Have you finished *Dr. Coke's* Philosophy yet? It is said here you are writing one for *him*.

"God Almighty bless you!

"Yours affectionately,

"A. CLARKE.

"I wish you were in London.—I could here bring you into *being*, and make you useful to *yourself*."

"London, March 21, 1808.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I am truly sorry that I could not pay an earlier attention to your kind epistle; but I have lately been so absolutely overworked, that I have not only been *knocked up*, but *knocked down*.

"The attack made on the British and Foreign Bible Society, in their attempts to spread the sacred writings through our eastern possessions, in the languages of the natives, called me forth, in a variety of ways, to help to stem a torrent that threatened to sweep away, not only the holy Scriptures from India, but also every thing sacred in our national character.

"This took up much of my time. Another extraordinary circumstance served to cramp me more straitly. I was applied to by government to assist in the examination of the ancient records of this kingdom. On this business I wrote an essay, and drew up a plan to direct the searches to be made in the different repositories. This occupied no small portion of my time, and is but just finished,—my papers having gone to the

Right Honourable the Speaker so late as the 18th instant. Add to all this the duties of my office, and the thousand calls my situation here exposes me to, and you will not be surprised to hear that we have not yet been able to get through your MS. Had it, indeed, been a *common* work we had finished it long ago, for we have had several long sittings at it,—but we could take in but little at a time. However, we have got through nearly 500 pages, at different intervals; from which I am afraid little profitable can be derived.

“I have been so engaged that I could not spare time to write down my thoughts, though I delivered several half-hour speeches on the subject before the society, which all the members agreed in wishing to be preserved and transmitted to you: but to me this was absolutely impossible. I hope soon to be able to call another meeting, and go through the remaining parts; and if, at the conclusion, we can glean up any fragments that may appear to be of use to you, they shall be transmitted. My mind is perfectly made up on the mode of publication: it should be by *subscription*,—and if you have courage enough to face the present dearth of paper, you should commence your application without delay. After all the very ingenious and excellent things you have said on the subject—things of great moment in themselves, and of great importance even insulated from your grand argument—I am afraid I shall still feel that the doctrine of the resurrection is a *mere doctrine of Revelation*, and that reason and natural analogies will afford but feeble lights to direct us through the palpable obscure.

“Howsoever your labours may issue, your work will be entitled to great respect; as no common mind could have dared to explore a path that the vulture’s eye had not seen, and to have met so manfully a host of the most formidable and confounding difficulties.

“As a testimony of my approbation of the importance and value of your labours, you may set me down as a subscriber for twelve copies.

“I thank you for your friendly congratulations—I have indeed been treated far, very far, beyond my merit—I neither sought nor expected the literary honours I have received. My degree of A.M. I received in the most honourable way—that of LL.D. even more so, if possible—I had not even carriage to pay. But the honour that cometh from God will alone stand me in stead in a dying hour.

“Hurried as I am, I cannot let even the frank go empty. And what a strange thing is *this frank!* written by a Methodist

local preacher, and a steady, constant member of society, and a class-leader! Poor Methodism!—it is not likely to be always under the harrow.—But query, will it be best for it to rise in the esteem of the mighty? That a Methodist preacher should ever be qualified to write a frank is a strange thing; and that another should be solicited to assist in investigating the records of the country, and have access to the most sacred repositories of the state, is not less so.

“Do you still continue to preach JESUS and the Resurrection? May God be with you! My love to all my old friends in St. Austell.

“I am, my dear sir,

“Yours affectionately,

“A. CLARKE.

“To Mr. Samuel Drew, St. Austell, Cornwall.

“Free, THO. THOMPSON.”

The MS. being at length returned to the author, he made known his intention of publishing by subscription, and in revising it for the press, availed himself of the various criticisms it had undergone. Such was the credit given to Mr. Drew's talents for abstruse inquiry, that his application to the public was soon answered by orders for more than eight hundred copies. Through the kind intervention of Dr. Clarke, overtures for the purchase of the copyright were also speedily made to him by the proprietor of his treatise on the Soul. Conceiving that it would be advantageous to retain the copyright until he had disposed of the first impression, he at first declined the offer to purchase. Ultimately, for five hundred copies, complete in boards, he resigned his property in the treatise to Mr. Edwards, who placed so much reliance on the merits of the book, and its author's celebrity, as to hazard an edition of fifteen hundred.

The work was published in April, 1809. Writing to a friend, on the 10th of May, the author says, “I have not seen it since it was in MS. ; but all the proof sheets have been examined by Adam, *the first of men*. Whatever usage it may receive from the critics, I shall feel a solace arising from the rectitude of my intentions.” In the following August, Mr. Edwards, in a letter to Mr. Drew, remarks, “Your new Essay has not, I believe, been reviewed yet by any one.” Before the close of the year he writes thus:—“I have now left, of the last work, about two hundred copies unsold; but of the Essay on the Soul, I have only four copies remaining. I think of ven-

turing another edition of this, as soon as I get your corrected copy. I did not know, till last week, that the Anti-Jacobin had reviewed your last work; and it appears, by your letter, that you are unacquainted with it; however, they have said but little about it; and I suppose for this reason, that they did not know well how to treat it;—it is in the number for September. I believe this is the only one that has yet noticed it. I saw Mr. Parken last week, and asked him if any person was reviewing it for the Eclectic. He gave me to understand that it was difficult to get a proper person to do it justice. I would have you to expedite your corrections for another edition of the Essay on the Body, at all events; as I hope it will not be long before I shall want to put it to press again.”

In a letter from a London bookseller, of the same year, appears this request: “I wish you could contrive to send me a review of your new Essay for the E——, M——. They have wished me to get a review of it by some friend of mine; and I know no one who is *able* and *willing* to do it in the manner that it deserves. If you could do something in that way, it might remain a secret between you and myself.”

The hint thus given, for Mr. Drew to criticise his own performance, and some proposals which he received from other quarters, of a similar purport, raised his indignation. “Such things,” he observed, “may be among the tricks of trade; but never will I soil my fingers by meddling with them. My work shall honestly meet its fate. If it be praised, I shall doubtless be gratified—if censured, instructed—if it drop still-born from the press, I will endeavour to be contented.” Absolutely still-born it was not:—besides the Anti-Jacobin, it was reviewed in the British Critic. But, for the reason assigned by Mr. Edwards—the difficulty of procuring competent reviewers—the book obtained less notice in the journals of the day than was due to its merit, the reputation of its author, and the importance of its subject; and possibly from this cause, the second edition of the treatise, so quickly anticipated, did not appear until 1822.

SECTION XVIII.

Death and Memoir of Mr. Whitaker—Mr. Drew's illness—His acquaintance with Colonel Sandys and Professor Kidd—He is advised to write for the Burnet prize.

WE must now return to the year 1808, in which Mr. Drew had to lament the decease of his early patron and constant friend, the Rev. John Whitaker. To departed excellence a tribute is always due. In this place especially, it should be paid to one whose kind and fostering care cherished Mr. Drew's first literary undertakings, and decidedly influenced his future destiny. Nothing has been said in these pages of the character and talents of that amiable and learned man; for the writer—one of another generation—feels his incompetence to the task. He will, therefore, hold himself and his readers indebted to the pen of Mr. Polwhele for a brief notice of this venerable scholar and antiquarian.

"JOHN WHITAKER was born at Manchester in 1735. In the register of baptisms at the Collegiate parish church of Christ, in that place, we find he was baptized on the 11th of May in that year. Before he was ten years of age he was entered a scholar of the Free Grammar School at Manchester. In 1752, he was 'made Exhibitioner to Oxford, at ten pounds per annum.' He was elected Scholar of C.C.C. 3d of March, 1753; and Fellow 21st of January, 1763. In 1759, February 27, he was admitted M.A.; and in 1767, July 1st, he proceeded B.D.

"It appears that he was a young man of 'great peculiarities.' At college he associated with very few; yet not from fastidiousness. His early religiousness was apparent in his regularly keeping the fast of Lent, and that of every Friday throughout the year, until supper time. In this observance there was no affectation; if the uniform simplicity of a long life will authorize such an assurance.

"In 1773 we find Mr. W. in London, the Morning Preacher of Berkeley-chapel. To this office he had been appointed in November, by a Mr. Hughes, but in less than two months was

removed from his situation. During his residence in London, Whitaker had an opportunity of conversing with several of our most celebrated writers; among whom were the author of the *Rambler*, and the historian of the Roman Empire. With Gibbon Mr. W. was intimately acquainted; and the MS. of the first volume of 'the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' was submitted to his inspection. But, what was his surprise, when, as he read the same volume in print, that chapter which has been so justly obnoxious to the Christian world, was then, for the first time, introduced to his notice! That chapter Gibbon had suppressed in the MS. overawed by Whitaker's high character, and afraid of his censure. And, in fact, that the Deist should have shrunk from his indignant eye, may well be conceived, when we see his Christian principle and his manly spirit uniting in the rejection of a living of considerable value, which was at that time offered him by a Unitarian patron: he spurned at the temptation, and pitied the seducer.

"That men of genius have not always the merit of patient exertion, is a trite remark. And certainly splendid talents and studiousness are far from being inseparable. But in his learned labours Mr. Whitaker was indefatigable from his youth—even from his boyhood. Notwithstanding all he had done, I heard him speak, not many months before his death, of 'Notes on Shakspeare,' and of 'Illustrations of the Bible.' But he wished to finish his 'Oxford,' his 'London,' and his 'St. Neot,' before he resumed his 'Shakspeare,' on which he had occasionally written notes—and to lay aside his 'Shakspeare' before he took up his 'Bible.' To the Bible he meant to withdraw himself, at last, from all other studies. It was 'the Holy of Holies,' into which he longed to enter; and, when entered, there to abide. All this Mr. Whitaker intended to do: and all this, if some few years had been added to his life, he would probably have done.

"With a view to the last three antiquarian productions, he determined to visit the metropolis: and thither he travelled, with all the ardour of youthful spirits. But even for his athletic frame he had a mind too restless, too anxiously inquisitive. Amid his remarks into the antiquities of the city, his friends detected the first symptoms of bodily decay. His journey to London; his daily and nightly sallies, while there, in pursuit of objects started every now and then to the eye of the antiquary; and his energetic and diversified conversation with literary characters, brought on a debility, which he little regarded, till it alarmed him in a stroke of paralysis.

“Mr. Whitaker’s greatness as a writer, no one can question. And that he was *good* as well as *great*, would appear in the review of any period of his life; whether we saw him abandoning preferment from principle, and heard him ‘reasoning of righteousness and judgment to come’ until a Gibbon ‘trembled;’ or whether, among his parishioners, we witnessed his unaffected earnestness of preaching, his humility in conversing with the meanest cottagers, his sincerity in assisting them with advice, his tenderness in offering them consolation, and his charity in relieving their distresses.

“During Mr. Whitaker’s illness, several of his neighbours, who to all appearance had been alienated from him, called on him, and sympathized in his sufferings, with every token of affectionate attention. And, ‘I thank God’ he would exclaim, ‘for this visitation! I am happier than I have ever been. I am departing from this world; and I see at my departure all ready to forgive my inadvertencies and errors—all kindly disposed towards me!’ His decline was gradual. Nor, melancholy as it was, could a Christian contemplate it without pleasure; inasmuch as the strength of his faith and the calmness of his resignation were more and more visible, under the conviction that he was labouring under a disorder from which he could not possibly recover, and which threatened a speedy dissolution. His, in fine, were the faith and the resignation which might have been judged worthy of a primitive disciple of that Jesus, in whose mercies he reposed, and to whose mediation alone he looked with humble hope. And his decease was such as could not but give comfort to those who viewed it; when (on October 30, 1808) in the awful hour which ‘seemed opening upon the beatitudes of heaven,’ at peace with himself, his fellow-creatures, and his God, he sank as into quiet slumber, or (to use the patriarchal language) ‘fell asleep.’”

The funeral obsequies of his friend Mr. Drew attended; and he felt a mournful satisfaction in paying this last duty to one to whom he owed so many obligations.

The only serious interruption of health which Mr. Drew experienced, from the year 1798 until a short time previous to his decease, occurred in 1809. To one of his correspondents, in a letter dated July, in this year, he thus writes:—“You may probably recollect, that when you called upon me I complained

of being unwell. Since that time I have been ill of a slow fever, and am but just recovered. The disorder, through Almighty goodness, has entirely left me; but I feel myself very much debilitated, and am at present but badly calculated to enter into the thorny region of metaphysics." For the recovery of his health he resided a short time at the neighbouring sea-port of Fowey, where a gentleman connected with the custom-house was an intimate friend. A member of this friend's family, referring to the period, says, "It happened opportunely, that the day before Mr. Drew came hither, orders were received from London, that the officers belonging to the custom-boat should go on the water every day to reconnoitre the coast to the extent of the port, for some specific purpose not in my recollection, but many times since jocosely asserted by Mr. Drew to be *for his benefit*." Such was certainly its result.

It is Dr. Franklin who suggests the propriety of occasionally inspecting our list of friends, and endeavouring, by the cultivation of new acquaintances, to fill up the blanks which death has occasioned. But Mr. Drew needed not to follow such advice; nor, if he had, would his independent spirit have yielded to that necessity. Modest and unobtrusive, he neither sought the company nor courted the acquaintance of any one; nevertheless the friendship of men of learning and influence awaited him.

In the year 1809 he became intimate with the late Lieutenant-colonel Sandys, of Lanarth House, near Helston. This gentleman, who to his military rank added the higher dignity of the Christian believer, esteemed Mr. Drew for his work's sake, and made him a tender of that friendship to which he would not have presumed unsolicited to aspire. The good colonel and he visited each other; and a correspondence was begun, which terminated only with the colonel's death.

About twelve months after Mr. Whitaker's decease, the letters which follow placed Mr. Drew in friendly relationship with another literary gentleman, and opened a long and valuable correspondence on metaphysical topics. They also led him to undertake his most elaborate work—a treatise on the Being, Attributes, and Providence of God.

"Aberdeen, 17th November, 1809.

"SIR,

"Both your books have lately fallen into my hands. They have afforded me much information and satisfaction; and,

though metaphysics lie out of my profession, I am fond of the study. When I read your Dedication, I could have wished that I had been Rector of Ruan Lanyhorn when you first published. When I read your Address, I admired your mind, and felt for your family; and from that moment began to revolve, how I might profit merit emerging from hardships. I have at length conceived a way which will, in all likelihood, put you and your dear infants in independence. There is a Prize Essay to be written in the course of three or four years hence, for which the sum of fifteen hundred pounds will be given, by the will of a man who died in this city lately. I may, perhaps, mistake the exact sum, but I am sure it is above a thousand. Should you incline to try your pen for this prize, you shall have all the assistance and friendship I can give.

“Those grateful and dignified feelings and sentiments which I discover in your books—above all, your regard for the holy Scriptures and the cause of God, I admire, and will assist you, if I can. May I then entreat, that you lay aside the idea of writing against Tom Paine, or any other deistical writer. I believe you to be a philosopher; but, you will permit me to say, such labour is not philosophic. The only way to serve the cause of the Redeemer, is to publish the truth without any more argument than is quite necessary to establish the point in hand;—this was the way He preached, and his apostles followed him. When you wrangle with dead authors, you have so much to quote, and so much to say, that not a reader in a thousand can follow both sides; your efforts, therefore, should be directed to the display of truth by itself:—forgive my freedom.

“The subject of the Essay is ‘The evidence, independently of Revelation, that there is a Being all-powerful, wise, and good, by whom every thing exists.’

“Should you please to favour me with an answer, I shall continue a correspondence, and explain and inform you of all particulars.

“With best wishes for yourself and family,

“I am, sir,

“Your sincere humble servant,

“JAMES KIDD.

“To Mr. Samuel Drew,

“Author of the *Essay on the Soul and the Body*;

“St. Austell, Ruan Lanyhorne,

“Cornwall.

“St. Austell, Cornwall, Nov. 27th, 1809.

“REV. AND DEAR SIR,

“When your very polite and very affectionate letter reached me, I knew not whether the surprise or the gratitude which it occasioned was the most predominant. My surprise was excited by the thought, that any thing I had written, or was capable of writing, should awaken the solicitude of a learned stranger for the welfare of my family; and my gratitude was arrested by the manner in which that solicitude expressed itself, in the language of benevolence and friendship. For your kindness in writing, your manner of doing it, and the motives which led you to it, be pleased to accept my sincerest thanks.

“On the subject of your letter, I feel myself at a loss how to express my views, or in what manner to return an answer. I must candidly confess, that I know of no subject, within the whole circle of theology, that is more congenial with my habits of reflection than that which is proposed for the prize essay. It is a subject on which I have often turned my thoughts with pleasure, and enjoyed a grateful satisfaction, while reflecting on those decisive evidences with which God has furnished us of his own existence and perfections.

“Still, however, the circumstances which forbid me to comply with your request appear too numerous and too formidable for my inclination and judgment to overcome, even though allured by a bait, which, while it invites, must be withheld from my grasp, even by its own greatness. The inducement which it holds out, will, of course, awaken the attention of some of the first geniuses of the United Kingdom; and I cannot for a moment harbour the idea of contending with such exalted characters, who enjoy all the advantages of learning, leisure, and superior talents, without associating with it some notions of vanity and presumption. England, no doubt, will produce new Lockes and Clarkes, and Scotland new Beatties and Reids; and I can hardly arrogate to myself the character of becoming their rival, without placing myself in the situation of Andromeda, who, contending with the Nereides for the prize of beauty, was by them bound to a rock, and condemned to be devoured.

“Such, my dear sir, are the feelings which your letter has excited in my bosom. I will not say that farther communications cannot suppress them; but, under present circumstances, I should smile at my own folly, in attempting to become a competitor with the best metaphysicians in the empire.

“I will, nevertheless, thank you to inform me—What must be the probable extent of the expected essay?—Must its author investigate and refute the systems of atheism which have imposed upon the world from Lucretius to Hume?—Is the author forbidden to use *any of those ideas* which others have adopted to prove the existence of a God?—or are these particulars left to the choice and determination of those who write? If this latter be the case, were I to enter the lists, my wish would be to concentrate those ideas which I should deem necessary to establish the demonstration, leaving Hobbes, Spinoza, and Bolingbroke to slumber with Voltaire.

“The sacred writings I hope I shall never cease to venerate as the great repository of moral truth. I view them with reverence, and bow before them with homage; and trust I shall never indulge myself in any speculations which will incline me to depart from this sacred standard of religious knowledge.

“I feel highly gratified that the two essays which I have already written have been so fortunate as to afford you any satisfaction. Every token of approbation inspires me with new vigour to exert myself in promoting, to the utmost of my power, the cause of God among mankind. Hitherto I believe the latter work has not passed the ordeal of the reviewers, nor can I anticipate the destiny which awaits it. I am sorry to find that there are several typographical errors scattered through the volume; some of which cause obscurity in the pages in which they appear. My manuscript was copied in a fair hand, which I thought would have rendered my superintendence of the press unnecessary. Experience, however, has taught me a different lesson. The printer has just informed me that he expects a second edition will be wanted soon after Christmas, when I hope these errors will be removed. A third edition of my ‘Essay on the Soul’ will go to press almost immediately; but in this I have no pecuniary interest, as I sold the copyright before it had received the public opinion.

“I rejoice to concur with you on the impropriety of wrangling with dead authors. Long quotations to me are irksome, and, though necessary on such occasions, rarely fail to involve intricacies which few are inclined to trace. My pamphlet against Paine was the first thing I ever submitted to the public eye; and, though I believe a friend of mine is now about to reprint it, by my permission, it engrosses no part of my time, nor have I any interest in the issue.

“Ruan Lanyhorne, in which parish my good friend Whita-

ker once resided, is about twelve miles from this place; and its name on the direction of my letters is calculated rather to prevent me from receiving them, than to bring them to me. I will therefore thank you, in future, to direct to Samuel Drew, St. Austell, Cornwall.

“With my best wishes for your welfare, and sincerest gratitude for your kind intentions to benefit me and my family, I remain,

“Reverend and dear sir,

“Your very humble servant,

“SAMUEL DREW.

“*Rev. Professor James Kidd,*

“*Marischal College, Aberdeen.*”

“Aberdeen, 8th December, 1809.

“DEAR SIR,

“Your welcome favour of the 27th ult. duly arrived. I thank you for opening the correspondence.

“Notwithstanding your modest views of your own abilities, and the becoming diffidence of success you express, yet somehow I have a faint hope—or something stronger. Metaphysicians of the description you mention will not, in my opinion, take up their time with the subject of the Essay. Their views will naturally be turned to general knowledge of the human mind; and, being at ease, either in places of colleges or the lap of fortune, they will not readily turn aside for the prize. And if they did, they might not take such views as you; and the Essay may be published, though unsuccessful. Mr. Dugald Stewart, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the university of Edinburgh, is at present perhaps the most famous in that department of literature; but he is old, and likely will not make the attempt.

“The regulations relative to the direction and proceeding of the judges of the Essays that may be written, have been published in most of the newspapers, both in Scotland and England. In one of them you can see all that I could write.

“In your long note, section VII., on the subject of Instinct and Reason, in your Essay on the Soul, you appear to ground decree upon infinite power. I should presume, from what I understand of the note, that you espouse rather the Arminian than the Calvinistic view of the subject; but I am not certain.

* * * * *

“That God may direct you and your family in the way of

life and peace, and bring you and them at last into his heavenly kingdom, is the earnest wish and prayer of,

“Dear sir,

“Your sincere humble servant,

“JAMES KIDD.

“*Mr. Samuel Drew.*”

“St. Austell, Cornwall, Dec. 23, 1809.

“DEAR SIR,

“I hate ingratitude; and yet sometimes walk so near its borders, by apparently neglecting those who are solicitous for my welfare and reputation, that I expose myself to the imputation of being ungrateful, without designing to incur it, or deserving the appellation. I have omitted to answer your affectionate letter till the present time, that I might furnish myself with the advertisement to which you alluded. This I have obtained, and the paper is now before me. It contains satisfactory information, and seems fairly laid down, on impartial principles. In short, it contains an answer to almost every question which can, with propriety, be proposed.* I sincerely

* The advertisement, which first appeared in 1807, is as follows:—
‘A gentleman, deceased, has bequeathed a sum, not less than twelve hundred pounds, to be paid to the person who shall write, and lay before the Judges, to be appointed as after-mentioned, a treatise, which shall by them be determined to have the most merit, upon the following subjects, as expressed in his will,—viz.

“‘The Evidence, that there is a BEING, all-powerful, wise, and good, by whom every thing exists; and particularly to obviate difficulties regarding the Wisdom and Goodness of the DEITY; and this, in the first place, from considerations independent of Written Revelation; and, in the second place, from the Revelation of the Lord Jesus; and, from the whole, to point out the inferences most necessary for, and useful to, mankind.’

“To the person who shall write, and lay before the said Judges, a Treatise on the subject above-mentioned, which shall be found by them next in merit to the former, the Testator further bequeaths a sum, not less than four hundred pounds, after deducting therefrom the expense of printing and binding, or purchasing two hundred printed copies of each of the said Treatises.

“The Ministers of the Established Church at Aberdeen, the Principals and Professors of King’s and Marischal Colleges of Aberdeen, and the Trustees of the said Testator, are appointed to nominate and make choice of three Judges, who are to decide, agreeably to certain rules prescribed in the deed of settlement, upon the comparative merit of such Treatises as shall be laid before them.

“The time allowed by the Testator, for the composition of these Treatises, extends to the first of January, 1814; and his Trustees do now intimate, in compliance with his appointment, that those who shall become

thank you for your friendly attention, and beg you to accept my grateful acknowledgments, as the only requital which it is in my power to make.

“The writings of Mr. Stewart, whom you mention, I have not seen, unless through the citations made by a Mr. R. E. Scott, Professor of Moral Philosophy, Aberdeen, on the ‘Elements of Intellectual Philosophy.’ His work I have. It is probable you are personally acquainted with him. Do you think he will become a competitor? It is, however, of little consequence to inquire: every person has a right; and the united efforts of all will, most probably, augment the general stock of argumentative proof, and give to truth herself an additional lustre, by depriving her of some shades with which she has long been enveloped. I shall esteem myself happy, if any thing I can write may contribute to so desirable an event.

“On the subject of my note, your views were rightly founded. I have embraced the Arminian rather than the Calvinistic side of the question, on that subject to which the note alluded. But I have by no means waded into those depths into which some have plunged themselves. I belong to the Wesleyan Methodists, and have so upwards of twenty years. I occasionally preach among them on Sabbath-days.

“As to our principles, I presume they are known to you, from the circumstance I have mentioned. I admit the total depravity of human nature; the atonement made by Jesus Christ; the divinity of his person; the full efficacy of his grace; our utter inability to help ourselves without supernatural aid; and that to this, from first to last, we are indebted for our salvation. It is God who must begin, support, carry on, and complete the work; so that, through eternity, we must ascribe all our salvation to sovereign favour.

“I have thus stated the leading features of my principles, so far as they appear likely to awaken your solicitude. You, I perceive, have embraced the Calvinistic views of the gospel. I am not disposed to differ with any one who holds the essen-

competitors for the said Prizes must transmit their Treatises to Alexander Galen, Esq., Merchant, in Aberdeen, in time to be with him on or before the first day of January, 1814; as none can be received after that date; and they must be sent free of all expense to the Trustees.

“The Judges will then, without delay, proceed to examine and decide upon the comparative merits of such Treatises as shall be laid before them; and the Trustees will, at the first term of Whitsunday, after the determination of the Judges, pay the Premiums to the successful candidates, agreeably to the Will of the Testator.”

tial doctrines of Christianity; and hope that few enlightened minds, if influenced by Divine grace, are destitute of the same liberality. I correspond with several Calvinists; but I hope we have learned the lesson of the good old patriarch—'See that ye fall not out by the way.'

"How far this brief avowal of my sentiments may clash with the doctrines expected to be inculcated in the projected essay, I am not able to conjecture. If it is to be assumed on party ground, or to have its merits or demerits decided by its approximation to any private sentiments not essential to salvation, I will decline at once all thoughts about it. An essay of this nature should inculcate nothing but general truth. Arminianism and Calvinism should be alike kept out of sight. Neither particular nor universal redemption should appear. In my opinion, its great end will be defeated the instant that it becomes a vehicle of those positions for which the different branches of the religious world have been contending for more than ten centuries. If I become a candidate, it shall be on those general principles to which we all resort. Any question which may arise with you, on any sentiment which you may think I have not expressed with sufficient clearness, I will thank you to state, and it will be answered with the utmost readiness by,

"Rev. and dear sir,

"Yours most sincerely,

"SAMUEL DREW.

"*Rev. Professor James Kidd.*"

Professor Kidd, whose disinterested friendship for Mr. Drew commands admiration, had, like him, to contend in early life with difficulties, and was also enabled, by talent and perseverance, to triumph over them.* This similarity of circumstances probably awakened the professor's attention, and excited his sympathy.

In reference to their intimacy, Mr. Drew remarks, "Happy, extremely happy, should I have thought myself, if, before the cares of a family engrossed my attention, I had been so fortunate as to open a correspondence with you, or with any one who, under the auspices of Christianity, would have 'taught the young idea how to shoot.' But I have much greater reason for gratitude that any literary characters have condescended

* For a sketch of this gentleman's life the reader is referred to the Imperial Magazine, for January, 1826.

to notice me, than to complain that they did not assist me at the 'birth of intellect.' I hope my acquaintance with Professor Kidd will form a new epoch in the detail of events; and if the memoirs of my life were to be handed to posterity, this circumstance would furnish a new era to my biographer."

SECTION XIX.

Treatise on the Being and Attributes of the Deity undertaken—As a Prize Essay it is unsuccessful—Mr. Drew thinks of editing a provincial newspaper—His "Arguments on the Divinity of Christ," and "Reply to Thomas Prout," published.

FROM Mr. Drew's literary correspondence in 1810, it is apparent that his feelings had begun to respond to the solicitations of his northern friend, respecting the Prize Essay. At this period his engagement with Dr. Coke had so far monopolized his time, that he could devote but a few of his evening hours to this arduous undertaking. Besides the casual interruptions to which he was always subject, his lectures on grammar and geography, already described, which he delivered on this and several succeeding years, left him little leisure. Thus circumstanced, a rapid progress in the difficult task which he had chosen would have been impossible.

The vacant moments of 1810 were devoted to preparatory reading. In 1811 he began to write on the subject proposed; and in 1812 the work was so far advanced as to occasion the request which is implied in the following letter to him.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I lose no time in answering your kind letter. I consider the confidence which you repose in me as highly flattering. I will readily endeavour to serve you in the matter which you mention, as far as the narrow compass of my ability reaches. It has been proverbially observed, that a *stander-by* sometimes sees more into the game than the *player*. Something like this occurs in authorship. A writer who has *long* and *intensely* directed his attention to *one* subject, in fixing upon certain particular favourite points, may be disposed to overlook other points which are obvious and important in the views of an *indifferent person*; dwelling also upon *parts*, he may be deficient

in the due proportion and the adjustment of the *whole*. Few authors, when they examine a work of their own which has been suffered to lie by for any season, retain the vividness and partialities of *first* impressions so strongly as not to retouch, retrench, or add something that *then* appears to be preferable. The intervening interval of time places these authors in the situation of indifferent persons, to a certain degree.

“As I really wish you well, and respect your abilities, I should be glad to forward any work which may tend to your credit and profit: and I shall feel interested in the *success* of your work. In writing for a prize, on such a subject, you must be careful that your arguments be not too *recondite* and far-fetched: obvious and easy arguments in such cases are generally the best,—those which occur to him who reads soberly and seriously the book of Nature and the book of Revelation. If you will send your MS. directed to me, to be left at the Rev. George Moore’s, Grampond, I will, without delay, peruse it, and honestly do by it as I would wish to be done by; and I hope to return it before the time which you mention. I hope, in the course of the summer, to have the pleasure of seeing you here.

“Believe me to be,

“Yours very truly, and in haste,

“WILLIAM GREGOR.

“*Creed, July 12, 1812.*”

On receiving the manuscript, with Mr. Gregor’s valuable remarks, Mr. Drew commenced the revision of his work, and bestowed considerable labour on its abridgment—following up, in this and other respects, his kind friend’s suggestions. At the same time he availed himself of the valuable hints of Professor Kidd, who greatly interested himself in the progress of the Essay, and corresponded frequently with its author. Thus aided, he completed the revision, had the whole transcribed, and early in 1813 again laid it before Mr. Gregor, who thus expresses his opinion:—

“I return your manuscript. You will find my pencil notices very few. I have read the whole over carefully, and I think that you have very materially improved your Essay, by condensation, &c. Your language is simple and perspicuous, and in cases that demand it, it possesses great strength and energy. I feel much interest in the success of your work. It possesses so much merit, that it is not my wishes alone that make me sanguine as to its success. It appears to me that you have pur-

sued the line marked out for you in the advertisement, and fulfilled its conditions. And what momentous subjects have you investigated! Amid *such* contemplations the world and the things of the world appear but as the mere dust in the balance."

At the close of 1813 the Essay was forwarded to Aberdeen, and, in company with about fifty competitors, submitted to the appointed judges. Their decision was not announced until August, 1815. The first premium was then adjudged to William Lawrence Brown, D.D., Principal of Marischal College, Aberdeen, and the second to John Bird Sumner, M.A., Fellow of Eton College.

Never having been so sanguine, in reference to the Essay, as his literary friends were, Mr. Drew expressed less regret than they did at his want of success. To a member of his family, in a letter dated September 2, 1815, he uses these words:—"It was while I was in Falmouth, that two letters were forwarded to me from Professor Kidd, announcing the decision of the judges on the Prize Essays. Of this no doubt the papers have informed you. My expectations were never very high; and the number of candidates had led me further to moderate my hopes—so that I was prepared for a disappointment. I felt a little, for a few minutes; but it soon subsided, and left me as I was before. I have written to Mr. Kidd, furnishing him with my motto, and requesting him to take up the MS., and keep it for his inspection until I desire him to forward it. I am very anxious to peruse the Essays to which the prizes have been adjudged."

His kind friend Mr. Gregor in a note of condolence observes, "I had flattered myself that you would have gained one of the prizes; for I thought it highly probable that what you had written would contain more *original thoughts* upon the subject than the works of other candidates who had perhaps read more deeply and learnedly than yourself. I am glad however that you are so soon reconciled to the event, and that you intend to publish your book in some form or other."

Professor Kidd observes, shortly afterward, "I have glanced through several places of your Essay, and it strikes me at present that the extreme profundity of thought which it contains was against it. I hesitate not to say, that the one which gained the prize was nothing like so deep." With this gentleman the MS. remained a considerable time, and was benefited by his careful revision. Its publication, which was deferred for several years, Mr. Gregor did not live to see.

In an early part of this memoir Mr. Drew informs us that he had escaped from the sea of politics. There was a probability, in 1812, that he would again embark on it. The Methodist Conference having this year become the proprietors of all Dr. Coke's literary property, the engagement between the doctor and Mr. D. was so far modified as to leave the time of the latter at his own disposal. Thus circumstanced, for a season, without that regular occupation which he wished, he seriously contemplated accepting the editorship of a provincial newspaper.

Mr. Thomas Flindell, the then proprietor and editor of the Cornwall Gazette, whose name appears in connection with Mr. Drew's first publications, wishing to quit the county in the autumn of 1812, offered to transfer to Mr. D. his entire concern. Political discussion was now so far from his ordinary train of thinking, that had he not been at the time without beneficial employment, he would not have deferred a negative reply. Situated as he was, he thought it expedient to consult some friends on whose judgment he placed considerable reliance. Their opinions were thus expressed:—

“London, Harpur-street, Nov. 9, 1812.

“MY DEAR BROTHER DREW,

“I would have answered your letter sooner, but, owing to his continual engagements, could not get an opportunity of consulting Mr. Butterworth. We are both of opinion that, for the present, you had best accept of the editorship in question, provided you find you are not obliged to sacrifice any moral or spiritual principle: if you must put in every thing that a fiery partisan of a proprietor may think proper, then you will have nothing but mortification and heart-burning in the work. From what I have seen of the Cornish papers, I am led to think that, on *both sides*, they are outrageously violent—nay, abusive. In such a cause as this you should not engage; nor be obliged to vindicate the measures of any set of men through thick and thin. This I find both sides invariably practise, in reference to the party they espouse. On any ground, I would not wish you to have any thing to do with a republican paper: that in question, being on the government side, has more to recommend it. My maxims on this point lie in small compass. **THE CONSTITUTION IS GOOD**,—it is the **BEST** under the sun,—it can scarcely be **MENDED**. The *executive government*, at any time, may be *bad*, or may, in particular cases, adopt *bad measures*—and therefore should not be vindicated in those things:

yet, in the general, the executive government must be supported, because, if it be not, down goes the constitution, and up rises anarchy and every possible evil with it. In these cases, you must be your own master, and not be obliged to follow the dictates of a proprietor, who probably may not be able to discern the end with the beginning:—better be a hewer of wood, or drawer of water, than be political slave to such a person. Be free, and

‘Scorn to have your free-born toe
Dragoon’d into a wooden shoe.’

“I believe the present murderous war has, on our side, been *wrong from the beginning*. We should never have engaged in it; there was not one political or moral reason why we should. It is the war of Pitt’s ambition; it is a crusade in behalf of Popery; it is—I have heard all the infantine reasons that have been brought for its support. It has ruined Europe—it has aggrandized our enemies—it is ruining us: no sophistry can prove the contrary, or make it even plausible.

“If it be possible for me to serve you, in any way, I shall be glad to do it. I shall keep my eyes about.

“With love to all my old friends,

“I am, my dear brother,

“Yours affectionately,

“A. CLARKE.

“*Mr. Samuel Drew, St. Austell, Cornwall.*”

“Lanarth, Monday, Nov. 16, 1812.

“Your letter of the 12th instant, my dear friend, I received on Saturday night, the 14th inst., and reply to your interesting communications without loss of time.

“Doctor Clarke’s opinion is worthy of himself. His political creed I believe to be founded in truth, and his advice to you excellent. All seem to be desirous that you should take the editorship. The public press is, at all times, a most powerful moral or immoral engine, and ought to be in good hands, especially in such dread times as these in which we live. The good providence of God seems to make plain paths for your feet.

* * * * *

“More will be expected from you by the religious world than will be reasonable, I fear. The post is honourable and commanding; and will, I doubt not, be very profitable, when

you are at liberty to act altogether for yourself. Upon the whole, I believe that you would be an acceptable editor to the generality of the gentlemen.

"Such, my dear friend, are a few of the thoughts which flow into my mind; and I pray the LORD to direct you in the way of benefit for your family, and glory to His name and cause.

"I remain, my dear friend,

"Most sincerely yours,

"W. SANDYS.

"To Mr. Samuel Drew, St. Austell."

Thus advised, Mr. Drew proceeded to negotiate with Mr. F.; but the conditions proving on inquiry to be unsatisfactory, he declined to accept the newspaper, and Mr. F. sought another purchaser.

In May, 1813, under the title of "Scriptural and Philosophical Arguments to prove the Divinity of Christ, and the Necessity of his Atonement," Mr. Drew published, at the request of his audience, the substance of an extempore discourse delivered at Redruth during the preceding month. Several of the arguments being new, where novelty could not be expected, the pamphlet attracted much attention. No method was taken to give it publicity beyond Cornwall; yet, in the following September, a second edition became necessary to meet the increasing demand: and application being made for the discourse from various parts of the kingdom, this edition was soon exhausted. Early in 1814, a proposal was made by the proprietor of Mr. Drew's larger works to purchase the copyright of this pamphlet also: and such was the difference between his fame at this time and his obscurity when he published his "Essay on the Soul," that though he had received only twenty pounds for that work, he sold this single sermon for an equal sum. Since that period, we believe, it has passed through several editions.

In Cornwall, the tenets of Socinianism were, and still are, but little known. At Falmouth there was a small Unitarian congregation; a member of which, who had been previously acquainted with Mr. Drew, undertook to animadvert upon his "Arguments," in a pamphlet that appeared in the autumn of 1813, and was termed by its author a "Reply." This performance Mr. Drew thought carried with it its own refutation. Yielding, however, to the views and wishes of others, he pub-

lished, in the following spring, a closely printed pamphlet of eighty-four pages, entitled, "The Divinity of Christ, and the Necessity of his Atonement, vindicated from the Cavils of Mr. Thomas Prout and his Associates." His reasons for this publication were thus given:—

"It was not long after the pamphlet which bears Mr. Prout's name was published, that several of my friends proposed to me this question, 'Do you intend to answer it?' To these my reply was in the negative; and the reasons which I assigned were, that although he had preposterously called his performance 'A REPLY' to my dissertation on the doctrines now vindicated, he had not overturned a single argument which I had advanced, nor, only in a few instances, even attempted to do it. In addition to which, my attention was so much engrossed, at that period, with concerns which I deemed of more importance than his pamphlet, that I had no leisure to examine its parts, if I had been so disposed. In the justness of my observations they readily concurred; but, from an apprehension that his pamphlet might fall into the hands of some pious persons who, being unacquainted with controversy, might not be able to distinguish Socinian sophistry from solid argument, they advised me to strip off the visor which it wore, that the unsuspecting might neither be led to forsake 'the fountain of living waters,' through the delusion of false appearances, nor be induced 'to turn aside from the holy commandment delivered unto them.'

"It was also urged, that although Mr. Prout's pamphlet contained no reply to the arguments of mine, yet, as it included a kind of abstract of Socinian argumentation, the confidence with which it was written might induce the superficial to think that its reasonings might correspond with that tone of bold decision which had tempted the professed author to throw down the gauntlet, and even challenge the whole Christian world; and which, if it met with no opposition, might finally incline him to substitute the boast of victory for the blush of shame."

The notice bestowed upon his sermon, the author little anticipated. In the *British Critic* for 1814, it was mentioned in terms of high approbation; and a passage in one of Mr. Drew's letters to Mr. Polwhele intimates that in him he had recognised his friendly reviewer. In the high places of Socinianism its arguments were deemed sufficiently important to demand further scrutiny; and "A Comparative View of some of Mr. Drew's Scriptural and Philosophical Arguments to prove the Divinity of Christ, and the Necessity of his Atonement," was published in London in 1815; but this professed exami-

nation of his reasonings he either never saw, or seeing did not deem a reply necessary.

From several quarters he was urged to take up the subject of Redemption through the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, in a more extended way than a sermon would permit, and fully exhibit the inconsistency of Socinianism with reason and with Scripture. "A complete treatise on this momentous topic, written by you," observes one correspondent, "will be an immortal work—a standard book, like Paley's Evidences—so well done that it will not need to be done again." The subject would have been perfectly congenial with Mr. Drew's views and habits of thinking; but other matters then forced themselves upon his attention, and he conceived that an essay on the Trinity, upon which he knew his friend Professor Kidd to be then engaged, would supersede any similar undertaking.

Dr. Clarke, in his correspondence with Mr. D., says, "I gave the copy of your sermon which you sent me to Lord Teignmouth. He is uncommonly pleased with it, and has been sending it about among several other lords." Mr. Drew had the further satisfaction of knowing that, in one case at least, the publication of his sermon had produced conviction. A friend in London, to whose care he had consigned a few copies, writes thus:—"I sold one of your sermons on the Divinity of Christ to a Unitarian, and have the pleasure to say that, from reading it, he has been led to exchange his erroneous sentiments for the doctrine maintained by you."

These pamphlets against Unitarianism were the occasion of numerous letters to the author, of which we have space only for the following:—

"Creed, June 17th, 1814.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Many circumstances have prevented me from thanking you, as soon as I could wish to have done, for your very kind letter of the 10th of May, and for your pamphlet which accompanied it. I feel myself much obliged to you for both.

"The object of your pamphlet is to establish what I conceive to be the very *essence* of our religion, and to vindicate important and awful truths from *cavils*. I have read what you have written with much satisfaction. There is considerable acuteness in your mode of treating your subject, and also *originality* in your arguments, which, upon a question so often and so variously discussed, was not to be expected. It is, I think, calculated to do much good: it will have weight with those who

are humble and teachable ;—but, alas ! there are those still in the world ‘ who seeing will not see, and hearing will not understand.’ I fear that Mr. Prout, and men of his character and opinions, will not easily be *silenced*. There is a flippant self-sufficiency in the style and argument of all the Socinian writers whom I have consulted, that seems to bid defiance to conviction. After what the sober part of mankind would consider as a *defeat*, they will patch up their broken weapons, and limp again into the field : and when they have tired and disgusted both opponents and readers, they will utter the shout of victory.

“ The renowned Socinian champion Priestley, with all his arts and antics of controversy, serves as their flügel-man in the field. Your parallel between Thomas Paine and Thomas Prout happens very happily, and the coincidence is to be easily traced up to natural causes. Such men cannot brook to be hemmed in by the ordinary barriers which restrain opinions within reasonable limits. ‘ Let us break their bonds asunder, and cast away their cords from us !’—But ‘ professing themselves to be wise, they have become fools.’

* * * * *

“ I was concerned to see, that, in the preface to your pamphlet, you mention domestic afflictions ; I hope they are removed.

“ Yours truly,
“ WM. GREGOR.”

In March, 1814, overtures were made to Mr. Drew, by a provincial publishing house, to write a History of all Religions, similar to that of Evans or Bellamy. This he at first felt disposed to undertake ; but the terms offered were not such as he approved, and he was dissuaded from it by his friend Dr. Clarke, who remarked to him, “ You have earned a little reputation by what you have already written :—it is the easiest thing in the world for an author to write himself out of credit. Beware of this.”

A proposition from a London bookseller, to prepare a work on Witchcraft, Demoniacal Possession, Supernatural Appearances, &c., he also declined.

SECTION XX.

Death of Mr. Drew's father—Examination of Dr. Kidd's Essay on the Trinity—Publication of the History of Cornwall—Mr. Drew is appointed by the Methodist Conference to write the Life of Dr. Coke.

EARLY in 1814 Mr. Drew had to follow his aged father to the grave. The good old man had many years before relinquished his farm; and taking a retired lodging, depended chiefly upon his two children for subsistence. Labouring under the infirmities of more than fourscore years, his unusual octogenarian vigour and activity were now rapidly declining; and "like a shock of corn fully ripe," he was about to be gathered into the heavenly garner. There is so much simplicity and pious feeling in a short letter written by him to his son not long before his death, that its insertion, we think, will gratify the reader.

"MY DEAR SON SAMUEL,

"When it is poor times with you, it is miserable times with me. How can it be otherwise, when I am dependent upon you?—I have been asked whether you have been kind to me, and my answer hath been, that a better son never was born, and that your love and affection did sometimes overpower me. Our good God can make a little go a good way. I have had garments from Mr. P——, I have shoes from my son-in-law, I have money from you, and I have got grace from God, who is the Author of all. Don't you, in any shape, reflect upon yourself, fearing I have been wanting any thing. While you live, I have no gloomy thoughts of wanting; and I am persuaded the Lord will prolong your life for some wise purposes. When I begin to reflect that you are my son, I can hardly bear the honour—that I should be raised up to be so favoured—I, who am not worthy of the ground I tread on—I, who was taken up out of the horrible pit of mire and clay—and, what is more than all, that I should be called a child of God.

"The Lord bless you—the Lord be with you—the Lord be gracious unto you, and give you peace, and all your family, for ever. Amen.

"From your unworthy father,
"J. DREW.

"May 29, 1812."

In a subsequent letter, after describing his bodily pains and infirmities, he thus writes: "My dear children, I have to tell you that death and I are very friendly. The thought of it is more pleasurable to me than all the treasure and pleasure this world can give. O could I but tell you the half of what I feel and see! It seems to me that the pearly gates stand open, and the crown glitters before my ravished eyes. Always something is saying, 'The time of thy departure is at hand.' Sometimes my God doth so fill me with his presence that my body is sinking to the dust. But still he doth not let me know when the happy time shall be—I must live by faith."

To his eldest son, then residing at a distance from St. Austell, Mr. Drew thus describes his father's decline and dissolution:—

"*March, 27, 1814.*—Yesterday afternoon we brought grandfather to our house. He is reduced to a mere skeleton. We spread for him a bed in a covered cart, and he bore the journey exceedingly well. We have put up a bed for him in my chamber;* so that I write and tend him. We have watched by him regularly every night for nearly five weeks; but we think it will not be required much longer. He has no particular disorder. He is without pain. Faintness and a want of breath seem to form his principal complaint. It appears to be a general decay of nature; and he has no wish whatever for recovery. In him I behold an evidence of what vital religion is able to accomplish. Having made his peace with God, and lived in a state of preparation for eternity, the prospects of death and judgment are so familiarized to his view that he can contemplate both with tranquillity. May we be equally prepared!

"*April 27.*—The event which we have long anticipated has at length arrived. Your grandfather is no more. Last night, about twenty minutes before ten o'clock, he departed this life, in the full triumph of faith. May you and I follow him, as he, for more than sixty years has followed Christ, that, like him, we may at last end our days in peace! On the preceding evening, when I asked him how he was, he replied, 'Strong in faith—full of hope—my fears are wholly gone.' He has left a journal of his life, which he kept for many years. In this he has uniformly expressed his strong confidence in God, and his desire to be dissolved and be with Christ. His wish is at length consummated."

* Mr. Drew's common designation of his study.

The friendly intercourse between Mr. Drew and the Rev. Professor Kidd, of Aberdeen, since distinguished by the honorary title of D.D., has been already noticed. During the summer of 1814, at the pressing request of its author, Mr. D. engaged in the critical examination of this gentleman's "Essay on the Trinity,"—a work evincing great originality of mind and patient research; in which, besides availing himself of revelation and tradition—the ordinary sources of proof,—the learned writer has attempted a demonstration of the doctrine of Three Divine Hypostases, from Space, Duration, and the Essential Perfections of the Deity. This examination demanded considerable time, and close, searching thought, which the professor duly estimated. So much importance did he attach to his friend's opinions, that, in deference to them, he reconstructed a large portion of his treatise. Thus revised, it was again submitted to Mr. Drew, and also to Dr. Adam Clarke, who, in a letter to his Cornish friend, observes, "The professor feels exceedingly anxious to anticipate all the possible objections to his system; and he very wisely depends much on *you*, and very unwisely depends on *me*. I consider his work to be a mighty effort of a mighty mind; and, should he even fail in the main argument, his work, I am certain, will do much good. He has dared nobly; and if he fall, it must be by the sun's melting the wax of his pinions, through the sublimity of his flight. I believe there is not a Socinian in Britain this day that will be able to demonstrate him to be wrong; and I fear not to pledge myself to eat the book, though a folio, in which his chain of argumentation can be fairly proved to cut the opposite way."

This treatise, of which Mr. Drew also expressed a very high opinion,* was published in 1815:—it will, perhaps, be for another generation duly to estimate its value.

In the autumn of 1814 Mr. Drew undertook his most voluminous work, the "History of Cornwall." Fortescue Hitchens, Esq., of St. Ives, then known in Cornwall as a poet of considerable merit, had, several months previously, issued proposals for publishing a county history, in two quarto volumes. To this many persons had engaged to become subscribers; but, before an outline of the work was prepared, the advertised compiler was removed by death, and the materials he had pro-

* A long critique on this work from Mr. Drew's pen will be found in the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine for 1815.

vided were lodged in the hands of the provincial bookseller who projected the history. Having received the names of many subscribers, he felt reluctant to let the publication drop, and engaged Mr. Drew to execute what Mr. Hitchens contemplated but scarcely began.

The work having been already advertised as coming from the pen of Mr. Hitchens, it was not thought advisable to set aside his name; and Mr. Drew, not being punctilious about pre-eminence, although the sole compiler, was content to be called the editor of the book. "Such," he says in his Preface, "were the circumstances under which it was announced to the public, as a History of Cornwall, compiled by Fortescue Hitchens, Esq., and edited by Samuel Drew." Upon commencing his labour, he found himself possessed of two sheets and a half of his predecessor's manuscript, of which no use was made,—his name as compiler,—and those resources which Mr. Hitchens had not explored.

As a *compilation* the history was advertised; nor did it ever aspire to the reputation of an original work. Such pretensions, in this or in any other history of modern date would be absurd. "It is impossible," says Mr. D., "that those portions of an historical work which enter into the regions of remote antiquity, and detail the transactions of departed ages, can be other than a repetition of known facts, though the combination of ideas be new, and the language original."

