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For the Chronicle.

A FRAGMENT.

We sat together at a quiet hour,
When all around was hushed into stillness:
The ear of nature heard alone the converse
Which in a whispered accent passed
Between us, who oft had met before,
When our young minds were vacant, and nought
We felt could hinder youth's enjoyment,
Or cast a damp in wandering on
Through life's new sojourn happy.
We once were friends, but had been disunited,
And dismal forests waded between our mansions
And many years had rolled since last
We parted, and newer objects to our eyes
Had flitted, still were our souls
Wound into one another, and former sympathies
Were unforgetten. I oft had been with him
(He being scarce my elder) in other times
With hopes enthusiastic, with passions
Young and lively, treading the fields
In radiant bounty swelling. I oft with him
Had roamed through the woodlands, or by
The chrysal stream, and felt delighted.
His soul was not averse to friendship's offering,
Nor had pride gained ascendancy
In his bosom, thrusting away each high,
Companionable virtue, and leaving only
Empty self-importance. He knew the sway
His genius ever carried. He towered superior;
Yet was he ever kind and gentle,
Nor slighted one who felt to him devoted.
I do remember well a time: 'Twas sunset
O'er the forest: the balmy winds the leaves
Were lightly stirring: St. Lawrence flew
In hasty pace before us, with playful fishes
Leaping from its waters. He felt
Enlivened after study tedious, and 'neath
An elm, whose branches circled o'er him,
He wrote the verses which are now before me.
I marked his visage as in thought inspired,
He penned the flashings which his fancy gave
him:
I marked his eye catch lustre from the sun-beam,
As ranging round he saw its glories setting:
I marked his pale but lofty forehead working,
As dreams intuitive cast their spell upon him.
Now changed alas! from what I then but saw
him.
We sat together, and in mournful manner,
He gave account of what to him had fallen.
He spoke of griefs, of baffled hopes and prospects,
Of wasting woes, and heart-felt blanching anguish;
Of ruined health, and winding sheet forebodings;
And deemed on earth we ne'er might meet
His cheek was flushed, but oh its hectic told me
Of waning life, and scorching suffering.
He took my hand, and painful was the parting
And soon he met the King of Terrors awful,
And lies enclosed in his dark habitation.
Grief's briny fountain soon was dried up:
New scenes, new friends have had their influence;
But never blotted from my mind shall be
The form of him on whom I once relied.
SWARAN.

For the Chronicle.

Mr. CHRONICLE.—I humbly conceive that I cannot now offer any thing better for the perusal of your readers, than a few extracts from Burke's "Reflections on the Revolution in France," which were written in the eventful period of 1790. The extracts I propose are so exceedingly good, and so very apropos for the present state of affairs in this province, that I am sure you will insert them in your paper with pleasure. I offer them with a double pleasure;—that of laying before the readers of the Chronicle the thoughts of so great and good a man, and that of being conscious that my own feeble attempts are amply supported thereby.

"I beg leave to speak of our Church establishment, which is the first of our prejudices, not a prejudice destitute of reason, but involving in it profound and extensive wisdom. I speak of it first. It is first, and last, and midst in our minds. For, taking ground on that religious system, of which we are now in possession, we continue to act on the early received, and uniformly continued sense of mankind. That sense not only, like a wise architect, hath built up the august fabric of states, but like a provident proprietor, to preserve the structure from profanation and ruin, as a sacred temple, purged from all the impurities of fraud, and violence, and injustice, and tyranny, hath solemnly and forever consecrated the commonwealth, and all that officiate in it. This consecration is made, that all who administer in the government of men, in which they stand in the person of God himself, should have high and worthy notions of their functions and destination; that their hope should be full of immortality; that they should not look to the paltry pelf of the moment, nor to the temporary and transient praise of the vulgar but to a solid, permanent existence, in the permanent part of their nature, and to a permanent fame and glory, in the example they leave as a rich inheritance to the world.

"Such sublime principles ought to be infused into persons of exalted stations; and religious establishments provided, that may continually revive and enforce them. Every sort of moral, every sort of civil, every sort of politic institution, aiding the rational and natural ties that connect the human understanding and affections to the divine, are not more than necessary, in order to build up that wonderful structure, Man; whose prerogative it is, to be in a great degree a creature of his own making; and who when made as he ought to be made, is destined to hold no trivial place in the

creation. But whenever man is put over men, as the better nature ought ever to preside, in that case more particularly, he should as nearly as possible be approximated to his perfection.

