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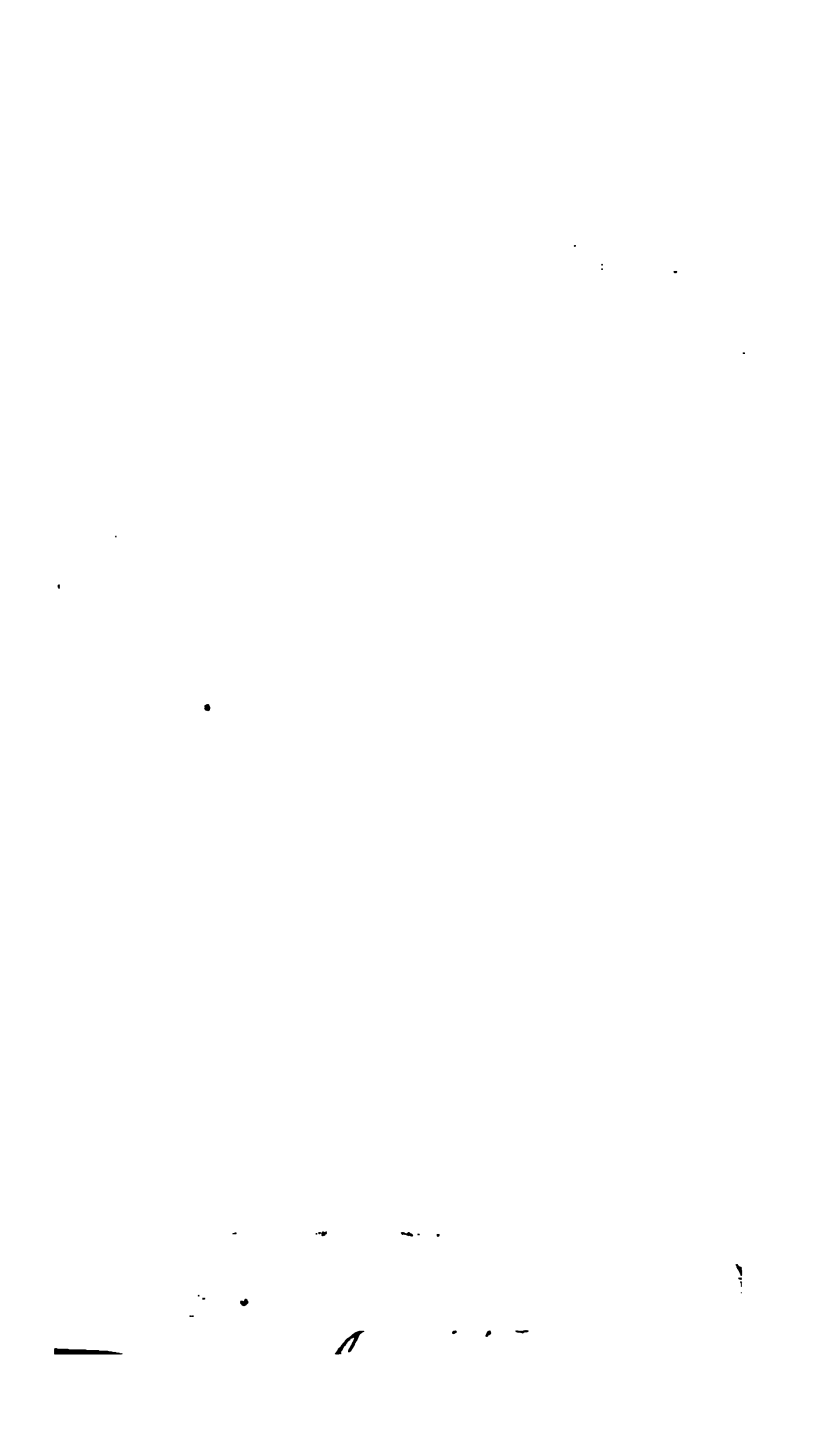






SAMUEL DREW, M. A.

Samuel Drew





General [unclear]

SAMUEL DREW, M.A.,

THE

SELF-TAUGHT CORNISHMAN.

A Life Lesson.

BY HIS ELDEST SON.

LONDON :

WARD AND CO., 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

DREW, BODMIN, CORNWALL.

1861.

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DREW, PRINTER, BODMIN.

P R E F A C E.

SINCE the publication of Mr. Drew's Life, in 1834, another generation of readers has arisen. For some of these, to whom the name of Samuel Drew may be less familiar than it was to their sires or grandsires, a few explanatory words may be desirable.

In the first volume of the Autobiography of Dr. Adam Clarke, the renowned Commentator and Divine, the following statement occurs: " Among those whom Mr. Clarke joined to the Methodists' Society 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 discrimina-

“tion, purity of language, and manly eloquence, not
“to be surpassed in any of the common walks of
“life. In short, his circumstances considered, with
“the mode of his education, he is one of those pro-
“digies of nature and grace which God rarely ex-
“hibits; 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.”

However large an allowance may be made on the ground of strong personal attachment, it is indisputable that the subject of such a eulogy, thus permanently recorded, was no ordinary man; while the frequent allusions in the pages of living writers to Samuel Drew and his *Life*, show that his biography has more than a transient value. To trace his instructive career is the design of the following pages.

Not in one aspect only, is our narrative a *Life Lesson*. To the working man, or the humble tradesman, struggling against adverse circumstances to improve his social position, it is a lesson of *encouragement*. To the untutored man, longing to traverse the field of knowledge, but excluded by poverty from its usual avenues, it is a lesson of *perseverance*. To the youth pursuing evil courses, or resolving with divine aid to renounce them, as well as to the believer, feeling his

responsibility, and anxious to fulfil his christian duty, it is a *religious* lesson. Nor is it less a lesson of *hope* to those parents who mourn over reckless or ungodly children.

“No man, whose intellect has, like yours, sprung up amidst the shallows of this world’s advantages, “dieth to himself,” were the words of an intimate friend of Mr. Drew, when urging him to put on record the events of his life. Even before this appeal, a consciousness of the lesson embodied in his personal history, led him to say, “Should God spare me to return in health to Cornwall, I intend to employ my leisure in writing some account of my life, and leave it for others to publish when I am gone.” The execution had been too long delayed. The desired return to Cornwall in health was not vouchsafed; and the hoped-for period of leisure never came. Bodily weakness not permitting the use of the pen, some particulars of his infancy and boyhood were committed to writing at his dictation, before he left London, when the encroachment of disease forbade further progress. There were already extant two short biographical sketches from his own pen, of an earlier date, chiefly descriptive of his difficulties in the path of literature. In the present, as in the former narrative of his life, all the facts thus personally recorded are incorporated. Many other portions of it are given in his own words. The book has, therefore, in no small degree, the value of an autobiography. The

recollections of his sister and of his early friends supplied many incidents illustrative of his life prior to the time of the compiler's own knowledge. For its completion, ample material was found in his correspondence and published works.

To many readers, the original memoir was a sealed book, because of its price. It is therefore hoped that an acceptable public service will be rendered, by presenting the narrative in a cheap and portable form.

This book is not a mere abridgment of the former, though sold below one-third of its price. The reduction has been chiefly effected by using a smaller type, making fewer sectional divisions, condensing portions of minor interest, and omitting letters that relate principally or wholly to the controversies of bygone days. No fact or incident of importance has been excluded. On the contrary, additional matter has been introduced; and it will be seen, on comparison, that both in language and arrangement, this is, to a great extent, a new biography. To such readers as may wish to know more of Mr. Drew from his correspondence, or from those parts of the narrative that have been condensed, the larger volume is still accessible.

JACOB HALLS DREW.

BODMIN, CORNWALL,
September, 1861.

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LIFE OF SAMUEL DREW.

SECTION I.

PARENTAGE.—CHILDHOOD.—YOUTH.

PLEASANTLY situated near the sea coast, about midway between Plymouth and Falmouth, upon the southern slope of the hilly range which runs longitudinally through Cornwall, stands the busy little market town, St. Austell. As the centre of a district rich in mineral deposits, and especially in the disintegrated granite peculiar to this locality, which yields the finest porcelain clay, it is a place of some commercial note. Nor is its name destitute of literary association. In this parish was born, and here, during the greater part of his life, resided, Samuel Drew, commonly designated as the Cornish Metaphysician.

Of his remote ancestors, little is known. 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. Here, marrying a person of considerable property, he assumed the rank of an independent gentleman, plunged into dissipation, squandered his substance, and brought himself and his family into difficulties.

At the age of eighteen, Joseph, his second son, the father of Samuel Drew, with some of his youthful companions, attended, as a matter of frolic, the outdoor preaching of the Rev. George Whitefield, in a neighbouring village. Here he was struck to the heart by the truths of religion, set forth in a manner so new and convincing, maintained by arguments so powerful, and enforced by eloquence so resistless. Returning to his father's house, and finding its scenes of riot and dissipation uncongenial with his newly-acquired feelings, he withdrew from the company of his former associates, sought opportunities for secret prayer, and diligently attended the ministry of Whitefield and Wesley, and their early coadjutors.

It is not to be supposed, that this alteration in his deportment passed unregarded by his irreligious relatives. A storm of persecution was raised against him, and "all manner of evil said of him falsely;" while from his father he received the most cruel treatment. Ere long, he was subjected to the painful alternative of giving up his religious duties and connexions, 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 severe. But the dis severing of the ties of kindred caused the bonds of religious union to be drawn the more closely. He became a

member of the society formed by the Rev. John Wesley in St. Austell, and continued in that connexion to his dying day. His worldly prospects being thus sacrificed for "peace and a good conscience," he now "in the sweat of his face ate bread;" submitting cheerfully to the drudgery of daily labour until a late period of life. 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, it would be difficult to account for the decision of character which he thus manifested.

He was thrice married; his first wife dying childless. Thomasin, his second wife, the mother of Samuel Drew, he married in 1762. She was 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, she first became the subject of religious impressions, 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; for specimens of her handwriting shew the firm, bold character of an apparently practised hand. By her son, she is described 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." The following extract from a manuscript of her's, while it verifies his description, proves also that she must have made some proficiency in the art of literary composition.

"*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 as 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 that which will 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.'" Such were the parents of Samuel

Drew. In the son, the *mother's* character and abilities were conspicuous.

In a solitary cottage in the parish of St. Austell, and rather more than a mile eastward from the town, resided the pious couple who have been just described. Their dwelling was very mean, containing a single ground-room and two bed-rooms; and at one end of it was a mill, used to pulverize ore.* 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. Samuel, their second son, whose life we record, was born on the third of March, 1765, and baptized in the parish church, on the twenty-fourth of the same month. Jabez, the eldest, who was two years Samuel's senior, died at the age of twenty-two; and the third child in infancy. To the recollections of Thomasin, the youngest, who outlived her brothers, we are indebted for many of the incidents in Mr. Drew'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 subsoil, 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 his youngest child, he took a better house, with two or three fields, a short distance from his old habitation.

* Described at page 22.

Here, with his scanty capital, he procured a cart and horses, and with them found employment as a carrier.

Notwithstanding their poverty, the parents made every effort to give their children a little education ; and, for a while, the two boys were sent daily to St. Austell to school. But for Samuel, book learning had no charms ; 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 no small degree of shrewdness and resolution.

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, or-

dered 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."

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 harmless. 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 com-

municate 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. The knowledge that relates to the ordinary concerns of life may be forgotten :—correct principles, once infused into the mind, and clearly apprehended, can never be eradicated. They may be neglected,—they may be perverted ; but the consciousness of their truth will remain. Such principles resemble those seeds which retain their vital energy to an unknown period. For years they may remain buried in the soil, at a depth unfavourable to vegetation, and shew no sign of vitality ; but when 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 tutor, 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, as we were returning from the chapel, at St. Austell, on a bright and beautiful starlight night, 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 felt bitter anguish at his mother's death. Even minute circumstances relative to his bereavement were deeply fixed in his memory; for he 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.'" His sensations on this event he seems never to have forgotten; and in one of his earliest metrical attempts, the poignancy of his grief found vent.

"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!"

Rather more than a year before the mother's death,

the parents 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 found below the surface, is usually combined with other substances of no value; the proportion of refuse far exceeding that of 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. As this 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 cleansing 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-half-pence 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 two-pence a day, the highest sum Samuel realized in that employment, though he continued to work at it for 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 was never 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 little check. "It may be asked," observes Mr. Drew, in the 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. My father's daily toil left him no leisure for instruction; and, being employed as a local preacher among the Methodists, every Sunday he had to fill 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 an evil 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 happy art of securing the attachment of his children, and governing them by affection, the father appears not to have possessed. He displayed more of paternal authority than parental love. To the latter, which was a prominent feature in his mother's character, Samuel had always yielded:—to the former, he was not equally disposed to submit. Though affectionate, tender-hearted, and generous, where a similar

* The reader will scarcely need to be reminded, that the aid to parental instruction, now found in the Sabbath School, was unknown at the time of Mr. D.'s childhood.

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 elder 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 the 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."

In the second year of his widowhood, Samuel's father married his housekeeper, who had served him faithfully, and had been very attentive to the children. Though, as a servant, the children and she had been 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 though she treated them all with the utmost kindness, Samuel contrived, in various ways, to shew his spleen. Soon after her marriage, some female acquaintances visiting her, he secretly provided himself with a syringe and vessel of water, and, having made a gimlet hole through the partition of the room, discharged his artillery among the company at their tea. This, added to other annoyances which the stepmother had received from him, was beyond endurance, and led shortly to his removal from his father's house.

At the age of ten years and a half, he was appren-

ticed for nine years to a shoemaker, living in a sequestered hamlet, about three miles from St. Austell. His father and family, at this time, were not distant ; but removing soon after to Polpea, in Tywardreath, the poor lad's intercourse with his relatives was, in a great measure, suspended, and he felt 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 agreeable. 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, I was permitted, if the oven had been heated during the day, to throw them 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

needle and some worsted, I have drawn the outlines of the hole together, and made what I thought a tolerable job."

An incident occurring about this time, shows also the scanty state of his wardrobe.

"My father had contracted to carry the mail on horseback between St. Austell and Bodmin, which duty commonly devolved on my elder brother. At one time, in the depth of winter, Jabez being ill, I was borrowed to supply his place, and 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. The loss of a hat was, to me, a matter of serious consequence; since, 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 put my letter-bag through the window, and, having replaced the stone, was turning round to my horse, when I perceived the hat lying close to my feet. I suppose that he, knowing the place, must have stopped at the window for me to deliver my charge, and that my hat was shaken off by his movements, or efforts to awaken me. Not succeeding in this, and having waited until his patience was exhausted, he had, though blind, pursued his way to the next stopping place."

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 an 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. When, in the early morning, the horse put his head over the orchard railing, towards his master's

bed-room, and gave its usual neigh, he would jump out of bed, open the window, and call to it, 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 carcase buried entire.

Continuing his narrative of this period, Mr. Drew says, "During my apprenticeship, many bickerings and unpleasant occurrences took place. Some of these preyed so much on my mind, that several times I had determined to run away, and 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 in 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 learnt it by heart, it became monotonous, and was shortly afterwards 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 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 further 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

* 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 contracted a dislike.

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 soothe. 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 backwards 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, were well remembered by one of the companions of his boyish days, who said, "Though 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 to his mistress. She was disposed to make him a "hewer of wood and a 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 assigned, 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, nor that some of the neighbouring gardens and orchards were reported to have suffered from the laxity 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. Venturing one day, with no honest design, into a plantation near his master's, he was detected by the proprietor in one of the fruit trees, pilfering. The gentleman, providing himself with a sapling, to inflict personal chastisement, commanded him to come down instantly. To descend for the mere purpose of being captured and punished, little accorded with Samuel's inclination. His progress was consequently very tardy, until he observed the gentleman's eyes averted: then, scrambling hastily to the extremity of a long branch, he let himself drop, and was out of sight before his escape was discovered.

Smuggling, at the time of his apprenticeship, was more common in Cornwall than it is in the present day. Very few esteemed it either discreditable, or a breach of moral duty. 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 his 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 often 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 made a very deep impression on his memory. It was related by him to the biographer on the spot where it occurred, and has been heard from his lips by others.

"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 inspection. The party was 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 ap-

peared 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 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 endeavoured, in later years, 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. I do not, at this distance of time, distinctly recollect who were with me, nor how many of us were together, 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 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, from which we were not distant more than twenty or thirty yards, was shut. 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 a ' brownie,' in the legends of other days, I have always identified these beings, real or imaginary, with what I witnessed on this occasion.

" If it be inquired why such a creature was sent, or permitted to appear to us, a satisfactory answer can scarcely be given. 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 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."

Although Samuel's conduct was any thing but blameless during his apprenticeship, yet he was, to use his own expression, " like a toad under a harrow ;" and, amidst 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 became a constant source of dissatisfaction. One of his youthful companions, who survived him, said, “ 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 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 were 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, at that time, scarcely a bookseller in Cornwall ; and the only newspaper known among the common people, was the *Sherborne Mercury*, published weekly by Goadby and 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 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 at 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 then 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. It was not then free from peril.