Of the works of all his predecessors Mr. Drew freely availed himself. It has been said that his History is but a *rifacimento* of the work of Lysons. Had the critic subjoined, "and of a dozen other historians," he would have been nearer the truth. But of no previous writer was Mr. D. the servile copyist. Great pains were taken to correct the errors of other histories, by applying to the best sources of information. Manuscripts and records were consulted; and numerous queries, designed to elicit truth, were proposed in a circular letter to the clergymen, and to such persons of note in the county as were expected to interest themselves about any of the points of inquiry. In arrangement and expression the History is new.* Except those passages which are marked as quotations, the whole is in

* During its progress, Mr. D. was indebted to Mr. Polwhele for many valuable suggestions and friendly remarks, which added to the value of the work. In their correspondence at this time, though not on topics so generally interesting as to justify insertion, it is pleasing to observe the perfect cordiality and good-will of the writers.

Mr. Drew's language ; and all the matter contained in 1500 quarto pages was sent to the printer in his own manuscript.

Notwithstanding the precautions taken to ensure correctness, it is very probable that errors will be found in this, as in every other local history. To such defects this species of composition is especially liable. From the changes which are continually occurring, the description which is true to-day will become inapplicable to-morrow, and its veracity may be questioned by the next generation. And, with reference to those statements which, after much labour in comparing the different versions, a writer gives from a conviction of their truth, something erroneous will probably be discovered by those who afterward investigate minutely. "As every man," to quote Mr. Drew's words, "is an historian in his own parish, town, or village, the peasant is frequently much better acquainted with facts which exist in his own neighbourhood than the man who has prosecuted his inquiries with diligence, devoted his time to profound researches, and who finally sits down to arrange his thoughts in philosophical retirement."

The first portion of the history appeared in the spring of 1815. After the publication of the eighth part, in 1817, the finishing of the work was deferred nearly seven years, in consequence of the publisher's failure ; and through this failure Mr. Drew sustained a heavy pecuniary loss. In the annexed letter of his to the assignees the reader will perceive his anxiety for the immediate completion of the History : the rejection of his proposals was the chief cause of its long delay.

" To Messrs. Walker and Edwards, London.

" St. Austell, Nov. 11th, 1817.

" GENTLEMEN,

" In reply to your letter of the 5th instant, I have to observe, that I am particularly anxious the History of Cornwall should be finished ; otherwise the subscribers will be seriously injured, by having their sets left in a state of incompleteness ; and considerable sums now due from them to the bankrupt's estate will be inevitably lost. I will therefore undertake to finish the two remaining parts of the work, containing the same quantity of matter as the former, for 60*l*.* and six fine copies of the work, when completed, in boards. These parts will also include the history of the Scilly Islands. As soon as I have your determi-

* The rate originally stipulated with the publisher.

nation to proceed, I will resume the history, and finish it. The MS. I have already written will make about 170 pages in print, which I can send off immediately; and while this is printing, I shall have a sufficiency of time to finish the remainder.

“As I propose to furnish copy for the completion of the work, with the probable loss of 100*l.*, I shall expect to be paid as I deliver the MS. The greater part will be delivered immediately; the remainder, I hope, will be ready before Christmas next.

“Your specific and immediate reply to these particulars will greatly oblige

“Your humble servant,

“SAMUEL DREW.”

Before Mr. Drew had begun his History of Cornwall, the death of Dr. Coke was known in England. It was the doctor's wish, expressed long before his embarkation to India, that, if his life were published, Mr. Drew should be his biographer. This was known to the executors, and by them communicated to the Wesleyan Book Committee, who fully concurred in the doctor's choice. In March, 1815, at the joint request of the executors, Mr. Drew met them at Bath, to consult respecting the Memoir. From Bath he visited Bristol, and from thence proceeded to London, to confer with the Book Committee. This was the first time of his travelling beyond the western boundary of Devonshire. By particular invitation, he preached thrice in Bath, thrice in Bristol, and twice in London,—his sermons in each place being greatly admired for their diction and their depth of thought. One of his sermons in the metropolis was delivered in the chapel at City-road, and the other at Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

At this time his hair was remarkably long; he wore top-boots and light-coloured breeches; and his whole appearance was so uncouth and unclerical as to attract the particular notice of his audience. As he ascended the pulpit of Great Queen-street chapel, a gentleman, not knowing who he was, said to himself, “I wonder whom they'll send us next!—I wish the preachers would keep their own appointments.—I dare say this is some country blacksmith. Well,” thought he, when they were singing, “the fellow *can* give out a hymn.” When the sermon commenced, the gentleman's first thought, after a sentence or two, was, “He has picked that up somewhere—that's borrowed.” The next impression was, “Why, the man has read; but we shall soon see him come down to his level.” As the sermon

proceeded, the preacher fully maintained the high ground he had taken. His critical hearer was quite perplexed to make out who or what he could be ; when, recollecting that he had heard of the Cornish metaphysician's being in town, he felt convinced that this must be the man. He now listened with intense interest, and his prejudices were exchanged for admiration. The gentleman afterward obtained an introduction to Mr. Drew, and told him all that had passed through his mind.

In compliance with an oft-repeated invitation, Mr. Drew, while in London, took up his residence at Dr. Clarke's, and, through him, was introduced to many distinguished individuals. Among others with whom he spent an evening in conversation was the late Dr. Mason, of New-York. To Dr. Clarke's kindness he was at this time indebted for an introduction to the Royal Society and the Society of Antiquarians. Here also commenced an intimacy between Mr. Drew and his friend's accomplished daughters, with whom he continued a friendly correspondence.

Having made the necessary arrangements respecting the biography of Dr. Coke, he returned to Cornwall in April, and commenced the work. At the close of the ensuing Conference, the resolution of that body, confirmatory of the engagement with him, was thus intimated :—

“ Raithby Hall, Lincolnshire,
“ Aug. 29th, 1815.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ Mr. Roberts, who is now with us, on his return from Manchester to Bath, has communicated to me the following resolution of Conference, August 17, 1815, which he has requested me to transcribe and forward to you, being unable to do it himself from the increased failure of his sight.

“ The resolution is, ‘ That the Book Committee shall have authority to conclude, in conjunction with the executors of the late Rev. Dr. Coke, an agreement, on such terms as they may think fit, respecting a life of Dr. Coke, to be written by Mr. Drew, of St. Austell ; and that, if such agreement be concluded, the life so written shall have the sanction and support of the Methodist connection.’

“ Mr. Roberts has also requested me to observe, that you stand on the very same footing with us, Dr. Coke's executors, as you did when we conversed together on the subject at Bath, viz. that we are the only responsible persons to you for the remuneration of your services.

“ R. C. BRACKENBURY.

“ That you may be divinely strengthened and comforted in the prosecution of your most laudable undertaking, is the sincere prayer of your very affectionate friends,

“ R. C. BRACKENBURY,

“ J. HOLLOWAY,

“ T. ROBERTS.

“ *To Mr. Samuel Drew, St. Austell.*”

Much time being occupied in the examination and arrangement of documents for the Memoir, and the County History being now in regular progress through the press, the execution of the Life was less rapid than might have been wished. About Lady-day (25th March), 1816, the manuscript was completed, and despatched for the inspection of the executors and committee.

In this undertaking Mr. Drew experienced the difficulty of serving many masters. On the 5th of November, when writing to a member of his family, he observes, “ Two days since I had the MS. of Dr. Coke’s life returned to me, to undergo alterations. I wish it had been returned sooner, as the long delay will prove injurious to the sale. It has now been in the hands of the executors, I believe, five or six months, for examination ; and all the animadversions that are made might have been made within a fortnight. But it has been in London, with Mr. Holloway ; in Lincolnshire, with Mr. Brackenbury ; and in Bath, with Mr. Roberts. I have now to drive hard on the History of Cornwall, and to finish this MS.”

To please the executors alone would not have been difficult. But the biographer had also to please the Book-Committee, and then to satisfy himself and the public, as to the faithfulness of the narrative, and the correct delineation of character. In February, 1817, the Memoir was again forwarded for inspection. By a memorandum given to Mr. Drew, Dr. Coke had constituted him sole judge in this matter ; yet the revision and re-revision by the various parties occupied more time than the original composition, and called him once more to London. In relation to the bulk of the volume, his remuneration was ample ; yet for the harassing repetitions of his labour he was scarcely compensated.

The work was published by the Wesleyan Book Committee, in 1817.

About this time Mr. D. writes, “ Although, during the last winter, my application was more intense than, on the score of

prudence, I could wish, my health remains unimpaired. My sight, however, begins to fail ; so that without glasses I can scarcely see to write. The man who invented spectacles did more to benefit mankind than all the heroes that ever existed, and his name is more worthy of being immortalized than that of Cæsar."

In 1816 the situation of postmaster at St. Austell became vacant. Mr. Drew offered his services, and through the recommendation of Charles Rashleigh, Esq., who warmly interested himself in his behalf, he was appointed to the office. To the same gentleman's kind intervention he was subsequently indebted for the transfer of the office to one of his sons. The circumstance merits notice in these pages, because this gentleman being a strict churchman, while Mr. Drew, as a Methodist, was reckoned a dissenter, it was a tacit admission of his moral worth. To record the kindness is a tribute due to a generous and departed friend.

SECTION XXI.

Mr. Drew contemplates a philosophical investigation of the tenets of Wesleyan Methodism—His Essay on the Being and Perfections of God published—He is urged to write on the Eternal Sonship of Christ—His sentiments on that subject.

HOWEVER competent Mr. Drew was to discharge faithfully the duties of the historian and biographer, we think that in these departments of literature he was out of his congenial element—that element in which he might be said to "live, and move, and have his intellectual being." Of this he was conscious ; and, even while laboriously occupied with the works described, his thoughts dwelt upon loftier undertakings.

Those who take an interest in the determination of the great question upon which philosophers and theologians have been divided from the earliest ages,—whether man be a *free* or a *necessary* agent,—will scarcely peruse the following letters without a feeling of regret that the contemplated investigation was never accomplished.

“Sheffield, Methodist Chapel-house,
“Sept. 10, 1816.

“DEAR SIR,

“Permit one who is a stranger to your person, but an admirer of your talents, to address to you a few lines, on a subject in which he feels a deep and a lively interest. I have heard, with no small degree of pleasure, that you have expressed a willingness to publish a refutation of the new modification of Calvinism, as given to the world by the late Dr. Williams, in his *Essay upon the Equity of Divine Government*, provided you could meet with sufficient encouragement. Respecting this, I am concerned that you entertain any doubts. The subject proposed for discussion is of considerable interest,—your talents are well known,—and I hope the Methodists are still alive to the importance of those doctrines which they profess to regard as divine truths.

“If you will undertake this very desirable work, and publish a volume upon the subject, I will gladly subscribe for at least fifty copies; and I think I can procure the sale of a still greater number.

“The Rev. Messrs. Wesley and Fletcher did much to check the progress of the Calvinian doctrine by proving that Jesus Christ had tasted death for every man, and that the decrees of God, according to which the eternal states of men will be appointed, are not absolute and unconditional in their application to individuals, but are *respective of character*. Modern Calvinists, in effect, acknowledge the force of the arguments contained in the writings of those venerable men, by giving up a part of their old system. It seems, therefore, desirable that the noble efforts of W. and F. should be ably seconded, and the errors of Calvin, in their various modifications, exposed.

“Dr. Adam Clarke, in his commentary, is promoting the honour of God his Saviour, by demonstrating the Universality of the Divine Philanthropy; and nothing seems wanting but the efforts of an acute metaphysician to expose the speculations of Dr. W. and the divines of his school, respecting ‘negative causation,’ &c. Every one observes that these are subjects suited to your talents, and that, by the investigation of them, you would promote the honour of the adorable God, and the interests of genuine Christianity.

“Should you deem these lines an impertinent intrusion upon your time and attention, I hope you will forgive the writer, whose only motives in thus addressing you are, an admiration

of your talents, and a regard for what he considers the pure gospel of J esus Christ.

“ I am, dear sir,

“ Yours truly,

“ THOMAS JACKSON.

“ *Mr. Samuel Drew, St. Austell.*”

“ St. Austell, Cornwall, Sept. 25, 1816.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ In reply to your letter of the 10th instant, I cannot but say that I have long wished to see the great and fundamental doctrines of Methodism fairly examined, and permanently established, on the ground of philosophy and rational argument. The Church of England has its Hooker, the Quakers have their Barclay, and the Calvinists have their Edwards ; but Methodism, though it has produced a Wesley and a Fletcher, has yet to seek this philosophical ground.

“ Conversing, some time since, with Dr. A. Clarke, on this subject, I expressed my wish that such a work might be undertaken, and intimated my willingness to assist in its composition. But my wish was, that it might be made a permanent work of Methodism, in which its doctrines might be defended on rational principles ; and that, passing through the ordeal of such as were competent to judge, it might be considered as a standard work among the body. Dr. C. most heartily approved of the design, but plainly informed me, that if this work were the production of the present day, I must undertake it, and navigate the ocean nearly alone. He would readily render me such personal assistance as his time would allow ; but the work must be my own. I intimated the improbability that Conference would officially sanction such a work, unless submitted to their criticisms (to which, while the work remained my own, I might not implicitly bow), and the difficulty of obtaining a proper circulation unless I could procure some sanction ; that a deep metaphysical work, which, in its details, must pursue the windings of Destiny, and pass through all the diversified terms of Liberty, Necessity, Freedom, Power, and Responsibility, could not be expected to find a great number of readers, especially among the Methodists, to whom it would be most particularly interesting ; and, finally, that I should be involved in a controversy with those whose opinions I must necessarily oppose. To this his reply was, ‘ Produce the work, and you need not fear of finding support.’ Here the affair terminated, and here it now rests.”

"How far my name may be known as a metaphysician in the literary world, I have no means of extensively knowing. I know that, in a local sphere, my publications have met with a favourable reception. At present I am so deeply engaged in a history of Cornwall which I am editing, that all my time is completely occupied; nor do I expect any leisure until it shall be completed. After this, if favoured with health, I shall prepare my essay on the Being of God for publication, the success of which will influence my future conduct. For my support in this essay I do not look exclusively to the Methodists:—on the subject you recommend, all besides will only furnish auxiliary aid.

"But, whatever the event may be, I sincerely thank you for your kindness in offering so handsomely to assist me. Such generous offers would furnish the sanction that I want. I am well aware that what I do on this subject I must do quickly. Life, with me, is on the ebb; and the tide once past will return no more. I scarcely know any work in which I should be more ready to engage than in that which you mention: and am inclined to think that the talents with which God has been pleased to bless me lie immediately in that department. Still, I am not without my fears whether I should meet with that support which would be necessary; and to risk an edition is to incur a certainty of expense on, perhaps, a doubtful issue. The cast of thinking into which the methodistic mind is turned is not, in general, very congenial to abstruse studies. Some, who could not appreciate the tendency of a long chain of argumentation, would condemn it, as destitute of spirituality; and others would fancy that every thing must be 'vain philosophy' that was not crowded with chapter and verse.

"I am satisfied, however, that multitudes would rise above this local prejudice, and hail such a work, if properly executed, as the dawn of a new era in the history of Methodism, and use every exertion to promote its success. Could I assure myself that 2000 copies would be sold, if life and health continued, I might seriously contemplate the undertaking. But, prior to the arrival of your letter, I had dismissed the subject from my thoughts for many months. At present I have no time; but if, through the course of another year, I can discover any general wish for the appearance of such a work, I will revolve it seriously in my thoughts, and come to some final decision. If I hear nothing relative to the subject, it is rather doubtful whether I shall ever undertake it. At present it seems to be a work that is allotted for another, the accom-

plishment of which I shall never live to see. I cannot but think that it would be a valuable acquisition; but circumstances do not seem happily to combine for its completion; and we must wait the flight of future years to discover the favourable coincidences which may be necessary.

“With my sincere thanks for your wishes to see the work undertaken and accomplished, and your generous offer to assist me in its publication; and with my earnest desire for your welfare, both temporal and eternal, I am, dear sir,

“Yours most respectfully and sincerely,

“SAMUEL DREW.

“*Rev. Thomas Jackson, Sheffield.*”

That Mr. Drew did, at one period, seriously purpose applying himself to this important inquiry is beyond a doubt; and the certainty of that intention occasions the deeper regret. In a letter to one of his sons, of a date a few months subsequent to the foregoing, he observes, “I am exceedingly glad that you have animadverted on the *Essay of Mr. Rogers*.* Preserve your papers. We may hereafter investigate in conjunction the grand question of LIBERTY and NECESSITY.”

To a very intimate friend Mr. Drew remarked, in a later period of his life, that he had offered to undertake such a work as that proposed by Mr. Jackson, if the Conference would take a thousand copies, or would employ him officially: this they refused to do, and he consequently declined the risk of publishing. His friend hinted that it was not yet too late, and that perhaps he might write it when he retired from his other literary engagements. “Ah! no,” said he: “if I had done it at that time, I might have produced something worth while; but ‘there is a tide in the affairs of men’—that tide with me is past, and I shall never attempt it. When I relinquish my present occupation, I intend

‘To husband out life’s taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose.’”

Alas! that his opinion, that he should not live to see the accomplishment of the suggested undertaking, should have been prophetic! Not long after Mr. Jackson’s proposal his time and talents became otherwise engaged; and possibly he

* “*Elements of Evangelical Religion*,” published in 1816, containing an epitome of the modern Calvinistic theory of President Edwards and Dr. Williams.

thought, upon the appearance of Mr. Watson's Theological Institutes, that his own labours in that field would be superseded.

The Essay on the Being and Perfections of God, which, since the decision of the judges, had remained in the hands of Professor Kidd, again claims our attention. To this friend Mr. Drew writes, in June, 1817, "You have obliged me much by suggesting the idea of putting my Essay into the hands of Dr. Gregory of Woolwich. I know scarcely any literary character under whose inspection I should be more solicitous for it to pass. I know him only from his writings; but from these my confidence in his talents and probity lead me to expect an opinion which will either correct or confirm my own. I will therefore thank you to forward the MS. for his examination as soon as you have done with it, that he may have full time to inspect it without breaking in upon his other engagements. When you send it let me know immediately, that I may write him on the subject. I hope you have already ascertained that he will be able to examine my pages; I would not, on any account, presume to make an attack on his time without his concurrence: it would be rude in a stranger thus to force himself into his presence. After the MS. has passed under his inspection and yours, I shall re-peruse it, and prepare it for the press."

Agreeably with Mr. Drew's wish and Professor Kidd's suggestion, the unsuccessful Prize Essay was forwarded to Woolwich. In apprizing the author of its safe reception, in the following December, Dr. Gregory remarks, "I have derived so much pleasure and instruction from the perusal of two of your works, and have, in consequence, so highly appreciated your qualifications for metaphysical disquisition, that I shall eagerly anticipate a season of partial leisure to devote to an examination of your manuscript." Early in 1818, Mr. Drew received his Essay, after an absence of nearly six years, accompanied with the following letter:—

"Royal Military Academy, Woolwich,
"Feb. 23, 1818.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I now transmit you your valuable manuscript, with that of Professor Kidd, and his 'Course of Sermons.' My few remarks (which are, in truth, very hasty and superficial) you will find lying at the title-page of your own MS.

Q

"I trust you will be able speedily to complete your revision, and put your work to press; and I most cordially wish it all possible success, both as to the circulation and as to the benefits which that circulation may, under the blessing of God, be the means of producing, by leading wanderers to the fold of Christ.

"I shall, of course, bend to your wishes and feelings respecting *reverend*. I had an idea you were a *moveable* Methodist preacher, and not merely what I believe your friends denominate a *local* preacher. But this is of small consequence. I have long known and esteemed your character. I am not a Methodist; but am, I trust, a sincere lover of all good men. I have the pleasure of well knowing and much esteeming several in your connection.

"Should any thing occur in which I can be of the least service to you, either in reference to your publication or in any other way, make no scruple of addressing,

"My dear sir,

"Yours, with every good wish,

"OLINTHUS GREGORY.

"*Mr. Samuel Drew, St. Austell, Cornwall.*"

The year 1818 was to Mr. Drew a season of comparative leisure. After a long absence, the treatise which he esteemed his masterpiece was restored to him. In its travels it had been enriched by criticisms the most profound and elaborate; and of these he sat down to avail himself, in a final revision of his work for the press.

In the following January he issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, in two octavo volumes, his "*Attempt to demonstrate the Being, Attributes, and Providence of the Deity.*" About four hundred copies were individually subscribed for, and two hundred by the booksellers and the Wesleyan Book Committee. A thousand copies were printed; and in May, 1820, the work made its appearance. The sale was not rapid; and, in 1824, Mr. D. accepted a proposal of Messrs. Baynes and Son to purchase the remainder of the impression.

Contrary to his expectations, his work was little noticed by the Reviews. To its profundity, which was thought by his literary friends to be unfavourable to his performance when before the judges, the silence of the reviewers may perhaps be attributed. It was a work which ordinary writers would not attempt to criticise; and its subject was not such as to gratify those who read our literary journals in search of amusement. Only

one critique, proportioned to the importance of the treatise, we believe, appeared. This was in the "Investigator," a journal of recent origin, and since discontinued. In this the Essay was highly applauded and judiciously analyzed—evidently by a writer accustomed to metaphysical research.

Introductory to his work, the author observes, "What effect the train of reasoning employed in these volumes may have on the minds of others he presumes not to anticipate; but, so far as his own convictions have been concerned in the issue, he is fully satisfied of their validity. Under this impression, he sends the work into the world, not without a hope that it may, under the Divine blessing, be rendered useful, by counteracting, in some degree, the pernicious doctrines of those modern writers who, under the specious pretext of promoting science, are actually endeavouring to deny the existence of God."

The biographer has now arrived at a period in his narrative which compels him to touch contested ground.

About the years 1817 and 1818, the opinion of Dr. Clarke, in his comment on Luke i. 35, respecting the appellation of the Second Person in the Divine Essence, occasioned the publication of various controversial papers and pamphlets. The personal attachment between the commentator and Mr. Drew, and the coincidence of their views on the disputed subject, being generally known, he was strenuously urged by Mr. Butterworth and other influential persons publicly to espouse Dr. Clarke's cause. Dear to him as was the reputation of his friend, he regretted the needless agitation of the public mind, and declined prolonging an unprofitable discussion. Yet, feeling that a debt was due to justice, to friendship, and to gratitude, and knowing how extensively the Methodists in Cornwall sympathized with Dr. Clarke's wounded feelings, he suggested the propriety of presenting to him an address from the Cornish societies generally, expressive of unabated attachment and esteem. To this suggestion there was an immediate response; and the address, numerously signed, was forwarded to Dr. Clarke.

The question then agitated it is not the biographer's province to discuss. Truth demands only a fair exhibition of Mr. Drew's sentiments; and these he is enabled to give in Mr. D.'s own words. In the two letters which follow, his views of the controversy, and its occasion, are explicitly shown. The first letter is to a Wesleyan minister of eminence, who thought with

Dr. Clarke, and wished Mr. Drew to enter the controversial arena. The other terminates a long epistolary discussion of the subject with Dr. Kidd of Aberdeen.

“ St. Austell, April 10th, 1818.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ I was not at home when your letter reached this place, otherwise I would have noticed it much earlier. I have been into several parts of the west, and wherever I have been, ‘ What do you think of Mr. Watson and Dr. Clarke ? ’ has been a leading question. Aware of these interrogations, I omitted reading Mr. W.’s pamphlet, because I was not disposed to make any observations which might tend to agitate the public mind, already in too great a state of ferment, for what I cannot avoid calling a contemptible trifle. But I have noticed in every company, during my fortnight’s tour, a decided majority in favour of Dr. Clarke.

“ Since my return, I have been so busily employed that I have not been able to give Mr. Watson’s pamphlet an attentive perusal. I have, however, looked into several of its pages, and am inclined to think that it would not be attended with insuperable difficulties to detect the fallacy of his reasoning, and to vindicate both Dr. Clarke and the views he has taken, from the conclusions which Mr. W. has too hastily drawn. The real subject of dispute being merely the proper or improper use of a given phrase, theology is wholly out of the question ; and Mr. W. had no more occasion to introduce it, than either himself or his predecessor Moore had to insinuate that Dr. Clarke was verging to Socinianism. They have actually magnified a mole-hill into a mountain.

* * * * *

“ On some of Mr. W.’s positions I can scarcely withhold a smile. He labours hard to prove that there may be nothing contradictory in a contradiction ; that for a given fact to be contradicted, means the same as for it to be incomprehensible ; and that, although positions may be destructive of each other, this furnishes no proof why we should hesitate to believe them ! I do readily allow that credulity may swallow what faith may reject ; but perhaps credulity and faith mean the same thing !

* * * * *

“ The divine nature of Christ was either begotten or it was not. If begotten, then it was not underived, and, consequently, cannot be eternal ; but if not begotten, then the eternal *name-ship*, rather than *sonship*, must be given up. As the term Eter-

nal Son is not to be found in Scripture, no man has a right to teach for doctrines the commandments of men; and it is highly illiberal to load with opprobrious epithets a man who hesitates to subscribe to what he conceives to be contradictory propositions.

“On Mr. Watson’s pamphlet I have made a few remarks as I have read, but would much rather that its contents should be buried in oblivion than that the controversy should be prolonged.

“Wishing every blessing, I remain,
 “Yours most sincerely,
 “SAMUEL DREW.”

“St. Austell, Cornwall, Nov. 25, 1818.

“MY VERY DEAR SIR,

“On the subject of the eternal *nameship* or *sonship*, as it is called, my objection to adopt the phrase lies within a very narrow compass. In my view, the term *Son* necessarily includes commencement of existence: but the adjective *eternal* necessarily precludes all commencement of existence. Here, then, we have two ideas which are mutually subversive of each other. If you, by any process of reasoning, can remove the contradictoriness of these ideas, then all my further objections are of little weight. But until this be done, all that I have ever seen advanced amounts to nothing. I do not doubt that the Person denominated the Son of God is eternal in his essence; but I doubt whether the term *Son* is suitable to express that idea. The point in debate is not, therefore, a doctrine, but a question of philology; although I find that all who have written in favour of *eternal sonship* have lost sight of the philological import of the phrase, and have conjured the phantom up into a doctrine, in which fancy has seen the Trinity involved. To these points any person who would convince me of the propriety of that phrase must direct his arguments, otherwise all is lost labour. You have advanced many things in your last, now before me, in favour of the eternal personality of the divine nature of the Son; but I can find nothing that makes it appear that the term *Son* can be made to express eternity of existence. To this point I had, in all my letters, I believe, called your attention; but found, from your replies, that I had invited you to it in vain; and I was not solicitous to prolong a controversy which presaged a termination just where it began.

“When Mr. Watson’s pamphlet on the *Eternal Sonship* appeared, I had some thoughts of writing a reply to it; but fear-

In a reply would not be attended with any beneficial consequences, I desisted until Conference with the Methodists was past. When that period arrived, I found that nothing was said; and, as the affair was likely to sleep in its own insignificance, I dismissed from my mind all thoughts of renewing the subject.

* * * * *

"I frankly acknowledge that I am not convinced by your arguments in favour of the Eternal Sonship; but I can have no objection that *you* view them in all that force which I have not been able to perceive. The reason why I cannot attach weight to your arguments is, that you have not met my objection arising from the incompatibility of the two terms *eternal* and *Son*. The term *Son* seems founded on earthly analogy; but I am at a loss to conceive it possible that this term can express unoriginated existence. I should not ask *how* these things can be: an explanation that should render their *mode* of existence comprehensible is not to be expected. All I can hope to learn from investigation is, that no contradictory ideas are included in the proposition; and, when this is perceived, all besides must be resolved into the unfathomable ocean of infinity. But if, on the contrary, in any proposition, two ideas are introduced which are mutually subversive of each other, it is totally impossible that such a proposition can become an object of my belief; and, consequently, no interpretation of Scripture can be right which inevitably leads to such contradictory ideas. On this simple ground I take my stand; and no moral argument can dislodge me from it, unless the contradictoriness of the ideas included in the terms *eternal* and *Son* be done away. This is a task which I do not recollect any person has attempted to perform, amid all that has been said and written on the present occasion; nor have I any expectation of ever seeing the arduous task accomplished. To raise an outcry of heresy, as several have done, against Dr. Clarke,* and to bring forth the authority of fathers and councils, will form but a poor substitute for argument. It

* An American correspondent of Mr. Drew's, in a letter dated August, 1818, referring to the year 1785, when Dr. Clarke was stationed at St. Austell, observes, "I remember a sermon he preached, from 'Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee.' Old Charles Slade was present. The opinion of which you speak was then advanced, and it seemed to shed new light into the old man's mind. Heresy was cried up, by the Calvinists especially, and by all others who had pinned their faith upon the ancient Trinitarian system. Some, however, dared to think for themselves, and thought that Adam might be right after all."

does not require a long life to learn that the defenceless part of every creed is generally guarded with anathemas. If, my dear friend, you can advance any thing to prove that *Son* or *begotten* can be united to *eternal* without involving contradictory ideas, I shall have no objection to the use of these phrases. I do not want arguments to prove a Trinity, nor to prove the eternity of Him who is known to us as the Son of God. I only doubt the propriety of the terms used to express that idea.

"I remain, my very dear friend,

"Yours most sincerely and truly,

"SAMUEL DREW.

"*Rev. Professor Kidd, Aberdeen.*"

SECTION XXII.

Mr. Drew's removal to Liverpool—His friendly reception there—Commencement of the Imperial Magazine—Intimacy with Dr. Clarke's family—Destruction of the Caxton premises by fire.

WE open now a new page in the history of Mr. Drew's life,—his removal from his native county. This occurred in January, 1819. The occasion will, we think, be presented to the reader more agreeably in the original correspondence than in any other form.

"Millbrook, Prescott, Lancashire,

"Oct. 29, 1818.

"MY DEAR SAM,

"I now write to know what you are doing, and the reason is the following. The partnership between Messrs. Nuttall, Fisher, and Dixon is dissolved; and the whole is now in the hands of Mr. Fisher. When I found he was quite settled, I earnestly recommended *you* to him, as a writer and editor, and soon proved to him that it might be to his advantage to have such a person in his employ; at the same time, that he should make it worth your while to be thus employed. He came into my plan, and I told him I would write to you. I told him I hoped his salary would be a *rising* one; but that you must commence with a sufficiency to keep the wolf from the door. This he quite admitted; and I believe any thing I could in conscience and honour name, he would not hesitate to give.

"Now, I most cordially recommend the place,—and have no

doubt of its being a comfortable maintenance for you for life : and if you will work, *to get things out of hand* (for he is a wonderful man for despatch), then you will well agree. You may enter on the work any hour you please,—the sooner the better.

Now, can you come ? and will you come, first, and spy out the land ? This, I think, would be well. You will find in Liverpool such a society as will be pleased with you, and you with them. Drop me a hint what you would expect, that I may the better know how to shape my course. I need not say that it will be a pleasure to me to have you near me ; and perhaps my direction and advice, in some things which I should know better than you, may be useful.

“ Write immediately. I think you will vastly like the country, the place, and the society. I shall get you the acquaintance of the first literary men in England.

“ Yours, dear Drew, affectionately,

“ ADAM CLARKE.

“ *Mr. Samuel Drew, St. Austell, Cornwall.*”

“ Millbrook, Prescott, Nov. 9, 1818.

“ DEAR SAM,

“ Late on Saturday evening I received your letter ; went in the same evening to Liverpool, and laid it before Mr. F. ; and have now to communicate the following information :—

“ 1. To answer Mr. F.’s purpose, you must live in Liverpool. Such is the nature of his business, that out of it you would be of little or no use to him.

“ 2. He considers Dr. Coke’s terms as nothing by which he should be guided ; as he knows not of any similar example in the trade.

“ 3. He thinks that you might leave your present business in the hands of your family, at least for a few months, and come down and begin work ; and in that time you could look about you. He wishes to publish the first number of a Magazine on the 1st of January, 1819 ; and, to compile that number, you should be immediately on the spot. The time is very short ; I fear, too short.

“ 4. You can have a comfortable lodging at one of our friends’, and reasonable ; and therefore there would be no need of an immediate family establishment.

“ 5. Though he would not bind himself to any thing *in future*, yet he wishes, *bona fide*, if you and he agree, and you should find it your interest, and he his, that the employment

should be *perpetual*; and such is the nature of his business, that he will *ever* need an editor. The business having been so long established, there is no doubt of its continuance; and I do think, such are your abilities, that the employment will be employment for you while, perhaps, you live.

"6. Though he has several houses and tenements, yet he is not willing to find you any; because you might possibly think unsuitable what he might deem otherwise: and therefore he he thinks, if you come, you must provide for yourself.

"7. Such is the nature of Liverpool, now certainly the first commercial town in the nation, that, with respect to the articles of life—food and raiment, you may live as cheap as in any other part of the country; and I should think that a house adequate to the wants of your family might be got for even less than 20*l.* per annum. Indeed, I know some very neat and convenient places in Liverpool for twelve guineas; and if you come and live *near me*, you shall have, for seven guineas, a house with four rooms, each fifteen feet square, and a nice little garden.

"8. Lastly, and most important, he proposes to give you, for the first year, you giving up your whole time to his work, and finding yourself every thing in the house way, — pounds. I pulled it up from — guineas to the above sum; and, my dear brother, I do think it is only under the influence of an *especial providence*, that a man in your circumstances, or a literary man of any kind, in such times as these, can get so much per annum. Now take advice; and speak your mind speedily to

"Yours affectionately,

"A. CLARKE.

"*Mr. Samuel Drew, St. Austell.*"

"Liverpool, Nov. 29, 1818.

"DEAR DREW,

"In most things I am obliged to adopt the maxim, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;' and to this I am obliged to add, *do it speedily*, that one work may not interfere with another. On Thursday evening I received your letter at Millbrook; on Friday morning I sent off an abstract of it to Mr. Fisher; Saturday I came into Liverpool to converse with Mr. F. on the subject; and now sit down to give you the result. I have engaged lodging for you, *provisionally*, with a particular friend of mine, a young widow, a thorough Methodist,

and about three minutes' walk from Caxton, Mr. F.'s office; where you are to have a bed-room, with the use of her parlour, and good plain wholesome food, for—— per week. Mrs. W. has two quiet, nice children, a boy and girl, 12 or 14 years of age: from them, therefore, you need expect no trouble nor molestation.

“As you say you cannot remove sooner than the end of next month, so Mr. F. does not urge it; though it will sadly derange the plan of his projected Magazine, which, I am afraid, in that case, he cannot publish before March. However, I think, in the mean time, you might be projecting some plan of proceeding. He intends the Magazine to be thoroughly, not profoundly, *literary*, and thoroughly *religious*,—every thing of God and godliness to have place in it, and every thing in the compass of knowledge by which the human mind and heart may be improved. He has not even fixed on a *name*. He wishes also, that while every thing that is sound in divinity, and truly scriptural and rational in experience, may have a decided and prominent place in it, whatever may be profitable in science, especially to all the middle classes in life, should be carefully attended to. Contributors should be courted on all sides; and your correspondence should be made as strong and respectable as possible. On this plan, draw up a prospectus as soon as you can.

“Mr. F. projects also a *history of America*, in its present state, merely for the use of those who may be incited to emigrate thither; giving a true statement of the nature of the country,—the soil and its productions, the commerce, value of land, rent of houses, taxation, &c. &c., difficulty or facility of settlement, expense of outfit, and of furniture and utensils there; and any fair balance between its advantages and disadvantages compared with the mother country. For these points he must seek out the proper materials for you. Such a history should be introduced with an account of the discovery of America, state of its original inhabitants, as to civilization, religion, &c., and its gradual colonization from the commencement to the present time. All to be included in one good octavo volume. These are the two principal things at present; and I give this notice of them that you may mould them in your mind, and lay and model your plan as soon as possible, and that you may appear very *wise* and *knowing* when you come. I have done now all I think I should do in this busi-

ness :—if I can help you, you may command me. God direct you in all things.

“I am, my dear Drew,

“With love to all friends, yours,

“A. CLARKE.

“*Mr. Samuel Drew, St. Austell.*”

From the following domestic letters of Mr. Drew some further particulars of this period of his life may be gathered. They also pleasingly exhibit his affectionate disposition, pious feeling, and characteristic simplicity of manners.

“Liverpool, Jan. 20, 1819.

“MY DEAR WIFE AND CHILDREN,

“As I have much to write in which we are all deeply interested, I shall not detain you with giving in detail the particulars of my journey hither.

“On Sunday I heard Dr. Clarke preach, and on Monday had an interview with him and Mr. Fisher, on the occasion of my visit. This business I find to be that of editing a Magazine, which Mr. F. intends publishing. I intimated my desire to do my work in St. Austell, but soon found that this would be impracticable, as the editor must be almost continually on the spot. Inquiring how many hours I should be expected to work, I was told that the office hours were from seven to seven. To this I positively refused to submit, declaring that I would not think of coming, at all events, until nine in the morning, and that, as to any other hours, I would rather stand on the ground of honour than suffer the independent spirit of a Cornish author to wear a shackle. This produced a laugh, and an acquiescence; Mr. F. only observing, that on certain occasions a much greater attention would be required than at others, the propriety of which I should soon discover. With regard to terms, I found them, in all other respects, just as Dr. Clarke represented them.

“Having made these arrangements, Mr. Fisher proposed sending immediately to London for a new fount of type for the Magazine; but I desired him to desist until I received your final reply; as I considered myself only come to reconnoitre, and make my report. This letter is now written to have your answer, which you must consider as final.

“With my dear wife and family I think I could make myself comfortable in Liverpool; but to be separated from all, I should be unhappy anywhere. I am now about three hundred and

seventy miles distant from you ; but it does not affect my spirits. I have every thing I can wish, to ensure my comfort, that strangers can bestow. My spirits are really far better than I expected. Your letter will guide their movements.

“I am your affectionate husband and father,

“SAMUEL DREW.

“*Jan. 22.*—Yesterday I preached twice, to a large concourse of people, many of whom came, I suppose, to hear a Cornishman. I thank God I was able to speak without much perturbation, and have no doubt of being soon put to work again. I shall, however, take care of my health. I have this day removed to my lodgings. I dined with Mrs. W., and had a good piece of boiled beef, with greens and potatoes. It looked like home.”

“Liverpool, Feb. 12, 1819.

“MY DEAR WIFE AND CHILDREN,

“I have now come to a resolution to continue in Liverpool for some time. Indeed, I put off Mr. Fisher so long as I could with any convenience ; and as soon as he knew I had received your letter, he came to me for my final determination. I have therefore given him my word to continue at least one year. This being the case, you must not expect to see me, if all be well, until July or August, and then only as a transient visiter. My likeness has been taken, and is now engraving, for the first number of the ‘IMPERIAL MAGAZINE,* OR COMPENDIUM OF RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND PHILOSOPHICAL KNOWLEDGE.’ It will be published, here and in London, on the 31st of March next, price one shilling. I am now busily employed in writing a review of several books. My health is good. I have no indisposition whatever ; and, on the whole, find myself more comfortable than I could have expected. I may have almost as many acquaintances as I please. Dr. Clarke has been projecting a plan for me to deliver, on some future day, public lectures on metaphysics. But this is in its infancy, and very remote. We have two public libraries, to which I have access.

“*Feb. 15th.*—I have again seen Dr. Clarke, who has most seriously urged the propriety, and public as well as private advantage, of my delivering a course of lectures on the Necessary Existence and Essential Attributes of God. Such a course of lectures, he says, will be quite new, not only in Liverpool, but perhaps in England, and in the world. He thinks that I may easily put 100*l.* into my pocket, perhaps 200*l.* ; and finally realize as much more by publishing them.

* “This title is of Dr. Clarke’s choosing.”

"I this morning took a walk, about half a mile out of town, and visited the Botanic Garden. The walks are beautiful,—the hot-houses very extensive,—and the road to it is exceedingly clean. There is scarcely a shrub in the kingdom of which they have not some. But nothing in this garden pleased me more than a beautiful thrush, singing merrily from one of the trees. I fancied that it was a Cornish tune.

"I find that the longer I stay in Liverpool, the more obstacles will be thrown in the way of my return. On *your* coming hither, my dear wife, you perceive, I have no room to write. The Methodists say, that *until* you come, they do not think they have perfectly secured me. May God bless us during our separation! With sincere love to all, and unceasing prayers for your temporal and eternal welfare,

"I am, my dear wife and children,

"Yours most affectionately,

"SAMUEL DREW."

"Liverpool, March 13, 1819.

"MY DEAR WIFE AND CHILDREN,

"I doubt not you will rejoice with me in the contents of the letter which will accompany this. I received it yesterday from Mr. Freeling, and trembled while I opened it, from an apprehension that it contained some unpleasant news respecting the post-office. I now hope that our fears on this account are at an end; and I cannot but think it exceedingly kind in Mr. Freeling to write me a letter with his own hand, announcing the interesting intelligence. I hope to write him a letter of thanks on Monday next for his kind attention. Situated as we now are, nothing, I hope, will be lost by my removal to this place.

"I am well aware that you, my dear wife, cannot come to me at present; and as my aim is to promote the welfare of the dear children, I will rather put up with my inconveniences than cause any derangement in our family concerns. I did not know how much I loved you until I was separated; nor can I express with what affection I long to embrace you. I calculate upon the number of months that will elapse before I shall see you. When I come, it will be time enough for us to make arrangements for your removal. I have every thing to make me comfortable which it is in the power of strangers to bestow, and perhaps am out visiting four evenings of each week. Many, I believe, are invited, on these occasions, to be introduced to me, and to have me introduced to them. I can plainly perceive that the people are anxious to fix me here; but all enter-

tain suspicions that I am not securely anchored until my wife come. I have preached every Sunday, except one, since I have been in Liverpool. I seem to hold a kind of middle rank between the local preachers and the travelling.

* * * * *

“Whenever the weather will allow, I always take a walk in the morning, about a mile, towards the country, to look on furze bushes and a few daisies. On this account I am but imperfectly acquainted with the town. I know east and west, north and south, and that is nearly all: I might know much more if I would. Mr. Fisher has procured for me a share in a Literary and Philosophical Society. He does every thing to throw me into public notice, and seems to spare no expense.

* * * * *

“Among the Methodists, three thousand in number, we have many men of affluence and high respectability; and I am, on the whole, treated here much as I am in Falmouth, when I go thither. If our Magazine will pay, I do not think that any pecuniary considerations will induce me to leave Liverpool; and the fate of this work a few months will decide. I have my health as well as I ever had it; and, except when the tide of home rushes upon me, I am tolerably comfortable. In Liverpool I have met with many persons of superior intelligence, both male and female; though all cannot be thus designated. The greatest annoyance I find is from the smoke, particularly in the morning, when I go out to walk; but afterward it blows off, and the sun shines as in St. Austell.

“I have now nothing, my dear wife and children, to add to this epistle but my prayers for your welfare. I trust that God will give to us a right understanding in all things, and keep us in the narrow way that leads to eternal life. May the Lord Almighty bless and keep us, and may we meet in health and peace! So prays your affectionate husband, father, and friend,

“SAMUEL DREW.”

In a letter, dated June 9th, Mr. Drew remarks:—“Our Magazine goes on exceedingly well. We have sold, thus far, upwards of 7000 of each number. Yesterday I had the honour of being introduced to Professor Dugald Stewart. He knew me by name, was free of access, but was not well. He has been in the vicinity of Exeter nearly all the winter, and is now on his return to Scotland. He is a plain, rough-faced Scotchman, leaving all external marks of dignity for such as have nothing besides to recommend them. He had seen my Essay

on the Soul, and he gave me his name as a subscriber to my new Essay."

To the information given in the preceding letters we may briefly add, that in July, 1819, Mr. Drew paid a short visit to his family, and returned again to Liverpool. During this visit, he put his Essay on the Being and Attributes of God into the printer's hands, at St. Austell; and through the kindness of a gentleman, then one of the representatives of Cornwall in Parliament, was enabled, without expense, to revise all the proof-sheets in Liverpool. In June, 1820, he was joined there by his wife and youngest daughter; but, for domestic reasons, Mrs. D. returned to Cornwall in the following November, and continued in a state of voluntary separation until the removal of the Caxton establishment from Liverpool to London.

Mr. Drew's intimacy with the members of Dr. Clarke's family was at this time strengthened by frequent visits. The affection of the doctor for his Cornish friend may be inferred from the fact, that when he first saw him, after his arrival at Liverpool, he put his arms about him, and kissed him on both cheeks; and so much gratification did the doctor feel in his society, that, though overwhelmed with literary occupation and ministerial duties, he strove to secure a season of leisure whenever Mr. Drew could find time to call. Admired and beloved as he was by these kind friends, his disregard of fashion and personal appearance often furnished them with a subject of merriment; until the females of the family, who prided themselves in his acquaintance, set themselves seriously to reform his costume.

"Long was the man, and long was his hair,
And long was the coat which this long man did wear,"

was an epigram of Dr. Clarke's precisely applicable to Mr. Drew, when he made his first appearance in Liverpool. He was passive under the management of his young friends; and they did not pause until a manifest change in his exterior was effected. Being congratulated, when he next visited Cornwall, upon his juvenile appearance, he replied, "Those girls of the doctor's, and their acquaintances, have thus metamorphosed me."

Among Mr. D.'s papers were found the following lines, addressed to him, about this period, by one of his young female pupils in the science of metaphysics.

“What is the Mind of Man, and where its home?
 Is it confined to earth, and earth alone?
 Or shall we mount the ethereal plains, and see
 The mind unshackled roam at liberty?
 Pass through the starry vault,—it rests not there,
 Seek still beyond, and gain the farthest sphere;
 Scale e'en high heaven :—'tis there alone we find
 Bounds that enclose and circumscribe the mind.

From Him it sprang whose uncreated might
 Struck from the abyss of darkness radiant light:
 Who willed,—and Chaos witnessed Order's birth;
 Who spake,—and clothed with flowers the smiling earth.
 Moulded by Him, the human frame began:
 He said,—and Life through every member ran:
 He breathed,—and Soul to man was instant given,
 Its author God,—its home, its hope in heaven!

No wonder, then, that, while to earth confined,
 It seeks its source,—the Uncreated Mind:
 Through abstract paths to tread its conscious way,
 Up to the regions of eternal day:
 To leave all nature and the world behind,
 Press through them all, and yet through all to find
 That ruling Power unseen, but felt and known,
 Which governs all, free in Itself alone!

Soar on, my friend; and, as you gain the height
 Where the dim clouds of matter yield to light,
 The soul replumes its out-stretched wings, to see
 The heights, the depths of God's Immensity!
 He formed the Soul up to Himself to tend;
 This its design, its being, and its end.
 Unfearing, then, go scale His high abode,
 And, leaving Nature, hasten up to God!

“M. A. C.

“April 3, 1820.”

To Mrs. Drew, soon after her return to Cornwall, Mr. D. writes, “I have been down three evenings at Mr. Ashton's, and delivered lectures to them on grammar. The whole family were wonderfully delighted: and, on my last going, Mr. Kaye, Mr. Michael Ashton and his wife, who were present, joined in importuning me to deliver lectures in a more public manner. This, perhaps, I may attempt. Yesterday I dined with Dr. and Miss Clarke, at Mr. Byrom's. When some of the company had withdrawn, Mr. Byrom asked me about my lecture at Mr. Ashton's. This communicated the first information to Miss Clarke, and to Mrs. Forshaw, who was also present. They both upbraided me with not acquainting them with my intention; and Mrs. Forshaw is resolved to come next Friday.”—In this quotation may be traced the origin of a notice, in Mr. Drew's handwriting, a copy of which is given

in the note below.* It was found in an old pocket-book of his after his decease. The intention which it expresses we believe was not fulfilled.

As a local preacher, Mr. D. officiated regularly, in and near Liverpool. He also frequently preached occasional sermons at Manchester, Salford, Stockport, Oldham, Macclesfield, Northwich, Chester, Warrington, and other places in that part of England.

From domestic affliction Mr. Drew was not exempt. During his stay in Liverpool, he had to sympathize with a beloved daughter, placed in circumstances of peculiar trial, and to offer his consolations to the family of a friend who shared in the bereavement.

In one of his visits to Falmouth, about the year 1812, he became acquainted with a respectable Methodist family of his own name, but claiming no relationship. Acquaintance led to intimacy, and intimacy ripened into friendship. The friendship between the parents subsisted equally among the children; and this led, in 1821, to a matrimonial alliance, which, within six weeks, was dissolved by death.

This family affliction rendered Mr. Drew desirous to revisit Cornwall for a short period; but the immediate cause of his leaving Liverpool as a place of residence will be found in the calamitous occurrence thus described:—

“Liverpool, January 30, 1821.

“MY DEAR WIFE,

“On Sunday evening Mr. Fisher went to London; in which place he now is, and where he intended tarrying about three

* “Samuel Drew, having been solicited by several intelligent friends, with whom he has the happiness of being acquainted, to deliver some lectures on the principles of English grammar, begs leave to assure them, that he is willing to make the attempt, when he finds a sufficient number disposed to encourage the undertaking.

“Confining himself chiefly to Etymology and Syntax, he thinks that his observations may be comprised within about *twenty-six* lectures. Two of these he purposes delivering every week, in a commodious room to be appointed, and on such evenings and hours as may be most convenient to the majority of those who attend. His terms will be *one guinea* for each person.

“Such of his friends, and of the public, as are willing to favour this proposal, are requested to signify their intention, either to Mr. Thomas Kaye, Mr. John Ashton, Mr. Michael Ashton, or to S. Drew, No. 13, Upper Newington.

“Liverpool, November 18, 1820.”

weeks. But, alas! we now expect him to return this week, on business which involves his whole property, and the welfare of his family.

“On Tuesday morning, about three o'clock, I was awakened by a loud knocking at our door, and calls of ‘Mr. Drew! Mr. Drew!’ On my inquiring the reason, a lad said, ‘Get up quickly; for Caxton printing-office is on fire.’ I made haste; for, on looking out at the window, I saw the whole firmament in a blaze. On reaching the spot, I found that the fire had proceeded with so much rapidity that nothing could avert the progress of the flames. The windows were all broken out with the excessive heat; and the whole building, from the ground-floor to the summit, was one unvaried mass of flame. Some hundreds of persons were collected, and several engines; but nothing was of any avail. The men belonging to the office had been there some time, and, by risking their lives, had rescued from the flames about one hundred and fifty reams of paper, nearly all the copperplates, and a small quantity of type:—all besides was consigned to destruction. I entered my office to secure my papers; but the heat was scarcely supportable, and the light occasioned by the flames was as bright as day. I succeeded in rescuing the greater part; but many of them, I fear, are *since* irrecoverably lost. Presently, the roof of the great building fell in, and, carrying with it floor after floor (for the whole was seven stories high), gave free passage to the smoke, ashes, burning paper, and other combustible matter, which mounted in the air, and whirled like falling rockets. Some pieces of flaming paper were carried near Everton, more than a mile distant. After some time, the eastern wall fell in with a horrid crash. But even the brick and lime scarcely deadened the fire, which continued to burn with irresistible violence, until all the combustible matter within its reach was nearly consumed. The flames then subsided; but the books, paper, and other articles capable of feeding the devouring element, though buried in the rubbish, continued to burn all the day, and all last night; and even yet, the whole is not extinguished. Thus Caxton printing-office, which on Monday evening was a stately pile of building, now lies a heap of ruins, a dread memorial of desolation by fire.