"The consecration of the state, by a state religious establishment, is necessary also to operate with an wholesome awe upon free citizens; because, in order to secure their freedom, they must enjoy some determinate portion of power. To them therefore a religion connected with the state, and with their duty towards it, becomes even more necessary than in such societies, where the people by the terms of their subjection are confined to private sentiments, and the management of their own family concerns. All persons possessing any portion of power ought to be strongly and awfully impressed with an idea that they act in trust; and that they are to account for their conduct to that trust to the one great master, author and founder of society.

"This principle ought even to be more strongly impressed upon the minds of those who compose the collective sovereignty than upon those of single princes. Without instruments, these princes can do nothing. Whoever uses instruments, in finding helps, finds also impediments. Their power is therefore by no means complete; nor are they safe in extreme abuse. Such persons, however elevated by flattery, arrogance, and self opinion, must be sensible that, whether covered or not by positive law, in some way or other they are accountable even here for the abuse of their trust. If they are not cut off by a rebellion of their people, they may be strangled by the very Janizaries kept for their security against all other rebellion. Thus we have seen the King of France sold by his soldiers for an increase of pay. But where popular authority is absolute and unrestrained, the people have an infinitely greater, because a far better founded confidence in their own power. They are themselves, in a great measure, their own instruments. They are nearer to their objects. Besides, they are under less responsibility to one of the greatest controlling powers on earth, the sense of fame and estimation. The share of infamy that is likely to fall to the lot of each individual in public acts, is small indeed; the operation of opinion being in the universe ratio to the number of those who abuse power. Their own approbation of their own acts hastens the appearance of a public judgement in their favor. A perfect democracy is therefore the most shameless thing in the world. As it is the most shameless, it is also the most fearless. No man apprehends [that] in his person he can be made subject to punishment. Certainly the people at large never ought: for as all punishments are for example towards the preservation of the people at large, the people at large can never become the subject of punishment by any human hand. It is therefore of infinite importance that they should not be suffered to imagine that their will, any more than that of kings, is the standard of right and wrong. They ought to be persuaded that they are full as little entitled, and far less qualified, with safety to themselves, to use any arbitrary power whatsoever; that therefore they are not, under a false show of liberty, but, in truth, to exercise an unnatural inverted domination, tyrannically to exact, from those who officiate in the state, not an entire devotion to their interest, which is their right, but an object submission to their occasional will; extinguishing thereby, in all those who serve them, all moral principle, all sense of dignity, all use of judgement, and all consistency of character, whilst by the very same process they give themselves up a proper, a suitable, but a most contemptible prey to the servile ambition of popular sycophants or courtly flatterers.

"When the people have emptied themselves of all the lust of selfish will, which without religion it is utterly impossible they ever should, when they are conscious that they exercise, and exercise perhaps in a higher link of the order of delegation, the power, which to be legitimate must be according to that eternal immutable law, in which will and reason are the same, they will be more careful how they place power in base and incapable hands. In their nomination to office, they will not appoint to the exercise of authority, as to a pitiful job, but as to a holy function; not according to their sordid selfish interest, nor to their wanton caprice, nor to their arbitrary will; but they will confer that power (which any man may well tremble to give or to receive) on those only in whom they may discern that predominant proportion of ac-

tive virtue and wisdom, taken together and fitted to the charge, such, as in the great and inevitable mixed mass of human imperfections and infirmities, is to be found.

"When they are habitually convinced that no evil can be acceptable, either in the act or in the permission, to him whose essence is good, they will be better able to extirpate out of the minds of all magistrates, civil, ecclesiastical, or military, any thing that bears the least resemblance to a proud and lawless domination.

"But one of the first and most leading principles on which the commonwealth and the laws are consecrated, is least the temporary possessors and life-renters of it, unmindful of what they have received from their ancestors, or of what is due to their posterity, should act as if they were the entire masters; that they should not think it among their rights to cut off the entail, or commit waste on the inheritance, by destroying at their pleasure the whole original fabric of their society; hazarding to leave to those who should come after them, a ruin instead of a habitation—and teaching their successors as little to respect their contrivances, as they had themselves respected the institutions of their forefathers. By this unprincipled facility of changing the state as often, and as much, and in as many ways as there are floating fancies or fashions, the whole chain and continuity of the commonwealth would be broken. No one generation could link with the other—Men would become little better than the flies of a summer.