“ The road by which he 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 below, 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. Upon his refusal, one of the men, presenting a pistol, threatened to shoot him and throw him over the cliff; and both laying hold of him, attempted to execute the latter part of the threat; when the sound of approaching horses caused the men to gallop off by a cross road. His blind horse, however, with the saddle-bags, was missing; and he feared that, during the scuffle with his assailants, it had fallen over the cliff. For some time, his search was fruitless; but, on calling it loudly by name, he was answered by its welcome neigh, and following the sound, found the intelligent animal securely lodged in a recess of the road, whither it had retreated with its literary burden.”

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: 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 living at home, 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 mother-in-law. 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, 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 mother-in-law's feet. Highly exasperated at the literal fulfilment of her hastily uttered wish, she snatched a stick from the hedge, and attempted to give the dog a beating. Seeing the reception he was likely to meet with, where he expected marks of approbation, he 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, when about to put her threat into execution, she found the little dog 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 the design. — In killing the cock, I can scarcely think that the dog understood the precise import of my stepmother's wish, as his im-

mediate execution of it would seem to imply. The cock was a more recent favourite, and had received some attention which had previously been bestowed upon himself. This, I think, had led him to entertain a feeling of hostility to the bird, 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 dogs."

In her account of the fugitive, the sister further says, "One Monday night, in the hay season, after my mother-in-law and I had retired to 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 mother-in-law, '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 sixteen-pence-halfpenny in my pocket; and if you will not give me more, I will go with that, and never return to my master's house.' She felt herself to be 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 of a man-of-war, we were greatly alarmed, especially as my father was absent, lest he should take some such 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 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, except 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 pay a halfpenny for passing either a ferry or toll-bridge, 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 the 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 circumstances, 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. In the morning, I purchased another penny loaf, and commenced 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, bought my former lodgings 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 learnt 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 to his master, his indenture was cancelled, and he remained there about four

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

In after years, Mr. Drew was accustomed to trace, with feelings of grateful adoration, the guiding and over-ruling hand of Providence in the events of his early life. To his children and familiar friends, he would point out, as connected with this period of his existence, occasions on which his 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.

May not a divine intervention 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 interfere. It was then a time of war; and had he taken the intended step, it is not likely that he would have become a subject for the biographer. The hardships then 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 oppressive than his chains.

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 Par, since then fallen into decay, but again risen 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 friends 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 things, to the neglect of his ordinary occupations. Every leisure hour, and frequently hours that should have been allotted to repose, he devoted to such literary pursuits as his circumstances enabled him to follow. To the Weekly Entertainer, which has already been mentioned, he was a regular and acceptable contributor; and was a frequent and welcome visitor at the house of a neighbouring gentleman who kept a boarding-school, where he often remained till past midnight, indulging his thirst for knowledge. By many of the respectable inhabitants of that neigh-

bourhood Jabez Drew was known and esteemed, as a young man of attainments beyond his station. In a subsequent page it will be seen, that his death, at a period when the bloom of youth had just ripened into manhood, was a prime cause of his brother's religious impressions and conversion to God.

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 connexions caused a separation of interests,

“Grew with their growth, and strengthened 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 called 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."

Besides their natural affection, there existed between Mr. Drew and his sister a true congeniality of sentiment. Possessed of a disciplined understanding, refined sensibilities, and unaffected piety, she was the object of her brother's constant affection; and he seldom indulged in the remembrance of his sister without repeating, with much feeling,

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

Although unconnected with our narrative, the reader will wish no apology for the insertion of a remarkable deliverance from danger, of which she was the subject at a later period.

" 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 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 further than I had anticipated; yet, thinking myself safe, being within half a mile of my home, I entered the water without any apprehension, but 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 concealed 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 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 shew 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 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 rising fast, 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 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 we stood was shortly 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 further, 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 swimming he might find no impediment. While I was thus engaged, to

my utter astonishment, the horse, by a violent exertion, partially ascended another crag, so as to keep his head above the water; and I was not long in attempting a similar effort, in which I happily succeeded. This 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 begun to subside. I was now convinced, that if we could retain our position until the tide had ebbed, 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 fell, and the moon rose, I discovered, by the increasing light, to what a fearful height we had ascended; and that to descend in safety was extremely difficult. 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 kind neigh-

bours, who would have risked their lives to render me assistance, if they had known of my situation.

“Being unable to proceed, I seated myself on a rock, and expected, from the intense cold, that I must perish, although I had escaped the drenching of the tempest and the fury of the waves. How long I remained there, I cannot say with certainty; but when almost reduced to a state of insensibility, I was discovered 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.

“I had been in the water about three or four hours, and exposed to the disasters of the tempest from five in the evening until 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!”*

Having remained with his father’s family from about Midsummer, 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. The harbour of Hamoaze then exhibited all the bustle incident

* The scene of this occurrence illustrates the geological changes that are silently taking place. Such has been the accumulation of sand and silt since 1796, that the highest tides do not now reach the base of the cliff where this peril was encountered.

to a great naval station in time of war. Of this, Millbrook, near which the King's Brewery at South Down was situated, partook. Such 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 of labour 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; informing them that Liskeard was not the only place where he "had tied his apron-string tighter for a dinner."

Thrown into collision with many shopmates, and subject to their jokes on account of his uncouth appearance and ignorance of business, his faculties were roused in self-defence; and, in a little time, he dis-

played 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 topics as were likely to engage the attention of uneducated mechanics. "I very well remember," said 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, intellectual contests were not the only ones in which he engaged. 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 notice, too, that he excelled in swimming,—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 tray, which frequently upset.

His next residence was at Crafhole, 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. During his apprenticeship, he more than once joined parties who were engaged in smuggling transactions; and 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 Craffhole 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 Craffhole, 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 many others of the male population, moved towards the port. One party remained on the rocks, to make signals, and dispose of the goods when landed; the others, of whom 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, thus increasing 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. Three of the men were immediately drowned. Samuel and two or three others clung to the boat for a 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 frequently broke over them. Though their perilous situation was not unperceived by their comrades, their cries for help 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 wrecked 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 *bowful*. "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 time before I felt the fire, that burnt my legs, and occasioned wounds, the marks of which 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 survived them."

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 learnt that a young man, who had lately begun business in St. Austell, was willing to employ Samuel as his principal in the shoe-making department. This being what the parent wanted, and the son acceding to the proposition, the latter soon after took up his residence in St. Austell.

Referring to the time immediately preceding his coming thither, Mr. Drew 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 harmonizes with the facts already related; and though not totally unable to write, because his sister about this time received more than one letter from him, yet the character of his penmanship 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."

SECTION II.

CONVERSION, AND ITS RESULTS.

WHEN Samuel Drew went to reside in St. Austell, 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. Those who regarded a connexion with Methodism as a proof of mental imbecility were thus constrained to admit the benefit which had accrued to the county from this kind of religious teaching. In St. Austell, where Mr. Wesley was attentively heard, and a small society had been formed by him about the year 1748, the petty annoyances to which its early members had been subject, receiving no countenance from the influential inhabitants, were soon discontinued; and many persons of respectability 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. In the infancy of this society, its meetings were held in the open air, or in private dwellings; but when it had increased in numbers and influence, and congregations were attracted, an

effort was made to erect a house for worship. In this place, the early apostles of Methodism addressed their hearers ; and here the society held its meetings when Samuel Drew became a member. This important epoch in his life, which was, in fact, its turning point, he thus describes :

“ Though I had been in the habit of attending the Methodist 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, [*i. e.* 1784-5,] 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 when 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 touch-

ing 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 then tell my thoughts 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 Methodists' society."

The fact alluded to in the last sentence, being too important in Mr. Drew's 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. Though Samuel did not scruple to scoff at serious things, Jabez had always shown an outward respect for religion. 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 ac-

ceptance 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 his illness, Mr. Clarke was introduced to him by his sorrowful parents ; and he, not knowing how great my brother’s anguish was, and fearing to heal the wound slightly, probed it (as my father expressed it) a little too deeply. The agony of his mind was extreme. All hope appeared to forsake him ; and despair, for a season, seized him as its prey. Our mother-in-law being herself a stranger to personal religion, attributed his 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 often retired into the recesses of the orchard to pour out his soul to God on behalf of 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 horror-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 garme t ! Return thanks to God, dear father. I am going to

glory?’ In this delightful frame of mind he 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, he, instead of evincing concern, 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 changed; and he became serious and thoughtful. What passed at the interview between my brothers, I can judge only from its effects. From that moment, Samuel became an altered character.

“On the day following, Jabez became worse; and at eleven o’clock at night, with expressions of delightful prospects and undiminished confidence, he died, happy in the Lord. Such was the effect of his 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 Methodists, 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. 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 aroused; and on this occasion he seems to have obtained that spiritual perception which had a saving influence on himself, and led him to become a teacher of righteousness both from the pulpit and the press.

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 in Mr. Drew's life. Not from his connexion at this time with a particular religious body, nor the adoption of any peculiar creed; but because a period had now arrived, from which, in his apprehension of religious truth, and in his views and feelings and desires, he could say, "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

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. Its effects were seen in the whole tenor of his after life. Is not such a change as this, reaching to the very thoughts and intents of the heart, that conversion, or

new birth, without which "a man cannot see the kingdom of God"?

This period of his life further demands attention, because we perceive a direction thenceforth given to that mental energy, and trace the full development and beneficial application of those intellectual powers, which afterwards raised their possessor to distinction. Nor is the connexion 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 true piety is not opposed to the exercise of intellect, but becomes a powerful auxiliary.

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 connexion, the order of time has been a little anticipated. So intimate is the relationship between his religious and his literary life, that to present them separately would be impossible. They mutually affected and illustrated each other. We now resume our narrative of events in their consecutive order, quoting occasionally Mr. Drew's own words, from two short auto-biographical sketches published during his lifetime.

It was in or about January, 1785, when in his twentieth year, that he entered Saint Austell as a journeyman shoemaker. The decision of character seen in the history of his juvenile years was frequently shown in after life. When brought under the chastening influence of religion, his conduct, though

no longer chargeable with folly or extravagance, generally indicated an independent spirit. His 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. Where Samuel lodged, there was a young woman to whom his master was attached. The latter, concluding that the alliance would not be approved by his friends, endeavoured to keep them in ignorance. Understanding that Samuel was in the secret, the father applied to him for information; but he was mute. At length, that the old gentleman might not be displeased or grieved, he promised to communicate all he might know of the matter for the future. He then related to his master the conversation, saying, "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." Thanking him for his candour, the master said he would follow his advice. But 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 to the father what he had heard. This 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 determi-

nation 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 shoemaking 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 convenient place for discussion. 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 that were occasionally brought to the shop to be bound, I began to have some view of the various theories of which they treated. 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 to support myself by manual labour, my time for reading was but little. To overcome this disadvantage, I was accustomed at meal-time to place a book before me, and at every

repast read five or six pages. Although the providence of God has raised me above that incessant toil, when I could "barely earn enough to make life struggle," yet the practice became so habitual, that it has not forsaken me at the present moment.

"After having worked with this master several months, a neighbouring gentleman brought Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding to be bound. I had never seen nor heard of this work before. I took an occasion to look into it, and 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; having 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 impression was not forgotten, and it is from this accidental circumstance that I received my first bias for abstruse subjects."

To a friend, Mr. Drew said, "This book set all my soul to think, to feel, 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. 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."

Recounting, on another occasion, this portion of his personal history, he remarked :—“ 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 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 whilst 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, it not wholly, to the books brought to his master’s shop. 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, 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 association.

Continuing his narrative, Mr. Drew says, "My master growing inattentive to his shoemaking, many of my friends advised me to commence business for myself, and one of them 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 into a sentence, would, if fully known, afford many a useful lesson to young tradesmen with narrow capitals. A few particulars 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, all the cash he could command, when recommended to begin business on his own account, was fourteen shillings. To his father he applied for assistance; but the old man, constitutionally timid, especially about secular undertakings, refused to aid him. A miller with whom he was acquainted, then a pious 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 to 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 said, "did I regularly work, and sometimes longer; for my friends gave me plenty of employment; and 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."

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, who not only gave him a few articles of furniture, but, to their great joy, consented for his sister to live with him as housekeeper.

"Many," as the sister relates, "were the dis-

trussing 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 connexions being respectable, no one suspected our poverty; and 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; yet my brother's resolution 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 visitor 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 this state of restless anxiety arising from pecuniary difficulties, yet Mr. Drew's 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 great propriety have exclaimed,

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

The year 1788 opened, in some respects, auspiciously. With reference to his business, he 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 supper-

less" 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," he says, "I at length surmounted such obstacles as were of a pecuniary nature: this enabled me to procure assistance in my labour, 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 was unable to determine what direction I should take. The sciences lay before me. I had learned that

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

I discovered a charm in each, but, unable to embrace them all, hesitated in making a selection.

"At first I felt such an attachment to astronomy, that I resolved to confine my views to the study of that science; but soon found myself too deficient 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 appeared to be a thorny path; but I determined, nevertheless, to enter, and accordingly began to tread it."

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. In this year he became a Local Preacher and Class Leader.* The responsible duty of instructing others on the important

* 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. A "Local Preacher" is not 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, in the locality where he resides; and being supposed to follow his secular occupation, he receives no remuneration for his services.

subject of religion, would lead 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; and 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. There, he might have contented himself with a vague and indistinct apprehension of the truth or falsehood of particular theories; but for his public duties, he would find it absolutely necessary to think and examine closely. It is, therefore, more than probable that the religious offices which Mr. Drew thus early sustained tended to give life, vigour, and direction to his mental exertions.

Within two years after these official appointments, his mental independence caused their temporary suspension. In the interval, a change of ministers had taken place. Upon the alleged ground of having taught erroneous doctrine respecting the imputed righteousness of Christ, he was, through misapprehension, summarily required by the new superintendent to give up his credentials of office. Defence and explanation being forbidden, as leading to dispute, and the present checks on ministerial authority being unknown in those early days of Methodism, the Preachers' Plan and Class Paper were at once surrendered. His reply to the minister, who, shortly afterwards, privately desired him to resume his offices, was characteristic: "You have put me out at the door, and I shall not come back

through the keyhole." At an official meeting that followed, Mr. Drew's views were declared to be scriptural, and by a unanimous vote he was reinstated. His own explanation of the matter to a friend, at a subsequent period, was, "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."

A few domestic incidents at this period, 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 disposition which he sometimes ingeniously evaded. Before his formal appointment 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 of the world, but still poor enough, one of the preachers then in the circuit, owing to some misunderstanding with the circuit stewards, 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 into 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 the 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. 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.'

"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 at just the same hour for its daily ‘dole. We had missed it some weeks, when my brother calling me to the door, and pointing to 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.’ ”

At this period of his life, when, in the ordinary way of judging, he could badly afford it, Mr. Drew frequently gave 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 wo he never turned away with indif-

ference. His charity knew no other limit than his ability; and he has been seen to weep when he had nothing to bestow.

The miller who had shown so much kindness to Mr. Drew, by aiding him to begin business, not many years afterwards forgot his God, became an abandoned drunkard, and, as a natural consequence, reduced himself and family to want. He came one day into Mr. Drew'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 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 he will misapply the money; and I dare not refuse.' I had not the money by me; and I borrowed it of a friend, in order to help him to whose former kindness I was so deeply indebted."

Business continuing to increase, he 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 your brother wait

till to-morrow, he may be too late." Snatching up a shoe, he ran out, threw it into the shop, and quickly returned, exulting that he had secured the premises for his friend. When the latter heard 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 R***. L*** has money in his purse, Samuel Drew shall never go to prison for the want of it."

During the American war, and long afterwards, every one was a politician. According to his own account of his juvenile days, the subject of our narrative was a thorough partisan of the Americans; and it does not appear that his sentiments on this matter had hitherto undergone any alteration. The friend just named afterwards emigrated to the United States; and, alluding to his own suspected character of republican, in one of his letters to Mr. Drew, 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 more important mental occupations. From this he was preserved, by an apparently trivial incident.

A friend one day said to him, "More than once I have heard you quote, as true, that expression,—

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

But how are we to understand it?" "I can give you," replied Mr. Drew, "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 had 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 keyhole 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 anything, 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, nor 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 have often experienced in after life: the folly of being wise, my early history shows."

Having thus 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 he adhered; and his example shows, that literature may be cultivated, and piety cherished, without detriment 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 through 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 amusements. 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* were, early and late in life, his favour-

ites. 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 graphic 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 Italian left his box of valuables at our house as a place of safety."

Though but a young tradesman, his punctuality and integrity had procured him general respect; much deference was paid to his judgment; and he was frequently chosen by his neighbours as 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 believe 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."

During a season of dearth, he had bargained with a farmer for a bushel* of wheat monthly, throughout the year, at a fixed rate. A few weeks afterwards, 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 seller appreciated this honourable conduct, and brought him a thirteenth bushel gratis.

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

* The Cornish bushel is equal to three Imperial bushels.

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 ; while the least infringement on delicacy, whether in workman or visitor, was instantly checked. Whatever might put modesty to the blush, raised his indignation. Philosophical discussion, with him, had now taken the place of political debate. When the conversation was between him and his visitors, the men and boys acquired information by listening ; and he would frequently ask the latter questions relative to the points discussed, and endeavour to explain them, after the visitors were gone.

After a lecture of this kind, when Locke on the Human Understanding had been the text book, and the primary and secondary qualities of matter the peculiar subject, 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 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 all parties. The man's zeal for science cooling down, 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 into 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.