“From what cause the fire originated has not been ascertained. Every thing was secure about half-past eight. It is presumed, that some sparks from sky-rockets which were put up near the buildings might have entered through some crevice; but of this there is no evidence. The fire was first discovered

a little before one, by a watchman, who sprang his rattle, and gave the alarm. It first appeared in the north-west corner, in an upper room; and, unfortunately, near an hour elapsed before any engines could be procured,—they being employed about a fire in another part of the town. They came too late to be of any service. By this disaster nearly one hundred persons are out of employ. The property was ensured to the amount of about 36,000*l.*; but this will not cover the loss. Printing-presses, copperplate-presses, and thousands upon thousands weight of type, together with whatever the fire could not consume, now lie buried in the ruins. This day a large part of the wall fell; and other parts are hourly expected to descend to the general heap. No lives were lost, and, I believe, no serious accident sustained. What the event will be, respecting the publishing business, so far as I am concerned, I cannot say. Mr. Fisher is expected to return on Friday or Saturday; after which, when something is determined on, I hope to write you again.

“Give my love to all the dear children and family, and believe me to be

“Your affectionate husband,
“SAMUEL DREW.”

This unlooked-for catastrophe, though it did not impede the publication of the Magazine, deranged for a season the general Caxton business, and led the proprietor, at the following mid-summer, to transfer his establishment from Liverpool to London. Availing himself of the temporary cessation of business which this removal occasioned, Mr. Drew took his departure for Cornwall; and, after a short visit there, commenced his labours in the metropolis.

SECTION XXIII.

Mr. Drew's first residence in London—Effect of his preaching on a Roman Catholic—His degree of A.M. conferred—Death of Mrs. Drew—Its consequences—Mr. D.'s attachment to Cornwall—He declines a professorship in the London University.

IN entering upon the last scene of Mr. Drew's literary labours, the mind involuntarily reverts to the circumstances of his early life. However marked the contrast between the commencement and the close of his career, there was a gradual progression; and, in tracing it, the successive openings of Providence cannot be overlooked. When he first became known as an author, a literary friend predicted that he would one day become a resident in the metropolis, as "the only place where his talents would be properly rewarded;" and, a few years afterward, his friend Dr. Clarke wished that he were in London, because there he would be "brought into being, and made useful to himself." The prediction and the wish were now accomplished.

Here Mr. Drew had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with many of the literati; of renewing his former intimacy with Mr. Britton; and, upon Dr. Clarke's removal from Millbrook, of finding himself again united to his friend and counsellor. Here, too, he was joined by his wife and three of his children.

His ordinary occupation being similar to that in which he was engaged while in Liverpool, it needs no further notice than that all the works issued from the Caxton press passed under his supervision, and rendered his continual presence at the office necessary. For this reason, he resided near Islington, contiguous to which the printing department of the Caxton establishment was situated. Here he held the office of class-leader among the Methodists; and, in London, as in Liverpool, he seemed to fill an intermediate station between the travelling and the local preachers. At first he was considered as the common property of all the circuits; and he received appointments in each. But being a resident in the City-road, or first London circuit, his name, for some years, appeared only on that plan; though his frequent invitations to preach charity sermons

in the vicinity of the metropolis left him very few vacant Sabbaths.

It was not long after he came to London, that a Roman Catholic female, passing the City-road chapel, while Mr. Drew was preaching, had the curiosity to stop and listen. Her attention was forcibly arrested by his address, and she made various inquiries respecting the preacher, especially when and where he would preach again. More than once she attended his preaching, and felt so deeply interested in his discourses as to seek an introduction. She was invited to his house; and the result was, that after a few conversations she abjured the tenets of Romanism, and became a devout Protestant; connecting herself, we believe, with the Wesleyan Methodists.

In May, 1824, the degree of A.M. was conferred upon Mr. Drew, by Marischal College, Aberdeen. The diploma was presented by Henry Fisher, Esq., of the Caxton press, who felt great pleasure in thus showing how highly he valued Mr. Drew's services. The instrument is dated May 6th. Professor Kidd, in a letter to Mr. Drew, of the 11th, writes thus:—"I congratulate you most cordially on your new title of A.M. Our college has enrolled you among its *Alumni*; and I hope this will be honourable to both parties. It was your gratitude that first drew my attention to you. Your expressions of grateful regard to Mr. Whitaker, of Ruan Lanyhorne, first attracted my notice of your name. You are indebted to Mr. G—— for first interesting himself in procuring you this honorary distinction. To him I know your heart will feel grateful."

The gentleman to whose kindness Dr. Kidd refers, informing Mr. Drew of what the college was about to do, observes, "Dr. Brown, the principal, remarked, that he should feel particularly gratified in assisting to confer an honour on one who was his antagonist in the Prize Essay, and Dr. Glennie is equally desirous of lending his countenance."

In his diploma Mr. Drew was inadvertently styled *reverend*. Assuming this as an authority, the epithet, unknown to him, was prefixed to his name, as editor of the Imperial Magazine; and hence he was thus designated in the newspaper reports of his speeches at the anniversaries of religious and charitable institutions. An acquaintance, who knew his aversion from being so called, inquired his reason for sanctioning it, and received this answer:—"I candidly confess that I dislike the title, but it is fashionable in this place, and has been given to me without my knowledge or approbation. This was the case on the cover of the Imperial Magazine. After the cover had gone from my

hands to the press, the line in which it appears was introduced, and I first learned it was there about two days after the Magazine was circulated. I might afterward have had the Rev. taken out; but I thought that this would have created among the Methodists, in many places, some unpleasant surmises, as though I no longer officiated as a local preacher. Such is the history of this reverend affair." To which we may add, that, because of his expressed dislike, it was discontinued.

In 1827-8 Mr. D. undertook to revise and bring through the press a theological work, in two octavo volumes, by Stephen Drew, Esq., barrister-at-law, Jamaica, the value of which has not yet been fully appreciated. Its title,—“Principles of Self-Knowledge,”*—being inadequate to describe the nature of the book, may have operated to its prejudice. Having first shown, by a train of luminous reasoning, that some revelation of the will of God to man must exist, the writer proceeds to demonstrate, from a complete investigation of its evidences, that Christianity, evangelically understood, is that revelation, and is a part of that universal law by which happy and holy beings can anywhere be governed.

To this gentleman, although of the same name, and a native of the same county, Mr. Drew was a personal stranger. In consequence of the high estimation set on his metaphysical writings, the request was made; and he found so much intrinsic merit in the work, as to induce him very readily to undertake the office. When expressing his desire for Mr. D.'s critical revision of his manuscript, Mr. Stephen Drew remarks, “The MS. was presented to the Wesleyan Missionary Committee, to be published, if they thought fit, for the benefit of the mission fund; but this, consistently with their rules, they could not do. It was long under the eye of our friend Mr. Watson, who gave me a very favourable judgment of it, and wished that it might be printed. I then desired him to submit it to you.”

The publication of his treatise the author did not live to see. To this gentleman's sister, Mr. Drew, on first inspecting the MS., wrote, “I find it, on perusal, to be a work of merit, and one that is likely to be useful to such as patiently investigate first principles. It is a work that will do the writer credit, and prove highly serviceable to the church of Christ.” Subsequently he observes, “I have read every line with attention;

* Longman and Co., Paternoster-row.

and, whether I consider the work as a literary production, or a theological treatise, it needs no emendation."

After its appearance, Mr. Drew expressed his regret that a treatise of such sterling merit should have been so little noticed in the public journals. Some surprise, too, he felt, that the existence of a book so intrinsically valuable, which was designed for the benefit of the Wesleyan mission fund, and written by a gentleman to whom the Jamaica mission was greatly indebted for pecuniary aid and magisterial protection, should not have been made known to the Methodist connection, through the medium of its Magazine. Alluding to this paucity of critical information, he remarked, "The plain reason is, the book will require much time and thought to examine. This very few are disposed to bestow; and many are afraid of risking their reputation in giving an opinion on a work they but partially understand. Silence can tell no tales."

There is nothing more in the early period of Mr. D.'s abode in London that demands specific notice. Pursuing a regular occupation, one day followed another with little variety of incident. His hands were full of work; and idle time, while his strength was unimpaired, he neither had nor wished. With his children he maintained a frequent correspondence; nor were his distant friends forgotten. In one of his letters he says, "Besides the Magazine, I have, at this time, six different works in hand, either as author, compiler, or corrector. 'Tis plain, therefore, I do not want work; and, while I have health and strength, I have no desire to lead a life of idleness: yet I am sometimes oppressed with unremitting exertion, and occasionally sigh for leisure which I cannot command." This incessant application to study was insensibly wearing him out.

Every third year he paid a month's visit to Cornwall. It was a necessary relaxation, and was, to himself, his family, and his acquaintances, a season of mutual enjoyment. At one of these triennial holydays, he and his children were called to sustain a bereavement which preyed upon his spirits, and gave a shock to his constitution.

In the summer of 1828, he was accompanied, as usual, in his excursion to Cornwall, by his beloved wife, whose health, though naturally delicate, had improved during her residence in London. After spending a fortnight at St. Austell, they proceeded to Helston, about thirty miles distant, where other branches of the family reside. When about to leave St. Austell, Mrs. Drew complained of being unwell; but having made

arrangements for being met at Truro, the intermediate town, by a carriage from Helston, she would not consent to a delay. On her arrival, she retired immediately to bed,—from which she never rose. The next day there were alarming symptoms of cholera; the day following her case was deemed hopeless; and shortly after midnight she breathed her last. She was then in her fifty-seventh year.

As a wife, her excellence may be inferred from Mr. Drew's grief at her decease. Her maternal affection was exhibited in her constant solicitude for her children's present and eternal welfare. Her faith and conduct, as a Christian, were such as to warrant the expectation which her last moments verified:—“She died in resignation to the will of God, and relying on Christ for salvation.” Such was Mr. Drew's concise but comprehensive statement to a friend, a few days after his loss. A private memorandum found in his pocket-book runs thus:—“My dear wife Honour died, about twenty minutes before one, on the morning of Tuesday, August 19th, 1828, at the house of Mr. John Read,* Helston, Cornwall, and was buried, on the Friday following, in the churchyard of that place.”

The effect of this sudden calamity upon feelings so acute as Mr. Drew's can be imagined only by those whose sensibilities are as refined as his. “When my wife died,” he has often been heard to say, “my earthly sun set for ever.” Yet he bore the stroke with the submission of a Christian, and, as a Christian father, administered comfort and counsel to his sorrowing children. The consolations of religion, and the resignation of faith, to which, a few months previously, he had directed the attention of his eldest son and wife, on the loss of two of their children, now administered relief to his own mind.

“I have no doubt,” he then observed, “that these afflictive dispensations are sent in mercy; and, if we could always connect causes and effects together, we should be ready to say,

‘For us they sicken, and for us they die.’

The light of eternity will, however, soon beam upon the shadows of time; and the tears of this life, if properly improved, will be a prelude to the smiles of the next. Such strokes cut the fibres that twine round the heart, and anchor it to the world; and when we follow our departed friends to the grave, the ties verge towards that future world where all must go, and where

* Mr. Drew's son-in-law.

parting will be no more. On these occasions, judgment and feeling are at war; and time only can reconcile their decisions. We learn, hence, the mutability of all earthly hopes, prospects, and expectations, and the necessity of confiding on the rectitude of the Divine will, even when we cannot trace the causes of those mysterious dispensations."

On the 30th of August, Mr. Drew and his youngest daughter, henceforward the companion of his solitude, took their departure from the spot where his wife's remains and his own joys were buried, and returned to London.

The poignant feelings of the man religion and philosophy controlled, but could not subdue. From this period his spirits lost much of their buoyancy, and the approaches of age became more evident. Incessant occupation withdrew his thoughts by day from the painful subject; but they returned with fresh intensity when the shadows of evening fell. Though his body retained much of the activity of youth, and the vigour of his mind was not sensibly impaired, he now began to feel his literary avocations a task rather than a pleasure,—to look upon himself as in a state of exile from Cornwall, which held almost all that was dear to him,—and occasionally to sigh for the period of his release from labour, and of his final rest in the place of his birth.

A circumstance which occurred not long before Mrs. Drew's decease rendered his constitution more susceptible of a second shock. One Sunday morning, in May, 1828, he was appointed to preach at Tottenham, five miles from London; and he had also engaged to preach in the evening at Spitalfields. Having dined with a friend, after performing his duty at Tottenham, he waited in vain for a coach to carry him to London, and was compelled to set off on foot. Being late, he walked at his utmost speed, a distance of six miles, and, bathed in perspiration, arrived at the chapel almost exhausted, and immediately ascended the pulpit. From the consequence of this overexertion, and a severe cold which followed, he never properly recovered. Though he could walk two or three miles as well as ever, a longer distance would overpower him. To this circumstance he frequently referred with much regret, as having been more injurious to his constitution than any other occurrence.

This inroad upon his previously firm health, followed by the loss of his wife, will explain the tone of despondency so perceptible in many of his subsequent letters. Two of these,

written shortly after his return to London, give a correct representation of his views and feelings.

“ 38 Newgate-street, London,
“ October 10, 1828.

“ MY DEAR SISTER,

“ Your kind and consoling letter, which you sent by some private hand to Plymouth, reached me in safety, by post, from that place. I was glad to hear that you were all well, and can easily conceive that you sympathize in my affliction, the severity of which I feel in all its force. My bereavement has rendered the world to me a dreary blank; as all our dreams of crowning ‘a youth of labour with an age of ease’ are totally defeated; and, like Selkirk, ‘I must finish my journey alone.’ I am, however, aware that ‘troubles spring not from the dust, nor sorrows from the ground;’ and I trust I can say, ‘The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.’ I have received a wound, the poignancy of which time may mitigate, but which nothing can fully heal.

“ We are in the same apartments we have occupied for nearly three years, and, if all be well, shall continue here until the 25th of March. Mary is housekeeper, and we have a servant. Things go on much as usual. By day I am fully engaged; but in the evenings, and by night, I feel my situation in all its force. My health is still good, but my sleep is frequently broken and disturbed. Mary has generally the daughter of a friend with her, both by day and by night, which breaks the gloom of her solitude.

* * * * *

“ We have many kind friends, at whose houses we might go every night, were we so disposed. I find, however, that, with all its solitude, home is the best place, although I feel a degree of restlessness, of which I can scarcely perceive the cause.—I sometimes walk the room for hours in the evening, with thoughts wandering up and down, immersed in mental dreams.

* * * * *

“ Your affectionate brother,
“ SAMUEL DREW.

“ *Mrs. Kingdon, Tywardreath.*”

“ 15 Owen's-row [Islington], Nov. 17, 1828.

“ Although I have long omitted to answer your kind note, I can assure you, my dear friend, that it has not been either neglected or forgotten. From my recent bereavement, as you may naturally suppose, my spirits have been much depressed,

so that exertion of every kind has become a burden. In addition to this, I have for some weeks been afflicted with a severe cold, accompanied with a troublesome cough, disturbed repose, and a loss of appetite. For some time past I have carefully avoided the night air, and, through a kind Providence, am now better. I walked to Hoxton, and preached yesterday in the morning, but found the task rather too much. I intend, in future, to preach only once a day; and, unless my health get restored, to quit the plan altogether.

“For your kind invitation, be pleased, my dear friend, to accept my sincerest thanks; but, under existing circumstances, I cannot leave my home by night, and, until I can brave the evening air, I must enjoy your company by anticipation. I hope, however, between this and Christmas, to pay you a visit, but cannot, at present, appoint either day or time. The weather and my state of health must arbitrate.

“You also, my dear friend, have been called to taste the afflictions of life, in the death of your friends, and to suffer from several quarters. I am glad, however, to find that your health is somewhat restored, though not to that state of vivacity and exuberance which marked other years.

“We have only to look back on a few departed months to be convinced that nothing is stable beneath the sun. My warning has been imperious, to be always ready; death having visited my abode in a most unexpected moment. I trust that I feel resigned to this gloomy dispensation of Providence; and I cannot but be thankful that my dear wife was permitted to see her children reared to maturity, and finally, after paying each a visit, to breathe her last in their arms.

“That God may give you every blessing, for time and eternity, and extend the same to every member of your family, is the sincere desire of my heart. To my dear friend Mr. Smith I desire to be particularly remembered. I hope to see him ere long. In the mean while, believe me to be

“Yours, most sincerely and affectionately,

“SAMUEL DREW.”

“*Mrs. Richard Smith, Stoke-Newington.*”

Mr. Drew's letters in 1829, and the two following years, indicate a partial restoration of strength and spirits, while they express an unabated desire for a return to his native county.

In July, 1829, he writes to his sister, “I still look forward to a residence in Cornwall; but such is the uncertainty of life, and of all our calculations, that we know not what a day

may bring forth. I find my sight failing ; but not more so than from my age I might naturally expect. I can neither read nor write without spectacles ; and by night, unless the light is good, these are barely sufficient. My chief complaint is broken and disturbed sleep. You also have been unwell, and even now feel its effects. You must not forget that the same Power and Goodness that have hitherto supported, are still the same, in all their energy and kindness ; and, relying on these, you can have nothing to fear. Since my indisposition last winter, I have preached only once on Sundays, and I think I shall not undertake an increase of appointments."

In writing to her on the following March, he observes, "Though the past winter has been peculiarly severe, yet, thanks be to God, I have suffered less than I did during the preceding winter. I had a slight cold, but carefully avoided going out at night, except when it was indispensable. I am visited with the infirmities of *sixty-five*, but they are not severe. They only operate as friendly monitors, that others more decisive in their character, and more momentous in their consequences, are not distant. May I be prepared to meet them ! Thus far I have visited Cornwall once in three years. I was there in the never-to-be-forgotten year 1828, and hope, should Providence spare my life, to revisit it in the summer of 1831, when we shall once more have an opportunity of meeting. Indeed, if I find my health decline, so that I cannot attend to the duties of my office, I may see you before ; for I never intend tarrying here longer than I am able to transact my business :— while I have health and strength, I would as soon be employed as do nothing. Should I live to see you in 1831, I shall have then come to some decision respecting my future movements. In the mean time, let me hear from you whenever you can find time to write. I am always pleased to see your handwriting, as it recalls departed days which can return no more."

During the same month, March, 1830, he writes to his eldest daughter,—“On the 3d of this month I entered on my 66th year, but have fewer of the infirmities of that age than most of my contemporaries. I trust, however, I shall not forget that my threescore years and ten are at no great distance. My only ground of hope for final salvation is on the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ.” A few months afterward he observes to her, “I could wish that I was not bound to labour daily with scarcely any intermission ; but such is the nature of my employment that I must be constantly at my post. Sleeping badly by night, I could frequently sleep in the morning ; but,

when the hour arrives, I must start from my bed, and attend to duty. My daily routine is, to rise at half-past seven; get breakfast, and go to the office, by nine; dine at one, return to the office at two, and finally leave at six or half-past."

In the summer of this year he writes thus cheerfully and feelingly to one of his old associates :—

" 38 Newgate-street, London, July 30, 1830.

" MY OLD AND KIND FRIEND,

"About a month has elapsed since the arrival of the fish; and from their appearance, until the present, we have been occasionally feeding on your bounty. For these fish, be pleased to receive the thanks, both jointly and severally, of Samuel Drew and Mary Drew. Thus far we can testify our gratitude in writing; but, if we live to see the ensuing summer, we hope to have an opportunity of communicating it in person.

"Two years have almost gone by since my late eventful journey into Cornwall: what another year may revolve, who can say? We have, my friend, travelled along the stream of life together for many years, and have seen new generations rise, and old ones pass away. We, who were the young, are now the aged, and already become the chroniclers of departed times. The period cannot be remote when we also shall be buried amid the wrecks of things which were.

"During the last eleven years we have been separated, and God only knows if we may ever live together again in the same town. I always calculate on coming to Cornwall, in the evening of my days, to sit down in quietness, and 'keep life's flame from wasting by repose;' but unforeseen events demand procrastination, and the tide may overtake me before I can retire.

"On the whole, my health is good. My chief complaint is, that I sleep badly. I am not yet grown corpulent, but my appetite is tolerably good. I sometimes sigh for relaxation, which the duties of my station will not allow; but

'Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.'

"You can hardly have any conception what sensations the announcement of deaths in the papers excites. My old friends seem falling on every side. I fancy I shall be almost a stranger to my native town. Our departure, my friend, cannot be remote: I have already been visited with the infirmities of sixty-five, and those of sixty-six are coming on me, through my spectacles. May we be prepared for the solemn moment when death shall come.

"Give my love to Mrs. Wheeler and every branch of the family, and believe me to be, with the utmost sincerity, yours,

"SAMUEL DREW.

"*Mr. John Wheeler, St. Austell.*"

About the commencement of 1830, a request was made to Mr. Drew, by some members of the council of the London University, that he would allow himself to be put in nomination for the vacant chair of Moral Philosophy. Though the emoluments of the professorship would have doubled his income, so great was his reluctance to prolong his stay in the metropolis, that he declined the flattering proposal.

Speaking of the proposition afterward to one of his children, he observes, "When it was made to me, the time of my intended stay in London was drawing near its close; and, for a year or two only, I did not think it proper, or worth my while, to engage."

SECTION XXIV.

Mr. Drew's prolonged residence in London—Effect of Dr. Clarke's death on him—His health visibly declines—His reluctance to yield to the demands of an enfeebled constitution—Rapid diminution of strength—He resolves to quit London.

IN the summer of 1831 Mr. Drew again visited Cornwall. The "blossoms of the grave" were now plentifully sprinkled over his venerable head; while the marks of care and shadows of age were seen in the deepening lines of his countenance. Still he retained much of his former vivacity, and, in his familiar and playful sallies, showed that his elasticity of spirits was not subdued. But in the faces of the remaining companions of his youth he saw the tokens of advancing age; and so powerfully was he affected by these indications of the ravages of time, that when, on this occasion, he stood to address his townsmen from the pulpit, he was unable to proceed, till his emotion had found vent in tears.

This year, according to his former calculations, was to release him from his literary engagements. Had he yielded to the reiterated and pressing solicitations of his children and friends, his life would probably have been prolonged. Unforeseen

occurrences had, however, deranged his pecuniary calculations, and left him, with respect to his domestic arrangements, as much afloat as he was several years before. Preferring the welfare of his children to his personal ease, he resolved, for their sakes, to devote two years more to labour; and to his strong parental attachment became a martyr. Nor was it without a foreboding of this result that he adopted the resolution; for to one of his children he writes, about this period, "I sometimes fear I shall be chained to the oar for life, though at others I indulge a hope that I shall leave work before death compels me."

To his sister he remarks in November, "My time is, as usual, much occupied. I have few vacant hours or idle days, yet I still look forward to the time of my leaving the turmoil of application, and of coming to my native county. I have long had the port in view; but alas! contrary wind or adverse current has again driven me from the much-wished-for harbour. I am still at sea; and wait, with earnest solicitude, an opportunity to cast anchor and furl my sails." And, several months afterward, he observes, to the same much-loved relative, "I am something like a school-boy waiting the arrival of the approaching holydays; and as a month goes by, I estimate the probable remainder. But all is in the hand of the Almighty, in whom we daily live and move and have our being."

There was no further indication of debility or declining health until the summer of 1832, when he took cold, which was followed by a troublesome cough. Upon a constitution thus beginning to give way, the almost sudden death of his long-tried friend and spiritual father Dr. Adam Clarke, in August, produced a powerful effect. From the coincidence between many of the circumstances of his wife's death and that of his friend, he felt it with double force. To a near relative of Dr. Clarke, whom he afterward visited, he said that it was a death-blow to him—a stroke from which he seemed unable to recover.

At this period, the possibility of being himself suddenly removed by death appears to have been forcibly impressed upon his mind. His will, and important papers, hitherto kept in his office, he brought one day to his house, saying to his daughter, "I have been thinking, Mary, that if I should be taken ill, or die suddenly, you would be at a great loss how to act about my papers. I now intend to keep them in a certain place" (which he named), "that they may be always at hand when required."

His literary occupation, in which he had usually taken a pleasure, he now began to feel a burthen. It required an effort to rouse himself, and pursue it with his usual diligence. On Saturday evenings, when he returned home, he generally threw himself on a sofa, saying, "Thank God, there's another week's work over," and (when he had not to preach on the Sunday) would add, "and a day of rest to-morrow."

In September, 1832, his youngest daughter was married, and Mr. Drew became her inmate. At the close of that month, he remarks to another member of his family, "Early this week I shut up housekeeping. I have divided my furniture among my children, and am now residing with Mary, at King's Cross. You will perceive, from these preliminary movements, that I am preparing to weigh anchor; but my time is not yet come. At present my health is much as usual; and upon its continuance will depend my remaining in London."

The gradual failure of his health will be perceived in his epistolary statements. Had these been made to the same individual, so as to admit of comparison, they would have earlier awakened the apprehensions of his family.

October 29th, 1832, he thus writes:—"During the last three weeks, I have not been altogether so well as formerly, having a cough, and occasional pain in my shattered teeth. My appetite is, however, much as usual, and I attend to my avocations without interruption. Thus far I have walked from King's Cross to my office every day, and back; and I believe the getting my feet wet one day in coming to the office, and having no shoes there to change, produced the cough of which I complain."

To another of his children he observes shortly afterward, "I daily take medicine, which has proved beneficial; but I have much strength and spirits to recover before I shall be equal to what you saw me in 1831." Yet so fully was he persuaded of his debility being temporary, that within a month, he writes to his sister, "I hope in my next to say that my health has been perfectly restored. My period of probation is getting short. I trust, for several reasons, that I shall live to see its completion. Cheer up, and think the day is not very distant when we shall meet again to our mutual joy."

The renewal of a request, early in December, that he would furnish the members of Dr. Clarke's family with his recollections of his deceased friend, elicited from Mr. Drew the following reply, significant of extreme bodily weakness.

" 15 Owen's-row, Dec. 12th, 1832.

" Yes, my dear friend, conscience, judgment, friendship, and the repeated importunities of my daughter have long dictated what your letter urges. And what apology shall I make? Day succeeded to day, and saw my resolution to write unaccomplished, and, even now, my writing must consist rather of promise than of performance.

" During the last two months I have been afflicted with a violent cough, which, disturbing my repose by night, has brought on such a lassitude and depression of spirits, accompanied with physical weakness, that every exertion beyond the mere routine of duty has presented a mountain that I could not scale. I am glad, however, to state, that my cough has, during the last few days, in a great measure subsided; but I gather strength only by slow degrees.

" On the 23d instant I am appointed to Stoke-Newington, and hope to be there, if my strength will allow. About a fortnight since, Mr. Chaillé called on me, and insisted on my dining with him. I told him I was your property, and your consent was the only condition on which I could engage. This, therefore, you must settle between yourselves.

" A long letter respecting your late dear and honoured father I always intended to write. I have never forgotten it; but as the first volume of his biography will soon appear, I am anxious to postpone it till that time; as the names, persons, places, times, and circumstances will suggest many ideas which I cannot now command. Many little occurrences, illustrative of facts he may have mentioned, will then recur to the memory, and perhaps tend to elucidate the exertions and activity of his early life. In this opinion, and the propriety of temporary postponement, I think you will concur, especially when I assure you that nothing but inability shall prevent me from fulfilling my promise.

" To Mrs. Rowley I am indebted a letter; and this obligation I hope soon to discharge. I am, at times, overwhelmed with the business of the office, and almost ready to sink under the weight; but if blessed with health and spirits I care not. I find the shadows of evening gathering round me, and I trust I shall be found prepared for my approaching summons.

" That God may favour you, Mr. Smith, Mrs. Clarke, and all the family, with every blessing, for time and eternity, is the earnest desire of

" Yours, most sincerely,

" SAMUEL DREW.

" *Mrs. Richard Smith,*
 " *Palatine Houses, Stoke-Newington.*"

Writing to his eldest daughter, December 29th, Mr. D. remarks, "You mention my being with you next Christmas eve. Nearly the same thought has passed through my mind, and on Christmas eve we were talking about it. But alas! when I reflect on the precarious state of my health, and notice the evidences of mortality with which I am surrounded,* I dare not make such distant calculations. Still, however, I entertain a hope and even a persuasion that we shall meet again, as 1833 is near at hand, and its months will glide rapidly away."

About New-year's-day, 1833, an intimate London friend of Mr. Drew, then on a journey through Cornwall, received, while at Helston, a letter from his lady, stating, among other proofs of Mr. Drew's excessive debility, that, calling at their house as he had been in the habit of doing, he sank down in syncope through the exertion of walking, and scarcely recovered during the day. His children, being apprized of this, besought him instantly to leave London, and two of them proposed proceeding thither to accompany him to Cornwall. Their anxieties were for a time suspended, but not removed, by his reply. It was addressed to one branch of his family, but designed for all.

"38 Newgate-street, London,
"Jan. 15, 1833.

"MY DEAR ANNA AND JOHN,

"On my return to King's Cross, last evening, I received your very kind letter, the contents of which at once gratified, amused, and vexed me. I was gratified with your kind solicitude for my health, and anxiety to have me among you,—amused at the strange exaggeration which has been given of my indisposition,—and vexed to think you should have been made the subjects of such needless alarm.

"You seem, my dear Anna, to write as though I was become an infirm, debilitated old man, scarcely able to do any thing without assistance. In this I can assure you that you have been greatly deceived. I have never yet, through indisposition, been absent one day from my office, where I stand to my desk just as I did seven years ago. I only sometimes sit down when I am reading. Both Mary and myself smiled last evening at the idea of my coming to Cornwall by easy stages, and sleeping by night at inns, and of either you or John coming to assist me on my arduous journey. Believe me, my dear children, were I disposed to undertake the journey, that from Lon-

* Alluding especially to the illness of Mrs. Drew's mother, who died shortly after, at the advanced age of 85.

don to Falmouth, inside a coach, would leave but little necessity for relaxation or assistance on the way. I could step in and skip out with but little diminution of my former agility. With your kind request, 'that I prepare to leave London immediately,' it is scarcely possible for me to comply. While able as I am to attend to the duties of my station, I cannot leave so abruptly. In addition to this, the winter is creeping away. I ride both home and out, and in my office have a nice fire to keep me warm. My health is much better than it was during the month of November and early part of December. My appetite is good, and my strength is increasing. My cough also is less frequent and troublesome than it was about two months since. Sometimes I have no cough whatever for several hours, until the collection of mucus in the lungs requires an effort of nature to effect its discharge.

"My mode of living is as follows:—I generally rise at eight, get my breakfast and reach the office at half-past nine; carry something with me for lunch; and, without going home to dinner, remain until four in the afternoon, when I return home, and come no more for that day. With my lunch I take a glass or two of port wine, a bottle of which I keep in my desk. On returning home at four, I have either dinner or tea, as may be most inviting. My greatest source of complaint is, that I sleep badly. This has been my portion ever since 1828, and will most probably be my companion to the grave.

"You ask, 'Have you applied to a physician?' I answer, No: and, unless I suffer a relapse, I do not intend it: I am not willing to ascribe that to a physician which, under a kind Providence, nature is doing for me. If, as the spring comes on, I find that my cough does not wholly subside, and leave me in restored health, I shall about July adopt the measures you now recommend. With debilitated health I shall never encounter another late autumn in London. I therefore most solemnly pledge myself, unless I find my health established in the spring, to leave London about July or August; and in that case shall be glad for Anna, more particularly, to come up and see her sister, and then we can return together. I hope I shall not require any assistance beyond what she can render.

"I do now, my dear Anna, most sincerely assure you, that, to the best of my knowledge, I have given an impartial account of my health; and no consideration shall induce me to tarry here to endanger life; but as I am better than I was, and spring is advancing, I am willing to try a few months longer, and in the result shall be guided by circumstances. I hope this long

letter will gain some credit, to put your apprehensions to rest.
With love to all friends,

“ I remain, dear Anna and John,

“ Your affectionate father,

“ SAMUEL DREW.

“ *Mrs. John Read, Helston.*”

Thus assured, his children endeavoured to dismiss their fears, and, having exacted from their father a promise to consult a physician, fondly hoped that they should receive further confirmation of his returning health and strength.

On Sunday morning, January 20, 1833, Mr. Drew preached at Middlesex chapel, in the first London circuit, from Isaiah lv. 6, 7,—“ Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.” He rode from his daughter’s house to Old-street, and walked thence to the chapel: from the chapel he walked to a friend’s at Hackney, where he dined: from Hackney he walked to City-road, and thence rode home. This was his last sermon.

In the letters which follow, the reader will perceive those continued indications of decay which, from tenderness to his children, he was scarcely willing to admit, lest they should be needlessly alarmed.

“ 15 Owen’s-row, Feb. 4, 1833.

“ Your kind inquiries and solicitude for my health lay me, my dear friend, under renewed and lasting obligations. I am by no means well; but am not sufficiently indisposed to neglect the duties of my office. The violence of my cough has most decidedly subsided; and I am looking for milder days, and approaching spring, to confirm my health. In the mean while I feel much weakness, languor, and lassitude, which render almost every exertion burdensome. A small portion of effort creates a shortness of breath; and I generally feel disposed to sit down and doze in silence. At the same time my appetite is good, but my sleep broken and disturbed.

“ For your kind invitation, to come on any Sunday to dinner, I feel obliged, and will avail myself of the first opportunity to prove that I am sincere. I cannot, however, fix any day at

present ; but, come when I will, I hope to be with you soon after one.

“ Why my name has been entirely omitted on the City-road plan, I am at a loss to conjecture. I requested Mr. L. to give me no appointment during the quarter, but, at all events, to retain my name, as it would give me eligibility to resume my labours, in case my health would allow. My residence at present is 49 King’s Cross, in the Queen-street circuit ; and on this plan Mr. Marsden has inserted my name.

“ Of me and my metaphysical talents your late honoured father has spoken in terms which I cannot divest of hyperbole. Alas ! I shall never deserve the character.

“ The letter to which I alluded I have not yet begun. You know, with me the latter part of every month is a busy time ; and the volume, having been in Mr. Fisher’s hands to read, has only been returned to me about three days. As soon as the letter is finished, it shall be consigned to your care.

“ You ask if I have begun my own memoir ? I reply, No ; and must wait a little, until the grasshopper ceases to be a burden. My son-in-law has, however, kindly offered to write for me in the evenings, if I will dictate and furnish materials.

“ At your kindness in offering me a pipe I cannot but smile : —smoking has of late lost nearly all its charms. This important affair we can discuss and settle when we meet. Within two or three Sundays I hope to see you, though the modes of conveyance from hence to Stoke-Newington are, I believe, neither numerous nor regular.

“ That God may favour you and yours with every blessing for time and eternity, is the earnest desire of

“ Yours most sincerely,

“ SAMUEL DREW.

“ *Mrs. Richard Smith, Stoke-Newington.*”

“ 15 Owen’s-row, Goswell-street,

“ Feb. 12, 1833.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ The long letter, that had long been promised, is sent at last. You will perceive that I have availed myself of my daughter’s handwriting ; for which she has sent many apologies. My weakness would not permit me to bear the pen so long : I therefore dictated to her, and you have the result. In what is sent, you are at perfect liberty to adopt or reject what parts you may think proper. You may mutilate, if convenient, or omit the account altogether.

“ I hope, as soon as I recruit a little strength, to pay you a visit ; but at present I can only add, that I must sit down and rest, after thus abruptly bidding you farewell.

“ Yours most sincerely,

“ SAMUEL DREW.

“ *Mrs. Richard Smith,*
“ *Palatine Houses, Stoke-Newington.*”

A letter from Mr. Drew's youngest daughter to her sister, at Helston, on the 22d of February, again awakened the family's solicitude. It spoke of her father's increasing debility and decreasing appetite, notwithstanding the medicine prescribed by the physician. But to this was added, “ Dr. C——, the gentleman whom he consults, says, he ought not at present to leave London, because he requires the best advice London can furnish ; and this opinion must be disinterested, since he very generously declines taking any fee.” His immediate removal was therefore not urged, however greatly it was desired.

The question will probably be suggested, why did Mr. Drew continue thus to struggle against wind and tide ? Why did he not relinquish his occupation, and seek repose for his over-wrought frame ? One reason has been already assigned, — his attachment to his children ; another is his stability of purpose. He had assigned himself the task of labouring till the approaching summer, and was not disposed to shun it but from extreme necessity. To others this necessity was now obvious ; but, feeling no acute disease, he was more disposed to charge himself with indolence than to impute his aversion from labour to physical disability. He also knew that the Caxton establishment was not provided with a successor ; and he believed it his duty, at whatever personal inconvenience or suffering, to fulfil his obligations.

His last note to Cornwall, written upon a scrap of paper, with a trembling hand, proved that his powers were nearly exhausted.

“ 38 Newgate-street, London, Feb. 26, 1833.

“ MY DEAR ANNA,

“ I have neither time nor strength to write you a long letter by this conveyance. I hope in a few days to send you a long one by post, giving you an account of my visit to the physician, and his opinion on the interview. I am weak and feeble. My appetite is but indifferent ; but I sleep well.

"I hope in July my final probation ends.

"Your affectionate father,

"SAMUEL DREW.

"*Mrs. John Read, Helston.*"

Alas! before July his mortal probation terminated!—the thread of life was nearly spun! The day after the receipt of the above, which came by a private hand, Mrs. Read received from her sister the result of their father's visit to the physician, dated March 1st. This was, that medicine could avail nothing; that, as his last remedy, he ought to go without delay to his native air, and free himself from all exertion of body and mind; and that unless he went soon, he would be unable to go at all.

Decisive steps were now imperative. Mr. Drew felt them to be so; and decided upon instantly relinquishing the occupation to which he had been for a considerable time constraining himself. To his eldest son and daughter, who immediately upon the receipt of their sister's letter had left Cornwall to accompany their father thither, his debility appeared so great as to render it a matter of surprise how he could have continued at his labour so long. His appetite was gone—his whole frame emaciated; and he was not only willing but anxious to wind up his concerns in London, and bid it a final adieu.

SECTION XXV.

Effect of bodily debility on Mr. Drew's mind—He leaves London—His journey to Cornwall—His last days and death—His epitaph—Further particulars of his decline—Tribute of his townsmen to his memory.

To his editorial duties Mr. Drew attended until Saturday, March 2d, the last day of his 68th year. On Monday, the 4th, at the request of his family, he remained at home. On Tuesday he went to his office to consult with Mr. Fisher on the propriety of immediately relinquishing his engagements; but, after having been there a little more than an hour, a sudden prostration of strength occasioned faintness. He was then taken home by a kind person employed on the premises, and appeared much better on that and the following day. On

Thursday he went in a carriage to the office, accompanied by his daughter, to make his final arrangements. The exertion and excitement were too much for him. He sank on a chair in a state of great exhaustion, and was brought to his daughter's house unable to walk without assistance.

From this time it became apparent that his bodily debility had affected his mind. Indeed, for several days previously, frequent instances of nervous irritability, remarkably contrasting with his philosophical firmness, showed that his lofty powers were yielding with his sinking frame. Of this he was conscious. When relating to his son his last interview with the physician, among other particulars he observed, "Dr. C. said to me, 'It has been your misfortune, Mr. Drew, to enjoy almost uninterrupted health. You thought your constitution would submit to any thing; and you have tasked it beyond endurance. Your soul, sir, has been too great for your body. This is breaking down, and is bearing that with it; and nothing can restore your energies but complete freedom from labour and excitement.'" Feeling the truth of these observations, at the hazard of being thought unkind, he shunned as much as possible the conversation of those friends whose solicitude for his health led them to make frequent personal inquiries. For the same reason he chose to be under the care of his daughter at Helston, and to avoid even passing through his native town, where the sight of so many well-known faces would overpower him.

As his weakness would not permit him to sit up, or bear any irregular motion, it was suggested by his medical adviser that his removal to Cornwall should be by water. This, it was found, would occasion much delay; and preparations were made for travelling by land. The inside of one of the Exeter stage-coaches having been engaged, a plank was laid from seat to seat, supporting a soft mattress, purposely prepared, with a covering of blankets to ensure the requisite degree of warmth. In this recumbent posture he travelled, attended by his two children. Saga and soup were the only articles of nutriment he could take. These, as they could not be procured instantly on the journey, were previously provided, and warmed in the coach by a spirit-lamp. Cheered at the prospect of soon breathing Cornish air, and pleased with the preparations made to ensure his comfort while travelling, he expressed his confidence that he should perform the journey with little inconvenience.

On Monday afternoon, March 11th, Mr. Drew left London,

reaching Exeter with less fatigue than his attendants expected about Tuesday noon. Here he rested that night. The following night, by a carriage suited to his manner of travelling, he reached Bodmin. It was a beautiful morning of early spring when he left Exeter; and the sight of primroses and furze blossoms on the hedges, and lambs in the fields, delighted and exhilarated him. Frequently during the day he entered into conversation, and showed all his former self,—sometimes displaying his natural turn for raillery, at the expense of his companions. At these indications of returning vigour they were overjoyed, unapprehensive of their short duration. Long before his arrival at Bodmin he became exhausted, and his late distressing symptoms of mental aberration returned; but after leaving Launceston there was no other resting-place. Two days were occupied with the remaining journey of forty miles. On the Thursday night he slept at Truro, where every kindness that sympathy could dictate was shown by the proprietors of the hotel, to whom he was known. On Friday afternoon, the 15th, he reached Helston, with apparently recruited strength and spirits—so much so, that he imagined himself capable of walking from the carriage to the sitting-room on the first floor of his daughter's house without help, though it was not thought prudent for him to make the effort.

During several days his children fondly cherished the hope of his recovery; and in this hope believing that tranquillity would be his chief restorative, they forbore proposing questions which might rouse him to mental exertion, and even sought to divert his attention from such topics as they apprehended would excite his feelings. Further indications of amendment, however, there were none. Unfavourable symptoms recurred; and, at the end of a week from his arrival at Helston, the medical attendant intimated his opinion that it was a case of incurable consumption, which must soon terminate fatally.

With the exhaustion of physical strength the aberration of his intellect increased; and during the last week of his life the periods of collected thought were infrequent, and very brief. In consequence of this, but few of the observations which might otherwise have been expected from a dying Christian philosopher could be recorded. Yet, amid the wanderings of his mind, the kindness of his disposition frequently discovered itself in his solicitude for others, especially for the comfort of those who were attending him. When he perceived their anxiety on his account, he would make an effort to

cheer them, by alluding to the mercy and goodness of God in surrounding him with so many comforts and kind friends; and more than once he reminded them that he always liked to see smiling faces. Throughout his sickness he frequently expressed his gratitude to God in short ejaculations. "Bless the Lord for this"—"Thank God for all his mercies"—"Bless the Lord, O my soul,"—were the words often uttered by him; and at other times he was evidently engaged in prayer.

After the performance of family worship, in which his son had officiated, a few mornings before his leaving London, Mr. Drew observed, with much feeling, "This is the second time I have been dismissed from my office, and God only knows whether I shall ever resume it." On his journey he frequently remarked when taking nourishment, "What a mercy it is my appetite does not go from this food! If it were to become distasteful, I know of nothing on which I could subsist. Thank the Lord for this and every other mercy vouchsafed to a sinner like me." On two or three occasions during his sickness, and once especially, when, on his journey, his head was supported by one of his children, he repeated, with exquisite pathos, the beautiful lines of Gray—

"On some fond breast the parting soul relies:
Some pious drops the closing eye requires."

When, on his arrival at Helston, he found himself so little affected by travelling, his persuasion was that he should be restored; but this was soon followed by a conviction that the time of his departure was at hand. In bed he commonly took food or medicine while resting on one elbow. This he called his prop. He said one day to his attendant, when about to lie down, after taking something, "Well, I suppose I must remove the prop. Ah! very soon all props will be taken away, and I shall drop into the grave."

Next to seeing his children, he felt anxious for the presence of his sister. "She bore with me," he said, "the burden and heat of the day, and I must not leave her without some token of my gratitude and love. She must know, after he is gone, how much her brother felt for her welfare." She was an invalid, and had to travel nearly forty miles; but she suffered no inconvenience from the journey, and had the satisfaction of soothing, by her presence, her brother's dying hours.

On the Monday preceding his death, he said to his eldest son, who had been unavoidably absent from him a few days, "Do you observe any difference in me now, and when you were

last with me?" The reply was, "Yes, dear father, you are certainly weaker; for several things which you could then do for yourself, you now cannot."—"Ah!" said he, "these are some of the indications that my race is nearly run."—"And you have a good hope, I trust, my dear father, that when your course is finished, you will receive a crown of righteousness."—"Yes," he replied, with great deliberation, and after a long pause; "I have the fullest and the most unshaken confidence in the mercy of God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

On the Monday night, awaking from sleep, he exclaimed, "O glorious sunshine! yes! blessed be God, I shall enter in." At one time his expressions indicated that a transient cloud had obscured his spiritual vision. His words were, "Will the Lord leave my soul in darkness? No: he will not. When the door is opened, I shall enter in. Yes, I shall."

One morning he said to the nurse, a pious woman, "Well, we have had a comfortable night, blest with artificial light,—and with the glorious light of heaven." At another time he said to her, "When I was last in Helston, I could see from the bed-room window of my son's house my dear wife's grave; and there seemed to be a voice calling to me, '*Come away!*' For the last three months I have felt disposed to say, I come—I shall be with you soon."*

On the Wednesday before his decease, Mr. Read, his son-in-law, going to his bed-side, Mr. Drew said, "Here I am still."—"Yes, sir, but a prisoner of hope, I trust."—"Yes," was the reply.

On Thursday Mrs. Read said to her father, "I am writing to Mary; have you any thing to say to her?"—"Yes; give my best love to her, and tell her I am lying here with a gloomy aspect, but a smiling countenance."—"Looking forward," said Mrs. Read, "to a better country?"—"Oh, yes," he replied, "you may say that with the greatest confidence."

On Thursday night he seemed to have a premonition of his approaching death, which led him to say to the nurse, "Thank God, to-morrow I shall join the glorious company above."

About noon on Friday, March 29th, Mr. Read, wishing to learn the state of Mr. Drew's mind at that time, waited for a moment of returning consciousness, and then said, "My dear sir, to-day, I trust, you will be with the Lord Jesus."—"Yes,

* His youngest daughter, who was his sole companion after Mrs. Drew's death, says, "My father used daily to unhang my mother's portrait, and kiss it, sometimes saying, 'I come—I shall be with you soon,' but at these seasons I never fully understood his meaning."

my good sir, I trust I shall," was the reply. These were almost the last coherent words he uttered.

For some hours before his death he sank into a state of unconsciousness; his breathing became fainter and fainter; until, just at eight o'clock that evening, respiration ceased, and, without pain or struggle, "the spirit returned to God who gave it."

In the gloomy uncertainty of skepticism, or the chilling anticipations of infidelity, what can be found to parallel the hopes and consolations of the dying follower of Christ? Knowing in whom he has believed, he looks beyond the sinkings of nature and the darkness of the tomb; and, while passing through "the valley of the shadow of death," his path is irradiated by the distant rays of celestial glory. Even in circumstances which preclude the "full assurance of faith," comfort is administered, and every fearful apprehension removed. And were it possible,—nay, were it certain, that the Christian's hopes of eternal happiness would prove delusive, with perfect propriety might he propose the interrogation—

"What truth on earth so precious as the lie?"

On the Thursday after Mr. Drew's death, his body was interred, agreeably to his long-expressed wish, beside that of his much-loved wife. Their tomb bears the following inscription:—

Beneath this Stone
repose
the Mortal Remains of
SAMUEL DREW, A. M.,
of St. Austell
(Author of several esteemed Metaphysical Treatises),
Who,
undaunted by Difficulties,
persevered in the pursuit of Knowledge,
and raised himself from an humble Station
to Literary Eminence.

Possessing,
with lofty Intellect,
the feelings of a Philanthropist,
and the mild graces of a Christian,
he lived
equally beloved and admired;

and,
 in steadfast hope of a blissful Immortality,
 through the merits of his Saviour,
 he died in this town,
 deeply lamented,
 March 29th, 1833, aged 68 years.

This Stone also covers
 the Relics of his beloved wife Honour,
 who, after a short illness,
 was removed to a happier world,
 Aug. 19th, 1828, aged 57.

“So glides the stream of human life away.”

In the Wesleyan chapel, St. Austell, on Sunday, April 7th, the Rev. George Browne Macdonald, from Bristol, then on a missionary deputation to Cornwall, spoke of Mr. Drew's decease to a large and deeply affected congregation, from Psalm lxxiii. 25—“Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth I desire besides Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.” On the following Sunday a funeral discourse was delivered, by the Rev. James Jones, to a crowded audience, in the Wesleyan chapel, Helston, from Rev. xiv. 13—“And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.” In other chapels in Cornwall, Mr. Drew's death was noticed from the pulpit.

The following communications, from two of Mr. Drew's intimate female friends, who witnessed his rapid decline, and manifested an almost filial solicitude for his welfare, will probably be read with much interest.

One of these ladies, whose kind sympathies and daily attentions were deeply felt by him upon whom they were bestowed, writes thus, on receiving the intelligence of his death:—

“Another honoured and revered name is added to the list of those for whom we deeply mourn, and whose remembrance we cherish with the highest veneration:—Adam Clarke! Richard Watson! Samuel Drew!—names at which our hearts have often beat with exultation and love, now almost suddenly gathered from among us, and numbered with the silent dead! But, blessed be our and their God, we have ‘a sure and certain hope of their resurrection to eternal life.’ ‘These all died in the

faith, which whosoever hath, though he were dead yet shall he live.'

"We consider it no common privilege to have known Mr. Drew, and particularly to have had more than usual intercourse with him lately; though, during that time, we had the pain to witness the almost daily increase of bodily weakness and mental decay. How rapidly was the change effected, in bringing his active and vigorous frame into the dust of death!

"I spent the evening of the 8th of January in his company, when to me he appeared in his usual health, and conversed with all his usual animation; though I remember he complained of a cough, which deprived him of sleep occasionally. On the 11th of February I heard he was very unwell, and sent to beg him to dine with us, as being nearer his office than King's Cross—not in the least anticipating the shock I received, on his entering the room, at the great and sudden alteration which had taken place. I did not, however, remark it to him, and was pleased to see that he ate his dinner with tolerable appetite, and afterward appeared rather better. From this time he dined with us daily for three weeks, varying considerably in his appetite, strength, and spirits; anticipating his stay in London till July, August, or September, and never appearing to relinquish this intention, till the last few days of the last week. He then became convinced that his strength was unequal to the continuance of his literary labours, and expressed his determination to close his engagements in London, and go to Cornwall in April or May. Alas! alas! God granted him the desire of his heart, to breathe once more his native air, and see his children and his children's children; but, ere April bloomed, surrounded by those he loved, and those that loved and honoured him, he closed his eyes on earth and all its scenes, to become an inhabitant of another world.