"And first of all the science of jurisprudence, the pride of the human intellect, which, with all its defects, redundancies, and errors, is the collected reason of ages, combining the principles of original justice with the infinite variety of human concerns, as a heap of old exploded errors, would be no longer studied. Personal self-sufficiency and arrogance (the certain attendants of all those who have never experienced a wisdom greater than their own) would usurp the tribunal. Of course, no certain laws, establishing in variable grounds of hope and fear, would keep the actions of men in a certain course, or direct them to a certain end. Nothing stable in the modes of holding property, or exercising function, could form a solid ground on which any parent could speculate on the education of his offspring, or in a choice for their future establishment in the world. No principles would be early worked into the habits. As soon as the most able instructor had completed his laborious course of institution instead of sending forth his pupil, accomplished in a virtuous discipline, fitted to procure him attention and respect, in his place in society, he would find every thing altered; and that he had turned out a poor creature to the contempt and derision of the world, ignorant of the true grounds of estimation. Who would insure a tender and delicate sense of honor to beat almost with the first pulses of the heart, when no man could know what would be the test of honor in a nation, continually varying the standard of its coin? No part of life would retain its acquisitions. Barbarism with regard to science and literature, unskillfulness with regard to arts and manufactures, would infallibly succeed to the want of a steady education and settled principle; and thus the commonwealth itself would, in a few generations, crumble away, be disconnected into the dust and powder of individuality, and at length dispersed to all the winds of heaven.

"To avoid therefore the evils of inconstancy and versatility ten thousand times worse than those of obstinacy and the blindest prejudice, we have consecrated the state, that no man should approach to look into its defects or corruptions but with due caution; that he should never dream of beginning its reformation by its subversion; that he should approach to the faults of the state as to the wounds of a father, with a pious awe and trembling solicitude. By this wise prejudice we are taught to look with horror on those children of their country who are prompt rashly to hack that aged parent in pieces, and put him into the kettle of magicians, in hopes that by their poisonous weeds, and wild incantations, they may regenerate the paternal constitution, and renovate their father's life.

With what indignation would the author of these sentiments have contemplated the hacking and hewing and "wild incantations" of the state magicians who of late have attempted to tear in pieces the British constitution and empire, and scatter them "to all the winds of heaven?"

Your obdt Servt
ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

For the Kingston Chronicle.

Mr. CHRONICLE.—I resume the subject of my letter dated December the 10th, 1831.

"The spirit thus roused in France spread partially in England, where it took nearly the same moral and political direction. The sin and oppression of Church and State exercised its wrath as in France; and Burke, whose pure patriotism, and whose clear and comprehensive views on all such subjects it were a species of blasphemy to gainsay, complains of the part in the business that was acted in some of the dissenting pulpits. He pays particular attention to the labors of the Rev. Doctor Richard Price, mentioned in my last communication. He observes,—

"I am as incapable of * * * as I am of keeping terms with those who profess principles of extremes; and who, under the name of religion, teach little else than wild and dangerous politics. The worst of these politics of revolution is this; they temper and harden the breast, in order to prepare it for the desperate strokes which are sometimes used in extreme occasions. But as these occasions may never arrive, the mind receives a gratuitous taint; and the moral sentiments suffer not a little, when no political purpose is served by the depravation. This sort of people are so taken up with their theories about the rights of man, that they have totally forgot his nature. Without opening one new avenue to the understanding, they have succeeded in stopping up those that lead to the heart.—They have perverted in themselves, and in those that attend to them, and all the well placed sympathies of the human breast.

"This famous sermon of the Old Jewy reathes nothing but in its spirit thro' all the political part. Plots, massacres, assassinations, seem to some people a trivial price for obtaining a revolution. A cheap, bloodless reformation, a guileless liberty, appear flat and rapid to their taste. There must be a great change of scene, there must be a magnificent stage effect; there must be a grand spectacle to rouse the imagination. * * * The preacher found them all in the French revolution. This inspired a juvenile warmth thro' his whole frame. His enthusiasm kindles as he advances; and when he arrives at his peroration it is in a full blaze. Then viewing from the Pisgah of his pulpit, the free, moral, happy, flourishing and glorious state of France, as in a bird-eye landscape of a promised land, he breaks out into the following rapture:

"What an eventful period is this! I am thankful that I have lived to see it; I could almost say, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation. I have lived to see a diffusion of knowledge which has undermined superstition and error.—I have lived to see the rights of men better understood than ever; and nations panting for liberty which seemed to have lost the idea of it. I have lived to see thirty millions of people, indignant and resolute, spurning at slavery, and demanding liberty with an irresistible voice. Their king led in triumph, and an arbitrary monarch surrendering himself to his subjects." * * *

"Another of these reverend gentlemen, who was witness to some of the spectacles which Paris has lately exhibited—expresses himself thus:—*A king dragged in submissive triumph by his conquering subjects* is one of those appearances of grandeur which seldom rise in the prospect of human affairs, and which, during the remainder of my life, I shall think of with wonder and gratification."