In 1791, at the age of twenty-seven, Mr. Drew married Honour, daughter of Jacob Halls, and grandchild of Thomas Halls, who was one of Mr. Wesley's first converts in St. Austell. In her he found an efficient substitute for his sister's domestic management, and a helpmate ready to second all his exertions. On the occasion of his wedding, he became, for the first time, the possessor of a coat "*as good as new.*" It was, according to his own account, "of a plum colour, with bright buttons, very little worn, and quite a bargain." This coat maintained for several years the chief place in his wardrobe. His wife's immediate fortune was ten pounds—a sum to him, at that time, of great importance. Three years afterwards it was increased by a legacy of fifty pounds, which enabled him advantageously to extend his business. He was now the prosperous, intelligent tradesman. Although authorship was far from his thoughts, yet he was known to his neighbours as a reading, thinking man, capable of talking upon most 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 being, in general, very flattering, many individuals and families in and about St. Austell were induced to seek their fortunes in the New World. The political and religious freedom of the Americans in the United States Mr. Drew had formerly admired. His old attachments and prepossessions were revived by the letters and invitations of his friends; and he appears to have felt a strong desire to go with the tide of emigration. Nor was this desire entirely abandoned until several years afterwards. Its final relinquishment is intimated by one of his transatlantic correspondents, who says, in a letter dated 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."

When, in conversation with his children, at a later period, 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, 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 and admired his beautiful ballad of Edwin and Angelina before; but happening, just at this crisis, to find it in some magazine, I re-perused it; 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 afterwards, in consequence of local distress, and stagnation of business. By this time, however, I had lived longer in the world, and had heard 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 convinced, would attach to every form of government, and I could not but appropriate to myself 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 III.

LITERARY RISE AND PROGRESS.

MR. DREW'S 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 pious mind, alive to the beauties of nature, and grateful for the bounties of Providence. All these were written before the time of his marriage, but neither of them is preserved. His earliest composition extant is a piece of about one hundred lines, entitled "An Ode on Christmas," dated December, 1791. In the longer memoir of Mr. Drew this is inserted entire.

Another metrical piece, containing about twelve hundred lines, entitled 'Reflections on St. Austell

Church-Yard,' is dated August, 1792. From a short and characteristic preface to the MS, it appears that Mr. Drew once contemplated its publication. "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 that it had but little interference with my labour: nothing to its detriment; but has been chiefly the produce of those evenings and leisure hours, which too many of my age dedicate to profligacy, wicked company, and vice."

What gives the chief interest to this poetical composition is, its being, apparently, the embryo of his treatise on the Human Soul. The major part is argumentative, not unlike Pope's Essay on Man, after which, possibly, it was modelled; and several of the arguments tend to prove that the soul is immaterial, and therefore immortal.

"What is the soul? and where does it reside?
 What gives it life, or makes that life subside?
 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.

* * * * *

Although, as Mr. Drew informs his readers, he laid the foundation of his *Essay on the Soul* in 1798, it is obvious that his thoughts had 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. “I never,” she remarks, “saw my brother manifest more anxiety about any thing than how to obtain that book. One day he came to me, rejoicing that he had found the treasure. A person in the market-place having it among other old books for sale, he had purchased it; but he told me afterwards, 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. He was never remarkable for bestowing attention upon his outward man; and at this time, very probably, his attire corresponded with his limited finances. The singular incongruity between his unclassical appearance and the book for which he inquired, attracting the notice of some military officers who were lounging in the shop, one of them, who thought 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 which caused the military gentlemen to retreat abashed.

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 written, until the commencement of his *Essay on the Soul*, in 1798, no particular circumstance of Mr. Drew's literary life, beyond his habits, is on record. At this time, — as in later years, — he was intimate with several young men of good information and inquiring minds, who regarded him as their preceptor. One of them, who was his junior, in referring to the 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 through these one customer was ever disappointed by me. 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 may have at hand, till the business of the day is despatched, and my shop shut, when, in the midst of my family, I endeavoured to analyze such thoughts as had crossed my mind during the day. I have no study—I have no retirement. I write amidst 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,’ avowing suspicions that the arguments it contained were more vulnerable than, when he lent it, he had been induced to believe. His mind continued for some time in a state of fluctuation, until his doubts 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.

“ Shortly afterwards 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 Treffry, then stationed as Wesleyan preachers in St. Austell, for their opinion. They strongly urged him to commit his papers to the press; and, acting upon their recommendation, he proceeded to prepare for publication

what he had written. Dropping the original form of dialogue, he addressed the 'Remarks' to Thomas Paine himself, who was then alive; and the pamphlet was published in September, 1799. Notwithstanding a rapid sale of the first edition, Mr. Drew, for unknown reasons, 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.

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. This gentleman, who was well known as an antiquarian, a historian, and a divine, writing to Mr. Drew, says, "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." Subsequently Mr. Whitaker writes, "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, when it comes. 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."

Other pamphlets from Mr. Drew's pen quickly followed. The flattering reception of his first publication, and the honourable notice it had obtained, enabled him to assume a position 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 merchant of St. Austell, was drowned at Wadebridge. About a fortnight afterwards, Mr. Drew published an *Elegy* on his death, of nearly six hundred lines. He sent a copy to his friend Mr. Whitaker, whose reply, though laconic, was sufficient to deter him from coming again before the public as a writer of poetry.

In July, 1800, Mr. Drew appeared as the author of "Observations on a Pamphlet lately published by the Rev. Richard Polwhele, Vicar of Manaccan, Cornwall, entitled 'Anecdotes of Methodism.'" These miscalled 'Anecdotes' were a gratuitous and an unprovoked attack on a religious body with whom Mr. Polwhele had no connexion. Having designated his statements "*facts*," apparently set forth with all the minutiae of circumstance, he 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, formally given to the world by one known as a literary writer, a magistrate, and a clergyman, to circulate unchal-

lenged, would have been a tacit admission of the truth of his allegations.

Well knowing that facts could not be set aside by argumentative process, Mr. Drew resolved to sift the matter thoroughly. Taking Mr. Polwhele's book, he went through the whole of his statements in categorical order ; and, to investigate the truth, visited several parts of the county which Mr. P. had stated to be the scenes of his " Anecdotes." The result of these inquiries he sums up thus, at the conclusion of his pamphlet : — " 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.' "

Mr. Whitaker, to whom Mr. Drew sent a copy, says, in reply, " 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."

Generous minds harbour no resentment. Mr. Polwhele was content to let the matter drop, and to forbear any further direct attack on the Methodists. He had learnt to respect the abilities and the motives of his antagonist ; and, shortly afterwards, by an act

of voluntary and unexpected magnanimity, he made Mr. Drew his debtor. This led to a correspondence, and an interchange of friendly offices.

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 1800, there had been no personal interview. At this time, yielding to Mr. Whitaker's frequent invitations, he visited his literary patron. The interview was mutually gratifying, and the correspondence that followed indicates that Mr. Drew had then contemplated his best known work, the *Essay on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Human Soul*. In a letter to Mr. Whitaker, written in July, 1801, he says, "You will, perhaps, recollect, that when I had the honour of spending a few hours in your company, some months since, 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, I returned home, and devoted my leisure hours to that subject. I now place in your hands the result of my thoughts; 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 an impartial perusal. Were it in print, I would solicit mercy; as it is not, I ask nothing but that candour which rigorous justice will allow; and can only say,

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

I have purposely omitted to give any title, till I have the result of your opinions."

Guided by Mr. Whitaker's advice, and authorised to use his name to any extent, in the way of recommendation, Mr. Drew, early in the year 1802, issued his proposals for publishing the work by subscription; and within a few months, his list of subscribers comprised a large portion of the nobility and gentry of Cornwall.

About this time he became acquainted with Mr. Britton, who being then engaged on his 'Beauties of England and Wales,' was preparing his 'Cornwall' for publication. Passing through St. Austell, he called on Mr. Drew, as a man of literary note in the town; and this call laid the foundation of future intimacy and reciprocal acts of kindness. Alluding afterwards to their interview, Mr. Britton says, "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 darted out of the commonplace track of prejudice and illiberality which nine-tenths of mankind pursue."

In a letter to Mr. Britton, dated July, 1802, Mr. Drew observes, "My work goes on slowly, but regularly. I intend to dedicate it to Mr. Whitaker, if he will permit. 700 copies are printing, and about 640 are subscribed for; so that I expect to have but few on sale after it enters the world. I have been sanctioned, beyond my most sanguine expectations, by all orders and ranks in Cornwall. I can repay them only 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.*"

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 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 that dedication in every edition of the work.

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 highly favourable critique in the February number of that Review, for 1803,—a critique proceeding from a most unexpected quarter, as the following note indicates:—"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 book. 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." This act of generosity on the part of Mr. Polwhele could not but excite a grateful feeling in the breast of Mr. Drew, which he was not slow to acknowledge.

A few weeks after the publication of his Essay, and consequently before the appearance of any public criticism, he received from Mr. Edwards, 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 estimate his literary labour at a very high rate. On these conditions the bargain was concluded.

Though the valuable suggestions of the Rev. Thomas Roberts, Wesleyan minister, Mr. Drew introduced many improvements into his second edition. Alluding to these changes, when writing to a gentleman who, several years afterwards, lent his critical assistance in preparing another edition for the press, he remarks, "When this Essay was about to undergo a second edition, a friend in 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. At that time 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."

A letter, in May, 1803, from Mr. Edwards, the publisher, intimates 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 your 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. 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."

After passing through five editions in England and two in America, and being translated and printed in France, 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, became again his property at the end of twenty-eight years. He gave it a final revision, added much important matter, and sold it a second time for two hundred and fifty pounds.

Mr. Drew was now 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. Although at first disposed to think, like his friends, that he had parted with the copyright of his book upon too easy terms; yet, 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 the publisher, 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. From distant parts of the kingdom, men of literary fame and of elevated station now sought his acquaintance and proffered him their friendship.

Among many distinguished individuals from whom he received repeated proofs of esteem and goodwill, we may mention one, known in political life, but still more conspicuous in the annals of science, who, about this time, honoured him with his friendship and correspondence. He had known Mr. Drew's name from his writings; and the following incident led to greater intimacy.

In the village of Tywardreath, mentioned in an early part of this narrative, Mr. Drew's sister resided; her husband, Mr. Kingdon, being engaged in business as a shoemaker. During a long and heavy summer shower, a person on horseback, of genteel appearance, but plainly attired, drew up at her door, and begged for shelter. Refreshment was offered him; and he very readily took tea with the family. They found their guest a very intelligent though unassuming person, and one who made himself quite at home. While his clothes were drying, he went into the workshop,

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 thoroughly skilled, gave the inquirer not only the desired information, but much more; and on some one expressing admiration at his extensive acquirements, said, "Though I may, perhaps, know more than some of my neighbours, 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. Upon it was written, "Davies Giddy." The gentleman had given them to understand that he came from the western part of the county; and a neighbour, from that district, whose opinion was asked, said, that he had heard in the west of a "*Justice Giddy*." But the majority agreed, that such a plain, unassuming, familiar person as the stranger, could not be a *Justice*. Contrasting his learning with his statement, that "he had never been at school," Mrs. Kingdon 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 homely and affable guest 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 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 connexions, 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 may perhaps recognise Davies Gilbert, Esq.,* then member of parliament for Bodmin, and afterwards 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. William 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 with each

* The name *Gilbert* was subsequently adopted by Mr. Giddy.

other was also begun, which terminated only with Mr. Gregor's 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 visiter.

In the early part of 1803, Mr. Polwhele, who was then preparing for the press his "Literature and Literary Characters of Cornwall," begged Mr. Drew to favour him with a brief outline of his life. 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. 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 seen 'the metaphysical shoemaker.' Many were the calls which he thus received. However flattering this might be to him, 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 visiters 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 upon Mr. Drew, and they spent a considerable time in each other's company, with mutual satisfaction. Referring to this call, Mr. Whitaker remarks, "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."

After his introduction to Mr. Drew in 1803, the Archdeacon continued to call upon him at the time of his yearly visitations; and notwithstanding his knowledge of Mr. Drew'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 his patron and friend. This 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. The proposal was respectfully declined. Not from a dislike to the Church, as an Establishment; but there were some of its formularies of which he disap-

proved; he preferred the constitution of Methodism to the restraints of episcopal government; and he believed that the intimate connexion 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 afterwards, by a gentleman who also tendered him his services and patronage.

In a letter of Mr. Whitaker's to Mr. Drew, dated July, 1803, he thus refers to one which he had lately received from him. " ' I have been crudely revolving ' in my mind,' you say, ' another important subject, ' *the Resurrection of the Human Body.*' But whether I shall ever find leisure 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 infancy. You ask me, however, ' What ' think you of my subject? Does it admit of any ' rational proof, or must we rely solely 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, merely this, that the reason of the heathen world never imagined a resurrection. Indeed, the *burning* of bodies, which spoke to all the senses at once, seemed peculiarly

calculated to extinguish all possibility of it. And you will have the higher honour, if, 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."

This is the earliest intimation we have that the Identity and Resurrection of the Human Body had begun to occupy Mr. Drew's thoughts. The transfer of his attention from the nature of the soul to that of the body, and his method 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 a general resurrection. But this subject I soon found was so inseparably connected with that of personal identity, that, without investigating the latter, 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 inseparable from the undertaking, and heightened by the disadvantages of my situation."

To the Rev. William Gregor also, whose friendship for Mr. Drew we have noticed, he 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, unbiassed by what others may have said before you. You have peculiar talents and turn of mind, which you should not 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 suggestions of his literary friends, Mr. Drew applied himself to his self-allotted task. His previously collected materials he began to digest ; he committed his thoughts to writing ; and before the summer of 1804 was ended, he had made considerable progress in his undertaking. In a letter to Mr. Whitaker, 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."

In his Preface, he says, "It was about the close of the year 1805, that I had, in my own estimation, completed the manuscript, fully expecting that I should shortly submit it to the inspection of my much-lamented friend. Preparatory to this, I proceeded to give the whole a cool and dispassionate perusal, and had the mortification to find that the arrangements were bad ; that my thoughts appeared confused ; that in some places the arguments were defective ; and that 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." In this dormant state the MS lay for many months, the author's attention having been withdrawn from it by other engagements.

Through the solicitation of his friends, Mr. Drew commenced, with the year 1804, a course of lectures upon English Grammar, for which his previous studies had qualified him. His pupils were either adults, or young persons advanced beyond the age of childhood. 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, he 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 inter-

esting, that unavoidable absence from a lecture was deplored as a misfortune. A mutual attachment subsisted between the teacher and his pupils, 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 time of life. I have, at different times, had youth of both sexes under my care, to whom I have taught the principles of grammar and the scientific parts of geography; 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 a 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 by this mode of instruction, when they begin to reflect and reason on the propriety of things.”

In 1804, also commenced that intimacy between

Mr. Drew and the learned Dr. Adam Clarke, which quickly produced a strong and permanent attachment. Their friendship, originating in a spontaneous act of kindness in the latter, indicative of a great and generous mind, was based upon religious feeling; quickened by early recollections; heightened by mutual admiration; sustained by proofs of reciprocal goodwill; and sundered by death, only to be cemented anew in a happier state of being.

About this time, Mr. Drew was gratified by being elected an honorary member of the Philological Society of Manchester; instituted for the cultivation of Literature in general, and the diffusion of Useful Knowledge. This society owed its existence chiefly to Dr. Clarke; and, had it been carried on with the same ability and spirit with which it was 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.

Some time before the publication of his *Essay on the Soul*, Mr. Drew having occasion to visit an eastern town in Cornwall, rode on a stage coach. Beside him sat a mercantile traveller, by whom he was soon accosted; when the following conversation ensued. Although, not strictly a feature in Mr. Drew's literary life, it may, while showing his power in colloquial argument, have a higher value.

"Pray," inquired his companion, "do you know this gentleman who approaches us?"

“No, sir; he is a perfect stranger to me.”

“He seems, by his appearance, to be a clergyman; at least he has the garb.”

“He has that appearance, and it is highly probable that your conjecture is right.”

“Pray what kind of men are the clergy of Cornwall? for as you have spent your time in the county, I suppose you must know.”

“So far as I am acquainted with them, I will give you my opinion; which is, that there are among them many worthy characters; but there are many exceptions to the general rule.”

“They tell me that the people in Cornwall are very religious. Is it so?”

“I know not that I can give you a more suitable answer than my last: There are many worthy characters, but many exceptions to the general rule.”

“Well, sir, whatever may be the opinions of men, certain it is, that religion is pretty nearly at an end.”

“How do you mean, sir?”

“I mean, that the whole is a cheat, and that the bible has lately been proved to be a forgery.”

“By whom, sir, have these things been proved?”

“By learned men.”

“By infidels, I suppose.”

“That, sir, is the language of prejudice, but it is such as is generally used on these occasions; and, when we consider the ignorance in which the world has been kept, it would be folly to expect better.”

“Perhaps, sir, you call these gentlemen, Deists?”

“No, sir, that language is nearly related to the former, and is the offspring of superstition.”

“What name, then, do you give them?”

“Philosophers.”

“But how have these philosophers proved the bible to be a forgery?”