"When Mr. Drew first became a daily visiter to us, he frequently spoke of the restless and sleepless nights he passed; remarking, that when he entered his bedroom, he no longer looked upon his bed with pleasure as the couch of repose, but with a sigh, as a prison for a given number of hours. Shortly after this sleep was mercifully restored to him, for which he expressed much gratitude; often saying, 'I have brave nights now—yes, indeed I have: I ought to be better, and I think I am—I have certainly more muscular energy, but have an unaccountable indisposition to work: it is quite a burden to me. I cannot rouse myself to it. I must be growing idle.' We offered to assist him in copying, &c. He thanked us, saying

his daughter did a great deal of writing for him. She and her husband helped him very much. Mr. W. Tagg was not only *willing* but *able* to help him, and went frequently to the office, and rendered him that assistance no one else could.

"It was at this time he said to me one day, 'Mrs. Ince, about a fortnight ago, in one of those long, long nights, when I used to count the hours, and hear the clock strike one, two, three, four, five, six,—I began to examine myself, and asked myself, "Well, now, suppose you should die, what have you in prospect in a future state? Are you depending upon any thing *you have done*, or any thing *you are*, for acceptance with God? Are you trusting to any *thing*, or have you any other *hope* than the infinite merit of the sacrifice of Christ?" I looked inward upon myself,—I looked all around,—*I saw and felt that I had no other*. Then I looked up to God. I cast myself on the Lord Jesus Christ. All was clear—there was no cloud. I felt all was right. It appeared as though heaven were opened, and I had communion with God and with Christ. Then it seemed as if the curtain dropped between; and so it has been ever since. I have never been able to realize the joy I felt then, in prospect of making my escape from earth, and being with God; but I felt that I had cast anchor within the vail. And so I have; I still feel that.' This was the only time in which Mr. Drew spoke of his personal religious experience.

"In his general conversation with us, he dwelt much on his removal to Cornwall, and the prospect of his recovery there; while, at the same time, his mind seemed to be impressed with the probability that his death was not far distant. This I judge from the manner in which he used to break forth in sudden ejaculations of prayer, and frequently repeat these verses:—

'There is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There I shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in!

"When Mr. D. gave me an account of Dr. Clarke's death, he closed the relation with these words:—

‘Nor will I mourn his loss, so soon to follow!’

“One day in the last week he was with us, he entered the house repeating these lines in Gray’s elegy:—

‘The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the clay-built shed,
The cock’s shrill clarion, and the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.’

“We were much affected at the time, thinking how soon they might be applicable to himself. At this period, he would often rouse up from dozing in an easy-chair, in which he reclined after dinner, exclaiming, ‘*The fountains of the great deep are broken up.*’ They were indeed! and he has crossed the flood! His enlarged and redeemed spirit, no longer confined to a house of clay, is now an inhabitant of ‘those regions where infirmity cannot enter, and where the sunshine of knowledge suffers neither diminution nor eclipse.’

“HANNAH G. INCE.

“*London, April 2, 1833.*”

For the particulars which follow, the reader and the biographer are indebted to a lady whose name has already appeared in these pages.

“It has often been remarked, that ‘when the mind feels the most intensely, it retains the least power to express the depth of its feelings.’ The truth of this observation I feel, in reference to embodying my recollections of my esteemed friend Mr. Samuel Drew. That for many years I enjoyed his friendship and affectionate regard is one of my highest honours, and its influence has been one of my greatest advantages. From my youth up, I had heard his name mentioned by Dr. Adam Clarke in terms of great regard and respect, and my imagination had figured to itself ‘a local habitation’ for the ‘name.’

“In the year 1815 I saw Mr. Drew for the first time. Some business had called him to London, and he soon found out the residence of his old friend Dr. A. Clarke. On entering the room, where I chanced to be sitting, learning a lesson I believe, he spoke to the servant in a tone, and with a manner, so peculiar, ‘Tell Dr. Clarke a person desires to see him,’ that I could not help looking up, and contrasting his manner and tone with the tall thin figure which immediately sat down, covering his

face with his hand. Till my father entered the room, I rudely continued my task ; when his exclamation of surprise and delight at seeing the still nameless person before me cast my mind into great perplexity : nor was it relieved by my father's hurried questions of 'How came you to London?—What has brought you here?—Why, man, this must be the first time in your life that you have ever been out of your own county.—Why did you not send up your name?—How are the children, and how have you left my good friend Mrs. Drew?' The mental perplexity was at this moment relieved, and instinctively I arose from my seat, and stood consciously ashamed before an individual whose talents I revered, and to whom, in ignorance, I had evinced disrespect. It was a lesson never forgotten.

"The death of Dr. Clarke seemed to astound and overpower Mr. Drew ; and it was remarked, as he was pacing backwards and forwards, waiting in the City-road burial-ground for the arrival of the remains of his old friend, that he appeared desolate with grief, and almost prostrated in bodily strength, as well as in spirit, by the affectionate interest he took in the melancholy event. The first time I saw him after this painful bereavement, I marked the change, and felt assured that the arrow which had pierced my honoured father's heart had nearly reached his also. He was himself moved to tears at seeing me, and, taking both my hands in his, and looking most affectionately at me, he said, 'It is God, my dear friend, who has afflicted, and He will heal : I can say nothing to comfort you ; but the stroke shall not be heavier than He will enable you to bear : I know your loss can never be supplied ; but trust in the God of your mercies, and through His strength your spirit shall be upheld. I give you my blessing : it is all I have to bestow. May the God of your father be your God and Father, and may He preserve your husband and your children through the journey of this life, that we may all meet in heaven at last for Christ's sake.'

"Upon my revered mother's coming to town, Mr. Drew having expressed a desire to see her, and my mother being solicitous of seeing him, I wrote, entreating him to come and spend the following Sabbath with us, which was his birth-day, March 3d, 1833. He took a stage-coach from his own door to ours ; but oh ! what a still greater change had the few last weeks wrought ! his head was depressed, his step exceedingly infirm, and he was much exhausted with the fatigue of the ride. When a little recovered he spoke to my beloved mother on the subject

of her loss, and the probability that he should not himself long survive his friend Dr. Clarke, on whose character and talents he frequently expatiated in the course of the day, and then would again relapse into silence; or, at other times, repeat verses of hymns, texts of Scripture, or ejaculatory prayers. On placing my infant in his arms, for his blessing, he said, 'God bless you, little stranger! You are just come into life, —I am just going out of it. My life's journey has been a long, but, upon the whole, not a hard one:—may yours be a safe one, whether it be long or short.'

"Sometimes the scenes of Mr. Drew's youth would appear to be imaged to his mind; and he would tell of the achievements of his young life and vigour, and add, how earnestly he longed to breathe his last breath where he had breathed his first, and to lay his bones beside those of his dear wife's; and then, looking down upon himself, he subjoined, 'And I shall have little but bones to leave, for my flesh is nearly all gone.'

"On observing me distressed, he said, 'Do not grieve for me, my dear friend: I suffer no pain; 'tis mere debility. I may rally when I get to my native air; but God does all things well.' Then, relapsing into thoughtfulness, a mournful smile settled itself upon his face, as, taking my hand, he said, 'Yes, my friend, thus it is,

'Down Marlborough's cheeks the tears of dotage flow.'

In the afternoon he took a little sleep on the sofa, and awoke considerably refreshed, and conversed freely on different subjects, when, at seven o'clock, the stage called again and bore him away, and I saw his face no more! And in him I have lost one of my earliest, one of my best, one of my most esteemed friends; and more especially after I had lost my own honoured parent, Mr. Drew was one whom I regarded almost as a second father. He was ever unvarying in his friendship, and possessed a benevolence and beneficence of character which but few equal: he was extremely social in his disposition and habits; always instructive and interesting in his conversation; and remarkable for the amiability and simplicity of his manners. None could know him without esteeming as well as respecting him, and in every way profiting by his society. He is now gone where truth exists without shadows, and all is for ever 'light in His light.'

"MARY ANN SMITH.

"Stoke-Newington, May, 1833."

The period of Mr. Drew's conversion to God, under the

ministry of Dr. Adam Clarke, and his connection with the Methodist society, is recorded on a plain marble, in the Wesleyan chapel at St. Austell. The inhabitants of the town of his nativity have given expression to their feelings of affectionate remembrance, by placing in the parish church a very handsome tablet, bearing this inscription:—

TO THE MEMORY OF
SAMUEL DREW,
 A NATIVE OF THIS PARISH,
 WHOSE TALENTS AS A METAPHYSICAL WRITER,
 UNAIDED BY EDUCATION,
 RAISED HIM FROM OBSCURITY
 INTO HONOURABLE NOTICE,
 AND WHOSE VIRTUES AS A CHRISTIAN
 WON THE ESTEEM AND AFFECTION
 OF ALL WHO KNEW HIM.

HE WAS BORN MARCH 3D, 1765,
 LIVED IN ST. AUSTELL UNTIL JANUARY, 1819,
 AND, AFTER AN ABSENCE OF FOURTEEN YEARS,
 DURING WHICH HE CONDUCTED A LITERARY JOURNAL,
 HE RETURNED TO END HIS DAYS IN HIS NATIVE COUNTY,
 AS HE HAD LONG DESIRED,
 AND DIED AT HELSTON, MARCH 29TH, 1833.

TO RECORD THEIR SENSE
 OF HIS LITERARY MERIT AND MORAL WORTH,
 HIS FELLOW-TOWNSMEN, AND PARISHIONERS
 HAVE ERECTED THIS TABLET.

SECTION XXVI.

Mr. Drew's personal appearance—His domestic habits—Training of his children—His affability and readiness to instruct—Familiarity in correspondence—Singular instance of monomania.

THE leading events of Mr. Drew's life have been narrated in nearly chronological order. Other particulars, illustrative of his character and talents, we have yet to notice. To these a

brief description of his personal appearance may be deemed an appropriate introduction.

Slender in form, with a head remarkably small, his stature exceeded the common height. In its repose, his dark, expressive eye indicated a placid disposition, and a mind at ease; but frequently might it be seen either beaming with gratitude to God and benevolence to man, or lit up with the brilliancy of mental conception. A playful or an arch smile often stole over those features on which the lines of thought were deeply indented. His voice, neither harsh nor melodious, was clear and powerful; producing, by the firmness of its intonations, a conviction that the speaker was no ordinary man. Without exhibiting the polish of gentility, his gait and gesture were not ungraceful; while a general rapidity of motion indicated great physical activity, and decision of purpose.

"The fixed glance of his eye," a gentleman intimately acquainted with Mr. D. in the latter years of his life remarks, "was particularly searching. When I first became known to him, I used involuntarily to shrink from it. He seemed to be searching the secrets of one's soul; yet it was a glance entirely destitute of fierceness." Another gentleman, to whom he was known about the time of his first becoming an author, observes to him, in a letter dated 1802, "Your restless mind abhors indolence, as men too frequently abhor exertion. From your very *make*, I am led to calculate upon some future enterprise; and be that what it may, you will not attempt it but on a conviction of personal adequacy."

Whatever change his features may have sustained, through advancing age, a circumstance related by him a few weeks before his decease shows, that, in their general expression, they must have continued from his early manhood with little alteration. Riding to his office, as he was latterly accustomed, he was asked by a person who sat opposite to him in the vehicle, if he were not called Drew; and, on being answered in the affirmative, the gentleman remarked, "You and I, sir, were next-door neighbours at Craft-hole."—"How long is it, sir, since you lived there?" inquired Mr. D.—"About fifty years."—"And have you not seen me since?"—"Never, sir, till now," was the answer.

In describing Mr. Drew's DOMESTIC HABITS, the reader's attention is chiefly directed to the period subsequent to 1805—the year in which he relinquished trade for literature, and was enabled to follow a systematic distribution of his time. Previously to this, the frequent and irregular calls of business scarcely

permitted the formation, much less the pursuit, of any settled plan.

That time might be "taken by the forelock," which was one of his favourite phrases and rules of conduct, the family clock was kept a quarter of an hour in advance of the town time. When this clock struck seven, he regularly rose, except in the depth of winter; and, if the weather permitted, walked till eight, the family breakfast hour. Sometimes this walk would be solitary; but usually he was accompanied by his children, and their young companions. To join his morning walk was esteemed a privilege. Even the little ones were eager to be of the party; for the child that was too young to keep pace with the others generally rode upon his father's back or shoulder. In this manner Mr. Drew's first morning hour was spent, not idly, but in delivering lectures on some topic which he endeavoured to render interesting to his young disciples. Grammar was frequently the subject—at other times, geography—at others, natural science, drawn from any object which might happen to strike his or the children's attention—and sometimes, a rehearsal of poetry. In fair weather, as duly as the clock struck eight might he be seen returning, with sometimes half a dozen children or more in company; and the appearance of the party was often a signal to the neighbours that the hour of eight had arrived.

From eight to nine was occupied by the morning repast and family devotion. At this, a chapter was read by one of his children; on each of whom, if capable of reading, the duty devolved in succession. Unless the portion of Scripture appeared to require explanation, the reading was followed immediately by an extemporaneous prayer, in which Mr. Drew manifested the liveliest feeling for the best interests of his dependants, and all whose welfare might, at the time, occupy his thoughts. He then entered his study, which he never designated by a more classical name than his *chamber*, and generally continued there, with the interruption only of dinner and tea, until seven o'clock; nor was this room interdicted to his children, while they refrained from noise. On those evenings when he delivered his lectures on grammar, &c., he left his study at an earlier hour—these lectures occupying his time from six to eight.

Independently of his engagement with his pupils, he regarded seven as his hour for "leaving work." A portion of two or three evenings weekly was devoted to the public duties of religion:—his other vacant hours were either given to the society of his friends—to conversation with his children—to occasional

correspondence—to visiting the sick—or to the reading of such books as did not fall within the course of his ordinary occupation. The only time in which he was wholly released from mental exercise was the period immediately preceding his retiring to rest. After supper the adults of the family were summoned together for their evening devotion, which varied from that of the morning in the omission of reading the Scriptures. Mr. Drew then adjourned to the kitchen, to smoke his pipe of tobacco; and thus terminated the daily routine.*

Though a smoker, he did not yield himself up to an inordinate use of the narcotic leaf. If the cloudy wreath sometimes curled around his brow, it was not with him, as with Dr. Parr, the atmosphere which he hourly breathed. Two pipes a day—one after dinner and one before bed-time—were the usual limits of his self-indulgence, and these he could easily dispense with where he deemed their introduction would be offensive. The determined hostility of his friend Dr. Adam Clarke to the ordinary use of tobacco he very well knew, and when at his house he imposed upon himself entire abstinence. On one occasion, the doctor said to him, after dinner, “Well, friend Drew, do you wish for a pipe?”—“Were I in any other place,” replied Mr. Drew, “I should probably answer, *Yes*.”—“Oh!” said the doctor, “if you desire it, you shall have a pipe now, on the condition of your going outside the back door to smoke:—within my house no such unseemly practice is allowed.” This accommodation was declined. Others who knew Mr. Drew’s predilection, whenever he was to be their guest, always made due provision of the pipe and “fragrant weed;” but he would never consent to use them, unless permission were given for his retiring to the kitchen or the open air, as the temperature and convenience might determine.

So fond was he of warmth, that, in the hottest day of sum-

* A young lady with whom Mr. Drew occasionally corresponded writes to him thus, in 1809:—“I am much pleased, and sometimes diverted, to hear people relate some anecdote of you. How they obtain their intelligence Heaven knows,—but I believe they sometimes invent it. I really think some imagine that you neither eat, drink, nor sleep as other people. Assuring some of my acquaintances that I saw you at your door as I rode through St. Austell, I was asked a thousand questions about your appearance; and I confounded them at once, by telling them that I had conversed with you. ‘How did you get introduced?’ they inquired. ‘Nonsense,’ said I—‘introduced!’—It is customary for the great people that pass through St. Austell to call on Mr. Drew, and of course I did. So they stared at my impudence, as they considered it; and I laughed at their folly.”

mer, he would sit by the fire while smoking, unless as a substitute, bask in the sun. "I hear people complain of heat," he has said; "but for my part, I never found a summer-day in which the thermometer might not have risen several degrees without subjecting me to inconvenience."

Not Dr. Clarke himself could inveigh in stronger terms against the "abuse of tobacco" than Mr. Drew, although accustomed to its daily use. He might have seconded the observation of Mr. Hall on the doctor's pamphlet—"I can't refute his arguments, and I can't give up smoking;" but the latter negative he would have made conditional rather than absolute.

One evening, in 1830, in a friendly party, he was censuring, as he frequently did, in no very gentle terms, this "expensive, idle, dirty, and dissipated habit," which (turning to the ladies), he observed,

"banishes for hours
The sex whose presence civilizes ours."

"But how comes it, sir," inquired one of the company, "that you, who speak so much against smoking, have adopted the filthy practice, as you term it?"—"If, madam, I were to begin life again, I would not take it up; but, having formed the habit of smoking, it is no easy matter to abstain. However, I will tell you a story of a young man I knew many years ago, and you will see how these things are sometimes begun." He then, as a third person, related his own adventure among the smugglers, which the reader will find in Section VI., and added, "The consequence of this night's exposure was, that the young man had a wound in one of his legs nearly three years, which nothing could cure. An acquaintance of his recommended him to try smoking:—he did so, and the wound soon healed; though whether from that or another cause he could not say. Be this as it may, he continued smoking as an idle habit, lived to the age of sixty-five, is now alive and well, and is here to tell you the tale."

The Sabbath being a day of rest, Mr. Drew did not take his ordinary morning walk. Seven o'clock was the hour for commencing the services of the day in the Methodist chapel, by public prayer, and thither he always repaired. At the family worship, on this morning, *all* the children who were able read, in rotation, and in a similar manner they were expected to read after dinner. On this day, too, especially, he sought opportunities of acquainting his children with the precepts and

correspondence
books in the
patient's
he could
in of the
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these he seldom communicated in a way that would awaken a repugnance to religious instruction on some question or subject for consideration, and to make them feel the necessity of inquiry, and to make them feel the importance of a matter of such vital importance. His method peculiar to his Sabbath instruction was to be engaged with the day, but his manner of instruction was simple. He adopted no particular system for children. They received the common instruction of the day. He sometimes inquired into their proficiency,—taking care that in those points with which he was himself conversant they should be well grounded, and able to render a reason at each progressive step. His object was, not merely to store the memory of his children, or of other young persons who wished to benefit by his teaching, but to lead them to think.

During Mr. Drew's residence in St. Austell, there was no forenoon service in the Methodist chapel there—this being commenced at the urgent recommendation of Dr. Adam Clarke, when he visited Cornwall in 1819. The Sabbath forenoon was therefore Mr. D.'s chief time for the religious instruction of his household, and for his own preparation for the pulpit. He never esteemed himself a dissenter; and, though not a due attendant, was often seen at the parish church. Indeed, it used to be a common remark, that when Mr. Drew had to preach in the afternoon at St. Austell, he was sure to be at church in the morning. His sermons being too original and unique to favour the supposition that he had attended to collect ideas, or to furnish himself from the armory of another, it is probable that, in the exercise of public devotion, he sought that quickening of the spirit with which he desired to engage in his own ministerial work.

It has been already intimated, that while Mr. D. was in trade, the kitchen was his study, and his wife's bellows his portable desk. A lady, who delighted greatly in his conversation, says, "I used sometimes to go into his house of an evening, to gossip with him; but whenever I saw the bellows on his knee, I knew it was time to retreat—there was no more talking then. It was a sure sign to all of us that he wanted no company." In later years he wrote standing at a high desk, only sitting to read; and this was his constant habit as long as he continued his literary labours.

Adopting as a maxim, and rule of conduct, Pope's couplet—

“Honour and shame from no condition rise :
Act well your part,—there all the honour lies,”—

frequently after he had attained celebrity as an author, he performed menial offices, the propriety of which may be thought questionable. He felt no scruple either at going into the street with a broom and wheelbarrow, to do the work of a scavenger, as far as his premises extended, or, with the assistance of his apprentices, to carry into the cellar his winter stock of coals, which were not delivered in sacks, but tilted from the cart into the road. Some one intimating to him that he was thus compromising his dignity, he replied, “The man who is ashamed to carry in his coals deserves to sit all the winter by an empty grate.” One day, after using the broom, he came into his house highly amused, saying, “I have learned a new text. Mr. —, who passed just now, said, ‘Well, Mr. Drew, I see you are fulfilling that passage of Scripture, *Let every man sweep before his own door!*’”

It cannot be thought that this was a mere exhibition of assumed humility; nor was it a practice newly adopted. It was commenced with his business, and it had become habitual: for, being “full of wise saws and modern instances,” he used frequently to allege, that “he who would not save a feather would never be worth a goose.” Possibly he continued his former habits when his circumstances did not render them necessary, to check such feelings of self-complacency as public applause, might foster, and to perpetuate in his recollection “the hole of the pit whence he was digged.” Nor were his benevolent feelings without their influence on these occasions; though in later years he admitted that to save money in such a manner for purposes of charity, when, by furnishing employment, both giver and receiver might be equally benefited, was false benevolence.

In matters of domestic management Mr. Drew rarely interfered. He used jocosely to say, “I endeavour to get the money, and my good wife manages to spend it:—I seldom inquire how. She gives me meat, drink, and clothes; and what more can a man desire?” On one occasion, when household economy was a topic of conversation, he remarked, “I would recommend the men to leave that matter entirely to their wives, who understand it better. When I was first married I used to go to market; but having proved my want of discernment by a purchase in which I thought I had made a most profitable bargain, I was thenceforward dismissed from office.”

An instance of this indirect method of hinting at a defect

domestic arrangements will be seen in the following, written with a pencil on the back of a letter, and designed probably for the servant's perusal :

“Amid the wonders Islington can boast,
That which must puzzle and surprise us most,
And give to bold credulity a shock,
Is Drew at breakfast before eight o'clock !”

In the TRAINING OF HIS CHILDREN, though he did not at all times spare the rod, he seldom resorted to it ; knowing that its frequent use blunts the finer feelings and sensibilities of our nature, and degrades the child into the mere animal. His reluctance to adopt coercive measures may be inferred from the following singular and amusing agreement with one of his boys, who inherited much of his own youthful temper. The instrument was found among his papers, formally engrossed on parchment, and attested by the signatures of several witnesses.

“I — Drew, of the parish of St. Austell, in the county of Cornwall, do, of my own free consent, promise unto my father, Samuel Drew, and unto my mother, Honour Drew, and the family, that I will endeavour to behave in a much better manner in future than I have behaved during the last year. I will engage not to run into the streets when they forbid me ; nor to wander beyond the limits which they shall point out. When I have liberty to go out, I will endeavour to avoid such company as they dislike, to leave off speaking bad words, and to keep my clothes as clean as I can, as well as scrape my shoes whenever I come into the house. I also promise that I will be as peaceable as I can, when I am at home ; that I will not be noisy or troublesome as I have been, nor keep my tongue a-going about things which do not concern me ; that I will not leave the doors open when I pass in or out, nor shut them in a noisy manner, nor go up-stairs with my dirty shoes, especially when I am told not to do so. I also promise that I will go quietly to bed in the evenings, when I am desired, without being troublesome to the person who may put me ; and in all other things show, to the utmost of my power, that a reformation has taken place in my behaviour. In consideration of the above conditions being fulfilled, it is promised, on the part of Samuel Drew, that neither he nor any other person shall beat — Drew, or give him unpleasant language, but treat him with tenderness and love, according to his good conduct. And it is furthermore promised unto — Drew, that, during the whole time of his good behaviour, he shall receive (besides his usual pocket

money) one penny weekly, which, with any other money that he may choose to bring, shall be lodged in his father's hands, until a sum be saved sufficient to buy a watch. To enter the above sums, a book shall be kept by his father, in which they shall be regularly inserted, which book — Drew shall see whenever he shall so request. For the due performance of the above conditions, we have hereunto set our hands and seals this first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and fourteen, from which day this agreement is to take place.

“ ——— * DREW,

“ SAMUEL * DREW,

“ HONOUR * DREW.

“ *Signed, sealed, and delivered*
(being first duly stamped) in
the presence of
 “ A. B.” &c. &c.

Few fathers manifested such strong paternal attachment as Mr. Drew. His children's welfare always claimed his attention. Daily and hourly their best interests were the object of his solicitude. There was no austerity in his manner, tending to repel them from his company. On the contrary, he was ever ready to listen to the most absurd or extravagant theories which they might hazard, in morality or religion; and, instead of checking any remark because it might savour of impiety, he heard every argument they could adduce in favour of the proposition, and then, by reasoning with them, endeavoured to expose the fallacy of their opinions. Thus imperceptibly, yet in the most convincing manner, would he fortify their minds against pernicious doctrines, and confirm their belief in the most important truths. The confidence of his elder children he thus gained; and the affection of the juniors was always bestowed upon a parent who would become their playmate, and tell them stories without end. Though he could not prevent their mixing with others, in and out of school-hours, he strove to guard them, by his precepts, against evil example. “To keep my children wholly from bad associates,” he has said, “is out of my power. I can only endeavour to instil good principles, show them a good example, and commend them in prayer to God.”

As they advanced towards maturity, their religious culture became a more especial object of his regard. His letters to them were fraught with the most valuable and affectionate advice; and in these written instructions, the fervent spirit of the

Christian and love of the parent were combined with his wonted familiarity. To his youngest daughter, who, after his removal from St. Austell, and especially after Mrs. Drew's decease, became his personal charge, he was accustomed to address, upon her birth-day, a few admonitory lines. One of these addresses we insert, not as a specimen of poetry, but as a proof of affection.

"TO MY DAUGHTER MARY, ON HER SEVENTEENTH
BIRTH-DAY.

“Accept, dear Mary, on thy natal day,
This kind expression of a father's love :
Warm from his heart it flows, without decay,
To thee in deeds—in prayer to God above.

Thy childhood past, but not matured in years,
Thy parents view thee in a path of strife,
And watch those steps with anxious hopes and fears
That soon will stamp thy destiny for life.

The dangerous ocean which thy bark must sail
Has rocks and shoals unseen, or found too late ;
And those who venture under passion's gale
Will suffer shipwreck on the shores of fate.

Taught from thy youth those tempting scenes to shun
Where serpents lurk beneath delusive flowers,
Where folly's minions dance and are undone,
By fashion led to dissipation's bowers ;—

Revere the precepts which instruction gives :
Experience, reason, urge thee to be wise.
A father's voice may warn while yet he lives ;
O may Heaven's counsel lead thee when he dies !

A Power unseen o'er all thy steps presides,
To guard thy feet in virtue's sacred road.
The cross atones—the Saviour's Spirit guides
From vice and sorrow to the throne of God.

* * * * *

An aged widow should thy mother prove,
Who nursed and cherished thee with tender care,
Repay that kindness with a daughter's love,
And in thy comforts let her claim a share.

Should he who writes prove destitute, forlorn,
Wrinkled, and gray,—his lingering hours beguile :
Age and decrepitude O do not scorn,
But cheer his evening with a filial smile.

Then, when thy parents, summoned to the skies,
 No more admonish, or thy actions see,
 A generation yet unborn may rise,
 To pay those duties rendered now by thee.

“SAMUEL DREW.

“Sept. 10, 1826.”

It was an affecting and a solemn season, when, on the day of his wife's funeral, though heart-broken and overwhelmed with grief at his sudden bereavement, he feelingly commended his assembled children, one by one, to the Divine protection; prayed that the afflictive dispensation might be sanctified to their eternal welfare; and, with a fond father's heart, implored the blessing of Heaven on them and all their concerns.

We have no wish to represent Mr. Drew as immaculate. In attempting a faithful moral picture, the blemishes should be shown as well as the beauties; nor does his character require that any part should be “cast discreetly into shade.” With the sentiment so admirably expressed by a recent writer, we fully accord—“It behooves us, with Christian discrimination, to distinguish between grace and nature,—to give to God his own glory, and refer to men their own infirmities.”* But so few and so trivial, in the eye of affection, were Mr. D.'s defects, that to particularize them is a task of difficulty.

Mr. Drew was habitually careful of the feelings of others. On noticing a display of unnecessary rigour, or a want of sympathy for a wounded spirit, he has often quoted, as a gentle rebuke, that fine expression of Cowper,

“The tear that is wiped with a little address
 May be followed, perhaps, by a smile.”

Yet, at times, when his own children were in fault, his reproofs were very severe. Blended with his prevailing good-nature, there was a considerable proportion of natural sarcastic humour, which, in his parental censures, he was not always careful to repress. It was never unkindly meant, but its pungency sometimes inflicted an unintentional wound.

If we add to this, that, from his keen perception of moral order, he could not witness the most trivial deviation without very uncomfortable sensations, and that his love of propriety amounted to an almost morbid feeling, we shall have enumer-

* Gregory's Memoir of Robert Hall.

ated the imperfections in his domestic character. In every other view, we believe, his excellences were conspicuous,

“And even his failings leaned to virtue’s side.”

A gentleman with whom he was in constant intercourse during the latter period of his life, remarks, “In all my acquaintance with Mr. Drew I never saw any thing in him but what was calculated to excite esteem and respect. His amiable disposition was never overturned by peevishness or irritability of mind, even in the decline of his years, or the breaking up of his constitution.”

AFFABILITY and READINESS TO TEACH were always traits in Mr. Drew’s disposition. “His nature,” as a lady who knew him well expresses it, “was a compound of kindness;” and he was the beloved Mentor of all the young persons of his acquaintance. Ever familiar and accessible, they felt no scruple in stating to him their difficulties, or in making him, what he was always ready to be, their confidential and friendly adviser. Feelings of admiration could not be repressed, on seeing the timid virgin hanging with filial confidence upon his arm, and drinking in knowledge from his lips; or the stripling listening to the intonations of his voice, and watching every significant gesture, while he, with the most affectionate concern,

“Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.”

“For young persons Mr. Drew had a particular regard, and invariably drew them around him, evincing the greatest interest for their welfare. He knew the many shoals and quicksands on which, without guidance, they might make fatal shipwreck; and, while enforcing the importance and benefit of religion, he added to it the diligent employment of time. ‘Youth,’ he observed, ‘is the period in which to lay up a rich store of information. It will prove like a warehouse full of various kinds of timber, all of which will be essentially useful to the skilful workman, when he shall have got his tools about him, and learned expertness in their use. The timber he will then find ready to shape and fashion into the forms suited to times and circumstances.’ With anecdotes of his own life he would also occasionally enliven the social circle; deducing from all, reasons for and incentives to diligence.” Such is the statement of a lady who had often listened to his familiar instructions.

There was a pious old woman, a Methodist, at whose house, on the outskirts of St. Austell, Mr. Drew used frequently to call on a Sabbath morning. Here he often met with young persons belonging to the same religious society, who came thither for serious conversation. With these, when time permitted, he would enter into a discussion of such religious topics as might be suggested, answer questions, and clear up difficulties. This became a frequent levee of Mr. Drew's, and was sure to be well attended. When he perceived any diffidence or backwardness among his young friends, in proposing to him their doubts, he urged them to cast aside all such needless reserve. "Questions," he would remark, "are the keys that unlock the treasures of knowledge. It is better to admit your ignorance than to show it. The candid inquirer is always welcome; and don't fear hazarding a blunder now and then. Remember that he who never made a blunder never made a discovery."

An acquaintance which Mr. Drew formed, in the year 1809, with a young lady, who, without introduction, sought his counsel, and maintained with him a frequent correspondence, is another instance of his accessibility and readiness to impart instruction. The origin of their intimacy he thus explains to the lady's brother:—

"The first letter I received from your sister was anonymous, —proposing a variety of abstruse questions, on which the writer desired me to give my opinion. As the letter contained an expansion of mind which forcibly struck me, I felt a wish to know who the writer was. I accordingly wrote a short note, acknowledging the receipt of the letter alluded to above, but observed, 'that in sending it without a name, the writer had defeated his own purpose, by betraying that want of confidence which deprived correspondence of its basis.' This produced from your sister a letter written in her own name, with this intelligent apology for the former,—that, being a school-girl, she concealed her name, lest her situation should prevent her from receiving those answers to her various questions which she desired. Astonished at finding a girl at school capable of proposing questions on which the learned world had been divided, from the first dawn of science to the present day, I gave her the best replies which the limits of a long letter would allow. Such was the commencement of our correspondence."

One of Mr. Drew's young female friends, when announcing to him her expected residence in his neighbourhood after a

long absence, writes, in 1823, "I hope to see much of you, to talk frequently to you, and once again share your kind instructions. I shall again mark the argumentative position of your finger, the roguish turn of your expressive eye, and hear your affectionate exhortations to avoid evil and cleave to that which is good."

- The Moral Tales of Samuel Wesley he greatly admired. He had committed them to memory, because of their point and humour, for which he had always a keen relish; and his friendly admonitions to his female acquaintances were frequently mingled with quotations from "the Cobbler," "the Mastiff," and "the Basket." A lady whom he had given away at the altar remarks, in a letter addressed to him shortly after her marriage, "I always take care to 'pin the basket,' and I have not attempted to ride the mastiff yet." To one of his daughters he presented a copy of these tales, with this memorandum appended to "the Basket,"—"Let no female acquaintance of mine be married until she can repeat this piece.—SAMUEL DREW."

The letters which follow furnish a specimen of Mr. Drew's familiar epistolary instructions.

"St. Austell, April 22, 1816.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Although many months have elapsed since I wrote you last, this letter will inform you that omission implies neither forgetfulness nor neglect. I frequently think of the few pleasing hours we spent together, both at Harpur-street and at St. John's-square. But these hours are gone for ever; and

'Of joys departed
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!"

"When I left London, I had some expectation of revisiting it about this time; but a train of circumstances prevents me from fulfilling my wishes. I, however, look forward to this time twelvemonth, when, if life and health permit, I hope again to see it. But this, I expect, will be the last time for life; and you will not be there, neither do I expect to see any of your family, except such as live at St. John's-square, unless I come when Dr. Clarke is in London. Of late I have been so busy, that I have not been able to keep up a regular correspondence with any person. I hope, in the course of a few months, to

have a little more leisure, when I shall renew my acquaintance with my old friends.

“When you write me, let me know what books you have been reading, and what proficiency you have made in metaphysics. Your last letter was written with too much hesitation, diffidence, and perplexity. You must not be afraid of me. You saw me a plain, blunt fellow, in London, who was mistaken for a blacksmith. Do not be afraid of committing yourself. Remember this rule—*The person who never made a blunder never made a discovery.* If you always tread near the central parts of a circle, you will never obtain much accurate knowledge of its circumference : and, consequently, you will never widen the horizon of knowledge. It is on the extremity of the circle that metaphysicians must walk ; and they must not be terrified, if they sometimes slip their feet and fall.

“Since I last saw you, I have not done much in this department. Subjects of a different nature have engaged my thoughts ; nor do I think that I shall be able to turn my attention to the study of this science until several months more have elapsed. It is a thorny region ; but it furnishes firm footing, which affords a recompense for all our toils.

“But neither metaphysics, nor any merely human science, can procure for us an interest in the felicities of eternity. All may be made subservient to our eternal welfare, and may contribute to that expansion of mind which we shall carry with us into eternity. To what extent the mental faculties are capable of expanding, it is probable that we shall never know, until we enter into a world of spirits. Knowledge, without doubt, is an inlet of felicity ; and perhaps no inconsiderable portion of happiness in heaven will arise from our being able for ever to draw from the ocean of eternal truth, without the possibility of exhausting it.

“Hereafter we may have an opportunity of enlarging on this important subject, should time and favourable circumstances concur. But, from that distance which lies between us, I scarcely expect we shall behold each other’s faces again.

“May the Lord in mercy bless you with health in time, and happiness in eternity.

“I remain your sincere friend,

“SAMUEL DREW.

“Miss Mary Ann Clarke,
“Harpur-street, London.”

“ Liverpool, Dec. 23, 1819.

“ MY DEAR SISTER,

“ I duly received your letter by Dr. Clarke, and was equally glad to hear from my only sister that her family was well, as she could be to receive a letter from me. My health is good; I do not know that I have had an hour's indisposition since I left St. Austell. But you may be assured that my time is much taken up about my business. It is not to be expected that I could come hither to do nothing. Sometimes I find myself in solitude, and sigh after home; but I have here a numerous train of friends, who do every thing in their power to make me comfortable; and, hearing constantly from home, my gloom subsides.

“ I am exceedingly glad to find that your children all behave themselves well. So long as this is the case, tell them that their uncle will love and respect them; but if they behave badly, especially as they grow to maturity, he will have nothing to do with them. To tell me that Mary is a good girl is giving no new information; it is only confirming that opinion which I have always entertained of her, and which I hope she will never give me any occasion to alter. Of James, also, I am much pleased to hear a favourable account. He is now come to an age in which his character should acquire stability; and I hope he will not give you any occasion to send me a different account when you write again. I hope that both Mary and James will use all the means in their power to improve their minds, without losing sight of those duties which they owe to God and their parents. I hope that Jabez will conduct himself well, and that he is attentive to his learning. I desire to know, when you write next, how far he is advanced in ciphering, and let him write on your letter a few words, that I may see how his writing is improved. As to his behaviour, I expect it is such as will bear examination, after due allowances for age and circumstances. I hope, while he behaves well, that I shall always respect him, on account of his uncle Jabez, whom he never knew. Samuel is my namesake, and if he conducts himself improperly, I shall be ready to wish that he had been called something else; but while he is a good lad, I shall be glad to think that he bears my name. Thomasin is called after her own mother's name, and my mother's. She is equal in name,—I hope she will be equal in good behaviour: while I hear that this is the case, I shall love her, and shall always be glad to hear of her welfare. As your health, my dear sister, I find from your letter, is rather precarious, this lays an addi-

tional obligation on all the children to love, assist, and readily obey your commands, as well as those of their father. And whatever improvement they may make in any other respect, I shall never have a very favourable opinion of them, if they are disobedient to their parents. They may rest assured, that while this is the case, the blessing of God can never be expected upon them, either while they are children or when they are grown up to maturity. I am sorry to learn that your health is in a declining state: I hope it amounts to nothing of a serious nature. You ask me, will I notice and respect your children, should you be taken from them? Yes, my dear sister, so far as I can, consistently with my own family, your children shall never want a friend while their uncle lives. I will advise them, admonish, or reprove, and assist them to the utmost of my power.

“To uncle I desire to be particularly remembered. Indeed, I conceive that I am as much writing to him as I am to you; only it would seem strange not to introduce his name. I have some thoughts of visiting Cornwall, should I live to see the summer; but the distance is great, and the expense is heavy. I am now nearly four hundred miles from you. May you live long, and live happily together. I do not doubt that we shall meet again in time; but if not, I trust we shall meet in heaven.

“The spiritual advice which you request of me I scarcely know how to give. I know you are naturally inclined to view every thing on the darkest side. Why should you doubt the goodness of God? or why question his ability or readiness to save to the uttermost? You say your faith is little. This may be; but remember, our safety does not depend upon the strength or the weakness of our faith, but its genuineness. The same God who has hitherto kept you is able and willing to keep you to the end. Little faith is always attended with doubts and fears,—above which strong faith mounts; but safety is as much the lot of the one as of the other. The strength or weakness of faith may, and will, affect our enjoyments, and have a considerable influence on our joys and sorrows; but both that which is strong and that which is weak lay hold of Christ, and He is the foundation of our hope. May God Almighty grant you his blessing, in time and eternity! So prays your affectionate brother, brother-in-law, and uncle,

“SAMUEL DREW.

“*Mrs. T. Kingdon, Tywardreath.*”

“ 38 Newgate-street, London,
“ Aug. 30th, 1826.

“ MY DEAR NEPHEW,

“ Your letter, though dated January 2d, did not reach me until about a month since ; and it is not always that I can find time to write, or an opportunity of sending what I have written free of expense. However, that you may not think your letter neglected, I have snatched a few moments from the common avocations of life to devote to you.

“ I am glad to find that you are industrious and careful, and that with you trade is brisk. Your only danger, I conceive, arises from your giving credit to persons who cannot or will not pay. Make good articles, and charge a good price, such as the country will bear, and your trade will recommend itself.

“ By turning your attention to reading, when the business of the shop is over, you will find employment more profitable than any association with companions can afford, and furnish your mind with resources that will always yield delight.

“ You express a wish that I were nearer, to give you instruction in many things. Were I present, no doubt this could be done. But remember, others can only point out the gates and doors which lead to the fields of knowledge. Every one must traverse the hills and valleys for himself; and it is only by unremitting application and perseverance that the attempt will be crowned with success.

“ You ask, ‘ Wherein lies the difference between foreknowledge and predestination?’ Foreknowledge is simply the *discernment* of an action or thing that is about to exist; predestination is the *appointment* of the action or thing. There is, therefore, as much difference as there is between knowing the destination of a ship and directing her to undertake and accomplish her voyage.

“ Between the temptations of Satan and the evil inclinations of our hearts the distinction is not so evident. Temptations generally assail us through our inclinations, and give to them a degree of strength which, without temptation, they could not exercise. Temptation also frequently furnishes food for evil inclination, by placing objects in our way; as fishermen bait their hooks to catch the finny tribes. In both cases, our duty is to suppress evil inclination, and to resist temptation; and this power, through Divine grace, may be attained. Do not neglect to attend public worship, and to conduct yourself as the principles of the Gospel require. Above all, look to Jesus,

through the efficacy of whose atonement our title to heaven is to be obtained, by the exercise of faith.

"I shall be glad to hear from you whenever you can find time to write, and beg you will not be afraid or ashamed to state any question.

"That God may give you his blessing for time and eternity, is the sincere wish of

"Your affectionate uncle,

"SAMUEL DREW.

"To Mr. James Kingdon, Jun.,

"St. Blazey."

Further illustrations of Mr. Drew's affectionate manner of giving advice and instruction, in his familiar correspondence, we hope to present at the close of the volume.

There are, perhaps, few more pleasing instances of his freedom of communication than a correspondence which he maintained with a lady, who was, at the time, the subject of mental aberration. Two letters selected from this correspondence we introduce. That from the lady may gratify curiosity, as exhibiting a remarkable instance of monomania.

"DEAR SIR,

"As one of our nurses is going to St. Austell, I have taken the liberty of troubling you with a few lines of inquiry after your health.

"I shall not apologize for sending the poetry, as I trust it will be acceptable. You will see, by the sentiments, it was not lately written, and will forgive the *warmth* of my expressions, when I tell you it was composed within a few weeks of my first becoming an inmate of the *lunatic asylum*. The answer to my vindication of you was written by one of my companions; who, on taking a cursory review of your work, had condemned it as being a wild chimera, and, in fact, establishing nothing. I was informed of this previously to my seeing him; and the energies of *friendship*, perhaps heightened by *disorder*, produced that epistle almost extemporary, which you will find in the beginning of the book. I had an interview a few days after, and was sufficiently mortified and punished for the temerity of my attack, by finding *poetry* was his least accomplishment: he was sensible, elegant, refined, and fascinating.

"You, who know 'great wit to madness nearly is allied,'

will not be surprised at my saying, that I have here met with gentlemen (I am sorry to be obliged to write in the past tense) of superior sense and learning to what I had been accustomed—whose insanity consisted chiefly in eccentricities;—those we dignify with the name of rational madmen. The book I have sent is a present to you from a most worthy gentleman, who is one of the principal of our committee; and, from some fancied merit, perhaps, has kindly noticed me ever since my first coming to the house, which he visits every week with the other gentlemen of the city.

“He had read and admired your work on the ‘Identity of the Human Body,’ and, seeing your name on my scrawl, kindly offered to send any letter to you, and that I would beg your acceptance of this book, with his respects. You may suppose how willing I was to oblige a person I have so much reason to esteem, and, if I have not disoblged you, shall not be dissatisfied with what I have done.

“With my best wishes,

“I remain, dear sir,

“Yours respectfully,

* *

“I have lately begun to read Locke, whom I understand pretty well, upon the whole; but I should be obliged by your telling me, if what he terms pure space, infinite space, and vacuum are synonymots, and whether it excludes even air and ether. I confess I cannot readily comprehend this; and, if so, how am I to understand his own words, at the 137th page of the first book, viz.—‘For I desire any one so to divide a solid body, of any dimension he pleases, as to make it possible for the solid parts to move up and down freely every way within the bounds of their superficies, if there be not left in it a void *space* as big as the least part into which he has divided the said solid body.’

“Is the space he there mentions of the same nature as *pure space*? But what can we know of space which excludes air? ‘And let this void space,’ says he, ‘be as little as it will, it destroys the hypothesis of plenitude.’ I am sorry to trouble you, but well remember how clearly I comprehended your discourse of space infinite, and infinite space, when I saw you; and doubt not but I shall be able to understand your definitions.”

[“Received July 31, 1812, from the Nurse of the Asylum.
“S. DREW.”]

“ St. Austell, July 31, 1812.

“ MY OLD CORRESPONDENT,

“ Your letter, your manuscript, and the treatise translated by Mr. M. reached me in safety, and this letter is designed to be returned by the person who brought me the parcel. I sincerely thank you for each favour, and am much pleased with all. I have perused all your lines with pleasure, and have discovered in each piece much of that original genius for which I have always given you the fullest credit. In some instances, your language is humorously severe, particularly on Dr. D., ‘ whose face is always best covered.’ Your vindication of my Essay proves the warmth and sincerity of your friendship. Some of the strokes are bold and full of energy. It plainly appears that you have entered into the tendency and design of that publication, and that you have fully appreciated the force of many of my arguments. When friendship and judgment are united, they carry the mind to its intended object with more than common rapidity.

“ On your questions concerning Mr. Locke’s observations on *space*, and *plenitude*, and *vacuum*, I will make a few remarks. Mr. Locke considers that space has a positive existence, that it is necessarily existent, and that it is *infinite* in its expansion. On the contrary, he conceives that matter is only *finite*, and, because finite, that it is neither necessarily existent nor eternal. From these two considerations it follows, that space must be more extensive than matter or body ;—space being boundless, because infinite, and matter or body being bounded, because finite ; and consequently there must be some space in the universe where no body is. Mr. Locke, on this principle, argues, that if there had not been space in the universe without body, body must be infinite, and then there would have been a universal plenitude of body ; in which case, motion would have been impossible, because every body in motion must then have moved through solidity, which is impossible. But since there is motion in the material world, he justly concludes that there must be space without body, which is demonstrated by the existence of motion. When he speaks of *pure space*, he confines his view to *simple expansion* alone, excluding from that idea, not only the extent of its dimensions, but body also. *Infinite space* he views in its boundless extent, without regarding whether it be connected with matter or not. Vacuum is certainly nothing more than the mere negation of matter ; and, though sometimes blended with the idea of space, in the room of which the term is sometimes substituted, it is certainly dis-

tinct. Space exists positively; vacuum is only negative. Vacuum cannot exist where body is, because the introduction of body annihilates vacuum; but body cannot exist where there is not space, because space must contain body:—hence the difference between space and vacuum.

“You ask, ‘What can we know of space that excludes pure ether?’ I grant that we can know but little. But I would ask, what can we know of space with ether? or of ether, if viewed in connection with space? But we have no need to know the essence of space and ether, in order to determine that a universal plenitude of body does not exist. The instance which Mr. Locke gives, and which you have quoted, is sufficient for the purpose. Let the exact dimensions of a perfectly solid body be taken (for if it be porous you grant space without body) on every side, allowing no room for any motion between the dimensions and the body measured. When this is done, let the body be divided into two equal parts; the parts can no more move within the original bounds than if no division had ever taken place. Let it be again divided into 20, or 20,000 or 20,000,000 parts; these parts can no more move within the bounds of the original dimensions than if the body had been entire. Let us extend the same thought to the universe. If all space had been full of body, the whole must have been like a body of adamant, the dimensions of which would have been infinity. In this case, motion in the material universe would have been as impossible as in the given body proposed by Mr. Locke. It is of no consequence to say that matter may be soft and yielding like the air. Dilation and compression prove matter not infinite. Space is immoveable; and if matter were infinite it must be immoveable also, whether formed of atoms, worlds, or ether.

“That God may bless, restore you to your health and friends, and qualify you both for life and death, for time and eternity, is the sincere desire of

“Your old friend,
“SAMUEL DREW.”

SECTION XXVII.

Instances of Mr. Drew's humility, integrity, sensibility, benevolence, and pacific temper—Anonymous letter censuring his conduct—Unpleasant dilemma.

THE especial apostolical injunction, "that no man think more highly of himself than he ought to think," plainly intimates that this is a prevalent infirmity of our fallen nature. It is one from which few can plead an entire exemption; and to none is it more incident than to the man who has unexpectedly risen from a lowly station into public notoriety. Forgetting that for every excellence we are indebted to a higher power, our common propensity is to say, or rather to think, "My power and the might of mine hand have gotten me this wealth," and to take to ourselves the credit of that which we may be instrumental in accomplishing. From this symptom of moral infirmity few persons were more free than Mr. Drew. He neither condescended to a spurious and affected humility, undervaluing the talents which he possessed, nor assumed the character of a great man. The distinguished and applauded metaphysician was as unpretending as the humble mechanic. He felt his own powers of mind, without claiming superiority over others; and his society was pleasing to persons of less vigorous understanding, because he attempted no display. Had he been required to express his own views of himself, he would probably have adopted the language of St. Paul—"Through the grace of God I am what I am."

His humble origin he never forgot, or desired to conceal; nor did he, when referring to his altered circumstances, overlook that Providence which had directed his steps. In one of his letters after his removal from Cornwall he observes, "Raised from one of the lowest stations in society, I have endeavoured through life to bring my family into a state of respectability, by honest industry, frugality, and a high regard for my moral character. Divine Providence smiled on my exertions, and crowned my wishes with success." "Families, like communities," he has sometimes remarked, "have their revolutions. Mine, I have been told, was once respectable,

but it has been at almost the lowest grade. It now seems ascending, and Providence perhaps designs to make me instrumental to its elevation."

So much did Mr. D. shrink from public notice, that, within two years of his decease, having been on some particular occasion in the city on a Sunday morning until it was too late to return to his usual place of worship, he would not go into a Wesleyan chapel where he was known, lest he should attract attention, or be invited to preach. After standing awhile in the lobby, he said to the gentleman who accompanied him, "Well, I really do not like to go in—let us go to some church."

