



O D E

To the Right Reverend

B E N J A M I N

Lord Bishop of WINCHESTER.

By the Same.

I. 1.

FOR toils which patriots have endur'd,
For treason quell'd and laws secur'd,
In every nation Time displays
The palm of honourable praise.
Envy may rail ; and faction fierce
May strive : but what, alas, can Those
(Though bold, yet blind and sordid foes)
To gratitude and love oppose,
To faithful story and persuasive verse ?

I. 2. O

I. 2.

O nurse of freedom, Albion, say,
 Thou tamer of despotic sway,
 What man, among thy sons arround,
 Thus heir to glory hast thou found ?
 What page, in all thy annals bright,
 Hast thou with purer joy survey'd
 Than that where truth, by Hoadly's aid,
 Shines through the deep unhallow'd shade
 Of kingly fraud and sacerdotial night ?

I. 3.

To him the Teacher blest'd
 Who sent religion, from the palmy field
 By Jordan, like the morn to cheer the west,
 And lifted up the veil which heaven from earth conceal'd,
 To Hoadly thus He utter'd his behest :
 " Go thou, and rescue my dishonour'd law
 " From hands rapacious and from tongues impure ;
 " Let not my peaceful name be made a lure
 " The snares of savage tyranny to aid :
 " Let not my words be impious chains to draw
 " The free-born soul, in more than brutal awe,
 " To faith without assent, allegiance unrepaid."

II. 1.

No cold nor unperforming hand
 Was arm'd by heaven with this command,
 The world soon felt it: and, on high,
 To William's ear with welcome joy

Did Locke among the blest unfold
 The rising hope of Hoadly's name:
 Godolphin then confirm'd the fame;
 And Somers, when from earth he came,
 And valiant Stanhope the fair sequel told.*

II. 2.

Then drew the lawgivers around,
 (Sires of the Grecian name renown'd)
 And listening ask'd, and wondering knew,
 What private force could thus subdue
 The vulgar and the great combin'd;
 Could war with sacred folly wage;
 Could a whole nation disengage
 From the dread bonds of many an age,
 And to new habits mould the public mind.

II. 3.

For not a conqueror's sword,
 Nor the strong powers to civil founders known,
 Were his: but truth by faithful search explor'd,
 And social sense, like seed, in genial plenty sown.

* Mr. Locke died in 1704, when Mr. Hoadly was beginning to distinguish himself in the cause of civil and religious liberty: Lord Godolphin in 1712, when the doctrines of the Jacobite faction were chiefly favour'd by those in power: Lord Somers in 1716, amid the practices of the nonjuring clergy against the protestant establishment; and lord Stanhope in 1721, during the controversy with the lower house of convocation.

Wherever it took root, the soul (restor'd
 To freedom) freedom too for others sought.
 Not monkish craft the tyrant's claim divine,
 Not regal zeal the bigot's cruel shrine
 Could longer guard from reason's warfare sage;
 Not the wild rabble to sedition wrought,
 Nor synods by the papal Genius taught,
 Nor St. John's spirit loose, nor Atterbury's rage.

III. 1.

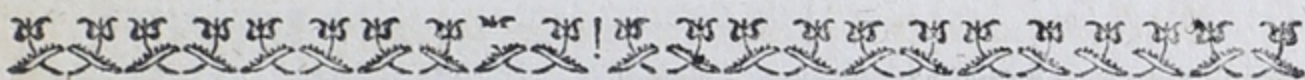
But where shall recompence be found?
 Or how such arduous merit crown'd?
 For look on life's laborious scene:
 What rugged spaces lie between
 Adventurous virtue's early toils
 And her triumphal throne! The shade
 Of death, mean time, does oft invade
 Her progress; nor, to us display'd,
 Wears the bright heroine her expected spoils.

III. 2.

Yet born to conquer is her power:
 —O Hoadly, if that favourite hour
 On earth arrive, with thankful awe
 We own just heaven's indulgent law,
 And proudly thy success behold;
 We attend thy reverend length of days
 With benediction and with praise,
 And hail Thee in our public ways
 Like some great spirit fam'd in ages old.

III. 3. While

While thus our vows prolong
 Thy steps on earth, and when by us resign'd
 Thou join'st thy seniors, that heroic throng
 Who rescu'd or preserv'd the rights of human kind,
 O! not unworthy may thy Albion's tongue
 Thee still, her friend and benefactor, name:
 O! never, Hoadly, in thy country's eyes,
 May impious gold, or pleasure's gaudy prize,
 Make public virtue, public freedom vile;
 Nor our own manners tempt us to disclaim
 That heritage, our noblest wealth and fame,
 Which Thou hast kept intire from force and factious guile.



I N S C R I P T I O N S.

By the Same.

I.

For a GROTTO.

TO me, whom in their lays the shepherds call
 Actæa, daughter of the neighbouring stream,
 This cave belongs. The fig-tree and the vine,
 Which o'er the rocky entrance downward shoot,
 Were