“By divesting their minds of preconceived opinions, they have been able to investigate the question in its native light. They have thus made an application of abstract reasoning to the subject; and the improvements which have been made in metaphysical disquisition have enabled them to detect the falsehood of that book on which the Christian world has so long built its faith.”

“Why, really, sir, if what you say be true, these men must have entered into the heart of the question.”

“They most assuredly have; and the result has been, that religion is now almost totally discarded from the higher circles of life.”

“I am not satisfied, sir, that the bible must be a forgery, because religion has been rejected in the higher circles.”

“True, I would not adduce this as any proof; yet, as these men, from their exalted station in life, must have enjoyed the benefit of superior education, and have had much leisure at their command, they must be more competent to investigate and judge: and since the result of their inquiries has been a disavowal of revelation, this furnishes a presumptive evidence against it.”

“If your argument is good, sir, it will apply with equal force to the morals of these persons; for on these also they must have had leisure to weigh and judge. I have, however, heard, that their morals are

not much better than those of other men ; and if their judgment is so defective in such an important point, I think we may justly suspect it in others."

" I must confess, that, in point of morality, I should not like to hold them up to my children as objects of imitation ; and, on the whole, we have not much reason to place dependance upon education and leisure, though they *ought* to be what I have stated."

" I most readily grant it ; so that thus far we are agreed."

" But the writings of these philosophers speak for themselves. Their investigations are so acute, and their arguments so forcible, that they must immediately convince every unprejudiced mind."

" I presume, sir, from the confidence with which you speak, that you are well acquainted with their works."

" Certainly. I have examined their arguments ; otherwise it would be presumption for me to speak as I do ; and of course I cannot be ignorant of their books."

" Will you have the goodness, sir, to name some of those authors whom you praise so lavishly ? "

" I may name a few, — Voltaire, Rousseau, Hume, and Volney."

" I have heard some of those names before now. I thought, from your saying, '*lately* proved,' that the bible had been attacked by some authors whose names I had never heard."

" These are the principal : besides, Volney is quite a modern writer ; and it is to his writings that I principally allude."

"Then, I presume, you are better acquainted with his writings than with those of the others."

"Yes, I am."

"Is Volney an acute reasoner?"

"Remarkably so."

"Was there not a book written on some of these subjects by one Paine? I think I have heard such a report."

"Yes: it is entitled, 'The Age of Reason.'"

"I suppose you have seen this, as well as Volney's."

"I have."

"To which do you give the preference?"

"O sir! there is no comparison between them. The writings of Paine are low and grovelling, calculated entirely for the vulgar; while those of Volney are learned, philosophical, and elegant; his arguments are both dignified and conclusive."

"What rank, in your estimation, does Volney hold, when compared with Voltaire and the other writers whose names you have mentioned?"

"He is their superior; because to the force of their arguments he has added the energy of his own. In short, Volney may be considered as a complete philosopher."

Lifting his elbow from the coach on which he had been leaning, Mr. Drew said, "I must confess, sir, that I admire your frankness, however much I may dislike your principles. I give you credit for your sincerity, though I may be rude enough to question some of your assertions. Hypocrisy is a trait of character which I despise in another man, and cannot, therefore, pursue what I dislike in others. I have paid some attention

to your observations, and shall take the liberty to review the ground over which we have passed. I am not altogether unacquainted with the authors you have mentioned; not even with Volney, with whom you seem to be most conversant. And, as we have several miles to travel together, if you please, we will make the topics on which he has touched the subjects of our investigation. In the meanwhile, I feel no hesitation in declaring, that Volney, in his 'Ruins of Empires,' the work I presume you mean,"—"It is, sir,"—"instead of discovering that acuteness which you have ascribed to him, is a defective reasoner, and that the name of philosophy is rather disgraced than honoured by including that of Volney in the list of its votaries. Here, then, we are fairly at issue."

"We are at issue, indeed, much more so than I had expected."

"Will you have the complaisance to state one of those arguments which you have been celebrating as conclusive, and which Volney has urged against the authenticity of the sacred records, or the belief of Christians?"

The gentleman was for some time silent.

"I am waiting, sir, for your reply."

"I have been considering your question, but cannot for my life, recollect what Volney has urged."

"This, sir, is remarkably strange. I have my doubts whether your memory could be more treacherous, if I had asked you a question about the reasonings of Hume or Voltaire, with which you acknowledge you are not so intimate."

"The pressure and hurry of business detaches the

mind from such abstruse subjects; besides, it is but seldom that we have an opportunity of entering on them."

"Your memory, however, has the happiness to retain the names of the authors, and perhaps the title-pages of their books; but title-pages and names of authors are not very *abstruse* subjects."

"Sir, I feel your joke, and must acknowledge I deserve it: but I have a bad memory."

"A defective memory is very convenient, in many cases. It conceals deficiencies which we do not like to expose. However, in the present instance, I give you credit for your acknowledgment; and, lest we should lose sight of Volney through that misfortune, I will endeavour to supply it by calling your attention to one of his favourite topics."

"You will oblige me."

"Volney, in one of his pages, charges the Christians with this inconsistency; namely, 'that they admit God to be immutable, while they suppose that he remained inactive through eternity, till within about six thousand years, when he contrived to make this world.' He then asks, 'Why did not God create the world sooner?'"

"I well recollect it, and think his question, upon the ground of immutability, to be unanswerable."

"This remains to be decided. Are our notions of *soon* or *late*, do you conceive, *positive* or *relative*?"

"I do not exactly understand the distinction."

"That is *positive* which has an independent existence; and that is *relative* which exists only *partially*, and in relation to something else."

“I presume, then, that our ideas of *soon* and *late* are only relative.”

“I agree with you, and contend that *soon* and *late* must always have a relation to something which had a beginning. With us, these terms relate to the commencement of time, and cannot apply to eternity. Volney, therefore, has involved himself in an absurdity, by supposing *soon* and *late* to have existed in a period in which successive duration could have had no being. The utmost to which his question can amount is but this,—Why were we not born forty or fifty thousand years hence? You cannot, however, but know, that even in this case, the same objections will apply; neither is it possible to avoid them, in what light-soever we may view creation. In short, the question means no more than, *Why was not the world created before it had a beginning?* A question which you cannot but perceive, it would be ridiculous even to attempt to answer, because it is pregnant with absurdity.”

“From the manner in which you reason, the world could not have been created sooner.”

“Certainly not: because neither the terms, nor the ideas for which they stand, could have had any existence prior to time; and, consequently, Volney’s objection vanishes into empty air. Will you defend his objection farther, or give it up?”

“It is useless to defend his assertions, according to the way in which you have taken up the question.”

“Do you object, then, to my mode of arguing?”

“It is useless to say any thing further on this subject, because it goes upon a false foundation, namely,

that the world was created; whereas I believe that the matter of which it is formed is eternal."

"If the world, or the matter of which it is composed, was not created, it must exist either by accident or necessity, for no other way is possible. If it exists by accident, it must have had a beginning; and then it cannot be eternal."

"This must be admitted: but I do not ascribe it to accident."

"Then matter must exist by necessity, or, in other words, it must have a necessary existence."

"I grant it."

"You must also admit, that whatever has a necessary existence must be infinite and unchangeable. It must be infinite in its extent; otherwise there will be some place where it does not exist, and there its existence cannot be necessary. It must also be immutable: for a change would contradict its supposed necessity. Now motion proves that there must be space without matter, or else bodies must move through solidity, which is absurd; and we have the evidence of our senses that matter is undergoing continual mutations. Both of these facts disprove the necessary existence, and, consequently, the eternity, of matter; and I think it will require more credulity to admit your creed, than to admit that of the Christians."

"I do not think that the belief or the disbelief of the eternity of matter, has any thing to do with Christianity."

"What, sir, is it nothing to us, to know whether the records of ~~Moses~~ are true or false? When he has told us, that 'in the beginning God created the heavens

and the earth,' is it of no moment to us to know whether he spoke truth or falsehood? The New Testament appeals to the Old; and so closely interwoven are their principles with each other, that they must stand or fall together. A survey of creation unfolds to us the moral nature of God; and the introduction of moral evil paves the way for the redemption of mankind by Jesus Christ."

"Yes, the bible gives a most curious account of these things; and he that believes them must have a most curious faith."

"But, sir, let us simplify our question. I presume you will hardly doubt that this world and man were created; otherwise I must repeat what I have said on the eternity of matter, with some additions."

"No: for the sake of argument, I will admit creation."

"Perhaps, sir, you admit it more for the *want* of argument than for the *sake* of argument."

"You may call it what you please."

"But, sir, do you think the account given of the introduction of moral evil ridiculous?"

"I do."

"You cannot deny that moral evil is in existence."

"Certainly not."

"How, then, think you, came it into existence, if the account of Moses be absurd?"

"Men have acquired it by bad example."

"Did the first man acquire it by bad example?"

"I do not know."

"You perceive, sir, that the Mosaic account is not the only one that is absurd."

“If there had been no law, according to the bible, there would have been no moral evil. It is, therefore, a fair question to ask, Why did God give a law to man?”

“Between good and evil there is an eternal distinction, independently of all law; and every being that possesses a moral capacity must be capable of moral action. If no law had been given to man, he would have passed the boundary of good, and have committed sin, without being answerable for his conduct, or justly punishable for his transgression. A law, therefore, is a necessary consequence of our nature; not given to *make* a distinction between good and evil, but to *mark* a distinction which previously existed.”

“But the condition of obedience imposed upon man was contemptible and mean.”

“The more plain and simple it was, the more easily was it to be understood, and the more extensive was human liberty. But I am no more satisfied that it was contemptible and mean, than that it was contemptible and mean in God to make toads and spiders.”

“What end could the prohibition of an apple answer?”

“Just the same as any other command. It was a test of homage and obedience, and was, on the part of man, an acknowledgment of the obligations which he was under to God.”

“This introduces to our view the idea of a compact.”

“I have no objection to consider it in that light. Know, then, that when God created man, he manifested his goodness towards him; and this goodness or

benevolence on the part of God, demanded gratitude on the part of man. Man, therefore, by his obedience, manifested his gratitude in return. Thus the original compact stood. But, in the instant in which man disobeyed, he violated the compact, by withholding that gratitude which the benevolence of God demanded, and thus forfeited his title to that protection which he had hitherto enjoyed. An exposure to punishment for this violation of compact, and transgression of a rule of right, became the necessary consequence: and this false assumption of independence conducted immediately to degradation and woe. Now, sir, I do not think that this account is more ridiculous than that which supposes the first man to have acquired moral evil by bad example."

"*Pray what time is it?*"

"I do not exactly know; but we have several miles further yet to ride. Do you not think, sir, that the condition of man, from the statement which I have given, was considerably changed, after his ungrateful action, from what it was before."

"Certainly it was."

"Then, this being the case, the next question is, whether man should be left to suffer in that lapsed condition which you have admitted, or be rescued from impending woe?"

"Ah, ah! I now perceive what you are driving at; you mean to conduct me to the precipice of redemption."

"I do; and, to continue your own metaphor, I intend to throw you over it."

"But I will not admit your propositions."

“ Then you shall oppose them, or I will interpret your silence into approbation and acknowledgment. You know, sir, that you have procured this for yourself, by commencing the attack.”

“ I acknowledge it, and submit.”

“ You allow, then, that the case and condition of man were altered by the introduction of moral evil.”

“ I do. But I cannot see any necessity that Christ should die ; for certainly God might have rescued man without such a process.”

“ Do you admit the attributes of God to be essential to his nature ? ”

“ I do.”

“ Then God must be necessarily just.”

“ Yes.”

“ Can a Being that is necessarily just, suspend his justice ? If he can, he must be without justice during its suspension, which will prove that justice is not essential to his nature ; the contrary of which you have granted. But, if God cannot suspend his justice, you must admit the necessity of that very atonement for which you can see no occasion. If mercy can overcome justice, what is become of that omnipotence by which justice is supported ? and if it cannot, how can man be rescued from impending woe without an atonement ? Will you answer these questions ? ”

“ I think I am compelled to admit the conclusions to which they lead. I beg you will urge nothing more on this head.”

“ Will you, then, fairly allow me those things for which I have been contending ? ”

“ I must.”

“ Have you any other argument, or topic of argument which you wish to bring forth from Volney ?”

“ No: and if I had, I would not bring them; but I recollect an argument by which Paine controverts the doctrine of the resurrection, as taught by St. Paul.”

“ Will you be kind enough to state it ?”

“ Upon my honour, the argument has escaped me; but I remember it is something about grain; and he proves St. Paul a fool.”

“ Perhaps, sir, it is this. St. Paul says, “ Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die:” upon which Paine makes this comment, “ Thou fool, Paul, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die not.”

“ Yes, sir, that is what I mean. What can you object to this ?”

“ To investigate this illustrative argument with accuracy, it is necessary that we should define our terms. But, however, to avoid a waste of time, we will enter at once upon the nature of *identity* and *diversity*; for I think you will concur with me in admitting that to this inquiry our subject must soon carry us.”

“ Excuse me, sir, I am not accustomed to the terms.”

“ What terms ?”

“ *Identity* and *diversity*.”

“ Then I doubt whether you ever properly investigated the subject on which you have decided.”

“ I never attempted to enter into it so minutely; but you will oblige me by defining the terms.”

“ *Identity* means perfect sameness; and *diversity* means something that is not the same, but is essen-

tially and specifically different. Identity may be taken in various acceptations. Sometimes it applies to numerical particles, sometimes to the modification of them, and at other times to relative situation. The identity of which St. Paul speaks, when he applies his observations to a grain, is evidently, in the first place, that of composition or modification. A grain is a number of particles arranged in a particular manner. When this grain is sown, it becomes decomposed, by which the identity of modification is destroyed; and in this sense, the grain *dies*. Still, however, some radical ~~stamen~~ remains, which is quickened into future life; and, in this view, all that is thrown off is but a mere excrescence, sufficient to destroy the original identity which consisted in the union of all the parts, but insufficient to prevent returning life.

“But can the future grain be said to be the same grain which was sown.”

“In one sense, it is not; in another, it is. It is not the same in all its numerical particles, neither is it the same in the modification of them: but, as this stamen of life was actually included in the parent grain, and formed a part of it; it is really the same that was sown, though quickened into another life, through the separation of the particles of the parent grain of which it formed an essential part.”

“I believe here is another parson coming. Curse the parsons! it is all their fault that I have thus exposed myself. I beg you will say no more.”

“Permit me, then, to give you this wholesome piece of advice. Whenever you get into company with strangers, be careful how you attack them,

unless you become better qualified to defend what you advance."

"I certainly shall take your advice. But I am determined, when I get to London, to read Volney with attention, and to fortify myself with arguments."

"If you are resolved to espouse the cause of infidelity, you have certainly formed a very prudent resolution. Permit me, sir, to ask you plainly, Did you ever read either Volney or Paine?"

"That is a close question; but I will answer frankly, *I have not.*"

"Well, really, I admire your candour; but pray how came you by their names?"

"I belong to a club in London, in which these books are read, and their principles discussed."

"But 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?"

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

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

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

"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?"

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

"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 said. I do not consider that all I have advanced is conclusive. I spoke only 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 stated 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."

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

"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."

SECTION IV.

BUSINESS EXCHANGED FOR LITERATURE.

THE year 1805 was the commencement of a new epoch in Mr. Drew's life. Hitherto, literary pursuits had been the employment of such vacant hours as his mechanical avocations afforded: henceforward, they became his daily engagement. His allegiance to St. Crispin was now dissolved; and the awl and lapstone were permanently 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. At this time, the Doctor's Commentary on the New Testament was anxiously expected by the Methodist connexion; while the whole burden of directing the missionary work rested upon him;—a work which had then increased so much, that it was impossible for him to fulfil his duty in this respect, and discharge his literary obligations. Looking about

for aid in this difficulty, he found in Mr. Drew such an assistant as he needed. Much material had been collected for the Commentary. The outlines were also sketched of a West Indian History, a 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 devolved on him to select, arrange, and perfect.

As these duties required all his time, his business was of necessity relinquished. It was at first intended that he should reside in London, but in consequence of his reluctance to leave Cornwall, this was subsequently overruled, and he continued in his former place of abode. The engagement between them subsisted until the year 1812. It then underwent some modifications, and was terminated in 1814, by the venerable Doctor's sudden and lamented death, while on a missionary voyage to India.

Acquiescing in a proposal made through Dr. Adam Clarke, Mr. Drew became, in 1806, a writer in the Eclectic Review. In naming the proposition to his Cornish friend, the Doctor says, "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 liberal.' As I suppose you intend to live principally

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."

The termination of his engagement as a reviewer, Mr. Drew thus explained, several years afterwards, 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 afterwards 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 defects of his system. This article 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."

The treatise on the Identity and Resurrection of the Human Body, which he had for some time laid aside,

Mr. Drew, urged by the importunities of his friends, began at length to revise. In this 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 having been effected before the close of 1806, the manuscript was put successively into the hands of Mr. Whitaker, Mr. Gregor, and Archdeacon Moore, who, in terms of high encomium, severally advised its publication. In their letters to Mr. Drew, may be noticed the unusual circumstance of ministers of the Establishment, distinguished for their talents and erudition, 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, 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."

Venturing into a region hitherto untrodden, Mr. Drew felt anxious to have his arguments thoroughly sifted, before he gave them to the public. To his friend Adam Clarke he had been indebted for many valuable hints, while engaged in the investigation; and to the inspection of Dr. C. and his learned associates the manuscript was finally submitted. The former, writing to Mr. Drew, says, "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."