Being reminded of the high encomium which Dr. Clarke, in his autobiography, had passed upon him,* he observed, "That is quite an hyperbole, beyond all reason. Yet a literary gentleman told me, that, independently of the compliment, the paragraph in which the doctor has introduced my name is the most elegantly written in the whole volume. Dr. Clarke liked my metaphysics because I took up my subject as I found it in nature, without entangling it with any preconceived notions and opinions. But, dear me, what should I be beside the metaphysicians of Scotland? They'd frighten me out of my wits—though, perhaps, more about the etymology of terms—whether this were derived from the Greek, and that from the Latin or French, and so forth—than with the subject of discussion itself."

The same diffidence of his own abilities will be seen in the

* "Among those whom Mr. Clarke joined to the Methodist society in St. Austell was *Samuel Drew*, then terminating his apprenticeship to a shoemaker, and since become one of the first metaphysicians in the empire; as his works on the *Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul of man*, the *Identity and Resurrection of the Human Body*, and the *Being and Attributes of God* sufficiently testify. A man of primitive simplicity of manners, amiableness of disposition, piety towards God, and benevolence to men, seldom to be equalled; and for reach of thought, keenness of discrimination, purity of language, and manly eloquence, not to be surpassed in any of the common walks of life. He shortly became a *local preacher* among the Methodists, and in this office he continues to the present day. In short, his circumstances considered, with the mode of his education, he is one of those prodigies of nature and grace which God rarely exhibits; but which serve to keep up the connecting link between those who are confined to houses of clay, whose foundations are in the dust, and beings of superior order, in those regions where infirmity cannot enter, and where the sunshine of knowledge suffers neither diminution nor eclipse."—*Life of Dr. Clarke*, vol. i. p. 219.

following letter, which exhibits much candour, modesty, and correct thinking.

“ St. Austell, Jan. 10, 1810.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ I am happy to find that my letter reached you at a moment when you were in a good humour. I should have learned this fact from the vivacity of your epistle, if you had not informed me ; and I hope this will not meet your eye in a less auspicious hour.

“ I thought, when you hinted that my philosophy had not subdued my prejudices, that you intended to rally me on some branches of my creed ; but, on perusing further, I soon found that your pleasing lenitives far outweighed the corrosives which I expected. I thank you for your hints, and really admire your masterly apology for my views of eternal things. Believe me, my dear sir, I have embraced the sentiments which I briefly stated from a conviction of their propriety, though arising from a combination of causes which it would be difficult to define, and of which it would be almost impossible to mark the discriminating influence. Suffice it to say, that the effect was produced, and the result still continues, however incompetent I may find myself to trace the various branches to their respective sources.

“ I sincerely thank you for the few observations which you made on Mr. Professor Scott and Mr. D. Stewart. I had nothing in view but private gratification when I inquired after them. Perhaps it is natural to the human mind to feel some solicitude about those of whom we have heard, especially when they have distinguished themselves in those departments of literature which are congenial with the bias of our thoughts. By first writing to me, a perfect stranger, half-buried in obscure life, you did me an honour which I can acknowledge, but not requite.

“ As you have seen the memoirs of my life which I prefixed to my ‘ Essay on the Resurrection,’ I need not tell you my personal history, nor descant upon the difficulties through which I have passed, to enter the field of literature. It was my lot to have no education ; but whether I may reckon this among the misfortunes or advantages of my life, it is hard to say. The mind, without doubt, receives its polish from the refinements which education imparts, and becomes expanded in proportion to the objects which are presented to its views. If this advantage had been mine, I should have been considered

as a competitor with men whom I could not rival, and should have sunk into insignificance by falling short of my mark. My learning would have broken the optic of compassion, and have exposed me to a naked inspection which I could not have withstood. From these dangers I am now happily shielded; so that, on the whole, I have no reason to complain. Under present circumstances, I have obtained a reputation through friendship which I could not have acquired from rigid justice, if knowledge had unrolled her ample stores with a more liberal hand. Reputation, however, is only a remote consideration; and when first I commenced author, I had no more expectation of obtaining fame than I had of procuring wealth.

“ I trust, amid the events and incidents of life, that God will give me grace so to pass through time, that I may, through the merits of Jesus Christ, obtain at last ‘ an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.’ ”

“ That this may be our joint portion in eternity, though we may never behold each other’s faces in time, is the sincere desire of,

“ Reverend and dear sir,

“ Yours most sincerely,

“ SAMUEL DREW.

“ *Rev. Professor James Kidd, Aberdeen.* ”

In a former part of our narrative we have noticed, at some length, Mr. Drew’s INTEGRITY and HUMANITY in early life. Of these qualities a few illustrations of more recent date may be acceptable.

A day or two before his removal from London, though his mind was then unhinged, he enumerated very particularly the different charitable and other institutions to which he was a contributor, and placed in his daughter’s hands a year’s subscription for each, that all obligations of that kind might be fully discharged.

During a season of dearth he bargained with a farmer for a bushel* of wheat monthly, throughout the year, at a fixed rate. A few weeks afterward the price of corn fell nearly one-third. The terms of the bargain did not bind him to purchase under such circumstances; but he regarded the spirit rather than the letter of the agreement; and, contrary to the farmer’s expectation, continued to buy during the twelve months at the stipulated price. The farmer appreciated Mr. D.’s honourable conduct, and brought him a thirteenth bushel gratis.

* The Cornish is equal to three imperial bushels.

By most of the inhabitants of Cornwall it will be recollected, that about the period when the West Briton newspaper was commenced, much acrimonious feeling either real or pretended was shown towards its editor by the proprietor and editor of the Cornwall Gazette, then recently become an ultra tory journal. These gentlemen had been previously on terms of peculiar intimacy; and Mr. Drew was the friend and acquaintance of both. Before the appearance of the West Briton, and while the Cornish advocates of parliamentary reform were, by the exclusion of their communications from the other paper, compelled to publish their sentiments in pamphlets, Mr. D. received the following letter:—

“DEAR SIR,

“You have doubtless seen Mr. Budd’s reply; to which, you will admit, there is a necessity for a rejoinder. In that rejoinder I shall, with the view of showing his ‘unfitness to write upon *parliamentary reform*,’ instance, among other matters, his avowed hostility to the Church, as displayed in his debate with you the evening you and I spent with him at his house; and I do expect, from your honour and conscience, that you will not blink the truth when called upon. I merely give you this as a notice of my intended use of your name. If you have any thing to say in the mean time, I shall be glad to hear from you by post.

“*Mr. Samuel Drew, St. Austell.*”

This letter was followed by another the next day, apologizing for having inadvertently sent the first without date or name. There is a severity of reproof and a spirit of manly integrity in Mr. Drew’s reply. The former part of it was written before the receipt of the second letter.

“St. Austell, May 21, 1810.

“DEAR SIR,

“I this morning received a letter, without a date and without a name, which I have reason to believe came from you, as no other person could have been acquainted with the subject to which it alludes. It is rather singular that both name and date should be omitted through mere accident. It has all the appearance of suspicious caution or secret design.

“I am extremely sorry to find that you intend so far to violate the laws of hospitality, as to publish to the world a private conversation which took place about two years since; and

that you intend to draw from it an inference injurious to the man at whose house both you and I were entertained. I hope your political principles will not influence your memory.

"It is with peculiar reluctance that I shall attempt, at the bar of the public, to decide between two men whose merits I highly esteem; but, when summoned before the tribunal, you need not fear that I shall 'blink the truth.' I have no right to forbid you to publish what you heard; and neither interest nor weakness will induce me to request you to suppress my name. I hope, however, in future, to be cautious how I take either side of an abstract argument in your presence.

"I remain, dear sir,

"Yours most respectfully,

"SAMUEL DREW.

"*Mr. Thomas Flindell, Truro.*

"*May 22d.*—The former part of this letter was written, folded up, and directed before I received yours this morning. I intended to send it by post last evening, but was too late. Your letter of to-day, of course, nullifies all my first paragraph. With respect to the second, I can only repeat my regret that you should meanly stoop to an action which you would despise in another. In the name of friendship, I beg you to desist from a deed that hereafter you will blush to own. Let public questions stand on public ground. For my part, I am no politician, as you well know, and do not care two straws about the present contest. But I feel sorrow when I see the bonds of friendship broken, the laws of hospitality violated, confidence betrayed, and public questions degenerating into low personalities. I remain, dear sir, notwithstanding the tone of this letter, with best wishes for your welfare,

"Yours sincerely,

"SAMUEL DREW."

One of the remarks which Mr. Drew sometimes made—"I should fear a poor man's curse far more than I should value a rich man's smile,"—shows that he was at once independent and humane. Indeed, these qualities were very early developed; they became, in after-years, settled principles of action

He once, when a young man, rebuked his sister with great severity, for applying some unkind epithet to his father's parish apprentice. There was a poor girl distantly related to him, who, being deficient in understanding, was neglected and

unkindly treated by her own family. In great distress she came to his house,

“Claim’d kindred there, and had her claim allowed.”

He took her under his protection, applied, on her behalf, to the magistrates, and did not relax his efforts until he had obtained for her a suitable provision.

Another little anecdote of his early life evinces his feeling disposition. On a severe winter’s day, when a youth, he shot some starlings, which were put into a pudding for his dinner. When the pudding was brought to table, the idea that he had, for mere sport, taken advantage of the birds’ necessities to destroy them, oppressed him so much that he could not eat a morsel. “The apparition of the starlings,” he said to a friend, when relating the circumstance, “had haunted him ever since; and he never reflected on that day’s shooting excursion without regret.” To some readers this may appear a mawkish affectation of sensibility: those who knew Mr. D. will judge otherwise.

On one occasion, going to collect some book-debts, he entered a house where they had owed him money a long time. Several of the children were ill, and there were manifest indications of poverty. Instead of demanding the debt, he gave them a donation. To one of his boys who accompanied him, and knew for what purpose he called at the house, this proceeding was incomprehensible; and, with childish simplicity, after quitting it, he inquired the reason. The tear started into Mr. Drew’s eye; and, making some observation not now remembered, he said,

‘Teach me to feel another’s wo,
To hide the fault I see;
The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.’”

Once, while resident in London, Mr. D. walked a considerable distance for the purpose of giving half a crown to a worthy man in poor circumstances, who had, during his absence from home, brought a complimentary message from his master; and he was at much pains to procure for him an advance of wages. The fact, though trivial, is characteristic.

On the marriage of his youngest daughter—the only wedding in his family at which he was present,—his sensibility was pleasingly shown. After the ceremony, leading his daugh-

ter to the parents of his son-in-law, he said to them, "I now present you with the most precious gift which Heaven has put into my power to bestow. If I thought she would be unhappy, I should break my heart." Then, pausing a moment or two, very much affected, he added, "But no; I have better hopes. I shall not consider that I have lost a daughter, but that I have gained a son—and may God bless them together." Alluding to the circumstance, in conversation with his children, he remarked, "After you and the rest were gone, I threw myself on the sofa, and

'Some natural tears I dropped, but wiped them soon.'

An intelligent woman, in humble circumstances, a native of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, now residing near St. Austell, very recently gave the following relation to Mr. Drew's sister. "It was about ten years since that I went to see my friends at Newcastle, and was returning by way of Portsmouth on board the steam-packet. I was a deck passenger, and had with me a child about twelve months old, unable to walk. Soon after I was on board, I was accosted by a gentleman, who, in a very kind manner, inquired how far I was going, whether the child were not a great charge in travelling, and other familiar questions. He was constantly employed in helping the sick, especially the females and children. There were two little blue-coat boys that he had especially taken under his protection. They followed him wherever he went, and when he was sitting down and talking, they hung over him with so much affection that it was supposed they were near relatives; but, to the inquiry of some one, they answered 'No,' and that they had never seen the gentleman before. As the evening drew on, it began to rain. He then came to me and said, 'This exposure will not do for you and the child; I must contrive some shelter for you;' and he accordingly got some tarpawlings, and made a comfortable screen for us. I was not sick; so he then left me, that he might help those who were, and he continued assisting them most of the night. The passengers were all surprised at his incessant kindness and attention. In the morning he came to me again, and with much benevolence of manner inquired whether I had breakfasted, and expressed his satisfaction that I had. About ten o'clock he came once more, and said, 'What are you going to have for dinner?'—'Tea, sir,' I replied.—'Ah!' said he, 'that is too weak for you.' At dinner-time he brought me a loaf, plenty of cold tongue, and some

London porter, saying, 'Now, take this, and it will strengthen you.' On my observing that I could not make use of half of it, he replied, 'Then put the remainder in your basket; it will do another time.'

"In the evening, when we arrived at Plymouth (where the steam-packet passengers for the west used to remain for the night), the gentleman, supposing that I was a stranger to the place, offered to pay my expenses at an inn. I thanked him, but said my friends were near. Next morning, as I was coming on board, he was already there, with his attendants the blue-coat boys; and he called to one of the sailors to take my child, while he assisted me out of the boat. His kind attentions were continued till we reached Fowey, where I left the vessel: he and the two boys went on to Falmouth. Who the gentleman was I did not then know; but I afterward learned that it was Mr. Drew; and never will his kindness be erased from my memory."*

With so much of the love of his neighbour in his composition, it will be supposed that Mr. Drew had few enemies. A gentleman who knew him well says, "I am quite sure he never deserved one." Few persons, perhaps, have passed through life, in this respect, more peacefully. In his unassuming manners and equanimity of temper there was scarcely any thing on which envy itself could fasten. The governing maxims of his life, in his intercourse with others, were, "Never give or take offence," and, "Never make an enemy where you can secure a friend." His indignation was sometimes roused at crime; but no one ever saw him overcome with anger; and there were few, we believe, of his neighbours who cherished against him hostile feelings. The only individual who was

* It is a pleasing task to trace the features of affinity between kindred minds. A delineator of the character of the Rev. Robert Hall says, "A very prominent quality of his mind seemed to be benevolence. He sympathized most deeply with all forms of distress, by the exertions of his talents, and by pecuniary aid to the full extent of his means. It was easy to discern in him a great concern and anxiety to render those that were about him as comfortable as possible, and a visible delight in the pleasure of his friends. Akin to his great benevolence was an unusual sensibility to kindness. Little services, offices of respect and affection, small endeavours to promote his comfort, that would generally be considered as matters of course even from those whose relation to him made the action a duty, would diffuse a gleam of benignity and satisfaction, and draw forth lively expressions of gratitude."—*Dr. Gregory's Memoir*, p. 270, 12mo. edition.

known to speak of him with rancour, in his last sickness sent for Mr. Drew to pray with him and instruct him in the verities of the Christian religion. That the request was complied with, those who knew Mr. D. need not be informed.

An exemption from "the strife of tongues" he did not expect. Quoting, as a solace for others, a well-known aphorism, he used frequently to observe, "Censure is a tax which every man must pay for being eminent." At one time, several anonymous letters, not of the most laudatory description, were sent from the neighbouring town of Mevagissey. The "head and front of his offending," according to the writer's allegations, was an unbecoming intimacy with clergymen, and a deficiency of true sectarian spirit! These communications, after their perusal, were generally consigned to destruction. One of them has, however, escaped the flames; and, with a few omissions, we insert it *literally*, as a curiosity.

" To Mr. Samuel Drew, St. Austell.

"It has long been the practice of writers to complain of the infidelity of the age, without attempting to remove the cause! It is self-evident to every *disinterested* discerning person, that the great cause of infidelity in this land, as well as in France, is the unchristian profaneness and profligate lives of the clergy, as they term themselves;—a name as unfit for them as any set of profligates within the bounds of space!!

"And it is most deplorable, that men of great ability who have sprang up among the laity (as the clergy in the height of their arrogance call them!) instead of exercising their powers to overthrow the *hydra-headed monster!* who have been the cause of so much evil,—for the sake of a little *worldly popularity* and *patronage*, have either shamefully deserted the cause of truth altogether, by joining its enemies and increasing the mist of error,—or contented themselves with attacking its outposts, while the citadel have stood secure and unattacked. Alas! alas! how will these men answer for the ten talents committed to their keeping!! What a noble contrast do the names of Milton, Locke, &c. &c. furnish, when compared with the above!

"Now I consider the productions of your pen of that class which have only attacked the outposts of infidelity: and so far have you been from meddling with the citadel, that you have, by your conduct, even upheld it (as far as lay in your power). It is true, you have not built a buttress to support the

totering fabric!! but by attending the lectures of card-playing, ball-attending, drunken parsons, you have given the weak an example, while the man of stronger penetration have another plea for his unbelief—or, to use the more appropriate language of an elegant writer,

‘The weak, perhaps, are mov’d, but are not taught;
While prejudice in men of stronger minds
Takes deeper root, confirm’d by what they see.’

“Perhaps you may deny my hypothesis, and, consequently, my deductions. But I appeal to the writers of the past and present ages, against Christianity, as an evidence to the truth of my assertions. Have not their greatest plea and objection to the Christian faith been the immoral conduct of many of its professors, and more especially the *priests established by law*!! But how can any person expect you to write against them? Was not the Rector of Ruan-Lanyhorne your great patron, and recommender to the ‘Monthly Reviewers?’ nay!—did he not write that pompous ‘Review’ of the production of the ‘untutored child of nature?’ Have not you shaken hands with the Vicar of Manaccan—that great champion of *truth*!—who made a most scandalous, false, malicious, and diabolical attack on the Methodists, and was silenced by you?—Has he then recanted his sentiments, and acknowledged his fault? No! but he have published a ‘Literary History of Cornwall,’ and what are truth, or Methodism, when put in competition with having a name among the literati of Cornwall? Such substances dwindle into mere shadows when there is another step to be added to ‘young ambition’s ladder,’ especially with a man who has not deigned to let the world know he is a Methodist!! But a concourse of ideas rush on my mind, which my present sheet forbids doing justice to; therefore, I end my general remarks, and proceed to answer your observations on my last.

“‘You do not care,’ it is said, ‘how many letters you receive, if the postage is paid.’ I answer, you need not concern yourself on this head; for I positively affirm, you shall not be put to any expense by any letter from me. I intended to have enclosed a shilling under the seal of this, if you had not refused to take up any more letters unless they were post-paid; which obliged me to post-pay this, at whatever hazard of being detected.—Under the seal of this you will find the postage of the former, with interest.

“But you think it is much better I keep the money, and buy a spelling-book. I beg leave to inform you that I have a suf-

ficiency for that purpose after paying the postage. At the same time it excites one's admiration to hear *you* objecting to a letter because there is a small error in the spelling, after the many elegant epistles you have received from a certain acquaintance of yours in this town, who cannot spell a word of only five or six letters correct; but 'Praise from the smutch'd artificer is oft too welcome, and may much disturb the bias of the purpose.' But though I do not pretend to be a perfect orthographer or philologist, yet I can detect errors in doctrine, though surrounded by the sophistical glare of philosophic chicane. There is not any thing in these letters that I should be ashamed of; for

'Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or, failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates,—that man is great indeed.'

"AN OBSERVER.

"Mevagissey, August 21st, 1810."

A young preacher complaining one day that he had received an anonymous letter, censuring his pulpit oratory,—“Don't heed it,” said Mr. Drew, “any further than to profit by its observations, if true. I have had scores of such letters since I became an author, and often with postage to pay. They never trouble me, and I generally put them into the fire. But these letters are sometimes of use. Our good qualities we may learn from our friends; from our enemies we may chance to discover our defects.”

It was seldom that Mr. Drew's benevolent feelings overcame his judgment, or led him into an act of indiscretion; yet he was not infallible. It has been stated, that in the commencement of his authorship, being too unguarded in his remarks, he was threatened with an action for libel. On a subsequent occasion, his inherent antipathy to arbitrary power led him into an unpleasant dilemma.

A wealthy member of the Wesleyan society at St. Austell had been charged with oppressive conduct in some temporal transactions; and, at a meeting of inquiry, it was resolved, perhaps too precipitately, that he should no longer be considered a member. Instead of the usual oral communication in such cases, the resolutions of the meeting were committed to writing, signed by the individuals present, and sent to the accused. By this mode of procedure the signing parties subjected themselves to an action at law; and a legal process was commenced

against each. Prompted by his feelings, Mr. Drew had taken a prominent part in the affair, and thus rendered himself particularly obnoxious to the gentleman whose character was impeached. As the only condition of suspending legal proceedings, it was required that the parties should pay the expenses already incurred, sign a paper acknowledging their error, and that this paper should be read by Mr. D. in the public congregation. With these conditions it was judged expedient to comply.

The gentleman's resentment was temporary. An explanation of his conduct was given,—the right hand of fellowship extended on either side,—and from this inauspicious beginning commenced a greater degree of intimacy between him and Mr. Drew than had previously subsisted.

SECTION XXVIII.

Mr. Drew's candour and freedom from censoriousness—His independence of thought shown in a letter to Dr. Adam Clarke—His catholic spirit exemplified in a public address, and in various letters—His pacific disposition.

AFTER Mr. Drew had become known as an author, many of the Wesleyan preachers, on their first appointment to St. Austell, felt very reluctant that he should hear their sermons. From his works and his reputation, previously to personal acquaintance, they dreaded him as a formidable critic. This was a fear that presently subsided. Never was there a more candid hearer, or one less prone to pass an unkind remark. If he noticed any thing in the sermons of the young ministers which he thought improper or erroneous, it was to themselves only that he named it, and always in such a way as to win their affection. While some of his young acquaintances would be censuring, with undue freedom, a discourse which they had heard, or discussing the respective merits and demerits of preachers, he would smoke his pipe in silence, or interrupt the regular succession of puffs by an occasional note of disapprobation. "How is it, Mr. Drew," asked one of the critics, "that you never give us your opinion upon these matters?"—"I will tell you," replied he. "In certain instances, when I have said any thing of the kind, my remarks have been propa-

gated, and not without embellishment. I find that my opinions are quoted as indisputable authority; and therefore, unless they are altogether favourable, I refrain from expressing them. They would only tend to prejudice the people, to pain the preacher's mind, and mar his usefulness."—"But you would not blame us, would you, sir, for giving our opinions?"—"I would have no one criticise a sermon till he has attempted to preach one. After you have addressed a congregation, you will better understand a preacher's sensations and difficulties. And remember this, in all your criticisms,—*the hand that cannot build a hovel may demolish a palace.*"

Although thus guarded against expressing an unfavourable opinion of any individual, he felt no scruple in censuring unchristian conduct, exposing unscriptural doctrine, or maintaining what he believed to be the truth; but it was always done with reference to the maxim, "Think, and let think." A spirit of intolerance he detested; he lamented its frequent exhibition among Methodists as well as others; and he carried his aversion to bigotry so far that some of the strait-laced brethren were half-disposed to accuse him of latitudinarian principles. "Nothing," said he, "grieves me so much, as to see professed ministers of the gospel of peace, whose charity has been smothered by their zeal, going about with the tomahawk and scalping-knife, liberally or illiberally dealing out destruction and perdition to all who differ from them. For my part, I pray,

' Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.' "

In accordance with the sentiment just expressed is the following letter to Mr. James Grant, editor of the *Elgin Courier*, then a contributor to the *Imperial Magazine*. It shows Mr. D.'s style of editorial correspondence, and his enlarged views of the Divine benignity.

" 38 Newgate-street, London,
" January 1st, 1827.

" DEAR SIR,

" I have not yet had time to re-examine your essay on the 'Salvation of the Heathen,' but hope to do so in time for its appearance after the 'Importance of Early Piety' is in print. The first part is in our number for January, and the remainder

is intended for February. In looking over your letter in reply to mine, it appears that you found your conclusion of the final perdition of the heathen on your not being able to perceive how their salvation is possible. If my view of your statement be correct, you will permit me to hint, that your conclusion is not legitimately borne out by your premises. Your not being able to perceive how the heathen can be saved is simply *negative*; but your conclusion—therefore they must perish—is *positive*. Now no negative premises can support such a positive conclusion; and an attempt to force the inference is to make ignorance the basis of knowledge. Not being able to perceive how they can be saved will warrant you in withholding your assent to their actual salvation, but this will not furnish you with a fair ground for concluding that therefore they are lost.

“A small essay on the final condition of the heathen, written by John Burder, M.A., price one shilling, has, within a few days, fallen into my hands. In this pamphlet, the author, though a rigid Calvinist, pauses ere he pulls the trigger of his theological blunderbuss, charged with reprobation, and candidly admits, that although he can find no ground for their salvation from God as a lawgiver, a judge, or simply as a benevolent being, yet there is some ground for hope that through the Divine mercy some may be saved. I allow that the author draws upon the Divine mercy as a miser draws upon his purse, yet was rather surprised that his creed permitted him to exercise such an extended charity. It is only through the influence of that ‘true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world,’ that their salvation can at all be admitted on Scriptural principles; but this is sufficient for every purpose to repel the severe conclusion that all must be inevitably lost, or that the salvation of all, without exception, is impossible. Happy for us, my friend, that God, and not the fabricators of merciless creeds, is to be the judge of mankind; for, whatever our views may be, we know that the Judge of the whole earth will do right.

* * * * *

“With best wishes for your health and happiness in time, and your felicity in eternity,

“I remain, dear sir,

“Yours most sincerely,

“SAMUEL DREW.”

In Mr. Drew's character, independence of thought and fear-

lessness of expression are too conspicuous to require further proof; yet the reader may be gratified by their exhibition in the following letter of his to his friend Dr. Adam Clarke, on returning a pamphlet which the doctor had sent for his perusal. The title of the pamphlet is, "A Sermon, proving that Reason is to be our guide in the choice of our Religion, and that nothing ought to be admitted as an Article of Faith which is repugnant to the common principles of Reason, or is unintelligible to human understanding. It bears date 1714.

"15 Owen's-row, January 5, 1831.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR,

"I have perused the pamphlet you sent me with much interest, and concur with you in opinion, that the sentiments which it contains are strong, luminous, and masculine; and that they are supported by a chain of argumentation the links of which no sophistry, however ingenious, can weaken. Dogmatism may envelop them in clouds, and triumph in the obscurity which pretended authority can raise; but the fortifications are invulnerable, and will remain so against all the puny efforts with which they may be assailed.

"It is really amusing to hear men assign reasons why reason must not be used, and to argue that argument on given topics must be laid aside. Where reason is forbidden to enter, we are wholly without a guide: both the authority and interpretation of Revelation must submit to this test, and be received or rejected according to its decision. On these and other similar subjects the reasonings of the author of the pamphlet are strong and conclusive: I regret that his name is not known. I should much like to see it in print; but its appearance would raise the cry of heresy.

"I have sometimes thought that certain persons, whom I need not name, indirectly insinuate that Reason is an enemy to Revelation, and that either the former or the latter must be discarded: this may do for the meridian of Italy; but I hope I shall never see the day when such a monstrous proposition will unfurl its standard in England. We cannot, however, deny that reason is an encumbrance to those who can do the best without it; and of these perhaps no contemptible number might be mustered. It is pleasing to observe, in the perusal of this sermon, how easily a few well-directed strokes can demolish a fabric which ignorance, prejudice, authority, and blind submission have conspired to raise.

“Wishing you every blessing for time and eternity, I remain, my dear friend,

“Yours most sincerely,

“SAMUEL DREW.”

Mr. Drew's expanded views of Christianity cannot have escaped observation. Some further illustrations, we hope, will not be thought irrelevant or tedious.

In some large towns, as an antidote to bigotry, and a means of fostering a liberal spirit, meetings for prayer are established, at which persons of different religious persuasions join in the common act of devotion. Many years since, Mr. Drew, when on a visit to Plymouth, attended one of these “Union Prayer-meetings,” and, being known to some individuals present, was requested to deliver an address. This he did extemporaneously, to the following purport:—

“When Truth, which was a native of the celestial regions, became embodied, and descended from heaven to visit the habitations of men, it assumed the form of a beautiful cone. The base of this cone rested on the earth, while its summit, rising from an extensive plain, was lost in the clouds; and on every side it was illuminated with the rays of the Divine glory. The nations of the earth, struck with a spectacle so magnificent and splendid, gazed upon it with astonishment; and, being enamoured with its symmetry and lovely appearance, the more thoughtful and serious gathered round it from every quarter, by an involuntary impulse.

“Amid this assembly, the Independents went on one side, the Baptists on a second, the Quakers on a third, the Episcopalians on a fourth, and the Methodists on a fifth; while others stood aloof in a state of indecision.

“Pleased with the magnificence which operated on their senses, they all remained in their respective positions, without walking round the sacred figure to survey the glories which arose from the harmony of all its parts. In every view, Truth has its beauties; but those which arise from a survey of detached portions are less brilliant and diversified than those which result from a comprehensive survey of the whole system. No party, however, had views sufficiently expanded and comprehensive to embrace the excellences which resulted from the combined effect of all; and the melancholy disasters which followed were the fatal consequences of this contracted observation.

“ Unhappily, in this state the selfish passions began to operate ; and each party, willing to possess a prize that appeared to be of inestimable value, seized with eagerness the portion of Truth that was nearest, regardless of the injury resulting from such selfish violence. In so large and diversified an assembly, it is difficult to say by which party the assault was made. But be this as it may, the outrage which was begun by one class was succeeded by that of a second, and continued by a third, till the attachment to Truth degenerated into a fierce contention, and finally involved the whole company in indiscriminate confusion.

“ In the conflict which took place at the foundation of this cone, the injuries it received became conspicuous ; but this, instead of causing the contending parties to desist from committing depredations which no human efforts could repair, only stimulated them to renewed violence, until the cone of Truth was rifted from its base to its summit, and divided into splinters.

“ On beholding the fatal effects of their indiscretion, the parties determined to preserve the portions that had fallen to their lot ; and, instead of being overwhelmed with sorrow at their folly, they bore in triumph to their respective friends such fragments as they had been able to secure. The impulse of passion, however, beginning to subside, was soon followed by reflection ; and all perceived that the parts which had been obtained were less beautiful than the cone appeared when entire. Deficiencies were soon discovered, which nothing but the portions that had been seized by others could supply. But since these could not be procured, the more considerate hastened to employ their most skilful workmen, who, having collected a quantity of untempered mortar, and given it a colour resembling the original cone, endeavoured to give completion to the fragments.

“ The cone of Truth was now multiplied into many ; and these exhibited, in their first appearance, such incongruities, that several portions were twice or thrice repaired ; and so badly executed were some, that in process of time they were abandoned by their warmest advocates. Among those that have survived, several have undergone great alterations, so that the mortar which was primitively supplied retains but little of its original shape, consistence, or colour. In other instances, as some features of peculiar excellence appeared on the parts of the real cone which had been preserved, but which no art could imitate, several have been compelled to resort to the dishonourable expedient of throwing over Truth itself a deceitful varnish, that uniformity of colour might appear, even though it should be purchased at the expense of integrity.

“Since this melancholy disaster happened, the most celebrated artists of every party have been employed in polishing, in painting, in burnishing, and in giving new lustre to their respective cones. But, notwithstanding this waste of time and talent, many vacancies still appear in each, which no ingenuity has hitherto been able to supply. Even the tints of colouring are evidently of artificial origin; and the more judicious of each party seem to concur in opinion, that the imperfections of which all are conscious, but which all have not the candour to avow, will never be wholly removed, until the untempered mortar and artificial varnish shall be totally destroyed. Could this desirable object be accomplished, they seem fully convinced that the protuberances of one part would exactly suit the excavations in another; and that, could every thing be replaced, the cone would once more resume that beautiful appearance with which all were at first captivated.

“Influenced by these enlarged and comprehensive views, a few liberal spirits have endeavoured to effect this object; but they have found, on making inquiry among their friends and adherents, that the same selfish principles which originally destroyed the cone are still at work; and that multitudes contend, although perfectly satisfied that they have not the whole, they possess a much larger share than others, and that their private interests forbid them to make the surrender which such a measure requires.

“Unhappily, this is not the greatest difficulty to be encountered. When the untempered mortar was first mixed, so eager was every one to give completion to his cone, that little or no care was taken to avoid those finer particles of dust which floated in the atmosphere. These soon affected the organs of vision; and the awful consequence is, that no individual has yet been discovered blessed with sight sufficiently acute and penetrating to discern, on all occasions, where the parts of the real cone terminate, and where the untempered mortar actually begins. Many, by the assistance of glasses, have been able to discover that some of the finer parts of the artificial composition are so intimately combined with the original material, that by attempting to remove them, an additional injury will be done to the real cone, which may ultimately prevent a reunion of all the parts.

“Under all these circumstances, the opinion of the wise and judicious seems to be, that although some considerable masses may be entirely removed, and the different parts of the mutilated cone be brought so near each other that all may perceive in

what way they originally adhered together, yet no proper cement can be procured. It is also presumed, that hereafter the parts of this cone will be taken by Almighty power from the present scene; that they will be washed in the water of life; that the parts will then be reunited in the plains of heaven, and placed under the protection of angelic guards. And, finally, that the wise, the virtuous, the pious, and the holy, of every denomination, who have manifested a strong attachment to Truth, will also be removed to the celestial regions, and placed among the angelic throng. These, though differing from each other in opinion here, will learn wisdom by what they have suffered; and, by a happy concurrence in their views, now more comprehensive than they could possibly be in time, will take, with pleasure, a survey of the heavenly spectacle in all its parts; and, overwhelmed with admiration at its harmonious symmetry, will admire its varied beauties with renewed rapture for ever."

Alluding, in a letter to one of his correspondents, to the anniversaries of the various religious and charitable institutions, Mr. Drew remarks, "For this diffusion of benevolent feeling we are indebted to Christianity. Under any other system we seek in vain for such amiable features in the human character. It is pleasing, on such occasions, to behold all sects and parties laying aside the colouring of their respective creeds, meeting on ground where nothing but essentials will take root, and extending to each other the hand of brotherly love. Before these institutions were established, we saw each other only in caricature, and were terrified at the creatures of our own imaginations. But these anniversaries have stripped the scarecrow of its frightful aspect; and those whom we fancied to be monsters we find to be men. Toleration generates faction, and uniformity begets superstition. Hence, in England we have so many sects and parties, and in papal countries such a crop of ridiculous absurdities. But no comparison can be made between them. The former calls forth our mental energies, and directs us to defend the frontiers of our creeds; the latter paralyzes the intellectual powers, and throws the soul into a state of torpor."

In 1824, Mr. Drew's eldest daughter was united in marriage to a member of a Baptist church. Their design having been communicated to Mr. D., he observed in reply, October, 1823, "When I first heard of your intentions, I had my fears that the dissonance between your creeds might tend to disturb the pleasing hum of domestic harmony; but I am fully persuaded,

that where genuine piety predominates over theory, this will not be the case. I have lived long enough to see the imperfections of all creeds and hypotheses; and, as I advance in years, I find myself more and more receding from infallibility. I have found questions started by advocates on each side, which their opponents can never satisfactorily answer; and, quitting the dogmas of sect and party, I perceive stability in nothing but fearing God, working righteousness, and relying for salvation on the mercy of God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Two other letters of Mr. Drew's prior to the marriage still further exhibit his candour, his liberality, and his religious opinions.

"38 Newgate-street, London,
"Jan. 7th, 1824.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"By your brother I received your kind letter, and also the curious specimens of antiquity with which it was accompanied. There is something mournfully pleasing in looking back on these distant periods of departed time. We seem to live in ages which we never saw, to invert the order of nature, to cause the Roman Cæsars to pass in review before us, and even to tread the margins of the apostolic age. For these coins be pleased to receive my sincerest thanks.

"I am also much pleased with the candid avowal of your theological sentiments. In the general statement I can most heartily concur, though, perhaps, the phraseology of party might induce us to call the same things by different names. I am not about to analyze even a single expression; and I hope, that should future days bring us more immediately into contact, you will never find me forward to demolish creeds, or attempt to decide imperiously on points which the wisest and best of men, during eighteen hundred years, have never been able finally to settle. On one point I am glad to have your opinion; namely, a disavowal of Antinomianism both in theory and doctrine. I consider it as one of the most noxious weeds that ever infested the Christian church. Even those who defend it are ashamed to reduce it to practice, except in solitary cases, and in these they are condemned as acting derogatory to the Christian character.

"There is a paradox among divines, that runs thus:—'*Faith justifies without works, and yet faith without works will not justify.*' This exactly accords with my views. The works which accompany justifying faith enter not into our justification

before God; and yet that faith which has no connection with works is not justifying, being destitute of the grand characteristic by which it is distinguished from Antinomian credulity, and is known to be genuine.

“With best wishes for your future happiness and prosperity, both in time and eternity,

“I remain, dear sir,

“Yours most sincerely,

“SAMUEL DREW.

“*Mr. John Read, Helston.*”

To the Same.

“38 Newgate-street, London,

“May 29, 1824.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I was sorry to learn from your brother, and also from your letter, that you were unwell; but I hoped this affliction had been removed, until a letter from Anna informed me, about a fortnight since, that your health was by no means re-established. We know that, when sanctified, afflictive visitations are blessings in disguise; and we learn from them many instructive lessons which prosperity can never teach. This advantage I hope will be yours, and then the pain and anxiety which you have felt will be abundantly compensated.

“To the general outline of your theological creed I can most certainly subscribe, though, perhaps, in some explanations our views might differ. But I can assure you that I view particular creeds in a less important light than I once did; and I perceive, as I advance in age, my notions of their infallibility become every day more shaken. The sacred pages contain the plan of salvation. Jesus is the only way to the Father. The Holy Spirit is the mighty agent through which alone the soul is transformed. From His influence every good thought, and word, and work proceeds; and faith in the merits of the Saviour can be no longer genuine than while it leads to practical godliness. These and a few other particulars constitute the essentials of my creed; and subordinate branches I give to the men who

‘————— to the fierce contention bring
Innumerable force of spirits armed.’

“It certainly would have been desirable, if you and my dear Anna had been taught from your infancy to pronounce your

Shibboleth with the same accent; but this has not been the case, and every one knows that habits long cherished cannot be exchanged for others without some mental conflict. I hope that the punctilios of local views will never break the bond of domestic happiness between you. While the love of God occupies the heart, and practical godliness reigns in the life, there will be little room for contention, and less disposition to view non-essentials through a magnifying-glass. I am inclined to think that there is not a point on which Independents, Baptists, and Methodists differ, which the dispassionate of all parties will not reduce to the class of non-essentials; and on all these we should do well to take the good old patriarchal advice—‘See that ye fall not out by the way.’ Those who have more religion in their heads than in their hearts are generally ready to brandish the polemical weapons; and, when successful, they rejoice more at conquest than at the thought of having advanced the cause of truth. In London I find that there is far more intercourse between the different sects than in the country. In the former, though the partition-wall is not demolished, it is so reduced that men on each side can shake hands with one another; while in the latter, the Jews have still scarcely any dealings with the Samaritans. Be it your and my care, my dear friend, to ‘work out our salvation with fear and trembling,’ while we acknowledge that ‘it is God who worketh in us to will and to do of his own good pleasure.’ Hoping that this will find you restored to your accustomed health and spirits,

“I remain, my dear sir,

“Yours most sincerely,

“SAMUEL DREW.”

Constituted as society is, “it is impossible but that offences will come;” and Mr. Drew, notwithstanding his pacific temper, had not learned to “wear armour over his feelings.” But, whatever apparent incivilities he at any time experienced, he never charged upon a community the offensive deportment of individuals. When the Wesleyan Book Committee refused to sell the Imperial Magazine, though he felt their want of courtesy to himself as editor, he felt much more lest Methodism should be identified with a measure which he esteemed illiberal and injudicious. If the admission of any article into his pages were deemed a proof either of his hostility to the Conference, or of his becoming the instrument of a party, the two letters which follow will show how hasty was the conclusion.

"38 Newgate-street, London,
"Aug. 16, 1831.

"MY GOOD SIR,

"When your letter reached London, I was in Cornwall, from which place I did not return until within a few days past; and since that time I have been busily employed in arranging what had become disordered, and answering letters accumulated during my absence.

* * * * *

"I have not, I can assure you, been an indifferent spectator of the late commotions in the Methodist community; and I sincerely regret that power should ever usurp the dominion of right. In my official situation, however, I have never borne any active part in the controversy, nor admitted any of the belligerents to figure in our pages. Should the door be once opened to either party, to shut it would be next to impossible; and our pages would be filled with polemics, in which, perhaps, eight out of ten among all our readers would feel less interest than disgust.

"I can most sincerely assure you that this consideration, my advancing age, and with it a desire to live in peace with all, form the only embargo laid upon me. I have endeavoured, in my official capacity as editor, to keep up a kind of armed neutrality, and, by so doing, have exposed myself to suspicions from each party. With the ecclesiastical tory I am viewed as a radical, and with the ecclesiastical whigs as a tory in disguise. I find, however, that I have enough to do to attend to my own concerns, and walk peaceably 'along the cool, sequestered vale of life.'

"The 'Circular' to which you allude I do not recollect ever to have seen; and of the books, pro and con, I scarcely ever catch a glimpse. I am therefore totally ignorant of the warfare still carried on, unless by accident I meet with a partisan, and then I find his statement generally tinged with the principles he had embraced. I have occasionally heard, in company, the word radical contemptuously applied, and have as invariably noticed, that reproachful epithets are not arguments, and that the charge of despotism will be the language of retaliation.

"Wishing you every blessing for time and eternity,

"I remain, my kind sir,

"Yours most respectfully and sincerely,

"SAMUEL DREW.

"Mr. Thomas Garnett, Leeds."

To the Same.

"38 Newgate-street, London,
"Dec. 7, 1831.

"MY GOOD SIR,

"I really was not aware that you expected from me a written reply to your letter, until your renewed inquiries gave me the information. I am so much in the habit of answering inquiries in 'replies to correspondents,' that I sometimes half forget other modes of communication. In our last number I had given a reply to you; but, as the inquiries are again renewed, I will endeavour briefly to answer all.

"The advertisement of the 'Circular' we shall not hesitate to insert as such; but in the polemic contention we shall bear no part. To an armed neutrality prudence directs me rigorously to adhere.

* * * * *

"'Are Unitarians Christians?' Who shall decide when doctors disagree? To their own master they stand or fall. Much will depend upon the definition of the term 'Christians.' To questions of this kind there is scarcely any end. We may ask, 'Are heretics, schismatics, &c. Christians?' If we put one sect to decide upon the destiny of others, but few will be permitted to enter heaven. For hatchet-men this will furnish ample employment.

'One thinks on Calvin Heaven's own Spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of hell.'

"Every person who has noticed passing events with attention must have observed, that red-hot Arminians anathematize Calvinists, and the fiery zealots of Calvinism in their turn consign Arminians to perdition! I do most sincerely assure you that I will not become a tool in the hands of either party. I would do any thing in my power to promote peace; but, if war has determined them, they will be easily able to bring auxiliaries into the field; and when they have tired themselves with worrying each other, they will be just where they began.

"Wishing the contending parties more of the Christian spirit than controversies in general display, and you every blessing for time and eternity,

"I remain, with much respect,

"Yours most sincerely,

"SAMUEL DREW.

"Mr. Thomas Garnett, Leeds."

SECTION XXIX.

Miscellaneous traits of character—Conversational talents.

THE lines of the human countenance admit of endless variety. We may enumerate those settled features which are common to the species,—we may describe the shape of a nose, the colour of an eye, the dimensions of a mouth, the hollow-ness or prominence of a cheek ; but that which gives expression to the whole, and without which we sketch but a formal and rigid outline, bids defiance to our powers of arrangement and description. This, which is true of the countenance, is equally applicable to the character. The touches which give individuality to a portrait cannot be placed in categorical order. To delineate perfectly, it is not enough to give the prominent characteristics,—the biographer must “catch the manners living as they rise,” and transfer them to his pages. In Mr. Drew’s mental constitution there were some peculiarities which it would be difficult to classify, and we therefore present them without studied arrangement.

It has been already observed, that he was a great lover of order, and extremely sensitive of little deviations from it. When questioned as to the cause of his punctiliousness in matters of small moment, his reply was, “The sum of life is composed of trifles.” The general tone of his mind was cheerfulness and equanimity ; yet there were seasons when he felt a depression of spirits, and yielded to gloomy forebodings. Such periods, however, were of short duration. His natural vigour and elasticity of thought quickly restored the equilibrium.

Lofty characters are not without their foibles ; and it is sometimes both amusing and instructive to notice the antipathies and partialities of individuals. We have seen a man shudder at the sight of a mouse, whose heart would have beat with the ardour of contest at the approach of an enemy ; and we have heard a female shriek at the unexpected intrusion of a spider, who has sat unmoved in the perils of a tempest. Of the serpent tribe Mr. Drew had an instinctive abhorrence. A stuffed specimen in a museum he could not look upon without very uncomfortable feelings ; and from a living snake or viper that

rustled in a hedge he has been seen to run with the utmost precipitation. The writer remembers with what an expression of horror his father ordered him to take instantly from his sight some living vipers which he, when a youth, had caught, and brought home in triumph. Yet a toad, which is more commonly an object of repugnance, he would take in his hand, without scruple, to admire its brilliant eye; and the whole genus enjoyed his favour and protection.

There are few sensitive minds, however fortified by faith and hope, that do not shudder when they dwell upon the pain of dying and the process of dissolution. Mr. Drew was far from affecting an apathy which he did not feel; and his expressions, when alluding to death and the grave, are proofs, not of mental weakness, or a want of Christian fortitude, but of his participating largely in the sympathies and sensations of our common nature. Not unfrequently did he say, "Whatever stoicism others may pretend or experience, I feel the lying in the cold grave, unheeded and unknown, to be a thing from which my nature revolts. It is only religion that can enable me to face it, and even then I do it with trembling, and look with awe and dread upon

‘That gulf, from which no mortal e'er repassed,
To tell what's doing on the other side.’”

When filled with the inspiring anticipations of future blessedness, we may overlook the gloomy valley through which we must pass to its enjoyment; yet, when we dwell upon the scenes of the sick-chamber—the tears of kindred—the sorrowful farewell—the sinking and perhaps agonized frame,—and then, in imagination, view the mournful ceremony of inhuming the body, and the progress of its subsequent corruption,—we cannot repress our instinctive feelings of repugnance. With difficulty can we conceive that this wondrous structure, in which life's vigorous pulses play, will become utterly insensible: we sympathize, in anticipation, with our lifeless remains, and invest them with a portion of our present uncomfortable sensations. Thus, in a sense which perhaps Gray did not contemplate,

“Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires!”

The force of local attachment felt by Mr. Drew has been

variously exemplified. Perhaps it never appeared truer to nature than when he passed those spots which were the haunts of his infancy and boyhood. "Here," he would say, "is the house where I was born, and the stream in which I used to dabble because I did not like dry feet—there the stamping-mill and buddle-pits where I once worked—there the trees which I was foremost to climb,—and here" (scrutinizing and pointing out all the changes which time and the hand of improvement had effected) "here, after the day's work was ended, I and my companions would regularly, on summer and moonlight evenings, assemble to play." On one of his visits to Cornwall, when the tide of early recollections, which had been long pent up, rushed upon him anew, he spent a considerable time in searching among the woods at Tregrehan for the tree on which, when a boy, he had carved the rude initials of his name. Little, indeed, is he to be envied whose bosom does not glow, and whose pulse does not quicken, when, after years of absence, he revisits the scenes of his infancy and his youth.

"Dear is that spot to which the soul conforms,
And dear those hills that lift us to the storms."

In conversation with a gentleman a few weeks before his final removal from London, Mr. Drew's partiality to the county which gave him birth was distinctly marked. "You may," said he, "call it prejudice, or call it what you please—that will not alter the feeling,—but I have made up my mind to return to Cornwall to spend the evening of my days, and lay my bones in my native soil. Here you will perceive that judgment and feeling are at variance; for when we come to examine and consider the subject, dear me, it is no matter where this body should be buried, or what should become of it—

'If these remains in ocean's depths were lost,
Or warring winds the vagrant atoms tossed.'

Still, I feel so great an attachment to the place of my birth, and so great a desire to mingle my ashes with those of my kindred,—for my father, my mother, my brother, my child, and my dear wife lie there,—that if I thought, by staying in London, I should die and be buried here, I would not remain twenty-four hours longer—no, that I would not."

With local attachments personal recollections were intimately associated; and, when recounting his childish exploits, the unbidden tear would sometimes start at the remembrance of play-

mates long since dead. Lamenting one day the levelling of the graves and removing of the tombstones in the churchyard of St. Austell, he said, "They have taken away poor Pascoe's stone too. It used to stand near the eastern gate, and I could never pass it without pausing to gaze upon that sole memorial of my earliest friend."

Though not the same feeling, yet it was the same kindly temperament which gave him such pleasure in the society of his children, and made him delight in ministering to their gratification. Christmas-eve was a season of peculiar enjoyment, when he could amuse and instruct the little folks with his tales, and cast his eye around the semicircle of smiling faces. On that night, even the youngest was expected to be present, to complete the happy domestic group. In nutting expeditions, aquatic excursions, and picknick parties, he was always ready to join, when time would permit, nor did age at all diminish his relish for such natural pleasures. During his visit to Cornwall, in 1831, he joined his children and grandchildren on two or three such occasions, and entered, with youthful glee, into their subjects of merriment.

With a disposition thus eminently social, it will scarcely be credited that he had no *ear* for music, unless it were the music of the groves. By him the sublimest composition and the most delicate execution would have been little appreciated or felt. Rural sounds gratified him, rather from their associations than from any perception of harmony; for the carol of the lark and the clamour of a rookery were to him equally delightful. Yet, however deficient in auricular discrimination, with the utmost truth and propriety he might have said,

"But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeating circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me:"

for his soul was attuned to the sublime rather than the beautiful; and above every other his favourite music was

"The dash of ocean on its winding shores."

About two years since, a lady asked Mr. Drew whether he thought it wrong for a person who felt very great pleasure in good music, to go to such a place as the *theatre*, to hear Paga-

nini play the violin. "I am the worst person in the world of whom you should ask such a question," replied he; "for I take no pleasure in music, and feel no gratification in the best performances. As to myself, I would not step across the room to hear Paganini, or all the ninnies in the world. I would keep to the good old maxim, 'Touch not, taste not, handle not.' I would rather a person would not go to the theatre at all."—"But suppose a person were to be in London, who felt excessively delighted with good music, on the violin especially, and was so circumstanced that he could hear Paganini at no other place than the theatre during his stay; should you object to his gratifying his taste in a theatre?"—"Under such circumstances I might say, with a less fallible moralist, 'Neither do I condemn thee.'"—"Perhaps you would say also, 'Go, and sin no more.'"—"I left that for you to infer," was the reply.

Although thus usually indifferent to harmonious sounds, yet the piece named Denmark, appropriated to Dr. Watts's beautiful paraphrase of the hundredth Psalm, and a tune composed by one of his family for the no less beautiful hymn of Dr. Watts,

"There is a land of pure delight," &c.,

and, in compliment to Mr. Drew, bearing the name of his native town, pleased him so much that he would frequently request his youngest daughter and son-in-law to sing them to him, and would even attempt some notes in concert. But it is probable that the gratification arose quite as much from the poetry as the music.