It certainly could not have been an "appearance of grandeur" to witness that profane and sacrilegious comparison of the preacher, in likening himself to aged Simon, and the French revolution to the awful joyful events of the redemption of the human race.

It will be remembered that at this period every thing went, in France, by the scale of the marvellous. There was a marvellous mania for universal education; and universal knowledge was to be placed within the reach of all. Every thing was to "originate in the circumstances, judgment, feelings, and exertions of the people." The people were flattered by the demagogues of the day as grossly as the royal family, nobility and gentry were insulted and outraged. Church and state was as great enemies then and there as it presently became with a certain class of preachers in England; and it appears that the impetus given by the French infidels against the "adulterous connexion" has by no means subsided at this day. It actually animates a great many preachers and religious editors and infidel editors at this very time. Neither has that nuisance of the marvellous and of extravagant animal excitement been wholly abated. On the contrary, it has experienced of late a "powerful revival." Sober truth will no longer please the fastidious appetite. It must get into a blustering rage to gain a favorable hearing; and then it must profess the most humiliating submission to "the voices of the people." Would it not have staggered the faith of Rousseau to have been told that the fire with which he kindled the passions of mankind should be filched from the polluted altars of atheism for the purposes of reviving the dying embers of Christian zeal, and of building a new constitution for the British Empire, from which religion and morality should be systematically excluded? I have known men in the transports of anger to destroy their clothing and household furniture. So it appears that the men of this generation also, under the influence of some malignant star, are bent upon demolishing all that they have received from their forefathers, and fabricating entirely new furniture, intellectual, social, civil and political, correspondent with the prevailing passions of

the age. The pyramid has stood long enough on its base: it must now be turned upon its apex for the pleasures of variety. I am heartily glad that the sun runs above the reach of our innovators.

England has had her Rousseau in the singularly gifted but misguided Byron. The field of his Herculean labours has also been the passions of the human heart. The passions and affections are the proper theatre of moral conflict. If they be fairly enlisted on the side of evil, the moral man may be regarded as placed under the guidance of the demon of depravity. The strength of Byron's genius, like that of Rousseau's, while it seized upon the passions, grappled also with the moral man. But Rousseau was the deeper profligate of the two. He hated humanity itself; and by the magic incantations of his evil genius, he lured back his fellow creatures towards the horrors of the savage state. Such a retrograde, however, especially if it be sudden and rapid, must be calamitous in proportion, and the dark reverse of the onward march of real improvement. Byron hated his country and deserted it, while yet he volunteered in defence of the oppressed of another clime. His vices were those of a proud spirited and scornful debauchee; but the other could have destroyed the human family, saving that his vanity was greedy of its admiration. Still, the moral tendency of their writings has been in the same direction. Byron's poetry,—its descriptions,—splendid as they are, and its sentiment,—deep as he digged into human nature to find them, are the more calculated to enslave and derange the passions, and disarm virtue of her only strength. Its power of irritation is wonderful; but he that is moved by it can hardly tell how or why. It is calculated to produce an indefinite uneasiness and dissatisfaction with self and the whole world; which tends to a certain recklessness of mind. There is nothing in it to soothe or mollify, or tranquillize, or heal. It may inspire a bravery, but not that of reason or virtue; it is rather a stern unyielding hardihood of obstinate passionateness, which nothing can tame or subdue but the iron hand of resistless force which beats it to atoms. How far this spirit of Byron's poetry may have influenced the moral feelings of his countrymen it is perhaps impossible to determine. The eagerness with which it was read for a long time by so many of all classes, warrants the conclusion that its influence has been considerable. Doubtless many have read it as drunkards take their drink—for the depraved pleasure of inordinate excitement. Its predominant effect would be, a reckless selfishness,—a deadly determination to gratify the ruling passion. An occasion combining something of the marvellous, which high excitement always effects, would only be wanting to give that passion exercise and direction. The circumstance of multitude also is a needful accessory for such a display. Such an occasion has presented itself in the reform question. It has the advantages of a sudden and unlooked for movement; of almost countless multitude; and of a claim to the interests of political vitality and existence in the last degree. The majority of orators, editors and scribblers who have engaged in fanning the flame of excitement, appear to have acted to the life some of Byron's most desperate heroes. Fiat voluntas si rat patria appears to have been their motto; and the interpenetration appeals to the ferocious part of man has been in unison with so desperate a watchword. Their object too has had its position somewhat like the object of a few of Byron's heroes:—they have fancied a right to something they did not possess, and they must have it at the risk of all they do now or ever may possess hereafter. Some of the reform journals have committed more substantial crime in causelessly maddening the unreflecting multitude; than the press can expiate in a hundred centuries.