The Essay having been 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 his talents for abstruse inquiry, that his application to the public was soon answered by orders for more than eight hundred copies. Proposals for the purchase of the copyright were also, ere long, made to him by the proprietor of his treatise on the Soul. Wishing to retain it until he had disposed of the first impression, he at first declined the offer to purchase ; but, ultimately, for five hundred copies, complete in boards, he resigned his property in it to Mr. Edwards, who placed so much reliance on the merits of the book, and its author's celebrity, as to hazard a large impression. It appeared in 1809. Before the close of the year, the publisher wrote : " I have now left, of the last work, about 200 copies unsold ; but of the Essay on the Soul, I have only four copies remaining. I think of venturing on another edition of this, as soon as I get your corrected copy."

A proposition which was made to Mr. Drew, from more than one quarter, to criticise his own book, 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." It was favourably reviewed in the *British Critic* and the *Anti-Jacobin*; but from 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, probably from this cause, a second edition of the treatise, which the publisher quickly anticipated, did not appear for several years.

A psychological fact, mentioned by Mr. Drew in conversation, as connected with the production of his former work, is not undeserving of record. "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, while asleep, 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 in my life. I then thought of getting up, and striking a light, that I might put down the heads; but altered my mind, in-

tending to do it in the morning, and suffered myself to fall asleep again. When the morning came, I did not forget the circumstance, but I had 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."

Before the publication of his *Essay on the Resurrection*, Mr. Drew had the mournful duty of following to the grave the remains of his constant friend, Mr. Whitaker, who died of paralysis, in October, 1808. The only serious interruption of his own health occurred in the following year, when an attack of fever long unfitted him for his usual mental avocations. For his speedier restoration, he resided for some time at Fowey, and was afterwards for several weeks the guest of 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 works' sake, and made him a tender of that friendship which was the more gratifying from its being unexpected. They visited each other ; and a correspondence was begun, which terminated only with the colonel's death.

Mr. Drew's most elaborate work, a *Treatise on the Being, Attributes, and Providence of God*, was undertaken at the suggestion of the Rev. James Kidd, Professor of Oriental Languages in Marischal College, Aberdeen, from whom he received a letter, in 1809, which led to a long and valuable correspondence on

metaphysical and kindred topics. This gentleman's feelings towards Mr. Drew and estimate of his abilities, are seen in the following passages of his first letter: "Both of 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 Lanyhorne 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 that my friendship 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."

In reply to Mr. Drew's objection, that it would be a hopeless attempt on his part to enter the lists with metaphysicians of the highest reputation, who would probably be competitors, Professor Kidd remarks, in a subsequent letter, "Notwithstanding your modest views of your own abilities, and the diffidence of

success which you express, yet somehow I have a 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 allusion to the valued friendship of Professor Kidd, Mr. Drew says, "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 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 period in the course of events; and, if the memoirs of my life were to be handed to

posterity, this circumstance would furnish a new epoch to my biographer."

From his correspondence, in 1810, it is evident that Mr. Drew had begun mentally to respond to the solicitations of his northern friend, respecting the Prize Essay. Although, at this period, his engagement with Dr. Coke left him but little leisure, he began, in 1811, to write on the subject proposed; and in 1812 the work was so far advanced as to be submitted by him to the Rev. William Gregor for a critical perusal. 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.

Having completed his revision, and had his manuscript transcribed, as required, he 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 you have very materially improved your Essay. Your language is simple and perspicuous, and, in cases that demand it, possesses great strength and energy. I feel much interest in the success of your work. It has 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 pursued the line marked out for you in the advertisement, and fulfilled its conditions. And what momentous subjects have you investigated! Amidst *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 Laurence Brown, D. D., Principal of Marischal College, Aberdeen; and the second, to John Bird Sumner, M. A., Fellow of Eton College, afterwards Bishop of Chester, and now Archbishop of Canterbury. Never having been so sanguine, as his literary friends were, Mr. Drew expressed less regret than they at his want of success. Writing to one of his family, at this time, he says, "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 have written to Mr. Kidd, furnishing him with my motto, and requesting him to take up my MS, and keep it for his own inspection, until I desire him to forward it."

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."

Professor Kidd shortly afterwards remarked, "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 first prize is nothing like so deep." With this gentleman the work remained a considerable time, and was benefited by his careful revision. From various causes, this treatise was not sent from the press until 1820, when it was printed in two octavo volumes. Its publication, which was thus deferred, Mr. Gregor did not live to see.

A proposal which was made to Mr. Drew, in 1812, to become the editor of a provincial newspaper, although seconded by some of his literary friends, he thought it best to decline, as he did some overtures made shortly afterwards by a provincial publisher who desired the aid of his pen.

After the appearance of his *Essays on the Soul and on the Resurrection of the Body*, Mr. Drew's celebrity in Cornwall and Devon, as an author, increased his reputation as a preacher. When appointed to the pulpit at home, where novelty could be no cause of attraction, the chapel was always filled with attentive hearers; and from other places, the invitations to preach were more numerous than he could accept. Nor were these invitations from Methodists only. His known catholicity caused his ministrations to be no less valued among other religious communities.

While on a visit of this kind at Plymouth, being requested to assist at a meeting for united prayer, and for the promotion of brotherly-kindness among evangelical Christians there, he delivered extemporaneously the following Allegorical Address, which was

afterwards committed to writing. Independently of its intrinsic value, it furnishes a pleasing illustration of Mr. Drew's antipolemic disposition.

“ When Truth, which was of celestial origin, became embodied, that it might adorn this lower world, it assumed the form of a beautiful cone. The base of this cone rested on an extensive plain, while its summit was lost in the clouds ; and on every side it was illuminated with rays of the Divine glory. Struck with a spectacle so magnificent and splendid, all who beheld it gazed upon it with astonishment ; and, being enamoured with its symmetry and lovely appearance, the more thoughtful and serious, by an involuntary impulse, gathered around it from every quarter. Amidst 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 its magnificent appearance, they all remained in their respective positions, without walking around the sacred figure, to survey the glories which arose from the harmony of all its parts. In every aspect, Truth has its beauties ; but such as appear on a survey of detached portions are fewer and less brilliant than those which are seen in a comprehensive survey of the whole. No party, however, had views sufficiently expanded to appreciate and embrace the excellencies 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 covetous passion 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 first assault was made. 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, the injuries which the cone received became conspicuous; but this, instead of causing the contending parties to desist from depredations which no human efforts could repair, only stimulated them to further 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, 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 sagacious 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 completeness to the fragments.

“ The cone of Truth was now multiplied into many, some of which exhibited, on their first appearance, such incongruities, that several portions were twice or thrice repaired; and so badly executed were others, 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 first applied retains but little of its original shape, consistence, or colour. In other instances, as some features of peculiar excellence, which no art could imitate, appeared on the parts of the real cone which had been preserved, the partisans have resorted to the dishonourable expedient of throwing over Truth itself a deceitful varnish, to ensure uniformity of colour, at the expense of integrity.

“ Since this melancholy disaster happened, the most celebrated artists of each 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 among them 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 desir-

able object be accomplished, they seem fully convinced, that the protuberances of one part would exactly suit the excavations in another ; and that, were everything replaced, the cone would once more reassume that beautiful appearance with which all were at first captivated..

“ Influenced by these large 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 ; for although perfectly satisfied that they have not the whole, multitudes contend that they possess a much larger share than others, and that their party interests forbid them to make the surrender which such a measure requires.

“ Nor is this 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 fine particles of dust which floated in the atmosphere. These soon affected the organs of vision ; and the consequence is, that no individual has yet been discovered, with sight sufficiently acute to discern, on all occasions, where the parts of the real cone terminate, and where the untempered mortar actually begins. Many, by the aid of glasses, have been able to discover, that certain minute parts of the artificial composition are so intimately combined with the original material, that by attempting to remove them, an additional injury would be done, which might ultimately prevent a reunion of all the parts.

“ Under 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 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 believed, 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 ; and will then be reunited in the plains of heaven, and placed under the protection of angelic guards. And, furthermore, 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 from former errors ; 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.”

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. Although not advertised beyond Cornwall, a second edition, issued in September, was soon exhausted; and the copyright was then sold to Mr. Edwards, the proprietor of his two larger works, by whom several editions of it were printed. Such was the difference between the author's early obscurity and his later fame, that he received for this pamphlet as much as he had obtained for the copyright of his *Essay on the Soul*. The sermon may be found in the volume of Mr. Drew's *Literary Remains*, which was published not long after his decease.

Dr. Clarke, in his correspondence with Mr. Drew, 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." A friend in London, to whose care a few copies had been consigned, 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."

A professed Reply to his "Arguments," was issued by a member of a small Unitarian congregation at Flushing, near Falmouth. This, although it evaded the arguments of his sermon instead of meeting them, led Mr. Drew, in conformity with the judgment of others rather than his own, to publish, in 1814, a large pamphlet, entitled, "The Divinity of Christ, and the Necessity of his Atonement, vindicated from the Cavils of Mr. Thomas Prout and his associates."

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 examination of his reasonings he either never saw, or, seeing, did not deem it necessary to answer.

From several quarters, Mr. Drew 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." These solicitations, upon a subject so congenial with his own views and habits of thinking, were not treated with indifference; for, at the conclusion of his pamphlet in reply to Mr. Prout, he observes, "On some future day, if Providence favour me with health and leisure, I may probably take a more comprehensive survey of the important doctrines which you deny, than my former pamphlet contains; and, in addition to what I have already written, publish to the world the arguments and authority on which my belief of

these momentous doctrines rests." Other matters, however, soon forced themselves upon his attention; and he probably conceived that an Essay on the Trinity, upon which he knew his friend Professor Kidd to be engaged, would supersede any similar undertaking.

Early in 1814, Mr. Drew had to follow his aged father to the grave. The good old man had, long 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.

To one of his children, then residing at a distance from St. Austell, Mr. Drew wrote, "The event which we have long anticipated has at length arrived. Your grandfather is no more. He departed this life in the full triumph of faith. 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 were so familiarized to his view, that he could contemplate both with tranquillity. May you and I follow him, as he, for more than sixty years, followed Christ, that, like him, we may at last end our days in peace!"

In the autumn of this year, Mr. Drew undertook his most extensive 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 subscribe; but, before an outline of the work was prepared, the intended compiler was removed by death, and the materials he had provided 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 therefore engaged Mr. Drew to execute what Mr. Hitchens had contemplated, but scarcely begun.

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 the compiler, and those resources which Mr. Hitchens had not explored.

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. Except those passages which are marked as quotations, the entire work is in Mr. Drew's language; and all the matter contained in 1500 quarto pages was sent to the printer in his own manuscript.

The first portion of this History appeared in the spring of 1815. After the publication of the eighth part, in 1817, the printing of the residue was deferred nearly seven years, in consequence of the publisher's bankruptcy. Through his failure, the compiler sustained a heavy pecuniary loss.

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 for India, that, if his life were published, Mr. Drew should be his biographer. This being known to the executors, was 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 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 in Bath, in Bristol, and in London.

At this time, his hair was remarkably long; he wore top-boots, and light-coloured breeches; and his whole appearance was uncouth and unclerical. In the metropolis, 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 afterwards 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, were the Rev. Legh Richmond, and the late Dr. Mason of New York. To Dr. Clarke's kindness he was at this time further 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 and commenced the work. 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 preparation of the Life was less rapid than might have been wished. About March, 1816, the manuscript was completed, and despatched for the inspection of the executors and Book Committee; but the book was not published until the following year.

In the year 1816, the appointment of postmaster at St. Austell was conferred on Mr. Drew, and was subsequently transferred to one of his sons.

About this time he 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."

However competent to discharge the duties of historian and biographer, Mr. Drew felt that these engagements were not in accordance with the usual current of his thoughts. While he was occupied with his Cornish History, a more congenial subject was suggested,—a philosophical examination of the Arminian theology as held by Mr. Wesley and his successors. A Wesleyan minister, who afterwards filled

the presidential chair, wrote to him in 1816, "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 on the Equity of Divine Government. 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."

In his reply, Mr. Drew says, "I know scarcely any work in which I should be more ready to engage than that which you mention; and am inclined to think that the talents with which it has pleased God to bless me lie immediately in that department." He also intimates that the desirableness of such a treatise had been a topic of conversation between Dr. Clarke and himself; and that he had then expressed his willingness to undertake it, if officially sanctioned and adequately remunerated by the Wesleyan Conference. This not being accorded, a doubt of its pecuniary success, and the pressure of other engagements which at that period occupied his time and thoughts, led him to decline the proposed undertaking. To an intimate friend, who long afterwards suggested that he might yet accomplish it, he replied, "Ah! no: if I had done it at that time, I might have produced something of value. There is a tide in the affairs of men. That tide with me is past, and I shall never attempt it."

Having completed his biography of Dr. Coke, and the History of Cornwall, the year 1818 was to Mr. Drew a season of comparative leisure. After a long absence, the manuscript of his Essay on the Being and Attributes of the Deity, which had been critically examined by Dr. Kidd, of Aberdeen, Dr. Olinthus Gregory, of Woolwich, and other theologians, was returned to him. This treatise, which he deemed his best production, he now sat down to revise for the press; and in the following year issued proposals for publishing it by subscription. Six hundred copies were subscribed for, and one thousand printed. On its publication in 1820, it was less noticed by the critical journals of that day than had been expected. Its subject was not such as to attract those who read literary journals for amusement; and its profundity, which was thought detrimental to it when competing for the prize, probably rendered it difficult to obtain competent reviewers. The work is now out of print.

SECTION VI.

REMOVAL FROM CORNWALL.

WE come now to another change in the history of Mr. Drew's life; his removal from his native county. In the latter part of the year 1818, Dr. Adam Clarke, then residing at Milbrook, near Liverpool, informed him that he had earnestly recommended him as writer and editor, to Mr. Fisher, an extensive publisher in Liverpool, who was projecting a new Magazine. He says, "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, first, come and spy out the land? This, I think, would be well. You will find in Liverpool such society as will be pleased with you, and you with them. 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.

“Mr. Fisher 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 made as strong and respectable as possible. On this plan, draw up a prospectus as soon as you can.”

In accordance with the advice of his friend, Mr. Drew proceeded alone to Liverpool, in order fully to understand the nature of the proposed engagement. Negotiations having proceeded to the mutual satisfaction of Mr. Fisher and himself, he writes thus to his family in February, 1819:—“I have now come to the 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 as a transient visitor. My likeness has been taken, and is now engraving, for the first number of the ‘IMPERIAL MAGAZINE, OR COMPENDIUM OF RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND PHILO-

SOPHICAL KNOWLEDGE.' This title is of Dr. Clarke's choosing. It will be published, here and in London, on the 31st of March next, price one shilling. I am now busily employed in writing reviews 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.

“ 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. I can plainly perceive that the people are anxious to fix me here ; but all entertain 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.*

* As a local preacher, he officiated regularly, in and near Liverpool, and frequently preached occasional sermons at Manchester, Salford, Stockport, Oldham, Macclesfield, Northwich, Chester, Warrington, and other places in that part of England.

“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 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. If our magazine will pay, I do not think that for any pecuniary considerations he will suffer 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 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.”

In July, 1819, Mr. Drew paid a short visit to his family, put his Essay on the Being and Attributes of God into the printer's hands, and returned again to 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.

The attachment between Mr. Drew and 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 appropriate couplet of Dr. Clarke's upon Mr. Drew, when he first came to Liverpool. Under the management of his young friends he was passive; and they did not pause until a manifest change in his exterior was effected. Being congratulated, when he next visited Cornwall, upon his improved appearance, he replied, “ Those girls of the Doctor's, and their acquaintances, have thus metamorphosed me.”

The immediate cause of his leaving Liverpool, as a place of residence, will be found in the calamitous oc-

currence thus described to his wife, on the 30th of January, 1821.

“ On Tuesday morning, about three o'clock, I was awakened with a loud knocking at our door, and calls of ‘ Mr. Drew! Mr. Drew!’ On my inquiring the reason, a lad said, ‘ Get up quickly; 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 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 150 reams of paper, nearly all the copper-plates, 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, mounting in the air, 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.

“ In 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, had 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 insured to the amount of about £36,000; but this will not cover the loss. Printing presses, copper-plate 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 occurred. What the event will be, respecting the publishing business, so far as I am concerned, I cannot say. Mr. Fisher is expected to return from London on Friday or Saturday; after which, when something is determined on, I hope to write you again." Subsequently Mr. Drew stated, that many days after the fire was extinguished, one of the men employed in removing the rubbish noticed a spot which yielded to the pressure of his foot: he thrust his spade into it, and, to his astonishment, liquid metal spouted up as from a fountain. On examination, he discovered a quantity of printing type, of several hundred pounds weight, still in a state of fusion.

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 Midsummer, to transfer his establishment from Liverpool to London. Availing himself of the temporary cessation which this removal occasioned, Mr. Drew took his departure for Cornwall, and, after a short visit there, commenced his duties in the metropolis.

In entering upon the last scene of Mr. Drew's mental 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 afterwards, 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 both accomplished. He had now 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 Milbrook, 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, 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 then situated. Here he held the office of class-leader among the Methodists, and seemed, as in Liverpool, 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 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 lady, 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.