Some professors of craniology once asked permission to examine his head, and he very readily submitted to their inspection. Having completed their examination, one of them said, "You are very fond of music, Mr. Drew, and have a good taste for it too!" For some time he offered no contradiction, amusing himself at observations so wide of the mark. At length he replied, "Gentlemen, you are quite in error. I have neither taste nor relish for music; and am so ignorant of it, as a science, that I can scarcely distinguish one tune from another." Unwilling to be thus completely at fault, they ventured another guess, which was much nearer the truth. "If it be not music, it must be poetry, sir, to which you are so partial." To this he signified his assent. If he wanted an *ear* for music, he had music in his *soul*. His conceptions were poetical, and his language, even on ordinary occasions, highly figurative.

He was a great admirer, too, of poetical composition, and, though it was otherwise predicted from his incipient attempts, he would possibly, in this department of literature, had it engaged his attention, have risen above mediocrity.

In his latter years, when not inclined to take the trouble of committing to memory pieces of poetry that struck his fancy, he used to give them to his youngest daughter to learn, that she might repeat them to him in the evenings. This he did more especially after the death of his wife; and it appeared to him a consolation, in the absence of the companion of his life, to listen to the accents of her representative, as she recited to him the chosen pieces of his favourite poets. Although he had enriched his memory with some of the more sublime passages of Milton, yet Pope, Young, and Cowper chiefly furnished him with the quotations which he delighted to use; and their lines would frequently increase the poignancy of his satire when he lashed the follies of mankind, give an additional grace to the cheerful sallies of his wit, enable him to turn a compliment with delicacy, or add a beauty and a charm to the natural elegance and power of his language.

Familiarly acquainted with the ordinary topics of literary and philosophical discussion, possessing much native humour, a remarkable facility of illustration, and a memory stored with anecdote, upon which he could draw at pleasure without the hazard of insolvency, it is not surprising that Mr. Drew's society was much courted, and that he was often the life of a social party. In his conversational remarks, profound thought, high moral feeling, and playful fancy were agreeably blended. A gentleman who knew him in the early period of his authorship says, "In company with Mr. Drew, we juniors would sometimes get bewildered in a cloudy discussion, to which he seemed a mere idle listener. When we could make no further progress, he, by asking one of the contending parties a question, or making a brief remark, would either set us right, or show us the absurdity of our arguments. And this was done without any apparent effort of thought; for he seemed to look through the matter intuitively from beginning to end."

A mixed company is rarely attracted by such subjects as Mr. Drew was most accustomed to discuss; yet there are few more pointed instances of a speaker's power to fix the attention than

one related by the Rev. Dr. Townley, and confirmed by another gentleman of the party.

“Mr. Drew having visited a town where I was, to plead the cause of a charitable institution, we were invited, with several other friends, to dine at a gentleman’s house. While seated at dinner, I asked Mr. Drew why his metaphysical writings were more perspicuous and satisfactory than those of other metaphysicians. ‘I cannot tell,’ he replied, ‘unless it be that I have not attempted to establish my propositions by unsuitable or unquestionable evidence, or demanded for my proofs a higher degree of credit than they are worth.’ Then, in the most pleasing and luminous manner, without the least affectation of superiority, he described the various kinds of evidence of which subjects are susceptible—commencing with *possibility*, and passing through the successive gradations of proof to *mathematical demonstration*. So happily was this most unpromising topic illustrated and explained, and such was the superiority of *mind over matter*, that before the speaker had uttered many words, knives and forks were involuntarily laid down, and though the remarks occupied about a quarter of an hour, no one thought of resuming them until Mr. D. had thus fully answered the question which I had proposed.” He who could thus cause a large company to forget the demands of appetite must have possessed more than ordinary powers of conversation.

Mr. Drew never misapplied his strength of intellect by contending for victory rather than truth, or endeavouring to “make the worse appear the better reason.” To puzzle an opponent he exceedingly disliked. There was a straight-forwardness, not only in his general conduct, but even in his manner of arguing, that would brook nothing like an attempt to conceal the truth; and it was sometimes amusing to observe how readily he would detect an antagonist’s false principles, however specious in their showing, or carefully kept in the background. “He reasoned,” observes a gentleman who was frequently in his company, “not only convincingly but on the right side. On any side he would have been a formidable adversary; no wonder, therefore, that in the cause of truth he was invincible.”

There is another trait in his character which ought not to be overlooked. In no single instance, that we are aware of, did he, in colloquial discussion, betray an undue warmth of temper

—not even when the doctrines which he had publicly advocated were most unceremoniously assailed. It was his frequent remark, that *the weak parts of a creed are generally guarded by anathemas*. Rarely could he be accused of substituting assertion for argument, or vehemence for illustration.

Let it not be supposed, that because Mr. Drew shone as a metaphysician, metaphysics were always the burden of his friendly conversations. "Such," remarks the gentleman whose words we have just quoted, and who speaks from personal observation,—“such was not Mr. Drew. Desirous of suiting his conversation to the capacities and circumstances of those into whose company he was thrown, an obliging freeness of communication rendered him at once the delight and oracle of the social circle.* He evinced an agreeable facility in seizing on the passing topic, on which he was sure either to cast additional light, or give the current of observation some new and interesting turn. Anxious to hear him talk, company sometimes unfairly pressed for his opinions. On this account, his hours of cessation from professional labour were not always those of relaxation.”

Though delighted to mix with those individuals from whose stores of knowledge he might enrich his own, yet he did not like, when desirous of unbending his mind in the society of friends, to be baited and worried, as he sometimes was, by paradoxes and perplexing questions. This was a tax upon his good-nature which, though rarely evaded, was paid rather from courtesy than choice. He was best pleased to follow the ordinary course of useful conversation, and occasionally throw in some of his own happy touches and illustrations. Sometimes, indeed, he would spontaneously take up, as a text, some expression which had been casually dropped,—dilate upon it—view it in its various bearings—pursue it to its remote consequences—and unconsciously gratify and engage the attention of his friends by continuous remarks of half an hour's duration. A gentleman recently informed the writer, that he was witness to an instance, about the year 1804, in which some one having, in Mr. Drew's company, accidentally struck a chord to

* The Bard of Sheffield, at the close of a letter to Mr. Drew in 1825, writes, "Permit me to add, that I recollect, with great pleasure, a brief interview with you at Liverpool, some years ago, at Mr. Byrom's. You may, perhaps, not have forgotten it. Ever since I have felt myself to be uly your friend,

“JAMES MONTGOMERY.”

which his inmost soul vibrated, he entered at once upon the subject—a completely abstract one—and delivered his thoughts on it for two successive hours, with scarcely any interruption or intermission. Still he greatly disliked being dragged into a discussion; and when this was attempted by individuals with whom he could, without incivility, use the freedom, he would remark, “I do not want to be set at work, but to enjoy a holy-day.” To the members of his family he has said, “I have often refused an invitation, where I had reason to believe I should be looked upon as the *lion* of the company, and expected to exhibit for their gratification.”

The following letters will perhaps be accepted as a further illustration of Mr. Drew's personal character, and a fitting termination of this imperfect sketch.

“St. Austell, July 29th, 1809.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“How is it that your letters are all tinctured with an air of melancholy and sadness? I perceived it in the first letter you sent me—questioned you upon it when I saw you—and now find it again renewed, without being able in either stage to discover the cause. To cherish this propensity, you well know, is not the way to be a true disciple of Zeno. No doubt the ills of life have occasionally strewed your path with thorns; but, when you contrast them with the blessings you enjoy, you must acknowledge that you have more occasion for gratitude than complaint. Remember that none but children will fall over straws. Every person is called to struggle with adversity: it is a condition of our existence; and if all were to measure their portion by what you suffer, it would require a large asylum to hold the afflicted. I am not, however, friendly to inconsiderate levity; it dissipates the mind, and renders it as unfit for sober thought as gloom does for social converse. There is a happy medium between these two extremes, which fits us for every department, and ennobles human nature.

“I am really pleased with your description of the poor old man,

‘Whose trembling limbs had borne him to your door,’

and with those fine and varied feelings to which his venerable appearance gave rise. Your notices are minute, your details ample, and the features well discriminated. Yet in all methought I saw

‘The poet’s eye in a fine phrensy rolling.’

You have learned, I perceive, to enhance your charities by the manner in which you bestow them.

“You really made me smile when I perused that part of your letter which related to myself. I should like to have heard you proposing questions, and making inquiries, which none in company could answer so well as yourself. As to the little tale which your sister has heard of a gentleman calling on me for a book which he had previously seen, but thought I did not understand, it is all fabulous—no such thing ever existed. My life has furnished but little variety. That part which relates to my literary acquirements, you may see in the introduction to my new Essay on the ‘Resurrection,’ and in the ‘Weekly Entertainer’ about three or four weeks since. In this latter it was copied from Mr. Polwhele’s History of Cornwall. It is a letter which I wrote to Mr. Polwhele, in consequence of his request to furnish him with some memoirs of my life. But he, instead of working on the materials I sent him, gave a literal copy of my letter to the world.

“As to politics, I am sure we shall not differ. I was once severely tossed on that unfathomable sea, but have been on shore for many years. On those heroes whose names fill the world with their renown, I lately expressed my opinion in the following lines :—

‘What are those men, whose names create such dread
 Napoleon living, or a Cæsar dead ?
 One for his crimes was from the senate hurl’d,
 One still survives—the terror of the world.
 What are the deeds from which they gather fame ?
 Plain, wilful murder, with another name.
 And such as shine in honour’s foremost place
 Are licensed butchers of the human race.’

To these sentiments permit me to add another, in the words of Cowper :—

‘O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,
 Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
 Of unsuccessful or successful war,
 Might never reach me more !’

“When I began this letter, it was my intention to pursue those reflections which you started on the various dispensations of Providence in the motley appearances of human life ; but my

paper was full before I was aware." This I may renew in a future letter. I shall be glad to hear from you as soon as you have opportunity; and beg, if any difficulty occurs to your mind which you think I am able to remove, that you will communicate it without reserve, and with all the readiness that freedom and confidence can inspire.

"You plainly perceive that I cannot write much more. I have only room to wish you every blessing for time and eternity, and to assure you that I am your sincere friend, and shall be ever ready to render you all the service in my power.

"SAMUEL DREW.

"*Miss Hooke, Wembury, Plymouth.*"

"38 Newgate-street, London,

"Dec. 30, 1824.

"MY DEAR JOHN AND ANNA,

"Having nothing to communicate to one which I wish to conceal from the other, I address you both on the same sheet, not having time to write to each separately.

"We have received the old coins, for which I feel much obliged. I will take care that Dr. C—— shall not rob me of these. I find they are troublesome things to have. Without showing them they lose half their value: if presented to a person that has no taste for antiquities of this kind, they excite no interest; and if shown to one whom they please, they are taken from you either by the force or the legerdemain of friendship.

"Mr. M. has given us a very flattering account of your domestic procedure. He seems to think that neither you, nor Samuel and rib, have thus far forfeited a fair title to the 'fitch of bacon.' Should either of you win it, the event must be added to the only two circumstances on record in which it was actually claimed and carried off. In one instance, a sea captain and his wife succeeded—he being compelled to go to sea the day after marriage, and not returning until its anniversary arrived; the other was where the lady was, I believe, both deaf and dumb, and the gentleman remarkably good-humoured. In too many instances domestic feuds arise from trifles. Anna will recollect the tale I have frequently told of the man and his wife quarrelling about the flock of birds which flew over their house—whether they were *crows* or *rooks*. The knotty point led to blows three years following, and they at last left the affair undecided.

“Be kind, affectionate, and tender-hearted towards each other; not putting on sullen countenances, or laying the foundation of sighs. My dear Anna will remember, that some months since I told her, no female ought to be married until she had learned a piece entitled ‘Pin the Basket;’ and she has frequently heard me repeat these lines:—

‘Ill fares that luckless family which shows
A cock that’s silent, and a hen that crows.’

Whenever contentions for mastery creep into a house, genuine affection abates in its fervour, and domestic peace retires. I trust that, both in temporal engagements and spiritual concerns, you will mutually help each other on, and by sharing its weight diminish the load which life will compel you to bear. Remember that, in the affairs of this life, we are justified by works, and not by faith; so that industry, frugality, and economy are all necessary to render even trade successful.

“I would advise you to keep as little company as possible; at least all such company as would lead to expensive entertainments. The festivity of one day will supply a moderate family for a week. If you open the door to an enlargement of company, it may lead to unseasonable hours, generate habits of dissipation, and sometimes furnish occasions of regret. I would not inculcate an unsociable disposition; but guard against any thing that looks like avoidable expense. Two horses travelling side by side mutually stimulate each other, so that both go faster than either would if travelling alone. A similar propensity may be found in human nature. The entertainment made by A must be rivalled by B, exceeded by C, and surpassed by D; and thus, in a spiral line, we mount on the steps of ambitious display, till at length we get so high that we grow giddy, fall down, and are ruined.

“Sublunary bliss, however, is, at the best, a sickly plant, and no care or culture can give it permanence, or preserve it from the effect of storms. That only is durable which blooms in the regions of immortality, where it will flourish in perennial verdure. Let us then, my dear children, look for it there, and lay up for ourselves ‘treasures, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break not through nor steal.’

“Before this letter reaches you, we shall, if spared, have entered on a new portion of existence. 1824 will have given in its account at the great tribunal, and have sunk into the ocean of eternity. Let us endeavour so to live through 1825,

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that, if permitted to see its close, we may look back with less regret than we must now on its predecessor. With best wishes for your happiness, I remain, dear children,

“Your affectionate father,

“SAMUEL DREW.

“*Mrs. John Read, Helston.*”

“28 Newgate-street, London,

“Oct. 29, 1825.

“MY DEAR MARY,

“You desired me to write you ‘a very wise letter, but not about such things as how impulse begets motion.’ You have thus set me an arduous task, that contains nothing specific, and only given a prohibition from which I am directed to stand aloof.

“You are now, my dear child, fast verging towards maturity ; let it therefore be your constant care that your mental and moral improvement keep pace with your bodily powers. Human nature is so constituted, in its present state, that our passions and understandings move onward from infancy to maturity in progressive order. It is, however, painful to observe, that in the majority of human beings, the passions outgrow the judgment ; and, when this is the case, the man is sunk in the animal, and the intellectual garden produces a crop of weeds, if not of poisonous vegetation. To prevent this, care, diligence, and unremitting perseverance are necessary to make the moral and intellectual culture keep pace with the animal propensities. When this is neglected, we reach maturity in a state of mental deformity, and are compelled, finally, to take our stand among the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, who form the drudges of the community.

“I have frequently told you, that, for intellectual improvement, the most valuable period of human life lies between the age of *fourteen* and *twenty-four*. The former you have passed, and, whether you seize the opportunity or neglect it, the latter is hastening towards you. Do not waste your time in reading trash that you must abandon, although style and subject may be fascinating ; but rather turn to such things as you will hail with joy in mature years, and reflect on with satisfaction. You have now an opportunity of taking time by the forelock. Do not let him get the start ; for, once passed by, he is gone for ever.

“But, above all, do not forget that all your exertions after intellectual attainments require the sanctifying influence of

Divine grace to be rendered truly valuable. Let this, therefore, be the object of your daily pursuit, by unfeigned prayer. He who lives under the dominion of his passions is an animal; he who rises no higher than the cultivation of intellect is, in the sight of thoughtless mortals, a rational philosopher; but he who looks beyond this state of existence, and cultivates an acquaintance with God, as an heir of immortality, becomes a Christian, and enjoys the felicities of this life without forfeiting his interest in another. Hence,

‘ A Christian is the highest style of man.’

“ In a former letter you asked me to propose some questions for you to answer. This I will now endeavour to do. In ornamenting your head, to which have you paid the most attention, the *inside* or the *outside*? Are you industrious? Do you strive to make yourself useful to your friends? Do you pay attention to your drawing? Do you keep company with such as are calculated to improve you, both by precept and example? Do you read books designed ‘ to teach the young idea how to shoot?’ Are you attentive to the duties of religion? I need not say that I am deeply interested in your welfare; and therefore a favourable answer to these questions will, in some measure, cheer the solitude of

“ Your affectionate father,

“ SAMUEL DREW.

“ *Miss Drew, Helston, Cornwall.*”

SECTION XXX.

Mr. Drew's character as a Christian and a teacher of religion—Peculiarities of his preaching.

OF Mr. Drew's feelings as a Christian little information can be given beyond that which his writings, his public ministrations, and his letters supply. No memoranda have been discovered explanatory of his progressive advances in personal piety; but in his ordinary department a diary is found as satisfactory, in our judgment, as whole volumes of religious experience could furnish.

His conversion to God, the circumstances which preceded it, and the influence of Christianity upon his general conduct, are already known to the reader. When the light of Heaven beamed upon his benighted understanding, he entered upon a new era of existence. He then *felt* that he had a soul; and, as he describes the sensations of his infancy when under his mother's instruction, his heart again "glowed with unutterable delight." There was now an aim and a purpose in his being.

It was one of his favourite positions, that Christianity, when properly influential, changes the spring of human action. Being redeemed from selfishness by Divine grace, he began to live for the good of others. Yet, though active and zealous in recommending that religion which he felt to be "the power of God unto salvation," there was nothing in his department wild or enthusiastic—nothing calculated to offend. To persuade and advise was a duty from which he never shrunk; but, however greatly such sentiments may be condemned by the zealot or the visionary, he did not imagine that religious doctrines are to be obtruded upon every company, and forced into every conversation. To special modes of doing good he was never indifferent; and every benevolent institution found in him a ready friend and an efficient advocate.

Mr. Drew's Christian experience (we use that ambiguous phrase for want of a substitute) was without any material fluctuation. Sustained by a vigorous faith which rarely exhibited a symptom of weakness, an even tranquillity marked his course. He knew very little of depression or of ecstasy. By him the

apostolic benediction, "Let the peace of God rule in your hearts," seemed to have been fully realized; and to many of his Christian friends, who, at seasons, appeared to feel "more abundant joy," he was the means of administering consolation and comfort, when "the bright shining" of their Lord's countenance was for a time withdrawn.

Though he did not sustain the office of class-leader in St. Austell, except at an early date, and for a brief period, yet, in the absence of the appointed leaders, he not unfrequently fulfilled their duties. Notwithstanding his usual placid feelings, he knew, experimentally, enough of the Christian's conflicts and consolations to become an admirable instructor of others. "I remember," said an old member of the society, "that once, when he led the class, I spoke of being in a very gloomy and uncomfortable state of mind. His reply, which I shall never forget, was simply this:—'The clouds may come between us and the sun; but the sun still shines, and ere long the clouds will pass away.' How often since have I been comforted by his remark!"

A gentleman, who had placed himself under Mr. Drew's private instruction in London, writes thus:—"As a class-leader he displayed an accurate knowledge of the human heart. He had a peculiarly affectionate method of enforcing on the conscience the solemn precepts of religion; and on its promises and consolations he delighted to expatiate. His affection for the members of his class, and his fervent prayers for their spiritual welfare, will long be remembered. For myself, I may truly say, he was my father in Christ; and to his advice and kind instructions, under Divine grace, I owe much spiritual good. His views of Scripture truth, and the importance of vital piety, were free from enthusiasm, and were evidently the result of the calm convictions of reason, confirmed and strengthened by the powerful and abiding influences of the Holy Spirit. He was pre-eminently a RATIONAL Christian, and held in subordinate estimation those sudden bursts of feeling and physical excitement which are considered by many as infallible signs of a high state of religious impression."

Ardour of devotion, warmth of feeling in pious exercises, Mr. Drew would have been the last person to condemn, but to any thing like noise or confusion in religious meetings he was constitutionally as well as theoretically averse. He has sometimes said, "At such seasons I can never exercise deep devotion. A sensation of disgust overpowers my better feelings. Such things are to me what the wind was to the traveller in the fable" (and

in making the remark he would "suit the action to the word"—"they seem to make me button in my coat, and retire within myself." Among the religious society to which he belonged, we do not esteem such feelings to be peculiar to him; and, although a contrary opinion is insinuated by the author of "Biographical Sketches in Cornwall," the remark that "Drew is a philosopher among Methodists, and a Methodist among philosophers," is, at the least, of dubious application.

We have intimated that he left no written description of his religious feelings; but are now half-disposed to question the assertion. There is nothing, certainly, that purports to be such a statement; but look where we may among his writings, published and unpublished, we see the out-breakings of the Christian spirit. Appended to his ordinary business memoranda, such expressions as these—"Thanks be to God," "Thanks be to the Lord for all his mercies," "For this and every mercy bestowed upon me God be praised," not unfrequently occur. Scarcely a domestic letter of his can be perused in which there is not some pious wish, some serious advice, or some holy breathing; and his epistles of friendship glow with the same hallowed feeling. Was not his whole life, from the period of his conversion, a Christian diary? And might he not, with perfect propriety, be associated with those members of an early Christian church of whom it was said, in the language of inspiration, "Ye are our epistles, known and read of all men?"

In an early period of his literary correspondence with Dr. Kidd, he remarks, "While we thus calculate on future avocations, we ought not to forget that our firmest footing may, on a sudden, fail us, and in an instant summon us before the tribunal of Him whose being and perfections we endeavour to trace. This thought sometimes stimulates me to action, because the moments that can be improved are very few—at others it stagnates all my pursuits, and the necessity of preparing to meet my God swallows up every other consideration. To pass through time with an eye constantly fixed on eternity, I trust, is my principal object. My only hopes of heaven are founded on the life and death of our Lord Jesus; and I expect a qualification for the heavenly inheritance only through the influence of his Holy Spirit."

In a letter to the same friend, dated July, 1827, he uses these words:—"On Sundays I am almost constantly engaged as a local preacher among the Wesleyan Methodists, as I have been for the last forty years of my life. But, although my services have been acceptable to the community of which I

am a member, I am fully aware that something more is needful to form the Christian, and sustain his character. My reliance for salvation is exclusively on the atonement of Christ, through the instrumentality of that faith which leads to practical godliness. I am aware, my dear friend, that I am not making that progress in the divine life which both duty and privilege dictate; but I bless God that my face is still Zionward, and that I have no desire to forsake the heavenly way. My faith is not strong, but it is steady, and, I trust, genuine, uniting me to Christ, my living head, and leading me to have my fruit unto holiness. In theories and opinions I place but little confidence; and, in my estimation, no principle is any further valuable than as it leads to experimental or practical religion. These are the primary objects which I am endeavouring to attain, and I experience a pleasing assurance that God will at last receive me into glory."

Were it necessary to advert to Mr. Drew's religious sentiments, we should call his views *evangelical*, and his tenets *Arminian*, though we question whether he would have subscribed throughout to any formal confession of faith—to none certainly that breathed an exclusive spirit. He was an Arminian more especially in discrediting, as doctrines of revelation, *unconditional reprobation* and *particular redemption*. So repugnant to the attributes of Deity did he deem the partial extent of the atonement, that he has said, "Could I persuade myself of its being a doctrine of the Bible, I should seriously question whether the Bible were a revelation from God." Yet a literary gentleman of Calvinistic sentiments, with whom he corresponded, writes to him, "I find by your answers to my questions that you are as good a Calvinist as myself."

When Mr. Drew became a preacher, it was without that conviction of his being divinely called to the office which many Christians deem indispensable. Under a general belief that it is every man's duty to "do good to all as he may have opportunity," he yielded to the judgment of his Christian brethren who thought him well qualified to take a part in their ministerial labours.

In his pulpit discourses the peculiarity of his mind was apparent. His subjects being generally such as led either to a discussion of some important theological proposition, or to an investigation of the evidences of the Christian faith, the positions maintained in his writings were often brought forward in his oral addresses, and placed in new and commanding lights. In his views and illustrations there was much originality; and,

although limited in his choice of subjects, his sermons exhibited so much depth and range of thought that their sameness was unnoticed or overlooked. There was no tinsel in their composition; and every hearer accustomed to close, sifting investigation enjoyed a rich intellectual treat. Perhaps we cannot better describe him as a preacher than in the words used in one of the weekly prints a few days after his decease.

“He abounded in anecdote, and possessed a peculiar humour which gave a relish to his occasional remarks and to his conversation; but let him ascend the pulpit, and deliver a set discourse, and he infallibly opened up some question of abstract science, as the immortality of the human soul, or the being of God. But the discussion of these and similar questions, though frequently repeated before the same congregation, never tired. The acuteness of Mr. Drew’s perceptions, and his quick and clear apprehension of the successive links in the chain of an argument, combined with uncommon facility and volubility of utterance, though entirely unassisted by any of the graces of oratory, obtained and secured attention without ever wearying it. It is probable that few persons who have heard Mr. D. preach entertained so clear notions of the subject on which he discoursed, as those which they received on hearing him; and the monotopicism of his sermons was the less to be regretted, as, in the great variety of pulpit talent, there are few preachers who have the ability, or, having the ability, are governed by the inclination, to introduce the metaphysics of theology into the pulpit.”*

In subscribing to the opinion of this writer, that Mr. Drew was “entirely unassisted by the graces of oratory,” we do not admit that he was destitute of eloquence; but that he neither studied nor affected rhetorical gesture. His thoughts were habitually clothed in appropriate language; the force and precision of his expressions every hearer felt; and, when yielding to his poetical imagination, he would sometimes delight his audience by passages of surpassing beauty and sublimity. Still, he made no pretensions to the refinement of a finished preacher. He was not free from provincialisms; and his broad pronunciation of some words would have sounded harshly on the ear, were not the attention of his auditory so fully occupied with his *matter* as to forget his *manner*.

His preliminary movements, when about to address a congregation, were not governed by the purest taste; but they had become so habitual, that to avoid them he must have placed

* Christian Advocate.

himself under uncomfortable restraint. Before he began his sermon, he invariably turned back the cuffs of his coat, that his hands might be at perfect liberty. After reciting his text, expectoration was the next process. Then, pausing so long, with an introverted eye, that a stranger might have supposed he had either forgotten, or was unable to proceed with his subject, he would, in a calm, deliberate, and collected manner, enter upon his introduction. Two or three divisions formed the total of his artificial arrangement; and sometimes, without any such aid, he would follow out his leading thought, and push the inquiry to a conclusion. The truth expressed or implied in the text being thus established by collateral Scripture evidence and a reference to abstract principles, he would point out its peculiar application to the auditory, and conclude with solemn appeals to their judgment and their conscience. His voice, distinct throughout, would become elevated and impassioned as he grew warm with his subject; and his words, slow at the first, would acquire rapidity and power, as though the deepening current of his thoughts gave them momentum as well as impulse.

Although some hearers could not follow out his train of reasoning, yet, from his incidental and pointed remarks, they were sure to derive information and benefit. His illustrations produced their full effect, when his arguments were but partially understood; and the consciences of those who listened were rarely insensible to the faithfulness of his admonitions.

We are far from representing Mr. Drew as a model of pulpit oratory. Had he been, instead of an occasional preacher, the settled pastor of a congregation, his discourses would have appeared deficient, not only in variety, but in specific appropriation. Like Mr. Hall, he viewed human nature in the abstract, not in its individual modes. The general application of his sermons was forcible, but it wanted that particular bearing on the conscience, and appeal to the feelings, which, upon the majority of hearers, produces a more instantaneous effect than usually results from rigid demonstration. He spoke to the judgment—not to the passions. Such views of the Deity as would invest him with a vindictive character he always deprecated; and, though he knew “the terrors of the Lord,” he sought to *persuade* rather than to *alarm* men. The necessity of an atonement for sin, and of the renewing and purifying influences of the Holy Ghost, were prominent features in all his addresses; yet this was represented more as a result of the

fallen state of man, and the immutability of the Divine nature, than as an alternative of endless misery; and even the utter wo consequent upon final impenitence, as less the good pleasure of the Almighty than a necessity in the nature of things, and an inevitable consequence of rejecting proffered grace.

Those who scrutinized Mr. Drew's sermons would have found reason to conclude, that when he dwelt upon those preceptive parts of Scripture which refer to moral duties, he rarely entered into their minute bearings, or offered special directions in those difficult cases which are of frequent occurrence in every man's experience. He regarded the Bible rather as a repository of principles than as a code of laws regulating each minute action. On the universal adaptation of the Gospel message to the circumstances and expectations of mankind, he often dwelt and reasoned: whatever in the general economy of Providence appeared dark and doubtful he felt pleasure in attempting to explain; and he delighted to bring into a focus those scattered rays which play around the gloomiest dispensations, and to "vindicate the ways of God to man."

In exhibiting the various evidences of Christianity,—in repelling all who attempted to weaken or undermine her walls and bulwarks,—in consoling the afflicted, by directing their vision towards that glory that shall be revealed,—and in pointing out the immutable bases of good and evil, and their consequences in a future state of being, he expatiated in a region perfectly congenial with his thoughts and feelings. We dare not say that he could not have trained himself to a more minute and personal style of preaching, had he deemed it necessary. Concluding, with reference to the pulpit, as he did in his pursuit of knowledge, that

"One science only will one genius fit,"

he perhaps judged it preferable to yield to the general bent of his mind, and to pursue that course in which he could move with the greatest freedom. Connected as he was with the itinerant system, he perceived that all those benefits which may result from a versatility of talent in a fixed minister are secured to the Methodist hearers by the "diversity of gifts" exhibited in the successive ministrations of many. Perhaps, too, he thought, that, while each was cultivating his own peculiar ability, and bringing it into the general stock, the perfection which in arts and manufactures results from a subdivision

of labour might from such a system not unreasonably be expected in a higher and holier occupation.

A gentleman who frequently sat under Mr. Drew's ministry in the metropolis has given an opinion of his preaching, which, though not according in every particular with the preceding remarks, may be quoted in illustration.

"As is usual in the public ministrations of the Wesleyan Methodists, Mr. Drew's sermons were delivered extemporaneously, and, though highly argumentative, were truly evangelical. Notwithstanding his natural aptitude for abstruse and subtle disquisition, the various striking remarks with which his oral addresses abounded were sure, even with regard to the plainest understanding, not only to rivet attention but affect the heart. The impressiveness of his discourses could not be imputed to extravagance either of voice or gesture; yet he was an energetic and efficient preacher. This I attribute to his fervour of spirit; to the uncommon pains he took, first to select and submit an important proposition, and then to prove what he proposed; and to his endeavour to explain and enforce upon the judgment and conscience of the hearer the truth under consideration. His discourse was usually so linked together, from beginning to end, by a chain of consecutive reasoning, that, unless the hearer regarded each point as it was handled, the process was disturbed, and the force of the whole weakened or lost. Superficial and drowsy hearers deemed him a dry preacher. To all such he must have been so. By the earnest and watchful listener no such complaint was made."*

Elaborate in argument as Mr. Drew's pulpit addresses appeared, he bestowed little time on their preparation. A contrary opinion is intimated in the foregoing paragraph; but, to those who were best acquainted with his daily engagements, it was well known that he had little leisure for study in reference to his public discourses. An hour's retirement was all the preparation he in general needed to speak from a new text.

* Mr. Drew's discourses were variously appreciated. In some Wesleyan chapels in Cornwall an individual has at times officiated as a preacher, who, from his deficient understanding of every other subject but religion, is commonly known by the appellation of "*the fool*." On retiring from the chapel in one of the Cornish towns where Mr. Drew had been delivering an occasional sermon, an individual of the congregation was overheard to ask another, "Was not that *the fool* that preached?"

Composition would have been a term inapplicable to his sermons. Pen and ink he used very sparingly. The divisions which a text might suggest, and a few prominent ideas, were all that he was accustomed to note down. There are few of his sermons, as far as they are committed to writing, that occupy a larger space in his rough manuscript than six inches square. He has expressed it as his opinion, that "the man who cannot preach a sermon without first arranging it on paper is ill qualified for his office;" and he, on one occasion, observed to a friend, "I never but once wrote a sermon at length before I preached it, and that I spoiled."

The cause of this may be traced in the activity of his mind, and his habits of close thinking. The leading doctrines of Christianity having been the subjects of his most rigid investigation, the arguments for each were arranged in his memory ready to be brought forward upon the shortest notice. One or other of these was to be found, directly or by implication, in every striking passage of Scripture; and thus the groundwork and materials of an argumentative discourse being already provided, he could quickly fashion and complete the structure. Very seldom, we believe, did he frame a discourse and then choose for it a text, though this he may have done on special occasions. Commonly, when a portion of Scripture presented itself in confirmation of some vagrant but important thought, he would seize on it, examine it, refer it to its principles, carry it out to its consequences, and note down, in a few words, the process and the result, as materials for a future sermon, to be used as occasion might require.

Without even this degree of preparation he has been known to address a congregation. While stopping at a friend's house, in the St. Austell circuit, to take some refreshment after preaching, a person in company who had attended the service remarked to him, that he had on that occasion surpassed his usual abilities. In this opinion he was followed by several others. "If it be true," said Mr. Drew, "it is the more singular, because my sermon was entirely unpremeditated. I went into the pulpit designing to address you from another text; but looking on the Bible, which lay open, that passage from which you heard me speak just now, 'Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel,' arrested my attention so forcibly as to put to flight my former ideas; and, though I had never considered the passage before, I resolved instantly to make it the subject of my address."

It may be thought that Mr. Drew's want of careful prepa-

Mr. Drew's own saying

note

ration for the pulpit proceeded either from too lightly estimating the sacredness and importance of the office, too little deference to his audience, or too much self-dependence. Such a charge would have been unsupported by evidence. Throughout almost his whole life he had too many occupations to permit the appropriation of any considerable portion of time to the construction or polish of his discourses. It should also be remembered, that he never considered preaching to be his proper business; he viewed it as something incidental and subordinate to the general purposes of his being.

In his prayers there was very little of excursive fancy, and not much variety of language. Changing a word in that expressive sentence of Dr. Johnson, perhaps he felt that "the good and evil of eternity were too ponderous for the wings of" imagination. While ascribing praise, he evinced the overflowings of a grateful heart; and when making supplication, he felt all the weight, importance, and solemnity of the duty. Few could listen to his prayers, and not experience in some degree similar sensations. One might forget that he was a philosopher, but every sentence proved that he was a Christian.

In the selection of hymns he was particularly careful not to put those into the mouths of a mixed congregation which, like the greater number in Mr. Wesley's collection, describe personal feelings, and as such can be used with truth by a few persons only. From this scrupulosity his choice was necessarily much limited. Those of Dr. Watts's composition he chiefly preferred, and used most frequently. Before the publication of the supplement to Mr. Wesley's collection, he regretted that there were so few hymns in the book adapted for general worship.

To be exceedingly sensitive to any remark upon their pulpit discourses is a foible of some preachers. A question intimating doubt of the truth of any proposition of the speaker is construed into an imputation on his ability, and half resented as an offence. To such a feeling Mr. Drew was an utter stranger. He rather wished that every thing he advanced should be thoroughly sifted. A young lady who heard him preach on the atonement, not clearly understanding his views on one particular point, ventured, on leaving the chapel, with some apology for her freedom, to tell him so. As they were passing along the street, he returned to that part of his sermon, gave a farther illustration of his arguments, and removed the

difficulty. "Now remember," said he, on parting, "whenever you hear me assert any thing you do not fully understand, or which you think questionable, be sure you tell me of it, and persevere till you comprehend my meaning, and are satisfied of its truth."

The reader who has become thus far acquainted with Mr. Drew's character and catholic spirit will feel no surprise in learning that he was frequently invited to officiate in other pulpits than those belonging to the Wesleyan Methodists. This he did in several instances in Cornwall, and, we believe, in the metropolis. He felt pleasure in acceding to such requests, because he delighted to witness, to foster, and to gratify the liberal spirit which originated such invitations; yet, when an attempt was made to detach him from the Methodists by certain wealthy and influential individuals in London offering to build for him a new, independent church, and to guarantee him a handsome income, the spirit of his reply was, "I dwell among mine own people." To Wesleyan Methodism he was attached by various ties, and from its communion he resolved not to separate.

It may be expected that some notice should be taken of Mr. D.'s labours as a preacher in reference to their success. That preaching is to be estimated by its moral effect, and a preacher valued according to his usefulness, is readily admitted; but if it be thence concluded that this usefulness must be of a specific kind, and that he only is to be esteemed as a preacher who has been instrumental in converting many sinners, we deny the inference. High and important as this work is, there are various other modes in which a public teacher may benefit those who hear him; nor is the conversion of sinners to supersede the "building up" of believers on their "most holy faith." We even question the validity of an opinion proceeding from a highly venerated authority, that "fruit" is an indispensable proof of being called to the ministry. It assumes a ground which we have attempted to show is untenable: it is fallacious as a test, because bad men have been the means of alarming sinners, and leading them to God; and it involves this contradiction, that a man must exercise the ministerial office for an indefinite period before it can be known whether he ought to exercise it or not.

But, waving such objections, direct testimonies are not wanting to Mr. Drew's ministerial usefulness.

The case of the Roman Catholic female, who was led through his preaching to embrace Protestantism, and experience the power of religion on her heart, has been already noticed. It was not long after he began to labour as a local preacher, that an individual, at a love-feast, stated that he had been brought to "the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins" through the awakening of his conscience under one of Mr. Drew's sermons. A gentleman of Falmouth, in a letter dated January, 1816, writes to Mr. Drew, "I have had the pleasure of attending and benefiting by several of your lectures, during your former and last visit to this town; and, not being in the Methodist connection, I am at a loss in what way to testify my gratitude to you."

A pious lady of Fowey, in a recent communication observes, "The Lord was pleased to make Mr. Drew's preaching useful in this place. His talents and celebrity attracted many of the respectable inhabitants to the Methodist chapel, some of whom became frequent and attentive hearers. One of the first fruits of his ministry here was a female, who joined the Methodist society, and endured persecution for the cross of Christ. A lady of this town, who had heard Mr. D. preach, being taken ill, expressed a wish to see him, and was led, through his instructions, to see that an unblameable outward conduct was insufficient for her salvation: this blessing she sought through faith in Christ; and was enabled, before her decease, to declare that she felt the door of mercy to be open."

A Wesleyan minister, a native of the St. Austell circuit, observes, in a letter to the writer, "Your dear father had long one of the highest seats in my esteem and affection. He was the chief instrument, in the hands of God, of directing my attention to things divine."

There would be little difficulty in adding to this list, were it necessary to seek for instances. In Mr. Drew's native town many pious individuals refer with pleasure to his pulpit and private instructions, and to the enlargement of views and quickening of spirit which they felt as the result.

Although Mr. Drew shone chiefly as a metaphysical preacher, it must not be inferred that he appeared in no other character. He has preached many sermons in which little of metaphysics was perceptible, though the hearer could not forget that he was listening to "a master in Israel." In the afternoon services in St. Austell, and at the meetings for prayer, he would frequently address the auditory upon particular religious topics in a manner

quite colloquial. Indeed he was peculiarly felicitous in explaining separately, and in detail, the doctrines of Christianity; and never, perhaps, was it done with more permanent effect than in such spontaneous remarks. His conceptions were clear; his language perspicuous and precise; and he possessed the happy faculty of throwing out into strong relief the prominent features of a subject, so that it could not fail to be noticed and retained in the memory.

That Mr. Drew, as a preacher, was no copyist will be readily inferred; yet it may excite some surprise to know that, except as a hearer, he was little acquainted with the pulpit performances of others. He may have occasionally looked into a printed discourse; but until, as the editor of a magazine and a reviewer, it became to him a matter of business, we question whether he had read through a volume of sermons during his whole life.

SECTION XXXI.

Mr. Drew's intellectual character.

IN attempting to estimate Mr. Drew's intellectual powers, the biographer feels not only his incompetency, but the peculiar difficulty arising from near relationship,—the difficulty of doing justice to his subject, and avoiding the suspicion of over-statement. Happily the facts are before the reader. From these, in connection with Mr. D.'s publications, he can form his own opinion, and correct what, in this summary, he may deem erroneous.

To maintain that Mr. Drew was benefited by ignorance may seem, at first, paradoxical; yet with certain limitations, it appears to be true. Must it not be admitted, that for much of his celebrity he was indebted, not merely to absolute greatness of mind, but to the remarkable contrast between his vigorous intellect and the unpropitious circumstances under which it was developed? In a letter to Dr. Kidd, already quoted, Mr. D. himself suggests the doubt, whether his early poverty and ignorance were a misfortune; since these afterward attracted that notice and procured for him that patronage which otherwise might not have been bestowed. But there is another sense in

which the proposition may be true. The majority of characters are formed and moulded by circumstances. His evidently did not, in the main, grow out of circumstances, but arose in opposition to them ; and so far it was original. Yet we think there might have been much less originality than is to be found in his writings, had his reading been more extensive. His ignorance of books, and consequently of systems, compelled him, if he exercised his thoughts at all, to think for himself ; it led him to form his opinions according to evidence, and not according to authority ; and, being necessarily thrown upon his own mental resources, his ideas were original without his knowing that they were so. It may be further remarked, that this necessity of *thinking out his way* begot a habit of close, rigid scrutiny, which was to him what the result of mathematical study is to an educated man. Will it be said, that if this be true, it will prove ignorance and the absence of education to be a blessing ? We answer, No : for under the mental privations against which Mr. D. had to struggle, not one man in a thousand would ever think at all. The very fact and manner of his rising superior to such obstacles, show him to be, what we think he may be truly termed, AN ORIGINAL THINKER.

There are some readers of biography who are scarcely satisfied that a narrative is faithful, unless they can trace in the *biography* the lineaments of the *man*. These may experience a feeling of disappointment in the perusal of the foregoing pages. The bold and fearless daring of the character is plainly discoverable, but there was little else in Mr. D.'s early years indicative of high mental powers. He presents a remarkable contrast to some distinguished individuals, whose intellect, developed even in childhood, reminds us of those tropical plants whose buds scarcely know a state of rest, but unfold as soon as they are formed. His mind, in its growth, rather resembled the vegetable productions of the arctic regions, which, remaining dormant and apparently lifeless through a rigorous and protracted winter, burst suddenly into foliage, flower, and fruit.

Both his memory and reasoning powers were subject to severe discipline. When he first felt a thirst for knowledge he was too poor to purchase books. Those which were lent him he could not, after glancing at their contents, lay aside for the purpose of reference : it was necessary to read and return. He did so ; but what he read he laboured to make his own.* To

* An observation which will be found in the biography of the late Robert Hall, is not inapplicable to Mr. Drew. "He did not *then* read much.

this practice, and the daily habit of discussing topics and relating facts, the knowledge of which he obtained by reading, may be attributed the fund of information which he possessed even when he was under the necessity of labouring diligently with his hands for food and raiment.

His own views of his abilities and attainments, expressed in a letter to Dr. Kidd, June, 1814, may be quoted in confirmation of these remarks. "Alas! my friend, I am far from being *learned*, according to the common acceptance of the term. I am totally ignorant of every language except my own, and my reading has not been very diversified. Perhaps I think rather more than I read, and am more indebted to a vigorous intellect, for the little acquirements I have made, than to those sources which learning in general teaches us to explore. I have nothing which I have not received, and, therefore, have no room for glorying. My literary history, in all its parts, would exhibit a curious biographical feature."

Without instituting a comparison between Mr. Drew and any other individual, he claims our regard, as possessing that unaffected simplicity which is generally the accompaniment of true mental greatness. It is, perhaps, no less a testimony to his intellectual superiority, than to his sterling every-day worth, that to those who knew him intimately, he appeared not so much the great man or the philosopher, as the familiar adviser and confidential friend. Though, as an intimate acquaintance remarks, "to be with him was like breathing an intellectual atmosphere," yet the subjects with which his thoughts were usually conversant, did not unfit him for, or place him above, the ordinary concerns of life. Of him absence of mind could never be truly predicated. However his thoughts might soar, they were never lost in clouds:—they extended to little things as well as great.

There were two or three mental qualities for which he was always remarkable. One, which has been noticed in an earlier page, is, his almost intuitive perception of the bearings and remote consequences of any proposition in moral science:—the facility with which he would analyze a sophism, and expose its fallacy, was also a characteristic. However an erroneous position might be disguised, it could not stand his scrutiny. He

A page, indeed, was to him more serviceable than a volume to many. Hints from reading or discourse, passing through his great mind expanded into treatises and systems, until the adopted was lost in the begotten; so much so, that the whole appeared original."—page 63. 12mo.

would instantly strip off its specious covering, and expose its deformity. He seemed always to perceive clearly the direction in which inquiry might be pushed to a satisfactory conclusion ;—to see the boundaries beyond which human knowledge cannot pass ; and to mark the fitness or the unfitness of a subject for man's reasoning powers. To attempt an explanation of the inexplicable, or a comprehension of the incomprehensible, was an error into which, we believe, he never fell ; nor did he, like many metaphysicians, lose himself in a misty region. " I am never satisfied," he has said, " unless I feel the ground as I go." We do not term him a *subtle* reasoner ; because the epithet implies artifice, which he ever disdained ; but he was an *ACUTE* reasoner, and his mental vision was eminently *CLEAR* and *PENETRATING*. That he was also a *PROFOUND* thinker, we believe his works abundantly testify.*

Another feature in his intellectual portrait claims our notice. There are many individuals who occasionally rouse themselves to great mental effort, but hasten to escape from it, and relapse into indolent contemplation or animal enjoyment. Mr. Drew was a *LABORIOUS* thinker, and his motto was *perseverance*. If he met with a difficulty, he did not pass it by, but was sure to grapple with it. Unlike those animals of the feline class, that are daunted if the first spring prove unsuccessful, he put forth additional energies until the obstacle was overcome.

With any inquiry that greatly engaged his attention, his mind would be so incessantly occupied that thought became spontaneous ; and even in his reveries he was usually dwelling on lofty and sublime subjects. Observing him sitting silent and thoughtful among a family party, a young person present said, " Mr. Drew, what are you thinking about ?"—" Why, I was just then thinking," he replied, " that, as a moment is at every part of creation at the same time, so is God everywhere."—" Similar instances," says the gentleman who related the circumstance, " I have known to occur, not seldom. Mr. Drew's

* Mr. Drew's talent for profound criticism may be inferred from the following remark, in a letter addressed to him in 1807 by Mr. Davies Gilbert :—" I have deferred writing to you from a desire of communicating the sentiments of Lord Malmesbury and Lord Fitzharris, respecting the observations you were so good as to send me on Mr. Harris's *Hermes* and *Dialogues*. I concluded you could not object to my exhibiting to the son and grandson of Mr. Harris, observations and remarks much more to his honour than any indiscriminate praises. A few days ago, Lord Fitzharris returned the paper, expressing himself most highly pleased and gratified by the perusal of such acute, accurate, and liberal criticisms, on a work most interesting to him."

mind, even when *at rest*, seemed to be *thinking*—in the proper sense of the term.”

Talking at one time on dreaming, and on Professor Stewart's attempted solution of its phenomena, he remarked, in confirmation of the professor's views, “Dreams frequently take their complexion from the events of the day. When the mind is absorbed in, or particularly anxious about any subject, it will probably revert to the same in sleep. While I was writing my *Essay on the Soul*, all the powers of my mind were bent upon it—it occupied my whole thoughts by day, and frequently gave a colouring to my dreams at night. On one occasion, retiring to bed after thinking and writing as usual, a train of argument presented itself to me, in favour of my subject, entirely new and satisfactory. I followed it out, in all its bearings, to a conclusion that appeared to be irresistible. Overjoyed I awoke, and was surprised to know that it was a dream. The outlines of the demonstration being fresh in my recollection, I laid hold of them, examined them, traced them up, and brought them to the same conclusion. I considered and reconsidered the argument, sifted and weighed it, and was satisfied that it was strong, firm, and substantial, and entirely new in its character. I esteemed it the most fortunate event of my life. I then thought of getting up, and striking a light, that I might put down the heads; but altered my mind, intending to do it in the morning, and suffered myself to fall asleep. When the morning came, I did not forget the circumstance, but had entirely lost every vestige of the argument and the manner of reasoning, nor have I been able, from that day to this, to recall any idea of it. I have frequently regretted my not getting up immediately and making notes of it.”

“Did the mode of reasoning appear to you stronger than that which you have adopted in your *Essay*?” it was asked.

“To me it did appear so at that time.”

“But you are satisfied that your present *Essay* is sufficiently firm and conclusive?”

“O yes; quite so.”

“Then, why do you regret the loss of your dream?”

“You know the stronger we make our bulwarks, and the more impregnable our fortifications, the better.”

In an early letter to Dr. Kidd he remarked, “The evening is a time which, in general, I find most congenial to thought. But evening as well as morning is frequently wanted for something more domestic than abstract speculations.” He subse-

quently adds, "There are certain times when I can write with ease and satisfaction to myself, but there are too many others in which the mind seems frozen, and in which all I write is fit only to be destroyed. Such are the ebbs and flows to which my mind is subject."

During the closing days of his life, his intellect seemed to be contending with the paralyzing effects of disease. Fragments of thoughts, apparently disjointed and without connection, but probably linked by some unknown association with the train of ideas passing involuntarily through his mind, were sometimes uttered. At other seasons, he would apparently be engaged in earnest conversation or a public address, in which some emphatic remark, or a few words of a poetical quotation, would break forth. This last scene of his mortal existence furnished a mournful illustration of the mind's activity, while physical exhaustion deprived it of the power of controlling, concentrating, and wielding thought at will.

With the feeling and fancy of a poet, and the excursive glance of a philosopher, Mr. Drew possessed, in a remarkable degree, a quality which seldom enters into such combination. Resembling, in this particular, his friend Dr. Adam Clarke, and, in some others also, a man whom, in early life, he esteemed a model—Dr. Benjamin Franklin,—he had a plain, patient, business-like, matter-of-fact understanding, which qualified him to examine the details as well as to grasp the whole of any subject. Thus gifted, he would probably have shone in mathematical investigation, had he chosen that path to eminence. Beneficially, perhaps, for the community, his views were directed to moral science, and to those fundamental truths upon which all sound morality is built. There are many mathematicians; but there are comparatively few who devote themselves to the philosophy of mind.

Mr. Drew did not think, with the late gifted Robert Hall, that metaphysical studies "yield no fruit," and that they are merely an "arena" for the display of "intellectual gladiatorship;" nor did he concur in opinion with the celebrated Edmund Burke, that "when we go one step beyond the immediate, sensible qualities of things, we go out of our depth." "The science of mind," he has said, "is as yet in its infancy—it is but little known. I wish men would *think* more. Whitefield and Wesley gave an impulse to the *religious* world, the effects of which we now feel, and which, I hope, will never subside. A similar impulse was given by Locke and Reid to the *thinking* world; but it has been faintly followed up. Hereafter, I believe, some meta-

physical Columbus will arise, traverse vast oceans of thought, and explore regions now undiscovered, to which our little minds and weak ideas do not enable us to soar."