It must also be remembered that, as in the old revolution, a party in England has followed in the wake of France. All the infidels, and all of the school of the Rev. Doctor Richard Price and some others are of that number. They wish to play off something grand and astounding, and would not scruple to imitate Samson Agonistes himself, provided they could see the old fabric of church and state reeling from its foundations before the demoniac wrath of the people. The late revolution in France proceeded upon the system of blind animal excitement set in motion originally by Rousseau. The old revolution was felt deeply in England, but not so movingly as the last, because the excitement system and the scheme of universal knowledge through the fugitive reading of ephemeral periodicals have more extensively corrupted the public mind, and inflated the multitude with an exalted opinion of their infallible wisdom and irresistible power. A prostitute press had not then so far completed its work of degradation. But in the nature of things it is hardly possible that the moving spirits in these times of excitement will all escape a re-action from the very mob they have so alarmingly maddened. They who teach the art of insolence by authority, must expect to see that same authority set at naught or trampled upon by those who have profited by the instruction. The man who taught his sons to fight each other in their childhood, had no cause of complaint when they turned their practiced hands upon their unnatural father.

That this state of things will always last it were folly to believe. That it will continue for a time yet to come we have, however, no reason to doubt. Large bodies when once heated require time to cool.—Perhaps it is among the wise plans of Providence, that all great aberrations from the principles of truth should be followed by a "visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children." In the mean time, true principles must be kept alive in the world by the friends of truth and order, that when the passions of men allow them to listen to truth and reason, they may find a centre of union as the resting place of human desire and hope; a sacred depository of the best affections of the soul. And well were it if the friends of truth should learn by reverses to use it as they ought, and recommend it by their actions.

It is somewhat remarkable that professed infidelity has never sought to attach itself to the principles I have sought to maintain for the hurt of religion. With a few which may be called philosophic exceptions, infidelity has invariably sought to deprive religion of the support of the state, and to compel it to walk alone, that its national degradation might disgrace it in the eyes of mankind. The opposers of church and state ought to reflect on this singular circumstance in the history of infidelity, and be cautious of adopting, in the pretended support of religion, the first rule that the atheist adopts for its oppression.

The infidels in the United States have now the impudence to claim a negative if not positive state patronage, to the exclusion of religion, as the readers of the Chronicle may have observed in the affair of the National Lyceum. Were the constitution of church and state destroyed in England, the infidels would instantly claim the same there, and attempt to form a national party in the legislature, as they did in France in both the revolutions: for France is now strictly an infidel nation.—Indeed I should not be surprised at some future day to witness the same in Canada. The chaplaincy business is of a character predictive of no moral good to the country, tho' it may gratify Mr. "All Denomination." It looks just as if the majority of those who differ in religion would sooner apostatize than be guided by truth and reason—sooner abandon Christianity altogether than receive its ministrations and instructions from those who had not the power to trample them under their feet.

I have remarked that justice is a most material part of religion. Of course then our jurisprudence and legislation should not be regarded as altogether profane, and having no need of the spirit of that out of which they ought to grow. A manufactory of laws, for the ends of justice, and for the service of religion in their kindly operation on human society in the direction of religion and virtue, from which all the services and acknowledgments of religion are excluded, is at best of an anomalous and doubtful character. It appears to me as a national declaration of independence on the God of truth and justice; an assertion that human laws need no higher sanction than "the voice and the will of the people," and no higher source of origin for matter and substance than mere human ingenuity. And I hope I shall be pardoned for here quoting a passage from Burke's "Reflections on the Revolution in France," let the reader make the application.

"These enthusiasts do not scruple to avow their opinion, that a state can subsist without any religion better than with one; and that they are able to supply the place of any good which may be in it, by a project of their own—namely, knowledge of the physical wants of men; progressively carried to an enlightened self interest, which, when well understood, they sell us will identify with an interest more enlarged and public. The scheme of this education has been long known. Of late they distinguish it (as they have got an entire new nomenclature of technical terms) by the name of a Civic Education."

I make these extracts to show the similarity there is between the politico-religious doctrines of the French atheists and numbers of the present day who call themselves christians. On the "civic education" plan, our legislature and our government might be composed entirely of infidels, and our laws might never recognize the existence of a Deity, without any infringement upon Christian liberty, or a public mark of disgrace set upon the Christian faith. Religion has no connection with public justice and our duty to the state: the state is the creature of the multitude and holds over them no moral jurisdiction—has no concern in their moral welfare.