In May, 1824, the degree of A.M. was conferred upon Mr. Drew, by Marischal College, Aberdeen. The instrument is dated May 6th. Professor Kidd, in a letter to his friend, 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. You are indebted to Mr. G——, for first interesting himself in procuring you this honourable distinction." The gentleman, to whom 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. Glenhie is equally desirous of lending his countenance."

In 1827-8, Mr. Drew 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-Know-

ledge," being inadequate to describe the nature of the book, may have operated to its prejudice, by causing it to be regarded as a mere common-place production. To the author, although of the same name, and a native of the same county, Mr. Drew was a personal stranger. The request was made in consequence of the high estimation set on his metaphysical writings.

In the early period of Mr. Drew's abode in London, there is little more 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 holidays, 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 resided. 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 temporal 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 church-yard of that place."

* Mr. Drew's son-in-law.

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 was often 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 his 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 regarded, 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, new ties draw us towards that future world whither all must go, and where 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 occupations 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 or near the place of his birth.

A circumstance which occurred not long before Mrs. Drew's decease, rendered his constitution the more susceptible of the shock which her death occasioned. One Sunday, in 1828, he had engaged to preach in the morning at Tottenham, five miles from London; and 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 over-exertion, and a severe cold which followed, he never fully 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. To his sister, shortly after his return to London, he writes, "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. Things go on much as usual. By day I am busily 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. 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, and immersed in mental dreams."

Writing a month later, to an intimate friend, he says, "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 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. We have only to look back on a few departed months, to be convinced that nothing is stable beneath the sun. My warning to be always ready, has been imperious; 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."

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, 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 then have 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, in 1830, he writes to his eldest daughter, "On the 3rd 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, that I shall not forget that my three-score 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 afterwards, he observes to her, "I could wish that I were 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."

Frequently, for the purpose of unbending his mind, and throwing his thoughts into another channel, he would, on returning from his office, count the steps to his house; and would sometimes say to his daughter on his arrival, "Well, I can't tell how it is, but to-day, I am two steps short of my reckoning;" or "to-day I am one step over." At other times, he sought mental relaxation in so walking on the flag-stones as to avoid treading on the joints. His consequent uneven gait would not unfrequently cause passengers to stop and stare at him; thinking him, no doubt, to be crazy.

An incident, arising out of one of Mr. Drew's visits to his native county, shows that neither age, affliction, nor the pressure of literary duties, had diminished his

inherent affability and kindness. It was related after his decease, by an intelligent woman in humble life, who had been a fellow-passenger with him in a steamer.

“ About ten years ago, I had been to visit 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 an elderly 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 females and children, particularly the sick. 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; they had never seen the gentleman before.’ As the evening drew on, it began to rain. He 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 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 then 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 afterwards learnt that it was Mr. Drew; and never shall I forget his kindness."

Early in 1830, a request was made to Mr. Drew, by some members of the council of the London University, (since called University College,) 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 afterwards, to one of his children, he observed ; “ 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.”

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 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 see that judgment and feeling are at variance ; for when we consider the subject, it is no matter where this body is buried, or what becomes 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.”

In the summer of 1830, he writes thus cheerfully and feelingly to one of his old associates : “ Two years have almost gone by since my late eventful journey into Cornwall. What another year may evolve, who can say ? We have, my friend, travelled

along the pathway 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 amidst the wreck 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, and, 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, although I have a tolerable appetite. 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, excite. 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. May we be prepared for the solemn moment when death shall come."

SECTION VII.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

IN the summer of 1831, Mr. Drew again visited Cornwall. Though the "blossoms of the grave" were now plentifully sprinkled over his head, and the marks of care and the shadows of age were seen in the deepened lines of his countenance, yet he retained much of his former vivacity, and showed by his familiar and playful sallies that his elasticity of spirits was not subdued. So powerfully, however, was he affected by the ravages of time among the companions of his youth, and by the tokens of advancing age in the faces of his congregation, when, on this occasion, he stood to address his former townsmen from the pulpit, that he was unable to proceed, until his emotion had found vent in tears.

This year, according to his previous 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 this strong parental attachment he 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! some 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."

Several months afterwards, he observes to the same much-loved relative, "I am something like a school-boy waiting the arrival of the approaching holidays; 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 of that year, produced a powerful effect; and from the co-

incidence 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 afterwards 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 felt increasingly a burden. It required an effort, to rouse himself to it, 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 this month, he remarked to another member of his family, "Early this week I shut up housekeeping, 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 subsequent 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.

In October 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 afterwards, "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: "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.

"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. 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 trust I shall be found prepared for the approaching summons."

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 the following reply: "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 had 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 sit down sometimes 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 jour-

ney. Believe me, my dear children, were I disposed to undertake the journey, that from London 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 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. 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."

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 following extracts, 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.

Writing to the eldest daughter of Dr. Clarke, on the 4th of February, he says, "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 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.

* * * * *

“ 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. 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.”

To the same lady he writes, on the 12th of February, “ The long letter, that has long been promised, is sent at last. You will perceive that I have availed myself of my daughter’s hand-writing. 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.”

A letter from Mr. Drew’s youngest daughter, to her sister, at Helston, on the 22nd of February, again awakened his children’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. Conquest, the

† The first of these allusions is to a eulogy on himself contained in the Autobiography of Dr. Clarke. The second is to his own intended Autobiography. Further explanation may be found in the Preface to this volume.

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 was, 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 unprovided 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,
February 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! the thread of life was nearly spun: before July his mortal probation terminated! 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 concluded upon instantly relinquishing the occupation to which he had been, for a considerable time, constraining himself. His eldest son and daughter hastened immediately to the metropolis, to accompany their father to Cornwall. To them, 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.

To his editorial duties Mr. Drew attended, until Saturday, March 2nd, 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 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 and christian placidity, shewed 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, he, at the hazard of being thought unkind, shunned, as much as

possible, the conversation of those friends whose solicitude for his health led them to make frequent 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.

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 youngest daughter's hands a year's subscription for each, that all obligations of that kind might be fully discharged. About the same period, after the performance of family worship, in which his son had officiated, 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."

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} from 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. Sago 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 friends 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 shewed 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 fit 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 shewn by the proprietor of the hotel, to whom he was known. On Friday afternoon, the 15th, he reached Helston, with such apparently recruited strength and spirits, that he imagined himself capable of walking, without help, from the carriage to the sitting-room on the first floor of his daughter's house; though he was not permitted to make the effort.

While 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 my prop. Ah! very soon all props will be taken away, and I shall drop into the grave."

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 refrained from 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 so brief and infrequent, that few of those observations which might otherwise have been expected from a dying christian philosopher could be recorded. Yet, amidst the wanderings of his mind, the kindness of his disposition frequently discovered itself, in his solicitude for others, especially for 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 words often uttered by him. At other times he was evidently engaged in prayer.

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." Though an invalid, she accomplished the journey from her own residence without inconvenience, and had the satisfaction of soothing, by her presence, her brother's dying hours.

On the Monday preceding his death, he asked 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?" And being answered, "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 hope, and the most unshaken confidence, in the mercy of God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." That 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, "When I was last in Helston, I could see from the bed-room 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." *

* His youngest daughter, who was his sole companion after Mrs. Drew's death, says, "My father used daily to unhang my

On the last day of his life but one, his youngest daughter being then ill in London, 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?" "O yes," he replied, "you may say that with the greatest confidence."

On the night before his decease, he seemed to have a premonition of his approaching death, which led him to say, "Thank God, to-morrow I shall join the glorious company above."

On Friday afternoon, March 29th, he sank into a state of insensibility; 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 scepticism, or the chilling anticipations of infidelity, what can be found to parallel the hopes and consolations of the dying follower of Christ? While passing through "the valley of the shadow of death," he is delivered from the apprehension of future evil. Even amidst the sinkings of nature and the flickering of intellect, a sustaining power is felt. Relying on Jesus, he looks beyond the darkness of the tomb; and often is his path illumined by rays of celestial glory. Were it, therefore, possible

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."

that the Christian's hopes might prove delusive, — nay, were it certain, — with strict propriety might the question be proposed,

“ What truth on earth so precious as the lie ? ”

On the Tuesday after Mr. Drew's death, his body was interred, agreeably to his long-expressed wish, beside that of his much-loved wife. The stone which marks the spot, in Helston church-yard, 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. 19, 1828, aged 57.

“ So glides the stream of human life away.”

In several chapels in Cornwall, funeral sermons, occasioned by Mr. Drew's decease, were preached to crowded and deeply affected congregations.

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 be read with 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 afterwards 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 indis- ‘ position to work : it is quite a burden to me. I can- ‘ not 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. William Tagg, his son-in-law, 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 about 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 inwards ‘ 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 dropt 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 to us of his personal religious experience.

“ When he 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, or 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.”

For the particulars which follow, the reader and the biographer are indebted to a lady whose friendly correspondence with Mr. Drew, in Liverpool and London, has been already noticed.

“ 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, en-

treating him to come and spend the following sabbath with us, which was his birth-day, March 3rd, 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 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 awaking considerably refreshed, 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! 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 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."

The period of Mr. Drew's conversion to God, under the ministry of Dr. Adam Clarke, and his connexion with the Methodist society, is recorded on a plain marble, in the Wesleyan chapel at St. Austell. The inhabitants of his native town 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
S A M U E L D R E W,
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 3RD, 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 VIII.

DOMESTIC AND SOCIAL RETROSPECT.

THE leading events of Mr. Drew's life have been narrated in nearly chronological order. Other facts, illustrative of his social and religious character, mental peculiarities, intellectual capacity, and literary position, remain to be noticed. 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. Aided by the verbal portrait thus roughly sketched, the fancy of the reader who has not seen Mr. Drew will, perhaps, complete the likeness.

“The fixed glance of his eye,” a gentleman, intimately acquainted with Mr. Drew 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 reading 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 your adequacy.”

His personal appearance never bespoke an indulgence in the luxuries of life. Though in the enjoyment of almost uninterrupted health, his pale features and meagre appearance excited, soon after his residence in London, the commiseration of some benevolent individual, who, thinking to do him a kindness, sent him a sovereign in a letter, with a request that he would “take a little wine, for his stomach’s sake, and his often infirmities.” The writer being unknown, the money could not be returned, and was therefore applied as directed.

Whatever change his features might 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. Drew. "About fifty years." "And have you not seen me since?" "Never, sir, till now," was the answer.

In describing his 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 able 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.

"Take time by the forelock," was one of his favourite phrases and rules of conduct: the family clock was, therefore, 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 fine 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 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.

Independently of his engagements 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 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 family was summoned together for evening devotion. His pipe of tobacco terminated the daily routine.

Though a smoker, he was not addicted 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, 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 say *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: as 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 another apartment or the open air, as the temperature and convenience might determine.

So fond was he of warmth, that, in the hottest day of summer, he would sit by the fire, while smoking after dinner, unless he could, as a substitute, bask in the sun. "I hear people complain of the heat," he has said; "but, for my part, I never found a summer's 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 Robert 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.

Once, after a large club-dinner at which Mr. Drew presided, when a wish was expressed by some of the company for pipes, he said, "Gentlemen, perhaps you think, because I am a smoker, I shall not oppose your wishes: but remember, I never smoke to annoy others; and if there be one person here to whom tobacco is offensive, I insist upon it that no pipe be brought into this room while I am present."

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 of a third person, related his own adventure among the smugglers, described in a former page, and added, “ The consequence of that night’s exposure was, that the young man had a wound on 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.”

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."

On the sabbath, 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 doctrines of Christianity. These he seldom communicated in a direct manner, lest he should awaken a repugnance to religious instruction. By proposing some question, or subject, for consideration, he endeavoured to elicit inquiry, and to make them think closely and seriously about a matter of such vital importance. Nor was this method peculiar to his sabbath instruction. The subject changed with the day, but his manner of teaching was similar. He adopted no particular system for the mental culture of his children. They received the common school-education, and 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 morning was therefore his chief time for the religious instruction of his household, and 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.

It has been already intimated, that, while Mr. Drew was in trade, the kitchen was his study, and his wife's bellows his portable desk. A neighbour, 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 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, while he lived at St. Austell, and 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, so 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 own 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 learnt 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!*"

A very kind lady, of peculiar habits, whom Mr. Drew occasionally visited, and who made a practice of classifying her guests, was once greatly disconcerted at his neglect of those personal distinctions to which she had been long accustomed. Calling at her house, after preaching on a sabbath evening, when the weather was tempestuous, a friend present advised him to defer his journey home until the morning. "Oh! dear sir!" said the lady, "what shall I do? the saints' bed is engaged." "Have you not another bed, ma'am?" asked the friend. "O yes, sir; but you know that is the sinners' bed, and I could not think of Mr. Drew's sleeping in it. Much to her consternation, he expressed his willingness to occupy the latter, and could scarcely persuade her that it might be done without loss of character.

The same lady, at another time, when Mr. Drew declined some onerous pulpit engagement, alleging that he did not feel it a duty to kill himself, offered the singular inducement, "You know, sir, that if you do, the Lord will raise up another in your place."

In matters of domestic management, Mr. Drew rarely interfered. He used jocosely to say, "I endea-

your 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 the 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."

The following, written after his wife's death, on the back of a letter, and designed probably for the servant's perusal, is an instance of his indirect method of hinting at a defect in domestic arrangements:

" Amidst the wonders Islington can boast,
That which must puzzle and surprise us most,
And give to incredulity 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, yet, knowing that its frequent use blunts the finer feelings, and degrades the child into the mere animal, other methods of governing them were preferred. An amusing instance of this appears in a document which was found among his papers, formally engrossed on parchment, and attested by the signatures of several witnesses. It was an agreement with one of his boys, who inherited much of his own youthful temper.

" 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 in 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 neisy 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) ——— 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.

“ *Signed, sealed, and delivered,*
(being first duly stamped) in
the presence of

“ ——— * DREW,
 “ SAMUEL * DREW,
 “ HONOUR * DREW.

“ A. B.” &c. &c.

Few fathers manifested stronger paternal attachment than 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 inculcate christian sentiments, 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, shew 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; in which the fervent spirit of the Christian, and love of the parent, were combined with his wonted familiarity.

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.

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 awful gulf, no mortal e'er repassed,
To tell what's doing on the other side.' "

A little anecdote of his early life evinces his feeling disposition. On a severe winter's day, when a youth, he shot some starlings. When, at dinner, 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."

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.

On one occasion, going to collect some book-debts in Cornwall, 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 had called at the house, this proceeding was incomprehensible: and, with childish simplicity, after quitting it, he inquired the reason. The tear starting into Mr. Drew's eye, he answered,

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

Once, while resident in London, he walked a considerable distance, for the purpose of giving half-a-crown to a worthy man in humble circumstances, who had, during his absence from home, brought a complimentary message from his master; and he was at some pains to procure for him an advance of wages. The fact, though trivial, is characteristic.

The force of local attachment felt by Mr. Drew was 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 assemble to play, on summer and moonlight evenings." 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.

With local attachments personal recollections were intimately associated; and, when recounting his childish exploits, the unbidden tear would sometimes start at the remembrance of playmates long since dead. Lamenting one day the levelling of the graves, and removing of the tombstones in the church-yard 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 pic-nic 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, 1831, he joined his children and grand-children 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 repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and e’en the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.”

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.”

Although thus unusually indifferent to harmonious sounds, yet the tune named Denmark, appropriated to Dr. Watts’s beautiful paraphrase of the hundredth psalm, and one composed by his son-in-law 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 her husband 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 requesting permission to examine his head, 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, that I can scarcely distinguish one tone 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.

So well stored with poetry was his mind, that for almost every passing subject, he seemed to have an appropriate quotation. 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.

Lofty characters are not without their foibles; and it is sometimes both amusing and instructive to notice their antipathies and partialities. Of the serpent tribe, Mr. Drew had an instinctive abhorrence. A stuffed specimen in a museum he could not look upon

without uncomfortable feelings; and from a living snake or viper that rustled in a hedge, he has been seen to run with 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.

Affability and readiness to instruct were always traits in Mr. Drew's character. "For young persons he had a particular regard, and invariably drew them around him, evincing the greatest interest for their welfare. Ever familiar and accessible, they felt no scruple in stating to him their difficulties, or making him, what he was always ready to be, their confidential and friendly adviser. 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, rea-

sons 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, who came thither for religious conversation. With these, when time permitted, he would enter into a discussion of such topics as might be suggested, answer questions, and clear up difficulties. This became a frequent levée of his, 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 to 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."

A want of logical precision among his young friends seldom escaped Mr. Drew's critical remark. When he heard such a phrase as "an immense field," or "an immense assembly," he would ask the size of the field, or the probable number of persons in the assembly, and inquire whether the field might not be a yard larger, or the assembly contain one person more. As an affirmative reply must be given, it furnished him with the means of pointing out clearly the impropriety of applying such epithets to subjects of limited extent. In the use of superlatives he was

particularly scrupulous. "I never like," said he, "to be hemmed up in a corner, without means of retreating. Instead of such expressions as the *best* or the *wisest*, I prefer saying *one of the best*, or *one of the wisest*." The "frittering away of the English language," as he termed it, whether by an unauthorized use of words, or the introduction of foreign idioms and phrases, he frequently denounced; and when he heard persons use French expressions where English might be better employed, he called it "fiddle-faddle, nonsense, and affectation."