While thus anticipating the achievements of the reasoning faculty, he did not forget, that man, in his present state of being, can "see but in part, and know but in part." Delineating probably, his own mental character, he once remarked, "The human mind, dissatisfied with past attainments, looks forward into the boundless ocean of futurity, and darts into the obscure recesses of hidden truth with insatiable eagerness. It is ever on the wing; pursuing, with restless anxiety, those objects which just appear to tempt its excursions, and then retire to mock its hopes,—till, wearied with the unequal flight, it is compelled to acknowledge the darkness which hovers round it, and, if properly instructed, to seek repose in the declarations of God."

A further exhibition of his sentiments and intellectual character will be seen in the following sentences written by him, in 1831, in a lady's album.

"How valuable soever scientific attainments may be, in reference to our present state, it is very doubtful if they retain any direct importance in relation to eternity. Another mode of being may bring with it new modes of thinking, and a new class of thoughts, which will have but a remote connection with our earthly analogies, principles, and processes of reasoning. Of these, at present, we can form no adequate conceptions.

"Our passport to heaven is moral excellence, righteousness, and holiness. Love to God, and love towards all the celestial inhabitants, constitute the only currency of that immaculate abode. So far as our scientific acquisitions have been rendered subservient to these momentous purposes, their excellence bears the stamp of immortality; but beyond this, perhaps, they have no value.

"Scientific knowledge may be compared to flowers which regale our senses with their fragrance, but will not bear transplanting into that region which lies beyond the grave. We may, nevertheless, extract from them a moral essence which, preserved with care, will become imperishable.

"The amaranth of heaven may be found in the pages of revelation. It will flourish both in this world, and that which is to come:—it will never fade. It is an asbestos which the general conflagration will have no power to destroy; and it will yield a pure aroma to regale the disembodied spirits for ever."

The literary friends of Mr. Drew were numerous; and several of those gentlemen who knew him intimately, in private as well as public, have spontaneously given their opinions of his character and mental endowments. As a means of enabling the reader to estimate the integrity of the remarks which have been made, a few of those opinions the biographer ventures to introduce, prefacing them by one which has already appeared in print.

"Of Mr. Drew's personal character it is not easy to speak too highly. He was not puffed up by the success which crowned his unassisted efforts in the pursuit of letters; and, though his superiority of mind was easily discernible in his conversation, yet he was exceedingly unassuming and unostentatious. His piety, like his habits generally, was not showy, but it was consistent. He was a real Christian philosopher. His understanding was of an elevated order. His mind was richly endowed by nature, and it was highly cultivated by diligent study, and by unwearied assiduity; so that his society was always a luxury both to the literate and the illiterate, to the scholar and to the Christian. His philosophy and his piety bore immediately and equally on the happiness of life and the daily habits of mankind; and they were equally free from the pedantry of human learning, and from the solemn and disgusting farce of a religious austerity. In the decease of Adam Clarke, and Richard Watson, and Samuel Drew, the Methodist connection has lost three of its brightest luminaries. They have shone a while together in the church below, and they have set nearly together; but they are only set to rise again, where suns and stars shall set no more."*

"In my interviews with Mr. Drew," observes a gentleman with whom he was acquainted in London, "I have had frequent opportunities of admiring his masterly mind, and the facility with which he could enter into the most abstract speculations of moral philosophy and metaphysics; so much so that I have always considered him as *the Locke of the nineteenth century*. I remember one particular instance in which I consulted him on a proposed Essay on 'Human Motives,' when he at once entered on the inquiry, and, by a train of the most luminous and convincing arguments, proved the difficulty of doing the subject justice, owing to the inconsistencies and anomalies by which it was surrounded. I have often since regretted that I did not commit his valuable observations to writing; since, from this omission, they have wholly escaped my memory.

* Christian Advocate, April 1, 1833.

On every occasion I found him willing to open the stores of his mind for my assistance; and to his kindness I owe much valuable information on subjects of moral philosophy."

"The longer," says the Rev. Dr. Townley, "I was honoured with Mr. Drew's friendship, the more I admired him. His vigour and grasp of intellect were united with such Christian simplicity and genuine piety as placed him high in the scale of intelligent beings; while his singular modesty, and cheerfulness of disposition, joined to his exhaustless fund of anecdote and interesting information, rendered him a delightful friend and companion."

Dr. Olinthus Gregory, whose discrimination will scarcely be questioned, does not indeed, specify particulars, but sums up his opinion of Mr. Drew in these words:—"He was a man whose character exhibited an extraordinary union of the finest intellectual and moral attributes of our nature, and whose name, talents, and labours must be long held in high veneration."

Davies Gilbert, Esq., in reply to the biographer's application for the loan of any letters of Mr. D.'s writing, says, "I shall be happy to do every thing in my power to assist you in a work for commemorating one who has done so much honour to our country, and who has been styled *the English Plato*."

It would be easy to quote letters of indiscriminate praise from individuals little known; but this would neither add to Mr. Drew's reputation, nor enable the reader to form a correct estimate of his talents. One of these laudatory epistles, now before the writer, by an amusing ellipsis, addresses Mr. Drew as "Author of the Immortality of the Soul and Resurrection of the Body." The same attribute of Deity was ascribed to him in a public printed notice, in one of the northern counties, announcing that a sermon was to be preached by him on the anniversary of a charitable institution.*

We close this section with two letters of Mr. Drew to the daughters of his friend Dr. Adam Clarke. One of these letters is the last he ever wrote, except on personal topics; and

* Mr. Drew once related, in his naturally humorous manner, that, while sitting in a friend's house, in a considerable town in Devonshire, his attention was arrested by the voice of the town crier in the street, giving notice, with his usual formality, that "Mr. Drew, from Cornwall, author of the mortality and immortality of the soul, will preach this evening in the Methodist chapel." With him it was the occasion of a smile; but the rest of the company felt excessively mortified at the strange misapprehension of their civic orator.

both will probably be esteemed a pleasing and valuable illustration of his intellectual and religious character.

“ 38 Newgate-street, London,
“ Dec. 15th, 1831.

“ No, no, my dear friend, I have not forgotten you ; nor am I altogether chargeable with that negligence with which I imagine you have accused me. I must, however, acknowledge, that appearances are against me ; for, on opening your letter, since I began this, I am startled with its date, Nov. 10th, which is now more than a month since, and therefore, perhaps, it will be rather imprudent for me to say any thing more on this subject. I was glad to learn from your letter that you reached your home in safety, and found all your family well. Health is an invaluable blessing, for the loss of which no worldly good can make us an adequate compensation. May this inestimable blessing continue to you, and every member of your family.

“ In taking a survey of life and its vicissitudes, we cannot avoid concluding, that the economy of God, in the moral government of the world, is involved in impenetrable shadows and encircled with clouds which nothing but the light of eternity can dispel. A conviction, however, that we see but in part, and know but in part,—that causes sometimes appear without their effects, and, not unfrequently, effects without their causes,—will reconcile us to the gloomy dispensations of Divine Providence, by furnishing us with an assurance of ‘ another and a better world.’ In our present state, unmingled gratification cannot be our lot ; nor, if it were attainable, would it be congenial to the physical constitution of man, either mental or corporeal. Nature requires a vicissitude of seasons ; vegetation and animal nature demand repose ; and all our enjoyments derive a more acute relish from occasional interruptions, and the reverses to which we are exposed : nor can we, my friend, on this ground, presume to impeach the goodness of God. We learn in the school of adversity many valuable lessons, which prosperity could never teach ; and are directed, by what we sometimes endure, to weigh anchor, and look beyond this inclement clime, to some harbour in which ‘ tempests will not beat, nor oceans roar.’ If nothing but enjoyment were allotted us here, we should be ready to say, ‘ Master, it is good for us to be here,’ and, pleased with our situation, forget that we are on a journey to the abodes of immortality ! Were human nature unpolluted by sin, uninterrupted enjoy-

ment might suit its character ; this must now be reserved for a state from which moral evil shall be for ever excluded.

* * * * *

“ But why, my friend, should you be surprised at any of the events of this life, when you look around on the world in which we live ? When the enemies of Daniel sought occasion against him, they turned his piety into an offence, and procured for him a den of lions !

“ But my paper admonishes me that I have only just room to desire my kind remembrance to Mr. Rowley, and to assure his wife, that a letter from her will always be highly acceptable to her sincere friend, and old acquaintance,

“ SAMUEL DREW.

“ *Mrs. Rowley, Worcester.*”

“ 15 Owen’s Row, Goswell-street,
“ January 8th, 1833.

“ MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

“ It has very generally been thought, and perhaps with much reason, that the primary spring of action in Deity is benevolence ; and, as a natural consequence, those among his intelligent creatures bear the strongest resemblance to Him who are actuated by the same exalted principle. The benevolence of Deity shines in creation, and may be traced in the order and economy of Divine Providence. It was conspicuous in the primeval state of man, is more fully developed in the principles of the gospel, but shines with still brighter lustre in the effects produced by renovating grace on the human heart.

“ When benevolence was effaced by sin, war, inhumanity, oppression, and murder occupied its place : and to this source we may trace the various miseries of human life. Earth, renewed in righteousness, will behold the dominion of benevolence re-established. In heaven, its empire knows no limits, no interruption, and fears no termination. It binds all the celestial inhabitants in amity and love ; this being the sacred atmosphere which they inhale from the throne of the eternal God.

“ The progress of genuine religion may be fairly estimated by the extension and prevalence of this godlike attribute. It includes love to God, and love to man ; and must, therefore, have its seat in the heart, while its blessed effects stand developed in the Christian’s life. Considering the moral relation in which we stand to the Father of the spirits of all flesh, and the

ground we occupy, both duty and interest urge us to promote its influence.

“Be it, then, my dear friend, both your aim and mine to seek and enjoy the love of God shed abroad in our hearts, that, having this treasure in our earthen vessels, we may contemplate with ecstasy, for ever, that sublime but incomprehensible expression—‘*God is love.*’

“Wishing, my dear friend, you and yours every blessing for time and eternity,

“I remain, with sincere affection,

“Your old acquaintance and correspondent,

“SAMUEL DREW.

“*Mrs. Richard Smith, Stoke-Newington.*”

SECTION XXXII.

Character of Mr. Drew's Writings.

THOUGH presenting few attractions for superficial readers, Mr. Drew's original treatises are too well known to the thinking part of the community to require, in this place, minute examination. They have been long before the public, and from the wisest and the best have received the meed of approbation. Little, therefore, will be required of the biographer, but to offer a few general remarks, and quote the opinions of more practised and competent judges than himself.

Among those sincere believers in Scripture who dare not trust, even in matters of ordinary duty, to the inferences of their own judgment, there is a prejudice against all attempts to establish or confirm by reason any of the doctrines of revelation. There are individuals also who, though accustomed to the exercise of thought, seem to dread the application of reason to matters of faith, lest its deductions should be substituted for the declarations of Scripture. Mr. Drew was obviously not of this number. All his publications tend to prove, that reason, while it authenticates the canon, and directs us in the interpretation of Scripture, leads to the conviction, that in our relation to each other here, and to our Creator here and hereafter, we need some other rule of conduct than is discoverable by nature's feeble and uncertain ray.

Frequently does Mr. Drew remind his readers, and often did he reiterate in the pulpit, that at the precise point where unassisted reason fails, and vague conjecture meets us on every hand, the light of revelation, beaming upon our understandings, dispels the gloomy uncertainty, and, "shining brighter and brighter unto the perfect day," leads on to "glory, immortality, and eternal life."

In the preface to his *Essay on the Soul*, he says, "The great repository of sacred knowledge is the Bible; and, therefore, moral philosophy can be no longer right than while it acts in concert with revelation. I consider moral truth as an elevated mountain, the summit of which revelation unveils to the eye of faith, without involving us in the tedious drudgery of painful speculations. To some of its sublimities philosophy will direct us, through a labyrinth of intricacies; but, after the human understanding has put forth all her efforts, it is 'by toil and art the steep ascent we gain.' If, however, in any given momentous instance, the tardy movements of philosophy will lead us to the same conclusions that the Bible has already formed, it affords us no contemptible evidence of its authenticity: and hence, revelation challenges our belief in those instances where we can trace no connection."

"Scriptural principles," it is remarked, by a student of Mr. D.'s works, "are interwoven through the whole of his multifarious labours; and, in addition to his well-earned reputation of sound philosophy, must be added the delightful thought, that the sum and substance of his argumentation, elaborate and cogent as it is, accords with the dictates of eternal truth. In the perusal of Mr. Drew's works, this is felt by every reader capable of thinking; and none but such need be at the trouble of examination; for without thought, properly pursued, they can be neither relished nor comprehended."

The opinion of Mr. Whitaker, in his critique on Mr. Drew's earliest publication, cannot be attributed to the partiality of friendship, or the condescension of patronage. No intimacy subsisted prior to the appearance of the pamphlet; and the critic informs the author, that the favourable article in the *Anti-Jacobin* was written "in the fulness of his heart," on the perusal of the "Remarks:"—it therefore expresses his unbiased opinion. "We here behold," he observes, "a shoemaker of St. Austell encountering a staymaker of Deal, with the same weapons of unlettered reason, tempered, indeed, from the armory of God, yet deriving their principal power from the na-

tive vigour of the arm that wields them. Samuel Drew, however, is greatly superior to Thomas Paine in the justness of his remarks, in the forcibleness of his arguments, and in the pointedness of his refutations."

It is equally pleasing to know that this little work was not without its use. A distinguished Wesleyan minister says, "When I was stationed at Blackburn, there were in that town many professed disciples of Paine. Several of them acknowledged, that Mr. Drew's answer to the first part of the 'Age of Reason' had made more impression on their minds, and occasioned them more difficulty in attempting to reply to its arguments, than any other work that had fallen into their hands."

The origin, progress, and success of the "Essay on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Human Soul,"—the work which established Mr. Drew's fame as a metaphysical writer and powerful reasoner,—has been traced in an earlier page: his motives for giving it to the world we gather from his own preface.

"The ground on which I have assumed the present question is simply this—Have we, or have we not, any rational evidence of the soul's immortality, admitting that no revelation had ever been given us from God? If we have, this branch of infidelity loses one of its strongest fortresses; if not, all rational proof of the immortality of the soul is at once done away.

"A subject so abstruse in its nature, and whose consequences extend to a future state of being, must necessarily impress some obscurities on the manner of its investigation; I have avoided all in my power, and yet many, perhaps, remain. It must, however, be remembered, that our inability to comprehend the reasoning by which a fact may be established, is no more an argument against its legitimacy than it is against the fact itself. The ploughshare of reason may be driven among the rocks of error, although every reader may not be able to discern the furrow which it makes.

"Whether the present work, like those bubbles on the passing stream which float along and then expire, will engross the attention of mankind only for a moment, and then disappear—or pass onward to ages which its author can never reach—are points which events can alone decide. I have not vanity enough to presume, that infallibility has impressed her footsteps upon the paragraphs which I have written; the arguments, however,

are such as have produced conviction in my mind, from a persuasion that they arise from the nature of the soul, and the fixed relation of things. I have attempted to erect this fabric on such facts and propositions as are incontrovertible, and have endeavoured to trace the intermediate ideas which appeared to stand in accordance with one another, to that conclusion which I had in view.

“Should what I have written be made instrumental in reclaiming but *one* from the fangs of infidelity, or in preventing another from becoming its victim, it will afford me a consolation which will accompany me through life, and, I hope, be remembered with gratitude through all eternity.”

The first critical notice of the Essay on the Soul appeared in the Anti-Jacobin Review, for February, 1803. In this there is no attempt at analysis, but a general admission of the intrinsic merit of the work.

“This Essay,” says the Reviewer, “is introduced to the world under the auspices of the Rev. John Whitaker, the great and good rector of Ruan-Lanyhorne; to whom it is dedicated in a very handsome manner. The address, indeed, is well conceived, and well expressed. The preface is elegant and appropriate.

“We cannot pretend to decide absolutely on the degree of merit which it possesses; or the rank which it will hereafter hold in the metaphysical world. We have discovered, we think, a few errors in the reasoning; but we have found much to applaud, much to admire. Of his subject, in general, the author is a master. While we are struck with a chain of argumentation strong and beautiful, we are assured that this is the production of no common writer. And, in thus connecting the author with his work, we cannot but recollect, with wonder, that he is the untutored child of nature; deriving no advantage from education; indebted only and immediately to Heaven for a reach of thought *astonishingly great!*—for a *mind* to which all the matter of the universe seems but an atom; and in himself exhibiting a splendid proof, that the soul of man is *immortal!*”

In the Annual Review, for April, 1804, the Essay is criticised at great length, and its contents are thus analyzed.

“This Essay is divided into two parts. The first treats of the immateriality, and the second of the immortality, of the human soul. In reviewing the properties of matter, the author

endeavours to establish, that every thing in nature is included within the confines of matter and spirit; that man is a being compounded of both; that solidity, magnitude, figure, and extension are essential to matter; that spiritual substances may exist; that substance is susceptible of definition; that its positive existence may be deduced from those qualities of mind which have no positive existence, as volition, judgment, and perception; that thinking is neither essential to matter, nor its result, or modification; and that consciousness is not a quality superadded to matter. From the properties of spirit, according to Mr. Drew, it necessarily follows, that no created being can fully comprehend itself; that a principle of consciousness is essentially immaterial; that no divisible being is capable of consciousness; that the latter is not an adventitious acquisition; that matter cannot abstract; that the soul of man is intelligent, can anticipate, is not an assemblage of independent properties; that its immaterial nature is proved by those affections and intellectual endowments which are inherent in it; and that, though sensation may be annihilated, the human soul cannot undergo destruction.

“In the second part of his work, the author proceeds to examine the nature, modes, and possibility of the annihilation of mind; and to state and illustrate various and subtle arguments, from which it is inferred that the thinking principle cannot perish by dissolution, privation, or annihilation.

“If, in treating some of the most abstract questions which can agitate the mind of man, he has unconsciously adopted the sentiments of some of his most celebrated precursors, and particularly (as it strikes us) of Baxter, the coincidence cannot detract from his sagacity; and if the first metaphysicians who have ever appeared have failed in securing the unqualified assent of the thinking part of their species, it would be unreasonable to expect that Mr. Drew should have laboured with more abundant success. Whoever peruses his publication with candour and attention will at least regard it as an extraordinary effort of untutored genius, and, on that account, entitled to the admiration of the lettered and philosophical world.”

We have elsewhere noticed, that neither Mr. Drew's *Essay on the Identity and General Resurrection of the Body*, nor his later work on the *Being, Attributes, and Providence of God*, obtained the general notice of the reviewers. Notwithstanding this paucity of critical remark, the general scope of the treatise

on the Resurrection may be found in the author's introductory observations.

“ On a doctrine so important, so astonishing, and so abstruse as the Resurrection of the human Body, no one can doubt that difficulties of a most formidable nature have occurred. He, therefore, who expects to find in the work before him all obstacles totally removed, and the fact substantiated by demonstrative evidence, may rest himself assured that he will be disappointed. Demonstration may, perhaps, be demonstrated to be unattainable in the present case. It is therefore the height of folly to look for *indubitable* certainty, when the nature of the subject points out to us the reason why it cannot be attained.

“ Sensitive proof can apply only to objects of sense; and demonstration is confined to such points as are brought into immediate contact with our principles of intuition. But neither oral nor historical testimony can afford any higher evidence than *moral certainty*. This species of proof has, nevertheless, an undoubted claim upon our assent, though partially destitute of those essential ingredients which are necessary to create *positive* knowledge. Indeed, even probability, where no better evidence is attainable, has a demand on our belief. And he who, in this case, would withhold his assent from a given fact because the evidence adduced rose no higher, must violate the principles of his intellectual nature, and disbelieve through unreasonable incredulity.

“ That the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed,—and that all who are in their graves shall come forth,—are declarations so plainly recorded in Scripture, that no one who admits its authority can doubt the fact. And I should readily allow every argument to be superfluous which might be drawn from other sources, if all those persons to whom we appeal, were to admit the authenticity of the sacred volume. Unhappily, this is not the case. Men of skeptical minds smile at those arguments which are founded on authority. To that which is human they refuse to submit, and they doubt the existence of that which is divine. To substitute, therefore, the letter of Scripture in the room of philosophical disquisition, would be to erect a tribunal which they refuse to acknowledge, and to appeal to an authority which they spurn with contempt.

“ With these views, I have presumed but little on Scripture authority. Such passages as I have quoted, I have surveyed in a philosophical light, and thus collected a mass of evidence which, when taken in the aggregate, I flatter myself, will silence contempt where it cannot produce conviction. The

proofs which I have adduced in support of the Resurrection may be considered in two lights : first, those which, though drawn from other sources, have been found congenial with the principles of revelation ; and secondly, such as the philosophy of the sacred writings has held out to illuminate mankind. And if, from the result of all, the fact shall appear to be so far rescued from objections, and placed in such a light, as to be rendered morally certain, I shall not think that I have written in vain."

The important topic thus propounded is treated in the following order :

After a general view of the subject, and of the nature and perfections of Deity, the author proceeds to show, that, from God's immutability and man's primeval state, the human body must have been originally immortal, and that this immortality, notwithstanding the natural tendency of the parts to dissolution, was secured by the efficacy of the tree of life. He then considers the positive effect of moral evil upon the body, and argues, that when moral evil is done away, as the perfecting act of the great work of redemption, all its positive effects must cease, and man, in reference to death, will be placed in his original circumstances,—death having "no more dominion over him."

The resurrection of the body being thus viewed as a necessary result of the destruction of sin, the question of identity immediately presents itself. This the author considers in a chapter allotted to its investigation—first generally, and then in reference to the human body. From this he proceeds to trace, at length, the analogy between vegetation and the resurrection. He thence argues, that the resurrection has fewer difficulties than vegetation—that the objections usually advanced against the one may be equally applied to the other—that, as seed-time and harvest cannot be blended, so time must elapse between death and the resurrection—and that St. Paul, when illustrating the doctrine of the resurrection by the vegetative process, spoke the language of sound philosophy.

That bodily identity must consist in some immoveable germ, or stamen, is endeavoured to be proved positively and negatively. The affirmative of this proposition is deduced from various considerations. It is shown negatively, that the identity of our future bodies cannot consist in the presence of all the numerical particles which at any given time constituted the body ; and it is inferred analogically, that the changes through which our bodies are continually passing may be assumed as

one degree of proof that we shall rise again. Various objections are anticipated and met; and, in a final summary of the arguments used throughout the volume, the reader is conducted from the bare *possibility* that the same body *may* live again, to the *certainty* that there *shall be* a resurrection both of the just and of the unjust.

Upon this much questioned dogma of the Christian faith, Mr. Drew did not aim at *demonstration*. In his view, it was sufficient to rebut the philosophical objections to the credibility of the doctrine—to show that it involved no contradiction or absurdity—and to rest its assurance upon the declarations of Scripture.

In the *British Critic*, vol. 35, this treatise is thus characterized.

“Of the elaborate performance which now solicits our attention, we know not how to convey to our readers any adequate idea. It is a chain of argumentation so regular, so close, and so strong, that to break off a link from it, and exhibit that link, would show, indeed, of what metal the work was made, but would answer no other purpose. That it will not admit of abridgment or analysis is the highest character that can be given to any literary composition. Such is the case with Mr. Drew’s.”

Of the *Essay on the Being and Attributes of God*,—a work respecting which Mr. Drew has more than once remarked, “Though it seems little known, yet I am persuaded it is by far the best I ever wrote,”—the only critique of which we are aware is that already noticed as having appeared in the *Investigator*. The work is there spoken of in terms of high approbation, and a very complete analysis given, which our limits will not admit. We quote only a few paragraphs.

“The work to which we would now direct the attention of our readers is divided into four parts. These are, 1. Arguments *à priori*; 2. Mixed arguments and arguments *à posteriori*; 3. Divine Providence asserted and vindicated; and, 4. Proofs from Revelation. In order to form a notion of the vast penetration and profound capacity of the author, we need only read the table of contents; but an attentive perusal of the work itself will reward the intelligent reader with an expansion of his ideas, to an extent not usually derivable from books on similarly abstract subjects. A new direction will be given to his meditations; and, pleased with a strength of thought and variety of

topics altogether new, it cannot fail, we should think, to rouse his energies, stimulate his efforts, and awaken his ardour in the pursuit of knowledge.

“The first part sets out with the argument *a priori*, to prove the necessary existence of one, and of only one, uncreated, undery, and self-existent Being. Philosophers in general suppose its demonstration *a posteriori* the plainest, and therefore set out upon that plan; but our author’s mind, original and intuitive, found no inconvenience in entering upon the most difficult mode of arguing first. What costs other men many efforts often seems, indeed, scarcely to cost him a single thought.

“The topics of his argument are all of them either interesting, new, or handled in a new method. Entity and non-entity,—motion, space, number, and duration,—body, darkness, and the like,—are the materials which he uses, with as much facility as the mechanic does his tools, to adorn and to embellish a subject in itself abstract, subtle, and illusory. But the pen, which his native and energetic genius guides with bold and masterly strokes, makes all plain, luminous, and perspicuous, even to ordinary capacities.

“Our author proceeds, in the same acute, original, and masterly manner, to prove that ‘the material world cannot exist in an absolute nonentity.’ We say, this section is original and masterly, because, as far as we know, the argument has never before been stated in its present clear and convincing form. It is then proved, that motion cannot exist in an absolute nonentity; and we might safely appeal to the readers of the work, whether any of the philosophers who have defined the laws of motion ever discussed those laws, in their bearing on the present proposition, in the manner in which Mr. Drew has stated them. This alone would prove his claim to originality.

“The subject of space is touched with singular ability; the thoughts are all the author’s own, and he presents this proposition in various lights to the reader; arguing with a degree of penetration which justly claims for his work a very high place among the treatises on abstract science.

“Our author’s views of number are acute, and yet accurate, though original. Every view he takes of this intricate subject is luminous and his own; nor do we find it so philosophically handled in any of the treatises published by arithmeticians. Stated in his own way, his definitions and deductions carry the reader along with him, both convinced and pleased.

“In perusing the third part of this work, we find the subject becomes more subtle, intricate, and abstruse than in those

which precede. Here, however, we pre-eminently trace the skilful hand of the author, conducting us through labyrinths and windings, both devious and difficult. The author sets before us the immediate superintendence of God, sustaining every thing he has made; and the omniscience of God, knowing every volition of free agents with perfect certainty. In this view, matter and mind appear to be alike the objects of that providence which presides over all. Matter and mind, in their simple existence, and in their laws and operations, are alike subject to the upholding and governing providence of God.

“In part the fourth, we are presented with proofs of the being, perfections, and providence of God, from revelation; and we venture to add, that many of our readers will find their faith in God much comforted, strengthened, and confirmed by their perusal.

“Upon the whole, we confidently recommend these two volumes to the notice of the public, and congratulate society upon receiving such a boon. We hope the work will be admitted into the divinity halls of the United Kingdom, as a class-book for young divines; and confidently add, that the classes of moral philosophy will find it to their advantage to bestow some time in perusing it.”

To these public criticisms on Mr. Drew's metaphysical treatises, it may not be improper to add the private sentiments of two or three well-known literary characters.

Dr. Kidd, in a letter to the biographer, remarks, “I never saw any work so profound, yet so intelligible, as your father's Prize Essay. His work on the Soul is truly wonderful, and nothing like it was ever published. His work on the Resurrection of the Identical Body is very masterly; quite original and acute; though more laboured than any other of his productions.”

A gentleman of Cambridge says, in a letter to Mr. Drew, “I saw Mr. Hall, the dissenting minister, at Leicester, and I mentioned your name. I found that he had read your work on the Immortality, &c. of the Soul; and he spoke of it in a manner that was very pleasing to me to hear.”

Mr. Morris, in his “Biographical Recollections of Robert Hall, A.M.,” states, that when the late Dr. Mason, of New-York, was on a visit to Mr. Hall, “among other English authors who became the topic of conversation, was the late excellent Samuel Drew, whose metaphysical writings, well known in America, were mentioned with high commendation. Mr. Hall, however, concurred in opinion with Dr. Mason, that

hey contain some positions that are liable to strong objections, particularly that which affirms the utter impossibility of the annihilation of matter. Of the two principal performances of this able and original writer, that on the Identity of the Resurrection-body was considered as by far the best, and which had been reprinted at New-York. The critics both agreed that Drew was deficient in perspicuity, though one of the first writers of the age; while in metaphysical acumen he was not fully equal to President Edwards.”*

Mr. Drew's minor publications it will not be necessary to notice. His History of Cornwall has been already considered, in Section XX. ; and to the opinions there expressed we have only to add the sentiments of one who, being himself an historian and an antiquarian, is qualified to decide,—“that Mr. Drew's County History, though not exempt from error, is the best that has yet been written.”

Whether any formal opinion was passed upon his Biography of Dr. Coke we are ignorant. In the absence of minute criticism, we may state briefly, that the volume is characterized by much original thought, a spirit of rational piety, great keenness of discrimination, and numerous philosophical reflections, evidently proceeding from a mind that fully grasps its subject. The writer has executed, with fidelity, sound judgment, and good taste, a delicate and difficult task.

The Imperial Magazine, which Mr. Drew edited from its commencement in 1819 to the last month of his life, was intended to embrace a greater variety of subjects than a merely religious periodical; and yet to be more decidedly religious, in the best sense of the expression, than most of the monthly publications which minister to the public curiosity. To the fulfilment of this design its numerous readers can bear witness. In a letter to the editor, dated 1820, Dr. Olinthus Gregory says, “I congratulate you very cordially upon the reputation and success of the Imperial Magazine, and upon that real value, as a periodical work, which has obtained for it that reputation and that success. For my own part, I prefer it to any other of our

* To give Mr. Drew, a known Arminian, the next place to President Edwards, is no small praise, from one who, like Dr. Mason, held the tenets of Calvin. In the opinion of most other critics, ‘*perspicuity*’ is an especial characteristic of Mr. Drew's metaphysical writings. It may be also right to state, that the impossibility of the annihilation of matter Mr. D. nowhere asserts. He only contends that the essence of matter is naturally imperishable.

miscellaneous publications issuing monthly, and I have therefore given it my humble recommendation."

Notwithstanding this testimonial, we do not recur with unmingled satisfaction to the period of Mr. Drew's connection with this miscellany. However well qualified for the editorial office, it was not adapted to bring his peculiar talents into vigorous exercise. It cannot be truly said, that, in this occupation, the intellectual flower was "born to blush unseen;" but there was an apparent misapplication of mental power. Knowing the previous achievements of his rare faculty for abstract investigation, and the lofty subjects which he contemplated, one cannot but deplore it as a public loss, that his energies should have been wasted on inferior objects. Still, the step which thus assigned him an occupation for the residue of his life was taken deliberately and advisedly. We know little of the contingencies dependent on his decision; and the presumption is, that the course pursued was, on the whole, the wisest and the best.

Those publications in which Mr. Drew's name did not appear, though chiefly the fruit of his labours, it does not fall within our province to describe; yet their enumeration may be thought an act of justice to him and to the public. In this enumeration we do not include the works on which his pen was employed during his connection with the Caxton Press.— Though there were few publications issued by that establishment, from 1819 to 1833, upon which his talents were not engaged; yet, as his name seldom appeared on their title-pages, and he never informed his family how far his personal labour extended, they cannot, except the *Imperial Magazine*, be with certainty particularized. His acknowledged publications, and the date of their appearance, are as follow:—

- Remarks on the First Part of Paine's *Age of Reason*. 1799.
 Elegy on the death of Mr. John Patterson, who was drowned at Wadebridge, in Cornwall. 1800.
 Observations on a Pamphlet lately published by the Rev. R. Polwhele, entitled *Anecdotes of Methodism*. 1800.
 A Letter to the Friend of the Church. 1801.
 An Original Essay on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Human Soul, founded solely on Physical and Rational Principles. 1802.
 A Conversation between a Deist and a Christian. 1807.
 An Essay on the Identity and General Resurrection of the Human Body. 1809.

- Scriptural and Philosophical Arguments to prove the Divinity of Christ, and the Necessity of his Atonement. 1813.
- The Divinity of Christ, and the Necessity of his Atonement, vindicated from the Cavils of Mr. Thomas Prout and his Associates. 1814.
- The Life of the Rev. Thomas Coke, LL.D. 1817.
- The History of Cornwall, from the earliest Records and Traditions to the Present Time. 2 vols. 4to. 1815 to 1824.
- An Attempt to demonstrate, from Reason and Revelation, the Necessary Existence, Essential Perfections, and Superintending Providence of an Eternal Being, who is the Creator, the Supporter, and the Governor of all things. 2 vols. 1820.

Of the following works, bearing the name of Thomas Coke, LL.D., Mr. Drew was virtually or principally the author:—

- A Commentary on the New Testament. 2 vols. 4to. 1807.
- The Recent Occurrences of Europe, considered in relation to Prophecy fulfilled and unfulfilled. 1808.
- A History of the West Indies, Natural, Civil, and Ecclesiastical; with an account of the Missions instituted in those Islands. 3 vols. 1808 to 1811.
- A History of the Old and New Testaments (a part only published). 1809.
- Six Letters, in Reply to the Rev. Melville Horne, in Defence of the Doctrines of Justification by Faith and the Witness of the Spirit. 1810.
- The Cottager's Bible, containing a short Exposition and Practical Reflections on each chapter. 4to. 1810.

Prepared in MS. but not published:—

- A Series of Letters to the Rev. G. F. Nott, B.D., vindicating Mr. Wesley and his Colleagues from the misrepresentations contained in his Sermons at the Bampton Lecture, entitled "Religious Enthusiasm Considered." 1806.
- A System of Natural Philosophy, deduced from the Newtonian theory and the most recent discoveries. 1807.

Amid these numerous works, it is upon his original treatises on the Soul, on the Body, and on the Being and Attributes of God, that Mr. Drew's literary reputation chiefly rests. In these

the powers of his mind are fully exhibited. Here he stands forth singly and conspicuously from the republic of letters, in all his originality and depth of thought, establishing for himself, as a metaphysician, a philosopher, and a divine, a distinct and an enduring character.

In the subjoined letter, received after the MS. of this volume was complete, the sentiments of the preceding paragraphs are confirmed and amplified.

“Aberdeen, 30th Sept., 1823.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“By this time I presume you have finished the biography of your worthy father. I doubt much whether you ever knew the extent of your father’s capacity as a metaphysician:—few men, in the present day, were able fully to appreciate the genius of Samuel Drew. His want of conspicuous standing in society, and, most, his want of a proper academical education, prevented the native vigour of his soaring mind from appearing in its full splendour, and his works from being read by the learned in colleges and universities.—Yet I think, in time, they will find their way into the schools of learning, not only in Britain, but throughout the whole republic of letters.

“In his Essay upon the Immateriality and Immortality of the Human Soul, he had Locke as a guide; and yet, in many things, he has exceeded his master. In his Essay on the Being and Attributes of the Deity, he had Clarke before him; and he is far more profound than Clarke on that sublime subject. But in his Essay upon the Identity and Resurrection of the Human Body he had no guide. Here his whole capacity is shown, in its native energy and power of thought; here his vigorous mind displays its great natural resources, in unfolding a subject so deep and so interesting. In this he appears Samuel Drew indeed: yet this is the least known of all his works.

“His becoming editor of the Imperial Magazine added no lustre either to his genius or reputation as a writer:—the subjects which he handled in this undertaking were too trivial and multifarious for his towering mind. From the time he came to London, he was too much taken up in the bustle, and business, and splendour of the capital—the Welsh eagle lost his wings, and no more soared aloft from his wild mountains. The day will come, when your father’s native and self-taught genius will appear to the learned; and justice will be done to his writings after he is long in the grave.

"While I live, I shall always retain a grateful remembrance of your father, whom I never saw. I can yet look back to St. Austell, the place where my first letter found him, with a feeling of regard; and with that tie of sympathy which cannot be broken, continue my affection for the memory of Samuel Drew.

"Ever yours,

"JAMES KIDD.

"*Mr. J. H. Drew, St. Austell.*"

Upon Mr. Drew's style of writing, few remarks are necessary. Though exhibiting beauties that often excited admiration, it was not faultless. An over-scrupulousness in the choice of expression sometimes invested it with an air of stiffness and formality. It was, perhaps, too lofty for common topics, and too figurative for abstract discussion. From an evident partiality to poetical and periphrastic modes of speech, there was sometimes, notwithstanding the general perspicuity of his writings, a diffuseness and circumlocution in his expressions not consistent with good taste. Yet frequently his words were terse and pointed, and rarely could they be misunderstood. Probably it would be hazardous to assert that this style was natural. Like another individual of high intellectual powers, whose death has left a blank,* Mr. Drew, in the early period of his literary pursuits, was an admirer and imitator of Dr. Johnson. Uneducated and unassisted, yet resolved to abandon his former grovelling views and language, he chose the author of *Rasselas* as a model, and, without a consciousness of impropriety, followed him until his style was confirmed.

To his language in the pulpit little exception can be taken. There the rigid rules of argumentation are so far relaxed as to give scope to the imaginative powers—there the embellishments of poetic diction are not only allowable, but in perfect harmony with impassioned appeals to the hearers—and there the loftiest style is fully sustained by the dignity of the subject. Many who read these lines will remember, that often, when, as a preacher, Mr. D. has felt the engrossing interest which such an office communicates, and, leaving beneath him sublunary concerns, has soared into intellectual and spiritual regions, his expressions have risen in sublimity and grandeur, until they appeared almost to vie with the words of inspiration.

Although figurative language is less adapted for a metaphysical treatise than for a pulpit address, it must not be inferred

* Rev. Robert Hall, A.M.

that in Mr. Drew's writings it is always a defect. However unsuited to mere abstract discussion, there are occasions, even in such works, where this embellishment may be used with the happiest effect; and few writers have been more successful in exhibiting the needful precision of thought, while clothing an un-imaginative subject with the attractions of language. Throughout his works there are numerous passages, the words of which have been felt by every reader to be exquisitely appropriate. The concluding paragraph of the preface to the fifth edition of his *Essay on the Soul* may suffice as an example. We select it, not merely as a specimen of Mr. Drew's style—of pathos and beauty not generally surpassed,—but, from the prophetic spirit which seems to have guided his pen, and led him to anticipate an early liberation from the shackles and infirmities of this mortal state, we adopt it as a fitting conclusion for these imperfect remarks.

“Advancing in years, the author's probationary period is drawing to a close; and the crisis cannot be remote that will dismiss his spirit from its earthly abode to the regions of immortality. Associating then with the disembodied, detached from all material organization, there can be no doubt that he will see much reason to alter many of his views respecting the momentous subject on which he has written. He, however, concludes this preface under a full conviction, that, although unable to communicate any corrections of what he may then discover to be erroneous in his *Essay*, he shall have new evidence, bursting upon him like a tide of glory, to establish beyond the possibility of a doubt, **THE IMMATERIALITY AND IMMORTALITY OF THE HUMAN SOUL.**”

To this quotation, and to our attempted though defective sketch, we add, with full conviction of its truth, the observation of a literary friend, “It will ever be the **WORKS**, and not the **BIOGRAPHER**, that will show the genius and capacity of **SAMUEL DREW**”

APPENDIX.

MISCELLANEOUS SAYINGS, OPINIONS, AND CONVERSATIONAL REMARKS OF MR. DREW.

IN presenting the reader with the following gleanings, it may be necessary to premise, that the Conversational Remarks being chiefly related from memory, the biographer cannot vouch, in every instance, for the exact form of expression. The observations are, notwithstanding, substantially correct; and, in general, they are given in Mr. Drew's own words.

On the modes of argumentation which demonstrate the existence of a great First Cause, Mr. D. remarked to a metaphysical correspondent, "The various arguments which the visible creation affords are, without doubt, the most popular, and are better adapted to the comprehension of the general mass of readers. But such as are drawn from existence itself, independently of all effects, and works, and designs, must be more convincing to such as can comprehend them; because, being confined within a short compass, the demonstration will have fewer steps, and consequently be less liable to cavils."

In reference to the theological tenets of Dr. Samuel Clarke, Mr. Drew writes, "This is one of the dangerous rocks to which we are exposed, in the distant excursions we are tempted to make in pursuit of knowledge; and we rarely fail to split upon it, whenever we suffer the light of philosophy to allure us into regions which lie beyond her province. True philosophy will tell us where true philosophy ends; and the instant we obey her dictates, we admit on the ground of revelation those truths which Dr. C., by following the directions of a coasting pilot, was tempted to deny."

Talking of the various gradations of infidelity, Mr. Drew remarked, "It is the grand error of Deism to make reason the ultimate judge, not only of the *facts* contained in revelation, but of the *nature* of those facts, and the *manner* in which they exist. Socinianism is nothing more than Deism refined. It takes shelter under the letter of revelation, and is the more dangerous because it is the more specious."

On the doctrine of the Atonement, he observed, in corresponding with a friend, "It strikes me, that we sustain towards God the joint character of *criminals* and *debtors*. Our criminality requires an expiation to be made; but, if we be not considered in the light of debtors also, I cannot conceive how it can be reconciled with moral *justice* that God should accept the innocent for the guilty."

Writing to a relative on the subject of faith, he remarked, "Between our *safety* and our *enjoyment* there is an essential difference. Our safety depends upon the genuineness or *quality* of our faith; our enjoyment, upon its strength or *quantity*. Forgetting this distinction, many mourn when they have more reason to rejoice. Our safety is connected by faith with the efficacy of the atonement; and if faith be genuine, though, through its weakness, our enjoyment may be little, yet, as it unites us to the Saviour, our felicity in an eternal world will be secure, even while we pass the time of our sojourning here in fear."

A young lady lamenting to him the weakness of her faith, "Recollect," said Mr. D., "that among all Bunyan's pilgrims there was but one Great-heart."

"I am so tried and tempted," said a very sincere person, in his hearing, "that I fear I shall never hold fast my profession."—"Let this thought encourage you," he observed,—“The temptations of to-day, if resisted, will lose much of their force to-morrow. Neither let this be forgotten, as a warning,—Once yield to a temptation, and it will acquire double strength.”

Some one observing to him, that many religious teachers are accustomed to tell the people that, when tempted, they should never reason,—“It is absurd,” he replied, “the very climax of absurdity. For what was reason given us, if we are not to use it when we most need direction? Did not Christ reason with the devil, and foil him with his own weapons? Reason would say, ‘How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?’ It would suggest to us our own weakness, and direct us to seek help from above. No, sir, it is not reason we have to fear, but appetite, which reason should control. It is because men do *not* reason that they so often act unreasonably and unscripturally.”

A gentleman one day remarking to Mr. D. that very reprehensible expressions were often used in the pulpit,—“Ay, sir,” said he, “the pulpit is the strong-hold of the ignorant dogmatist. A man ‘wiser in his own conceit than seven men who can render a reason,’ gets up where he knows no one may contradict him, and utters nonsense and invective by wholesale.”

In the course of conversation, a question was mooted relative to extravagant gesture and expression in the pulpit, and the propriety of attempting to move the passions of an audience, as a means of affecting their consciences.

“I see no impropriety,” said a gentleman, “in the use of such means. Have they not been followed by the conversion of thousands of sinners?”

“This, sir,” replied Mr. D., “does not prove them to be good, though they may have been overruled for good. I have known an individual apparently owe his subsequent religious conduct to an escape from the flames. Would you think it expedient to set your neighbour’s house on fire, in order to alarm him, and save his soul? or would you introduce a pestilential disease into a neighbourhood, because the fear of being the victims of such a visitation has led to the reformation of many sinners? I grant, sir, that there may be exempt cases; but I fear that, in general, such methods of saving souls are included in the definition of fanaticism—of maintaining that the end sanctifies the means, and of doing evil that good may come. It may be difficult to trace the exact boundary of right and wrong in these matters; but it must lie between man’s animal and rational nature.”

To a correspondent, who inquired his opinion of religious revivals, Mr. Drew replied thus:—“If the phrase, *revival of religion*, be taken in its proper sense, as denoting the extension and increase of vital godliness, I should be no Christian were I to view it with indifference or aversion. If you couple it with noise and excited feeling (and without these many people would think the term inapplicable), I pause before I either approve or condemn. In point of reason, speculation, propriety, and decorum, my voice is decidedly against the manner; and if I thought that it was the effect of human artifice operating upon weak intellects and strong passions, I would condemn it altogether. But when, without any ground for this suspicion, I see the profligate reclaimed, the abandoned reformed, and the vicious undergoing a moral renovation, I abandon all my fine-spun objections, and remain silent at a spectacle so salutary in its effects, and so mysterious in its process.

“I fear, however, there is an artifice with some preachers and people to light up this contagious fire. I have been behind the curtain, and have seen a little of it; and am filled with disgust in proportion to the discovery. If the work be of God, he does not

want the tricks I have witnessed. The question of permanency, too, presents itself. Are the present effects ultimately beneficial? Do these new converts stand? * The history of past years teaches us that their apostacy has been nearly as extensive and sudden as their reformation. The benefit in such cases is lost, while the disgust excited in the minds of sober persons still remains. In many instances, I conceive, these things have created and confirmed prejudices which an age will hardly wipe away. With my present views, and with all I ever had, I cannot join in these reveries without being an arrant hypocrite."

In indiscriminate censure Mr. Drew never indulged; and, except among confidential friends, he rarely offered or seconded any remark on the government of the Methodistic body. To questioners and partisans, the common reply, in his latter years, was, "I have done with the politics of Methodism." Still he was not without his opinions—the opinions of an impartial and accurate observer. Some of these may be gathered from occasional conversations.

"On what ground," said a friend to Mr. Drew, "does your attachment to Methodism chiefly rest? Do you think it free from imperfection?"

"By no means, sir,—

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be :"

but I think there are fewer defects in the doctrines and discipline of Wesleyan Methodism than of any other body of modern Christians that I have read of or known. The distinguishing excellence of Methodism, in my estimation, is, that it requires no confession of faith from its members—no other condition than a desire 'to flee from the wrath to come,' evidenced by 'fruits meet for repentance.' The 'unity of the spirit' is thus 'kept in the bond of peace.' Let the Conference make uniformity in opinion the condition of membership, and Methodism will fall to pieces like a rope of sand."

"What do you think, Mr. Drew," said the questioner, "of the remark I once heard made by a preacher to an individual who suggested some improvement in the financial concerns of a circuit,

* There is much truth and shrewd sense in the observation of S. Hick, the Village Blacksmith: "In most revivals of religion there are three sorts of work—the work of God, the work of man, and the work of the devil. When the two latter are destroyed, the first will stand; and we must be careful not to injure the one in suppressing the other."

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—‘The laws of Methodism were in existence before we were born, and we cannot mend them!’”

“I think, sir, that preacher was born out of due time. He ought to have been a Roman Catholic, and to have lived at the epoch of the Reformation. Possibly he might have distinguished himself as a zealous opponent of Luther. Mr. Wesley was an excellent legislator, and few systems of church government were so well organized at the outset as his. Legislative perfection is not instantaneous, but gradual; and laws will need alteration as circumstances and relationships arise which their framers never anticipated. It is ridiculous to suppose that Methodism came from its founder, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, fully armed.”

“Perhaps, then, you do not consider Mr. Wesley’s answer to the fault-finders of his day,—‘You sought us, and not we you,’—precisely applicable now?”

“Certainly not. The people stand in another relation to his successors in the ministry than they did to him. The original Methodist societies sprang from John and Charles Wesley, who were independent of the people; the present preachers spring from the societies, and are dependent upon them for their maintenance. Arbitrary power, too, can never be delegated. There may be circumstances under which such power is properly assumed and conceded, but it reaches only to the original parties and those who place themselves in a like situation. Such persons as grasp at sovereign sway ought not to forget the remark of Junius, that ‘the fee-simple is still in the people.’”

“Do you not think, Mr. Drew, that the preachers, as a body, look upon their interests as distinct from those of the people?”

“It is an error into which I fear they sometimes fall; but may they not retort on us, that we speak and act as though our interests were opposed to theirs? We too often form our opinions without evidence, and judge of measures as they affect us individually, not as they bear upon the whole community. This, nevertheless, I admit, that though almost all the preachers with whom I have been personally acquainted are upright, amiable, disinterested men; yet I should find it difficult to reconcile every measure of Conference with the private virtues of its members. When a preacher is admitted into ‘full connection,’ he appears, like a Knight of the Temple, to merge his individuality in the aggrandizement of his order.”

“And what is your opinion, sir, of the stability of Methodism?”

“About thirty years ago,” replied Mr. D., “a preacher, whom I knew, left the itinerancy, under an apprehension that the system would soon be dissolved; alleging to me, when I inquired his reason, that ‘a prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself.’ Many such auguries I have heard; but their fulfilment seems as distant as ever. Do not, however, suppose that I consider the Methodist constitution indissoluble. There are

many things tending to its disorganization, against which there must be a careful watch. Our chapel debts are a millstone about the neck of the connection, which, without some change of measures, may sink it to destruction. But nothing will prove so prejudicial as a gratuitous display of power on the part of the preachers. Against this the minds of the people will always revolt. Let them beware, too, of seeking the honour that cometh from men. In my estimation, and that of many others, the preachers went down several degrees when, by a vote of Conference, they assumed to themselves the title of *Reverend*. The permanency and strength of Methodism lie in the union of preachers and people. While their purposes and interests are identified, and God's glory their only aim, Methodism will prosper. If these be sundered, discord will succeed to harmony. Like other Christian communities, ours will, no doubt, in process of time degenerate. Then probably some branch or offset will spring forth for its renovation, just as Methodism has been the means of renovating the Established Church."

Mr. Drew not only disliked to be styled *Reverend*, but he was never partial to the assumption of the epithet by those to whom it was not conceded by law and established usage. Before the appearance of his book on the Resurrection, a friend, to whose kindness he was indebted for many subscribers, wrote him thus: "A certain bishop lately observed to me, 'I wonder Mr. Drew did not honour the Methodist preachers with the title of *Reverend*, in his work on the Soul.' I replied, that perhaps you would in this. It certainly could be of no advantage to the individuals themselves—more likely the contrary. But it might be an advantage to the work, to see such a number of reverend sinners in the subscription list: for the major part of your subscribers would wonder where you got such a group of clergymen." To this suggestion Mr. Drew replied, "It was my design not to give the title of *Reverend* to any of the preachers, except Drs. Coke and Clarke;

'For loveliness needs not the common aid
Of ornament, but is when unadorned
Adorned the most.'

I would rather see them dignified than tinselled, and shine in sterling worth than in artificial trappings."

Alluding, on one occasion, to an ill-timed display of authority, and the apparent inability of some preachers to discriminate between the possession and the exhibition of power, he remarked, "When a boy smacks his whip, men must beware that their eyes do not receive the lash."