Among other useful qualities, he exhibited very prominently, with the disposition, the ability to cause passing occurrences to yield some important moral lesson. A well-timed anecdote, an aphorism, or a poetical quotation, was his usual method of arresting attention, and directing it to that point where he wished it to rest. Sometimes he would introduce a verse or couplet in a sense so remote from its current use, as to require some dexterity to determine its new application; while, by calling the ingenuity of his hearers into exercise, the meaning, when caught, became more firmly fixed in the memory. Thus, one evening, when unbending himself among some young people, who were redeeming forfeits by making extempore speeches and verses, he, in his turn, having made some verses, sufficiently ludicrous to excite the merriment of his young friends, said, "Thus it is, that

"Imperial Cæsar, turn'd to common clay,
May stop a chink to keep the wind away."

The application of these lines was not very obvious; and when, after several unsuccessful conjectures had

been hazarded, he was asked his meaning, he replied, " Though these trifles may be beneficial when, by the change given to our thoughts, they qualify us for a more vigorous application to business or study, yet they should never supersede the graver concerns of life, or be esteemed our avocation, instead of our relaxation."

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." 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. — S. DREW."

To one of his children, recently married, he wrote, " 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 : — in the other, 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. 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.”

Writing to one of his children, at another time, he says, “Domestic happiness 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 contrivance 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.”

Advising some individuals of his family, on their first becoming parents, he 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 ~~boys~~ in the

house.' It is no light satire upon human nature, 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 afterwards complain how difficult it is to weed them out."

To a nephew who had lately commenced business, he wrote, "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. Never shrink from doing any thing which your business calls you to. The man who his above his business, may one day find his business above him. By turning your attention to reading, when the labour of the day 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 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."

Writing to another young tradesman, he 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. Credit is a tender thing. It is a plant that needs attention in the rearing, and may be soon killed by neglect or exposure."

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 out all 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."

Admonishing a young person, he once observed, "I can caution you against 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 painful reflection, and often to suffer the anguish of remorse."

An acquaintance which Mr. Drew formed in 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 explained to her 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 ; 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 had concealed her name, lest her situation should prevent her from receiving those answers which she desired to her various questions. 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 the best replies which the limits of a long letter would allow. Such was the commencement of our correspondence."

In one of his replies to her, he says, "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. 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.’

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.”

To another young female correspondent he says, “When you write, 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 part 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. But neither metaphysics, nor any merely human science, can procure for us an interest in the felicities of heaven. All may be made subservient to our future 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 the 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 to draw for ever from the ocean of eternal truth, without the possibility of exhausting it."

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."

"The longer," says a literary gentleman, "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; whilst his singular modesty, and cheerfulness of disposition, joined to his exhaustless fund of anecdote and interesting information, rendered him a delightful friend and companion."

James Montgomery, the poet, 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 truly your friend."

It must not be supposed, that, because Mr. Drew excelled as a metaphysician, metaphysics were always

the theme of his friendly conversations. "Such," remarks a gentleman, who speaks from personal observation, "was not the fact. Desirous of suiting his topics to the capacities and circumstances of those in 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, people sometimes unfairly pressed for his opinions. On this account, his hours of cessation from mental labour were not always those of relaxation."

Notwithstanding his affability, and easiness of access, he greatly disliked been *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 holiday." More than once did he say within his family circle, "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." He was best pleased to follow the ordinary course of conversation; to guard it from degenerating into mere trifling; to draw forth the opinions of the company; and occasionally to 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 con-

sequences, and unconsciously gratify and engage the attention of his friends by continuous remarks of half an hour's duration.

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, who cherished against him hostile feelings. The only individual who was known to speak of him with rancour, sent for Mr. Drew to pray with him in his last sickness, and instruct him in the verities of the christian religion. That the request was complied with, the reader needs not to be informed.

We have no wish to represent Mr. Drew as immaculate. In attempting a faithful moral picture, the blemishes should be shewn as well as the beauties; nor does his character require that any part should be "cast discreetly into shade." But so few and so trivial were his defects, that to particularize them is a task of difficulty.

Although habitually careful of the feelings of others; and, on noticing a display of unnecessary rigour, or

a want of sympathy for a wounded spirit, often quoting, as a gentle rebuke,

“ 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 pungent. 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 sharpness sometimes inflicted an unintentional wound.

If we add to this, that, from his keen preception 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 enumerated the imperfections in his domestic character. In every other view, we believe, his excellencies 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.”

SECTION IX.

INTELLECTUAL AND LITERARY REVIEW.

THE reader of the former pages cannot have overlooked that unaffected simplicity which was a prominent feature in Mr. Drew's intellectual character, in every stage of his life. The distinguished and applauded metaphysician was as unpretending as was the humble mechanic. His lowly origin he neither forgot nor 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." If he felt his own powers of mind, he assumed no superiority over others; and his society was pleasing to persons of less vigorous intellect, because he attempted no display. In one of his early letters to Dr. Kidd, of Aberdeen, this characteristic modesty, and diffidence of his own abilities, is very pleasingly shown.

“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 view. 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.”

In another letter to the same gentleman he says, “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."

To the same gentleman, he further remarks, "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 subsequently 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."

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 every where." "Similar instances," said the gentleman who related the circumstance, "I have known to occur, not seldom. Mr. Drew's mind, even when at

rest, seemed to be *thinking*, in the proper sense of the term."

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 connexion, 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 appear to 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.

Possessing that unpretending simplicity of manners 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 remarked, "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. However his thoughts might soar, they were never lost in clouds: they extended to little things as well as great.

With the feeling and fancy of a poet, and the excursive glance of a philosopher, Mr. Drew displayed,

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 as a natural philosopher, 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 who excel in natural science, but comparatively few who devote themselves to the philosophy of mind.

Mr. Drew did not think, like Robert Hall, that metaphysics 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 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 metaphysical 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."

"In my interviews with Mr. Drew," observed a literary gentleman with whom he was intimate, "I 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 regretted that I did not commit his valuable observations to writing; since, from this omission, they have wholly escaped my memory. 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."

His 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 works most interesting to him."

Although 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.

"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 questionable 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 he had thus fully answered the questions which I had proposed."

A gentleman informed the biographer, that he was present on an occasion, when some one having, in Mr. Drew's company, accidentally struck a chord to 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.

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 back ground. "He reasoned," observed a gentleman, who was frequently in his com-

pany, "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. In accordance with his frequent remark, that *the weak parts of a creed are generally guarded by anathemas*, he willingly explained every doubtful position, and rather courted than shunned the scrutiny of an antagonist. Rarely, if ever, could he be accused of substituting assertion for argument, or vehemence for illustration; though, by an unexpected retort, he would sometimes more effectually silence an opponent, than by mere logical weapons.

That he did not, like some divines, deem reason and faith to be subversive of each other, is apparent in a letter of his to Dr. Clarke, in which he says, "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. I have sometimes thought that some writers 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."

To maintain that Mr. Drew was benefited by ignorance, may seem, at first, paradoxical; yet, with certain limitations, it appears to be true. For much of his celebrity he was doubtless indebted, not only 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, he raises a question, whether his early poverty and ignorance were a misfortune; since these afterwards procured for him that notice and patronage which otherwise might not have been bestowed.

But there is another sense in which the proposition may be true. Unlike the majority of characters, that are formed and moulded by circumstances, his intellect being developed in opposition to circumstances, its products bore the impress of originality; yet there might have been less originality in his writings, had his reading been more extensive. His ignorance of books, and consequently of systems, compelled him, if he exerted 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 underived without his knowing that they were so. 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; and the mental discipline to which he

was thus compelled constrained him to be AN ORIGINAL THINKER.

Being reminded of the high encomium, quoted in the preface to this volume, which Dr. Adam Clarke had passed upon him in his autobiography, after saying, "That is quite an hyperbole, beyond all reason," he added, "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."

There are some readers of biography who are scarcely satisfied that a narrative is faithful, unless they can trace in the *boy* the lineaments of the *man*. In Mr. Drew's, the bold and fearless daring of the character is indeed plainly discoverable, but there was little else in his 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, on the contrary, 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 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.

One of his 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."

No less applicable to Mr. Drew is a remark in the biography of Robert Hall. "He did not *then* read much. 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."

"Principles," Mr. Drew 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."

There were two or three mental qualities, for which he was remarkable. His almost intuitive perception of the bearings and remote consequences of any proposition in moral science has been already noticed.

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 would instantly strip off its specious covering, and expose its deformity. He seemed, furthermore, 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 unfitness of a subject for man's reasoning powers. "I am never satisfied," he said, "unless I feel the ground as I go; nor do I forget that in all our inquiries after causes, the question will outlive the reply, and lead to a point where no answer can be given."

Mr. Drew did not regard Paley's Natural Theology as exhibiting the most satisfactory proofs of the Divine existence and perfections. To a metaphysical correspondent he writes: "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."

We should not describe Mr. Drew as a *subtle* reasoner; because the epithet implies artifice, which he ever disdained; but he was an ACUTE reasoner, and his mental vision was CLEAR and PENETRATING. He was a LABORIOUS thinker also, 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 that are daunted if the first spring be unsuccessful, he put forth additional energies until the obstacle was overcome.

In the following testimonies, the reader will find a confirmation of the preceding remarks.

Davies Gilbert, Esq., in a letter to the biographer, 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.*"

Dr. Olinthus Gregory 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."

In one of the biographical sketches which appeared about the time of his decease, the writer says, "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."

A pleasing illustration of Mr. Drew's intellectual and religious character appears in a few sentences written by him in a lady's album.

"How valuable soever scientific attainments may be, in reference to our present state, it is doubtful whether 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 connexion 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 con-

flagration will have no power to destroy; and it will yield a pure aroma to regale the disembodied spirits for ever."

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 remarks, and quote the opinions of less partial judges than himself.

Among some sincere believers, there is a prejudice against all attempts to establish or confirm, by reason, any of the doctrines of revelation. They seem to dread the application of reason to matters of faith, lest its deductions should be substituted for the declarations of the bible. Mr. Drew was not of this number. All his writings 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 the Creator and to each other, we need some clearer rule of conduct than is discoverable by her feeble and dubious ray. Frequently does he 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 the understanding, dispels the gloomy uncertainty, and, shining brighter and brighter unto the perfect day, leads on to "glory, immortality, and eternal life."

Thus, in reference to a theological tenet of Dr. Samuel Clarke, he 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."

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 instance, the tardy movements of philosophy lead us to the same conclusions as the Bible, they afford no contemptible evidence of its authenticity; and hence revelation challenges our belief in those instances where we can trace no connexion."

"Scriptural principles," it is remarked, by a student of Mr. Drew's works, "are interwoven through the whole of his multifarious labours; and, to his well-

earned reputation of sound philosophy, must be added the delightful fact, that the sum and substance of his argumentation, elaborate and cogent as it is, accords with the dictates of eternal truth."

The Rev. John Whitaker, in his critique upon Mr. Drew's first publication, says, "We here behold a shoemaker of St. Austell encountering a staymaker of Deal, with the same weapons of unlettered reason, tempered, indeed, from the armoury of God, yet deriving their principal power from the native 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 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 are seen in the closing sentence of his Preface.

“ 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 following summary of its contents was given in one of the Reviews, on the first appearance of the treatise : “ 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 magnitude, figure, and extension are essential to matter ; that spiritual substances may exist ; that their positive existence may be deduced from those qualities of mind which have no positive existence, such 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 substance 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.”

In his *Essay on the Identity and Resurrection of the Human Body*, after a general view of the subject, and of the nature and perfections of Deity, the author proceeds to show, from God's immutability and man's primeval state, that the human body was designed to be 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 death as a 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 that man, in reference to mortality, 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, he endeavours to prove 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, nor in the majority of those particles ; and it is inferred analogically, that the changes through which our bodies are continually passing, while identity remains, 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."

In the *British Critic*, 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."

In a review 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 following epitome of its contents is given in connexion with the reviewer's verdict. "The first part sets out with the argument *à priori*, to prove the necessary existence of one, and of only one, uncreated, underived, and self-existent Being. Philosophers in general suppose its demonstration *à 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 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. 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.

"The 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.

“His 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 the third part of this work, the subject becomes more subtle and intricate 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. He 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, 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. We hope the work will be admitted into the divinity halls of the United Kingdom, as a class-book for young divines.”

Upon this and the previous Essays, 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.”*

* There were some amusing instances of misapprehension respecting Mr. Drew’s metaphysical works. He once related, in his humorous manner, that, while sitting in a friend’s house, in Devonshire, his attention was arrested by the voice of the town-crier 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.” Though with him it was the occasion of a smile, the rest of the company felt excessively mortified at the strange misapprehension of their civic orator. The writer of a laudatory epistle to Mr. Drew addressed him 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.

His minor publications it will not be necessary to describe. Upon his History of Cornwall we quote the opinion of one who, being himself a historian and an antiquarian, is qualified to decide: "Mr. Drew's County History, though not exempt from error, is the best that has yet been written."

His Biography of Dr. Coke is characterized by much original thought, a spirit of rational piety, great keenness of discrimination, and numerous philosophical reflections. 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, and which did not long survive him, while embracing a greater variety of subjects than a merely religious periodical, was more decidedly religious, in the best sense of the expression, than most of the monthly publications which then ministered to the public curiosity. In a letter to the editor, 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 miscellaneous publications, issuing monthly, and I have therefore given it my humble recommendation."

In enumerating Mr. Drew's writings, the works written or compiled by him during his connexion with the Caxton Press, are not included. Though there were few publications issued by that establishment,

from 1819 to 1833, upon which his pen was not employed; 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 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 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 Reve-

lation, 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.

On the following, bearing the name of Thomas Coke, LL. D., if Mr. Drew was not principally their writer, his pen was largely employed :

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 Testament, (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.

Amidst 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 he stands forth conspicuously from the republic of letters, as a metaphysician, a philosopher, and a divine. In a communication from Dr. Kidd, of Aberdeen, to the biographer, after Mr. Drew's decease, a confirmation of this opinion will be found.

“ 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. The day will come, when his mind and self-taught genius will appear to the learned ; and justice will be done to his writings after he is long in the grave.”

SECTION X.

THE CHRISTIAN.—THE COUNSELLOR.—THE PREACHER.

OF Mr. Drew's sentiments and feelings as a Christian, his works, his public ministrations, and his letters supply all the information we require. He left no memoranda descriptive of his progressive advances in personal piety; but in his ordinary deportment a diary is found equivalent to whole volumes of religious detail. 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 now 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 deportment wild or enthusiastic; nothing calculated to offend. To persuade, to advise, or to reprove, was a duty from which he never shrank; but 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.

The following are instances of his faithfulness in discharging apprehended duty.

In a steamer, one of his fellow-passengers speaking in a very scoffing manner of religion and the scriptures, Mr. Drew expressed his regret that he should treat a serious subject with so much levity; and finding the young man intelligent and candid, he entered into conversation with him on the evidences of Christianity, and the nature of evangelical faith. Although an entire stranger, he very soon after addressed to him a long letter, in which, after a fuller investigation of the subject, he affectionately counselled him to renounce those sceptical notions which would assuredly embitter his dying moments.

A gentleman, about to receive ordination, remarked to Mr. Drew, that he should think it his duty as a clergyman to quit a company where he witnessed any breach of morality or decorum. "As a private Christian, or an uninfluential member of society," said Mr. Drew, "that might be the most judicious course; but, as a gentleman and a minister, I think you would be

remiss in your duty, did you not add reproof to disapprobation." Regulating his own conduct by this rule, he once, when dining in a large, mixed company, so pointedly reproved a gentleman who commenced an indelicate song, as to cause him to withdraw in confusion from the table.

Mr. Drew's christian experience, (adopting the common phrase,) 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 obscured. "How often," said an old Christian, have I been since comforted by his remark, when I spoke of being in a very gloomy and uncomfortable state of mind: 'The clouds may come between us and the sun; but the sun still shines, and ere long the clouds will pass away.'

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," frequently 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 propriety, be associated with those members of an early christian church, of whom it was said, "Ye are our epistle,—known and read of all men"?

His conviction of the supreme importance of personal religion was thus expressed, when writing to a friend: "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 the 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."

To the same purport, he remarks, in one of his domestic letters, "Sublunary bliss, 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, look for it there."

In an early period of his literary correspondence with Dr. Kidd, he says, "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."

Ardour of devotion, or 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, adverse. 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: they seem to make me button up my coat, and retire within myself."

In reply to one who asked his opinion of religious revivals, he wrote: "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."

To a member of a Baptist church he wrote thus : " I have lived long enough to see the imperfection 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. On the disputes between Calvinists and Arminians, it would be folly for me to attempt to decide. I have embraced Arminianism, as being, in my views, most congenial with reason and the word of God. But different men think differently, and it is not for me to arraign them at my tribunal. They have the same right to think for themselves that I have for myself ; and I have no more right to form a creed for them than they have for me. Whenever I see a man fearing God and working righteousness, christian charity directs me to look on him with a favourable eye. 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 proceed; 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.’ ”

In another letter to the same person, he remarked: “ 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 their polemical weapons; and, when successful, they rejoice more at conquest than at the thought of having advanced the cause of truth. If we put one sect to decide upon the destiny of others, but few will be permitted to enter heaven.