To a Wesleyan preacher who thought himself harshly treated

by some of his official brethren, on a particular occasion, Mr. D. observed, "It is to me astonishing, that when persons get into office, they should forget that those whom they direct have the common feelings of human nature, and that elevation is only an accidental circumstance. This is one branch of that range of rocks on which I fear Methodism will one day be wrecked."

Dining once in company with a Wesleyan minister who was a strenuous defender of ecclesiastical domination, the conversation turned on the general introduction of the Liturgy into the Methodist chapels—a measure which the gentleman advocated, and Mr. Drew thought both uncalled-for and opposed to the wishes of the people.

"I cannot," said Mr. D., "affirm what are the sentiments of the societies throughout the kingdom, but wherever I have been I believe they would not be in its favour. In Cornwall, I am sure, the proposal would be instantly negated."

"Cornwall, sir!" it was replied, "surely you would not instance the Cornish Methodists as an example! Why, they are the *mob of Methodism*; they have always been rude and refractory."

"But is it right, sir, to impute to them as a crime, that for which they are rather to be pitied, as their misfortune?"

"I do not understand you, Mr. Drew. For what are they to be pitied?"

"It is the misfortune, sir, of Cornishmen to be born with little mouths: they cannot take in the drenching-horn of ecclesiastical authority."

Whether Mr. Drew was of opinion that a state religion, in the abstract, is desirable, we have not sufficient evidence to show; but, like his friend Dr. Clarke, he uniformly maintained, that, in England, the national establishment, with all its alleged defects, had been a national blessing. "From all that I have seen," he has more than once remarked, "there is no section of the church universal that would have used power with such moderation as the ministers of the Church of England; and the day which shall transfer their power to any other Christian sect with its present prejudices and prepossessions, the nation will long deplore."

Until after his removal from St. Austell, Mr. Drew never partook of the Eucharist. On being asked why, he replied, "I doubt its being designed for a perpetual ordinance; and knowing that 'whatsoever is not of faith is sin,' I think it right to abstain. But I do not wish my conduct to be a rule for others. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." His sentiments respecting the Lord's Supper so far changed in his latter years,

that, during his residence in London, he was a regular communicant; but he regarded it as a mere commemorative act, or token of discipleship,—not as an efficacious means of grace.

Of the ritual of baptism his views were very similar to those above expressed. "I have never yet," said he, "seen any arguments for the perpetuity of water baptism so conclusive as those of Robert Barclay against its continuance. It is, I think, but fair to conclude, that if this were to be a standing ordinance, more explicit directions would have been left concerning it."

Some one inquiring why he had his own children baptized, he replied, "It was no act of mine. My wife wished it, and I consented. Though it could do the children no good, it could do no harm."

On another occasion, being asked his opinion respecting infant baptism, he replied, "I would attend to it rather as a civil institution than a religious ordinance. The public registration of children seems legally necessary."

A young man, whose mind was perplexed on the subject of adult baptism applied to Mr. Drew for advice, saying that a friend of his also doubted whether it were not a duty thus to make a public profession of the Christian faith. "Far be it from me," said he, "to persuade you to the contrary, if you have any such misgivings. I cannot, however, see that priestly interference is necessary. Can you not relieve your consciences by going to the river and baptizing one another?"

A question being asked of Mr. D. about plainness of dress, he said, "On this subject my views have undergone some revolution. Before I had seen so much of the world as now, I was as severe upon superfluity and ornament as the strictest of my sect. I have since learned that plainness is only a relative term. The Friends, who seem to have settled that the fitting costume for Christians in all ages and countries is that worn by George Fox and William Penn the century before last, have stopped far short of absolute plainness. The men have dismissed the posterior buttons and collars of their coats; but, for the sake of consistency, the skirts ought also to be cut off; and the flowing drapery of the women should certainly be abridged. Indeed, the only truly plain dress for either sex, that I can imagine, is a vestment of undressed hides, closely fitted to the body and to each separate limb. This is a point to which few, I think, would carry their abhorrence of gaudy attire. *Philosophically*, then, I take plainness of dress to be that which is such in relation to the ordinary costume of individuals of the same age, rank, and country; and *Scripturally*, that higher objects than the adorning of the body ought to engage a Christian's attention."

"Do you, Mr. Drew," inquired a gentleman, "regard all works of fiction as injurious?"—"Too many, sir, certainly are; not be-

cause they are fictitious, but because their matter is such as creates a morbid appetite. Fiction has been, and may be, made the vehicle of most important instruction. Parable, which is one of its forms, was the favourite mode of teaching of Christ himself; and in fable we have transmitted to us the choice lessons of ancient wisdom. Well constructed tales are an illustration of moral precept,—they render that plain which many people scarcely know how to apply in practice. Unhappily, many of our modern works of fiction, by delineating passion rather than character, and giving distorted views of life, morals, and religion, are more likely to be injurious than beneficial. But to condemn the whole for the delinquency of a part is the blindness of fanaticism.”

Writing to a gentleman on a similar topic, Mr. D. remarked, “This class of publications may be made subservient to the interests of religion, morality, and virtue. Many will read a lively tale who will not enter into a serious subject; and, having caught the moral which lies concealed beneath the narrative, their conduct may be regulated by a principle which they acquired by accident.”

One of his children asking his permission to attend a provincial theatre, and alleging the usual arguments in favour of the drama, Mr. D. replied, “I do not say there is harm in dramatic exhibition; but in our day there are too many evils associated with it to receive my sanction. The general voice of pious people is against the theatre,—I believe justly; for we must judge of things, not as they ought to be, but as they are. Were I to assent to your proposal, I should plainly subject myself to the charge of inconsistency, as a teacher of religion. Until you are released from parental control, you must, therefore, repress your curiosity; and then I hope you will be able to judge for yourself.”

“It is,” Mr. D. remarked, “one of the fatal effects of fallen human nature, that our passions and animal propensities come to maturity before our intellectual powers. Hence arises the necessity of caution, instruction, and admonition; and they only are wise who profit by the advice they receive.”

“What think you of the sermon, Mr. Drew?” inquired a friend; “Mr. —, you know, is one of our noted preachers.”

“I think, sir, that, deprived of their long O’s and great O’s, many such discourses could be contained in a nutshell.”

On another occasion he said, “Many preachers would never get on without a plentiful supply of great O’s. They are the chief ingredients of their sermons. Not only do they furnish out a sentence, but they are conveniently substituted for thought itself.”

"You do not, Mr. Drew," said a person on hearing him quote an expression of Pope's, "seem so bitter an enemy to the poet as some of our zealous ministers are. What think you, sir, of his often anathematized couplet,

'For modes of faith let senseless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right!'"

"I think, sir, it has become the pulpit fashion to decry Pope: but it is easier to reprobate than disprove his positions. When this is done it will be time enough to censure them."*

Southey's *Life of Wesley* being spoken of in terms of reprobation, as giving a false representation of Methodism and its founder, Mr. Drew observed, "Though Dr. Southey's book may be a burlesque, or a caricature, I believe it has done Methodism good service. Through the laureate's work, the tenets of Methodism have found their way into circles previously inaccessible; and his picture, though distorted, is far less hideous than the monstrous creations of fancy which it helped to dispel."

Having been informed of some illiberal remarks made by a distinguished preacher in a public company, upon the commentary of Dr. Adam Clarke, Mr. D. observed, "I really wish that popery were the only system whose leading characters would persuade the people to 'believe as the church believes;' but, alas! popery is not the only enemy which free inquiry has to encounter. Dr. Clarke is a man of gigantic mind, as well as profound learning, and has too firm an anchorage in the affections of the people at large for unmanly insinuations to injure. *He* wishes the people to think: his opponents wish them to be of a more tractable disposition."

On another occasion, alluding to the censures and insinuations which had been levelled at his friend, he observed, "Dr. Clarke is an eagle that, in his towering flight, cannot be overtaken by birds of an inferior order, and must therefore be shot."

On the lamented death of Dr. Adam Clarke, Mr. D., in writing to a mutual friend, remarks, "A good conversational life of him would be an entertaining and instructive work. Boswell's '*Life*

* A gentleman acquainted with Mr. Drew says, "A few years since, I was one of a select party that went up the river, in a small steamer, to Twickenham. When we came opposite to Pope's villa, Mr. D., who was with us, directed our attention to it, and making some observation, which I now forget, took off his hat 'in honour,' as he said, 'of departed greatness'—an example which was followed by nearly every gentleman present."

Mr. Drew once remarked to the same friend, that when, in company with Dr. Adam Clarke and some other gentlemen, he went to visit Prince Arthur's Stone, in Cornwall, the doctor said, "Let us uncover, for we are now on classic ground."—"We did so," said Mr. D., "and involuntarily remained silent for a minute or two."

of Johnson' formed a new era in the biographical department of English literature. It is a mode that never tires, because the speakers and subjects are so varied and interestingly blended together. We seem to join in colloquial intercourse, and enjoy a conversation which others carry on for our instruction and amusement."

"I wonder," said Mr. D. to a religious friend, "that people ever sing such a palpable contradiction as

'Eternity thy fountain was,
Which, like thee, no beginning knew.'

If Eternity were the *fountain* of Deity, God could not be eternal. I am glad to see, in recent editions of our hymn-book, *dwelling* substituted for *fountain*; but still it is a botch. The absurdity, though yet retained, is not less glaring in this line—

'Tis mystery all—the Immortal dies !'

It was not the Godhead but the human body of Christ that expired on the cross. How easy to change *immortal* for *incarnate* !"

"Poetry," Mr. Drew remarked to a literary friend, "is about the worst article that can be carried into the market of literature. Merit is no criterion by which circulation may be calculated. A happy concurrence of wind and tide may sometimes accomplish, in a lucky moment, what no talents or efforts can effect. This will throw a halo round an author's name, and then all his productions will sell. Even when uttering the most consummate nonsense, he will be thought to 'snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.' Nine-tenths of the booksellers in London know that nine-tenths of mankind are fools, and must be treated accordingly."

Talking of a subscription to assist a person whose property had been destroyed by fire, "Is it just," asked a gentleman of Mr. Drew, "to tax the public, because a man has neglected to ensure his goods, or chosen to be his own insurer ?"

"This, sir," said he, "is not a case of justice, but a matter of charity; and charity is not to be determined by the gauge of imprudence. If your objection were valid, every charitable act would be strangled in the birth. A man who has been imprudent ought not to be relieved; and he who is prudent and careful will scarcely need relief. Suspended on the horns of such a dilemma, charity would cut but a sorry figure."

To a person in trade, who had given such extensive credit as to cause serious embarrassment to himself, and pleaded, in justification, that from him who would borrow we are not to turn

away, he remarked, "It is of no use to talk of being kind to others, until we have the means of being kind to ourselves. A generous person is frequently a prey of the lazy and careless. No man ought to give away his living, or advance on credit what there is no probability of his being repaid, and what he cannot afford to lose."

Writing to a young tradesman, Mr. D. observed, "It is only on diligence, frugality, and prudent management that the smiles of Divine Providence can be expected. Without the use of legitimate means, we expect miracle rather than Providence to crown our expectations with success."

"Take care of your credit," said he to the same individual. "Credit is a tender thing. It is a plant that needs attention in the rearing, and may be soon killed by neglect or exposure."

Talking, one day, about success in business, Mr. D. said, "I always think it advantageous to a young tradesman to have a narrow capital."

"Why so, sir?" it was asked.

"For this reason: it makes him guard every penny, and lay it out to the best advantage: it makes him cautious whom he credits, and diligent in collecting his debts. You rarely see such a man in the list of bankrupts."

When consulted upon the propriety of a young kinsman's emigrating to America, he replied, "I have no notion of young men of spirit and ability wasting the prime of life without making an exertion, and passing all their days in poverty and depression. When the famine was sore in the land of Canaan there was corn in Egypt, and thither the sons of Jacob repaired."

To the same individual he remarked, "America will not support you in idleness. Industry, carefulness, and frugality are as indispensable there as in England: and without them you must not expect to be elevated above the necessity of continued mechanical labour. It has been the misfortune of many young men to begin where they ought to end, and thus killed the goose that would lay eggs of gold."

Advising some individuals of his family, on their first becoming parents, Mr. D. remarked, "Do not decorate the babe in expensive finery. This is a grand foible into which most young parents fall; and hence the adage, that 'where you behold a father, mother, and one child, you generally discover three fools in the house.' It is a satire upon human nature to reflect, that the cradle and the coffin, our entrance and our exit, should be scenes of fantastic foppery of which neither subject can be conscious. I think that the seeds of vanity are sometimes sown in the cradle by parents, who afterward complain how difficult it is to weed them out."

There were few things Mr. Drew reprobated more than the disposition of people in middling life to bring up their daughters as fine ladies, neglecting useful knowledge for showy accomplishments. "The notions," said he, "which they acquire of their own importance is in an inverse ratio to their true value. With just enough of fashionable refinement to disqualify them for the duties of their proper station, and render them ridiculous in a higher sphere, what are such fine ladies fit for! Nothing that I know, but to be kept like wax figures in a glass case. Wo to the man that is linked to one of them! If half the time and money wasted on their music, dancing, and embroidery were employed in teaching them the useful arts of making shirts and mending stockings, their present qualifications, as wives and mothers, would be increased fourfold."

To a young female correspondent he wrote thus:—"Prudence, frugality, and good management are excellent artists for mending bad times. They occupy but little room in any dwelling, and will furnish a more effectual remedy for the evils of life than any Reform Bill that ever passed the Houses of Parliament."

"You seem to have been a close student of economy in your time, Mr. Drew," said a friend. "Did you begin the lesson early?"

"Yes, sir: necessity obliged me. My first lesson I have not forgotten. When I was a boy, I somehow got a few pence, and coming into St. Austell on a fair-day, laid all out on a purse. My empty purse often reminded me of my folly; and the recollection of it has since been as useful to me as Franklin's whistle was to him."

"We talk sometimes," said Mr. D., "of the distresses and privations of the poor, and compare the present time with the past, as though labourers, and people generally, were better circumstanced in the last generation than now. Why, sir, the squire's mansion fifty years ago, wanted many of the accommodations you will now find in a labourer's cottage. A working man nowadays reckons on getting a new garment frequently; but I remember the time when a poor man's wedding-suit was esteemed a provision for life. Every stripling now thinks himself destitute of proper equipment till he has a watch. Within my remembrance only a few of the wealthiest would presume to carry such an appendage. No, no, sir: unless you can look back half a century, you can form no correct opinion."

In the course of conversation, a gentleman repeating the couplet,

"And thou, great Chatham, with thy latest breath,
Shalt feel thy ruling passion strong in death,"

"Is it possible," said another of the company, "for the soul, just passing into another world, to be thus governed by its ordinary associations?"

"Not only possible, sir," remarked Mr. Drew, "but a thing of frequent occurrence. One instance of the 'ruling passion strong in death' I remember, just fit to be contrasted with that of the noble patriot. Many years ago, an old gentleman, not far from Plymouth, who had grown rich by government contracts, was on his death-bed. Wishing to make a Christian end, he requested to have read to him the first and last chapters of Job. At the inventory of Job's wealth, the old gentleman desired the reader to pause, that he might duly estimate the value of each item. 'Now how much will fourteen thousand sheep amount to at so much a head?' (naming a sum.)—'It will be so much.'—'Well, put that down. And how much are six thousand camels worth?' This was computed. 'Put that down too. And the thousand yoke of oxen, and thousand she-asses? reckon them, and put down the amount.' It was done. 'Now cast it up, and tell me the total.' Being informed of this, he raised his dying hands in admiration, saying, 'Oh! what a happy man! If Job were living now, he and I would take all the Dock-yard and Navy contracts!'"

Talking of the force of habit, and its often singular effects, Mr. D. said, "I was walking the street in one of our northern towns, where an itinerant fishmonger was bawling, with true cockney modulation, 'Live O, live O; all alive O!' Being at some distance from the coast, it struck me as singular; and on passing the man, I inquired what fish he had for sale. The reply was, 'Salt herrings, please your honour.'"

"Compounding of felony," Mr. D. once remarked, "is a serious offence in our statute-book; but I think our statesmen might draw a useful hint from the private practice of an old Quaker that I knew. He was a draper and grocer, and, being in an extensive way of business, was liable to many depredations. Whenever any thing was stolen, and the thief undiscovered, a regular entry was made in a book which he called *the thief's ledger*, and kept in due debtor and creditor form. In case of a thief being detected, the old man made no ado; but, very calmly inviting the delinquent to walk inside, and producing the book, would say, 'I find, friend, by my account, that thee dost owe so and so. This is the amount charged since last settlement; and as nobody has been found out but thee, the debt is thine. But if thee dost dispute it, thee must take the consequence.' Where there was any means of payment, the debt was generally discharged, and a fresh account opened with the next dishonest customer who might not be adroit enough to escape detection."

In writing to a friend, Mr. D. says, "You half accuse me of

being half deluded by *phrenology*. This, I can assure you, is not the case. I should not hesitate to allow, that appearances on the head, like features on the countenance, may furnish probable indications of intellect and character; but beyond this, I would not venture one step. Like Caterfelto's cats, Graham's earth bathing, animal magnetism, and velocipedes, it will live its day, and give place to some new paper-kite to amuse the children of John Bull."

An individual endeavouring to palliate the evils of slavery in his company, Mr. Drew said, "Never, sir, attempt to name that enormity in connection with any thing good. It is the hugest mass of crime under which the creation has ever groaned! It is a foul blot on England's scutcheon, engrained by blood and tears, which the tears and blood of the oppressors will scarcely wash away."

A gentleman, in defending an untenable position, having tried to intrench himself behind a great name, Mr. D. remarked, "Precedent and authority, not divinely sanctioned, are but the refuge of a weak understanding. One sound argument is worth a thousand authorities."

In reference to the misconduct of individuals of superior intellect, Mr. D. observed, "The world is justified in forming great expectations from great minds; and in proportion as these defeat our hopes, the deviation from the line of prudent conduct becomes the more conspicuous, and the more reprehensible."

To a person suffering the consequence of indiscretion, he said, "You may now levy a tax on past misfortunes, and compel recollection to mount guard on futurity."

To a young friend accustomed to indulge in sanguine expectations he remarked, "It will be happy for us, in passing through the world, if we learn to moderate our hopes, by accommodating our views to things as they actually exist—not in visionary theory, but in real life."

Expostulating very freely with an acquaintance, Mr. D. observed, "Friendship, in my estimation, becomes debased when it forms an alliance with flattery."

"Are our affections," it was asked of Mr. D., "under the control of the will?"

"Not *directly* so, sir; but *indirectly* they are. We may avoid objects that would entangle them, and seek those by which they ought to be engaged."

To a person disposed to indulge in unavailing regret, he remarked, "Life in every department has its evils, from which no condition can wholly exempt us; but there is another and a better world where these calamities are unknown. To secure an interest in that future state of rest and peace is the great object to which all other things should be rendered subservient; since the great business of life is to prepare for death, and that of time to prepare for eternity."

"Principles," he once remarked, "are always to be estimated by their effects; and those are the most valuable which produce the richest and most abundant harvest. Short of this, all is idle theory and visionary speculation. General principles are of general application, and, when planted with care, will grow in any philosophical soil."

One of Mr. Drew's observations, of the truth of which he was a striking illustration, was, "A ray of light communicated to the understanding is of more value to the mind than a whole volume committed to the memory. This is like water in a cistern which may be exhausted; that is like a fountain, yielding a continual supply."

Alluding to the extreme aptitude of some persons, who have more pride than understanding, to take offence at little things, he said, "There is nothing but combustible matter that will take fire at a squib."

In reference to the supercilious conduct of individuals whose pride ill accorded with their altered circumstances, Mr. Drew remarked, "Those who fall from crows' nests are generally high-bred."

To a young man in trade, he said, "Never shrink from doing any thing which your business calls you to. The man who is above his business may one day find his business above him."

Some one acquainting Mr. Drew that a very worthy individual, whom he knew, had been unsuccessful in business, "Yes," said he, "poor M— has met with losses; but it is less painful to see any one unfortunate than deserving to be so."

One of his proverbial sayings, in reference to tardiness of decision and execution where many persons are concerned, was, "Large bodies move slowly."

"In our inquiries after causes," Mr. Drew remarked, "the question will always outlive the reply."

"He," said Mr. D., "who waits till all objections are answered, will never undertake an enterprise."

“As daylight can be seen through little holes, so,” said he, “we may judge of a person’s character by small actions as well as great.”

Advising an acquaintance, who was disposed to be needlessly busy about other people’s affairs, he remarked, “About my own concerns I have scarcely ever got into trouble; but in many cases I have burnt my fingers in other people’s fires.”

Referring to certain philosophical speculatists, he observed, “Science, like invention, has its dreams, and sometimes years are required to awaken the visionary from his trance.”

The austerity and repulsive manners of some distinguished individuals being a subject of remark, Mr. D. said, “Theirs, then, is not light without heat: they not only shine with brilliancy at a distance, but scorch those who approximate more nearly.”

Referring to those plausibilities by which we often impose upon ourselves, he once remarked, “*Esteem* sometimes so gilds the vices of those who are its objects, that we perceive nothing but fashionable infirmity, or spirit, where we ought to behold criminality.”

“When we see a friend on the brink of a precipice, and wholly insensible of his danger,” Mr. D. once observed, “our hand should be stretched out with eagerness to snatch him from his fate. His condition leaves us no room to parley. While we pass through the etiquette of ceremonial, his fate may become inevitable.”

Admonishing a young lady, he once observed, “I can caution you against certain rocks and shoals which lie in the channel of life; but I cannot direct you how to make infallibly a prosperous voyage. If calamities overtake us when we have made use of every prudent means to avoid them, we ensure to ourselves this consolation, that they are not the result of our own indiscretion; and this consolatory reflection will more than half counteract the pain of disappointment. When, on the contrary, those distresses overtake us which the exercise of prudence would have taught us to avoid, we are doomed to the anguish of remorse, and the mortification which results from the painful reflection.”

Writing to a friend, Mr. Drew used these expressions: “That philosophy which does not lead our views to heavenly objects, and teach us to prepare for eternity, is vain and delusive. Modern libertines, by ‘spiking up their inch of reason on a point of philosophic wit called argument,’ will laugh at this, as

the language of dotage or enthusiasm. Be it so. I hope I shall form *my* calculations for eternity; in which, whether it be a reality or a chimera, I am not afraid of being derided by them hereafter."

Alluding to sympathy for the distresses of others, he observed, "Compassion will frequently thaw the tide of grief which freezes round our hearts; but it only clears the avenues of what was too big for utterance, and leaves them open to the influx of returning sorrows."

To a young female correspondent he remarked, "When visionary and ideal schemes of Utopian happiness gain an ascendancy in our minds, they become a source of real unhappiness, by holding out to our views such exalted ideas of perfection as the present deranged state of things is not calculated to afford. We murder actual happiness by grasping at that which is unreal."

Advising the same person, on the subject of matrimonial felicity, Mr. D. writes, "The abode of intellectual greatness is not always the habitation of domestic happiness. Yet where splendid talents, sanctified by divine grace, combine with all the social virtues, that bosom becomes the seat of tranquillity; and when two of this stamp unite,

'When heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine,'

it forms the most finished picture of Paradise that earth can possibly exhibit."

"Domestic happiness," he observed to one of his own children, "is a guest well worthy of being cherished. Coronets and crowns cannot purchase his presence. He, however, possesses delicate feelings, and sometimes takes his departure in a manner as abrupt as unexpected. At first he comes a volunteer, and may be easily retained; but when once he has left a habitation, scarcely any contrivances can induce him to return. He is beyond a bribe, but not insensible to insult; and such are his habits, that he never forsakes a house into which he has once entered, without first receiving some ill usage."

On another occasion, he remarked, "A little care will cause the torch of Hymen to burn long, and yield a brilliant flame."

To a lady who asked his opinion on the true sources of conjugal happiness, he replied, "A mutual affection, lighted on the altar of virtue, is the only lamp that is inextinguishable. This, under the influence of divine grace, will continue to burn with undiminished lustre, amid the storms, the adversities, and the vicissitudes of this checkered life.

LETTERS OF RELIGIOUS COUNSEL.

To Miss Hooke.

“ St. Austell, Dec. 13, 1809.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,
“ You ask me how, and where, you may find

‘ What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,—
The soul’s calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy.

“ In reply to this question, I would recommend you to the religion of Jesus Christ, which alone is able to ‘ cast down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God,’ and which ‘ brings into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.’ (2 Cor. x. 5.) This, my friend, you will find to be ‘ profitable to all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.’ This, you say, the ‘ philosopher will contradict, and will tell us that happiness consists in wisdom, reasoning, and a true knowledge of ourselves.’ Be it so. But can you have any ‘ true knowledge of yourself,’ while you are ignorant of your moral relation to God? Just ‘ reasoning’ will teach you, that, instead of being at variance, religion and philosophy go hand in hand; and genuine ‘ wisdom’ will enable us to perceive the coincidence between them. To know ourselves is to know the moral relation in which we stand to God; and to know that relation is to view our interest in eternity; and to know this interest is to see the necessity of being prepared for the future events which await us, and to be taught to prepare to meet our God.

‘ Know then thyself : all wisdom centres there.’

“ You lay it down as a first principle, that ‘ religion’ is not essential to our happiness.’ Wisdom, if properly consulted, will teach you to ‘ beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy.’

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(Col. ii. 8.) That the human soul is immortal, and must retain its susceptibility of pain or pleasure through eternity, I flatter myself you will not doubt. And if this be admitted, it would be folly to talk of happiness which bears no relation to futurity. That happiness is not essential to human nature in its present state, the sigh which heaves your bosom when you read this will probably inform you. If not essential, then, it must be derived; and between the object which confers and the disposition which receives the blessing there must be an agreement. If, therefore, we derive our happiness from any thing with which eternity cannot furnish us, all our felicity must be confined to time; but surely my friend will not call that happiness which gives felicity in time, but confers none in eternity. True happiness must consist in something which can neither expire nor change, but which must run parallel with our being; and our qualification for its enjoyment can only be found in the resemblance which we bear to Him on whom we must be dependent for ever.

“To confirm your principle, you appeal to the ‘great examples of the heathen world;’ and allude to men who were ‘adorned with every virtue that can ennoble human nature.’ I grant all their greatness; but contend, that what we call their virtues was their religion; and had we lived in their age, and under their light, these virtues would have been ours. But I think you will find, on an impartial examination, that it is neither true wisdom nor just reasoning to measure ourselves by their standard. We live in an age where brighter lights have been displayed, and greater truths have been revealed; and, consequently, greater improvements are expected from us than were expected from them. It is with an eye to this that Dr. Young says,

‘As wise as Socrates might justly stand
The definition of a modern fool.’

‘Virtue,’ you say, ‘may exist without religion.’ Now virtue (or morality) must spring either from a good motive or a bad one:—if from a good one, wherein does it differ from religion? if from a bad one, how can you give it the name of virtue? Whenever morality springs from a proper motive, religion is the root from which this motive grows, and the virtues that spring from it constitute its practical part. True virtue, therefore, does not stand alone; it arises from a noble principle with which it is inseparably connected; and that which flows not from this radical principle is but a counterfeit, because it wants a proper ground on which to stand; and it is therefore unworthy of the name, though it wears an imposing aspect. It has what Milton calls, ‘semblance of worth, not substance.’

“Daylight and paper now fail me together. I must therefore conclude, with my best wishes for your happiness in time and in eternity.

“I remain your sincere friend,

“SAMUEL DREW.”

To his eldest Son.

“ St. Austell, March 28, 1814.

“ MY DEAR SON,

“ On the divine origin of the Scriptures, the evidence is *accumulative*; and it must be gathered from a combination of facts, incidents, predictions, prodigies, and events, which unite together to form the immoveable basis on which it rests. From its own nature, the divine origin of the Scriptures, if true, must be an historical fact. Now no historical fact can be known by intuition:—it cannot be demonstrated:—it will not admit of sensitive proof. Moral certainty is the highest species of proof of which it can possibly be susceptible. Hence the evidence is *accumulative*. This evidence of moral certainty it has; and he who expects to find it supported by a higher degree of evidence acts a part which is truly irrational. To combine together the varied branches of this evidence must be the work of time and leisure. This has been done by Newton, Locke, Boyle, and other moral philosophers, in such a manner as to place their own minds in a state of settled conviction.

“ Compare the present state of the Jews with the predictions which relate to them, and the finger of God will become visible in both. This approximates very nearly to sensitive proof. The primitive progress of the gospel proves its origin to be divine. The internal spiritual experience of true believers affords an evidence which is incontrovertible; but then it is personal, and its energy cannot be communicated by him who has it.

“ But, admitting Christianity to be wrong, and Deism to be right, Christians have nothing to fear. Deism discards faith, and professes to cherish morality. Now, if the former be right, Christianity cannot be wrong; because it inculcates morals on better principles than Deism can produce. No man is a Christian whose morals will not rise higher than those which Deism recommends. But if, on the contrary, faith be essentially necessary to salvation, as Christianity asserts, and Deism denies, the case of infidels must be dreadful indeed. The same argument will hold good with respect to Socinianism and the Atonement.

“ Do not neglect to pray that God would give you a right understanding in all things, especially in those which involve your eternal interests. These are too serious to be trifled with. The realities of eternity are too awful for speculative curiosity to manage, or even for human science to determine by any of its established rules. We may judge of *facts*; but the manner in which they exist must necessarily be unknown. Reason has its boundaries; and beyond these we must rely on what God has revealed, although we may find many things which are utterly incomprehensible.

“ Pray to God to give you internal religion, and then theories

will appear of comparatively small importance. 'Christ in us the hope of glory' will prove his divinity; and feeling 'redemption in his blood the forgiveness of sins,' will substantiate the atonement which he has made.

"God bless you. Farewell.

"Your loving father,

"S. DREW.

"I do pray for your eternal welfare every day. I hope God will hear my prayers in your behalf."

To the Same.

"St. Austell, May 22, 1814.

"MY DEAR SON,

* * * * *

"You say, you 'feel no burden.' In this your condition is like that of thousands, whose greatest burden is that they do not feel it. This is of little consequence, provided you feel the depravity of your own heart, and seek to be delivered from it. God works in various ways. Some are driven by terror, while others are drawn by love. In all things, by prayer and supplication let your requests be made known to God; and, when this is practised, his promises bind him to bless your soul. Never do I miss a day in praying for you; and I feel a confidence in God, that he will communicate the blessings your soul desires.

"I do not think that devotional exercises will ever prove an impediment to your literary pursuits. It is a Scotch proverb, that 'prayer and provender never retard a journey.' I would by no means urge you to join the Methodist society, unless you see your way perfectly clear, and are convinced that it is your duty. And, on the same principle, I will add, when convinced that it is a duty, *by no means omit it*. In this also, I trust, God will be your instructor. The Lord bless you. Farewell.

"S. DREW."

To the Same.

"St. Austell, June 13, 1814.

"MY DEAR SON,

"I hope your face is still towards Zion, and that you cherish your convictions. Convictions for sin are instruments in the hands of God, which derive their influence from the purity of the divine nature, and from the holiness of God's laws. 'The law is our schoolmaster, to bring us to Christ,—in whom are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.'

"The end of the gospel is to set before us the readiness of God to save us; and also to display the plan which he has established for our salvation. This plan is through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"It is vain for us to ask, whether God could not have discovered another way for the recovery of human nature from its fall. Our business is with what he has done, and with what he has revealed. No doubt, he could have devised methods for the sustenance of our lives without the tedious process of nutrition drawn from food, which can only be procured by toil and trouble. But we are assured, by evidence *à priori*, that the present method is the best, or, at least, that none could be better; otherwise a Being of infinite wisdom must have adopted it. The same remarks will apply, with equal force, to Providence in all its obscurities, and to the empire of grace in all its mysteries. No finite being can trace the ascending scale of infinite possibilities; so that we are compelled to trust God where we cannot trace his ways. Endeavour, my dear, to be humble, to be teachable, to read God's word; and, above all things, to let your wants be made known, in all these duties, by prayer and supplication to the throne of grace. I trust that the Lord will bless and keep you. Be much in earnest, in expecting the blessings which God has promised to bestow. Many trials and difficulties you must expect to encounter; but God has promised, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' Wisdom, strength, knowledge, and forgiveness may be obtained from God, who commands us to ask, and receive, that our joy may be full. With the most affectionate love of all our family,

"I remain,

"Your affectionate father,

"SAMUEL DREW."

To the Same.

"St. Austell, June 26, 1814.

"MY DEAR SON,

* * * * *

"I now turn to your observations respecting your becoming a member of the Methodist society. You have stated the advantages and dangers with much precision, so far as you have pursued them; but you have stopped short. I am inclined to think, that, while you remain without the pale of Methodism, you will be exposed to many temptations from which membership would shield you. Multitudes will deem it a hopeless task to attempt the seduction of one who has deliberately taken a decided part.

"The advantage, also, of communicating to others your hopes, your fears, and of finding that your condition is that which is common to all, together with receiving instruction from the more experienced, will be considerable indeed. You say that you have 'suspicions of your future stability.' I view these as more favourable presages than if you had none. Fear is, many times, not less friendly than hope. You have more to apprehend from being alone.

"You say that 'the members of the society profess to have

'experienced a change of heart, which is not your case.' This may be true. But this is no reason why you should remain at a distance. 'The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.' The only condition of membership is, 'an earnest desire to flee from the wrath to come, accompanied with a life correspondent with that desire.'

"Nevertheless, I again advise you to do nothing rashly. Make it a matter of prayer to God, and he will direct you. I did not mean to make the distinction between the *necessity* and *expediency* of joining the society, which you have noted. In cases like these, that which is *expedient* may be deemed *necessary*, and should be implicitly followed, if nothing on the opposite side be found to counteract it. Methodism, no doubt, has to mourn over many unworthy members; but, at the same time, I am persuaded that it can boast of more *converted souls* than any sect in England. In point of doctrine and discipline, imperfections may be found; but to remove these will be to introduce others of greater magnitude. My paper is done. May the Lord bless you, and help you! so prays daily

"Your affectionate father,

"SAMUEL DREW."

To the Same.

"St. Austell, July 5th, 1814.

"MY DEAR JACOB,

* * * * *

"Independently of its peculiar modes, the great realities of religion have a claim upon us. By nature we are sinners. We cannot save ourselves. Supernatural assistance is therefore necessary; and this can only come from God. A deep sense of our unworthiness and wants, and a firm persuasion that God, through Jesus Christ, is ready to receive sinners, are the only qualifications which are necessary to our coming to the Saviour. Thus far, my dear son, I think you have been brought. Nothing remains, but that you throw yourself, by simple faith, on the Saviour of the world. Faith and prayer are inseparably connected. Prayer is the means of *application*; faith, that of *union*. Faith is the gift of God, in answer to earnest prayer. Faith, in its first operations, is *prospective*; it anticipates, and expects, and waits for, pardon for the soul. Hence faith *precedes* justification, and is the instrument of it. But when a sense of pardon is communicated to the soul, faith has a *retrospective* operation, and is accompanied with gratitude and love. From this communication of favour practical obedience springs; and the grace with which it is accompanied tends to purify the heart. Such, my dear son, in my view, are the outlines of experimental and practical godliness. May we all live and die in the enjoyment of it.

"You will plainly perceive, from the preceding delineation,

that name, and sect, and mode, and ceremony have no real connection whatever with genuine religion. They may coexist, or they may be disjoined. The jewel may be possessed where the trappings are not, and the trappings may be where the jewel is absent. On these accounts, I wish you to mature your mind on the propriety of becoming a member of the society, that, having fixed, you may feel no wish to retract. Far be it from me to drop these hints to deter you, or to throw obstacles in your way. On the contrary, I rather consider them as rational inducements; being well assured, that the more minutely you examine the Methodist doctrines, the more fully you will be convinced of their being both scriptural and rational. And I am firmly persuaded, that there is more sterling piety among the Methodists than among any other denomination of Christians with whom I am acquainted.

“That Christian communion is recommended in Scripture, is a truth too evident to be disputed. ‘They that feared the Lord spake often one to another.’ (Mal. iii. 16.) And we are cautioned against the ‘forsaking the assembling of ourselves together.’ (Heb. x. 25.) Indeed, it is by Christian communion that we mutually help each other, and provoke one another to love and good works. It is by this that we guard each other from falling a prey to temptation, and receive assistance in being restored, when overcome by any evil. Great and manifold are the advantages which arise from Christian fellowship on earth, as preparatory to a communion of the saints in heaven. .

“Nevertheless, you must not expect to find perfection in any society that is formed of mortals. Frailties, imperfections, errors, and deviations from rectitude seem to be incorporated with the nature of man; so just it is,

‘That truest friends, through error, wound our peace.’

“But what are these imperfections, when compared with the advantages which are connected with them? Nay, what are they, when compared with the evils which we must endure if we avoid them? Solitude and seclusion are inconsistent with the nature of civil society; and, even if they could be enjoyed, they would become nurseries of vice, unless the appetites were regulated by divine grace. In civil society, where no profession of religion is made, you will rarely find any religion to exist. Simple morality may make an amiable citizen; but, being confined exclusively to the present life, it makes no provision or preparation for eternity. And, in addition to this, as it leaves the heart unaffected, it renders our situation the more dangerous; because the aspect being pleasing, the avenues of conviction are completely shut. I need not add, that immoral companions require no remarks.

“Amid this view of things, make it, my dear son, a matter of prayer to God; and, when this is done with earnestness, he will never fail to direct your steps. Mr. J—— B—— has lately be-

come a member of our society. He became so from a personal conviction of duty. No one, he says, could have persuaded him, and no dissuasives could have deterred him. This was acting nobly. It discovered an independent and rational spirit. May Jacob Drew follow his example.

"I remain your affectionate father,
"SAMUEL DREW."

To the Same.

"St. Austell, Feb. 15, 1815.

"MY DEAR SON,

"On the principal points of difficulty which you have started, I will endeavour to make some remarks. May God render them a blessing to your soul.

"Your first difficulty arises from the term 'kingdom of God, which seems to be used in Scripture in various senses.' I reply, that, in Scripture, the expression 'kingdom of God,' or 'heaven,' is used in *three* senses. *First*, it applies to the light of the gospel as the means of salvation. *Secondly*, it implies experimental religion, or the love of God shed abroad in the heart. *Thirdly*, it implies the kingdom of glory beyond the grave. Now, I am inclined to think, that you will not be able to find any expression in the Bible but what may, without difficulty, be ranged under one of the preceding heads. When, therefore, I observed to you, that I thought you not far from the kingdom of God, I intended to use the expression in the second sense above stated.

"Secondly, you ask, 'How shall I know when I am thus saved,—restricting the expression, kingdom of God, to mean *salvation*?' I admit, with you, that the common answer, 'By the witness of the Spirit,' is vague and indefinite; and perhaps a particular definition is impossible. There are, however, certain characteristic marks which are properly descriptive, although they convey no definition of the thing. *First*: The soul that experiences the salvation of God feels gratitude towards him for every spiritual blessing. *Secondly*: This gratitude is accompanied with a degree of love towards him—and we love him because he first loved us. *Thirdly*: Gratitude implies confidence in his mercies; and this confidence is faith, whether prospectively or retrospectively exercised. *Fourthly*: This gratitude leads to obedience, not from a dread of punishment, but from a sense of duty and obligation. *Fifthly*: This gratitude is accompanied with internal peace; and peace presupposes a removal of condemnation. These are marks of a spiritual salvation. But in what degree these *must* be experienced, so as to form a distinguishing criterion, perhaps none but God can discern. If we feel these marks in any degree, let us be thankful; and, through the exercise of thankfulness for past mercies, we shall assuredly have more.

"You say, that 'complete salvation implies justification and

sanctification also.' I readily admit the truth of your observation. But *salvation* does not in every stage of its existence imply *perfect completion*; for, if this were the case, it would imply *glorification* also, seeing this is included in its final consummation. St. John, in his gospel, says, we must *be born again*. In his epistles he says, that we are first *babes*, then *young men*, then *fathers* in Israel. To be *born* is to be *justified*. This is salvation in primitive possession. Afterward the work is progressive. On this side the grave, it has its completion in sanctification, or the purification of our natures; and on the other side, in complete glorification. You may perceive from hence, that these conclusions even coincide with the language of your objections, viz. 'It is but reasonable to believe, that, when the penitent sinner is oppressed by a painful apprehension of his guilty state, and of the punishment due to his transgressions, God will, on his reconciliation to such a person, relieve him from his painful oppression in a considerable degree, and inspire the penitent with a confidence in his mercy.' I admit, with you, that such a confidence in the Divine mercy as is thus inspired has a future aspect; but I must contend that it is retrospective likewise. Relief from painful oppression, resulting from reconciliation, cannot be prospective. The blessings are already enjoyed, and the belief of this is founded upon the evidence which actual possession gives. In the same manner, without doubt, it is the privilege of every child of God to have all the blessings he has promised on this side eternity in actual enjoyment; and when this is the case, faith may be said to be *wholly retrospective*, so far as this is possible with respect to beings whose mode of existence implies progression. But, although I admit it to be the privilege of all to have every blessing thus in actual possession, and to have an indubitable evidence of it, I dare not say that we are under the displeasure of God without it on all occasions. I have already admitted, that the *degrees* of evidence are so various, that the perfect discrimination of them is known only to God. With every evidence of the Divine favour we should be delighted; and though it be but small, yet we should be careful not to cast away our confidence, which hath great recompense of reward.

"You say, 'It seems to be a general maxim, that a sense of pardon must precede sanctification; but if the Almighty withhold or suspend *this assurance*, the doctrine cannot be invariably true.' I believe the maxim to be just; but I do not see, in all cases, that the evidence of *assurance* is necessary to establish its existence. *Assurance* is highly desirable, and certainly attainable; but I could not infer from hence that *assurance* is *essentially necessary*, when taken in its full import, to render the maxim true; neither can I perceive that the maxim will be falsified, if *assurance* should sometimes give place to a less luminous degree of evidence. A sense of pardon is an evidence of God's particular favour. Now it is hardly to be conceived, that he would purify the soul of one who was not an object of his favour.

Indeed, the supposition seems to involve a plain contradiction. But, if the soul must be in favour of God prior to its being *sanctified*, then justification must precede sanctification.

“ You also say, ‘ If I rely upon the atonement of Christ for salvation, and strive, with God’s assistance, to obey the precepts of the gospel, why should I despair of his mercy ?’ I reply, you have no reason whatever to despair, under these circumstances ; and to you the lines of the hymn you quoted are strictly applicable—

‘ Drooping soul, shake off thy fears,’ &c.

And again,

‘ Give to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed.’

“ ‘ A want of faith,’ you add, ‘ is generally assigned as the cause of this despondency.’ Perhaps it is ; but I think the weakness, infirmity, and ignorance of human nature presents us with a cause that is more reasonable.

“ ‘ You cannot,’ you observe, ‘ conceive, that if I believe my sins *are* blotted out, they *will be* immediately blotted out.’ I answer, neither can I ; neither, I should conceive, could any man who possesses two grains of common sense. It is an inversion of the order of nature. It is making the fact depend for its existence upon that evidence which the fact alone can impart. And yet, absurd as it is, I have heard it sometimes roundly asserted from the pulpit, and Mark xi. 20 urged as a proof of its reality—‘ What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye [shall] receive them, and ye shall have them.’ In this passage, the first future tense is evidently implied, and as such it is considered by almost every commentator. Dr. Clarke has passed over this verse in silence, only referring us to a parallel passage in Matt. vii. 7, ‘ Ask, and it shall be given—seek, and ye shall find—knock, and it shall be opened to you,’ &c. You will plainly perceive, that I must draw to a conclusion. Endeavour, my dear son, to hold fast whereunto you have attained. Wait for a brighter manifestation of God’s favour than you have ; but do not despair, if it should be withheld. Praise him for what is past, and trust him for what is to come.

“ It is needless to say, how affectionately I love you, and long for your prosperity both temporal and eternal. May the Lord bless and keep you, and make you his for ever.

“ So prays your affectionate father,

“ SAMUEL DREW.”

To his Sister.

"38 Newgate-street, London,

"Aug. 30th, 1826.

"MY DEAR SISTER,

"I really wonder at your doubts respecting your spiritual condition, when you furnish far more substantial evidence of safety than all the tumult of passion, and raptures of a heated imagination can boast. You say, that your doubts partially arise from your being unable to name the time and place when the important change was wrought. And can you really think, that none are safe but those who can specify such particulars? Remember the case of him who had been born blind. When questioned as to particulars, his reply was, 'One thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see.' This was an argument that the whole Jewish sanhedrim could not answer. I, however, remember, many years ago, when you *could* state particulars; and on one occasion when you got into doubting castle, you found deliverance in your new chapel, under a sermon.

"There was a time when no one was thought converted who could not answer the three following questions—'time when, manner ~~how~~, and place where.' But these are now become partially obsolete. Let me entreat you to 'cast not away your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward.' 'Be thou faithful unto death, and God will give thee a crown of life.'

'Give to the winds thy fears;

'Hope, and be undismayed.'

Both threatenings and promises, in the Bible, are always connected with a certain description of character, either expressed or implied; and the character must be ours before either the former or the latter can be applicable to us. For the want of attending to this, many rejoice when they ought to mourn, and many mourn when they ought to rejoice. Let me entreat you to attend to this, and then I shall hardly again hear, in the language of despondency—'Do you think there is any hope for me?'

"I know the natural bent of your mind is to dwell on the gloomy sides of life and death, of the dispensations of Providence, and even of time and eternity. A mind thus constituted will feel with agonizing acuteness a portion of suffering that, on another accustomed to look on the luminous side of the picture, would operate with only a diminished degree of influence. It is this morbid sensibility that leads you, in spiritual matters, to doubt your safety, even when every thing in Scripture, reason, and the experience of all genuine Christians dictates a different result, and points to a different conclusion. This, I should apprehend, arises from your making the momentary feelings of

your mind the criterion of your safety. Amid all your fears and apprehensions, I could never see any occasion for them; and would advise you, if possible, to give them to the moles and to the bats, and calmly rely on the merits of a crucified Saviour, in whom you have trusted, and who has promised you shall never be confounded.

“Your affectionate brother,
“SAMUEL DREW.”

AN ODE ON CHRISTMAS.

This piece, which Mr. Drew terms an "Ode," bears a date nearly twelve months prior to that of the poetical composition quoted at page 84, as the earliest of his extant. The MS. was not found until the volume was nearly through the press; and though it could not be introduced in its proper order, yet, as an interesting relic, the reader may be gratified by its insertion in the Appendix. It is given with no other correction than that of the orthography. There is enough of poetry in the piece to establish a claim to genius, and enough of deviation from propriety, and the rules of correct composition, to show the difficulties with which genius has to contend, when unaided by education.

**FAREWELL, ye scenes where desolation reigns—
Pride domineers, and wraps the world in chains!
Ye rayless shades of intellectual night,
Empires in blood that pall the human sight;
Ye scenes, in which life's varied forms appear,
Where heathen gods their magic standards rear,
And folly, leagued with vice, dance round the passing year.
Ye lamps, that life's nocturnal portrait drew—
Heroes and arms—I bid you all adieu!
A nobler form, descending from the skies,
Claims my attention, and detains my eyes;
Directs the mind in its uncertain flight,
And breaks upon me in a flood of light.
Through night's dim shades a heavenly form descends;
Light grace his paths, and peace his steps attends.
Where careful shepherds watched their fleecy care,
In all the rigours of December's air,
A herald voice proclaimed an angel near,
And with new glories raised the expiring year.
When thus the form in heavenly strains began—
"Hail! favoured earth!—Hail! highly favoured man!
I come, designed by that Almighty Lord,
Who formed your worlds with his prolific word,
When formless chaos and the realms of night
Produced creation to my ravished sight,—**

H h

I come, designed by that Almighty King :
 Rejoice, O earth! ye barren mountains sing!
 Through thy domains glad tidings shall abound;
 Thy sons enslaved shall hear the joyful sound;
 Through frozen climes, where seas forget to roll,
 Truth shall prevail, and spread from pole to pole;
 Where burning zones receive the solar rays,
 Joy, breaking forth, the illumined world shall seize :
 No tribes shall mourn a partial favour given;
 No soul exempt reproach neglectful Heaven.
 For on this day—on this auspicious morn,
 In Bethlehem town the incarnate Godhead's born;
 The promised Seed prophetic seers foretold—
 Forsaw—predicted—did by faith behold—
 The mighty God! mankind's eternal Friend!
 Great Prince of Peace! whose kingdom knows no end!
 On hay reclined, in swathes He now appears;
 A simple manger now the Godhead bears!"

He paused—when lo! a multitude was heard,
 Whose heavenly songs the astonished shepherds scared :
 "Glory to God in highest strains be raised;
 Feel it, O earth—and be thy Maker praised;
 O'er earth's long shores peace shall extend her sway;
 Her son shall hear hostilities decay;
 Good-will to man shall smile on every plain,
 And peace and plenty greet the world again."
 Here ceased their song—then from the dusky shade,
 Through realms of light, their radiant wings displayed.

Say, then, my muse, what theme will charm the ear,
 Warm the cold soul, and draw the pious tear?
 Say how the Godhead, wrapped in human clay,
 Threw by the glories of unclouded day,
 The gospel standard through the skies unfurled,
 And held out mercy to a ruined world.

Hail! blessed time! auspicious era, hail!
 Hail! conquering love—and truth that must prevail!
 O'er earth's wide face unveil the sacred road,
 That leads from darkness to the throne of God!
 The swarthy sons of Afric's torrid soil,
 And Libya's wastes, shall feel thy genial smile;
 India shall rise, forgetful of her stores,
 To meet salvation on her native shores.
 No more shall warriors spread their dire alarms,
 Form new allies, and call the world to arms;
 War's fatal trumpet sound her blast no more;
 No reeking slaughter bathe her steps in gore.
 Earth's fertile vales the quickening voice shall hear,
 Rise into plains, and mountains disappear;
 Rough places smoothed shall richest pasture yield,
 And crooked paths produce a fertile field;

Thy savage tribes shall be at length subdued,
And' conquered—rise—in righteousness renewed.
Those swarms that pressed where splendid greatness shone,
Shall quit her interest to promote their own;
Despotic power—that human scourge—shall cease,
And captive slaves from servile chains release;
Types shall no more to ante-types extend;
Rites disappear—and priestly order end.
Refulgent scenes shall these dark days succeed,
And gospel truths in radiant circles spread;
Man's present aims with future interests blend;
To distant worlds the rising soul shall tend;
Messiah's power shall renovate the whole,
And truth, combined with love, pervade the human soul.

SAMUEL DREW.

December 25, 1791.

THE END.

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