‘ One thinks on Calvin Heaven’s own Spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of hell.’ ”

In censuring unchristian conduct, exposing unscriptural doctrine, or maintaining what he believed to be the truth, he always acted with reference to the maxim, “ Think, and let think.” A spirit of intolerance he detested; and he carried his aversion from bigotry so far, that some were half disposed to ac-

cuse 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.' "

The reader who has become thus far acquainted with Mr. Drew's character and catholic spirit, will feel no surprise in learning that in the metropolis, as well as in Cornwall, he was frequently invited to officiate in other pulpits than those belonging to the Wesleyan Methodists. 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 had no desire to separate.

Like his friend Dr. Clarke, he believed that in England, the national establishment, with all its alleged defects, had been a national blessing; and more than once he said, "From all that I have seen, there is no section of the church universal that would have

used power with such moderation as the ministers of the Church of England.”

Conversing one day with his family on the final condition of the heathen world, Mr. Drew remarked, “I have watched the progress of opinion on this point, and am glad to observe, that of late it has inclined to the more charitable side of the question. For many years (perhaps to raise the sympathy of Christians in their behalf) it was the custom to denounce as *inevitably lost* all who are not blessed with the knowledge of the gospel. For my own part, I have always lamented the reprobating system, which I believe to be equally opposed to reason and to scripture. In my judgment, the heathens are much like ships on a voyage without chart or compass; and, though ten thousand may be wrecked, some among them may reach their destined haven.”

Writing, as editor of the Imperial Magazine, to a gentleman who was then a contributor to its pages, and is now the editor of an influential daily paper, Mr. Drew says, “In looking over your letter, 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 inability 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 young minister 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 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.”

Never was there a more candid hearer of other preachers, or one less prone to pass an unkind remark on their sermons. If he noticed any thing 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 criticising, 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 propagated, 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.*"

A gentleman, who had placed himself under Mr. Drew's private instruction in London, writes thus:—
"As a spiritual adviser, 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 charge, 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 influence 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."

Some of Mr. Drew's valuable observations, as a spiritual counsellor, will be found in the following paragraphs.

In reply to the question of a young friend, he wrote, "Between the temptations of Satan, and the evil inclinations of our hearts, the distinction is not always evident. Temptations generally assail us through our inclinations, and give to them a degree of strength, which, otherwise, they could not exercise. Temptation also 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. The temptations of to day, if resisted, will lose much of their force to-morrow, but when yielded to, they acquire double strength."

To an inquirer respecting the tendency of works of fiction, he replied, "Too many, certainly are injurious; not *because* 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 constituted tales are illustrations 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." On the same

topic he further remarked, "Publications of this class 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."

In reply to a lady who inquired 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 Paganini play the violin, he said, "I am the worst person in the world of whom you should ask such a question; 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.

To another, who asked him whether our affections are voluntary, he said, "*Indirectly* they are. We may avoid objects that would entangle them, and seek those by which they ought to be engaged."

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."

Falling accidentally into the company of an intelligent young man, who had imbibed sceptical notions respecting religion, Mr. Drew, after meeting his objections at the time by dispassionate argument, soon afterwards wrote to him: "On the awful subjects of necessary existence, eternity, immensity, and absolute perfection, there can be no end to the questions which may be asked; and it is utterly impossible that a finite mind can fully comprehend them. He, therefore, who will not be satisfied with the evidence of facts, unless he can comprehend the manner of them, is sure to be 'in wandering mazes lost.' Nor must we confine these remarks to the region of infinities. In the vast empire of nature, of providence, and of grace, we find ourselves enveloped in impenetrable mysteries. We know no more of the real essence of matter than we do of spirit; and we know little more of the nature of spirit, than we do of eternity. In providence, the analogical mystery holds on; and in the kingdom of divine grace we trace the mysterious footsteps of the Deity. In such cases, we can trace the connexion between a few links of the vast chain, but all rational speculation must finally end in simple faith and humble adoration. In all our inquiries, we should

take care that we launch not beyond our depth, nor attempt to decide when we evidently find ourselves incompetent to judge. Speculation, though it may be pleasant, can never be profitable, unless we make it subservient to our eternal interests. Eternity is our home ; and for this future habitation we ought to provide."

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."

Writing from London, to his youngest daughter, who was then visiting her Cornish friends, he says, "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.

Where 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.

“ 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.’ ”

On the nature of *true happiness*, he wrote thus to a young female correspondent: “ 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 which eternity cannot furnish, 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 must run parallel with our being ; and our qualification for its enjoyment can be found only in the resemblance which we bear to Him on whom we must be dependant for ever."

Writing to his sister 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.' 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 lays hold of Christ, who is the foundation of all our hope."

And again. " You say that your doubts partly 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. There was a time when no one was thought converted, who could not state 'time when, manner how, and place where?' But this is 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.' 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 what would but lightly affect another, accustomed to look on the luminous side of the picture. 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. I could never see any occasion for your fears and apprehensions, and would advise you, if possible, to give them to the moles and to the bats, calmly relying on the merits of a crucified Saviour, in whom you trust, and who has promised you shall never be confounded."

To the inquiries of his son, respecting the *evidences* and *doctrines* of Christianity, he replied, "On the

divine origin of the scriptures, the evidence is *cumulative*; and it must be gathered from a combination of facts, incidents, predictions, prodigies, and events, which unite together to form the immovable 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 be susceptible. Hence the evidence is *cumulative*. 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 prin-

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. 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."

To a further question, relative to the *Atonement*, he replied, "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 time 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. 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 through his blood the forgiveness of sins' will substantiate the atonement which he has made."

On the subject of *personal religion* and *Christian fellowship*, Mr. Drew wrote: "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 come only 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. Faith and prayer are inseparably connected. Prayer is the means of *application*; faith, that of *union*. 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 also a *retrospective* operation, and is accompanied with gratitude and love. From this feeling, practical obedience springs; and the grace with which it is accompanied, tends to purify the heart. Such, in my view, are the outlines of experimental and practical godliness.

“ You will plainly perceive, from the preceding delineations, that name, and sect, and mode, and ceremony, have no real connexion whatever with genuine religion. They may co-exist, 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 Methodist 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. And we are cautioned against ‘forsaking the assembling of ourselves together.’ Indeed, it is by this 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, we must not expect to find perfection in any society that is formed of mortals. Frailties, imper-

fections, 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 would avoid them ?”

In reply to an inquiry, respecting *assurance of salvation*, Mr. Drew wrote : “ Restricting the expression, kingdom of God, to mean *salvation*, you ask, ‘ How shall I know when I am thus saved ?’ I admit, that the common answer, ‘ By the witness of the Spirit,’ is vague and indefinite ; and perhaps a particular definition is impossible. Inseparable from a consciousness of God’s forgiveness, 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. 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 thank-

fulness for past mercies, we shall assuredly have more. Salvation does not, in every stage of its existence, imply *perfect completion*; for, if this were the case, it would imply *glorification* also. Our Lord says, "Ye must be born again." St. John, in his Epistles, addresses Christians as "little children," as "young men," and as "fathers." 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. 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. 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 we are on all occasions under the displeasure of God without it. 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 in the mercy and the promises of God."

The following expostulation is extracted from a long letter, addressed by Mr. Drew about the year 1803, to an early acquaintance who had emigrated to the United States, and had there avowed a disbelief of the Bible and of Christianity.

"In the course of my journey through life, I have met with infidels of different grades of genius and of

judgment; but all I have hitherto encountered must be ranked under two classes, the philosopher and the buffoon; the man who investigates with a desire to obtain truth, and he who laughs at what would restrain his passions, merely because he cannot comprehend the fixed relations which subsist between things. These two descriptions comprise the whole of that group who prefer St. Evremond to St. Paul. Men of the first class are entitled to a serious reply; the others deserve a madhouse rather than argument. Principles they have none; and the answer they best merit, is a publication of their own absurdities. To which of these classes you belong, I cannot presume to say. I once was in the habit of the strictest intimacy and friendship with you. You then venerated all we held sacred. The importance of Christianity had then made a deep, but, it seems, not a lasting, impression on your mind. It is from these circumstances alone that I judge you have not bartered your impressions for ridicule, nor suffered yourself to be overborne by arrogance and disdain. It is from hence, I shall consider myself as writing to a rational man, who will give my arguments all the credit they deserve, and weigh well the import of those subjects which involve his interest in a future state of being.

“The great question before us is not whether Methodism be right or wrong, or whether Calvinism can be supported by argument or authority, but whether Christianity itself be true or false. In this question, the vices of individuals have no concern. Whether clergymen be knaves or honest men, whether Popery be preferable to Protestantism, or more accordant with

the Bible, is foreign to the point in hand. The base conduct of nominal Christians, the avarice of priests, the low cunning of sectarian teachers, the apostasy of myriads, may sufficiently mark the individuals themselves, and develop the secret springs by which they have been actuated; but all these things can have no more relation to the principles of Christianity than motion can have to figure, or than virtue can have to sound. There are few instances which more forcibly discover that intellectual derangement which we wish to conceal, than that which would lead us to argue against the real excellence of any principles, from the abuses to which these principles are liable. It shows either an unsound judgment or a vicious heart. You will perceive, while I apply this sentiment to you, that I involve myself in a difficulty which I feel some hesitation to avow. I must impeach either your judgment or your sincerity. I am loath to do either; but since I must do one, I shall impeach the former.

“There are few things which cannot be abused. It is the case with every blessing of human life, with all its externals, with our intellectual and our bodily powers; and even Providence itself, whenever it comes forth to meet mankind, is spurned from us with indignity and contempt. The prolific earth promotes luxury; and luxury produces diseases both of mind and body. Ambition, with all its train of horrid evils, follows from the former; and the long catalogue of human miseries will tell you all the rest. In this inverted order of nature, can you suppose that Revelation (admitting it to be true) can possibly escape? If it could, it must have been more invulnerable than

God himself. The Author of our being has often been arraigned, and even His existence called into question. Who, then, can suppose that His word, even admitting it to be true, can have awaiting it a better fate? Can you suppose that God would interfere in behalf of Revelation, by miraculous interposition, while He suffers both Himself and His works to be arraigned without any visible interference? Surely such an expectation requires a credulity which the Bible knows nothing of; yet such is the absurdity which the faith of infidelity must swallow, while it denies the truth and value of Revelation, because it is liable to abuse.

“ Believe me, my friend, we are but too apt to form erroneous notions of our own understanding, both as to its nature and its extent. As to its nature, we are apt to conceive that it is an infallible standard, which is applicable to every thing, and to which every thing must bow. By this supposed line of immutable rectitude, we presumptuously measure the throne of the Omnipotent, and estimate His very nature, and word, and works. I grant that the standard of reason is erected, and I pay my homage thereat; but there are lines and boundaries beyond which reason dares not pass. Reason itself points out the limits of its own operations, and shrinks back with modesty and shame when we attempt to measure infinity. Among the various trifles of human life, it is our indispensable guide; and, even in things which are divine, nothing can be believed by us which contradicts its dictates. Nothing can be an article of my faith which is subversive of my understanding. I can never believe that to be true, which I know to be false, nor admit

that to be a part of my creed, which contradicts any part of my positive knowledge. These are *sases* in which authority can have no plea. But, in ten thousand cases, a fact may be above my comprehension, without involving the least shadow of a contradiction.

“The origin of our reason and understanding rests in God; and, strange as it may appear, I believe it nevertheless true, that our reason can be no longer right than while it acts in concert with the ways and nature of that God who first called us into being. God may, and does, exist independently of human reason; but human reason cannot exist independently of God. God is the standard of right, and truth, and justice, as well as understanding; in fine, of all perfections, and all we possess. All we boast of, all the criteria by which we judge of truth and falsehood, and right and wrong, are ours only as we have them from Him, and are right only as they are assimilated to His perfections. But whenever we attempt to decide on the internal nature of any given fact which relates to God, and when we make our comprehension of the fact an ingredient in that decision, we then forsake our station in existence, and assume to ourselves that independency which is an incommunicable attribute of God. Under these circumstances, it is a part attempting to comprehend a whole; it is finite measuring infinite with a line; it is limitation measuring that which is illimitable; and it is placing that within the reach of numbers, which is confessedly innumerable. For human reason to decide upon what is reasonable or just with God, in the government of His creatures, is to suppose that we have entered the

arcana of Omnipotence, and made ourselves acquainted with the endless modifications of that which we allow to be infinite, in all the relations which it bears to man.

“ The various branches of reason never contradict one another, whether we find it in the bosom of man, or trace it to the throne of God. But for us, in the possession of perhaps the lowest stage of reason which God has ever communicated to finite intelligences, to say what is reasonable or unreasonable, just or unjust, with respect to God, is a piece of presumptuous arrogance which I tremble to adopt, and which I hope you, my friend, will tremble to retain and carry with you from time to eternity.”

Having described Mr. Drew as a Private Christian, and as a Spiritual Mentor, we have finally to regard him as the Pulpit Minister.

By a gentleman, who was his frequent auditor in the metropolis, the peculiarities of his preaching are thus recorded. “ 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 of either voice or gesture ; yet he was an energetic and an 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."

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 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 his subject, or was unable to proceed with it, 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 kindled with his subject; and his words, slow at first, would, from the deepening current of his thoughts, acquire rapidity and power. 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*.

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. 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 "justify the ways of God to man." In exhibiting the various evidences of Christianity; in repelling all attempts 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. Probably he could 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 prevailing bent of his mind, and to pursue that course in which he could move with the greatest freedom.

When Mr. Drew first became a preacher, it was without that special conviction, which some Christians deem indispensable, of being divinely called to the office. Believing it to be his duty, as he had opportunity, to "do good unto all men," he yielded to the judgment of his brethren, who thought him well qualified to take part in their pulpit labours.

A homely testimony to his early abilities was given by the owner of a cottage, near St. Austell, where his first attempts at preaching were made: "I like Sammy Drew very well, because he always tells a good story." Once, however, in maturer life, and when in the zenith of his reputation as an author, a discourse of his was followed by a more ambiguous compliment. A man in Cornwall, who, from his deficient knowledge of any other subject than religion, was commonly styled "the fool," had obtained among ignorant hearers some notoriety as a preacher. In a town where Mr. Drew had delivered an occasional sermon, one of the congregation, on retiring from the chapel, was overheard to ask another, "Was not that *the fool* that preached?"

Elaborate in argument as Mr. Drew's pulpit ad-

dresses appeared, he bestowed little time on their preparation. 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, in general, all that he needed, to speak from a new text. 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, so far as they are committed to writing, that occupy a larger space, in his rough manuscript, than six inches square; 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."

Without even this degree of preparation, he has been known to address a congregation. Whilst stopping at a friend's house in Cornwall, 'after preaching, a person in company, who had attended the service, observing to him, that he had, on that occasion, surpassed his usual ability, and other individuals concurring in the opinion, Mr. Drew said, "If it be true, 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 discourse."

It is a foible of some preachers, to be exceedingly sensitive to critical remarks upon their pulpit discourses. A question implying doubt of any proposition of the speaker is 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, he returned to that part of his sermon, gave a further 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 to tell me of it, and persevere until you comprehend my meaning, and are satisfied of its truth."

His discourses, although generally characterized by their abstract argumentation, were not uniformly so. He preached many sermons in which little of metaphysics was perceptible, though the hearer could not forget that he was listening to "a master of Israel." In the afternoon services in St. Ansell, 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. At other times, 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 afterwards note down, in a few words, the process and the result, as materials for a future sermon.

In his prayers there was very little of excursive flight or variety of language. Doubtless he felt that "the good and evil of eternity are 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 showed that he was a Christian.

Besides the facts that have been mentioned in the course of our narrative, there were many other evidences of the practical value of Mr. Drew's pulpit ministrations. Instances of conversion, in which he was the honoured instrument, are on record; and not a few where, by his preaching, individuals were rescued from infidelity or false doctrine, and brought into the way of truth. Among others, may be named that of a minister of some eminence, now deceased, who attributed to Mr. Drew's ministry the commencement and progress of his own religious course.

A confirmation of the foregoing remarks will be

seen in an extract from one of the London weekly papers, in which Mr. Drew's pulpit ministrations were thus portrayed, 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, such 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 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. Drew 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."

A brief reference to Mr. Drew's language, written and spoken, will complete our attempted portraiture. While exhibiting many beauties, it was not faultless. In his works, an over-scrupulousness in the choice of expression sometimes invested it with an air of stiff-

ness and formality. It was, perhaps, too lofty for common topics, and too figurative for abstract discussion. Like some other self-tutored men, he was, in an early stage of his literary career, 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 servility, followed him until his style was confirmed.

To his language in the pulpit, little exception could 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 warranted by the dignity of the subject. Often, when, as a preacher, he felt the engrossing interest which such an office communicates, and, leaving beneath him sublunary concerns, he 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.

In his metaphysical treatises, notwithstanding the apparent incongruity, few writers have been more successful in exhibiting the needful precision of thought, while clothing an unimaginative 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. In the preface to the last revised edition of his *Essay on the Soul*, is an instance of pathos and beauty not often surpassed, which, from the prophetic spirit that appa-

rently guided his pen, and led him to anticipate an early liberation from the shackles and infirmities of this mortal state, may well conclude his biography.

“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.”



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